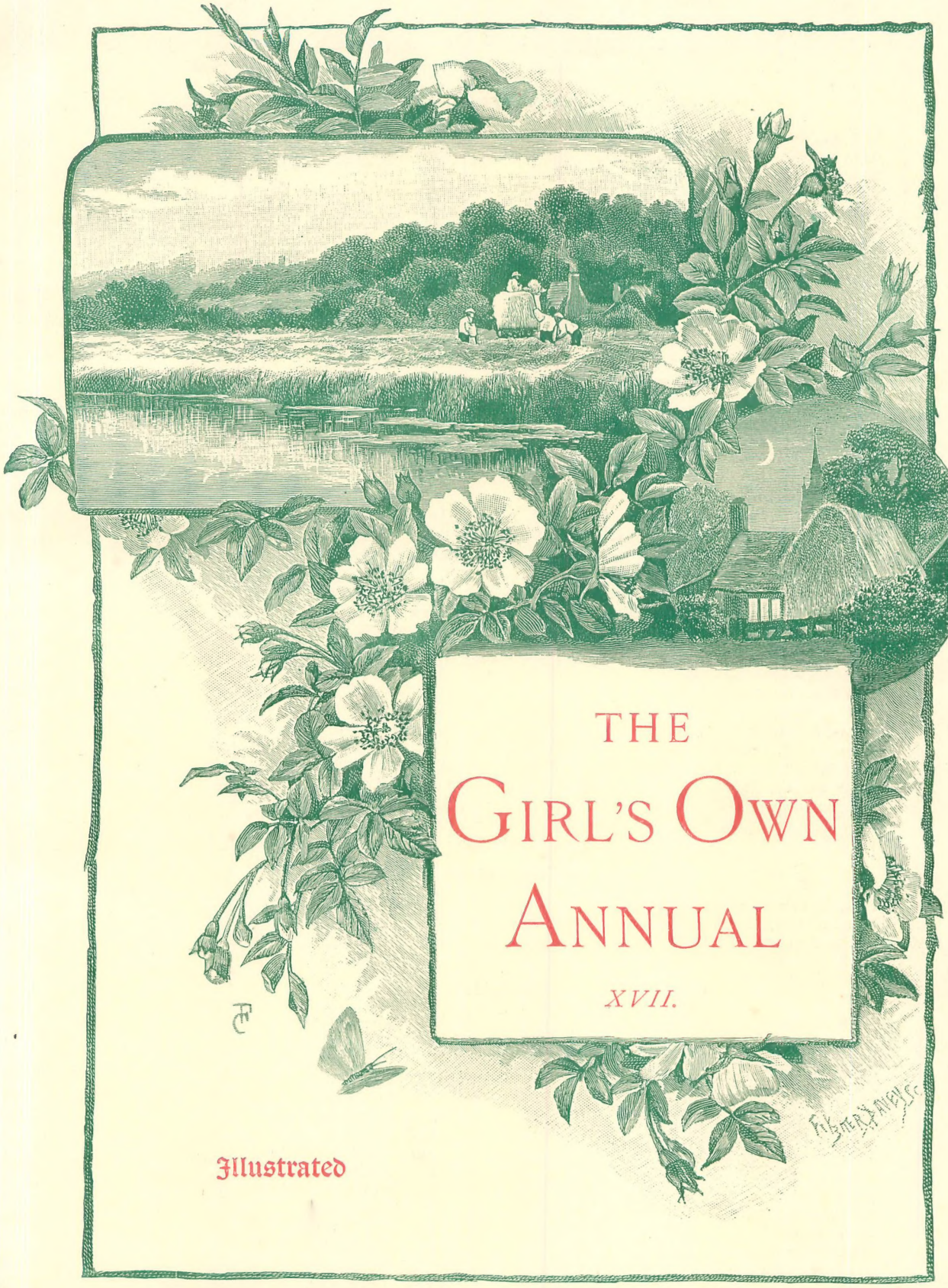
THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL

XVII.

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GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

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HUMILITY.

From the Painting by C.E. PERUGINI.

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HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY G. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IT was presentation-day at the University of London. The date was somewhere in the latter half of the present century, not this year, nor last year, nor the year before that, when you, dear reader, or your brother or cousin, may have graced the scene in cap and gown; but so long ago that the graduates and undergraduates of to-day were still in the nursery taking practical lessons as to the value of tactual perception, or forcing an undesired entrance into the realms of knowledge by way of the spelling-book and the Latin Primer. The day was a lovely one in May, and the spring sunshine poured in through the high windows of the theatre on the Chancellor in his court suit and gold-embroidered gown, on the members of the Senate in their crimson and scarlet robes, and on the reporters, scribbling away for dear life at their table. There was the usual throng of admiring friends and relations in the gallery and the back seats, and the usual inner semi-circle of presentees, looking like a bed of gorgeous and not always harmonious flowers, from the vivid colours of their gowns and hoods. A modern observer would have noted only one point of marked difference from a similar scene to-day, and this was the absence of the serried ranks of lady graduates. There were only two or three women to be presented, and they looked pale and nervous, but dauntlessly resolved to do their duty to the end. In those days it was an achievement to gain possession of a London degree, and these girls felt that the eyes of England and of the world were upon them. They were conscious also of furnishing the sensation of the day, for a woman had obtained the prize for French in the B.A. Final, and the second place in Honours for Mental and Moral Science, for the first time on record, and the friends of female education were jubilant. Miss Arbuthnot, the principal of the South Central High School, in which Cecil Anstruther had received her education, looked fully two inches taller than usual as she led her pupil up to the Chancellor's dais, and the little knot of friends and teachers in the gallery applauded frantically, while even the men who had been ignominiously left behind

"A HURRIED WALK DOWN TO THE STATION."

"AS SHE LED HER PUPIL."

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in the race were magnanimous enough to do their share of clapping. The parliamentary representative of the University referred especially to Miss Anstruther in his regulation speech, and the noble Chancellor himself pressed her hand and congratulated her with even more than his ordinary paternal suavity of manner. As for Cecil's own feelings, she was so much embarrassed by the cheering, the publicity, and the difficulty of carrying her cap, her diploma, and her prize, and finding a hand to give the Chancellor at the same time, that she did not breathe freely until she was safely back in her seat, with her companions in misfortune eagerly inspecting her new possessions.

A little later, and the grand function was over. The Chancellor and the members of the Senate had filed off solemnly, like the chorus of a Greek play, the reporters had closed their note-books and decamped with much less ceremony, and the theatre was deserted, save by a few presentees who were displaying their medals and diplomas to impatient friends. Cecil paused at the door on her way to the robing-room with Miss Arbuthnot.

"I'm quite sorry to say good-bye to the dear old place," she said; "I have been here for the Matriculation, the Intermediate, and the B.A., and now again to-day, and I know the pattern of the ceiling and all the mouldings on the walls by heart."

"I only wish you would come here again for the M.A. and the D.Lit.," said Miss Arbuthnot. "That is my one sorrow with regard to you, Cecil, that you are ending your academical course at this point."

"But you see, I have really no choice," said Cecil. "The children at home are getting older, and I must either teach them myself or earn money to help with their education. And you know, Miss Arbuthnot, I do so much dread going among strangers, so I want to stay at home if I possibly can. If I could have got a post in the school, of course——"

"That would not be good enough," replied Miss Arbuthnot with decision. "Public opinion has yet to be roused on the subject of High School teachers' salaries. No, Cecil, what I should like for you would be something quite different. As for teaching your little brothers and sisters, I believe it is a task at once beyond and beneath your powers. You are much better fitted to instruct older children, and you are not at all suited to cope with very naughty ones, such as I understand them to be. I can't prophesy success for you."

"But what could I do?" asked Cecil.

"I think you should try for a post as finishing governess in some good family, where you would be properly treated," said Miss Arbuthnot. "Abroad, perhaps; I believe the Russians treat their governesses very well. You are not a specialist, Cecil, that is another thing I regret; you would have gained the University scholarship for Mental and Moral Science if you had been, but you are good all round. Well, we mustn't stay talking here. I will see you to Victoria, and then I must hurry back to the school. Only remember, if you do not succeed with the children, let me know. I am often asked to recommend thoroughly first-class governesses, and I will do my best for you, dear child."

Miss Arbuthnot's voice trembled a little as she concluded, for she had grown very fond of her head pupil, and honestly believed that she could have done anything she liked in the way of passing examinations. It had been a great pleasure to the elder lady to have this ardent young disciple always at hand, to sympathise with her plans and to become imbued with her views, nor was Miss Arbuthnot at all unmindful of the honour reflected on the school by the girl's success. The cause of female education in general, and the South Central High School in particular, were the objects to which Miss Arbuthnot's life was devoted, and the cause gained no small lustre from the ovation Cecil had received at the Presentation, and the comments which had been made thereon in the various speeches, and which might be looked for from the Press.

The principal's expectations in this respect were not disappointed. The London dailies remarked on Cecil's success in a style half-flattering, half-contemptuous, and at greater or less length according to their interest in the subject, and the country papers took up the strain, and carried it on in their several ways. In particular the *Whitcliffe Argus*, the chief organ of Cecil's native place, devoted nearly half a column to setting forth, rather late in the day, in a dialect of journalese peculiarly its own, the honours gained by the "daughter of our esteemed fellow-townsman the much respected Vicar of St. Barnabas'." The paper was pounced upon, and the paragraph read aloud in a stentorian voice by one of Cecil's younger brothers, a particularly rampant specimen of that troublesome race, when the *Argus* was delivered at St. Barnabas' Vicarage. No subject had been further from Cecil's mind as she sat at the head of the dinner-table, with flushed cheeks and rather dishevelled hair, and a worried look which contrasted sadly with the hopeful aspect she had worn when she bade farewell to Miss Arbuthnot little more than a month before. Mrs. Anstruther was away on a visit, and to Cecil had fallen a task sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, that of keeping in order the seven small half-brothers and sisters who sat round the table, and whom no one but their own genial, boisterous Irish mother had ever succeeded in managing.

The Anstruther children were the terror of Whitcliffe. Their mother said that they had excellent hearts, and this was very possibly true, but it was also painfully evident that they had no manners, and a very small amount of conscience. Add to this the possession of tremendous animal spirits, splendid lungs, and most inventive brains, and it will be seen that the life of a conscientious elder sister, who held pronounced views of her own on the subject of education, was not likely to be an easy one among them. Of all those who tried to govern them Cecil was perhaps the least successful, for she was gentle, methodical, and somewhat old-maidish in her ways, and each of these tendencies militated strongly against her. She got on very well with Mrs. Anstruther (indeed, no one who knew that stout, untidy little lady, with her blue-grey eyes and her soft, drawling brogue, could do otherwise), and loved her almost as much as if she had been her own mother, but the children did not take to her. Even now, after a morning spent in wild efforts to clear away the things they left about, undo the mischief they had done, and efface generally the traces of their baleful existence, she could not eat her dinner in peace. Patsy was spilling his pudding on the carpet, Loey feeding the cat from his plate, and, when Cecil leaned across the table to rescue Eily's glass of water from imminent peril of destruction, Terry seized the opportunity of pulling out all her hair-pins. And all this time Fitz was roaring out the paragraph from the *Argus* in his loudest tones.

"Fitzgerald!" came in a stern voice from the lower end of the table, where sat Mr. Anstruther, with a book propped up against the dish in front of him; "don't make that noise. Why don't you keep the children quiet, Cecil? My dear," and Mr. Anstruther's eye-glasses went slowly up, to be focussed on Cecil's dishevelled tresses, "what have you been doing to your hair? It is in a most disgraceful state. What is all this row about?"

"Why, daddy," cried Loey, otherwise Owen, "it's what we'll do with Cissie's money we're talking about."

"You will do nothing with it," returned Mr. Anstruther severely, for the point was rather a sore one with him. "Your sister will spend the money as she likes, without consulting a set of little dunces like you."

"Oh, papa, but I mean to do something for them," cried Cecil. "I have been so glad ever since I heard I had got the prize to think that I should be able to help you with it. The money will pay the boys' fees for one term, or help with their books, at any rate."

"You are very good, my dear child, in wishing to be of use, but what can fifteen pounds do towards educating four boys, who have not brains enough among them all to get a ten-pound scholarship, nor steadiness and sense of honour enough to go to and from the Grammar School like gentlemen? What with their school-fees, and the bills I have to pay for the damage they do, it needs a millionaire to look after them."

And Mr. Anstruther rose abruptly from his seat, said grace, and departed to his study. It was a constant disappointment to him that only his eldest daughter had inherited his own scholarly tastes, and that his younger children, although dowered with their mother's splendid bodily health, had inherited also her distaste for steady mental work. Sometimes the disparity made him a little unjust to Cecil, as if his disappointment were her fault, and the sense of this struck her to-day so keenly that, worn-out and discouraged, she pushed back her chair from the table and burst into tears. The children stood around in impotent alarm; then, their consciences no doubt pricking them, one

after another crept softly from the room. For a little while Cecil sobbed hopelessly, then a sudden resolution came to her, and she started up. Miss Arbuthnot's words had returned to her memory, and she saw that if she could not be useful with the children at home, she might at any rate help to provide the money necessary to give them the education they so greatly needed. With ferocious haste she twisted her soft auburn hair into a rough knot, secured it by sticking in the pins in handfuls, and dashed away the tears from her brown eyes, now blurred and piteous with crying. Without giving herself time to repent, she sat down at the writing-table in the window, and began to write. The chair and table shook with her sobs as she did so, but she scrambled through her letter as fast as she could, sealed and stamped it, and then, snatching up her hat, rushed across the road to the pillar-box with the important missive, determined not to trust any of the boys.

All this afternoon Cecil, to use Biblical language, "went softly in the bitterness of her soul," for the step she had just taken marked the downfall of many hopes. Throughout her school career, which had cost her father very little, owing to the number of prizes and scholarships she had won, her aim had been to make use of her knowledge in instructing her half-brothers and sisters. Recollections of past failure in holiday-times had not deterred her from setting to work again with enthusiasm, but after rather less than a month's trial she was compelled to admit that the result was unsatisfactory. She knew that under ordinary circumstances she was an interesting teacher and a good disciplinarian—experience in teaching classes at the South Central School had assured her of this—and she had not reckoned on the opposing influence which was to render all her efforts nugatory. The children were the only subject on which Mrs. Anstruther and Cecil were gravely divided in opinion, but on this one point they differed exceedingly. Mrs. Anstruther insisted that Cecil was trying to break the children's spirits, and she made it her business to rescue them from this untoward fate on every possible occasion. Derided by her pupils and unsupported by their mother, her rules set aside, and her punishments continually remitted, it is little wonder that Cecil decided to give up the contest in despair. There seemed to be something in her that aroused all the wickedness of which the children were capable, and only this morning a final touch had been put to her misery by a remark of her father's, to the effect that he wished Cecil would leave her brothers and sisters alone, for they were always far worse with her than with anyone else. That Mr. Anstruther should say this was the unkindest cut of all, and Cecil felt that her last support in the home was gone.

The next morning, just as breakfast was over at St. Barnabas' Vicarage, great excitement was caused among the children by the sight of a telegraph-boy coming up to the house. Six of them met him at the door, and conveyed the missive in triumph to Cecil, to whom it was addressed, offering meanwhile various suggestions as to the nature of the contents. It was with some difficulty that she succeeded in rescuing the envelope untorn, and in acquainting herself with the message.

"M. Arbuthnot to C. Anstruther. Come to me at once for two or three days. Have heard of something for you."

Cecil read the words in astonishment, with all the children dancing and yelling round her like wild Indians. They were still in the hall, and Cecil was too much engrossed by the telegram to try to calm them, until the study door opened, and her father's tired face looked out.

"Really, Cecil," he began, "I think, when you know I am preparing my sermon, you might——" But his voice was drowned by the children.

"Daddy, Cissie's got a telegram. We wouldn't go to school until she would tell us what it was. She's going to London, isn't she?"

"What does all this mean, Cecil?" asked Mr. Anstruther wearily, and his daughter put the telegram into his hand.

"Well," he said, when he had read it, "you have asked Miss Arbuthnot to find you a situation, I suppose? After all, perhaps it is the best thing you can do."

"And you must let me help with the boys then, papa," said Cecil eagerly. "I think I am pretty sure to get a good salary, you know, and I can take one of them, at any rate, off your hands."

"Very well, my dear. It is impossible not to feel grateful for such a proposal. Patrick, leave off teasing that cat, and go to school with your brothers. If you can get your things ready for the 11.55 train, Cecil, I will walk down to the station with you."

Cecil dashed upstairs, and spent the next hour in wild efforts to get her box packed, which was a work of difficulty, with Eily, Norah, and Geraldine standing around, advising, touching, criticising, meddling in a way that nearly drove her mad. Happily Mrs. Anstruther was to return before lunch, so she felt less compunction than she would otherwise have done in leaving her flock to their own devices, and by dint of superhuman exertion she managed to be ready by the appointed time. Then she kissed the children all round, admonished them not to quarrel, rushed into the nursery to remind the nurse to put on their clean pinafores before their mother's return, and gave hasty parting directions about lunch to the cook. Then there was a hurried walk down to the station, in which she endeavoured vainly to keep up with her father's long strides, and a brief farewell on the platform. Cecil shook hands with Mr. Anstruther (he had an invincible objection to being kissed in public, principally owing to the fact that his wife and younger children were especially given to the practice), and he put her into a ladies' carriage just as the train was about to start.

Leaning back in her place, Cecil spent her time during the journey in speculations as to the situation found for her. Was she to be principal of some newly-founded high school, where the extent and freshness of her acquirements would counterbalance the defects of her youth and comparative inexperience? Or was she to be governess in a private family, possibly on the Continent, possibly in some stately English home, where she would be treated with frigid courtesy, and shunned and criticised as a "learned lady"? She sighed as she revolved these possibilities in her mind, and wished once more that she might have remained at home. But regrets were vain, the train was nearing Victoria, and on the platform stood Miss Arbuthnot, to whom Mr. Anstruther had telegraphed from Whitcliffe that Cecil was on her way.

"I am glad you have come at once, Cecil," she said, as they left the station in a cab, "for I can give you a rare treat to-night. What do you think of tickets for both of us for the Conversazione at Burlington House, to meet all the great people?"

"How splendid!" cried Cecil, with sparkling eyes. "And the situation, Miss Arbuthnot?"

"Oh—ah—the situation. Of course that is the chief thing, after all. Well, you and I are to meet the lady and gentleman at Daridge's Hotel to-morrow, and lunch with them afterwards."

"Oh, then it is a private family?" asked Cecil.

"Private? Oh, well—yes. Not a school at all."

Miss Arbuthnot seemed not to wish to say anything more, but presently she began to question Cecil as to her dress for the evening, betraying a solicitude as to her appearance which surprised the girl.

"Of course, I ought to have told you to bring your best evening gown," she said, "but I never thought of it, and it would have been rather awkward to mention it in a telegram. What have you—the black velvet with your mother's lace? It is rather old for you, but after all that is no drawback. You see, Cecil," smiling at her pupil's puzzled face, "we are all very proud of you. You have done the school great credit, and I should not wonder if you were to find yourself a little bit of a celebrity in a small way to-night. So you see why I want you to look well, that you may uphold the honour of the South Central."

(To be continued.)

THE GREEN CAVALIER'S SONG.

Words by The Earl of Beaconsfield. *Music by* H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Allegro moderato semplice.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

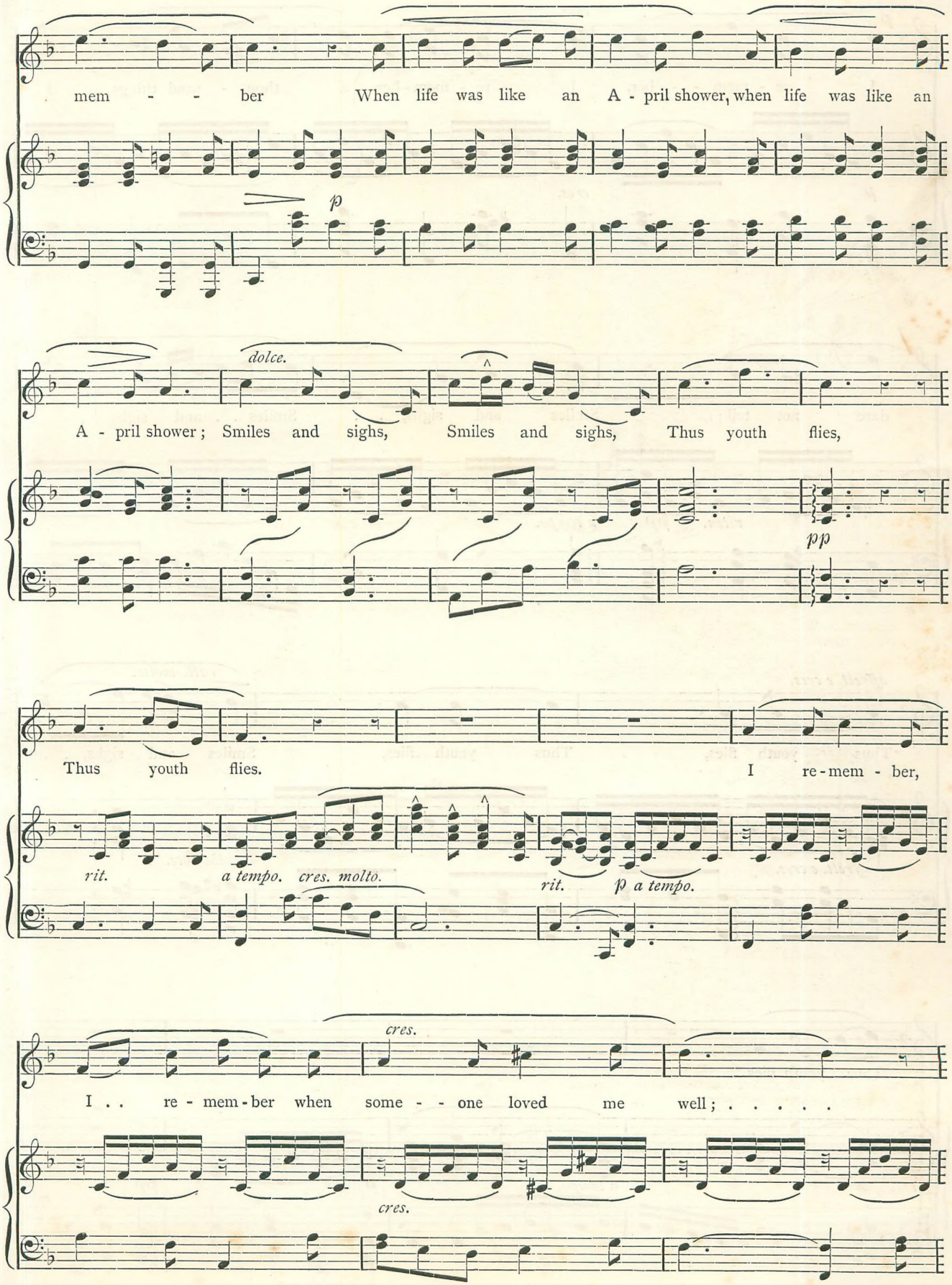
I re - mem - ber, I re -

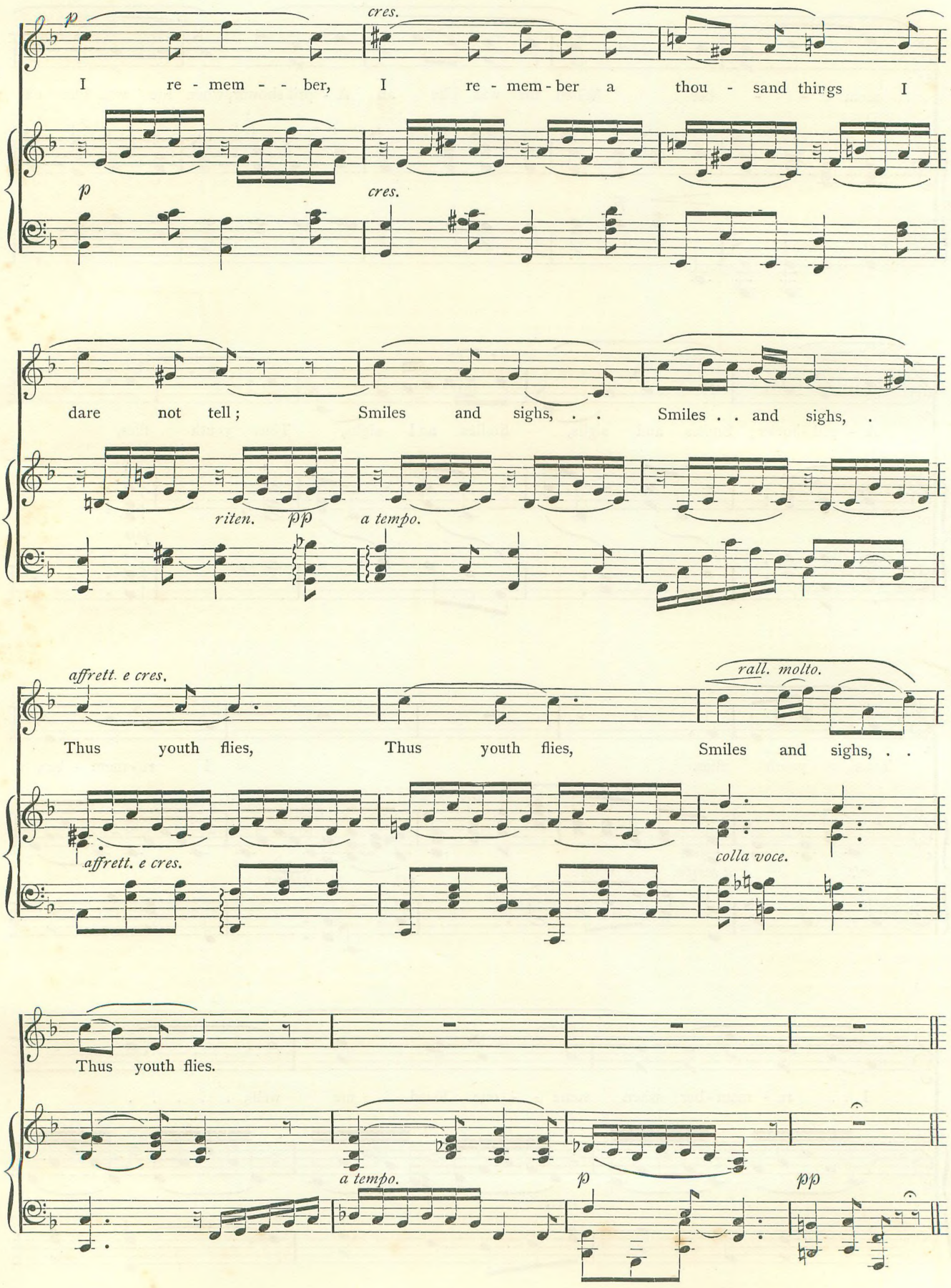
p

cres.

mem - ber when life was like a May - day flower; I re - mem - ber, I re -

cres.


mem - - ber When life was like an A - pril shower, when life was like an
p
dolce.
A - pril shower; Smiles and sighs, Smiles and sighs, Thus youth flies,
pp
Thus youth flies. I re-mem - ber,
rit.
a tempo. cres. molto.
rit.
p a tempo.
cres.
I . . re - mem - ber when some - - one loved me well; . . . . .
cres.


p
cres.
I re - mem - - ber, I re - mem - ber a thou - sand things I
p
cres.
dare not tell; Smiles and sighs, . . Smiles . . and sighs, .
riten. pp
a tempo.
affrett. e cres.
rall. molto.
Thus youth flies, Thus youth flies, Smiles and sighs, . .
affrett. e cres.
colla voce.
Thus youth flies.
a tempo.
p
pp

A TABLE WITH COTTON-REEL LEGS.

GIRLS with fathers and brothers who, from one reason or another, have a few idle hours on their hands, here is an idea for you. I don't mean to say that you cannot work it out yourselves, but it is such a comfort to have something that our menkind can do, and most probably they improve upon it in the doing. My father set to work and made this table for one of our bazaars; he was most interested, it was perfect in every detail, and we sold it for 10s. 6d.

The remarkable thing about this ornamental piece of furniture is that the legs are made of cotton-reels. They soon accumulate; get the children to collect; ask your dressmakers and

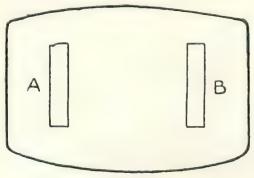


FIG (1)

workwomen. You require 64 in all, 16 for each leg, Coats' machine reels are the best, various sizes from 24 to 80, an equal number, divisible by 4, of each size.

For the top of our table we used a Japanese tray 25 inches by 15 inches, that had years ago parted with its rim, and been put away in case it "came in useful;" but a plain piece of deal would answer the purpose. To the back of it we screwed and glued two pieces of wood 12 inches by 2 inches (A and B, Fig 1); we then made friends with the blacksmith, and got from him four iron rods 21 inches long, and thick enough to pass easily through the reels; 1½ inch was turned over at an angle sufficient to allow of the legs

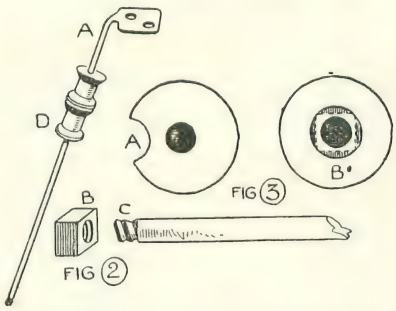


FIG (3)
FIG (2)

spreading slightly and so rendering the table steady (A, Fig. 2), and also flattened out, and two small screw holes made in it. The other end of each rod was made into a screw for ½ an inch C, and a small nut attached B. Then we threaded the reels on the rods D, and here you must be very careful to get them in regular order, seeing that the knob on one reel fits on to the flat side of the next, and never two knobs together; put a little glue between each reel, of course you must remove the nut, and commence at that end with the smallest reels,

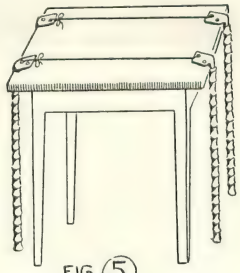


FIG (5)

pushing them up to the top. Cut a small piece out of the side of the first one (A, Fig. 3) to allow of your putting in a screw in the holes made in the turned-over portion of the rod when fixing to the table-top. It requires a certain amount of care to get your reels to fit exactly; the last one must have a hole grooved out at the bottom (B, Fig. 3) to allow of the little nut being screwed up into it quite tightly; the great beauty of the legs consists in their being firmly fixed into one block without the possibility of a reel shaking. Then came the painting, black enamel and two coats of it

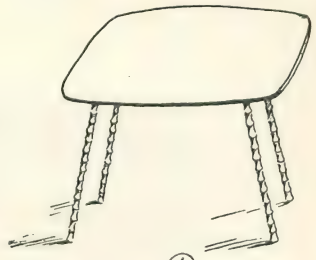


FIG (6)

made our reels look like ebony; we threaded string through the screw holes at the top of each pair of legs, and suspended them across a small table to dry (Fig. 5). In three days they were "as dry as a bone," and then we screwed them firm and fast into A and B (Fig. 1); we then gave A and B a coat of enamel for neatness, and the edges of the tray-top also required a similar attention, or in the case of plain deal it would require two coats, and then behold our table complete (Fig. 6). A most handy and comfortable arrangement for afternoon tea, or for one's work or books.

"COUSIN LIL."

VARIETIES.

OUT OF TUNE.

"Goot museek," said the professor to his class—"goot museek aidts der dichestion andt ingreases der appetite."

"I wonder," mused the thoughtful girl—"I wonder if that is the reason why pianos in boarding-houses are so seldom tuned."

SELF-CULTURE.—Whoever raises herself to a higher stature in character, in intelligence, in skill, in industry, in health of body, in vigour of mind, and in fidelity to the best that she can discover, is in so doing fulfilling a large part of the debt she owes to the world.

JEWISH FUNERALS.—Interments among Jews are conducted with great and rigid simplicity. With the exception of the synagogue charges, at a fixed tariff, all further costs are strongly discountenanced. No velvet trappings, gaudy hearses, feathers, flowers, or other extravagances are permitted. It is not the custom to read any prayers at the graveside beyond the utterance of the simple words "May he (she) come into his (her) place in peace." The funeral service is read over the coffin whilst it lies on the plain wooden bier in the small chapel adjoining the ground. As all religious ceremony is conducted by them with heads covered no Jews are ever seen in the cemetery bareheaded, and thus dangerous risks are avoided.

"WORSE LOST."

"Mister," said a small boy, "have you seen anything of a dog that looked like he was lost?"

"No, my boy," replied the kindly-faced gentleman. "Are you sure you aren't lost yourself?"

"No, sir, I ain't sure about not bein' lost. Fact is, I know I'm lost; but, mister, that dog's lost so much wuss 'n I am, that I ain't got time to think about my own troubles."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.—Trees lose their leaves in somewhat the following order:—Walnut, horse-chestnut, willow, lime, sycamore, ash, elm, beech, oak; while pollard oaks, young beeches, and hornbeam retain them until thrust off by the swelling buds of spring.

BE CHEERFUL.—When a dark cloud hangs over a Christian, he knows that the "Light of the World" is behind it. If Christians were more cheerful, they would be more useful. Even to say nothing gloomy is to do good in the world.

THREE KINDS OF TROUBLE.—Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

ENIGMA I.

In the babbling brook—by the sunny nook—
On the great broad ocean green!
Where the sun shines bright, on a moonlight night,
In my wanderings I may be seen;
I travel on land, the wind I withstand,
Yet no motive power have I,
And I come and I go—sometimes fast, sometimes slow,
And I flit 'twixt the earth and the sky!
I creep, and I hide, and 'tis never denied,
That I'm courted by the fair,
Though I'm shunned by the bold, for my nature is cold,
And distributed everywhere!
I am found with the clean, I am found with the foul,
Where the pestilence hovers around—
Where the homes of the poor, as I pass door by door,
Exist, but to cumber the ground.
'Tis here that I hide, for I love to abide,
A playmate with death and disease;
And yet, strange but true, my life I renew
Day by day in the mansions of ease!
Can you guess my name, whilst I hide my shame,
Beneath the broad mantle of night—
And seek my repose, as my eyelids close,
Upon many a weary sight.

BRAVE HEART.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Brave heart, fight on,
Though weary of the heat and toil of striving,
Though wounded sore, though foes about thee throng,
Though fiercely overhead the storm be driving,
Let faith still nerve thine arm and keep thee strong.
Brave heart, fight on.

Brave heart, hope on,
Though failure seems to mock each true endeavour,
Though dark and cheerless loom the future years,
What though success thy grasp elude for ever,
And hope but shines through blinding heart-wrung tears,
Brave heart, hope on.

Brave heart, trust on,
Though light by light goes out and leaves thee groping,
Stay not to mourn beside thy broken reeds,
Heed not the pain, the trusting and the hoping
Day after day thy strength sustains and feeds—
Brave heart, trust on.

Brave heart, love on—
Love all thou canst, the fire the gold is proving—
In tranquil homes "beyond the golden west,"
One day, brave heart, thy hoping, trusting, loving,
Shall bring thee guerdon sweet—peace, joy, and rest!
Brave heart, love on.

THE THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEIGH.

By LADY DUNBOYNE, Author of "The Turning of the Lane," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"THE three old maids of Leigh!" That was what Dorothy, the youngest of the trio, chose to call her sisters and herself, and somehow the designation had come to be generally accepted.

Still there were many who considered it scarcely appropriate, since there were five years between the ages of the elder sisters and double that number between Miss Clara and Dorothy.

The latter, at twenty-eight, was still young enough to be the baby and family pet, as she had been ever since her mother's death left her, a tiny nursery toddler, to her sister's care. She was still known as "Dot" and "Dollie" in that grave household, where nothing else seemed light and playful; and with her piquant little face, short dark curly hair, and brisk bird-like movements, she presented a strange contrast to both her sisters.

Miss Charlotte—no one ever dreamed of calling her "Miss Leigh," or giving her the first place in the family—had long ago resigned all pretensions to youth, and at forty-four was a gentle comfortable-looking spinster, likely, in a few years more, to develop into the ideal old lady in lace cap and mittens.

As, however, real lace caps were far beyond the modest requirements of Leighcombe Cottage, as Miss Charlotte would ill have tolerated imitation, it was perhaps fortunate that caps were at present out of fashion for spinsters of middle-age; and Miss Charlotte's nice smooth bands of sandy-coloured hair looked very well as a frame to her homely careworn face, which could never have boasted any distinctive beauty.

Very different was Miss Clara, the second sister. Tall, dark, commanding in figure, she wore her still abundant locks dressed high on her head, and as they had turned prematurely grey, the general effect was that given by powder to the stately dames of a bygone generation.

That Miss Clara had been a beauty was an accepted tradition in the quiet neighbourhood where the three ladies passed their uneventful lives.

Valesworthy was a picturesque village in the south-west of England, chiefly remarkable in these days for its remoteness from the general world. The nearest railway-station was ten miles off; the market town of Aldersfield still further. Valesworthy boasted one large and important house, known as "The Manor," but its owners seldom spent more than a few months of the shooting season under its roof.

For the rest, the inhabitants consisted, like most villages, of the rector and the doctor, with their respective families, the local attorney and some six hundred persons of humbler station.

There were besides a few ladies of modest means, who, like the Miss Leighs, occupied cottages of gentility on the outskirts of the village, and who, unlike them, occasionally entertained their neighbours with tea and scandal, or gave a little evening party with a sociable game of whist, and Halma for those who did not affect cards.

The Miss Leighs never entertained; it was so open a secret as to be scarcely a secret at all, that they were exceedingly poor.

They did not keep a school, but thrice a week little voices were heard in the tiny strip of garden whose bright flower-border was the pride of Miss Dorothy's heart, and about half a dozen small children would come trooping in, the two elder to profit by Miss Clara's instructions in music and drawing, while Miss Dorothy undertook to impart to the younger contingent the rudiments of French with a little history and geography thrown in.

Miss Charlotte taught nothing except sewing, and had her own class of girls, somewhat humbler in rank, on another day of the week.

The little addition these lessons brought to their income enabled them to keep up the rent of the cottage and tiny garden, and to pay the wages of their one small maid, who must otherwise have been discarded as an unattainable luxury. Yet, poor as they were, it was an accepted axiom in the neighbourhood that the Miss Leighs had seen better days, and the fact that they were high-born ladies still made their little Mary Anne hold her head up in lofty scorn of the self-assumption of the Doctor's cook, who was one of an establishment of five, and gave herself purse-proud airs accordingly.

The Miss Leighs would have laughed at their little handmaid's exalted ideas, but they too, were proud in their own way—too proud to make any attempt to hide their poverty, or to imagine it was anything to be ashamed of. And time and habit had apparently so inured them to their modest humdrum life, that they had ceased to feel cramped by it—ceased to beat their wings against the neat iron bars of their narrow cage, and grown content with the frugal supply of seed and water it always contained.

All but Dorothy—Dorothy who had grown up in an age of greater breadth and independence of thought than was the fashion for women twenty years ago. Dorothy who loved to keep her ears open for tales of the great world, going on its busy hurrying way, miles away from quiet Valesworthy, sleeping amid its nest of green hills and fern-bordered lanes.

And of late this restlessness had been growing more and more in Dorothy's heart, try as she would to put it aside and to scold herself for discontent. For had not a breath from that great outer world come into her atmosphere, through the young *locum tenens*, brother-in-law to the worthy Rector, who for the last six weeks had been seeking in foreign travel to recover the health which had been nearly wrecked by a severe attack of influenza.

Ashford Conway was the senior curate of a large church in a big busy manufacturing town,

HYMN PICTURES.—I.

"And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven——"

accustomed to surroundings as unlike Valesworthy as it was possible to conceive. His sister, who had formerly shared those surroundings, listened to his tales of men and manners with a smile of superior pity, and hugged herself in the satisfaction of her pretty peaceful home and the calm stillness amid which her married lot was cast. But to Dorothy, with all her pent-up energy and the spirit which had remained so youthful from sheer lack of use, his tales of suffering and work and want, and the vacant spaces for more and more active workers in the great field of human need, sounded like the trumpet-call to action. There were times when she clenched her little hands and stamped her foot in passionate impatience at her own uselessness and the impossibility of escaping from the cramped sphere in which her lines had fallen.

Yes, it was quite impossible. Let the temptation be never so great, how could Dorothy be spared to leave her sisters when she herself (thanks to a timely legacy from her godmother, just when their need was sorest) contributed the lion's share to the modest housekeeping of Leighcombe Cottage?

"No, it can't be—it can't be!" she said almost angrily, as, a week before the time fixed for his departure from Valesworthy, Ashford Conway came to her, with his honest manly avowal of love, and an entreaty that she would return with him to share his home and his work.

"Why cannot it be, Dorothy? You are fighting against your own heart, and you know it. Think of all the good you may be the means of achieving if we work together—a woman's heart and a woman's tact can do so much—and it is not as if you were needed here. You have not room for your energy and you know it; life here belongs to a bygone age; it may suit those whose best days are past, those who need rest after the turmoil of life, but you are fitted for space and freedom: you are wasting your best energies. Come to me, Dorothy, and be free! Surely your sisters——"

"Oh, can't you see—won't you understand?" she cried almost piteously, looking up at him through the mist of tears that dimmed her sight; "don't you see that it is like the bundle of sticks in the fable? So long as we keep together we can rub on—it is poverty of course, but only genteel poverty of the bearable kind. No! I know what you are going to say, but I would never come to you to be a drag and a hindrance in your work. No, no! we must go on as we are, and you must forget this summer, or look back on it only as I mean to do, as a season of pleasant friendship and greater variety than I have met with for many years—nothing more," and the little impulsive woman rushed away before the slower masculine mind could put into words the thoughts he longed to express.

"Something ails the child," said Miss Charlotte that afternoon. To those quiet, middle-aged women their younger sister was still "the child" they had mothered and watched over since the days when she wore short frocks and hair floating on her shoulders.

"It may be only the heat," Miss Clara responded, but she was more observant than her elder sister, and the flushed cheeks and unwontedly petulant tones of Dorothy's voice revealed more than she chose to put into words.

The weather certainly was unusually hot, a thunder-storm seemed impending, and the little pupils had never appeared so hopelessly stupid as on the morning following Mr. Conway's luckless proposal.

"Go out into the air, little one," said Miss Clara, as Dorothy after reducing two of her pupils to tears and working herself nearly into a fever, began for the third time to explain the working of a long-division sum to a stolid, hopelessly indifferent child of eight. "I'll finish the arithmetic lesson, or rather we will put it aside for to-day, and Mary shall have a quarter of an hour's extra music instead, she will like that, and really it is too hot to plod over sums to-day."

"Are you sure you can manage it? You have a headache, too," said Dorothy wistfully.

"Never mind—I am more used to them than you are. Run away, child!"

And Dorothy did run away—thankfully—to the very farthest corner of the tiny flower-garden, where with the help of a village *protégé* she had contrived a rustic seat, flanked by rose-bushes and with a fragrant bower of sweet-peas climbing over the back and arms.

It was not far enough, however, to escape the sound of Cramer's exercises, and the repetition of the ten strumming fingers irritated her nerves almost to madness.

In despair at last she stopped her ears with both hands, and tried to fix her attention on all that was pleasantest to her other senses—the sweet freshness of the flowers in the sunshine—the deep blue of the sky over the trees which shut out the village street, beyond which rose the grey tower of the church—and far beyond that again the distant purple hills which seemed like the boundary of another world.

Suddenly Dorothy sprang to her feet, for another and most unwonted sight was before her.

Through her closed ears she had not detected the sudden cessation of the music, or heard the frightened cry of the children, who now came hastily running to her across the garden.

"Miss Dorothy, Miss Dorothy, please come, Miss Clara is so funny—I think she has gone to sleep all of a sudden!"

An exclamation of dismay burst from Dorothy's lips. Clara had all her life been subject to fainting fits, but they seldom came on without more warning than this. The intense heat, however, always tried her, and Dorothy bitterly reproached herself with having allowed the one who was usually her first consideration to suffer from her own pre-occupation.

"Lottie! Lottie!" she called hurrying into the house, and lifting the unconscious form from where it had fallen almost prone against the piano; "run, children, you, Mary, will go quickest—and find Miss Charlotte."

"It is no use," said little Mary West, the Rector's daughter. "Miss Charlotte has gone to see that poor woman that mother told her about; she came in a little while ago with her hat on and said she should not be back for an hour."

"Never mind! I'll manage. Run home, all of you children, it must be a half-holiday, as Miss Clara's ill;" and Dorothy turned all her attention to the sufferer, whose beautiful face was fixed in a stony whiteness, while she was quite unable to swallow the water her sister held to her lips.

Dorothy sprinkled her face and hands, fanned her with the newspaper, and opened door and window to their fullest extent.

Miss Clara always dressed in black, and had her gowns made in a fashion severely plain, with high stiff linen collar and cuffs. Somehow the stern simplicity suited her stately figure, and set off the well-formed throat, and the small head with its crown of grey hair.

But the stiff collar and tight hooks were very bad assistants in the recovery of a fainting patient, and it was with resolute, though rather trembling fingers that Dorothy proceeded to unfasten the latter.

Suddenly her hands fell to her sides with a cry of astonishment, suppressed the next instant, as the fainting fit gave signs of yielding to her treatment.

Hidden under Miss Clara's dress was something which shone in the sunlight—a small fine chain of gold on which hung—a locket? No! something still stranger—and Dorothy, looking again, even yet could hardly believe her eyes—surely it was a wedding ring!

The girl trembled from head to foot, as she stood, convicted in her own eyes of what seemed like dishonourable espionage of a secret, evidently guarded—probably for many years—with such jealous care.

What could it mean? And how should she act in the future? Would it be right to conceal this discovery, so unwittingly made, and let Clara believe her secret still in her own keeping?

(*To be continued.*)

TO CYCLISTS: AMENITIES OF THE ROAD.

BE very careful to avoid giving offence to any one. Cyclists at the best are bound to be a nuisance to a good many people; and while they themselves have a good deal to put up with, it is not to be denied that they are often less careful to avoid causing annoyance to others than they might be. This is bad policy as well as bad manners. It makes the drivers of vehicles reckless of the safety of a mere cyclist, and it might even lead to legal restrictions on the speed of riding being imposed by Parliament. Every rider may at least be expected to do his little, by courtesy and consideration for others, towards removing the prejudice against his class which unfortunately does exist in some quarters. It is just as well to be always ready with a word of thanks or apology, as occasion requires. Never scorch in the streets of a town. Give warning at a considerable distance before overtaking passengers; and if your warning is not heeded, repeat it. People are sometimes deaf, or dreaming, or making love. Dismount if there is not plenty of room to pass. If horses are frightened at the sight of a cycle (which is not now often the case), go slowly, and be ready to dismount instantly if the driver signifies his desire for you to do so. But, as a rule, a sudden dismount will add more to a horse's alarm than passing slowly on the remote side of the road and speaking quietly to the animal as you pass. Be specially careful and considerate when meeting, and still more so when overtaking, ladies on horseback or driving; and when passing lady cyclists in rational dress, avoid even a look that is calculated to add to their feeling of being objectionably conspicuous. If you run into any one, don't be a coward and ride off as hard as you can, but stop and see if the party is hurt. Remember that not every cyclist with whom you fall in desires to chum up with you, and don't force yourself on another rider unless the desire for company and conversation is evidently mutual. Keep to your proper side of the road, and always touch your gong before overtaking another cyclist.

From *The Pocket Guide to Cycling*, a book of Practical Hints, by ERNEST M. BOWDEN, B.A. (Hay Nisbet & Co.).

WRINKLES FROM THE LAUNDRY.

It does not seem quite within the "fitness of things" that we should turn to the laundry for the wherewithal to make "things of beauty," but nowadays the cry is for something quaint and out of the common. We plant a fern in a French *sabot*, and hang it on our walls; we stand our sticks and umbrellas in drain-pipes, so why not turn clothes-horses, rope and pegs into uses for which they were certainly never intended?

To begin with the clothes-horses, or "maidens," as the Lancashire folk call them; they make charming fire-place screens, and are easily folded out of the way when not required. Take a two-fold horse, two feet six inches high, price 1s. 8d., Fig. 1; one and three-quarter yards of art-muslin, six yards of cheap ribbon, and a tin of enamel, choose your colouring to match your room; ivory-white enamel and yellow figured-muslin, with ivory and yellow ribbons looks well, or dark-green draped with pink, or pale-blue and pink, anything you prefer; it is well to carefully "rub down" your horse with sand-paper, to ensure a nice smooth surface; give it two or three coats of enamel, including the webbing hinges, and let it thoroughly dry and harden; divide your muslin into three widths, and cut one width in half, so allowing a width and a half for each side of the horse. Run up the seams, fold hems top and bottom, and make three runnings (leaving a half-inch heading) with strong thread at each hem, drawing them up to the exact size, A and C, Fig. 1. At each corner and in the middle of the gathers sew half a yard of ribbon, A, B, C, D, E, F, Fig. 2, tie the muslin on to the horse, Fig. 3, taking care that the ribbons A, C, D, F, are tied round the perpendicular and not the horizontal bars.

Clothes-rope makes excellent dusting-brushes. You require good Manilla-rope, not hemp, if it can be bought at 2d. the yard; cut three lengths of seventeen inches each, untwist and thoroughly fray out four inches of each end, Fig. 4, place the three pieces of rope together, double them in the middle, bind securely with fine twine, and then tie a brightly-coloured ribbon round it, Fig. 5.

American clothes-pegs may be put to many uses, a very simple one being a key- or watch-hook. Take two pegs, fix one crosswise into the other, screw in a cup-hook, enamel it any colour you please, tie on a ribbon by which to hang it up, and you have Fig. 6 complete. Photograph-stands, for cabinets or cartes, may be easily made. Cut off the knobs of two pegs, take a piece of wood a quarter of an inch thick, six inches by two inches and a half, groove two holes in it, four inches apart if for cabinets, two inches and a half if for cartes; insert the ends of the pegs at a slight angle, and glue them in firmly. Enamel any colour, twist ribbon from one to another, and finish off with a bow in the middle; the photograph stands in the slits of the pegs, Fig. 7.

Butterflies, as Fig. 8, can be readily made, and need no description. The peg forms a capital body, and needs only a few artistic touches. The wings can be made of any suitable material, silk if preferred, edged with wire.

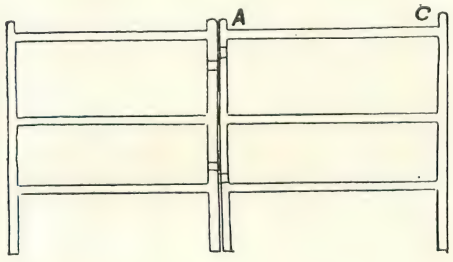


FIG. 1.

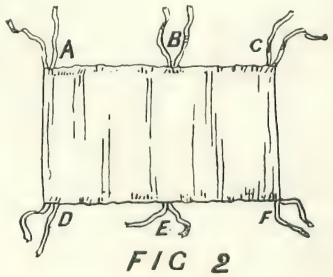


FIG 2

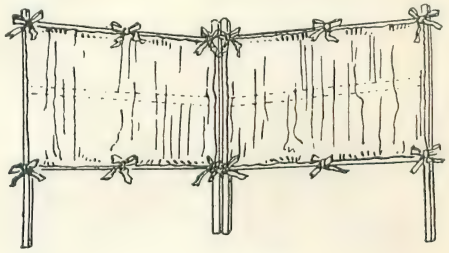


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG 6.

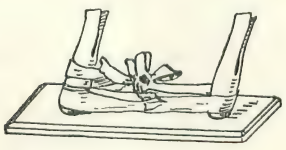


FIG 7

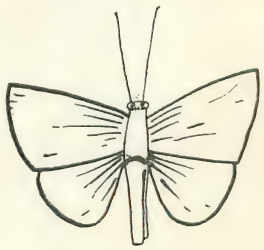


FIG. 8

THE DRESS FOR BICYCLING.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THERE can be no doubt of the interest taken in the subject of the cycle as a new form of exercise for women and girls, and this year in England it has been unquestionably quite the rage. All these things are, however, so much a matter of fashion unhappily amongst ourselves, that when next season arrives we may find the fad of this year to have become the old fashion of the next, and something else to have taken its place in the way of exercise and amusement. But behind this purely fashionable view of the matter there is the other view, that the bicycle seems to have come as a great emancipation to women, and that, when carefully learnt and used intelligently, it promises to be to her a source of pleasure beyond anything she has already had, and that it is more than probable it has "come to stay." As a means of getting about, without expense and with little fatigue, a practicable method of locomotion for everyone, youthful as well as middle-aged, it possesses advantages which appeal to all, and which will secure it a permanent acceptance as a well-beloved and useful friend. Its best motto, where women are concerned, would be, "Use, not abuse," as all the medical profession seem to declare with one accord that the abuse only is dangerous. An American doctor, who has given much attention to the subject says, that "It ought to be a law for every woman that her bicycle ride should terminate when a distinct feeling of weariness comes over her. No ordinary woman, who rides for pleasure once or twice a week, should ride at first over ten miles at a time. This represents, perhaps, an hour's or an hour and a quarter's ride, and if at the end of it she does not feel fresh and in a glow, she may be certain that she has ridden too long. The healthy, tired feeling, which anyone can recognise after athletic exercise, can never be mistaken for that weariness which comes from too much exertion, and overstraining of the muscles and nerves." The other danger pointed out by this authority consists in that arising from a high rate of speed. This is natural enough. The machine runs so easily, perhaps, that there is a strong temptation to increase the rate of progress, and every woman must learn to put a deliberate check on herself, to avoid dropping into it.

Yet another doctor, and this time an English one, must be heard: "Of all means of training the respiration, Dr. Fortescue Fox thinks cycling is the best. When a person first takes to cycling, he is troubled with shortness of breath, his heart beats uncomfortably, and his legs get tired, but after some training these discomforts all disappear. Why should not people liable to attacks of asthma also train their respiration by such kinds of exercise—of course, on condition of the heart and lungs being in perfect health? Cycling exercise first of all increases the depth of breathing, and that without fatigue, as the respiratory movements are automatic; at the same time it will accustom the rider instinctively to take in at each respiration the volume of air required to aerate the blood and to eliminate a fixed proportion of carbonic acid, leaving in the circulation the precise amount compatible with health."

And now that I have devoted a short space to the healthful nature of the exercise, I will turn to the doctors' opinion of the nature of the dress to be worn, so far as they have given it; but first will give an account of the dress as used in America and in France, in both of which this exercise has advanced, and been practised longer than with us, as women were using the wheel in both these countries more than two years ago.

In France it seems that women never ride, nor have ridden, in skirts. The Bloomer costume was accepted as the proper thing from the beginning; and excepting a little ridicule from the comic papers, the question of the propriety of it has never been discussed. All French women appear to agree on the subject, that the Bloomers are an advantage; but their costume seems to me to leave much to be desired on the score of beauty. In the environs of Paris, where women-bicyclists are as thick as flies, one may see fifty costumes in a morning's walk, exactly alike as to cut and pattern, and only differing in colour or in material. All wear low shoes, which are smart and well-fitting, and stockings of various colours. This summer many wore pretty-coloured silk ones, but the really smart riders are wearing the heavy English woollen ribbed-hose. Gaiters are seen in very few instances. The Bloomers come next, and are ungainly-looking articles, like full bags, from which the legs protrude, looking diminutive and out of drawing. The jacket is tight-fitting, and reaches only to the waist; this is discarded on a long trip, and its place is taken by the "sweater," which completes the ugliness of the costume, by emphasising the sharply-defined curves of the figure, which look most ungainly. Some of the Bloomers are cut after the fashion of a man's breeches, and fit tightly about the hips, then full to the knees. Others have the fulness laid in pleats over the hips, which of course increases the apparent size of the wearer. The hat worn is generally a "deer-stalker," with or without feathers on one side.

Dr. I. Championnière, of the French "Academy of Medicine," has written in the *Nouvelle Revue* an article very strongly in favour of bicycling for women, which he considers will create a great and favourable modification in women's physical condition, especially in that of French women, who, when they become wives and mothers, drop their habits of exercise to a greater extent than their sisters of England and America. In three points he considers it will benefit

HOW *NOT* TO DRESS.

women. It will insensibly cause women to train, and to modify their meals. Secondly, it will increase their habits of attention; and, thirdly, they will gain in courage and self-control.

There is no doubt of the immense mania for the bicycle in America, for the comic papers are full of jokes, the fun of which is furnished by the cycle. "How does George get along since he began bicycling?" an interested friend is reported to have asked. "On crutches," is the reply; which shows a certain amount of cruel sarcasm on undeserved misfortune. But Chicago, and her board of Aldermen, has quite exceeded everything in the ordinance recently passed, to regulate, locally at least, the dress of riders, both male and female—neither tights nor knickerbockers are allowed; whatever is worn must be baggy, from the ankles upwards. No stockings are permitted to be shown, and no gaiters to be worn; and all jackets must button up tightly to the throat. But the other day I suddenly dropped upon

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

the following extract from the *Chicago Tribune*, which made me think that perhaps the Board of Aldermen had had a great deal to put up with before they issued the sweeping ukase above recorded.

"One of the most notable cases of unseemly dress was that of a woman bicyclist who was seen during the week on Grand Boulevard clad in a pair of long trousers, which were evidently borrowed from her husband or brother. They fitted her rather loosely, and were held around the ankles by an ordinary pair of trouser guards, just as they are usually worn by men. The remainder of her costume consisted of a shirt waist, a lady's jacket and a man's soft felt hat. She rode a man's wheel, and, except that the coils of her hair showed plainly under her hat, would have been easily mistaken for a man.

"A pair of noticeable costumes have been frequently observed on the South Side. They are worn by a man and his wife, and are exactly alike in every detail. The two costumes are made up of handsome corduroy knee-breeches, without any fulness at the knees, brown sweaters fitting the body closely, and brown bicycle hose and shoes. Topped off with soft brown felt hats of generous dimensions, these costumes make a very striking effect. The wheels ridden by the couple are precisely alike, and but for the masses of yellow hair and slightly smaller size of the woman, the couple could scarcely be distinguished, each from the other."

In America, as in France, the doctors are loud in praise of bicycling. In fact, in the former country, it was the wife of a leading New York physician who first learnt to ride, and became a pioneer amongst the fashionable women, and it seems remarkable that the higher ranks were also the first to adopt the cycle in England; and that London, not the country, should have been the place of its *début*. A recent writer, Lord Onslow, thinks that, in London, the craze will probably not last beyond next season, but that in the country cycling will have come to stay.

In America, too, the wheelwomen have adopted, almost with unanimity, some form of "Bloomer Costume;" but knickerbockers, the divided skirt, and short tunics and gaiters, are all adopted, as well as the tailor-made skirt. Many of the costumes seen in New York strike the onlooker as experiments, but the sincerity of all is unquestioned; for a perfect absence of self-consciousness has characterised the woman-cyclist from the first, and her strivings have been solely in the direction of simplicity and first principles. The dress, of whatever kind it is, attracts no attention, and no unkind remark; for the eyes of American spectators have long since become accustomed to costumes once thought conspicuous. Indeed, it seems likely that neither the late Mrs. Bloomer, nor Dr. Mary Walker, in her semi-masculine garb would be much noticed to-day.

A RATIONAL COSTUME.

Meanwhile, the literature of the bicycle is steadily increasing. Beginning with *Scribner's Magazine* in June, we find the *Nouvelle Revue*, *Engineering Magazine*, *Homiletic Review*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, and *The Idler*, all discussing the subject; and lastly, Miss Frances Willard has written a small volume, brought out under the auspices of the "Mowbray House Woman's Bicycling Association," with an introductory note by Sir Benjamin Richardson. This little book is well worth reading, especially by those who are on the wrong side of fifty; and its advice, as to attempting slow progress in learning to ride being the surest and wisest plan, shows it worthy of adoption by all. First learn all the parts of your steed, and then learn how

BICYCLE COSTUME, OPENING AT THE SIDES.

to mount. This last is the most difficult part of the advice to follow.

In England, as well as on the continent, the list of well-known women who have adopted the cycle is a long one, and comprises the Queen of Italy, the Duchesses of York and Connaught, Princess Maud of Wales, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Hastings, Lady Dudley, the Ladies Norreys, Wolverton, Lurgan, Yarborough, Brassey, Gerrard, and many others. It does not seem to be known who first brought Battersea Park into fashion as a retreat for cyclists, probably some well-known women who wished for a quiet place for practising the wheel. But there is no doubt that Battersea is now a rival to Hyde Park. It is farther away from crowded streets, and in its arrangements for *al fresco* meals it reminds one of a continental resort. One only wonders why we never had breakfasts under the sky long before now! The learners are there early, and at half-past ten the more expert cyclists begin to arrive, remaining in the park till nearly one o'clock. Hundreds of girls, as well as older people, are to be seen there; and one writer declares that the West End cabmen complain of fewer fares; while the livery stables also have fewer patrons, and after this "you will not be surprised to hear" (using the well-known phrase of the Tichborne trial) that an American writer opines "when cycles fall to £10, horses will go out of fashion."

In Battersea Park, as well as elsewhere, the women of position who have taken to the bicycle, have entirely held aloof from anything like masculine habiliments—knickers and gaiters, and the divided-skirt, have found no favour in their eyes. Skirts have been worn only ending above the shoes, and looking trim and neat either on or off the wheel.

During the very hot weather, skirts of serge, cloth, or *crépon*, with shirts of silk or muslin, have been universally used. When it is a little cooler, a jacket and skirt of some light material; the "sailor hat" being in very general favour; but summer hats of lace and muslin will be also constantly seen. Dainty black or brown shoes, and generally gauntlet-gloves to protect the hands and arms.

The "Rational Costume," though more seen, does not find favour in the eyes of any but people who are not of the aristocratic world, for women of high rank are much prejudiced against it. Still, a recent writer on the subject in a contemporary gives it as her opinion that the skirt is doomed, and says that nothing can exceed the ugliness of it on a windy day when it balloons-out, and the limbs are far more displayed than they would be with any form of "rational dress." Meantime, the question is a vexed one, and the apparition of a lady in "knickers" will draw a small crowd any day in Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

Country people look with unsympathetic eyes on lady-cyclists who don "knickers" and affect a mixture of masculine and feminine costume generally. Not long ago the landlady of a hotel refused to allow two of them to enter the dining-room unless they covered their nether garments with skirts, and a correspondent recently wrote to a daily paper—"I was at Dorking one afternoon, and while waiting at the railway-station noticed a lady-cyclist dressed in the latest style. She was an object of great interest to a number of natives on the platform, who looked at her with much astonishment. To a man, apparently a ploughman wearing his best clothes, who was watching the lady with staring eyes and open mouth, I whispered, 'What is that?' The countryman grinned and answered, 'I'se be hanged if I knaws, but I thinks it's an ostrich.'"

This is however a state of things that will pass away as the dwellers in the country get more used to seeing women on wheels; and we must always remember that, as an old country, we are more Conservative in our ideas and cling more to old ways than a new land like America—and things will right themselves, each woman will choose the dress that suits her fancy, or else she will abide by the wishes or the prejudices of father, brothers, or husband in her selection.

Dozens of ladies' tailors and shops in the West End are producing various descriptions of cycle costumes at all prices, many of them moderate enough to suit the most modest of purses. My own idea on the dress-question is, that there will always be those who will prefer the skirt, for one good and sufficient reason, that it is of more use when touring about, and looks better when off the wheel. In support of this opinion, I find an account of the dress adopted by a party of twelve Americans—six gentlemen and six ladies—who brought their cycles across the Atlantic this summer to use in a tour throughout England and France. The costumes were constructed by Redfern in New York. They were not uniform as to colour, but the general shape was a short coat, full in the back, and open in front, with three large buttons on each side, and short *revers* with a collar like a man's coat. A wide belt passed round the waist at the back, on the outside, and went underneath under the arms, and fastened on one side of the front. The skirts reached the ankle, and were well lined, but not stiffened. Underneath them were worn full knickerbockers to match the skirt, and gaiters were worn over the shoes; a small hat of straw trimmed simply with ribbon, and an *aigrette*, and kid gloves. The skirts worn were of washing silk, or cotton. Now, these dresses would look smart and ladylike anywhere, for walking or riding, and so would allow of the luggage being left behind or sent in advance, for some days' touring. It seems to be generally conceded that the "Eton," or short jacket to the waist, is not a becoming form of jacket for the wheel, and that some form of basque has a better effect, especially if it has a belt. The "Norfolk jacket," with box-pleats and a belt, and the skirts extending over the hips, is a popular shape; and so is a short jacket-bodice which has full basques at the back and buttons, with one button in front, over a blouse. The sleeves of this must be sufficiently ample to take in those of the blouse, without unduly crushing them.

With reference to the shape of the skirt, some are made with a broad box pleat in front in the genuine style of the Highlands. In others the skirts are shaped by gores, with the fulness at the back laid in two broad pleats, that separate when the wearer is seated.

Many skirts open, and button down the entire left side; but the best tailors button them down half way, on either side of the front, as they are easily dropped. The skirts are sometimes stiffened, and also weighted; and are always well lined. But no rule can be given about the width, as each skirt, if made by a tailor, is fitted and cut with the utmost care; just as a habit-skirt is fitted. The general width is about three yards, and the back placket-hole is always done away with, as it looks ugly, and sometimes catches on the point of the saddle. The skirt lining should be, if possible, of silk, as it steps over all other materials, and does not cling and impede movement.

The knickerbockers or "bloomers" of this year are not full, but they take the place of all under-petticoats. They are put on a yoke, which fits smoothly over the hips, and buttons at the back; expand over the knees to a greater fulness, and are gathered just below them into a band, with buckle and strap, or else buttons and button-holes. When these are made to match the skirt, they require lining with silk or a fine sateen. If gaiters be worn, they should match the skirt and the knickers in colour.

In the *Badminton Magazine* Lord Onslow gives an account of the skirt invented by, and called after, Lady Margaret Jenkins, and thinks that it most nearly meets the exigencies of the case. This consists of a deep hem inside the skirt, which, at a sufficient distance apart (to allow of the necessary play of the knees when pedalling), is brought round each leg to fit tightly, like a garter under the skirt.

Underneath the knickerbockers a woven combination of wool, cotton, or silk and wool, should be worn, according to the season; and garters taking the shape of elastics, or any tight ligatures must be entirely dismissed in favour of the long elastic supporters, which are sewn to the edge of the corset, and fastened or tied with a loop and ribbon to the top of the stocking. Ribbed stockings are better than plain ones, and they should be of a sensible shape, with flat heels and a medium toe.

"Last but not least" you must remember that there is no gain, either in grace or beauty, in a small waist for bicycling; and an ungraceful "peg-top" look is given to the figure if the size of the hips be unduly accentuated. Whatever is worn, the long-waisted corset ought to be dismissed at once in the pursuit of any out-of-door recreation, especially cycling, where the heavily-boned stay is dangerous to health, and even to life. A pair of short riding stays is best, or else a buttoned, slightly corded, or boned underbodice. Several modern makes of corset come up entirely to the ideal thing for wearing; and they are obtainable at any good draper's. The appearance of the tight corset on the cycle is more than ungraceful; and forms one of the eyesores in the dress of French cyclists.

Nor do I think what is known as the "sweater" (or the woven Jersey) are pretty or graceful garments for riding in, for they reveal the figure too much, and are too plain and too tight-fitting for grace or beauty. Hats must be of such a texture as to stand a shower, and the trimming should be of ribbon or velvet, in preference to feathers or lace. A wide-brimmed hat is unsuitable, but the brim should be of a sufficient width to shade the eyes. A light felt seems to be the best, on the whole, and some are both pretty and becoming. The hair should be dressed very simply, in close coils or plaits, that will not become untidy in the swift passage through the air. Nets should always be used, and veils are sometimes a great comfort. *Chiffon* and silk gauze are the most sensible, and such a length should be bought that it may be fastened securely at the back, or else the ends brought round and tied in front.

Last of all, I must mention that one of the burning questions of the hour is relative to the seats used on the cycle, and several French doctors have spoken of the danger of their producing irritation of the spine. They should be much broader and softer, and of an entirely different shape. Much discussion is taking place over the adoption of the sliding-seat, on the same principle as applied to boats. But I find that experienced wheelmen are not unanimous in their favour, and that there is much to be said against them. This subject has always been a difficult one for men, and the invasion of the fair sex makes it likely that some fresh departure will be taken, to make the present seats less objectionable.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

Troubled One.—We should naturally suppose that you either had had a severe illness, or had overtaxed your mental power by too much study; and, in both cases, complete rest and change of scene and climate would be the best restorative of the nervous system in general, and the memory in particular. But we do not speak professionally, nor have we any acquaintance with your constitution, nor the cause of the failure. Unless we know the line of business for which you desire further teaching and technical training, it would be mere waste of space to give you a list of institutions.

Diana (Brussels).—Write to the Home and Agency for Foreign Governesses, and address, M. le Pasteur Du Pontet de la Harpe, French Parsonage, Bayswater, London, W., and ask for his advice. Also, to the Lady Principal of the Association of German Governesses, 16, Wyndham Place, London, W., for any information they may be able to give. To be governess to a young English girl, you must be qualified to teach more than French and plain sewing. In towns girls can go to school; and it is only in country places, where none are within reach, that a governess is taken into residence. Besides, you are too young for such a situation of trust, one as nursery-governess might be found for you. We are pleased to hear that you have an attraction to England. Your English is fairly good.

Carrie.—See all our answers in reference to the training of nurses. Your writing should be sloped uniformly one way or other, not one line from right to left and the next reversed. Your handwriting is at least legible.

Fifteen.—It is impossible for an utter stranger to decide the question for you between the situation of telephone clerk and shop assistant. What your abilities for either may be we cannot divine from a mere note of inquiry. You should write to the Civil Service Commissioners for all information respecting the telephone work, places of training, hours, salaries, and chances of obtaining any appointment. The competition is great. It would be easier to get into a shop, if well recommended, and your spelling and arithmetic really good. Your manners should be both respectful and pleasant, your patience great—as it will be much tried; and you must abstain from teasing customers to buy things they did not come to procure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. A.—No girl, whether engaged to him or not, could accept an invitation to stay in a man's house without loss of reputation; not even if accompanied by another girl. She could not even call at his house unless accompanied by one of her parents, or her guardian, whose visit it would be, not hers. The putting on of a sham wedding-ring, to deceive other people, would be highly improper, and injure her character. How could you entertain the idea of acting with such duplicity?

Aimée.—The 5th of February, 1878, was (as you say your father has dates to verify) a Tuesday.

E. E. G. B.—When staying as a guest in a friend's house, it is almost a universal rule to give a gratuity to the housemaid and parlour-maid. The amount depends on the age of the guest and the length of the visit. A girl in her teens, before she is "out" in society need give but a trifle, unless her parents be in good circumstances and able to give their daughter a suitable sum to acknowledge the services of those who attend upon her. As a rule, when grown up and of mature age, it is usual to give the housemaid half-a-crown for a week's visit, that is, unless you be either very wealthy—or in poor circumstances.

Kathleen.—The only way would be to get the cloak dyed black. If you took it to a good dyers they would tell you if this would answer.

Exeter should precede visitors upstairs to show the way, and follow them downstairs; she would stand by the door to open it.

Edith Cole.—We have pleasure in drawing our readers' attention to the subject of your letter, as secretary, and report of the Soldiers' Friend Work Society. Every description of article is welcomed—clothing, flowers, fruit, books, slippers, things suitable both for the men and their wives and children, including secondhand apparel for the latter, which have been outgrown by those in better circumstances. Our readers are invited to become members of this valuable institution, to subscribe to the monthly magazine, one penny only a number, *The British Flag and Christian Sentinel*. All subscriptions and gifts are to be sent to Colonel J. W. F. Sandwith, Helmsley, Stoughton, Guildford.

Lilac might find the Home in a bracing place (or fairly so) which she requires at Birchington-on-Sea, St. Mary's Convalescent Home, Beach Avenue. Ladies received at one guinea a week for a three weeks' sojourn. At Scarborough, Yorkshire, there is St. Martin's Lodge, for ladies, at only 15s. a week for a residence of four weeks; and at 2, Denmark Place, Bognor, Sussex, from 15s. to 21s. per week; address, Miss Harrison, Lady Superintendent.

A. S. D.—The Lady-Guide Association, 352, Strand, W.C., is an international bureau for information and services of every kind at home and abroad; address, Miss E. A. Davis.

Lilias J. Burgess (Toronto).—The turquoise pendant, of which you send a sketch, is inscribed with Eastern fanciful characters, not "hieroglyphics," and not belonging to any particular language. Doubtless, the inscription has a meaning, but it is a concealed and arbitrary one. If the inscription be cleverly executed it may add to the value of the stone, and at any rate the certain amount of mystery that enshrouds it both in origin and signification gives it a special interest.

Catherine Lucy.—The ring which formerly belonged to Admiral Lutridge (a friend of Lord Nelson), is engraved in Persian characters. Unfortunately, it is so crowded and indistinct, that a good Oriental scholar to whom we submitted it was unable to decipher it. The seal is engraved from a classical subject, and is well executed, but it is not an antique. The design is that of the mourning female figure which was so popular throughout the 18th century and at the beginning of the 19th, and may frequently be seen surmounting the inscription on a memorial tablet in marble.

Euphrosyne.—Giuseppe Mazzini, the son of a physician, was born at Genoa June 28, 1805, and was a zealous Republican leader in behalf of Italian unity. He died in complete privacy at Pisa, March 11th, 1871.

F. E. L.—Thanksgivings were offered for the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on January 21st., 1872; but a more important ceremonial took place on February 29th, when the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, the Court and leading members of Parliament, went in state to St. Paul's to offer up a national thanksgiving, all London being decorated, and with splendid illuminations.

"Fire King."—Yes, cremation is of very ancient origin. It was practised by the Greeks and Romans, of which descriptions were given by Homer. The custom was revived about the year 78 B.C. by Sylla. The destruction of the body was wholly repugnant to the religious views and feelings of the ancient Egyptians; but they took measures which not only preserved their dead, but made that preservation harmless to the living. Cremation is still practised in some parts of the East, and societies were founded in Europe (in Berlin, London, and Vienna) for carrying out the practice in February, 1872.

Gipsy.—1. Nellie is the diminution of "Helen" or "Helena." It means light, and is from the Greek. —2. July 18th, 1875, was a Sunday.

Pansy.—"Ariadne" was a fabulous personage of the heathen mythology, about whom you could find all information in a classical dictionary. *At least, if* a real person, her history has been surrounded with mythical incidents. She is said to have been the daughter of Minos, second king of Crete, and was married to Theseus, whom she had rescued from destruction by the Minotaur by giving him a clue of thread to guide him out of the labyrinth in which he had been imprisoned for that purpose. In gratitude Theseus married her, but afterwards forsook her, and she was subsequently the fabled wife of Bacchus. In ancient sculpture she is represented with a clue in her hand, and as guiding the soul of man through the labyrinth of life into the freedom of a new and happier existence.

Constant Reader and H. L. Y.—Hold the linen over boiling water, and put a little salts of lemon on the spot while strained over the top of the vessel containing the water.

W. T. (Barbados).—An account of the ancient "Mound Builders" and "Cliff Dwellers" may be found in Sir John Lubbock's works on prehistoric times.

Clifton.—The Bible does not give any sanction to the marriage of a believing woman to an unbeliever. It tells us that the former may be the means of sanctifying the latter, speaking in reference to Christians who had married heathen in their own unenlightened days, and brought a blessing on husband and children in their own conversion. It nowhere recommends marriage for the purpose of converting an unbeliever. But we know nothing of your cousin, and though careless and indifferent, he may not be an unbeliever. If not engaged to such, it would be undesirable for your own soul's prosperity and growth in grace to unite yourself to one likely to be a hindrance rather than a help in your pilgrim-life.

A. Gaskin.—Take your coins to some goldsmith, money-changer, or professional numismatist. We must once more request our correspondents not to ask for private answers, as we cannot break our rule on the subject.

Descendant.—The lineage of Dryden is in Burke's Peerage, and seems to date from the reign of Henry VII., or before perhaps. Ask at the British Museum.

Drusilla means uncertain, and is from the Latin.

Jenny Roberts.—There are two "Y. W. C." Boarding Homes in Brighton, 6, Pavilion Buildings; also Victoria House, 51, Old Steine. Address the Lady Superintendent. Board for members, from 8s. to 10s.; for visitors, 12s.

Lalahu.—You tell us that the age of the child under your care is ten years, and therefore she is past the age for corporal punishment. You say she is truthful, and acknowledges the one fault of which you accuse her on each occasion. Also, you say that in disposition she is "sweet and lovable." A child of this character is not a proper subject for harsh treatment. She should be won by gentleness, and by appeals to her heart and her sense of honour. Say all you can to make her love and revere her Saviour, and His wishes and commands; and then show her how mean and how selfish it is to take away what belongs to others, when they have never deprived her of anything. Try to elevate her sense of honour; tell her that you love her, and that her conduct pains and grieves you, and help her by keeping her out of temptation, and by never allowing her to go near the gardens that tempt her to steal. Pray with her day by day, pray for her, and also appeal to her feeling of affection for you.

Miserable.—We agree with your father that you had better try and forget all the disagreeables and be at peace with one so near to you as your brother's wife.

E. B.—"Emeline" is from the old German, and means "industrious" or "energetic."

C. J. Darkin.—We are glad to draw attention to your "Sea-Shell Mission." It offers a little sphere of useful kindly work to many, and especially young girls and children, in behalf of those in less favourable circumstances than themselves. Address the Secretary at 27*a*, Electric Avenue, Brixton, S.W. Scrap-books and cards acceptable.

Messrs. G. B. Kent and Sons.—We are surprised and distressed to find from your letter that you and your girl-workers resent some of Lloyd Lester's remarks in her paper in our August No. Surprised because we thought that we had made it clear how well the girls in your employment are cared for; and distressed that the girls themselves should take the general remarks in the latter half of the article to refer to themselves. This emphatically is not the case in the concluding paragraphs of the paper. We have paid a personal visit to the neighbourhood of your works, and had a good opportunity of watching your "hands" as they came and went during the dinner-hour, and we were, from their appearance and their deportment, convinced that there are decided grades in the status of factory girls, and that yours are undoubtedly of the superior class. But, alas! we also proved Lloyd Lester's reference to certain other young people to be only too well merited. We sincerely trust that means may soon be taken to raise such to the higher level of your own workers. We have much pleasure in sending a copy of this number to all the girls in your employment with our kind regards and best wishes.

COOKERY RECIPES FOR NOVEMBER.

Marrow Toast.—The butcher will break up the marrow bone, and from it the marrow should be taken in as large pieces as possible; put these into a saucepan of boiling water rather highly salted; when the marrow has boiled for one minute drain it through a strainer. Have ready a slice of crisp, brown toast, place the marrow upon it and put it before the fire for two or three minutes, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, and serve very hot.

Italian Meat Cakes.—Mince finely any kind of cold meat which is free from gristle and skin, add to it a little minced fat of ham or bacon, a teaspoonful of chopped spring onion, parsley and fresh herbs, a few drops of anchovy, pepper and salt to season well, and an egg to bind the whole. Make into small round flat cakes, cover on both sides with beaten egg and bread raspings, fry them in a little good dripping until lightly browned, then drain the cakes and make a garnish of them around a small mound of savoury macaroni, cooked beans, peas or spinach, pouring a little thickened gravy round the base.

Mutton Pies.—For breakfast or supper. One or two slices of underdone mutton, and any odd scraps which have no gristly bits about them, should be minced together in a wooden bowl till quite fine, when add to the mince a good tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a liberal pinch of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a few bread-crumbs, and enough good gravy to make the mixture quite moist.

Line some patty-pans with very good short paste, place a spoonful of the mince on the middle, cover with an upper crust, and bake in a rather hot oven until well crisped and brown. These may be eaten either hot or cold, but are most savoury when freshly baked.

Savoury Sandwiches.—Cut some slices from a French roll very thinly and evenly, trimming away all hard crust. Fry these lightly on one side only in a little butter, spread one slice with potted shrimp or salmon paste (the bottles or pots may be bought at a small cost), sprinkle with chopped watercress or small garden-cress, cover with another slice of bread pressing the two well together, and keeping the fried side out. Garnish with picked cress or parsley.

The filling of these sandwiches may be varied *ad libitum*, and chopped hard-boiled egg with pepper and salt, or cucumber very thinly sliced may replace the cress with advantage.

Cauliflower au Gratin.—Boil a cauliflower in salted water until it is tender through, then break it into sprigs. Have a shallow enamelled dish ready with an ounce of salt butter ready dissolved in it, sprinkle the bottom with a handful of fine bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, and grated cheese (if liked). Place the sprigs of cauliflower on this bed, cover with the same again and pour over all another ounce of dissolved butter, put the dish into the oven for five minutes, then serve at once as it is.

A Ragoût of Veal.—Take about two pounds of breast of veal, which should be cut into pieces two to three inches long. Dip each piece into seasoned flour, and place in a stewpan with also some inch long pieces of salt bacon. Over the meat lay two or three small onions split in half, two or three young carrots, or in wintertime a slice of parsnip, and add a spoonful of chopped parsley with the same of fresh or dried mint. Cover with lukewarm stock or water, place the lid over and stew gently for a couple of hours. Lift the portions of meat out on to a dish, strain the gravy, and slightly colour it if it seems well to do so, and add to it a tablespoonful of capers with vinegar; pour over the meat and serve at once.

A Miroton of Beef.—The scraps that remain from a roast of beef or beefsteak will make a delicious and economical dish treated thus:—Cut them into small, thin pieces, trim them nicely and put them to become hot through, but not to boil, or they will be rendered tough, in a good savoury gravy, slightly thick. This gravy will be delicious if made by stewing together two or three fresh tomatoes, a young onion, and a few fresh leaves of herbs in an ounce of beef dripping, then crushing these through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of dried flour with salt and pepper, which work together until quite smooth: stir in a teacupful of stock made from bones, bring the gravy to a boil, and then it is ready for the meat to be put in.

Have some good potatoes ready boiled, mash them thoroughly with a little milk and pinch of salt. Make a wall of potato around a dish, leaving a "well" in the centre, which fill up with the beef. The surface of the potato may be ornamented with a sprinkling of chopped parsley, but the whole must be kept and served very hot, and then it will be found a most savoury composition.

Purée of Spinach.—If the trouble be taken to shred the green part of each leaf from the stalk before throwing into the boiling water, there will be no subsequent need to rub the spinach through a sieve, and thus much waste may be avoided.

Boil in salted water for upwards of ten minutes, drain and press well, then return the spinach to a stewpan with a small lump of fresh butter, and a little pepper; beat and stir it constantly with a wooden spoon, and add gradually a teacupful of milk, allowing it to simmer all the time.

Turn out in a mound on to a dish and garnish with hard-boiled egg, the yellow powdered and the white cut in rings, or poached eggs, or have some rounds of bread with the centre partly scooped out and the shape fried in butter, and fill these with the *purée* of spinach. It should be as smooth as cream and not much thicker.

To Drain after Frying.—Most cooks drain fish, rissoles, cutlets, etc., on paper; soft pieces of cotton or thick soft muslin answer the purpose better, they can be so easily folded over on to the top of the articles and absorb all the fat very quickly. Of course, they are washed and used over and over again.

Scolloped Crab.—Take the meat out of the shell, cut it in small pieces; to every four tablespoonfuls of meat add one of fine bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of oiled butter, a little cayenne pepper, salt, a small quantity of finely chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon-juice; mix all together, butter some scollop shells, fill them with the mixture, sift fine bread-crumbs over the top, and put on some little lumps of butter; cook in the oven until lightly browned, then serve. Suitable at lunch, dinner, or supper.

Rissoles of Macaroni.—Boil two ounces of macaroni with a little salt, in water, until tender, drain, cut in pieces about one-sixth of an inch long, put in a saucepan with a very small piece of butter, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and a little cayenne pepper; stir until the cheese has melted, then turn on to a plate to cool. Roll some puff paste out very thin, cut into rounds about the size of the top of a large cup, place some of the cheese and macaroni on each piece of paste, double the paste over, pinch the edges together, roll the rissole in broken vermicelli and grated cheese, fry in a basket or in a frying-pan in plenty of boiling fat, serve very hot, garnished with fried parsley, and placed on a serviette or a white paper.

Beef with Kidney.—Take a quarter of a pound of ox kidney, cut it lengthwise in four pieces, then cut the pieces in thin slices so that they may resemble sliced sheep's kidneys, dredge flour over, stirring the pieces as you dredge. Put a small lump of butter in a brown jar that is not too big round, add a little pinch of white sugar and a very small onion, whole, then put in the kidney. Cover the jar and put in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes; remove from the oven, take a pound and a half of beef, flour it all over, put in with the kidney, cover and bake for a quarter of an hour, then add a little pepper and salt and sufficient tepid water to nearly cover the meat, and bake (keeping the cover well on the jar, it is a good plan to put a small weight on the top) in a very moderate oven from two to four hours. Fillet, steak, or even shin of beef will do for this dish, fillet will be quite done enough in two hours, but shin requires four hours. When done, remove the fat from the top. At the moment of serving add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, do not cook the parsley at all. Cold beef cut in thin slices rolled and put on skewers (which are removed before serving) may very well be used for this dish; but then, the kidneys must have the water added to them after they have been in the oven for half an hour, and must be cooked another hour before the cold meat is put in.

Macaroni and Tomatoes.—Take three ounces of Naples macaroni, break it in pieces about an inch long, boil in water with a little salt until tender, then drain on a sieve. Take half the contents of a tin of tomatoes, rub through a sieve and put in a saucepan with the macaroni and a piece of butter the size of a filbert, cook together a few minutes, and serve with roast mutton, round a hash, or alone; or before serving stir in a large tablespoonful of grated cheese, and send to table as a savoury.

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HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE SISTERS AT HOME.

"WELL, I sincerely hope he'll be some good! I think medical students can generally play tennis decently, can't they, Gipsy? I'm sure we want somebody who can, now that Archie Masham is gone. It's a disgrace to see some of the play at the club now! And a new season just beginning too! I hope he'll be some good there."

"I hope he'll talk well—I hope he'll be really presentable—in society I mean. Some young doctors are such boors and bears! We want somebody who can be agreeable at afternoon parties, and talk well, and sing perhaps, or appreciate other people who can!" And Guinivere touched the keys of the piano before which she was sitting with a light skilled hand, and glanced half-unconsciously across the room towards a mirror which reflected the graceful outline of her figure, becomingly arrayed in a simple white spring dress.

The first speaker, Beatrice, a fine

"'I SEE NORAH'S WHITE BONNET-STRINGS AND THE BIT OF RED IN FREDA'S HAT.'"

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looking girl with curly chestnut hair, wide-open hazel eyes, and a look of strength and alertness which betrayed itself in every movement, broke into a laugh as she put away her tennis-bat in its press, and flung her cap down upon a chair close at hand.

"Bother the music and talking! although the latter is all very well in its way! But I like a man to be a man, and not just a finikin young masher! Old Dr. Kane must have been a fine fellow in the days of his youth; but of course he's been no good ever since I've been in the club."

"I hope he'll be kind and nice, and not snap one's head off!" spoke a rather plaintive voice from the sofa. "Dr. Kane is always gentle and kind; but some young doctors—at least, if Gipsy's stories are true—seem to be horrid creatures!"

The girl spoken of as Gipsy, who had all this while been sitting behind a pile of books upon a small writing-table in a little odd-shaped recess, her hands stuck through her crop of dark silky curls, turned suddenly round at the last speaker's words, her rather square-looking and determined face dimpling all over into laughter.

"O my wigs and tigs!" she cried, "listen to the qualifications demanded in the new family doctor!—conversation, tennis-playing, a voice, a 'good bedside manner' (as *Punch* has it), and a graceful deportment at tea-fights!" and the girl closing her great tome with a sounding bang, leaned back in her chair stretching herself and laughing heartily.

"Well," answered Mysie, the girl upon the sofa, in a voice which had a fretful note in its plaintiveness, "it's very important for us invalids to have a doctor with a kind voice and a good manner. I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at in that. We aren't all of us like your dirty hospital patients, Gipsy. Anybody would be good enough for them!"

"I beg your pardon, my dear," answered Gipsy, leisurely rising and putting together her papers and books, "anybody would not be good enough for them; and they are not dirty, I beg to inform you, after they have been admitted to the wards, whatever they may be in their native wilds. It wants more skill to doctor real cases, than those of idle young ladies who enjoy bad health in a pleasant fashion at home, though I don't deny that a doctor wants perhaps more tact and patience in dealing with the latter kind of cases."

Mysie's lips took a drooping curve suggestive of coming tears.

"You always talk as though I were pretending, Gipsy, and it's very unkind of you, when I suffer so much. I've had a headache now for a whole week, night and day. It's very hard you should never believe in me or pity me!" and a big tear rose in the pale blue eyes, and ran down the girl's cheek.

"I think I should have a headache too, if I never got out-of-doors all this beautiful week of spring sunshine!" said Gipsy, in a tone that was not unkind, although it lacked the finer qualities of sympathy and gentleness. "I never said you were a humbug, Mysie; but I do think you would be much better if you would make up your mind to try, and would resolve to go through a little discomfort and fatigue for the sake of strengthening your muscles, and getting out of your invalid ways. It's two years now since you had scarlet fever, and though you did have it very badly, and it did leave you very delicate, I do not see why you must needs be delicate all the rest of your natural life. If you had your own living to get—if things were not so pleasant and easy for you at home, you would make a greater effort to rouse yourself, and I believe you would succeed. That's all I've got to say, and I've said it a hundred times before, and I dare say I shall say it a hundred times again, and you'll never make the least difference; but we won't quarrel over it. I don't set up for infallibility yet. Perhaps this new man when he comes will do something for you. By-the-bye, what's his name?"

"Salisbury," answered Beatrice promptly. "I don't quite know whether he's Mr. or Dr. yet. I think he's just going to take his M.D. somebody said. He's got on very well, and is very clever, some of them were saying. He isn't quite thirty yet, which is a comfort. I always think people over thirty sound so stuffy and old, though to be sure one doesn't see much difference when it comes to the time for changing their decade—is that the right word? Somebody said his Christian name was Algernon, and that he came of a good family, and had some clever brothers. If he has I hope they'll come and see him in the tennis season. Have you ever heard of the creature, Gipsy?"

"Yes," she answered, "I've heard of him, and I've seen him too. He's a friend of our house physician, and he sometimes comes about the hospital, especially if there's anything special going on, or any remarkable case in the wards."

All the sisters looked up eagerly at this.

"You've seen him then! Why didn't you say so before? What is he like? This is quite interesting! Tell us all about him, Gipsy!"

"I haven't much to tell. He's tall, and he's rather handsome, and has a decidedly clever face, and a quiet grave manner, which I think might be rather sarcastic if he chose. But I have never noticed him particularly. There are a good many semi-strangers coming and going from time to time. But I think that this must be the man you mean; for I know his name is Salisbury, and I heard our house physician call him Algernon one day. I noticed it, because men so seldom do speak to each other by their Christian names."

"Salisbury is a good enough name," said Guinivere musingly. "I am glad that at least he will be a gentleman!"

"I want my tea!" suddenly exclaimed Beatrice, as though her interest in the subject of the expected new-comer was exhausted. "I've been playing tennis in the sun, and I'm perishing with thirst. Just pull the bell, Mysie, to hurry them up. What about Norah and Freda? Are they coming back for it?"

"Freda had a picture-gallery to go to, and she said she'd call for Norah and bring her back by the three o'clock train," said Guinivere, going towards a long window that opened upon a small stone balcony from which a short flight of stone steps led down into a rather tangled, old-fashioned garden. She stood for a few minutes looking in a certain direction shading her eyes from the sun, and then called out to those within.

"I think they are coming. I see Norah's white bonnet-strings, and the bit of red in Freda's hat. I'm sure it is they. Let us get up tea. They will come in perishing for it!"

The house which made so pleasant a home for the half-dozen girls of whom mention has now been made, was a real old-fashioned country house standing in its own garden, which twenty years ago had been surrounded by woods and fields and open country for miles, and which even now retained many of its charms, although since Mr. Wilberforce had purchased it with so much pride and pleasure a few years after his first marriage, vast changes had taken place in the neighbourhood. Not a mile from the house a station had sprung up, and there was an excellent train-service into London, which enabled persons to get to the heart of the city within three-quarters of an hour. Formerly Mr. Wilberforce had driven two and a half miles to a station to get to his office; and he at least appreciated the change, although it had in the course of years entirely altered the character of the place, and had made of it something very like a suburb of London.

Fortunately for the family, however, the Larches—as the house was called, owing to a fine plantation of larches at the back of it—was situated half a mile along a bye-road, and was out of the way of the rows of villas and little shops and streets which had sprung up in the immediate proximity of the station. There were one or two houses of some pretensions in its immediate neighbourhood, and the owners of these places all combined together to resist the oncoming tide of bricks and mortar. No land just about here was in the market or likely to be, and a certain air of rusticity, and country space and freedom was thus preserved. The high-road formed a sort of division between the aristocratic and the plebeian circles in the place, and to live upon the wrong side of this dividing line condemned a resident to take rank as "one of the new people the railway has brought." Some of these "new people" gradually became noticed by the older residents, and were admitted to the higher circle of the country-house society; but there was always a difference observed, and a considerable anxiety was felt when any of the larger houses on this side the road changed hands, that persons of the "right sort" should be found to occupy them.

Mr. Wilberforce was one of the oldest residents, and, although by no means the wealthiest, was respected, and liked, and trusted, perhaps more than any other individual—unless it were his old

friend Dr. Kane. Mr. Wilberforce had been twice married. Guinivere, Beatrice, and Mysie were his own children, but Norah, Gipsy (whose real name was Marjorie), and Freda were the daughters of his second wife, Mrs. Grey, who had been the friend of his first wife during their married life, and who, when he was left a widower with three little girls upon his hands, soon consented to become his wife and their mother, bringing with her her own three little daughters, who had been playmates of the Wilberforce trio from babyhood, to be their sisters and companions in the pleasant, old-fashioned home.

Perhaps few second marriages—when there are children on both sides—have turned out more thoroughly happy than this one did. The six girls, so much of an age, and always fond of one another, grew up in sisterly relations together, and were loved with a wonderful impartiality by both parents. Until they had grown almost to woman's estate, Mrs. Grey's daughters hardly realised that, after all, Mr. Wilberforce was not their own father, and the second Mrs. Wilberforce had treated her husband's children exactly like her own, and had given to all a mother's care and love. Three little boys had since made their appearance into the household, and, naturally, engrossed much of the mother's thought and care, and the half-dozen sisters, who had their own pleasant sitting-room and a maid to attend to it and to them, lived a pleasant and an independent life of their own, and throve in mind, body, and estate!

Within the last two years Mr. Wilberforce had suffered some of those financial losses, which hardly any person has escaped during the recent commercial crisis. A large portion of those savings he had made towards the future support of wife and daughters (and stepdaughters also), had been swept away; and although Guinivere, Beatrice, and Mysie were fairly provided for under their own mother's will—she having been an heiress in a small way—there was little left for the others, and this loss had been a source of considerable trouble to the father, who had come to regard his wife's children as his own.

But when this thing became known to the three Grey sisters, the spirit of independence awoke within them. They were of an age to understand the situation, and they at once asked of each other, "Why should poor papa, who has mamma and the three little boys to provide for, feel worried about our future too, when we are young and strong, and able to work for ourselves? He has given us a first-class education. We have had every advantage. What is to prevent our doing something for ourselves, as other girls do? Why should we not work our own way gradually to independence? He will help us at first, and by-and-by we shall be able to shift for ourselves."

The idea thus ventilated was approved by the girls' own mother, who had worked for a living herself before her first marriage, and consented to by the stepfather, after a little natural hesitation and shrinking, on the condition that the girls should remain at home as long as possible.

Norah's future career was easily settled upon, for even before the time when these money losses had aroused the girls to the wish to do something for themselves, she had had a desire for hospital-nursing, and had already spent a year as a probationer in a London hospital. She therefore simply continued her course, won sufficient experience to enable her to undertake private cases, or district nursing, and had been earning her two or three guineas a week for some time now, living sometimes at home, and going backwards and forwards to her work by rail, and at others remaining away in charge of cases, according to the character of her labours. She generally contrived to spend Sunday at home, when not upon an urgent private case, and on Saturday afternoon generally took the three o'clock train out, sometimes alone and sometimes with another sister.

Gipsy had started with the intention of following in her sister's footsteps, having always felt a taste for medical work; but it was the scientific aspect of the case which absorbed and interested her, and hearing, through a friend, of the need there was of workers in the mission-field—women workers—qualified up to a certain point as medical practitioners, she had gone into the subject, had offered herself for a medical missionary, and was being now trained and taught in the regular way, with a view to work in the zenanas of India so soon as she should be qualified for the task. She had entered heart and soul into her work. She had made rapid progress, and had passed her examinations so far with credit and brilliancy. She was going steadily and rapidly on with her course, enthusiastic over it, and keenly enjoying every detail. She was now working in the hospital wards, as well as working up for her next examination, and every moment of her day was occupied. But Saturday brought a little relaxation, and she was now putting away her books, with a view to a few hours' well-earned rest and conversation with her sisters. That Saturday afternoon gathering for tea in the pleasant garden-parlour was looked forward to by the whole half dozen as one of the pleasantest hours of the week, and nothing was allowed to interfere with it, at any rate, until the round of summer parties began.

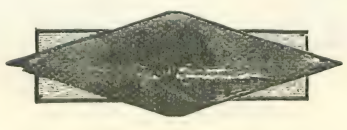
Freda, the youngest of the Grey sisters, was hardly yet launched upon a career, although in one sense of the word she appeared to have found her vocation with wonderful ease. She had always had a gift for rapid sketching with pen and pencil, both with picture-work and with terse and graphic description, and she had learned short-hand writing to amuse herself some time ago, when her school-room life had ended, and left a blank in her time. About a year ago, fortune had thrown her across the path of a lady-journalist, who had come to reside in the neighbourhood for her health, and who quickly found in Freda Grey just those qualities which she most needed in an assistant in her work. When laid aside herself by one of the prostrating headaches to which she had recently become subject, Freda would come in and dash off, with a few hints from the invalid, a spirited sketch in words, or with pen or brush, of some incident which had to be recorded, and so clever was her style that the editor of the paper for whom Miss Howel worked, had consented to permit the girl to act as substitute for her friend on those occasions when she was hindered from attending some function by reason of weakness and bad health. Freda had thus been sent to concerts, flower-shows, receptions, and the like, to take notes and make drawings; and she delighted in the work, although at present she would only consent to receive her expenses, as she argued that it was all practice, and would most likely lead to something in the end, as indeed was most probable. She was barely twenty-one, and had plenty of time before her, and to her it was all fun and pleasure, whilst the sense of success to come was a stimulus and incentive which gave a spice to everything.

Her pretty face was very bright, as she came running up the steps a little in advance of the taller and paler elder sister, who walked with the quiet dignity which seems to be acquired by those who work regularly amongst the sick.

"Tea! tea! tea!" she cried. "My kingdom for a cup of tea! O what a lovely day! It is like summer come all in a burst. I have seen such dresses at Madame Regnier's! All the *trousseau* and bridal trappings for Lady Victoria Hurlingham's wedding! You can't think how lovely—nor how frightful some of them are. I'm going to surpass myself over some of my drawings! Trix, have you been playing tennis? Lucky girl! I'll come out and have a single with you, when it's cooler, if the court is marked. Any news here? Have you found out anything exciting about the coming paragon? Can I make copy out of his family history, or anything?"

"I believe you'd make copy out of your grandmother's funeral, you little wretch!" cried Gipsy laughing. "Come now, we won't any of us talk shop, but amuse ourselves, and be lazy and sociable. I've been looking forward to this hour all the week. We won't have any sparring, nor any nonsense; but we'll just enjoy ourselves!"

(To be continued.)



HINTS ON PRACTISING THE VOICE.

By MARGUERITE MACINTYRE.

A CLEVER singer once remarked that it was only when the voice was on the wane that singers began to sing really well. This remark has often come back to me forcibly, especially when I have heard beginners asking, "How long will it be until I can sing a song?" or, "I only want to be a ballad-singer!" Thinking, perhaps, that only to sing a ballad, nothing more is required than a voice and a musical ear. This is a very common error. Few students realise from the outset that a voice requires as much care and attention as a pianist gives to his piano, or a violinist to his violin. In fact, day by day, one encounters new vocal difficulties which must be mastered before one can feel satisfied that the work one is studying is perfected and complete. Could Santley sing his ballads as he does if he had not trained his wonderful voice, so that every shade of expression is under his control? Such perfection can only be acquired by hard and assiduous study.

The question often asked is: What is the real, true method of voice-production? This, nowadays, is rather a difficult query to answer, especially as there are constantly new teachers cropping up, like the proverbial mushroom. They advertise their wonderful method and the rapid progress insured by their teaching, to say nothing of promising engagements, when in a short time they have made you an Albani or a Patti! Possibly all this sounds very tempting, but, after all said and done, there is only one real method, namely, that of the old Italian school, which has produced all the vocal giants of musical history. There is no doubt that if this school were more prevalent, there would be many more singers, real singers I mean. But, like everything else in this rapid nineteenth century, everyone wishes to learn to sing in a hurry, and that means never learning to sing at all!

First of all there is that unruly member the breath to be mastered. When singing breathe quietly, evenly, as you do when in bed, free from the exigencies of a modern costume, or, the singer's greatest enemy, a tight corset. At first this is very difficult, almost as much so as singing a long passage without breaking it up several times for renewed respiration. Handelian music especially calls for great control over the respiratory organs, which can only be acquired by the following method: First, when commencing to study a new passage, sing it slowly, and divide it into four parts. Then in three, and in two, and finally, sing it quickly in only one breath, and the difficulty will be conquered; not without a good deal of trouble, but the result will fully repay you. With your breathing now completely under your control, however nervous you are, a *tremolo* will never mar the beauty of your voice or of your phrasing.

MARGUERITE MACINTYRE.
(*From photo, by Elliott & Fry.*)

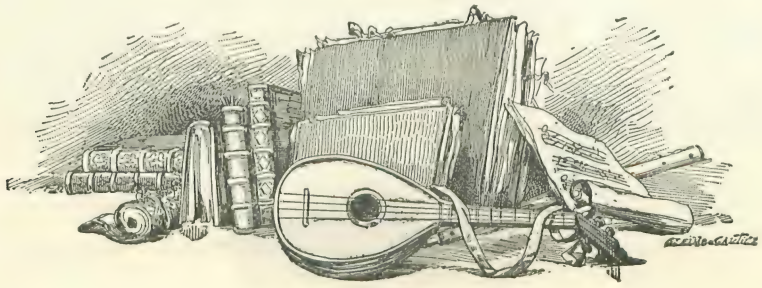
Now there is the flexibility of the voice to be considered, or what is simply called vocalisation. So many singers complain of not being able to sing a run, or a shake. It reminds me of a young German vocalist I once met. "What is your voice?" I asked. "*Jugendlich drammatisch*," was the reply. Needless to say her answer rather mystified me. However, she sang in *Faust* a few evenings afterwards, and then the mystery was solved. When the trills in the Jewel Song came, she left them out! So this is what a young dramatic voice meant. Her voice being rather powerful, she, or perhaps her master, had come to the conclusion that it was unnecessary to exert herself in any way to make it flexible. Naturally a heavy voice never will acquire the same fluency in trills and *roulades* as a lighter one, yet a voice that has not accustomed itself to a certain amount of vocal gymnastics (not necessarily to be introduced into one's songs), will never have the same variety of inflexions, neither will it last so long as a voice that has undergone a methodical training. But, perhaps, like many other enthusiastic Germans, whose Mecca is Bayreuth, and who dream only of singing Wagner's music, this young daughter of the Vaterland thought it would be useless for this purpose to make her voice pliable. Whereas this is essential for those who sing the German master's music, in order not to injure the voice. It is only by this means one is able to produce those wonderful *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages, and to sing with ease his often very trying intervals.

Manuel Garcia's exercises are no doubt the best ever written for the voice, and all singers, even after they are no longer novices, would do well to sing a few of his exercises daily, if only for a few minutes.

There is still one great lesson by which we can all profit, that is to go and listen to a Sarasate or a Jean Gérardy, and hear how they make their instruments sing. Or, sometimes when you are sitting idly on the seashore, pay attention to the glorious roll of the waves, which will teach you better than anything else the secrets of a *diminuendo* or *crescendo* passage.

In conclusion, I would like to say, that having frequently had inquiries as to who is the best singing-master in Milan, that the very best is Signor Vauzo. The place is overrun with teachers of sorts, many very good no doubt, but, from experience, I know what difficulty a stranger has at first to know whom to study with. Everybody says, Come to my master, and one naturally gets confused. This is why I mention Signor Vauzo's name, as he is not only a consummate orchestral conductor, but he teaches one to sing from Bach and Wagner like no one else. At least this is my humble opinion. He has one quality especially invaluable in a teacher. He never flatters his pupils, and he is never quite satisfied with them!

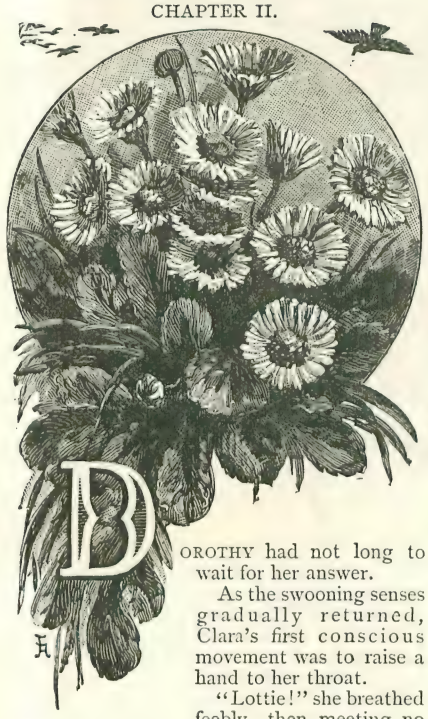
Never to be content with what one has done is also the greatest attribute a singer can possess. If one has done well, then try and do still better next time, so that at last we bring to as much perfection as lies in our power the most beautiful art in the world, and the most perfect gift that God has given to man.



THE THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEIGH.

By LADY DUNBOYNE, Author of "The Turning of the Lane," etc.

CHAPTER II.



DOROTHY had not long to wait for her answer.

As the swooning senses gradually returned, Clara's first conscious movement was to raise a hand to her throat.

"Lottie!" she breathed feebly—then meeting no response from her sister on whose guardianship she had rested, the large dark eyes opened more fully, and fixed themselves in reproachful inquiry on Dorothy's frightened face.

The next moment she was sitting up, restored by the shock to full consciousness.

"So you know my secret at last, child!" she said, with a half-defiant smile, as she once more hid the ring and chain from sight. "'Tis an old story, little one! You would not have dreamed of a hidden chapter of romance in the history of one of 'the old maids of Leigh?' Never mind—I only kept it from you because you were so young at the time, and since you grew up—well! somehow, you have seemed to stand apart, while we two have hung together through so many long years!"

It was quite true—while the elder sisters shared the same room, and had every pursuit almost every thought in common, Dorothy had always enjoyed her own small bit of independence.

Chafing as she did against the narrow boundaries which cramped her energy, and allowed no scope for those tastes which required more space, and ampler means for their indulgence, it had been a relief to hold somewhat aloof from her sisters, and to go her own way, as much as was consistent with general harmony and a good understanding.

Now she reproached herself, perhaps unjustly, with selfishness and indifference, and it was a relief when Clara, still weak and trembling from her recent swoon, spoke again.

"It's a long story, Dollie, and I'm hardly fit for the telling now, but you shall know one of these days. Hush! I hear Lottie coming back—not a word to her—it will only stir up the old sorrows."

Miss Charlotte came in, hurried and nervous from the frightened report she had heard from one of the vanished pupils.

She was much relieved to find her sister sitting up, and though pale, not looking worse than she had often seen her after an attack of faintness.

"It is so hot, one can't wonder," she said sinking into a chair and fanning herself with her hat. "Oh, Clara, that poor woman is so ill, and her surroundings so wretched; it made one's heart ache. But I have good hopes for her now, for the Wyndhams have come to the Manor, and on my way home I met Lady Rose—you know how good-natured she is—I think poor Mrs. Smith will be better looked after now."

"We sadly want some means of getting the sick better nursed in this out-of-the-way place," said Dorothy. "The doctor often says his prescriptions are of very little use without some one to see that they are properly administered."

"That was what Lady Rose said. She is wild to carry out that old scheme of starting a cottage hospital, which fell through last year. Really there is a great deal of truth in what she says; in the case of any serious accident or bad surgical case, there is no place nearer than Aldersfield where it can be properly treated: and think of the agony of a fifteen miles drive over such roads as ours to a poor creature with dislocated bones."

"Has Lady Rose any practical scheme on hand?" asked Dorothy. "I know she is good-natured, and very charming; but for real prosaic work——"

"Well, she is a little too sanguine, and jumps at conclusions, I am afraid, but it seems that she has at last coaxed Mr. Wyndham into taking her view. He will give the site, and a thousand pounds towards starting the hospital, if enough subscriptions can be raised to keep it going when started. Of course Lady Rose is putting her whole soul into the matter, and working night and day to collect funds. Oh! and that reminds me—one idea is to give a series of small entertainments in the schoolroom—concerts, lectures, penny-readings, or whatever seems to promise best. She wanted me to consult you two about them. As you know, she never lets the grass grow under her feet, and she is anxious the first should take place next week. She had already enlisted a promise of reading from Mr. Conway; and, Clara, she does so hope you will sing, but of course it must depend on your feeling equal to it."

"I daresay I can get through a ballad," said Clara quietly. "And Dollie will play some 'Mikado' airs—luckily the good natives here do not make much distinction between ancient and modern music—while the great house can keep its superior criticism to itself if it needs our services."

She was so entirely herself—so calm and composed with the cool, slightly ironical expression, which had grown habitual to her in their daily life of trifling events and interests, that Dorothy almost felt as if her discovery had been the outcome of a dream.

The days went on just as usual, and the youngest sister's own heart grew sorer, as each brought nearer the date of Ashton Conway's departure from Valesworthy. Once gone—separated by nearly the length and breadth of England, from that bright, fervent, energetic spirit which had seemed so congenial to her own—so eager to open to her a field teeming with occupation and interest, such as she had craved for all her life; what hope was there that he would ever visit green, sleepy Valesworthy again?

Or even if he did, what would it avail to her? And Dorothy struggled on, trying bravely to keep the sharpness out of her voice, the pucker from between her eye-brows; and marvelling in secret at the courage which had sustained her sister in a yet heavier trial.

At last came the day fixed for the village entertainment; the sisters were ready, all three dressed in the black silk gowns and lace ruffles which had been their best for more years than the Valesworthy people could count, Dorothy's youth asserting itself in a dainty bunch of sweet peas fastened with a little pearl pin near the throat. Miss Clara looked statelier than ever, with her silvery locks waved by her elder sister's loving hands, and drawn back over a small cushion, in the way that so resembled the miniature of her great-grandmother—one of the few valuable possessions brought from their former home, and fondly prized by the family.

"It is not quite time to start yet," said Miss Charlotte sitting down, very upright, on the edge of a chair near the window. "And, oh! there is the groom from the Manor riding fast down the road and coming here. Dear me! I hope there is nothing wrong! Can the concert be put off at the last moment?" No, the note from the lady of the Manor ran as follows—

"DEAR MISS LEIGH,—I do hope you and your sisters won't think us dreadfully inconsiderate for changing the programme at the last moment, but the fact is that my husband has just arrived from town bringing with him a most delightful addition to our ranks—a great African traveller, who most kindly has promised to relate some of his experiences, which I am sure will be full of interest and better worth hearing than anything we could contrive for ourselves. Oh dear! I hope this doesn't sound rude—but I am sure you are too kind to misunderstand my meaning. Mr. Stewart is tremendously clever and scientific and all that—but he is suffering greatly from his eyes—nearly blind I am afraid, poor man—so he cannot complete a book he was writing about Africa, which is a dreadful disappointment to him. He is travelling about England for a few months to rest and try to recruit his health, and Frank persuaded him to try this climate. I believe they made acquaintance at some scientific meeting—you know Frank dabbles in those matters a little. Forgive my writing in great haste. "Ever yours sincerely,

"ROSE WYNDHAM."

There was a pause. Then—"How like Lady Rose to be full of excitement about 'something new'! Truly she might have lived among the Athenians in the days of St. Paul!" said Clara, with that curl of the lip which always distressed her elder sister.

"Don't be hard upon her, dear," said Charlotte gently. "We must not forget that she is young."

"Or that we are no longer so, eh, Lottie? Well, well—I daresay the roaring of this London lion may be less dull to listen to than the cooing of our local doves. By-the-bye, what is his name?"

"Stewart. Spelt in the usual way," said Miss Charlotte rather quickly, and meeting Dorothy's eyes at that moment the elder sister coloured almost painfully.

"African travel is a popular subject nowadays," said Clara reflectively. "I daresay we shall hear something to improve our minds. Well, if we are all ready, we may as well start for the school-house now—it is too hot to walk anything but slowly."

(To be continued.)

HOW ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS SHOULD BE MADE.

A NEW REMUNERATIVE OCCUPATION FOR THE HOME.

HUMANITY in general suffers from a wanton blindness as to the value of the common-place. The things "most remote from common use" have a fascination for the most casual and thoughtless. And yet matters of the every day frequently conceal mines of interest, superb examples of technical skill, as well as being the results of unremitting industry. The most thoughtful person is too apt to accept the necessaries as well as the luxuries of existence as patent facts, about which it is as needless as it is unprofitable to inquire. And it is owing to this careless acceptance of the fruits of invention and the results of skilfully combined endeavour that a regrettable lack of sympathy for those who pass their lives in daily toil in order to provide us with the accessories of comfort, is so prevalent amongst all classes.

An artificial flower nodding gaily from a dainty hat, or placed snugly amongst enveloping folds of lace upon a sober bonnet, would scarcely suggest a huge factory with storey piled upon storey to a bewildering height, with long, narrow tables running the entire length of each of its numerous rooms, at which hundreds of girls and women of all ages work ceaselessly from morning to night. But such a place rearing its lofty walls high up into the smoke and greyness of the London sky is the birthplace of those artificial blossoms without which millinery would be shorn of its most valuable accessories.

It was on a stifling afternoon in June that the writer penetrated to the depths of the City, where amidst the roar of ceaseless traffic, and the sound of tireless machinery he spent several hours, which in addition to the acute interest they excited showed him an industry wherein a most important revolution might be effected were refined taste, combined with technical skill brought to bear upon the method of its prosecution. But before entering into the possibilities that still remain unused in the manufacture of artificial flowers, it is essential that their manner of making in England should be fully described.

A narrow staircase, down which girls laden with boxes filled with multi-coloured flowers were hurrying in rapid procession, led to the topmost storey, wherein the first process of "cutting out" was exclusively carried on. Rows of iron presses ran down either side of the room, at each of which a man or girl was working, cutting out the pattern of leaves and flowers, as many as a dozen at a time. This was done by many folds of the material being placed under the machine, the operator then pressing a pedal thereby releasing a heavily weighted stamp, which fell with a heavy crash. It was then slightly raised, and the operator, inserting a sharp piece of steel between the stamp and the cloth, removed the pattern that adhered to it through the great force of the impact.

The material used for flower-making is of various kinds, but for the most part is white calico, coloured calicoes and silk only being employed upon rare occasions and for the better kind of flowers. The patterns when cut out are thrown into a basket, and carried away to the next department.

The stamps themselves are an important branch of the art of designing, the factory in question possessing some thousands of them, each carefully numbered. Prints of every stamp are kept in a book, with a corresponding number written beneath it to the one upon the stamp itself, and therefore when any particular pattern is required, a reference to this book makes its whereabouts in the cupboards that occupy the centre of this top room a matter of no difficulty. Naturally they vary from the plainest flower of four petals to the most elaborate leaf, veined and crinkled.

In the next department the patterns are dyed, the process being of two kinds, by dry colour and by liquid aniline colour. The dry colour is very seldom resorted to, since the operation is much slower, and the final effect much less satisfactory than when liquid colour is used. Seated at long, narrow tables a number of women colour the white pieces of calico, at this stage so remote in appearance from their ultimate shape that it seems impossible to believe that they will become even faint resemblances of nature. A row of saucers filled with the most virulent coloured dye, a bunch of coarse camel-hair brushes, and a pad of blotting-paper, constitute the tools of the workwomen. The pattern is placed upon the pad, the desired colour is hastily smeared over it, a second colour being sometimes superimposed upon its centre. At stated intervals the patterns are collected and laid singly upon iron trays which are put in a gas oven where they dry rapidly. Should any shading be needed, they are handed over to more skilful workers than the dyers, but "shading" for the most part only consists of painting a narrow strip of colour down the centre of each petal.

From the dyeing room the flower goes to the "ribbers" and "veiners," who, by means of machinery similar to that in the cutting-out room, impress upon the now coloured calico the necessary reproduction of the form of the natural flower, in the matter of veins and surface. The petals of roses and other flowers are very often crinkled with a piece of iron, heated in a gas ring, several of these standing upon each table, carefully protected by gauze and wire.

Then follows what is technically known as "making-up." Paste, deftness of touch, and rapidity, are the chief essentials of this branch in which the flower makes rapid progress towards its completion. Dipping the middle finger of her left hand into a pot containing a mixture of paste and glue, the worker places a petal upon her left thumb, lightly touching it with the paste-covered middle finger, putting petal after petal upon her left thumb with her right hand. The petals are joined together in this manner with bewildering speed, and in a few seconds the embryonic form of the flower is thrown on to a heap of others which are being constantly collected and carried to the "mounting" room. Here they are supplied with stems consisting of narrow strips of calico, or (in the case of better flowers) narrow silk ribbon, wound round wire.

Of course different flowers go through different processes. For instance, a blush-rose is made in the manner detailed above, but a tea-rose entails more elaboration. In this case, instead of the whole flower being cut out at once, each petal is cut separately, and they are stuck one by one upon a pear-shaped pad of cotton-wool, into which a wire-stem has already been fixed. Cornflowers are cut out in one pattern, but several of these are put upon one stem, and when crowded together give the necessary effect. One ingenious method was the making of sprays, that would easily pass for forget-me-nots. Several pieces of wire, covered with pale-green cloth, were tied lightly together at one end. They were then dipped in colourless glue and rolled over

a little heap of sago, which had been previously dyed a pale-blue colour; the sago clung in tiny particles to the stems, and the result was as graceful as it was unexpected.

So vast is the manufacture that it is only possible to suggest its leading process. The better kind of flowers are built up as it were, each petal being separately wired.

As the workpeople are paid according to the amount of work they produce, rapidity is the first essential of competence; but this rapidity is at the same time one of the greatest drawbacks to the improvement of the manufacture, since it condemns each flower-maker to be a specialist. It was said that there was not a single woman in the factory in question who could make a flower entirely from start to finish. Many were able to make a considerable portion of certain flowers, but directly they prove themselves an adept in one branch they are only employed in that special department. There were also a great many who were practically experts in certain portions of the work, but they were utterly ignorant of any other outside their own scope. In many manufactures specialism is a necessity, but its consequence in that of artificial flower-making is in artistic production, the flowers, taken as a whole, being hopelessly unlike their prototypes in Nature.

In France an artificial flower-maker will take, say, a rose, and standing it in a glass of water by her side, will copy it so minutely and exactly that it is almost impossible to detect the difference between the imitation and the imitated. None of the lighter and more delicately made blossoms, such as heath and feathery grasses, are ever attempted by our manufacturers, these being carelessly resigned to the monopoly of foreigners.

The French girl is taught during two or three years a complete and exhaustive knowledge of flowers, the imitative rendering of natural flowers and foliage in the bud, in growth, and in decay, together with the utmost perfection of colouring and shading; and she is taught to lay every tint, every shadow upon her work separately, until she achieves an harmonious combination. Thus she starts in the world equipped with a dual knowledge of Nature and Art, whilst the English girl, with no proper training, can never hope to produce anything better than the false and exaggerated caricatures that are issued from our workshops.

Our system calls for a speedy remedy. All the best and most expensive flowers are made by French women, or by English women trained in France, and to place another means of livelihood within the reach of girls who desire to support themselves, a scheme has been started which it is hoped will remedy the present existing state of things, and raise the standard of English production to the level of that of France or Germany.

Several ladies interested in the commercial outlook of women have arranged, with the sanction of the London County Council, that classes in artificial flower-making by hand, not by machinery, shall be added to those already existing for technical education at the Borough Road Polytechnic and at the Battersea Polytechnic Institutions, towards the end of the year. After much research and deliberation, they have come to the conclusion that there is an assured future before English girls who have a thorough knowledge of the making of artificial flowers, since, instead of sending to France for workwomen, the better class of manufacturers will draw upon the supply of English girls that will be provided by the adoption of this scheme by the London County Council.

There is no reason why this admirable innovation should not be imitated by other County Councils, and by bodies that control technical education in large towns, and, probably, when its success is fully assured, girls all over the country will have an opportunity of gaining the requisite knowledge. Of course it is an experiment, but with such urgent need for an artistic manufacture, its success should be assured. Proficient instructors have already been engaged, and with the commencement of the new year there will be another outlet for the energy, the inventive powers, and the artistic ability of women.

FRANK HIRD.

OUR ARTISTIC HOME.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I have just returned from seeing such a delightful home. I must tell you something of it, for it is just what you too would admire. The whole house is a poem indeed, but it is my lady's bedroom that I especially want to describe to you. It is so artistic, full of such charming colouring, such sweet ideas, and called the Rose Room.

You will want to know every detail, so I will begin by mentioning that the walls are covered with pale blue watered paper with a frieze of trailing pink roses on a cream ground, and the ceiling with a cream embossed paper.

The furniture as well as the doors and dado is of light unpolished oak finely carved (none of that coarse work that one sees so much of nowadays). The parqueted polished floor is also of oak, and here and there are rugs of soft colouring.

Three windows facing south are draped with pink and blue silk curtains, and on the pale blue linen blinds a few roses are delicately painted. One window has a deep window seat. The bed-hangings are of the same silk. One long narrow curtain of each colour falls on either side in straight folds, caught back with large ribbon bows. The linen coverlid is embroidered with roses of many varieties, and has a broad insertion and border of thick lace.

Silk interlaced in the carved oak at the foot of the bed forms a charming background to a dainty rose silk sofa, on which are three cushions (blue, rose and cream), each with a beautifully worked rose upon it. A down *couvrepied* compressed with silk cords, forming either a cushion or a quilt, was shown me as the latest novelty.

On the toilet table, which is draped with pink and blue silk, is a cream muslin toilet cover, embroidered at irregular intervals with rose petals. I remarked that the pin-cushion was not up to date, and ventured to offer suggestions for another, but my hostess replied that the Rose Room is a room of love, and the pin-cushion the gift of a dear old servant, and she would not change it for worlds.

All the chairs in the room are different and of beautiful designs and colouring. Cornerwise, leading to a recess, is a carved oak *prie-dieu*, near it a little table on which are the New Testament, the Prayer Book, the *Daily Round*, and other appropriate books. This recess is panelled throughout, its walls adorned with many of the pictures we love so well, such as "The Light of the World," and "The Good Shepherd."

I was delighted with the washing-stand. The jug and basin formed of china rose petals, and a soap dish of a large single perforated petal over a curved red-brown leaf. In place of the conventional water bottle and tumbler is a classically-shaped antique cut glass jug and glass. And for hot water one of those picturesque brass ewers from Cherbourg. The fireplace you would be charmed with. The wrought-iron grate standing far back in its deep recess, blue-tiled, with a frontage of exquisitely painted china plaques.

The room is full of pictures, each perfect in its respective style and each style hung in a distinct group. I noticed a pink bell-rope of thick soft silk tied in at intervals with blue cord, and its fellow in blue silk tied with pink cord.

Each room in the house has an appropriate verse or motto. On entering the Rose Room one is greeted by these lines:

"If by each rose we see
A thorn there grows,
Strive that no thorn shall be
Without a rose."

A. H. Church.

My hostess drew aside the bed coverlid and showed me that the sheets were marked in large blue and pink monograms, as well as with a rose, a pretty device for aiding the housekeeper in the assortment of the linen for the various rooms. The fine face towels were too dainty for words, and had the same elaborate markings on a smaller scale.

Adjoining is the Violet Dressing-room, also with light oak furniture. The paper is so pretty, violets scatterred over a rose-tinted ground, and now and again caught together with rose ribbon in tiny lovers' knots. The pale violet window-curtains are lined with delicate rose colour. The motto here is again by A. H. Church.

"TO THE VIOLET.
She would not be the same
Sweet Spring to me,
If with all else she came
Yet not with thee."

I have already written a longer letter than I intended, and will only add that three other rooms are named after flowers. The Lily Room with yellow hangings and doors and furniture of white enamel, on which are painted dear little pink flushed cherubs. And opens into the Mignonette Dressing-room with similar furniture and hangings.

On the same landing is the Chrysanthemum Room full of lovely indescribable tones of colour, with mahogany doors and Chippendale furniture. You would delight in the brass candlesticks and other antique treasures which this room contains.

These friends of mine are as good as they are rich, and do not spend all their money on themselves. When we meet I shall enjoy telling you of all they have done and are doing for their village, and of the fine church they have built. All in this house is regardless of expense and far beyond the reach of imitation of poor folk like ourselves. But we may surely gather many ideas from it, and if we cannot surround ourselves with all that is most beautiful, let our surroundings be in their humble way beautiful. If we choose the true in all the beautiful must follow.

My dear Editor,
Yours ever, ZAIDA.

BELL-RINGING FOR GIRLS.

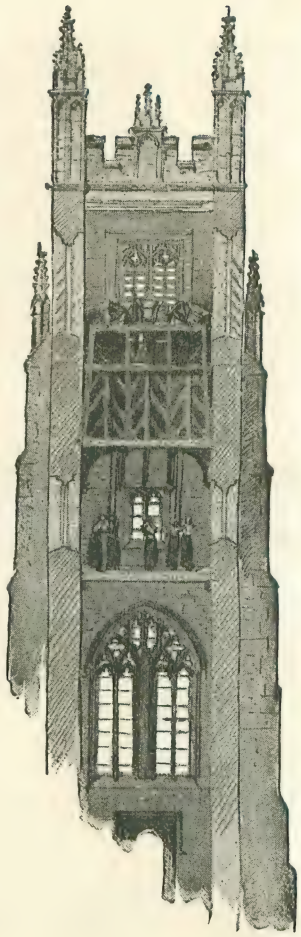
SOME five years ago it was the lot of a girl, the daughter of a clergyman in the country, to consult an eminent London oculist on account of her failing eyesight. Without going into details as to the nature of the mischief, it is sufficient to say that the result of the visit was, that for the space of two years at least, all the ordinary occupations of a girl were absolutely forbidden. Not a single line of any kind was to be read, not even the letters which she received; no writing was to be indulged in, except through the medium of a machine, which enabled her to write without seeing a word of what she was writing; no needlework was allowed, not even the sewing on of a single button, and, last but not least, no music which necessitated the looking at or reading from the printed score before her, and the sentence of total and permanent blindness was passed upon her if she disobeyed orders.

Various occupations were immediately taken in hand, with a view to drawing the patient as much as possible out of herself, to making her live an outdoor existence, and also to preventing her from brooding over her misfortune. Gardening, poultry-keeping, regular country walks, tricycling, all formed part of the new *régime*. But still the question remained what was to be done with the long winter evenings, and for some time this was an unsolved difficulty. Here, however, as is so often the case, the ordinary routine of life, if we may so call it, came to the rescue. The Daily Service in the Church suggested the exercise that was wanted. It is ordered, as doubtless our readers are aware, in the Prayer Book, that "the curate" of every parish-church "shall cause a bell to be tolled a convenient time before he begin" the Service; and as, in the country, there is not always a sexton or a caretaker at hand to do this, the clergyman has to do it himself, or get one of his family to do it for him; and so our patient, wishing to help her father in some small way, undertook the duty of tolling the church-bell each day for a few minutes before the Morning Service. But bell-ringing has a peculiar fascination of its own, which is well-nigh irresistible, and when a person has once got thoroughly used to the feel of a bell-rope between his fingers, the desire to do more than simply toll or chime very soon follows, and it was so in this case. The presence one day in the belfry of her brother, who had for many years been a "bell-ringer," naturally brought out the request, "Could you not teach me to *ring* a bell? chiming is rather dull, monotonous work;" the result is that now the girl is a constant ringer in the belfry—not indeed what is technically known as a "change ringer," but she can and does manage her bell and bell-rope as well to all intents and purposes as those who have been ringers in the parish for years. Not only this, such is the force of example, that not long ago the writer was present in the said belfry on a practice-night, and two out of the five bells being rung were managed by girls.

CHIMING.

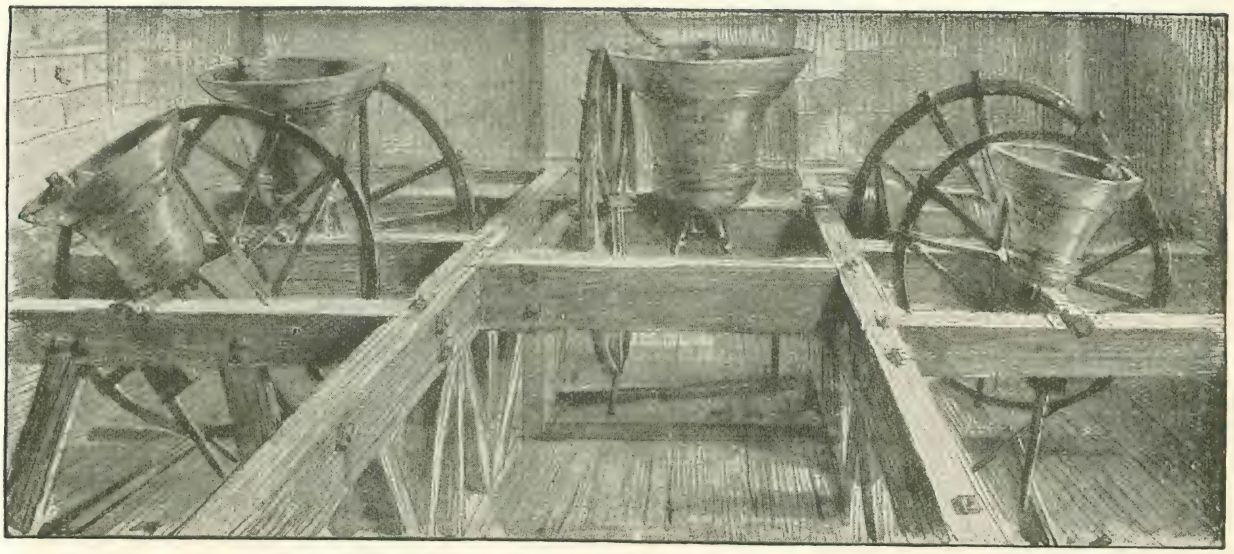
Now here is an opportunity for exercise, which in these days, it is agreed on all hands, is so necessary for our girls. Of course there is a very general opinion among the uninitiated that bell-ringing requires great strength, but this is not necessarily the case at all. Given a peal of average weight (such as is usually found in our country churches), and in fairly good order, and it will be found that a girl, when she has mastered the elementary principles of the art, may easily hold her own with boys and men. It is not strength that is required so much as a combination of knack and nerve for the simple ringing of a bell, and both of these may be acquired by use and practice. We do not mean to say that the ringing of a heavy bell, or of one that runs badly, does not require a good deal of strength and endurance, and a trial on such would perhaps be fatal to the patience as well as the nerve of a beginner; but then a girl need not be put to ring a heavy bell, and even in the worst belfries there is always one of the lighter bells that does not run so badly as the others. Nor do we mean to say that the dodging about of a rope, as thick and heavy as a bell-rope necessarily is, within a few inches of one's nose, does not require a strength of nerve and a decision of purpose which some girls we have met seem utterly to lack; but we believe that with this, as indeed with everything else, the nerve required comes with efficiency and knowledge of power, and once a girl has been taught thoroughly the usual vagaries that a bell-rope is wont to perform when the bell is being rung, and also what to do in an emergency, the question of the requisite nerve is a comparatively small one, and the difficulty will be soon overcome.

But apart from the thought of mere exercise and amusement, which after all are a selfish reason for undertaking a new pursuit, we cannot help thinking, and this is a result of



experience, that there is genuine work for the Master to be done by our sisters if they will try bell-ringing. The ringers in a country parish are often drawn from quite the rough, happy-go-lucky lads of the village, and not infrequently are a source of great trouble, or at least anxiety, to those responsible for the religious tone of the parish; in many cases they do not think of going to a place of worship, except when they ring the church-bells for Service, and, even then, we have too often seen those who have been engaged in calling the people to worship, themselves troop out of the church just before the service begins.

But further than this, they are very difficult to get hold of; they avoid the clergyman of the parish because they are afraid of him, or uncomfortably shy with him; they have as little to do with religion of any kind as possible, because somehow they think it unmanly. In a word, there is often no influence in a country village which can reach them, since they have given up going to Sunday school; and consequently they loaf about at the street corners on Sundays idle, if not worse. Now there is, we are confident, no influence with such lads equal to a lady's. If once a lady can get hold of them and make them trust her, there is little she cannot do with them. She need never be afraid of them, they will most certainly never insult her, and she may do them lasting good by her gentle firmness with them. At all events, she will make them, quite unconsciously, less rough and more gentleman-like, and that is something, and so prepare their minds to receive again the teachings of Christianity, which they have almost forgotten. She will awaken in their hearts that feeling of chivalry



IN THE BELFRY.

towards women which is so necessary to a really good man's character, and which is not dead in the breast of the ordinary English lad, but only sleeping for want of exercise. And this she may do in a great measure, we believe, in the belfry, if she will condescend to learn and to take part in the pursuit of which they are in many cases so fond. Her presence in the belfry will tend to humanise and civilise the lads in a way which nothing else can do; it will suppress all coarse words and idle jesting, which are not convenient, and by teaching the lads to reverence the lesser, herself to wit, she will gradually lead them to a reverence of the immeasurably greater One, her Maker and theirs.

And now we must turn to the practical side of bell-ringing, and give a few hints as to the art itself. It will be necessary first, however, to clear the ground by giving a few definitions and explanations of technical terms used, and a short description of the machinery, because it will afterwards be more easy to give instructions as to the management of the bell. First and foremost, as this is more or less a novel pursuit for girls, it is important to give a hint or two as to the dress of the girl who is going to be a bell-ringer. This is more important than at first sight it would seem, but a little thought will show why we give the directions we do. The skirt of the dress should be plain, and of some fairly heavy stuff (*e.g.*, serge), so as not to be in the way of the rope, or to catch it as it moves quickly past; the bodice should be quite loose-fitting, made of flannel or something of the sort, so as to allow a perfectly free movement to the arms. The wrist-bands should be quite easy; a close-fitting outdoor cap will be found most convenient, and this should be secured by an elastic round the back of the head, and not by the long pins that are in general use. The discomfort of a straw hat will be very obvious if only tried once, and besides the discomfort, there is some little risk attached to the wearing of any head-gear with a brim. Rings are also to be avoided, as they have the effect of allowing the rope to slip through the hand, and are efficacious in the manufacture of blisters. Bangles are merely a nuisance.

Next, as to the bell herself (for a bell is always a lady to the bell-ringer). A church bell is rather a large thing—the heaviest of quite an average weighted peal scaling fifteen to twenty cwt., and measuring five feet to five feet six inches in height. She is hung so that she can swing backwards and forwards quite freely upon a block of wood called the "headstock," at the ends of which upon the lower side are two pivots ("gudgeons") which project on to the beams of the framework or "cage" of the bell. These pivots work in metal sockets or "cradles" let into the beams. Fixed on to the headstock in a position parallel to the beams upon which the gudgeons work is a large grooved wheel, about six feet or more in diameter, for the bell-rope to run in, and upon the other end of the headstock is an upright piece of wood, very strong, called the "stay," varying in length according to the size of the bell; and underneath the bell, working on a pivot fixed to the framework on the wheel side, is another stout piece of wood called the "slide"; the loose end of this is allowed to slide backwards and forwards as necessary, about eighteen inches in all, and prevented from exceeding this limit by "stops." Inside the bell is the "clapper," a long arm of metal with a knob quite close to the end, which is hung from the top of the bell so that it can hit the inner surface of the bell on either side just at the point where the mouth opens out, but so hung that it can move only in the same plane as the bell herself.

There are three ways of making a bell "speak." 1. By striking her with a hammer; this is used for the clock striking, and with it we have nothing to do. 2. By chiming, by which we mean swinging the bell just sufficiently for the clapper to hit one side only. 3. By ringing, by which we mean swinging the bell right round the circle and back again, during which time the clapper hits the bell once, while going each way. It is with the last named that we are concerned. For this purpose, the bell has to be first "raised," that is placed in the position of having her mouth uppermost; this is effected by means of continuous swinging backwards and forwards, until at last she gets on to the balance, and she is kept in this position, when it has once been attained, by the stay resting against the slide. Of course the movement of the slide allows the weight of the bell to act first one way and then the other, and so whichever side she goes up, the weight keeps the stay pressed firmly against the slide. At the same time, the ringer has to be very careful to give the necessary check with the rope, and not let the stay bump heavily against the slide, or one of two things will happen; either the bell will spring back, owing to the combined spring of stay and slide, or, if these be not strong enough to stand the strain, she will go right over, and down the other side.

So much for the bell herself; our next concern is the rope. Immediately under the groove of the wheel on one side, and in a line with the lower edge of the same, is a hole in the framework, or in the floor of the bell-chamber, with a small grooved wheel, called sometimes the shiver wheel, for the purpose of keeping the rope in its place, and guiding it down to the ringing chamber. There are also other guides through the floors, just large enough to allow the rope to pass easily. Down in the ringing chamber, the bell-rope has for some five feet of its length wool interwoven in it, for the purpose of facilitating the holding of the rope, this is called the "sallie." Below the sallie there is about fourteen feet of rope, which is ordinarily tied up, so as to form a loop, and keeps this part of the rope just off the ground. When the bell is being chimed, the rope remains in such a position that the foot may be placed in the loop, and the sallie held in the hands; but when the bell is being rung, this loop is untied, and the whole length of rope is used. Now when the bell is raised, as we said before, she is alternately "set," first one side and then the other; this is called being at "handstroke" and "backstroke;" when the bell is at "handstroke" the sallie is in the hands of the ringer, and the rope, after passing up through the floors and round the "shiver wheel," proceeds at right angles to its previous direction to the wheel of the bell; when at "backstroke," it passes straight on through this guide and upward round the large wheel; the ringer then having in his or her hand only the rope's end, the sallie being far above the ringer's head.

The first thing to be done by all ringers is to learn how to manage the bell perfectly, and have her under complete control; and as nerve plays such a large part in the art, it is most important that confidence should be established, since if the ringer once gets frightened of her bell, it will be difficult to regain the nerve lost, and a not inconsiderable danger attends the timid ringer; it is therefore necessary for a beginner, even though she may have fully mastered the details of the theory, to have an instructor with her, who is thoroughly capable of managing the bell. The instructor should raise the bell himself; having done this, or even before, for the sake of those who live in the neighbourhood, it is advisable and kind to lash the clapper, that is to tie it up, so that it cannot move and strike the bell. To preserve the true balance, the clapper should be lashed in the centre of the bell by means of ropes passed to each side, and so up to headstock. When the bell has been raised, the instructor should take a few pulls to show the learner exactly how the bell runs, and then set her at "backstroke." The object of this is to see the length of rope required by the learner. The latter should then take her stand immediately underneath the rope, firmly on both feet, in an easy position; then raising herself on her toes grasp the rope as high up as she can reach with the left hand, placing the right hand underneath the left; if there is too much rope below the hands (only about four inches is necessary) the instructor should himself pull the bell "off," and setting her at handstroke, rectify this by taking more up, or letting some down so as to have it exactly the right length. When the rope is arranged properly, and the bell set at backstroke, let the learner again take her position as before, and grasping the rope firmly, herself pull the bell off—the instructor standing close beside her to catch the sallie. It will be best for the learner to move her hands a little out of the perpendicular line away from her face, as then the rope will follow that direction, and so clear her head and face as it comes down. The bell should be worked in this manner for some time, until the beginner learns to "feel" the bell as she goes up to backstroke, so as to prevent her bumping against the stay. When this has been learnt, and confidence to some degree been established, the next thing to be tried is the catching of the sallie by the beginner. Anyone with a sense of rhythm, we had almost said of music, because music and rhythm are very closely allied, will soon get into this; but there are one or two rules to be carefully observed in this. First of all, the instructor should set the bell at "handstroke," and show the learner whereabouts the sallie has to be grasped, that is as high as she can conveniently reach; then the learner with the rope's end in her right hand must clasp it firmly with the little and third fingers, so as to leave the thumb and first two fingers free; then taking the sallie with both hands (the left hand above as before), she should pull the bell off, immediately closing the rest of her right hand round the rope's end, and placing her left hand just above it; if she has pulled the bell off too strongly, she must gently check it, as she begins to feel the rope, and as her hands go above her head; but the instructor must be careful to stand by her so as to be able to step in if anything unexpected happens. If on the other hand, she has not pulled the bell off strongly enough, she will not go high enough to secure the balance and make the rope quite taut, but will "drop" on the ringer; the instructor must then take the next sallie, and by an extra pull rectify this mistake, and the learner must try again, wishing for better results next time. It is quite possible that a good deal of practice will be necessary, with the instructor by the learner's side, before she fully masters the point; but when it is once thoroughly mastered, confidence is gained, and we believe is never again lost; but one thing is quite certain, that until the learner has perfect confidence, and has thoroughly mastered the management of the rope, she must never try without some efficient person at hand; because a heavy thing like a bell is not a plaything for a child, and a mistake might very easily result even in the death of the ringer, the bell-rope in coming down, if it got in any way twisted, might drop round the neck of the ringer, and on its return journey perform the office of hangman. Still, with care and guarding against the feeling of presumption, there is no real danger.

When the ringer has learnt thoroughly to manage her bell, there is only one more thing to be done as far as regards this article, and that is to learn to ring in a round, *i.e.* in company with the other bells. No further instructions are necessary here, except that the learner should be put to ring an inside bell with a steady ringer before and after her. She must pull her bell quite steadily, and not

let her go right back to the stay, but be able to hold her on the balance a longer or shorter time as may be necessary; this of course can only come with practice and a good deal of patience; and at first until she has got quite used to the rattle and sight of the other ropes as they fly up and come down there should always be an old and competent ringer by her side ready to act in case of emergencies.

We have said nothing about learning to "raise" and "lower" the bell; and this omission is intentional, as we believe it is beginning at the wrong end to teach a learner first to do this. Teach her first to manage the bell when she is raised, and she will then soon be able to raise her herself and lower her when necessary, and for two reasons. Practice at ringing will develop certain muscles necessary for the work, and these when in working order will materially help her to do that which is harder work than merely ringing, viz., raising and lowering, and secondly practice at ringing will teach her to know the bell as a friend, and not to fear her as a possible and dangerous foe. It will give her quickness to catch the rope at the right time; it will give her nerve to overcome the natural discomfort of a rope dancing wildly about; so that when she has learnt to manage the rope as it moves slowly and in a more measured manner, she will gradually be able to manage it when it is moving in the quicker and more unsteady way it does when the bell is being raised or lowered.

In conclusion there are one or two directions which ought to be given, as the ringer may as well learn to ring well at first.

I. Stand well under your bell and don't look up at the rope as it goes up, and don't move your body round to look at the other ropes.

II. Keep your toes always on the ground so as to prevent the spare rope getting underneath them, and only raise your heels when it is absolutely necessary for you to reach a little higher.

III. Keep your body upright and do the work with your arms as much as possible.

IV. Keep your knees firm, and only bend them just a little when it is necessary to get some of the weight of your body on to the rope.

V. Always be quite silent when you are ringing; and attend entirely to the business in hand.

In addition to the above technical directions, there are two important suggestions to be made:

I. Remember that you are in the House of God, so discourage in every way possible talking about outside things, and especially any joking.

II. Remember that in this pursuit, or pleasure, or amusement, or exercise, or whatever you choose to call it, you will have many opportunities of getting to know the characters and tempers of those with whom you may be ringing, and also many opportunities of influencing them for good. Try therefore to use the opportunities gently, firmly, humbly, and prayerfully for the Master's glory and the salvation of souls.

AN ACCIDENT.

THE MAIDEN'S BELL.

An Englishman has just published a book describing his experiences in Spain, which he tramped from end to end with only a bag upon his back. The book is called *A Vagabond in Spain*, and contains the following account of an ancient custom in the village of Sabinan:—

Sabinan was our place of refuge. Here my companion had a friend—the tailor of the village—and we were well received and pressed to stay the night. (I must own that I needed no pressing.)

The tailor was an old sportsman, and showed me his guns, dogs, ferrets, and pigeons with pride. He had also some fine old red clay plates, cups and basins enamelled with white and elegantly flowered in Arabic and Spanish designs, and curious lamps in iron, brass, and clay. I feel sure that his wine-skins and curious old bottles of glass, wood, clay, and stone would be looked on at Christie's sale-room by a crowd of envious eyes. Here they are old and useless, nothing more.

It is the custom in this part of Spain when you share a man's roof to pay for your fare and sometimes your host's as well! My friend of the day sent out for a sou's worth of potatoes, of tomatoes, and little strips of salt cod-fish. These, cooked in a large three-legged frying pan with some olive oil, an onion, and a handful of herbs, made a big supper for five of us. We ate from a big dish placed on a stool. Wooden spoons and one knife served for all, and a piece of bread was broken from in turn. While we were supping my friend put up his hand and signed me to listen. I did so, hearing for the first and probably for the last time the sound of the "Nina's Campanilla." It is one of the most ancient customs in all Spain, and in the midst of all this cobwebby *bric-à-brac* and primitiveness I found it hard to persuade myself that I was an alien and living in the nineteenth century.

"La Nina's Campanilla" ("The Maiden's Bell").

Many centuries ago, when the world had little history but many witching legends and gruesome tales, a tiny "nino," tired of play and tale, sat nodding before the winter fire. His father and mother pressed him to seek his bed, but in vain. He feared the darkness of his solitary chamber, which his fancy peopled with goblins and legendary sprites. Deaf to his parents' voice, he sat dozing and nodding on the hearth till, overcome by sleep, he fell forward into the blazing fire. His wounds were terrible, and when he rose from his sick bed—his sight was gone. Never more would he see the sunshine or the flowers by sweet Jalon's brink. A sad and sightless boy, he fretted his early years away, and when his parents died he became a beggar-man, wandering through the vale and begging a pittance from door to door. The children learned to fear him as the dead, for, in his blindness, he fumbled round the doors and terrified the little heads he touched with his outstretched hands. Hence the blind beggar-man became a terror in Sabinan's Vale, and children grew to fear their quiet beds.

Then the mothers of the valley met together and sought a way to end this growing terror.

The form was this: the prettiest girls were called into the plaza, and the mothers bade them choose a "Campanilla" maiden for a year. She had to vow that she would never fail, when evening came, to leave play or feast, vesper or toil, to ring her "Campanilla" through the vale, and tell in sound of every house the tale of him who bred such fears in Sabinan.

The song was brief, for the maiden had to hasten and repeat it often ere the sun went down:—

"Children now to bed must go,
Or their lives be filled with woe."

And still to-day the maiden may be seen running through the streets of Sabinan and ringing her little silver bell. The scene is strange. Before her groups and games and noisy shouts—behind her silence! The little ones give but one shout, "The Nina comes," and dart into their homes. No mortal, no despot commands such calm as the mild maiden of the bell.

What a long life is hers! Seasons come and go, but Campanilla is unchanged. Fierce wars and feuds have raged within the vale; the storms of centuries and manifold disasters have all been centred there; illness and death have overtaken forty* generations of the world; but Campanilla is a child through all. Her voice will never cease till Sabinan itself is still.

This was a most delightful evening, and I took leave of my simple friends the following morning with real regret, for I knew I should behold their cheery faces and curious little nest no more.

* It is recorded in Parracuellos that in the twelfth century a silver bell was purchased for the Nina (*por une aracion de la noche*), but the custom is believed to be much older.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER II.

MISS ARBUTHNOT'S well-meant solicitude had the effect of making Cecil very nervous as the evening approached, and at last she actually entreated to be allowed to stay behind at the school and spend a quiet hour or two with the governesses, instead of going to Burlington House. But Miss Arbuthnot would not hear of this, and insisted on supervising her dressing personally, almost hustling her into the carriage at last.

"Nonsense, my dear, nonsense!" she said vigorously, when they were fairly started. "You really must get rid of this foolish timidity, or you will be fit for nothing. I should have been seriously displeased if you had not come. Not only would it have been very rude, for it is a great favour to get a ticket, but there are several people I want you to see, a very old friend of mine for one. You have heard me speak of Elma Wargrave?"

"One of the Pioneers?" asked Cecil.

In Miss Arbuthnot's circle the early workers in the cause of female education were always designated by this respectful term.

"Yes, I see you know whom I mean. She and I were great friends when we were girls, and we had almost decided to start school-keeping together. She was most enthusiastic about it, and used to talk of the joy of devoting her whole life absolutely to the great work. But, unfortunately, she went to stay with some relations, and while with them she fell in with a young Scotch soldier, Sir Dugald Haigh. He was ridiculously poor, for his father had spent everything he could lay his hands on, and mortgaged the estates, so that Sir Dugald had scarcely more than his artillery pay upon which to support an empty title and two people. But Elma married him and went out to India at once, and she has travelled about with him ever since in all sorts of outlandish places and horrible climates. I believe they have been very happy, and Sir Dugald is high in the service, and has lately been made Consul-General and political agent at Baghdad, so I suppose they are not pinched any longer now. I don't grudge them their happiness, my dear," added Miss Arbuthnot slowly, "but I have never been able to help regretting that Elma should have given up such a work for the sake of that very ordinary little man."

"I am quite anxious to see them," said Cecil. "Is Sir Dugald in England as well as Lady Haigh?"

"No, she is here alone. Some trouble broke out in the country just as they were starting, and Sir Dugald would not take his furlough. But here we are. Now, my dear child, forget yourself, and think of the people you will see."

In spite of this excellent advice, Cecil still felt very nervous when they had laid aside their wraps and she was following Miss Arbuthnot's sweeping satin train up the steps and into the crowded and brightly lighted rooms of the Academy. She did not know that she made a very pretty picture herself, with her fresh colouring and coils of bright hair set off by the black velvet dress, with its deep cuffs and standing collar of old lace, but Miss Arbuthnot perceived this and rejoiced to know it, not caring at all that her own plain, sensible face, adorned with the inevitable *pince-nez*, formed an excellent foil for Cecil's girlish charms.

At first Cecil wanted to stand aside in some quiet corner, and watch the throng of noted people moving about, and learn all their names, but Miss Arbuthnot was a celebrity herself, and was, moreover, a woman of many acquaintances, who had all some kind or complimentary word for her young companion, when they recognised her or heard who she was. Still, it seemed to Cecil that her friend was watching anxiously for someone who had not yet appeared, and that she was manifestly relieved when a stout elderly lady, chiefly remarkable for the possession of a very prominent set of teeth, made her way through the crowd and joined them, greeting Miss Arbuthnot with effusion, and turning an expansive smile on Cecil.

"And this must be our young friend the lady graduate," she said, looking at her kindly. "You must introduce us, Marian. I should like a talk with Miss Anstruther."

"Cecil," said Miss Arbuthnot rather nervously, "I want to introduce you to Lady Haigh. We were speaking about her just now."

Cecil was nothing loth to make acquaintance with the lady who had given up so much for the sake of her young Scotch soldier, and whose defection Miss Arbuthnot still mourned so bitterly, and she acquiesced at once when Lady Haigh suggested that they should retire to a quiet palm-shaded seat among the statuary, and have a chat, while Miss Arbuthnot was taken possession of by a distinguished cleric who had also been one of the pioneers of the education movement. Lady Haigh proved to be as kind as she looked, and showed herself very much interested in Cecil's career. She asked as many questions as though she wanted to write her biography, and asked them, too, as if she were really interested in the answers, and not asking merely for politeness' sake. Then she inquired all about the girl's home circumstances, and learned all that Cecil would tell her about Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther and the rest of the family at St. Barnabas' Vicarage, and then she changed the subject of the conversation abruptly, and began to talk about her own doings in

"'THEY ARE RATHER A DULL SET.'"

Baghdad. It seemed to be a fairly pleasant life on the whole, and Lady Haigh showed herself by no means desirous of underrating its attractions.

"You see, my dear, although it is dreadfully decayed since the days of the Khalifs and the *Arabian Nights*, yet it is a very interesting place still. The society is really not bad, for there are nearly always travellers or officers of some sort passing through, and they all come to the Residency. Then the assistant political agent comes up sometimes from Basra, and of course there are clerks and secretaries, but they are mostly Armenians or East Indians. There is generally a gun-boat in the river too, and when it is lying off the Residency, we are really quite gay. Then there are the officials at the other consulates, but socially speaking, and between you and me, they are rather a dull set. But there are a few of the Jews and Armenians in the place who are travelled and cultivated people, and quite friends of ours. Then, of course it is very interesting when you get to know some of the Turkish ladies, and it is curious to study the mixture of nationalities in such a place as Baghdad. I often say that it reminds me of nothing so much as of Nuremberg or one of those German cities of the Middle Ages at the time of their annual fairs."

"I should love to see it," said Cecil, drawing a long breath, "but I shall never be able to afford an Eastern trip until I am quite old. When the boys are all off my hands, I mean to save up so that I can travel about wherever I like when I am an ancient spinster. It would scarcely do for me to go out now and set up a girl's High School under the shadow of the Residency, would it?"

"Scarcely," laughed Lady Haigh; "and I am afraid, too, you would hardly get pupils enough to make it pay, except possibly among the Greeks and Armenians. The Turkish ladies are kept very closely secluded, and although the Pasha is very anxious to do what he can to introduce European customs, yet he is not even backed up by his own harem."

"It must feel like being in the *Arabian Nights* to live in Baghdad," said Cecil.

"Wouldn't you like to find out something about it from one of the natives?" asked Lady Haigh, indicating a tall, olive-complexioned gentleman a short distance off, clad in irreproachable evening dress and a fez cap. "That is Denarien Bey, an Armenian gentleman whose family has lived in Baghdad for many generations. He is in England at present on some business for the Pasha, and would be delighted to tell you anything you wanted to know."

She beckoned with her fan, and Denarien Bey came forward with much alacrity. He bowed very politely when he was introduced, but Cecil fancied that she saw a start of dismay when he caught her name. She assured herself afterwards, however, that it must have been only fancy, for he was most attentive, answered all her questions about Baghdad, and escorted her to the buffet and catered for her as punctiliously as any Englishman. At last he took her back to Miss Arbuthnot, and the strange, delightful evening was over. Cecil passed the sleeping hours of that night in a wild whirl, in which visions of Baghdad in the golden prime of good Haroun-al-Raschid were peopled with the gorgeous throngs she had seen at Burlington House, and the President's bow and hand-shake had some occult connection with the black eyes and hooked nose of Denarien Bey, and with the diamonds and Indian embroidery of the "Mother of Teeth," as her Armenian friend had informed her that Lady Haigh was called in Baghdad. Towards morning she had a less extravagant dream, relating to the foundation of the High School she had laughingly proposed, and including the appearance of his Excellency Ahmed Khémi Pasha, Governor of Baghdad, in full uniform and blazing with orders, to give away the prizes at the end of the first term. From this delightful vision Cecil was roused by a visit from Miss Arbuthnot, who came to her room to see whether she had overslept herself, and again displayed considerable interest in ascertaining what dress she intended to wear.

Breakfast over, and Miss Arbuthnot's modest victoria at the door to convey Cecil to meet her fate, the principal grew nervous again. Cecil was far more collected than she was, and got together her testimonials and certificates with a calmness which was extremely creditable. At last they were ready to start, and after what seemed a miraculously short drive, arrived at Daridge's Hotel. Cecil's courage was beginning to fail her now, and she felt her limbs trembling as she followed Miss Arbuthnot into the hall, and thence up the wide staircase, preceded by a peculiarly gorgeous domestic in livery. Presently this individual opened a door on one side of a lofty corridor, and ushered them into a room filled with gentlemen. Cecil caught Miss Arbuthnot's arm.

"This can't be the right room. He's taking us into a committee-meeting by mistake," she whispered.

"No, my dear, it is all right," said Miss Arbuthnot, and marched on undauntedly, Cecil following, and experiencing something of the feeling which must have actuated Childe Roland when he came to the Dark Tower.

The gentlemen rose as they entered, and one of them, in whom Cecil recognised her last night's acquaintance, Denarien Bey, came to shake hands, while, to complete her mystification, she caught sight of Lady Haigh smiling and nodding at her from the other side of a long table. Denarien Bey placed chairs for the new arrivals—a proceeding which reminded Cecil forcibly of the words sometimes met with in the reports of trials, "the prisoner at the bar was accommodated with a seat"—and then returned to his place, so that Cecil had time to look about her.

There were some eight or nine gentlemen present, the chief of whom seemed to be a grey-haired man at the end of the table. His face was in some way familiar to Cecil, but it was not at first that she remembered that she had seen him in close attendance on the Turkish Ambassador on his way to some state function. Next to him, on either side, sat Lady Haigh and Denarien Bey, and then came several vivacious, dark-eyed gentlemen in fezzes, who talked among themselves with a great deal of gesticulation, and seemed to bear a kind of national likeness to the Armenian envoy. Somewhat apart from the rest sat a stout elderly Englishman, with a stolid and unconvinced expression, and a general air of being present to keep other people from being imposed upon. There was also a secretary, a slim, dark-skinned youth in spectacles, who scribbled notes in a large clasped book, when he was not nibbling his pen and staring at Cecil, and lastly, at the very end of the table, Cecil and Miss Arbuthnot themselves. Cecil was in a hopeless state of amazement and mystification, feeling, moreover, a terrible inclination to giggle on finding herself the cynosure of all the eyes in the room. What could it all mean? Was it possible that Ahmed Khémi Pasha, who was said to be fond of European innovations, was going to found a High School in Baghdad, and was she to take charge of it? But no; Miss Arbuthnot had said that the situation was to be in a private family. What could be going to happen?

There was a little low-toned conversation between the two gentlemen at

DENARIEN BEY.

the head of the table, and then Denarien Bey spoke.

"We have heard, mademoiselle, that you are willing to accept a situation as governess out of England, a course seldom adopted by young ladies of your high attainments. This suggested to her ladyship," he bowed to Lady Haigh, "and myself the idea that you might be found the proper person to undertake a charge of a very delicate and important nature. Before saying more, I must impress upon you that all that passes here is in strict confidence, whether the result of this interview is satisfactory or the reverse."

Cecil bowed, and he went on.

"I think I shall scarcely be committing an indiscretion if I mention in the present company that his Excellency Ahmed Khémi Pasha, whom I have the honour to represent here, intends to make his third son, Azim Shams-ed-Din Bey, his heir. A cause may be found for this in the unsatisfactory character of his Excellency's eldest son, and there are also other family reasons which render it imperative. His Excellency has always felt a profound admiration for the English people, and this has of late so much increased that he is anxious to secure an English governess for the Bey, who is now about ten years old. As I was about to visit England, his Excellency thought fit to confide to me the duty of finding a lady with suitable qualifications who would be willing to accept the post, and I, feeling the charge too heavy for me, even with the kind and experienced help of her ladyship, have taken the precaution of associating with myself my good friend Tussun Bey," here he bowed to the old gentleman at the head of the table, "and these other kind friends."

There was another interlude of bowing, and Denarien Bey continued—

"The special qualifications which his Excellency desired me to seek in the lady who is to have the charge of his son are these:—

"She must be capable of carrying on and completing the Bey's education in all but strictly military subjects; she must be young and—and—well, not disagreeable-looking, that the Bey may feel inclined to learn from her; she must be discreet and not given to making mischief, and she must have been trained in the best methods of teaching. May I trouble you, mademoiselle, to bring your testimonials to this end of the table?"

Somewhat surprised, Cecil rose and carried her bundle of papers to him, while the other gentlemen all turned round on their chairs to look at her, apparently to ascertain whether she fulfilled the second condition satisfactorily.

"I think, gentlemen," said Tussun Bey in French, "that if Mademoiselle Antaza," he made a bold attempt at the unmanageable name, "finds herself able to accept the situation, his Excellency will be much gratified by her appearance. She is thoroughly English."

"*Vraiment Anglaise!*" ran down the table, as all the gentlemen gazed critically at the tall slight figure in the severely simple tweed dress and cloth jacket, with the small close hat and short veil crowning the smooth hair. Cecil returned blushing to her place, while Denarien Bey explained to his assessors the purport of the various testimonials, and the secretary, finding Miss Arbuthnot's eye upon him, made copious notes. After a time the papers were all returned to Denarien Bey, the gentlemen making remarks upon them in two or three strange-sounding dialects, and after receiving a paper from the secretary, the Pasha's representative proceeded to explain the terms which were offered.

The salary proposed was a large one, but the Pasha was anxious that his son's course of study should be uninterrupted, and it was therefore his endeavour to secure for it an unbroken period of five years by the following plan. Cecil was to sign an agreement, if her services were engaged, to serve for two years, and on the expiration of this term she could, if she was willing, at once sign another bond to remain three years more, after which she was to be entitled to a large extra bonus in consideration of her labours in conducting Azim Bey's education to a successful close. If Cecil broke the agreement, she was to forfeit the salary for all but the time she had actually served, but if it was broken by the Pasha for any cause excepting her misconduct, the balance was to be paid to her. By the end of the five years Azim Bey would be fifteen, and old enough to be emancipated from female control, and Cecil might return to her own country after an uninterrupted absence of five years.

Cecil's heart sank as she listened. When she heard the amount of the salary offered, she had eagerly calculated what she could do for the boys with it, and the mention of the bonus raised high hopes in her heart, until she realised the conditions under which alone it was to be gained. Actually to expatriate herself for five whole years! Never to see England or her father, or cheerful little Mrs. Anstruther, or any of those dear, dreadful children for five years! It was too appalling. She was on the point of rising and refusing the situation point-blank, but she found that Denarien Bey was speaking again.

"You will take until the day after to-morrow to consider this, mademoiselle. I will peruse carefully your testimonials, if you will be good enough to leave them with me, and if they prove satisfactory, as I have no doubt will be the case, and you decide to accept the terms offered by his Excellency, Lady Haigh's return to Baghdad to rejoin her husband will afford an excellent opportunity for your journey thither. This proposal comes from her ladyship herself, and I do not doubt that you will rejoice to avail yourself of it. I would remind you that there is no obligation upon you, when you have served for two years, to sign the further bond for three years more, although his Excellency is anxious to secure this, and offers such a handsome present with the view of obtaining it. I thank you for your presence here to-day, mademoiselle, and will not trouble you any further."

The whole assembly rose and bowed as Cecil and Miss Arbuthnot passed out, Lady Haigh following them closely.

"Come to my sitting-room," she said; "you are going to lunch with me, you know. Denarien Bey will be coming in as soon as he has got rid of his friends, and then we can pick his brains to some purpose."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE.—Women are everywhere the primitive agriculturists, though the rougher and heavier work of making a clearing has usually fallen to men, and women hold their own in the fields even in the highly civilised Europe of to-day. Thus, in Italy, among 11,000,000 of females over nine years of age, more than 3,000,000 are employed in agriculture.

WHEN ORATORIOS BEGAN.—The oratorio dates its existence and its name from the meetings first held in 1556 by San Filippo Neri, the founder of the Congregation of Oratorians, in the oratory of his church in Rome for religious exercise and pious edification.

SADNESS AND CHEERFULNESS.—Sadness serves but one end, being useful only in repentance, and hath done its greatest work, not when it sighs and weeps, but when it hates and grows careful against sin. But cheerfulness serves charity, fills the soul with harmony, makes and publishes glorifications of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

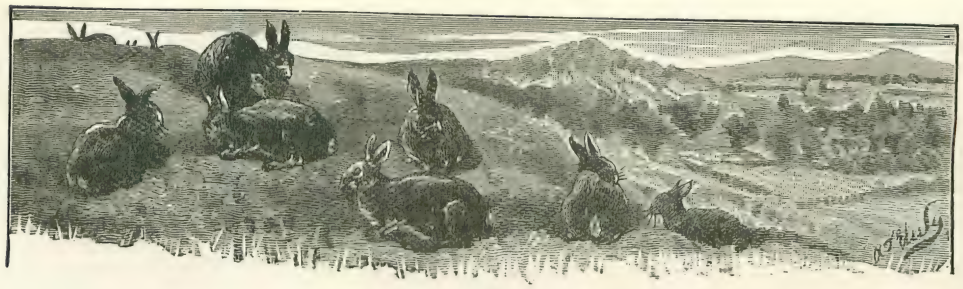
A CALAMITY.—"I believed it to be demonstrable," says Dr. J. G. Holland, "that no greater calamity could befall the human race than either the general loosening up or the entire destruction of faith in the Bible."

PROFITABLE LABOUR.—We do most for ourselves when we are doing most for God.

COTTAGE PIANOS.—The familiar cottage piano—"portable grand" as it was at first called—was invented in the beginning of this century by John Isaac Hawkins, a native of this country, and a civil engineer by profession. When the happy thought first occurred to him he was living in Philadelphia, U.S.A. He patented his invention in America, and his father took out a patent for him, in England, in the same year, 1800.

EXCELSIOR.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.



OUR PUZZLE POEM: "ENCHANTED MANHOOD."

SOLUTION.

NCH ant ED man hood

S-*on*-N ET

W hen WAL king 2 MY L-*over*-D I *o'er*-T-H E hill
THROUGH bracken P at HSANDWHORTLE berries GREEN
THE pin E trees S cent THEWAYAND birds C-*on*-5 ENE
On-E-I THERSIDE toe CHO WI THTH ER ILL
THEIR S *wee*-TD E-*light* ASTHOUGHTHEYTH ink T-*in*-S TILL
BY arch *in*-G-S IDEG lance ANDBY merry MIEN
In-L-*over*-S-S OU lap ass I-*on*-U N 4 SEEN
ORWITHN courage MENTHIS steps 2 THRILL
WITHOUTYOURAN tip H-*on*-S SWEET birds MY heart
ISROUSED 2 JOYBY *in*-N-E R choristers
OFHEAVENLY S-*on*-G MYVERY BE-*in*-GS TIRS
MY hearts ABEATMY M-*in*-D SA flame ANDPART
OFTHISPOORSOUL asleep B4 dot HS tart
2 STR angel O 5 E l IFEBY angel sorcerer S

ENCHANTED MANHOOD.

SONNET.

When walking to my loved one o'er the hill,
Through bracken paths and whortleberries green,
The pine-trees scent the way, and birds convene
On either side to echo with the rill
Their sweet delight, as though they think t' instil
By arching side-glance and by merry mien,
In lover's soul, a passion unforeseen,
Or with encouragement his steps to thrill.

Without your antiphons, sweet birds, my heart
Is roused to joy by inner choristers
Of heavenly song. My very being stirs,
My heart's a-beat, my mind's aflame, and part
Of this poor soul, asleep before, doth start
To strange love-life—by angel sorcerers!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Fourteen Shillings Each.

F. Dunderdale, Woodsome, Cecil Road, Boscombe.
Mrs. Lena Hopewell, 1, Conging Street, Horncastle, Lincs.
Miss A. C. Sharp, Lymington, Hampshire.

Seven Shillings Each.

Albert Chandler, All Saints' School, Nazeing, Waltham Cross.
James Day, 55, Knighton Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.
Jane Suter Johns, Trevah, Newquay, Cornwall.
Robert Nixon, 9, Frogley Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
Edith Overton, 5, Balmoral Terrace, Saltburn-by-Sea.
Beatrice Rafford, 122, Ditchling Rise, Brighton.
Dorothy W. Shoberl, Hookwood, Edge Hill, Wimbledon.
Anne Sifton, 230, Goldhawk Road, London, W.
Hilda Thomas, Mount Pleasant, Redruth, Cornwall.

Special Mention. (*Equal with 2nd prize winners.*)

M. A. C. Crabb, Henry Hayward, Carlina V. M. Leggett, George Murray, Albert E. Roby.

Very Highly Commended.

A. W. Browne, W. T. Campsall, Sophia Henry, Edmund Lord, Frances Parks, May D. Stephens.

Highly Commended.

Nellie Anderson, Constance M. Baker, E. Baldock, Elsie Bale, Evelyn Bayley, Kate Campsall, J. A. Center, Mary I. Chislett, M. E. Clarke, Maud G. Collins, E. Cook, E. A. Dennison, Rosa D. Eldridge, Mrs. Garforth, M. Grant, Wm. Hughes, Fred. B. James, C. A. Jerrold, Adeline Kelsey, A. J. McMaster, Annie Meades, Mary E. Morley, Chas. A. Murton, Rev. V. Odom, Janet Scott, Annie B. Shoberl, H. Smith, M. Grace Tabor, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Honourable Mention.

Mabel Avery, Mary E. Bailey, Fanny Beaumont, Mrs. L. A. Belling, E. H. Burrow, N. Campbell, May Carline, Alice Christopherson, Elizabeth A. Collins, Mildred Coles, Susan L. Crang, Thos. G. Crippen, E. I. Dawson, L. Denison, Mrs. A. E. Dobbs, Frances E. Ellison, Miss Evill, M. A. Fairweather, V. Mabel Griffin, Sydney Gulliver, M. E. Haughton, Lucy Hawdon, Mrs. C. Holloway, Alice E. Howe, Ettie Johnson, Emma Kennedy, Helen Kingsbury, Annie G. Luck, Daisy H. Lyall, Annie Manderson, Mrs. K. Musgrave, Constance Oldershaw, Mary Phillips, Kate Raynes, E. E. H. Rose, Agnes A. M. Shearer, Hester Shepherd, Janet R. Slight, Marion Smith, Jeannie F. Sowdon, Wm. Sowdon, George W. Taylor, Mary Taylor, Ellen G. Trezise, Louise C. Vissian, Kate Wayman, Lilian Wayman, Florence White.

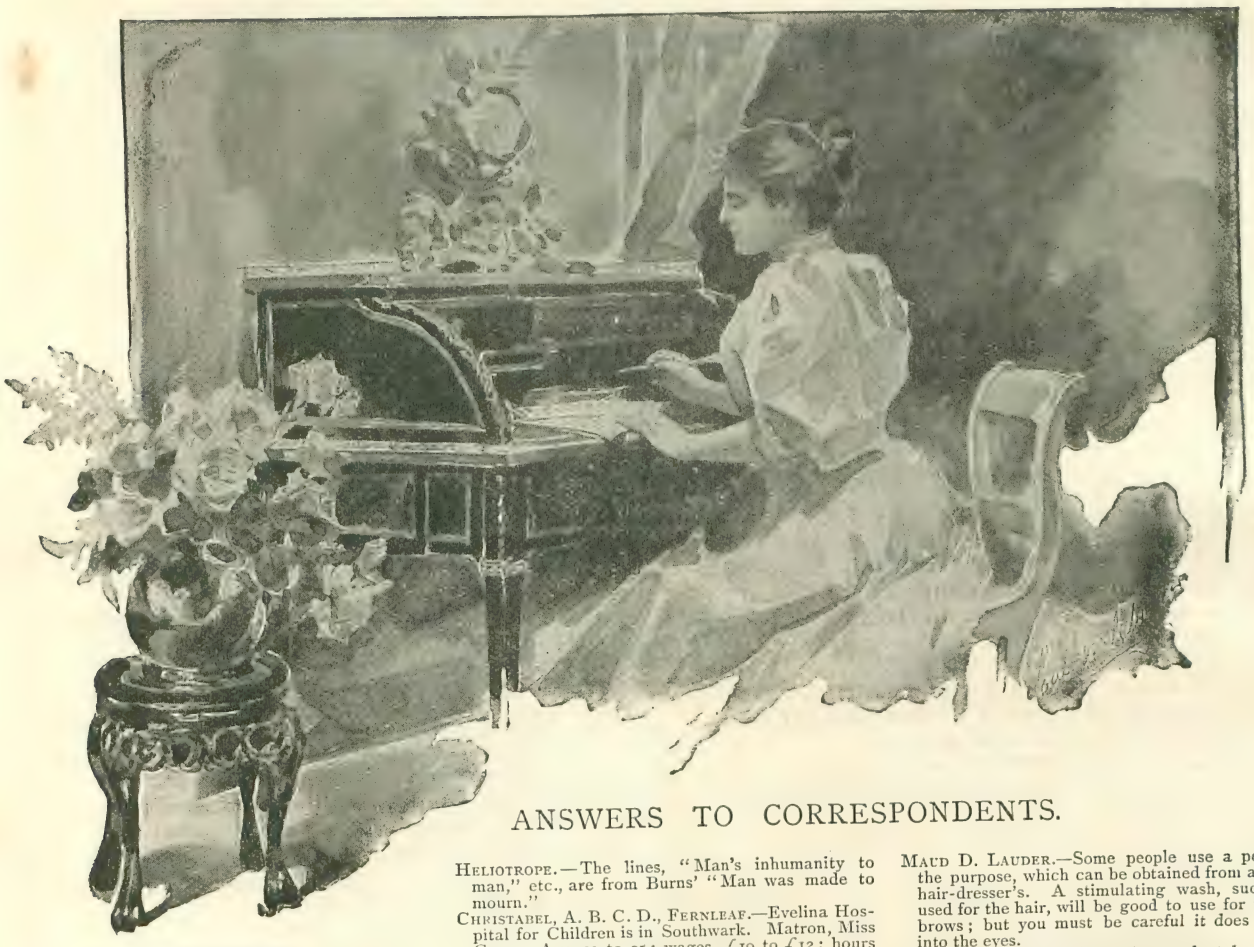
EXAMINERS' REPORT.

The obvious simplicity of this puzzle attracted many competitors, and the capacity of our waste-paper basket, which is fairly large, has been taxed to the utmost. We do not wish to make any complaint, but we notice that the hotter the weather is the more solutions we have to examine.

Simple as the puzzle was, there were some difficulties, one or two of which were artfully unobtrusive. For instance, in the first line the "l" is not *on* but *over* (o'er) the "d," a distinction many scores of solvers failed to observe, much to the detriment of their chances of success. In the next line "ferny" and "leafy" were the favourite substitutes for *bracken*, though a large number of solutions gave the correct reading. In line 6 the *merry* was generally interpreted "laughing" or "smiling." As the adjective applies to birds we could not accept either alternative; but "joyous," "cheerful," "gladsome," and even "saucy," all received more lenient consideration. We should not have accepted "saucy," but one eye having disappeared from the face in printing the expression is somewhat complex. One competitor derisively refers to this "deformity"; at first we thought he was exulting over the accident, but as he left out the "h" in "whortleberries," he could hardly have been in an exultant mood, and his observations must be attributed to a more painful emotion.

A few competitors failed at the beginning of line 7, but the only other serious stumbling-block was the "sorcerer" in the last line. A very large number grasped the idea of magic, but a small proportion of them arrived at the correct word. "Conjurer" was perhaps the best of the alternatives; "minister" was probably inspired more by the requirements of the rhythm, than by the picture itself.

One solver plaintively asks, "Is one of those guineas *ever* coming this way?" Judging by her admirable perseverance we should say that at any rate part of one probably is—some time.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. E. L.—We do not know of any book that relates specially to Highgate and Hampstead; but think you may find some mention of them in *Greater London*.

H. Yeo and P. Lewis.—The Homes of Rest at seaside places with which we are best acquainted are mostly at mild, warm, sea and inland places. If bracing be desired, we recommend you to write to the Rector of Margate, or to the secretary, St. Osyth's Home of Rest, Walton-on-the-Naze, or some place on the East Coast, and ask the incumbent as a favour for information as to any such Home in his parish, enclosing a stamped envelope.

Anxious.—Write to H. Howgrave Graham, Esq., Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. If they have no vacancy you might get the address of some other institution.

Bays Mother.—Would it not be better to select the school and locality, and then write direct and ask for full particulars.

An Old Girl.—Holland is considered one of the most expensive countries in Europe for travellers. The climate is damp, and the cold in winter great.

Nellie.—"But let concealment like a worm i' the bud" is a line from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

Star, Honora, Little Dot, Petworth, N. G. M. T., A. G. P., E. J., Flowers, and many others, all wish for information on various forms of nursing. This profession is now much over-crowded, and some of the hospitals turn away would-be nurses by hundreds every year. The best book of reference on every English and Colonial hospital, and all subjects connected with nursing is Honor Morten's *How to Become a Nurse*, published at 140, Strand, W.C., which every intending nurse should read.

Troubled One.—We are glad to relieve your mind as to any fear of communicating the infection of diphtheria to others, even in the house of sickness, through your clothing; it is only communicated from the invalid to another person by inhaling the breath of the former. Of course several may be sufferers from that complaint in the same house, not from personal infection apart from taking the breath, but because of being influenced by the insanitary conditions of the house or its surroundings. Should the house and near neighbourhood be pronounced absolutely in good condition by the sanitary inspector, then the sick child must have picked up the complaint outside its home and close neighbourhood.

Heliotrope.—The lines, "Man's inhumanity to man," etc., are from Burns' "Man was made to mourn."

Christabel, A. B. C. D., Fernleaf.—Evelina Hospital for Children is in Southwark. Matron, Miss Cross. Age, 20 to 25; wages, £10 to £12; hours on duty, 12 daily; holiday, 4 weeks.

Elaine should try the Civil Service.

Connie.—Angus's *Handbook of the English Tongue*, published at 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

M. McC.—You seem to eat far too much bread, no vegetables, and drink too much tea. Have eggs or bacon for breakfast, and milk at one meal.

D. L.—Assuredly, all used postage stamps are of use, if sent to the Asile du Billods, Neuchâtel, Switzerland, but not for the purpose of sale here in England, as inquirers intend, with reference to their own collections. The only sales they can safely effect are those of the special, not common, ones. We were answering our correspondent advisedly.

Amy.—When asked for a personal opinion we give it readily. But public feeling amongst a large proportion of our countrywomen must carry greater weight, and reasonably so, especially when supported by many medical men, regarding the hygienic side of the question. Fashion has sided with the riding of bicycles by women, and its patrons are found amongst persons of the highest social position, and the most scrupulous of those who would desire to promote what is seemly and feminine. Of course, a girl's dress must be a great factor in the question of seemliness.

Sylvia, Maud.—Feb. 11th, 1847, was a Thursday. Aug. 15th, 1837, was a Tuesday.

Josephine.—A "half-treble" is not a correct crochet term. It really means a double worked thus—cotton round needle and into hole, draw through; cotton round needle, draw through; cotton round needle and draw through.

Matilda.—The old rhyme to which you refer is known in two versions, but much alike—

"Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is born for woe,
Thursday's child has far to go.
Friday's child is loving, and giving,
Saturday's child must work hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is fair, and wise, and good, and gay."

Your writing is good, and runs freely.

Pansy.—Send the money for the number required to the office, 56, Paternoster Row, and if it be in print they will send it to you.

Parian.—The bridesmaids' dresses might be of a light-hued *crêpon* in any shade which is becoming to them.

Maud D. Lauder.—Some people use a pencil for the purpose, which can be obtained from any good hair-dresser's. A stimulating wash, such as is used for the hair, will be good to use for the eyebrows; but you must be careful it does not run into the eyes.

F. R. M.—Tea and coffee stains can be taken out by spreading the stained portion over a basin and pouring clean soft boiling water through it; if the stains prove obstinate, rub on gently a little powdered borax, and pour on more boiling water, then dry carefully. We think your silk would not be injured. You might try a tiny piece first.

Matty.—No, not a mistake, this method of spelling cocoanut ("coker nut") was introduced by the London Customs House to distinguish more widely between this and other articles spelt much in the same way, and it is now extensively used in commerce.

Cymrig.—It seems sad to think that some one has been "cramming" you. Why were you such a goose as to believe such a story?

Nellie C.—Easter Sunday in the year 1881 was the 17th of April.

Amy L.—Considerable misapprehension exists on the subject of the dangers to which we are exposed from "mad dogs." We were recently informed by a medical man of great experience that madness or hydrophobia, or "rabies," are not necessarily associated in the animal by whom you may be bitten. A dog's brain may be so much affected that he will run against a wall or bite whatever may be within reach, but he is simply demented and so-to-speak unreasoning, and his instincts blunted, yet his bite will be innocuous, as he is not suffering from "rabies." Thus no dog should be destroyed because of simple madness, as he may perfectly recover and no harm supervene to the person bitten. A dog with a litter of very young puppies will thus become temporarily mad, but without the least symptom of poisonous "rabies," and this should prove a most reassuring, valuable piece of information to many who have been attacked or whose children or friends appear to be in peril.

Doris Maud Vernon.—We advise our young friend if she wants to grow taller to begin gymnastic exercises. Read Dora de Blaquière's articles on "The Poetry of Motion," and learn the exercises therein illustrated.

Goldie Locks.—"The Flowery May who from her green lap throws," is from Milton's song, "May Morning." Your other line we do not know.

Very Old Contributor.—"To the glory that was Greece," is from a poem by Edgar Allen Poe to Helen.

Ivy.—April 21st, 1868, was a Tuesday.

Mamie D.—*Memento mori* means "Remember death."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVII.—No. 825.] OCTOBER 19, 1895. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MRS. FAWCETT'S LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.*

BY CLOTILDA MARSON.

THE QUEEN'S MOTHER.
(*From a painting by H. Collen.*)

BEFORE giving some account of this book, which, though small in compass, yet bears evidence of wide knowledge of the subject and its historical background, it is well to dwell upon some of the reasons which make the book especially worth reading. The author's intimate knowledge of the inner working of politics enables her to bring out clearly the Queen's influence upon them, and to substitute for mere adulation an intelligent account of Her Majesty's powers and her services to her country.

A sense of humour gives a charm to the work, for, in a mass of anecdote and detail, Mrs. Fawcett has known how to separate what was human and touching from what was trite and pompous. Her strong sense of justice has made her able to show the good work of Her Majesty in directions where their views widely differ, and her especial love of home-virtues has given her an unusual sympathy with our home-loving queen.

Before telling of the birth of the little Princess Victoria, the author gives a sketch of the degenerate courts of George IV. and William IV., which were full of selfishness, vice, and prejudice. Some of the brothers of King William, especially the Duke of Cumberland, did little to smooth the path of the young Princess who blocked their way to the throne, and it must have been an anxious task for the Duchess of Kent to maintain the rights of the little girl. But adversity proved a good school for the fatherless baby, and the injustice of the future King of Hanover enlisted popular sympathy on the side of the heir-presumptive. Mrs. Fawcett recalls the laconic remark of Charles II., when he said to his brother James, "They will never kill me to make you king."

The chief characteristics of the little girl were a great sense of truth and a conscientiousness beyond her years. When told at the age of eleven that she was heiress to the throne of England, the child said simply, holding up her little forefinger, "I will be good." That was the key-note of all her future life.

William IV. was slow in relinquishing his hopes of an heir, and hence it came that the young princess was spoken of as "Heiress-Presumptive" rather than "Heiress-Apparent." The future Queen benefited in two ways from this fact. The uncertainty

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.
(*From a drawing by J. J. Jenkins.*)

* *Life of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria*, by Millicent Garrett Fawcett (Allen & Co.).

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of her future kept her in a certain retirement, and freed her from much pomp and adulation, while the probability of her future distinction caused her mother to devote her whole energies to an adequate preparation for it.

The distinguished men of the day, such as Wilberforce, Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Somerville, were eagerly welcomed at Kensington Palace, and the little girl was encouraged to reverence greatness of every kind and not only that bestowed by rank.

Dr. Wilberforce was struck by her Quaker-like habit of literal truth.

Baroness Zehzen, the little girl's governess, reports to her mother that she had been rather naughty once. "No, Zehzen, twice; don't you remember?" says the accurate child.

The Duke of Kent's sad and untimely death left his widow encumbered with debt, and perhaps it was thanks to this and other trials that she brought up her daughter to strict notions of honesty in money matters, which were not unlikely to win the hearts of those who, with rather an empty sneer, have been called "a nation of shopkeepers." In any case, the young girl, who received with such simplicity the news of her accession in the early morning at Kensington, was not long in winning the hearts of all those who came into communication with her. Perhaps some of the romantic interest that had been bestowed upon the poor young Princess Charlotte was transferred to the niece of her bereaved husband, Prince Leopold, who centred in the young queen all the hopes and affections which had been so cruelly crushed on the untimely death of his own wife.

It was owing to the influence of this same Uncle Leopold that the Queen began her reign as a partisan of the Whigs. In consequence of the wise guidance of his trusted friend, Baron Stockmar, she realised, as her powers ripened, that the function of a constitutional sovereign is to be above party, and she learnt to see what was good in the aims of both sides in spite of her natural friendship for and dependence on her Whig statesman, Lord Melbourne.

In these early times we hear much of the Queen's beauty and charm, and more still of the dignity and queenliness which we know so well now, and which has been so marked in her from her earliest years.

An American, called Mr. Willis, sees her at Ascot in her seventeenth year, and speaks of her as "quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting." Grim old Carlyle sees her just before her nineteenth birthday, and even he cannot help speaking gently of her as "a pretty-looking little creature—health, clearness, and graceful timidity looking out from her young face."

That the loyalty to this timid girl has grown almost to a passion with ordinary English folk is because she has always tried to act up to the solemn words of the coronation service, to "do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, and confirm what is in good order." "Expediency" and "trouble" were words she did not wish to hear, and her dictum has always been, "Only tell me how the thing is to be done, and done rightly, and I will do it if I can."

In spite of the coolness towards her felt at first by the Tories, Miss Martineau records the profound relief felt by the better spirits, that goodness and simplicity held the throne, in the person of the young Queen, rather than the gross sons of George III.

Before her accession Melbourne had been no partisan of the Queen, yet she was able to learn much from him, owing to her friendly spirit, and she relied on him as a man whose frivolity was assumed, but whose disinterestedness was genuine.

The Queen's first experience of the game of politics was over Lord Durham's difficulties in Canada. She was able then to see how valuable was the attitude of the Duke of Wellington, who cared more to uphold the nation's honour, than to prove either party in the right.

Mrs. Fawcett brings out with a few touches the character of everyone she describes, and this is emphatically the case with "the Iron Duke." His party was furious at his speech—"Depend upon it it was true," he remarked, with Spartan indifference.

The Queen's first indiscretion was an objection to the customary change being made in the ladies of the bedchamber when the Tories came in with Sir Robert Peel. In 1858, with characteristic simplicity, she tells Lord John Russell, "the mistake was entirely my own foolishness," showing, as in so many other instances, that, like Sir Lancelot, she is capable of:—

> "That far off touch of greatness,
> To know she is not great."

The account of the Queen's betrothal and her utter devotion to her lover is a very touching one. The letter of the Prince sounds less warm, but that may possibly be owing to the English translation, as homely German words carry more warmth than their English equivalents. Though the Queen had no love troubles, yet she had much to suffer in the nation's stupidity about the Prince. The courtiers of the last reign objected to the domestic atmosphere of the palace, and the Prince's determination to have only men of character about the Queen.

Though the rain poured down, the Queen's was a sunshiny wedding, and everyone noticed her radiant look. The Prince by his straightforward efforts to act rightly soon won many hearts. He helped the Queen in her endeavour to change the tone of the court, by his own irreproachable conduct, and so far combated the prejudices against him that before the birth of the Princess-Royal he was provisionally appointed regent with only one dissentient voice.

The Queen regretted the change of ministers, but eventually made a firm friendship with Peel, and respected him more and more, as she found that he thought more of the welfare of the nation, than of party. He did not lose her confidence over the great crisis of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, when, to stay the awful Irish famine, he first kept, and then "he left office," as Cobden said, "to save his country." His other claim to honour was the introduction of great fiscal reforms, the fashion for which had been set by the Queen's wise economy.

An interesting chapter in the book is the account of Baron Stockmar, who originally came to England in 1816 as physician in the household of Prince Leopold, husband of the beloved and unfortunate Princess Charlotte. Stockmar was no mere courtier, and his descriptions of his contemporaries are very racy and amusing. He writes of "the mulatto countenance of the Queen-mother, Queen Charlotte; the hideous face of the Duke of Cumberland, with one eye turned quite out of its place; the quiet kindliness of the Duke of Kent; the erect figure, with black hair simply cut, immense hawk's nose, tightly compressed lips, strong, massive underjaw of the Duke of Wellington, with his easy, simple, friendly manners, and his moderation at table, are all noted; so are Castlereagh's bad French, and not very good English; the Grand Duke Nicholas—afterwards the Emperor Nicholas of the Crimean war—a singularly handsome, attractive young fellow . . . very well-mannered, with a decided talent for flirting. . . . When Countess Lieven played after dinner on the piano, he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies present as peculiar, but decidedly desirable."

Stockmar had early conceived an enthusiasm for the principles of constitutional monarchy, and his influence over our Queen, fostered by her Uncle Leopold, was excellent in its promotion of a spirit which aimed at being above party considerations. Melbourne was jealous of Stockmar's influence, but the nation may well be grateful that he helped to raise the Queen above faction. He was a very outspoken critic, and kept his influence by his honesty.

His unusual intelligence is shown by his belief in the importance of a united Germany before the advantages of it were realised by other than a very few.

Palmerston and Stockmar were not the best of friends. They were at one in their enthusiasm for the English constitution, but Palmerston wanted to force it on the foreigner from a distance, Stockmar to display its advantages by ocular demonstration. In spite of this Palmerston bears emphatic testimony to the disinterestedness and intelligence of Stockmar in political matters.

In spite of her intense interest in politics no mother could have devoted more care to the organisation of the nursery than our Queen, or have had more healthy children. As the family grew year by year the nation watched with deep interest the happy home of the Queen. When Princess Alice was born, the young mother asked her uncle, the King of Hanover, to be godfather, thus showing great magnanimity, as he had been hostile to her from the earliest days, and had not shown a friendly spirit even to Prince Albert.

Touching enthusiasm was shown on the Queen's first visit to Ireland in 1849 with her four children. An old Irishwoman called out, "Oh, Queen dear, make one of them Prince Patrick and all Ireland will die for you." In consequence of this admirable advice the Duke of Connaught was named Arthur Patrick.

Mrs. Fawcett points out with justice how an unceasing intellectual strain did not unfit the Queen for performing her function of mother.

"In the seventeen years, from 1840 to 1857, the Queen had had nine children, all without exception of sound mind, and several very markedly above the average in intellectual vigour and capacity. She herself bore the strain of her confinements without any permanent deterioration of her natural vigour. The entry in the Prince Consort's life" in reference to the Queen's health after the birth of her children usually is, "the Queen made a rapid recovery. . . . . The Queen throughout the whole of her married life down to the present time, ... has been immersed in political work, often involving decisions of first-rate importance; she has therefore preserved her vigour of mind and power of work unimpaired; and it is not unfair to conclude that vigour of mind has come upon her 'frosty but kindly,' partly because she never was satisfied to regard her maternal duties on their physical side only."

The main object of the Queen in the education of her children was that they should be taught to exert themselves, and should be simple and upright servants of God.

The Queen had a difficult task to perform in the reorganisation of the Royal Household. The offices had been divided and sub-divided until "the Lord Chamberlain cleaned the inside of the windows and the woods and forests the outside." It would be a long story to enter on the amusing details of the confusion, all the most telling points of which Mrs. Fawcett fixes upon with her usual brevity and pointedness. Suffice it to say that when the Queen entertained in 1844 the Sovereigns of Russia and France she was able to make a

new departure owing to her economic reforms, and to defray all the expenses from the civil list, instead of imposing a special tax, as was done in 1814, when the Allied Sovereigns were entertained.

It would be impossible to point out all the many personal touches discerned by a perceptive eye to which this little book owes so much of its charm. Such are the account of the gardens at Osborne with the immense myrtle grown from the wedding bouquet of the Princess Royal, the description of the simple home-life at Balmoral, the Queen's good nature to the sailors on the royal yacht, the account of the Queen's spirit and thoughtfulness for others under the attacks of Francis and other rascals, Peel's horror at the cowardly actions and her determination to get the death punishment for such offences altered to one which was milder if more certain.

An interesting chapter is devoted to the account of the Queen's visit in 1843 to Louis Philippe, and her indignation at his disgraceful conduct in the matter of the Spanish marriage, in spite of which she received and clothed the French royal family when they fled to her protection in the European Revolution of 1848. England escaped unscathed, and Prince Albert was full of pride in our constitutional government when the 25,000 instead of the reputed 500,000 Chartists melted to 8000, who allowed their monster petition to be taken peaceably to the House of Commons in three four-wheeled cabs.

But though glad at John Bull's distaste for blood and thunder, the Queen and Prince did not look at the revolutionary spirit from a heartless or flippant point of view.

They consulted with Lord Shaftesbury on measures for the relief of the miseries of the poor, and the Prince Consort determined to turn his mind to the subject, and helped Lord Ashley by taking the chair at a meeting of the "Labourers' Friend Society." This may seem trifling, but a straw shows which way the stream flows.

It is impossible to read the chapter on the Queen's difficulties with Palmerston without being struck by the grasp of the situation which it shows. The great blame due to Lord Palmerston for his persistent ignoring of the rights of the Queen and the Prime Minister to have a sight of despatches and time to alter them, is condoned by the far-seeing nature of his policy and the natural irritation he felt in being thwarted. His righteous indignation at Austria made it hard to him to be just to her or to General Haynau, and his wish for France as an ally against Russia blinded his eyes to the atrocity of the *coup d'état* and the unworthiness of Napoleon III.

The Queen, however, succeeded in maintaining her constitutional rights and yet let no personal animus prevent her from learning what was to be learnt from Lord Palmerston, and finally becoming his firm friend.

In the national emotions, stirred in time both of peace and war, the Queen has always shared to the full. She rejoiced eagerly at the success of the great exhibition of 1851, of which so much was hoped, though truly it cannot be said to have done very much more than accustom the country people to come up to London on the novel railways.

Her sympathy with her troops at the time of the Crimean war is too well known to need much comment. "You must hurry back to Sebastopol and take it, else it will kill mamma," said one of the royal children to Lord Cardigan when he was at Windsor. Though at first somewhat influenced by sympathy with the Russian Christians in Turkey, the Queen yet came to feel that their miseries were chiefly a cloak for Russian aggression, and hence she felt that the war was a just one, and threw herself into it. She did not sympathise with the "Peace at any price" party, but saw that the nobler feelings of a nation are often brought into play by the need for courage and united action in a war.

There was much unjust distrust of the Prince Consort during the Crimean war which pained the Queen very much, and Mrs. Fawcett points out an analogy between his trials in England and those of the Princess-Royal in Germany, who was the first of the Queen's children to leave her on her marriage in 1858 to the Crown Prince of Prussia. The substantial benefits bestowed by these two princes consort on the country of their adoption have not failed to secure for them in the end the gratitude of all the wisest among their subjects.

After the horrors of the Indian mutiny, the Queen threw her influence as a woman into the side of justice tempered with mercy, and strengthened the hands of "Clemency Canning." She did great service to the rule of England in India, by insisting on the expression of a spirit of fairness and toleration towards the religions of India, and by so doing showed that it is a mistake to imagine that a constitutional sovereign has no function but that of assenting to whatever is put before her by her prime ministers. On her visit to Cherburg in 1858 the Queen realised the serious increase in the military forces in France. This added to her sympathy in the volunteer movement which rose to meet any possible future danger. Mrs. Fawcett tells us that when a Frenchman sneered at the great volunteer review in 1860, and said that the English were a nation of shop-keepers, he was well answered by a homely Englishman, as direct as Captain Mirvan in Miss Burney's *Evelina*, who replied, "So they are, Moosoo; and these are the boys who keep the shop."

With deep sympathy Mrs. Fawcett describes the great sorrow of the Queen's life, and at this point the main interest of the book is over, for but little is known of the inner life of her Majesty after that date, and public events are too much in the hot light of the present hour to bear much comment in a book such as this.

Praise is chiefly due to our author for the spirit in which she has handled her material. Here was a great mass of detail on political business, court functions and royal births, deaths and marriages. It is not easy to make a vivid story out of such material. Mrs. Fawcett succeeded because she realised the enthusiasm and the real feeling at the root of the story.

The book might have told of some woman more full of genius and originality than our own home-like Queen, but there could not easily have been so deep a source for sympathy with any but one whose ruling passion was love of her country and its highest interests. Thankful may we be as a nation that we have had a woman such as this for our Queen, the intenser moments of whose life have not been those of pride and gratified ambition, but of union with her people in their simplest joys and sorrows. True prophet as she has often been in discerning what most made for glory in peace and in war, it is more by her sure touch for what is the noble feeling and what are the truly precious things of life, that she has formed the rallying-point of the nation and proved the truest friend of constitutional monarchy.

This never-flagging hunger for the plain bread and wine of human feelings has made the Queen dearer to her people than if she had been only a talented Carmen Sylva, or a statesman-like Queen Elizabeth.

Mrs. Fawcett seldom better shows her insight into this fineness of feeling in her Majesty, than when she tells us of her passionate outpourings of sorrow on anniversaries of her husband's death, and her simple words, "My poor birthday," on the anniversary of her own birth.

VARIETIES.

"PRAYER," says an old divine, "pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly, and pulls continuously with all his might."

NO KISSING IN JAPAN.—Kisses and embraces are simply unknown in Japan as tokens of affection, if we except the solitary fact that Japanese mothers, like mothers all over the world, kiss and hug their little ones. But after babyhood there is no more hugging or kissing. Never do girls kiss one another; never do parents kiss or embrace their children who have become able to walk. And this holds good of all classes of society, from the highest nobility to the humblest peasantry.

ABOUT RED HAIR.—The phenomenon of red hair is said by scientific men to be caused by a superabundance of iron in the blood. This it is that imparts the vigour, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures.

GOOD FORTUNE AND BAD FORTUNE.—Adversity is sometimes hard upon a girl, but for one girl who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.—If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person against or of whom you ought never to speak.

THE LADY IN THE MOON.—The "man in the moon" has been for ages quite a familiar friend. But it is not so generally known that he shares his throne and divides his honours with a very comely representative of womankind. "Would you see her at her best," writes an amateur astronomer, "let it be on a cloudless night as near full moon as possible. Use a good opera or field glass. Be patient; some fail to see her at first. The face is in profile and looks towards your left as you gaze, occupying half the surface of the moon; the hair dark and coiled rather high. Her throat and neck are radiantly beautiful. Beyond her profile is seen the dark face of a man looking straight forward."

LIVING FOR ONESELF.—The girl who lives only for herself is in a very small way of business.

THE THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEIGH.

By LADY DUNBOYNE, Author of "The Turning of the Lane," etc.

CHAPTER III.

EVERYONE knows the kind of scene presented by a village entertainment—the smiling yet anxious faces of the ticket-receivers at the door—the inquisitive glances of the audience as they file into their seats, and whisper to one another that So-and-so is just two rows in front, or that Mrs. Somebody-else has not arrived yet, for all she made such a point of coming in good time; the noisy group of hobble-dehoys at the far end of the room, enjoying the excuse for getting together to stamp with their feet and cry "encore" with good-humoured impartiality. The rector's wife of course was there; her brother acting as general master of the ceremonies, and only able to bestow a hasty greeting on the Miss Leighs, as he guided them to their seats at the far end of the front row.

If his eye sought Dorothy's in questioning reproach, or his hand held hers a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, it was unnoticed—so at least the girl believed—but did she quite gauge the quick observance of her sister Clara's bright dark eyes?

"The Manor party are late, as usual," said Mrs. West, glancing towards the door. "We shall have to begin without them. Ashford is keeping those outside places for them, so there will be no trouble in getting in. I think, Dorothy dear, if you would kindly begin that overture——"

"To which no one ever listens? All right, Mrs. West, if you think our liege lady will not be offended," and Dorothy took her place at the well-known, much thumped on, Rectory semi-grand, and soothed the impatient feelings of the audience with a spirited Turkish march, to which, as she said, no one listened particularly. Soon came an interruption, and a general buzz and disturbance, caused by the entrance of the party from the great house.

They were three in number. Mr. Wyndham, a sensible-looking man, whose quiet demeanour presented a strange contrast to that of his pretty, impulsive young wife, whom no one could help liking, though she could never spend a month at Valesworthy without giving offence to one or more of its quiet, old-world inhabitants. She came in, pretending to lean on the arm of a tall man, who was of course the African traveller. His eyes were covered by a green shade, and he was evidently dependent on the guidance of Lady Rose, who piloted him skilfully into a seat in front of the platform, between her husband and herself.

The Turkish march came to an end; there was a civil little hum of applause, and Dorothy resumed her seat, while the schoolmaster proceeded to afford amusement by a comic song, and Mr. Conway to harrow the feelings of the audience by a sensational tale of adventure. Then the two elder Miss Leighs mounted the platform, and presently Clara's voice, still rich and pathetic, though long past its prime, rang out in Kingsley's well-known ballad of the "Three Fishers."

"I never can listen to this without a lump in my throat," whispered Lady Rose Wyndham to her guest; "to look on her face makes one so truly realise that 'women must weep.' I know little of her history, but I am sure at one time or another it has been one of sorrow."

He made a slight inclination of the head, but no reply. The song ceased, and was followed by a clamorous encore.

"I did not wish that," said Lady Rose quickly. "We want all the time possible for our second part—Mr. Stewart's narrative. Frank, can you not suggest that encores should be dispensed with for once?"

"Better not interfere," muttered Mr. Wyndham, and—"Pray let us have another song from the same performer," added the traveller earnestly. "She has the remnants of a fine voice. I wonder——"

He broke off with a sudden start to listen to the strains of "The Auld House:"—

> "The wild rose and the jessamine
> Still hang upon the wa',
> How mony cherished memories
> Do they, sweet flowers, reca'."

Sitting as he was in the front row, there were few to note the emotion which these words aroused in the stranger, who, with down-bent head and hands loosely clasped over his stick, sat listening in spell-bound silence.

When it was over he asked the name of the singer, and then relapsed into a reverie. Lady Rose was doubtful whether he heard a note of the glees and choruses which followed. His thoughts were evidently far away—perhaps occupied with the revising of his own lecture, but if so it seemed odd that he should start with an air of bewildered surprise when Mr. Conway, in his office of master of the ceremonies, begged to be allowed to conduct him to the platform. The narrative which followed was one long remembered and talked of in sleepy, easy-going Valesworthy.

It began with a slight sketch of the speaker's own career, his setting out in life, full of ambition and military ardour, as a subaltern in a cavalry regiment bound for active service.

Next he alluded briefly to the wound, which (at first believed to be mortal) had spared his life only to leave him with shattered constitution and impaired sight. Then he told of the restlessness, which, being a lonely man, bereft of all ties to his native land, had led eventually to his joining a scientific expedition of African research; his adventures on the "Great Dark Continent," his strange discoveries and wonderful hair-breadth escapes, such as seemed almost to belong to a charmed life. He had gone through a period of captivity which made his audience shiver even to hear of in retrospect, but had eventually escaped, with the connivance of a friendly and faithful Arab guide.

How they hung on his words, those quiet un-travelled Western folks, as they listened to a tale so far removed from their own limited sphere. Dorothy Leigh drew a long breath as the deep voice ceased at last, and there was a moment's pause before the outburst of noisy applause.

She looked round at her sisters; they had already risen from their seats, and Charlotte touched her as she moved towards the door.

"We are going, Dollie; Clara is tired, and feels the heat so much. You won't mind staying with Mrs. West till it is over?"

Dorothy looked up, surprised and anxious; she would have risen to follow, but Ashford Conway was beside her, and his voice sounded reproachfully in her ear.

"Almost our last evening together; do not cut it short!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning at an earlier hour than was customary for morning visits in Valesworthy, the minds of curious neighbours were much exercised by the apparition of two gentlemen at the little garden gate of Leigh Combe.

One was the Squire of Valesworthy Manor, who always made a point of showing chivalrous attention to the three ladies, whose "better days" of the past were sometimes alluded to with careless pity by less delicate-minded acquaintances. The other was unmistakably the stranger of the preceding night—a tall gaunt man, whose age was rendered doubtful by the green shade concealing half his face.

The door was opened by Dorothy, for Mary Anne's duties in the kitchen precluded her appearance at that hour.

"Good-morning, Miss Leigh," said Mr. Wyndham in his cheery voice, "I hope you are not the worse for last night's hot room; went off capitally, did it not? Rose is in the seventh heaven this morning; she has got a windfall of another hundred for her beloved hospital; hopes to start it at once. She is coming down to talk to your sisters by-and-by, but——" the stranger's hand on his arm checked his volubility.

"Little Dollie," he said dreamily, "the child I remember, with gipsy eyes and long floating locks; but you have forgotten, and no wonder."

"Will you take him in to see your sister?" said Mr. Wyndham hastily, as the girl looked from one to the other in frightened bewilderment. "It seems they are old friends; I will come back presently, I have some errands for Rose in the village."

He was gone; and Dorothy, still too frightened to ask an explanation, looked up into the almost sightless face.

"Will you guide me?" he said, putting out a groping hand, and not giving herself time to doubt any longer, she drew him into the little sitting-room, whence Clara had only just dismissed her pupils.

She was alone in the room as they entered; the tall stately figure standing up, the dark eyes alight with strange suppressed excitement. There was a cry of "At last!" mingled with words which, if Dorothy could believe her ears, sounded strangely like "Clara! my wife!" and the girl fled, feeling as if the presence of other eyes were almost sacrilege at such a meeting.

"Yes," said Miss Charlotte, wiping her eyes, as she listened eagerly to Dorothy's account, "I thought last night it must be he, though I dared not breathe a word to her, poor dear. She is so awfully proud, and for so many years she believed he had forsaken her, and afterwards that he was dead. Besides, the name was spelt wrong; the Stuarts of Drumesk were specially proud of their almost royal descent."

"And were they really married?" asked Dorothy breathlessly.

"Yes; but it was only a runaway marriage at the Registry Office. They could not get any clergyman to perform the ceremony in such haste, and Graham Stuart was wild to call her his own before he started off to join his regiment in Zululand. Oh! it is a long story; and you were a mere child at the time, happily for you, Dollie. Ours was not a house to whom any nobly-born and bred family would wish to be allied. Our poor father had wrought his own ruin, and that of most of those who came in contact with him.

"The Stuarts—Mrs. Stuart especially—for

she was the proudest woman I ever knew—did all that could be done to detach Graham from us. He was a younger son and had nothing of his own, except what his parents might choose to settle on him. My father and poor Eric (our brother, whom you can hardly recollect) were bitterly opposed to the match, for Clara was beautiful in those days, and an object of speculation—very different from my homely work-a-day self. But opposition only roused the spirit of both lovers, and at the very last, when the order came, and they thought all would be safe if he were once away, he persuaded her, much against her will, to go through the form of marriage with him I think she looked upon it as betrothal only, but from that day she has worn her wedding-ring on a chain around her neck.

"Well, I believe Mrs. Stuart had spies everywhere, for she found out the marriage somehow, and there was a terrible scene between her and my father. She knew more of his affairs than anyone had suspected, and when she threatened him with ruin and exposure, the little remaining courage he had failed, and he became a mere tool in her hands.

"He and Eric tried to force Clara into marriage with a man of their own set, said to be possessed of vast wealth; they made believe to discover flaws in the ceremony she had already gone through, and said that Graham had only practised a specious deception to throw dust in her eyes. She nearly died of the worry and mental torture, but they might as well have striven to move a rock. And then the crash came in our affairs: poor Eric died by his own hand, and our father soon after, we scarcely knew how; his heart was broken, and he had no strength or motive to fight longer."

"And you sold everything, and came here to live an honest, useful, noble life, like the true gentlewomen you are!" said Dorothy clinging to her. "Yes, Lottie, you know how everyone respects 'the three old maids of Leigh!'"

"Ah, child! It makes me sad to look back on the old days, when ours was such a merry noisy, happy-go-lucky house, in spite of all its drawbacks! And Clara the beauty of the county——"

"As she is now, and will long be, for a woman of stately middle age I mean. Why, I am as proud of her as I can be, and so are you, you dear prosy old Lottie, you know it 'Our Queen' she has always been; how fond you used to be of that song! But she will be someone else's queen now! No one who saw that meeting could doubt that."

"Whenever she comes she shall find him ready to do her homage, my queen, my queen!"

And it was even so—those lovers of middle-age—re-united after eighteen years of separation, embittered by many a harassing doubt and painful recollection, were just then lost to all but present bliss.

Each had believed the other to be dead.

"They sent me a paper with the date and your very name. Could human ingenuity have devised such gratuitous cruelty?"

"Ah! that must have been my namesake, poor Aunt Clara! How well I remember noticing to my father that they had omitted all mention of her age. And he said, 'What could it signify?'"

"It signified so much to me, that it removed my last tie to England—my last object in making a name and a career. And now, here I am at last—old before my time—broken in health, all but blind."

"And I, a soured, poverty-stricken old maid! Shall the dead past be dead, after all these years, Graham? No one need know—Lottie and Dorothy will keep our secret."

"Don't jest with me now, Clara, it goes too deep. Can I—dare I—ask you to share such a lot as mine? my *beautiful princess of old*, whose face to me is now a mere blurred outline.

"'Not hope of sight, I could be learned, dear,
And tell you in what Greek and Latin name
The visual nerve is withered to the root.'

"Yes, Clara, hardships and climate have done their work; all hope of scientific fame is over for me, even as the brighter hopes of my military career were blasted before. When I told these people my history last night, I spoke to one listener only. I knew your voice as you sang 'The Auld House,' and 'mony cherished memories' thronged back into my heart.

"But I have held your hand once more in mine. I have learned from your own lips that the cruel deception of long ago was none of your practising. I would not drag you down against your will."

"Shall I reprove you out of your own mouth?" she answered softly. "Oh, Graham, husband, beloved—after so many years—will you leave me here—so proud, so weak, so unconsoled, so mere a woman? And I love you so."

"And so the partnership of 'the three old maids of Leigh' is dissolved!" cried Dorothy, on a memorable morning some few weeks later, when the bells of Valesworthy Church rang merrily for the celebration of a double wedding—as replete with deep joy and thankfulness as it was devoid of ostentation or display.

For the only remaining "old maid" had found a happy nest and abundant occupation for herself in the superintendence of the Cottage Hospital, now approaching completion, and the sorrow of separation was forgotten in the infinite joy of sympathy with those whose long-deferred happiness had dawned at last.

THE END.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"COME in, come in," said Lady Haigh hospitably, leading the way into her sitting-room. "Well, Cecil, my dear (for I really must call you so), were you very much astonished at the sight of that formidable array? Wasn't it just like Denarien Bey to make such a tremendous business of it? I suppose it's his nature to like to have a great fuss about everything."

"But hadn't the Pasha appointed the council of selection?" asked Miss Arbuthnot.

"Not a bit of it," laughed Lady Haigh. "Of course, for one thing, Denarien Bey was in a terrible fright. If Cecil turned out unsatisfactory, or if he bungled the business in any way, he might lose his head. So he gets together as many people as he can with whom to share the responsibility, so that he can put the blame on them if anything goes wrong, while some of them are too strong for the Pasha to touch, and the others are out of his reach. But it was simply a desire to make a great fuss about the matter which made him drag poor old Tussun Bey here from the Embassy."

"Yes, I could not quite see what he had to do with it," said Miss Arbuthnot.

"Why, my dear Marian," cried Lady Haigh, "he is the Pasha's agent in the Embassy. Of course it is not called so. We say that he is 'connected with the Pasha by old ties of friendship,' but that only means that he is in his pay. He is originally and officially an ordinary secretary of Embassy, but his private and particular business is to watch over the Pasha's interests, and warn him of any danger from his enemies here, either in the Embassy or in our own Government."

"And all the other gentlemen, who were they?" asked Cecil.

"The Easterns were various Levantines and Armenians settled in London, also devoted to the Pasha's interests. Some of them are in his pay, and some of them pay him. Of course what he gives them is called remuneration for services performed, and what they give him is called a present, or a tribute of respect, or something of that sort."

"My dear Elma!" said Miss Arbuthnot. "I had no idea of the network of corruption into which you were leading us."

"Corruption?" said Lady Haigh. "You might call it corruption in England, but for Ahmed Khémi Pasha it is really only self-defence. He knows that he is surrounded by spies and people who are longing to see him make a false step, and then report it at Constantinople, poor man! Of course I don't defend his methods, I only say that from his point of view he has some excuse for them. His position is frightfully insecure. And that reminds me, you noticed the Englishman who watched over our conference just now?"

"Yes," said Miss Arbuthnot and Cecil together.

"That was Mr. Skrine, the Pasha's banker, with whom Denarien Bey is staying. It is said that Ahmed Khémi invested £50,000 with him only last year, as a precaution, of course, in case he should be obliged to take flight."

"But what is he afraid of?" asked Cecil; "has he done anything?"

"He has not committed any crime, if that is what you mean—not what is

considered a crime in the East, at any rate. But he has committed the offence of existing, and of being the Pasha-Governor of Baghdad, and that alone makes him innumerable enemies. His reforms and his innovations have made him a good many more, and so the poor man has need of all the friends he can get to counteract their influence."

"But can he trust Denarien Bey? Isn't he an enemy?" asked Cecil.

"Denarien Bey stands or falls with Ahmed Khémi Pasha, as things are at present. He is too deeply committed to his cause to be able to dissociate himself from it."

"But he is an Armenian," objected Cecil, "and I thought the Armenians hated the Turks?"

"Theoretically, all Armenians hate and despise all Turks, and the Turks return the compliment with interest," said Lady Haigh, "but practically they often find each other very useful. I daresay that Denarien Bey, in his foolish moments, and when he is quite sure there are no spies about, talks of independence, and glorifies Holy Russia as the protector of the enslaved. But in everyday life he remembers that he is not a patriot hiding in the hills, with a long gun and a few rags for all his possessions, but a prosperous citizen, with a wife and family to support, and a reputation to keep up. I don't know what might happen if a revolution really came, and seemed very likely to be successful. I fancy that Denarien Bey would find political salvation then, but for anything short of that, I think he will stick to the Pasha."

"Lady Haigh, don't you believe in anyone?" Cecil's tone was one of absolute dismay, and Lady Haigh laughed pleasantly.

"Not in many Armenians, dear, at any rate—or many Easterns, for that matter. I will give you a warning, Cecil. If you wish to keep your faith in human nature, don't marry a consul-general in the East. When you have knocked about as much as I have, you will know what I mean. Of course, there are exceptions. Ah, here is Denarien Bey at last. Now we can have lunch, and a really interesting talk."

Cecil was still suffering under the shock caused by Lady Haigh's want of faith in Oriental human nature, and she was very silent at first. But the other two ladies kept up a brisk conversation with Denarien Bey, and presently she became interested against her will.

"Of what nation is the Pasha?" she asked at last, when the rest had been discussing the various reforms which his Excellency had lately introduced.

"It is very difficult to say," replied Denarien Bey meditatively. "I should think it probable that he has mingled Turkish, Circassian, and Egyptian blood in his veins. Nothing is known of his antecedents, but in Turkey we care little about that. When he first rose to distinction, it was alleged that he himself did not know who his parents were, but he disproved the calumny by producing his mother, and installing her as the head of his harem."

"And a most disagreeable woman she is too," said Lady Haigh with deep feeling. "I really don't know a more intolerable person. It is a perfect penance to have to go and pay my respects to her, which is one of my official duties."

"But why is not the Pasha's wife the head of his harem?" asked Cecil.

"Which?" asked Denarien Bey, raising his eyebrows slightly.

"Oh, has he more than one? I thought he was an enlightened kind of man," said Cecil.

"He had already two wives when he came to Baghdad," said Denarien Bey. "You can suppose that his mother chose them for him, if you like, mademoiselle. But his third and favourite wife, the mother of Azim Bey, was an Arab, the daughter of the sheikh of the great Hajar tribe. So you see it is as well that there was someone to keep order in the harem, or the wills of these three ladies might have clashed."

"But how can the Pasha choose Azim Bey to succeed him if he has two sons older than he is, as you said when we were in the other room?" asked Cecil.

"Not to succeed him, mademoiselle. Surely nothing that I said could have suggested to you such an idea? In Turkey we do not believe in hereditary honours, except in the case of the sovereign, and even then it is the eldest prince in the royal family who succeeds, not necessarily the eldest son of the late king, by any means. But with respect to a *pashalik* like that of Baghdad, any son of the present Pasha is the very last person on whom the Padishah would think of conferring it at his death. In one or two generations a clever family might gain the allegiance of the whole province, and succeed in detaching it from the empire. It would be the height of folly to permit such a thing. No, our young friend Azim Bey will be only a private person, or if he wishes for public office, he will have to make his way, like the sons of your own viceroys and governor-generals. Of course there will be many advantages on his side. He would have experience, friends, and plenty of money, which, after all, is the great thing with us."

"Then how is he the Pasha's heir?" asked Cecil.

"He will succeed to the bulk of his property," answered Denarien Bey, "and that is by no means contemptible."

"But what about the two elder sons?" asked Cecil.

"That is a long story," said Denarien Bey. "The Pasha's eldest son, Hussein Bey, was brought up by his mother and grandmother in retirement while his Excellency was struggling to his present position, and he grew up a very strict and bigoted Mussulman, Ahmed Khémi is, as you, mademoiselle, have heard, a man of liberal and enlightened opinions, and as soon as he sent for his household to Baghdad, trouble began. Whatever the Pasha did was bitterly opposed by his son, who was supported by the influence of the palace harem. At length things became so bad that Hussein Bey was banished, but he is still concerned in every plot which is set on foot by the more fanatical among the Moslems to get rid of the Pasha, and he hates, perhaps not unnaturally, his half-brother, Azim Bey. I believe that his mother and grandmother have some wild idea that he may be able, if properly supported, to dethrone his father and succeed him. Such a case has occurred once during the present century, but it is not in the least likely to be repeated, and they are not the right people to bring it about, in any case."

"And the second son?" asked Cecil.

"Ah, the difficulty about Mahmoud Bey was of a different kind. His Excellency was much at Constantinople before he became Pasha, and while there he associated a good deal with certain members of the European colony at Pera, who were not, perhaps, altogether the best company he could have found. Among these was a Frenchman named Cadran, who acted as tutor to the young Mahmoud Bey, and made himself very useful to his father. When his Excellency came to Baghdad, M. Cadran accompanied him, and was even allowed to give French lessons to Naimeh Khanum, the Pasha's eldest daughter, who was then very young. Suddenly it was discovered that he was trying to induce the young lady to elope with him, and was doing his best to gain her attendants over by bribery. Of course the fellow was sent off at once, and unfortunately, he was sent off so quickly that he was able to present a claim for damages. The French Government took up the matter, and the Pasha was forced to pay very heavily. Some time before, it had been arranged that Mahmoud Bey was to finish his education in France, and he was sent to the Ecole Polytechnique. That was all very well, but when he had finished his course of study, he refused to come back. He was enjoying himself in Paris, with Cadran at his elbow, and his Excellency was in communication with the French government on the subject, when the Bey died suddenly and all was ended."

"And so Azim Bey is the only one left?" said Cecil.

"Just so, mademoiselle. Emineh Khanum,* his mother, was, as I have said, the Pasha's favourite wife, and on her death-bed she induced him to promise to make her son his heir. That was just after Mahmoud Bey's first refusal to come home, and his Excellency was so angry that he consented at once. But it was a foolish wish of the poor mother's to see her son the heir, for his brothers became incensed against him immediately, and he is a mark for the hatred of the whole harem. Now that his mother is dead, there is no one to protect him, and the Um-ul-Pasha (mother of the Pasha), and the other two wives hate him for the sake of the two elder sons. His Excellency has been obliged always to take him with him wherever he went, and to keep him in

* This name, the feminine form of Emin or Amin, is the Amina of the earlier translations of the *Arabian Nights*. Khanum means lady.

the *selamlik* (the men's part of the house), instead of the harem when at home to save his life, but he finds that the Bey, from being so much with men, is growing precocious and conceited, and he desires therefore to obtain a governess for him."

"But what made him wish for an Englishwoman?"

Denarien Bey smiled grimly.

"It is not easy, mademoiselle, to find ladies of other nationalities who combine the necessary qualifications. A Frenchwoman might have been obtained, but after what I have told you, you will not be surprised to hear that his Excellency would not allow a French person to enter the palace, much less to have the charge of his son. For the English, on the contrary, he has the highest admiration, and would have liked to send the Bey to be educated at one of your great public schools. The desire, however, of keeping him under his own eye, and the fear of a repetition of his experience with Mahmoud Bey, induces him to prefer this method, if it can be found practicable."

Shortly after this, Denarien Bey took his departure, after again expressing his earnest hope that Cecil would see her way clear to accepting the post offered her. When he was gone, Lady Haigh rose.

"Come, Marian," she said to Miss Arbuthnot, "you and I are going to do our shopping. You promised me the whole day, you know. Cecil is going to sit down and write a glowing description of the situation the Pasha offers her to her father, and say how much she longs to take it."

"But I don't in the least think that papa will let me go, Lady Haigh," said Cecil, waiving the remark about her personal wishes.

"If he won't, he is a much more foolish man than I think him," replied Lady Haigh, in her most uncompromising manner; "and I shall consider it my duty to write him an urgent letter of remonstrance."

"When you go back, Lady Haigh," asked Cecil suddenly, "shall you go to Beyrout and Damascus and then across the desert to Baghdad?"

"When we go back, my dear Cecil," corrected Lady Haigh impressively, "we shall go by the P. & O. to Karachi, then by another steamer to Basra, and then by another to Baghdad. I am not an adventurous young lady disposed to be sentimental over Bedouin wanderers, and I have no wish to go through unnecessary hardships, nor yet to be captured by insurgent Arabs and held to ransom, and so I fear that you will have to be content to accompany the steady-going old woman by this humdrum route."

"But I am quite sure that papa will never let me go," repeated Cecil confidently, with a sigh that was not all of sadness.

For æsthetic reasons she would be sorry not to see Baghdad, but everything else seemed to combine to make her dread going there. She was so strongly convinced that her father would share her feelings that she gave herself a great deal of trouble in trying to compose a letter to him which should be scrupulously fair, and place all the advantages of the situation in their proper light. The letter once written and sent off, she felt quite at ease in her mind, and was even disposed to mourn gently over the chance she was losing. It was Miss Arbuthnot, and not Cecil, who betrayed excitement when Mr. Anstruther's answer arrived, and waited with bated breath whilst it was opened.

"I am sure he won't let me go, Miss Arbuthnot," Cecil had said, smiling, as she took up the envelope; but on glancing through the letter she uttered a cry, and looked up with a piteous face of dismay.

"Oh! Miss Arbuthnot, he wants me to go—at least, he says that it seems a most excellent offer, and he is coming up to town early to-morrow morning to see about it and to talk to you."

"Well, my dear, it only confirms the high opinion I have always held of your father's judgment. I expected he would say just this."

"It only shows how dreadfully I must have failed at home if papa is so anxious to send me away," said Cecil, on the verge of tears.

"My dear child, if you will only look at things in a sensible light instead of determining to make yourself out a martyr, you will remember that Mr. Anstruther is probably thinking only how much you could help with the boys' education."

But Cecil refused to be consoled, and her only comfort lay in the hope that Mr. Anstruther would find the post unsatisfactory when he came to look into its conditions a little more. But she was out when he arrived, and he was ushered immediately into the presence of Miss Arbuthnot and Lady Haigh, who both assured him that Cecil was an extremely fortunate girl to have such a chance.

"You see," said Miss Arbuthnot, "Cecil has done so very well that an ordinary situation as governess or High School mistress is not to be thought of for her. But here is an almost unique post waiting for her acceptance in which she may do work which might well be called making history. It is true that she must bind herself for five years or so, but this is less of a drawback in her case than in others. I do not myself think that she is likely to marry—at any rate, not early—for she is a little fastidious in her tastes—not that this is to be regretted, but rather admired."

Mr. Anstruther almost blushed when he heard his daughter's future thus candidly discussed. It had not occurred to him to regard marriage in the light in which it appeared to Miss Arbuthnot—as a kind of devouring gulf which swallowed up the finest products of the female education movement—and it seemed to him indelicate to estimate probabilities so openly. But both ladies were so evidently unconscious of Miss Arbuthnot's having said anything improper that he quickly recovered his composure and listened undisturbed to Lady Haigh's *exposé* of the advantages of the scheme. The consequence was that when Cecil came in her father's last doubts had been removed, and he was ready to bid her God-speed in her enterprise.

"Oh! Miss Arbuthnot, must I go?" she asked despairingly, when Mr. Anstruther had hurried off to catch his train for Whitcliffe, and Cecil and the principal were at tea in the latter's sanctum.

"That is for you to decide," answered Miss Arbuthnot.

"That is just what papa said," wailed Cecil; "but I don't want to decide."

"That means that you don't want to go to Baghdad?" said Miss Arbuthnot.

"I want to go if it is right," said Cecil; "but how am I to know whether it is right? Don't you think it seems like going into temptation?"

"Temptation of what kind?" asked Miss Arbuthnot. "Temptation to become a Mohammedan, do you mean? No, my dear Cecil, I cannot honestly say that I think the side of Islam you will see at Baghdad is likely to attract you to it."

"Now you are laughing at me," said Cecil reproachfully.

"Dear child, I want to help you. If you feel that there is a work to be done in Baghdad, and that you are called to do it, go; if not, stay at home."

"But I am not to have anything to do with Azim Bey's religious education. Denarien Bey said that the Pasha would look after that."

"You can show him a Christian life, and you can exercise a Christian influence," said Miss Arbuthnot. "You have the honour of England and of Christianity in your hands, Cecil, and it will be your work to remove prejudice and to set an example of honesty and incorruptibility."

"But how am I to know that it is my work?" asked Cecil again.

"Cecil!" said Miss Arbuthnot, more in sorrow than in anger, "do I hear one of my girls talking like this? This work is offered to you, and you doubt whether it is meant for you. Your father, considering you a reasonable being, leaves the decision to you, and you will not decide."

"But I had so much rather he had told me outright either to go or to stay," pleaded Cecil. "I can't bear deciding for myself."

"Timidity again, Cecil. So far as I can make you out, you are convinced that you ought to go, but you want to stay."

"I do really want to do what is right, Miss Arbuthnot, but it feels so dreadful to be going so far away from everyone."

"'I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care,'"

quoted Miss Arbuthnot reverently.

"Oh! Miss Arbuthnot, you all want to drive me to Baghdad," cried Cecil, with tears in her eyes.

"Is not that very thing the leading you are looking for?" asked Miss Arbuthnot.

"I think it must be," said Cecil slowly. "Say no more, Miss Arbuthnot—I will go."

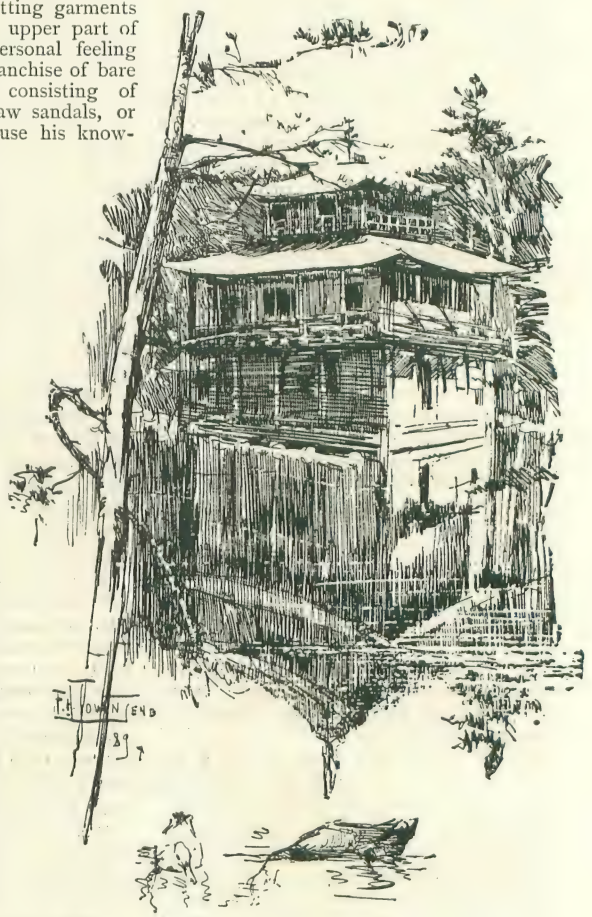
(To be continued.)

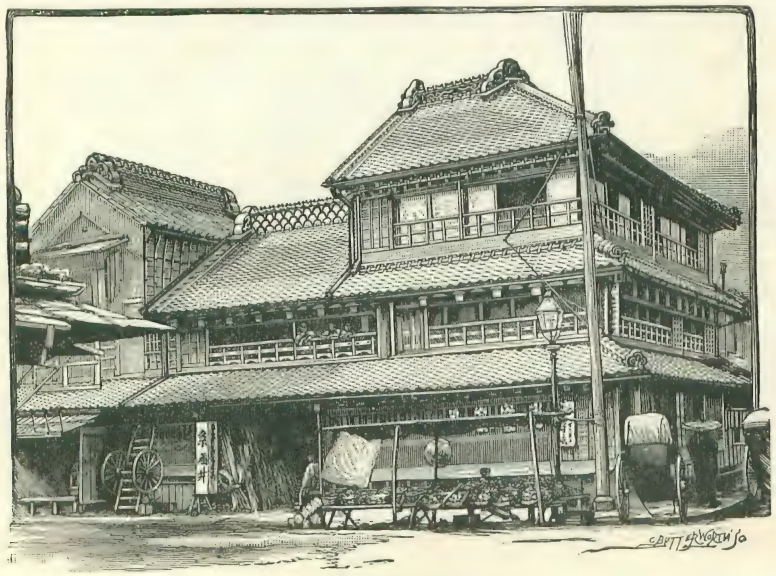
ON AND OFF A PACK-SADDLE IN CENTRAL JAPAN.

PART I.

"You are very bold," said a Japanese gentleman in Maebashi the other day, turning round from the missionary who had been giving him some account of my adventures in the hill country beyond the Amethyst Mountains that gemmed the horizon, and speaking in his very best English. Gentle or simple, male and female, every Japanese is polite to the backbone, courteous by nature and education in every joint of the body and word of the mouth, and equally incapable of using a rude expression or mastering the kaleidoscopic changes of mood and tense incidental to our English verbs; the words were to be taken in a complimentary sense and interpreted "you were very brave," and for the first time the thought arose that possibly it had been a venturesome proceeding, as undoubtedly it was an unusual one, for a lone woman to travel about in the heart of Japan without guide, guide-book, or vocabulary, dependent only on her passport and the law-abiding character of the natives for safe conduct, and on their amiable disposition for welfare.

Certainly Miss Bird had been first in the field and had gone further along what were then "unbeaten tracks," but she was accompanied by an able-bodied guide who spoke excellent English and was keenly alive to his responsibility, as caretaker of a person who had influential friends in high political and social circles in the capital. Moreover she bore about with her a camp bedstead and bath, etc., which impressed the simple country folks with a grand idea of her importance as a luxurious foreigner when acquaintance with the uses of those strange articles had disillusioned them of the first fond belief that she was a travelling show. Missionary ladies also had been over every inch of ground I traversed, but seldom singly and never without a knowledge of the language and ways of the people. Twice I encountered tourists journeying in orthodox fashion in jinrickshas with portmanteaus uncomfortably disposed between their knees, and the inevitable guide bringing up the rear with a gloomy countenance, partly owing to his being encased in tight-fitting garments of foreign make as regards the upper part of his person—patriotism and personal feeling maintaining his right to the franchise of bare legs and native *chaussure*, consisting of cotton foot muffitees and straw sandals, or wooden clogs, but mainly because his knowledge of English being limited, and chiefly derived from a curious little book containing such sentences as "Please you to sit for the table," "To stint not for to eat yourself full," "Behold this venerable, the uncle of unworthy my's father," in parallel columns of French, English, and Japanese, he was mentally engaged in framing answers to the questions which his employer might possibly put to him at the next stopping place, and in abortive attempts to conjugate the verb "to be." On pack-saddle seated with a blanket-shawl and pillow underneath and my traps, neatly packed in two oblong covered baskets (*coree*) strapped at each side as supports, or on foot, my belongings fastened on the back of a cheery-faced, sturdy little carrier always ready with a smiling and voluble response to any remark which I might happen to utter either in his mother tongue or mine, I jogged past these little processions without an envious glance; rejoicing rather in an unconventional mode of travelling that left me free to go, stay, or change the route at any point, made roads available that were impossible for jinrickshas, and brought the wayfarer into closer touch with the kindly country folks. The guide is a product of the last decade. Like much of the old bronze, lacquer, Satsuma, and Kyoto ware, and nearly all the cabinets, fans, umbrellas and *bric-a-brac* fondly displayed at home as Japanese curios, he has been especially manufactured to meet the requirements of foreigners. He knows a certain line of road and the owners of tea houses situated thereon, has learned the prices current and a few sentences about eating and sleeping, in French and English, and has put off with his national dress much of his native courtesy and all his cheerfulness, and put on with his foreign garb the manner of a bear-leader. There are a few really good guides who speak well, cook fairly well, can act as interpreters, and are willing to fall in with the wishes of their employers, but they are as rare as Solomon's "virtuous woman," and, like her, their "price is above rubies." The ordinary guide resembles a classical female also—the "wife" of the cynical old toast, a "being who halves one's joys, doubles one's cares, and trebles one's expenses." His salary must be paid, board and lodging and travelling comforts provided. In return he conducts negotiations with inn-keepers and jinricksha coolies, assists in concocting vile messes set forth and charged for in the bill as "foreign food," controls the movements and hours of the person under his care, and follows unswervingly the plan of campaign laid down at





A JAPANESE SHOP.

starting—his own particular beat from which he will not deviate to gratify any capricious traveller's change of mood.

Some of these services I thought I could perform for myself; others could be dispensed with. Mountain air had been the grand desideratum of my visit to Japan, economy in obtaining it "fresh and fresh" was become a necessity when, after a month spent in the Nikkôsan, my purse-strings and the days of my sojourn in the land were alike drawing to a close. A charming little inn, within sound of the great temple bells, had been my headquarters at Nikkô, Chuzenji's lovely hill-bound lake, and the still more beautiful one of Yumoto, my outposts. In the one I had learned half-a dozen Japanese sentences such as, "Thanks for your kind trouble," "If you please," "Excuse me, I beg," and the names of a few eatables and common objects, and had invented, with their aid (in combination), a colloquial system which occasionally astonished the natives, especially when a treacherous memory betrayed me into using the wrong word, but had, on the whole, the merit of being intelligible to a certain extent, and at its worst was not, I flattered myself, much more surprising than the English with which "interpreters" sometimes baffled my comprehension. Going to and fro between the others, I had acquired the art of sitting securely, if not easily, on top of a high pack saddle.

Having heard of the rival attractions of Ikao, famed for its hot spring, already a favourite summer resort, although so recently opened to foreigners that no mention is found of it in Keerling's Tourist's Guide, published in 1884, and seeing on the map that it was situated about fifty miles due west of Nikkô beyond the mountains that blocked up our horizon, in a secluded nook on a spur of a more distant range, I determined, for the reasons above stated, to make my way thither across country, and without a guide, instead of going down to Utsunomiya by jinricksha, taking the train to Omiya, which is within a few miles of Tokyo, there changing into the north-western and running north again to Maebashi, and thence by jinricksha up the hills to Ikao after the approved fashion. Expenditure of time and money would be about equal in either case, but my projected route kept me among the mountains.

JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE ATTENDANT.

First ascertaining that Joshiu, the province in which Ikao is situated, was named in my passport, lest mine should be the fate of a lady missionary, of whom I had heard, who, after toiling on foot for fifteen miles up to the village, was solemnly marched back again, between two soldiers, to Maebashi, put into the train, and commended to the close attention of the guard as a defaulter in that respect until she should be over the border. I sought an interview with my host, Kauaya, that most courteous and obliging of proverbially courteous and obliging landlords, to announce this intention, and secure his assistance in carrying it out.

He at once rushed out and requisitioned a student. During the long summer vacation, Nikkô swarms with missionaries and Government school-teachers, attended usually and numerously by youths of both sexes from their various colleges and seminaries. The missionaries are inclined to be exclusive, having, as they do not hesitate to say, more compulsory society among themselves than the exhausted natures they have come to the earthly paradise to recruit, can endure with equanimity. Two or three, who boarded at my inn, were good enough to give me the pleasure of their acquaintance and some information about their work, and to one of them I was subsequently indebted for much kindness. They belonged to the American Board of Foreign Missions, which is doing a vast amount of educational and evangelistic work, and bids fair to be a great religious power in the country; and as nothing is more stimulating than success, possibly they were less "weary in well-doing" than their brethren of weaker churches. But the students, one and all, were affable, and with many of them I was on speaking terms. For my worthy host, although for fifteen years he had been entertaining strangers and pilgrims, notably the British and French legations and Miss Bird, spoke no language but his own, yet for some unexplained reason objected to my use of it. At the first word he would spring up from his respectful sprawl on the mat, jump on top of his clogs, deftly work his toes between the thongs and clatter off, to return presently with a student-interpreter, who generally looked as if he had been dragged out of bed by his long hair. Then we would all set down on the floor and struggle for an hour or so—time being of no consequence in the land of the rising sun—for the mastery over "English as she is spoke," presumably in the college where that youth was graduating, his efforts being addressed to the utterance of words, new and strange, in connection with common objects, and mine to the discovery of their relation to the subject under discussion. Finally he would bow himself out, apologising for the "badness of the languages" on the ground that his knowledge of English was very "impure," but feeling at the same time a modest conviction that the compliments politeness obliged me to pay him on his remarkable linguistic ability were not wholly devoid of truth. Several of these amiable beings were brought in succession to advise me of the discomfort, impropriety, and, from a conventional point of view, impossibility of my scheme, and nearly lost their reputation as scholars in the vain attempt to dissuade me from carrying it out, failure being ascribed to the inadequacy of their words of expostulation. At last a passing missionary was called in, who kindly quoted the Japanese synonym, for "a wilful man must have his way, much more a wilful woman," and made it plain to my host's understanding that I meant to pursue my way to Ikao as straight across country (country in that part of Japan meaning mountain-passes, defiles, marshes, and ravines) as my passport, which strictly

STONE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

confined me to known thoroughfares, would permit. Three routes were outlined on the map. One ran north up the hills through Chuzenji to Yumoto, then over the Kousie Pass, round Akaugasan, and down south and west to Ikao without passing through any town. The other went down hill to Imaichi, round the base of a mountain range to Ashiwo, thence through several villages to Omama, on to Maebashi, and up again to the hill country—a good jinricksha road all the way. The third, which I chose as the most direct, led almost due west over the Ashiwo Pass to the little town of the same name. There it joined the lower road, but I was not without hope that, despite passport regulations, a shorter path to my destination might be found among the mountains. After one futile remonstrance and recommendation of the lower road, jinrickshas and a guide, Mr. Kanaya, with the kindness and promptitude for which he is distinguished, set to work to further my arrangements. Early breakfast was ordered for the first fine morning—the summer having been unusually rainy, and the skies still lowering, no more definite time could be named—a traveller's lunch of hard-boiled eggs supplemented to suit the peculiarities of a European digestive apparatus, by roast chicken, bread and tomatoes, was also to be forthcoming. My lunch-basket was already furnished with knives, forks, spoons, cup, plate, and napkin. Changes of raiment, chiefly of thin woollen material, sheets, towels, soap, a tin of biscuits, another of condensed milk, one of soup, some potted meat, tea and sugar, and a bottle of boot-polish, were carefully packed in two boxes, or oblong baskets, of plaited rush; guide-book, vocabulary, note-book, and writing-case, were strapped together; umbrella, rain-cloak, and sun-hat placed in readiness.

There was "no harness for women going over the Pass," a student interpreter had warned me. I had never been broken in to run either in double or single harness, a pack-horse, with appropriate "fixings" was all I should require, I said, noting his air of bewilderment, and dimly comprehending that a side saddle was the article indicated. About an hour after sunrise two mornings later, the wind being in a favourable quarter, I was following an animal of that species along the upper road of Irimachi to a spot where a small temple, flanked by a huge stone lantern, stands on a platform abutting on the street. Here I was enabled to climb upon my pack-saddle, a feat which the size of the horse buttressed and begirt with baskets, bundles, and wraps, the loftiness of the saddle, with the space between its two high wooden bows filled up with pillow and blanket-shawl, and the lowliness of everything, including the over-hanging roof of the verandah, about the house where I had lodged, had made impossible there—except peradventure by stepping forth through the first floor windows. A stout little *bettô* (groom) walked a few feet ahead and dragged this equipage along by a rope tied to a primitive wooden bit, and man and beast were bound, for the sum of two *yen* (about seven and sixpence), to convey me and my appurtenances over the Pass and as far as the village of Gozo, a distance of nearly thirty miles, before nightfall.

There are pack-horses and pack-horses. This one, as a young lady-student graciously explained, was specially constructed for climbing mountains, an exploit which none of the small "female horses" to which I was accustomed, could be guaranteed to perform. He had a large shapeless body, hindquarters that had apparently been fastened together with pegs, and legs stiff, and set far apart, on which he rolled about like an old salt. Furthermore he held his head low and had a curious habit of alternately stumbling on one front foot and kicking up viciously at nothing with the off-hind one. This gait had its recommendations, perhaps, going uphill, but on the level ground was productive of much uneasiness of mind and body. We had left the temples and cedar-groves of Nikkô far behind, passed Gamman with its one hundred and odd stone Buddhas sitting in a row impassively staring at the rushing, whirling, tumultuous Daiygawa, and Dainaichido's pretty miniature lake and fanciful stone lanterns making this world attractive for the countless gods whose bright little brazen effigies are ranged on shelves all round its temple, and had stumbled and rolled for some miles along the new road by the river, had crossed that snow-white foaming torrent and begun the ascent proper before I felt at home on my lofty perch with "a mind at leisure from itself" to consider the scenery.

Oh! the wild, strange, exhilarating beauty of it! The path climbed the mountain-side where, by some convulsive throe of nature in the remote past, it had been cleft from its twin range and flung against another. Up, and up, and up, we zigzagged, occasionally crossing narrow side ravines, or slender down-tumbling streams, on primitive bridges of fagots lightly covered over with stones and clay, without parapet or rail, where it was a comfort to know that sudden death would be but a quick passage from the earthly to the heavenly heights. An unpremeditated stumble or, perchance, an abandonment of his premeditated one, a fall, a slip, the bursting of the frail rope which bound pack-saddle and packs, and the whole arrangement, including horse and rider, would have gone rolling and bounding from crag to crag, tree to tree, down the ravine for hundreds, or, in some places, thousands of feet. Happily I did not realise how frail was the tenure, and the rich mountain air like new wine kept fear at bay. From summit to base the hillsides were covered with dark conifers, oaks, birches, maples, mountain-ash, the latter already flaming out in patches of that deep crimson foliage which, mingling with the evergreens, produces such splendid effects in October, and makes these Nikkosan Mountains a glory worth coming from the ends of the earth to see.

On and on we climbed with never a human habitation, not even a tea-house in sight, and yet not quite alone with mother nature, for ever and anon other pack-horses and their leaders met and passed us, the wonderful courtesy with which the men greeted each other striking one as little less remarkable than the consideration with which they treated the animals they led or rode. Belief in the transmigration of souls and the possibility that the beast in their charge may be animated by the soul of a revered ancestor accounts for the one, the other is distinctively Japanese. The earnest politeness with which my *bettô* and another took off their hats and bowed to the ground, each apologising and taking the blame on himself when a slight collision occurred between their respective charges (fortunately in a safe place, for whatever soul was serving its time in my steed it was a careful one), suggested the thought that it might be a good thing for the Missionary Societies to conduct their operations on reciprocal terms, and send, yearly, a number of Japanese horse-boys to convert the draymen and cabmen of Christendom from the brutality of their ways.

Up and up we toiled. The trees grew thinner. Then a tea-house of the rudest description was passed, and suddenly we emerged, as David would have said, "on a large place." Mountain tops were behind us, mountain ranges rolled back from our feet to right and left, far away in front the great plain of the Kwantô, "a land flowing with milk and honey," could be seen beyond the hills and mountain spurs that ran out from great ranges; vegetation was sparse, signs of cultivation none, and for the first time in Japan I saw a poverty-stricken village, a row of miserable huts roughly constructed of wattles and brushwood, with ragged, thatched roofs, covered over with big stones to keep them in place and resist the force of the wind, which at times evidently swept all before it. Several had been blown down the hillside and abandoned to their fate—let us hope before the flight. The road became wider and led directly down hill to a narrow valley through which flowed a stream like all Japanese up-country rivers chiefly remarkable for its stony bed and the steepness of its banks. My horse was only adapted for going up-hill with any degree of security. His peculiar gait, aggravated by a swagger which he now assumed in proud consideration of having surmounted a pass six thousand feet above sea-level, made my descent from the pack-saddle inevitable, either by tumbling down his neck and over his nose, or by getting my feet on the shoulders of the *bettô* and then sliding down him. I chose the latter course, and once down knew it would be impossible to regain my seat unless we met a giant or came to a house with a suitable roof.

It is said to be eight miles from Nikkô to the top of the pass and seven thence to Ashiwô. They were the shortest seven miles I ever walked. The road followed the windings of the river whose banks were gay with flowers; thickly wooded hills closed in the valley, which, in places, narrowed to a mere defile, mulberry orchards covered the lower slopes and quaint high-roofed cottages, and picturesque farm-houses, peeped forth from the fresh foliage. Every possible bit of ground was under cultivation. We were approaching the great silk-producing district, and more than once in the houses we passed I saw women at their pretty work, loosing the fair white films from the cocoons and winding them into skeins by the help of simple home-made wooden machines. Close to Ashiwô we noted the ingenious contrivance of chain-pipes by which water is carried across the river and through a ravine to the copper mines at Akakura. These mines are well worth a visit, but as I had not the Japanese for copper, or mines, or anything connected with mining, in my vocabulary I did not care to play the part of a deaf and dumb inspector of works.

Here we drew up at a tea-house to rest and dine. The landlord ought to have gone on all fours on the mat and knocked his head against the floor, but he did not, his manners having been corrupted by intercourse with foreigners. Neither did he unlace my boots as he should have, at least, tried to do. I had to perform that office myself on the street and then pick my way in my stockings through the kitchen, which also served as shop and bar parlour, to a laddder up which I clambered for nearly seven feet (the ceilings being exceptionally lofty in that inn to meet the needs of tall barbarians) into a guest-room reserved for luxurious travellers. In addition to the Japanese furniture (a wooden Buddha, and a matted floor to be plain) it contained a rickety table and more rickety chair. Tea was brought at once in a tiny teapot attended by a tinier cup and a plate of wee biscuits made of rice-water and sugar coloured and cut into leaf and flower shapes. For this refection, and the use of the room while I ate the ample lunch Kanaya had provided, a charge of half a dollar was made, although I had placed the usual honorarium, a ten-cent piece, on the teatray, and twenty cents an hour would have been a princely rent for the apartment. However, as it took the whole household and the chair and table to assist me on to that pack-saddle, perhaps I got the worth of my money.

(To be continued.)

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY AT THE LARCHES.

"FREDA, would you think it awfully mean of me if I asked you to take my Sunday-school class again to-day?"

"N—no," answered Freda doubtfully, pausing in the doorway to look at Gipsy, who had a pile of books before her, and was sitting at her work-table in the window, "not mean exactly. I said I would help sometimes when you took your class. But I don't quite know why you want me to go so often now, nor why you have work to do on Sunday. You never used to do. It doesn't seem natural."

"No, it doesn't quite, yet I can't see why one shouldn't make use of one's time either. Often I think in church of some point I want to look up; and there's no real reason why one shouldn't read a bit on a Sunday, is there?"

"I don't know," answered Freda coming forward a few steps, "people used to be particular to keep Sunday differently from other days; but that's getting quite old-fashioned now. Why, there are no end of things always going on on Sunday now—parties and pic-nics and private concerts, and so on. I hear lots about it; and people quite laugh at anybody who calls it wrong, and brands them as Sabbatarians or Puritans at once. Things seem changing everywhere now," and Freda wrinkled up her brow and looked a little perplexed and a little uncertain.

"Your grammar might be improved upon, my dear child; but your sentiment is correct," answered Gipsy, pushing her hands through her curly crop as she had a way of doing in moments of thought. "Times are changing, changing very fast; and I for one am changing with them, whether for better or worse, who knows?"

She spoke lightly, yet there was an undertone of anxiety in her voice which did not escape Freda's quick ears.

"Don't change too much, Gipsy," she said slightly shaking her head, "we like you as you are. Don't get spoiled by your learning and your profession. Some of the old ways are better than the new."

Gipsy made no reply, but scribbled absently upon the paper in front of her. It did not seem as though she had anything more to say on the subject as yet. Just then Norah came in with her bonnet on, and looked from one to the other of her sisters.

"Is nobody coming to the school?" she asked. Norah had taught there on Sunday afternoon whenever she was at home, since the time of her confirmation.

"I'm coming," said Freda quickly, "I'll get my hat in a minute."

She ran off, and Norah slowly crossed the room, and came and stood beside her other sister.

"Why do you come so seldom now, Gipsy?" she asked.

"I don't know," answered the girl quickly and almost restlessly, "it makes me feel like a humbug!"

"A humbug? I don't understand."

"I don't know if I do either, but that's the state of the case. One teaches the children a lot of things, and answers their questions quite patly and properly, and all the while one isn't sure of anything one is teaching, and that makes me feel an awful humbug. I don't think I've got the gift. I think I shall tell Mrs. Allen so, and resign."

Norah's quiet, gentle face looked perplexed and troubled.

"I don't think I understand," she said. "Of course we must all feel often that we preach more than we can practice, but I don't call that being a humbug. We teach what we hold and believe, and though we may sometimes have little private perplexities and doubts——"

Norah paused, for she was very little accustomed to speak of these things even to her sisters, and had never been wont to inflict good advice upon them, her nature being silent and receptive rather than didactic.

"Oh yes, you are quite right," answered Gipsy hurriedly, "I don't quite understand myself. I think I've got on edge somehow, and am making mountains out of molehills. Perhaps it's only laziness, and Freda aids and abets by being always willing to be my substitute."

"Perhaps you are working too hard," said Norah with her nurse-air of quiet authority, "that often makes people irritable and unreasonable and given to queer fancies. I'm sure you ought not to work on Sunday, Gipsy, putting aside all question of right and wrong, about which you are as well able to judge as I. You should have one day in seven free from your regular work, and keep your mind from it. You ought to be doctor enough by this time to know as much for yourself. Do put those books away and go out to the others in the garden. You will work all the better on Monday for it, and you know it would grieve both papa and mamma to see you working to-day."

Gipsy closed her books with a bang and cleared them all away with an air of rapid decision.

"You're quite right, Norah. I believe I'm getting into a stupid way of always reading when I don't want to think. I'll go out and see how many satellites Guinivere has collected about her. Talking will be just as amusing, only I feel rather mean towards Freda."

Gipsy stepped quickly out through the long window upon the small balcony, and ran down the steps into the garden. A sound of voices from the direction of the larch wood told her where the sisters were to be found, but she did not immediately join them.

Sunday at the Larches was always a pleasant day, where simple hospitality was shown by the master of the house towards sundry old friends and young, especially those who had but poor homes of their own, and who liked to drop in for a quiet talk with the genial Mr. Wilberforce—seldom to be found at home at any other time—or with his gentle wife and pretty daughters; and no pleasanter place was to be found in spring, summer, or autumn weather than the sheltered plantation of larches behind that comfortable house. The cold winds seldom penetrated there, the sun's rays came through softened and shaded, there were cosy seats to be found, and in summer-time a regular encampment of chairs and rugs. Tea was regularly brought out there for as many as were disposed to take it out of doors, and the quiet afternoon always passed pleasantly and with decided benefit to all.

Mr. Wilberforce permitted no tennis-playing or golfing in the meadow on Sunday. He was what some young men called "old-fashioned" in his notions,

but so pleasant and genial a man that he was universally beloved and respected. There was always an air of quiet Sabbath rest about his house on these Sunday afternoons, despite the fact that he had a warm welcome for those who came, and enjoyed the sight of bright faces about him. At half-past six he would say good-bye to his guests, and go off to church with his wife and with any who cared to join his party. Many and many a young man had been saved by this example from turning Sunday into a mere day of holiday-making, and had preserved the habit of attending public worship at least once in the day by accompanying Mr. Wilberforce and his family. With him it was example and not precept that did the work. He was most reserved upon all such matters, and never laid down hard-and-fast lines. But he had a standard of his own to which he lived up with scrupulous care, and the knowledge of this produced its effect upon all with whom he came in contact.

Gipsy knew that there were guests already in the plantation, but she did not immediately join them. She paced up and down the nut-walk by herself, her brow still lined with that wrinkle of perplexity.

There is a great truth in the fact that a spoken word often does more to open our eyes to the extent of some change gradually working in us, than many weeks of silent brooding. Gipsy had for the first time to-day put into words the steadily growing conviction of her heart that there was an element of "humbug" in her continuing her labours as a Sunday-school teacher. Her sister had not understood her fully, but the word once spoken had startled her own spirit, and brought into her heart a flood of most unwelcome questions. For if she was unfit to teach young children in a Christian country the rudiments of the religion they and she alike professed, how could she be fitted for the vocation for which she had offered herself? How could she become a missionary worker amongst those to whom she was to be sent? How could she bring healing and life to the souls as well as the bodies of those whom she was to reach, if her own soul were darkened by doubts and questions, those questions of speculative science of which she heard all too much in her present life, and which seemed to her to be rapidly undermining her own faith in those things which once she had accepted as the foundations of all wisdom.

"And if I don't believe, how can I teach? And if I am not fit for a missionary, how can I go on at the expense of the society who are training me?" she asked herself, "but oh, I do love my work so! I want to go out, I want to do the work amongst those poor down-trodden Hindoo women! I could help them so much in one way, if not in the other! Oh, I can't give it up! I can't give it up!"

Anxious to get away from her own thoughts which had suddenly taken so harassing a description, Gipsy turned and walked rapidly in the direction of the larch plantation, and quickly came in sight of a group of young people gathered beneath the shade of the trees.

Guinivere was the central figure in the group. She was reclining in one of her graceful attitudes in a long cane chair, her golden head well set off by the crimson cushion behind it, her long white dress gracefully arranged in flowing lines, her violet blue eyes half hidden by their long curling lashes, as she toyed with a bunch of banksia roses in her dress. Two young men stood beside her, one on either hand, both seemingly desirous of winning her smiles and approval. This pair were regular visitors at the Larches. Roger Howel, the nephew of Freda's friend, the lady journalist, spent his Sunday with his aunt, and generally looked in for an hour or two in the afternoon, whilst the invalid took her nap; and Arnold Leslie, who had been Dr. Kane's ward, and still called his guardian's house his home, made a practice of walking across when Dr. Kane paid his weekly visit to his old friend Mr. Wilberforce, and those two had made a habit of meeting for an hour's quiet talk together on Sunday as often as anybody could remember. Generally, however, the doctor did not come before three o'clock, so that Gipsy was surprised to see Arnold Leslie and Kitty Kane already here. Kitty was a great friend of hers, and she was delighted to see her. The girl was standing beside Beatrice, and with them was a bright-faced lad, Frank Masham by name, the son of a neighbour and old resident, and the three were in eager conclave. Mysie lay upon a light couch, wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, but just at the moment nobody was paying heed to her, and a rather fretful droop of her lips showed that she noticed and felt this. It was her first attempt to join the out-door life for which the residents of the Larches were famous, and she felt herself rather neglected at having so little notice taken of her.

Gipsy was eagerly hailed by the visitors, for she was a favourite on account of her bright temperament and clever retorts. She kissed Kitty and shook hands with the young men.

"You have come early," she said to Arnold, who glanced at Kitty, and she at once replied—

"Oh, papa is going to bring Dr. Salisbury with him to introduce to you all. He is spending a few days with us, whilst he looks out for quarters for himself somewhere quite near. He is to come and begin work as soon as possible. Everybody tells papa that he must not go on working as he does, and he knows it himself. I am very glad he will have efficient help at last. And I think Dr. Salisbury will be nice, though he is rather the sort of man that makes me feel small. I would rather have papa if I were ill!"

"What is he like?" asked Beatrice. "Any good for games?"

"I think he would be good at most things, but whether he'll play or not I don't know," answered Kitty. "You see he will be pretty busy, and I think he is a great reader besides. Arnold will tell you better. They have fraternised pretty considerably already."

"I should call him a very good fellow," said Arnold at once. "A fine fellow too, and thoroughly up to his work, with regularly high ideals about it and all that. He's not as easy to know as some fellows. But I like him very much. I think he'll inspire confidence in his patients, and that's half the battle."

There was something very attractive about Arnold Leslie. In figure he was tall and slight. He moved very quietly, and his voice was low-toned and musical. His face was pale and rather thin, the features being delicately cut and regular. He had fair hair and a drooping, fair moustache, and his eyes were rather deeply set and had in their gaze a slightly melancholy expression. There was something just a little sad in the whole expression of the face, which gave it a certain interest and charm. The young man had, as a child and youth, passed through a larger share of sorrow and pain and loss than generally falls to the lot of one individual of his age. Fortune had smiled upon him at last. He had recently succeeded to both wealth and property—things undreamed of in his former life; but the stamp of sorrow and care was too deeply impressed upon his face to leave it quickly, and though care was at an end in one sense of the word for him, he was more grave, more thoughtful, more quiet than most of his contemporaries. It was popularly supposed that the Kanes would be glad to see him and Kitty married, but nobody had ever heard them say so; and some people thought Arnold would choose a wife from the Larches, though whether it would be a Wilberforce or a Grey was a matter nobody had as yet decided. At present he appeared in no haste to wed, but was engrossed by getting his large neglected property into order, running over to his guardian's house generally for the Sunday, but not paying long visits there, or saying much about himself or his affairs.

Roger Howel was a man of altogether different type, full of fire and life and enthusiasm. He called himself a socialist, but Mr. Wilberforce laughed at him for the name, telling him that he had better not ticket himself too soon, before he saw more clearly whither the steps of the socialists were tending. He was all on fire to be doing good wherever he saw his way. Tyranny, cruelty, vice and oppression were hateful to him. He believed in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and strove to forward every philanthropic movement by any means in his power. He had a good position in a business house and some small private means of his own, and grudged neither time nor money to the forwarding of any crusade which had for its object the mitigation of human misery and debasement. He had a vein of boyish merriment about him as well, and would be full of fun at times, but once let a subject be raised in which he felt deeply, and he would pour forth a torrent of quick, effective speech

about it, which generally carried his hearers with it. He had great ideas as to what women could accomplish in the world if they were to try, and a great admiration and chivalrous regard for womanhood both in the abstract and in the individual. Perhaps this was one reason why Mr. Wilberforce's house attracted him so much, and why he so often appealed to these sisters for approval and sympathy when talking of all that was waiting to be done, and the need there was for workers to come forward to do it.

Of Gipsy and her work he most thoroughly approved, and the pair were great friends. Beatrice always laughed at him, and pretended to make light of his ideals. Guinivere would sit and listen whilst he talked, giving him glances out of her beautiful violet eyes which often thrilled him strangely, but she seldom spoke of her own feelings, and he was able therefore to take for granted a fulness of sympathy which rejoiced him greatly, and which seemed to him to speak from her eyes even when her lips were mute. Of Norah he had seen but little, as she was by no means always at home even on Sundays, and Miss Howel had not been long a resident in this neighbourhood. He had an enthusiastic admiration for those women who gave their time to sick-nursing, even when their motive was partly that of independence and self-support. He was prepared to admire her as he admired Guinivere, but at present the beauty and grace of the latter made the chief of the poetry of his present life. He often felt a strange yearning over the beautiful girl, and he thought that she knew it and that it made her happy.

The talk ran quickly from theme to theme. Summer was coming hard upon the world. There was a throb of life and hope and happiness in the very air. The chain of helpless misery and thraldom which bound so many through the bitter winter months, relaxed its cruel tension and released many of its prisoners at this season. Roger Howel and Arnold Leslie both felt this, each in a different way, and were able to rejoice in it. The girls had their round of coming pleasures to think of. Gipsy forgot her burden of care in talking with Roger of things which interested both so much. Even Mysie brightened up when Arnold Leslie came and sat beside her and told her of a certain little pony carriage he had found at his house, which he thought he should bring across one day, and offer to her for the summer months.

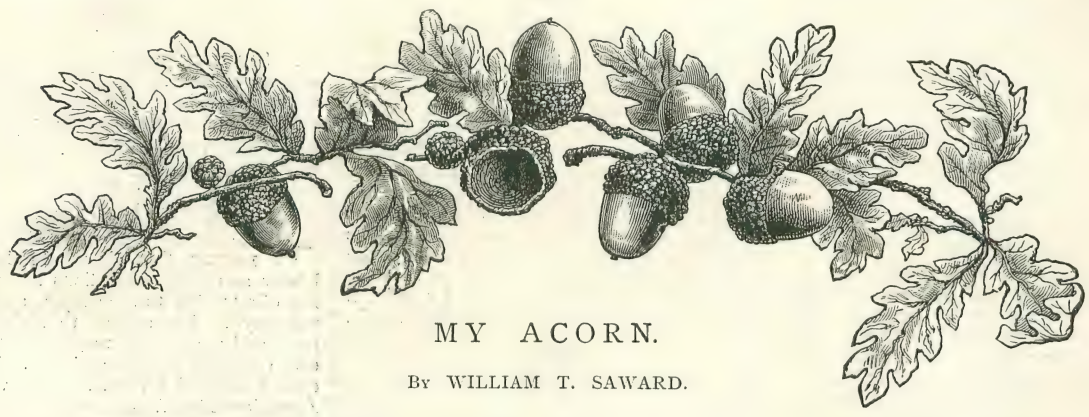
"Perhaps I could go out sometimes then," said Mysie with one of her appealing glances. "It seems so hard to be left out of everything, and nobody seems to care if I am!"

"Oh, don't say that," answered Arnold kindly, "we all of us care. I know something about that feeling of being left out and of no use. I had it those years when I was on my back and so ill. But there is always something we can do if we look about and try our hardest. And I believe in getting well too, if we are only patient, and make up our minds to it! Look at me! They once said I should never walk again!"

Mysie smiled, she did not mind Arnold's gentle way of speaking to her, even though he only said the same things as others told her. But there was no time for longer talk about it, for Kitty Kane suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, here comes papa, and he is bringing Dr. Salisbury with him!"

(*To be continued.*)



MY ACORN.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

I TOOK a tender acorn,
From a sturdy old oak-tree,
To see if a child of the forest
Would live in the world with me.

All in a sunlit chamber,
With the rush of the town below,
Rememb'ring its forest nature,
My bulb began to grow.

And soon a stem shot upwards,
Then roots shot down from below,
And it seemed to say each morning,
That "God had told it to grow!"

And my tender forest acorn
Grew for me every day;
And oft in my lonely chamber
It scared the dark doubts away

It grew in the dark and the daylight,
So silently and true;
But often I found it irksome
To do what I had to do!

So I cherished my child of the forest,
And tried to learn its ways,
To silently do my duty,
Unheedful of the praise.

The first leaf came with the spring-time,
Till in summer there were three!
Now dearer grew my acorn,
My own sweet forest tree.

And all I wished was to keep it
Within my cherished room;
For I thought of the coming autumn
And its impending doom!

And I screened my tender nursling
From the cold chilly winds of death,
And I almost prayed that it never
Might catch the taint of its breath.

But, alas! when the trees of the forest
Answered the dread king's call,
My tree must have heard the whisper,
For its leaves began to fall!

So teach me my final lesson,
Sweet emblem of life and death,
To die in the setting autumn
Is to rise at the spring's first breath!

Odds and Ends.

OF the many out-of-the-way industries of which people are for the most part entirely ignorant, the rearing of spiders is most remarkable. The industry is not strictly honest, for its object is to defraud the buyers of wine. It is said that there are only two spider-farms in the world, one of which is near Philadelphia, in the United States. The other is in a small French village in the Department of the Loire. The American spider-farm is also owned by a Frenchman, who rears these unpleasant insects for distribution to wine-merchants. He sells them at so much per hundred, chiefly to the wholesale merchants, who are thereby able to stock a cellar, with new and freshly-labelled bottles, and in less than three months see them covered with cobwebs, which gives them the appearance of having been stored for twenty years, at least. A little dust scattered over the bins gives an added effect, and even the wariest and most experienced buyers are deceived by this appearance of age. The method of rearing the spiders is most interesting. They are bred in rooms, which hold about 2000, the walls being covered with small wire squares, whilst upon long tables in the centre stand wire-frames, glass-jars, and wooden boxes. The spiders are bred in the wire-frames, and when sufficiently grown are placed behind the wire-screens upon the walls, where they thrive rapidly amongst the crevices of the woodwork. The price charged is very high, as the spiders are great cannibals, and eat one another at every opportunity, irrespective of age or relationship; as they do not all spin webs, it very often happens that not more than fifty out of a thousand are suitable for the purposes of deception. However reprehensible its object, this industry is a striking instance of human ingenuity.

A CHINESE lady, Hu King Eng, has received a doctor's degree in America, and has returned to China to practice her profession at the Woman's Hospital in Foo Chow. She is the first Chinese woman-doctor who has practiced in her native land, and, although she took her degree over a year ago, she has remained in America to gain actual experience in medical work.

THE court of France was little behind that of Spain in the matter of etiquette, if an old chronicler writes truly. He says that the first woman-of-the-bedchamber let down the queen's hair, the first maid-of-honour combed it, the first maid-in-waiting handed the queen's petticoat to the first woman-of-the-bedchamber, who put it on the queen, and the first maid-in-waiting put on the queen's shoes and stockings.

TWO hundred and seventy-five years ago, Isaac Duckett left the sum of £400 to encourage faithfulness and fidelity amongst domestic servants. The necessary qualification was that they should remain for seven years with the same master or mistress in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn. This legacy-reward is still paid, and at the last prize-giving eleven servants out of twenty-three received £10 each. The remaining twelve were disqualified for various reasons.

A YOUNG man has put his bicycle to very profitable use in Australia. He has practically established a postal route between Coolgardie in the centre of the gold-fields, and Dundas, the nearest town. The distance between the two places is 280 miles, but he carries letters and telegrams backwards and forwards in a small letter-box strapped on the back of his machine, for one shilling and five shillings a piece, respectively, making the trip once a week. A water-bottle, a revolver and a sharp knife are the chief items of his outfit—essentials in that arid and bush-ranger infested country.

TIN farthings and half-pennies were coined by King James II. in 1685, and four years later, nearly a million pounds worth of money was coined in half-crowns, shillings and sixpences from old brass guns and refuse metal. A pound of this metal was worth about threepence or fourpence, but when coined it represented the value of five pound. King James also issued a proclamation for the coining of pewter and leaden money, but the Revolution prevented this taking effect.

THERE is only one woman in England who is qualified to call herself a goldsmith. This is Mrs. Philip Newman, who is also the only jeweller in London who manufactures goods upon the premises. Mrs. Newman designs all the jewellery she makes, herself, having studied in Paris and in most of the European museums. She also copies antique jewellery most faultlessly, especially that of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Egyptians. She complains that few jewellers are able to make the whole of a trinket, each separate portion being made in various departments, and thinks that the work would be a good opening for girls, if they have no objection to spoiling their hands.

WHEN the etiquette of court-life was more stringent than it is now, that of the court of Spain was most rigorous. It was against the law of the land for anyone but the grand equerry to touch the Queen of Spain when she was on horseback, especially to touch her feet; and it is related that when one day the second queen of Charles II. fell from her horse whilst hunting, her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was in immediate danger of being killed. Her attendants, to the number of forty-three, stood by, not daring to assist her. At last humanity overcame prudence, and two gentlemen extricated her from her perilous position. But when once her Majesty was safe, they spurred their horses and rode as rapidly as possible to the frontier, in order to save their heads. And their pardon by the king, at the queen's intercession, was regarded as a mark of most regal clemency. Another story of the length to which etiquette was carried, is that of the silk stockings. At a time when silk was a luxury that only sovereigns could indulge in, the inhabitants of Toledo presented the then Queen of Spain with a pair of beautifully-woven silk stockings upon her marriage, but to their dismay the costly gift was indignantly refused, with an intimation that "the Queen of Spain has no legs," a statement that has survived as a proverb to the present day.

"YOU cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge one for yourself."—*J. A. Froude*

THE cottage in which Peter the Great of Russia lived at Zaandam in Holland when serving his apprenticeship as a shipwright, is to be pulled down, and a Gothic structure in stone erected on its site. It is a low house encased in a wooden structure and approached by a narrow entry round which runs a wooden trellis, It is very damp as it lies close to a narrow and dirty canal. The new building will be surrounded by a high wall.

"CHARACTER is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths beaten hard by the multitude of light footsteps which go to and fro. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of the life, creates the character which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny."—*Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.*

A SPANISH proverb says, "On Tuesday one should never travel or marry," and so strongly is this superstition believed in, that even in Madrid there are never any weddings on Tuesdays, and the railway trains are almost empty.

"I DESIRE that all my brethren should labour at useful occupations that we may be less of a burden to the people, and also that we may be less subject to maladies of the heart and tongue, and may not be tempted to evil thoughts or evil speaking. Those who cannot work, let them learn to work."—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

"ALL those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind."—*Sir John Lubbock.*

IN Philadelphia there are three buildings in which the lifts are worked entirely by girls—the Women's Christian Association, the Girl's High School and the Normal School. In the first all the employées on the premises are girls with the exception of an engineer and a fireman.

THE Queen has such a deeply-rooted and constitutional objection to the smell of a cigarette or cigar, that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor Castle, at Osborne, and at Balmoral.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMPHISBÆMA and CATAPHRACT.—1. We are so sorry you have failed to solve our puzzle poems. Try again.—2. The fourth Sunday in Lent, generally called Mid-Lent or "Mothering," is termed by Bishop Sparrow and others, "Refreshment Sunday," *Dominica Refectionis*, the reason of which is that the gospel of the day treats of our Lord's miraculous feeding of the five thousand, or else that the first morning lesson treats of Joseph's entertainment of his brethren. Bishop Sparrow traces the name "Mothering Sunday" to the appointment of these Scriptures to this day, and the custom of visiting by servants and apprentices of their parents to make them a present of money, or trinkets, or some nice "edible."

BERTIE DARLING.—We consider that a girl of seventeen is too young to know her own mind, and we advise you to obey and please your parents in the matter.

IVANHOE.—A person who wishes to be naturalised has certain conditions to fulfil. First he must have resided in the United Kingdom during five years out of the last eight years before his application is made. He must have his respectability answered–for by four reliable householders; he must obtain the necessary form of memorial from a law stationer in Chancery Lane, W.C., and present it to one of Her Majesty's chief secretaries of state, praying for the grant of the desired certificate of naturalisation, and paying the fee of five guineas.

NORAH.—You can be required to pay a bill a second time (unless you have kept the receipt) within a period of six years after the entry of the last payment. After that no claim can be made. Supposing that you had only the memorandum of the payment made in the fly-leaf of your cheque-book properly filled in and dated, it would sufficiently supply the place of the receipted bill which you have mislaid or lost. But we counsel you to be more methodical, and file every bill and every receipt separately as they come in, as well as all letters having reference to business of any kind.

AJAX.—We did not think anything could be done with discoloured pearls till we noticed that one of the Austrian archduchesses has had her pearls suspended in the sea water for a very long time for the purpose of their recovery. Nothing could be done with a few small pearls.

NELLIE P.—The verses sent are only doggerel lines.

QUEENIE, FOLLE FARINE, HAROLD UNEDUCATED, ONE OF THE GIRLS, DAISY CONNYN, AMY VIOLETTA, JUNO, PINK GERANIUM, CAROLA, F. J. H., A MOUNTAIN DAISY, J. W. F., NETHAN, A. A. P., ELMA T., CHOCOLATE CREAM, JESSIE C., OCTOBER PHEASANT, LALLIE.—It seems cruel to tell our girls that most of their "poems" are but prose rhymed or "doggerel." We like the good religious feeling shown in them, and we know that writing poetry is a good outlet for those feelings that in youth we are ashamed or shy to speak of even to our nearest and dearest.

WIDOW.—There is an institution called the Clergy Orphan Corporation, which has a boys' school at Canterbury (St. Thomas' Hill) and a girls' school at Bushey, Herts—but at Windsor *pro tem.* These schools were inaugurated in 1749. Early preparatory training is provided for; and, likewise, by means of exhibitions, at the universities. Besides this there is an apprenticing fund, and children of both sexes are assisted, on leaving school, to the highest branches of education, or to make a start in life. Of this institution Her Majesty the Queen is the patron. The Archbishop of Canterbury says, "The tenderness and goodness exhibited in the management of these schools are beyond all praise." This testimony will be specially satisfactory to the widowed mothers.

JANE B.—Yes, there is a Home for Deserted Mothers and Infants. Write to the Secretary (or Matron), 49, Burton Crescent.

A. B. C.—Your sister being afflicted occasionally with epileptic fits, need not render her incapacitated to assist at least in self-support. There is a National Society for the Employment of Epileptics. Of this Home, or Society, the Hon. Secretaries are Mr. Hamilton Hoare, 37, Fleet Street, E.C., and Miss Burdon Saunderson, Branksome, Greenhill Road, N.W.

RECITER will find several books of selected pieces at 56, Paternoster Row.

ENTRE NOUS will find all she wants to know in two articles, "I Publish the Banns of Marriage; or, My Sister's Wedding, and How we Organised it," in vol. xiv., pp. 452 and 475. If the marriage was in the afternoon, an "at home" would be held after, at which you would have the usual arrangements of any ordinary afternoon tea on a large scale.

CHERRY RIPE.—1. All kinds of small articles bought at a penny would answer for a "lucky bag," 3d. would be the price of the dip therein.—2. March 10th, 1852, was a Wednesday.

SKEWERS.—The name Florence comes from the Latin word Florentia, which means "blooming." It seems to have been applied to both sexes in the middle ages, and even later.

SANS SOUCI.—Your quotation is wrong. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," line 66, part iii., Pope's Essay on Criticism. A poem is a metrical composition, in which the verses consist of certain measures, whether in blank verse, or rhyme (but there are poems, such as those of Ossian, which are not in verse). The word "verse" is sometimes applied to a poem or piece of poetry. "This verse, my friend, be thine"—Pope; and the word is used by Milton and Prior in the same way.

RUNNER.—Jan. 16th, 1872, was a Tuesday.

INCURABLE.—Your poor invalid might be received by Miss Davidson, at Sunnyside, Upper Avenue Road, South Hampstead, N.W. She has instituted a Home for the Dying, where she can board, lodge, and nurse fifty patients. She can also receive, in other special rooms, those who can pay for their own accommodation. The invalid's own home may, certainly, be one ill-suited in many respects for those nearing their last days—a noisy situation, or that of children in the family circle; and little leisure or ability of mistress or servants to give suitable attendance, by night and by day, must render the availability of such a specially organised retreat a most invaluable boon. Send a stamped envelope, if you write, to Miss Davidson.

INTENDING EMIGRANT.—The outfit which you will be required to take, if bound for Australasia, includes six chemises, two good flannel petticoats, six pairs of stockings, two pairs of strong shoes, and one pair of slippers. Two strong gowns, and two of cotton, a broad-brimmed hat, and two or three puggaries to trim it and protect the back of your neck from the sun. An ulster or waterproof, and tight-fitting hood for rough weather, and a warm shawl. Also three sheets, four towels, two pounds of marine soap, a brush and comb, and three or four packets of curl-papers. So far the "regulation" provision, to which additions may be made. Put your money, and any valuable papers and certificates into a wash-leather bag, and hang it round your neck, under your clothes, night and day. Get this much of your outfit ready before you apply for your passage, and if you can add to it a pot or two of Liebig's extract, marmalade, or potted meat, all the better. The climate of South Australia is like that of Italy.

JANNETTE.—Such toys are kept at what would be known as fancy stationers. There are plenty of these shops in Regent Street and New Bond Street. The best things are found at the Christmas season.

COTTON-WOOL and HARRISON B.—Under the heading "A Restored Industry," an account of the Langdale linen will be found, see number of "G.O.P." for August 4th, 1894. The address would be Albert Fleming, Esq., St. Martins, Elterwalter, Langdale Valley, Westmoreland. The Arts and Crafts Society in London would also supply information.

GWENDOLENE and PEONY.—White straw hats must be bleached with sulphur fumes, and we think would have to be sent to a proper cleaner. Black straw ones, however, can be revived and stiffened with a solution of gum arabic brushed over them. One of the ordinary glosses or polishes used for shoes or boots is also often used to revive the colour.

A. C. B. A.—Not poetry, nor even good prose.

HILDA J.—Verses of good promise.

MYRENE.—Little originality of thought.

ADELINE (Barbados).—What a quaint little poem! It shows originality and some ability.

DRINA.—Your poems show much power. We advise study and perseverance.

TOBSKI.—To all appearance the two coins are examples of the series; the first having shoulders, the second a small bust only. Good coins of these dates are worth, it is said, from 3s. 6d. to 6s.

SEA FOAM.—1. We do not know.—2. The 19th Sept. 1881, was a Monday.

MINNIE.—We think that a girl of sixteen may imagine herself in love, when her vanity only is concerned; but we very much doubt if she would look at the object of her admiration when she is twenty-one and knows better what she wants.

DASH.—The water you use to wash with is probably too hard. Try putting a handful of oatmeal in the jug, and stir it up whenever you want to use it to bathe your face.

RAY, V. H.—The fees at Newnham College are given as from 75 to 96 guineas per annum. You could manage quite well, we should say, on your income in England.

MARJORIE.—1. The Spanish pronunciation is Don Ke-ho-ta. The word Quixote means literally a *cuish*, or piece of armour for the thigh. Cervantes called his hero by the name of this piece of armour, because the syllable *ote*, which terminates it, generally terminates words in Spanish which have a ridiculous meaning.—2. August 5th, 1875, was a Thursday.

SHIRLEY.—Your minister may have a fixed day for giving interviews to such members of his congregation as require to see him. Write and inquire, and ask him to fix an hour for you to go, and state the reason if you can why you cannot ask him to call at your house. Of course he will be glad to help you by his advice and counsel.

NAN.—1. The word *coistril*, or *coystril*, is from the old French *coustillier*, "groom" or "lad," an inferior groom employed by an esquire in ancient days to carry the knight's arms and other necessaries. "Cockney" is from the Italian word *cuccagna*—an imaginary country of idleness and luxury. This word in Italian signifies "dainties," or "sweetmeats"—*cucca*, from the Italian word *coquere*, "to cook." It was imagined that all the houses in this imaginary land were covered with cakes. The Land of Cockayne, was an old French satirical poem of the 13th century; and there was a burlesque poem of this name known in England before the reign of Henry II., written soon after the Conquest. *Cloistress* is a word for a nun, or one devoted to the cloister, used by Shakespeare.—2. *Viol de gamba* (Italian), meaning viol of the leg, an instrument resembling the viola, but larger, and held between the legs. The viola resembled the violin in form and use, but is larger, and a fifth lower in compass. You want a thoroughly good large-sized English dictionary to help you in your studies. Many thanks for your letter from that far-off island where you abide. We hope you will write again if we can assist you further.

DENNY.—You might obtain a really accomplished "piping bullfinch" at from £12 to £20. The labour and time expended on teaching them is considerable. You could get a canary, who is an admirable singer without any training, for much less. The most valuable of these come from the Hartz Mountains, and many from the Black Forest. As much as £50 has been obtained for a goldfinch of exceptional merit as a songster. Every year we have a consignment of about 3000 canaries from Germany.

DOROTHY.—We believe that the expense of cremation is not very great. Without making any recent inquiries, we may be near the mark in saying that the cost does not amount to £3. In France it does not exceed about the value of half-a-crown (3 francs).

GEORGIE.—There is a library free to students and others under certain restrictions, and books are also lent, at 14, Gordon Square, W.C., Dr. Williams' Library: apply to the secretary or custodian for information. Should this not suit you, there are others that might be available.

F. K. E. S.—You write a good round hand, quite legible, and excellent for a bookkeeper, we think. You should not have put a capital to the word "faithful."

L. J. M.—For the place of a stewardess you must apply to the shipping offices of the different lines. This is the only way, and good recommendations are requisite.

A CONSTANT READER.—The duties of a chamber-maid in an hotel are the same as those of a house-maid; in addition, there will be certain rules peculiar to each hotel for waiting, hours of work, etc.

WAITING.—The poem of "Edwin and Angelina" was written by Oliver Goldsmith.

PHYLLIS.—We should imagine that he has changed his mind, and unless you hear shortly, try to dismiss him from your mind. Young girls should not place too much value on small attentions while acknowledging them with courtesy and kindness.

DAISY LEWIN.—What an odious set of acquaintances you appear to have. Such an experience of life as your verses record is sad indeed within the period of fourteen years of your childhood. The verses show some cleverness, but the construction and metre are much at fault. You need instruction in the art of versification, and we recommend you to select a more poetical and attractive theme. There is no loveliness and beauty in that on which you have written. Try to see the golden side of life, and to appreciate the noble qualities of those amongst whom your lot is cast. The best have infirmities and defects of character. Let Christian charity throw a veil over them, and try to emulate the bee that seeks the honey in every flower and disregards the poison.

SISTER KATE.—When a large family already exists, it is too late to think of the claims of children on their parents for education as well as support. Girls can only be home-taught in "the three R.s" and spelling, adding to this good plain sewing and household work. They may thus find places as "mother's helps" or as domestic servants, having thoroughly studied our instructions respecting their several duties in each capacity. One of your sisters might be trained as a gardener or florist, but you should apply to Miss Yates, 62, Lower Sloane Street, for information as to whether they would receive a pupil without a premium. As both parents are living, we do not know of any free school instituted for children where they are boarded and clothed under such circumstances.

ARTHUR'S DARLING.—If your sweetheart be living with his family there seems no difficulty, or if you take a friend with you on the excursion.

PIA.—You do not give any address; but in London there are plenty of places where church embroidery is sold, and where you could look for work if thoroughly capable.

PENNY. (*See page* 59.)

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PETS IN WAITING.

A SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STORES.

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HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

AVERY busy time followed upon Cecil's decision. Her agreement with the Pasha had to be signed at once, before Denarien Bey left London, though it was not to come into force until she reached Baghdad. It was an imposing document, written in French, Arabic, and Turkish, with an English translation thoughtfully appended, and Denarien Bey signed it on the Pasha's behalf, Lady Haigh adding her signature as a witness. Two lawyers and several interpreters assisted in drawing up the deed, and the extraordinary stipulations considered necessary by one party and the other became a subject of mirth for both. When this legal business was ended, Cecil went down to Whitcliffe for her farewells, and found that her prospective departure had cast such a glamour over her in the eyes of the younger children, that they regarded her with a mixture of awe and envy delightful to behold. She was early informed that she was expected to see and describe in full both the Ark and the Tower of Babel, while the mere mention of Nineveh, Babylon, and the Euphrates filled the youthful minds with an expectant wonder, which would have been surprised by no result of her prospective travels, however astounding.

Mrs. Anstruther was chiefly concerned as to the fate of a box of plain and fancy needlework, the fruit of the labours of the St. Barnabas' working-party during the past winter, which was destined for Mrs. Yehudi, the wife of a Jewish missionary labouring at Baghdad among his own people,* and which Cecil was requested to deliver in person. It was so delightful to think that Cecil would be able to write her a special account of Dr. and Mrs. Yehudi's work, to be read aloud at the working-party, said Mrs. Anstruther, who believed fervently in her step-daughter, and thought that she was the most wonderful young woman in the world. Perhaps it was this very faith which made her, in Cecil's present state of mind, appear unsympathetic, for her imagination was vivid, and ran riot among the gorgeous possibilities of the situation, having been nourished principally on a careful study of the *Arabian Nights*, which Mrs. Anstruther regarded as a sort of introductory guide-book to modern Baghdad.

Taken altogether, the last few weeks at Whitcliffe were so heart-breaking that Cecil was almost relieved when the day arrived for her departure. She had still ten days or so to spend in London in geting her outfit, and her father was to come up to see her off, but this must be the final farewell to Mrs. Anstruther and the children. Cecil could almost have gone down on her knees to beg to be allowed to stay, if it had been any good, so utterly desolate and lonely did she feel in view of the prospect which lay before her, but the remembrance of Miss Arbuthnot's strictures came over her, and helped her to depart without quite breaking down. But it was very hard, and when once the train was fairly on its way she withdrew into her corner and cried. What were all the splendours and potentialities of her future position compared with the row of tear-stained faces she had seen on the platform, as she leaned out to get the last sight of the station? Through all her wanderings that picture would remain imprinted on her mind, its comic elements unperceived, and all appearing as saddest earnest. Other people, whose attention was attracted by the family group, laughed to behold Mr. Anstruther forcibly restraining Patsy and Terry, whose paroxysms of grief threatened to land them on the rails, while Fitz stood by, with his hands deep in his pockets, trying hard to whistle, and thereby prove his manhood. Eily, Norah, and Geraldine, wiping their eyes vigorously with abnormally dirty pocket-handkerchiefs, did not detract from the comic effect of the scene upon a disinterested bystander, nor did Mrs. Anstruther, who had little Loey in her arms, and wiped her eyes upon his jacket. Indeed, a cynical passenger in Cecil's own compartment, on hearing the tempest of wails and sobs which heralded the departure of the train, remarked that the members of that family were evidently trying to compete against the railway-whistle, and that they stood an excellent chance of success. He had only jumped in as the train moved off, and did not guess Cecil's relationship to the family in question, but his wife nudged him fiercely and frowningly, and he said no more.

During her ten days in London Cecil had little time to give to grief. It was an incessant rush from shop to stores, and from stores to shop, a whirl of choosing things, and being fitted, and packing and superintending. She had not only her own things to get, but an assortment of the best and newest books and teaching appliances for her future school-room at Baghdad. For this she had *carte blanche* from the Pasha, and was further empowered to order a certain number of books on educational subjects to be sent out to her every year. Cecil had always (except at the moment of teaching her young brothers and sisters) felt a pride and pleasure in her profession as teacher, and she hailed with joy this proof of the high estimation in which his Excellency also held her office. Miss Arbuthnot luxuriated as much as she did in the newest educational inventions, but it was with an unselfish, altruistic delight, for the governors of the South Central High School had no mind for experiments, and preferred to wait until a new idea was several years old before adopting it.

At last all was ready; books and maps and school furniture were safely packed and sent on board ship in company with Cecil's own modest outfit. It had been arranged that she was to adopt a modification of the native costume when at Baghdad, so as to avoid as far as possible shocking the susceptibilities of the Moslems in the Palace, and her personal luggage was therefore comparatively small in bulk; still, it represented a good deal of care and thought, and Cecil and Miss Arbuthnot heaved sighs of relief when it was off their minds. The next business was the farewell to the old school, where the girls and governesses, most of whom knew Cecil well, and nearly all of whom regarded her with admiring envy, entertained her at supper, and presented her with an elaborate dressing-case, in returning thanks for which she so nearly broke down that Miss Arbuthnot had to finish the speech for her.

This was on the very last evening before her departure, and the next day her father came up by the first train from Whitcliffe, and Lady Haigh gave her up to him until three o'clock. If Cecil had been inclined to think that she had caused more disappointment than joy to her father, she was undeceived by those last few hours spent alone with him, when he allowed a corner of the veil of reserve which usually shrouded his inner feelings to lift, and let her see something of what she really was to him. To poor Mr. Anstruther, however, on looking back on it, the interview did not seem to have been at all satisfactory, for he had been thinking for days past of things he ought to say to his daughter, and after it he was continually remembering others which he ought to have said, none of which had occurred to him at the time. As it was, he gave her many pieces of advice as to her behaviour, her occupations, her influence over her pupil, her Sundays, and so on, interspersed with periods of sorrowful silence, which were far more eloquent than his abrupt and painful counsels. Thus the time passed as they walked up and down the Thames Embankment together, or sat down and pretended to admire the flower-beds, and then they made their way slowly to the place where they were to meet Lady Haigh. Miss Arbuthnot had heroically denied herself the last sight of her pupil that she and her father might be alone together as long as possible, and thus Cecil had no one but Mr. Anstruther to think of as she leant out of the carriage window for a last look at his tall spare figure and

*Baghdad is not now a station of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. The Church Missionary Society has a medical mission there, which is woefully undermanned.

lined face. It was the last look for five years, and five such years!—too much to have faced if she had known what they were to bring.

It seemed to Cecil afterwards that Lady Haigh must have talked on quietly and continuously, without making a pause or expecting an answer, from the time they left the hotel until they reached the docks. It was kindly intended, no doubt, that Cecil might have time to cry a little and recover herself, but as a means of conveying information it was a failure. Lady Haigh told Cecil all about the captain and officers of the steamer by which they were to travel, and by which she herself had returned to England. She also remarked that her own Syrian maid had gone on board already with the luggage and would give Cecil any assistance she might need during the earlier part of the voyage, since the attendant who had been specially engaged for her would not join them until they reached Egypt. They were to break their journey at Alexandria and pay a visit of a week or two to Cairo, where a married sister of Lady Haigh's was living, whose husband occupied a prominent post in the *entourage* of the then Khedive. Here also they were to be joined by a cousin of Lady Haigh's, who had just been appointed surgeon of the hospital attached to the British Residency at Baghdad, and who was to escort them during the rest of their journey. By means of this one-sided conversation the chasm caused by the actual parting was bridged, and Lady Haigh beguiled the time of dropping down the Thames and settling their cabins with similar pieces of information, while, when they were once fairly at sea, Cecil was too ill to be able to think of any but strictly personal miseries.

For once the agents' rose-coloured forecast of the voyage proved to be correct. The steamer did not meet with bad weather, nor did her engines break down, and she accomplished the distance in rather less than the average time, but Lady Haigh refused to listen to Cecil's plea for a day or two in Alexandria, and insisted on hurrying on at once to Cairo.

"My dear," she said, "all this"—with a contemptuous wave of her hand towards the fine houses on either side of the broad street through which they were driving—"all this is modern, European, French, tasteless! You want to enjoy your first sight of Eastern life, you say? Very well, then thank me for taking you at once where you will really see it, and not this wretched half-imitation."

"But the sky! the palm-trees! the people! the colours, Lady Haigh!" cried Cecil in an ecstasy.

"Nonsense, my dear—nothing to what you will see at Cairo!" and Cecil was forced to be content.

A short railway journey brought them to Cairo, and they found Mr. Boleyn, Lady Haigh's brother-in-law, waiting to meet them. They drove to his house in a luxurious carriage, with running footmen and a magnificent coachman, and Cecil left the talk to her two companions, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the new pictures which met her eye on every side. It seemed to her that she would have liked that drive to go on for ever, and she was genuinely sorry, tired though she was, to reach the Boleyns' house, although she ought to have felt more sympathy for Lady Haigh, who had not seen her sister for over twenty years. It seemed to Cecil, however, that both ladies would have acquiesced cheerfully in an even longer separation, for they could not forget the time when Lady Haigh had been a clever and irrepressible younger sister, and Mrs. Boleyn had felt it her duty systematically to snub her. Life in the tropics had not suited the elder sister as well as it had the younger, and Mrs. Boleyn was tall and gaunt and withered, with a tendency to exult over Lady Haigh, because she (Mrs. Boleyn) had always said that Elma would soon be tired of her studies and her talk about Women's Rights and would marry like other people.

"But she didn't say that at all, my dear," Lady Haigh confided to Cecil when they were going to their rooms. "What she always said was that I should never get a husband because of my ridiculous notions."

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART I.

ADAPTATION.

THE study of plants appears to me to be one of the most delightful and instructive that can be taken up by young people. It has this advantage over many other pursuits that it can be carried on almost everywhere, for even if the student's lot is to live in a town, there are generally botanic gardens within reach, and visits paid in the country are made the more enjoyable when some special study can be carried on in the daily walks.

Then collections of dried leaves and flowers can be formed during the summer, and the arrangement and classification of these will provide pleasant winter occupation.

I fear that many young people are apt to consider botany a very dry study. They are naturally repelled by the long words and many Latin terms used in describing plants.

It has long been my belief that the study of botany should be approached through the garden rather than the school-room, beginning with a country ramble which should be an object-lesson opening out endless paths for future study.

Our Heavenly Father has given us a beautiful world to live in, and when our eyes have once been opened to observe what lies around us nature becomes like an exquisite book of pictures, always revealing to us something new and wonderful as we turn over each fresh page.

It is suited to all ages; the baby child begins by gathering daisies and buttercups, older children make wild-flower collections and perhaps work in their own little gardens watching the growth of seeds and slips.

The beauty of ferns and mosses is sure to lead to some painstaking study of those fascinating growths.

Later on the fact that all trees have flowers comes as a surprise to the unobservant, and thus, when rightly guided, young people can hardly fail to love a pursuit that promises such endless sources of interest.

In the chapters that will follow on the subject of plant life, I do not purpose to write for quite young children, as my hope is that older readers will explain what is written, and make it interesting to the little ones as they walk in gardens and fields, giving as it were object-lessons on buds, leaves and flowers, and training young minds to search for themselves into the wonders that lie around them.

How much there is to learn about, even in the simplest things, some of the succeeding chapters will endeavour to show, i.e.—

How young plants grow out of seeds;
How those seeds are dispersed;
How much is folded up in a bud;
How flowers are formed;
How the bark splits off different trees.

Any one of these subjects would need very careful patient observation truly to understand them.

I stand as it were only on the threshold of scientific research, and look with wonder at the work of such a student as Darwin, who gave twenty long years to observation of the common earth-worm before he wrote his deeply interesting book upon it. Again we see Sir John Lubbock giving years of his life to the growing of seeds in order to learn exactly how plants begin their life, and two very thick volumes are required to contain the vast amount of information he has thus obtained.

These two examples will suffice to show that the minutest objects in nature are worthy of reverent attention, and if these chapters tend to awaken young people to a perception of this fact and may act as a humble guide to new lines of thought, I shall feel that they have not been written in vain.

I fear it is impossible to explain the processes nature is carrying on in the plant world without occasionally using scientific words, but, when I am obliged to do so I shall try to explain their meaning, and when once we rightly understand such a word we soon begin to use it, because it is more convenient and often saves repeating a long sentence.

I would ask my readers to try and obtain from their gardens and fields the various objects mentioned at the close of each chapter, and compare them with the plates, learning all about them as they read the letterpress.

This will, I feel sure, add much interest to the study, for having something to collect and examine tends to lighten mental work and enables us better to understand descriptive writing.

In this introductory chapter I will simply take a general view of vegetable growth and its adaptation to the situation in which it is found.

In many respects plants require the same conditions as animals, birds, and insects; they must have air, food, moisture and light in order to attain healthy growth, and although they differ from animals in being usually stationary, their life is carried on in a very similar way. Let us take a forest tree as a type.

WATER BUTTERCUP.

It is anchored in the soil by its roots which are its feeding organs; through them it draws up various kinds of nourishment from the earth in which it stands.

The roots by several chemical processes render the elements they have taken up from the soil fit for the nourishment of the tree, they send it up through the stem and branches into the leaves, and these being the breathing organs have essential work to do in receiving from the air and giving out again certain gases which contribute largely to maintain the life and vigour of the tree. Thus it grows year by year, producing annually its flowers and seed, which is the end and aim of all plant life.

We can trace another analogy with animal life, in the necessity for cleanliness as an essential to health.

If plants kept in a window, for instance, are allowed to remain with their leaves covered with dust they will not flourish, because the dust has filled up the openings on the surface of the leaves through which the plant breathes, therefore they need frequent sponging to cleanse away the dirt and render them healthy in their action. In the same way many forms of disease in human beings may be traced to neglect of the condition of the skin. If the pores on the surface of the skin are allowed to become clogged, then nature cannot carry on her wonderful processes, and sooner or later sickness must be the result.

Besides the plant life which we see around us in the shape of trees, shrubs and flowers, there are lower and perhaps still more wonderful forms of vegetable life affording endless fields of study.

The mosses, lichens, and fungi we are familiar with everywhere in the country, but below these again are such growths as the green stain* which makes the tree trunks in moist places as brilliant in colour as the leaves themselves. Looked at through a lens we see the colour arises from a growing plant of extremely simple form, little more in fact than a succession of cells each living and increasing "after its kind."

Again, if we consider the process of fermentation, we find that when it is set up in a cask of wine its action is due to the growth of a minute vegetable that feeds upon the alcohol and sugar, and by robbing the wine of those two elements it turns it into vinegar or acetic acid.

A somewhat similar growth causes the thick jelly-like substance we sometimes find in our ink-glass when it has been allowed to remain too long without renewal, the minute germs floating in the air found the ink suitable to them, and thus their mycelium* begins to form at the bottom of the glass, to the great discomfort of the writer.

The yeast with which our bread is fermented is another of these minute plants, and consists of oval cells which multiply with great rapidity when placed in a pan of flour, and kept in a warm atmosphere.

By the careful study of these lower forms of vegetable life, Pasteur, Koch, Frankland and others, have discovered and classified the germs or microbes,† as they are called, which give rise to various diseases. In books upon the subject, their different shapes are figured as they appear when immensely magnified so that we can see that which will give rise to consumption, erysipelas, or cholera, and one reads with deep wonderment of all that science has ascertained of late years as to the presence in the air of these seeds of disease which are ever floating more or less around us. But for the restraining hand of God, it appears as if universal sickness and death would be our fate.

Leaving these lower forms of growth, we may consider the three divisions into which plants are naturally classed as to their duration of life.

Annuals are those which grow and flower, and form their seeds in one year, within which their life-history is closed.

Biennials produce leaves only in the first year; by their aid they lay up stores of nutriment in the form of tuberous roots, on this food they can exist through the winter, produce flowers the following summer, perfect their seeds and then die.

To this class we owe such useful plants as the carrot, parsnip, beetroot, and many others which afford us such nourishing vegetable diet.

Perennial plants live on for an indefinite number of years, flowering annually, in some cases dying down to the root in autumn, and producing fresh foliage the following year.

Water plants seldom have a fixed root, but remain floating, borne up and kept in position by the water, their roots being the means by which, in conjunction with the leaves, they derive nourishment from air and water. It is well worth while observing the two forms of leaves in the water buttercup. Those on the surface are three-lobed, flat and round, they absorb from the air such gases as the plant requires; while the leaves beneath the surface are divided into threads so as to offer no obstruction to the flow of water and enable the plant to collect needful food from the water. It can vary the form of its leaves according to its requirements, since in running streams it may often be found with the hair-like leaves only.

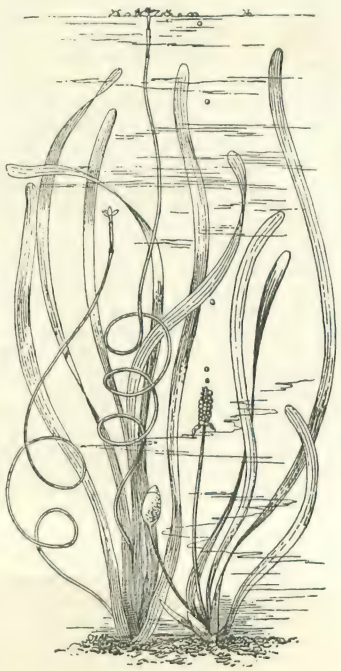
Adaptation is remarkably shown in the Vallisneria, a grass-like water-plant, found in Southern Europe;‡ it grows in freshwater lakes, rooted in the mud, and yet its flowers need to be fertilised in the air. In order to effect this, the small male flowers detach themselves from their stems, and, rising through the water, float about upon its surface. The female flowers are borne on a stalk, spirally twisted, so that it can uncoil and allow the flower to reach the top of the water whether it be deep or shallow. There the two kinds of flowers meet, the seeds are formed and the stem coils up again and brings the capsule below the surface, where it gradually matures.

The water-lily can grow a long or short stem as the depth of the water may require to enable its leaves to lie flat upon the surface. I have gathered lily flowers in my lake with stems from three to four feet long, where the plant happened to be growing in deep water.

In such plants as the Mare's tail (*Hippuris vulgaris*), we find the stem is specially adapted to a submerged life. Growing out of mud at the bottom of a stream the plant upholds its slender stalks by two different methods. Inside the epidermis (or outer skin) a strand of rather tough tissue running through the centre gives flexible support, whilst the rest of the space is filled up with very large air cells, which give such buoyancy to the stems that even if they are three feet in length they are kept upright in the water, rising ten or twelve inches above the surface. It is a valuable as well as a curious plant, as it has the property of absorbing the gases emitted by stagnant water, and tends thus to purify the air.

The same power of adaptation is to be found in sea-weeds. Those growing on rocky shores having short fronds covered with fructification, while out at sea ribbons of oar-weed may be found many yards in length, formed, like the gulf-weed, of tough texture to bear the friction of waves and storms.

If we were travelling in a Mexican desert, we should find those remarkable plants which can be so well studied in the cactus-house at Kew Gardens. Bearing in mind that for many months the plant must do without a drop of rain, or in fact without moisture of any kind, it has been necessary that spines should take the place of leaves, and the stems are encased in a thick leathery skin, which protects the plant from the burning heat of the sun. Very little moisture escapes through this thick green epidermis; therefore when rain falls the plants receive and store up their liquid food, and live sparingly upon it during the long



VALLISNERIA.

* Proto-coccus.

* First form of fungoid growth.
† Small living atoms.
‡ It can generally be met with at naturalists' shops where aquaria are sold.

CATTLEYA WALKERIANA (Brazil).

periods of drought, which last for three-quarters of the year. Some of these cacti as we see them at Kew, are tall, straight-stemmed plants, others low-growing rounded masses, little spiny cushions, almost like vegetable hedgehogs.

In the arid prairies of Texas, advantage is taken of the watery stores of the cactus, for when other supplies fail, its fleshy stems are cut open, and horses and cows greedily devour the succulent food, which answers the purpose of drink, as well as affording nutritious fodder.

Our British spurge-plants have green leaves, a thin epidermis, and all the ordinary characters of the plants of a temperate region, but by comparing them with the spurges found in Madeira, we see how climate causes adaptation to differing conditions. One of these spurges growing in my greenhouse has a tall column-like stem, no leaves, and the thick leathery skin, which would enable it to bear a hot, dry climate. It thus mimics the giant cacti of Mexico.

We may trace another contrast in our common white daisy and the Cape daisies (*Mesembryanthemums*), with their thick fleshy leaves, the difference in form and texture being simply an expression of the wonderful modification due to climate.

The lovely tribe of orchids make the same provision for long periods of drought. Many of the species live in countries where the rainy season lasts about six months, and is succeeded by as many months of dryness and heat.

The air-plants we obtain from these countries have large pseudo-bulbs, that is the stems are enlarged so as to be storehouses of nutriment upon which the plant exists, and by means of which it brings out the gorgeous flowers which make Brazilian forests such fairylands of beauty; every tree-branch being laden with parasitic orchids, their lovely blossoms lasting month after month without the aid of rain or dew, because Nature has provided each plant with its special store of food, and has thus adapted it to the position it is created to adorn.

Another of these perching-plants is *Tillandsia Usnoides*, known in Florida as Spanish moss, and often called "old man's beard." It hangs from the tree-branches in tufts, like grey hair, and grows in such profusion that it is collected and used for stuffing cushions. This curious plant has no roots, it simply hangs from the branches, and lives like the orchids by absorbing water from the moist air in the humid forests where it is found.

The absorption by the long hanging grey roots of the orchids in the one case, and by the finely-divided leaves and stems in the other, are both instances of the wonderful way in which Nature "adapts" the parts of a plant to its requirements.

It often happens that seeds, blown hither and thither by the wind, chance to fall upon places which are quite unsuitable to their mode of growth; then we have an opportunity of seeing how their power of adaptation will enable them to triumph over almost insuperable difficulties.

I have observed a tiny plant of groundsel growing out of a chink in a wall where there was scarcely any soil from which it could derive nourishment, contriving to live on, and make the best of its hard lot. Its stem, which should have been a foot high, could only attain about two inches, and instead of dozens of leaves it had but four, and yet it survived and even produced two small flowers, thus touchingly displaying its power of adaptation.

Another more remarkable instance which occurs to me was that of a seedling Scotch fir, which had rooted itself in a lump of house-leek on the top of a garden-wall. For eight years the young tree managed to live and grow, until it became a symmetrical well-branched fir-tree, almost twelve inches high. By a supreme effort it produced a crop of miniature cones, and soon after it died from drought and starvation, the wonder being that it could have lived so long upon the modicum of food the barren wall supplied, besides having to endure at times periods of scorching heat as well as drought. The chief interest in this example is centred in the fact that as soon as fruit-bearing has been attained, then, and not till then, the little tree died, showing how persistently under all hindrances and difficulties a plant will endeavour to carry out the purpose of its creation.

Specimens to be obtained :—Green stain on tree-bark (*Proto-coccus*); yeast; annual, biennial, and perennial plants; water-buttercup leaves; vallisneria; water-lily stems; mares'-tail plant; cacti; spurge; mesembryanthemum; orchids; tillandsia; plants growing in wall crevices.

YOUNG SCOTCH FIR GROWING IN HOUSE-LEEK.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER III.

DR. SALISBURY.

ALL eyes were fixed with eager interest upon the advancing group, which comprised Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Kane, and the stranger, and by far the keenest scrutiny was bestowed upon the new-comer, who could not fail to be an object of interest to all the party gathered there.

Dr. Salisbury bore inspection well. He was tall and well set up, and had that undefinable air of gentle breeding which goes farther than good looks in winning approval and regard. Without being exactly handsome, he was a fine-looking and a distinguished-looking man. Power and intellect were stamped upon his face, and the deep-set eyes looked as though nothing ever escaped them. His square jaw bespoke resolution and his lips expressed firmness of purpose. He was clean shaved like many medical men, and there was nothing to conceal or soften the line of the irregular but clearly cut features. When he smiled, which was rather infrequently, his eyes lighted pleasantly, and his whole face softened and changed from its habitual look of grave and thoughtful scrutiny.

The new-comer was speedily introduced to the party gathered beneath the trees, and took his place amongst them with the ease of a man accustomed to society. Guinivere drew him to her side, as she was wont to do, always acting the part of eldest daughter of

the house, which Norah had never for a moment sought to dispute with her, notwithstanding the fact that she was really older by two years. It was Guinivere's misfortune that from babyhood she had been petted, admired and spoilt. The two children first born to her parents had died in infancy, and so she had been made much of, and her beauty and grace and pretty ways had won for her an indulgence seldom accorded to one out of a family, and had not even raised the displeasure of either sisters or step-sisters. Beatrice had an independence of spirit which did not desire this sort of notice and petting, and Mysie received care and petting of a different sort; whilst the step-sisters who had been reared under different traditions were ready to accord to Guinivere a homage they would never have thought of desiring for themselves.

So it came to pass that Guinivere had begun to look upon herself as a little queen of this mimic court, and perhaps nothing is more dangerous to a beautiful girl than this feeling and assumption of power over those about her. It may be harmlessly exercised whilst her slaves and admirers are her own sisters and girlish friends; but when another element creeps in, and the dangerous gift of coquetry comes to be developed, it needs a great amount of high principle and ballast to keep a girl from degenerating into that most unhappy and unlovely being—a vain and sometimes heartless flirt.

Dr. Salisbury had evidently been "coached" to a certain extent beforehand as to the names of the people he was likely to meet at the Larches, and was able to take his part in the conversation with ease and comprehension. He sat beside Guinivere, but his eyes travelled from one to another of the group as the talk proceeded, and once when Gipsy had made some keen, bright remark, he looked at her full and said tentatively—

"Surely I have seen you somewhere before this?"

"I have seen you," said Gipsy, her eyes lighting, "but I should not have thought you would have seen me. I am only a student at St. Anne's Hospital. You sometimes came into the wards there."

He bent his head in assent, and gave her a quick, keen look.

"I expect he is one of those doctors who hate women meddling in their profession," thought Gipsy, her lips curving to a rebellious little smile; but if that was Dr. Salisbury's opinion, he gave no indication of it, as Mr. Wilberforce spoke a little of his daughter's object in her medical training, and Gipsy felt her face suddenly glow as her meditations of a short time back forced themselves again into her mind.

"I can't draw back now," she said to herself, "I should make myself the laughing-stock of everybody. I must go on. I will go on. I am committed too far to draw back now."

They talked of the quarters the newcomer had found for himself and where he intended to establish himself during the course of the week. This was in a pleasant house about half-way between Dr. Kane and the Larches, where lived a widow of reduced means, who was very glad to let half her house to the doctor, and to put up with the drawbacks of night-bells and so forth. The rooms were comfortable, the situation was central, and the distance from Dr. Kane's inconsiderable, three points of considerable importance.

"Shall you live alone?" asked Guinivere. "Will you not be very dull in the evenings?"

And he answered with one of his rare smiles—

"I do not think I know what people mean by being dull. I generally have more to put into my day than will go into it. That is the best recipe against dulness that I know of. I could get a sister to come to me I daresay if I desired it, but I think that it is she who would be dull, not I. I think a doctor is better left to his own devices, until he takes to himself a wife, who is willing to share the many drawbacks of the life."

He spoke quite naturally and simply, and Guinivere's arch smile was lost upon him. Beatrice was the next speaker, and made her appeal in an eager and friendly way.

"You won't be too busy or too grand to have a little fun sometimes, I hope? Do you play tennis, or golf, or amuse yourself with any game? We have a nice club here, only we have lost some of our best members lately. We are reckoning on you as an ally. I hope you will not disappoint us!"

Dr. Salisbury gave her an amused glance as he answered—

"It is never safe to reckon on the time of a doctor. I like a game as well as anybody when I can get an hour for it, but I have yet to learn what time I shall have at my own disposal."

"Oh, we won't grudge you an afternoon for tennis with Miss Beatrice," said Dr. Kane laughing good-temperedly. "We doctors mustn't offend the ladies, and I don't know what Mrs. Masham would say to us if we never favoured her pleasant entertainments, eh, Frank?"

The lad laughed and answered readily—

"Oh, of course we want everybody we can get. By-the-bye, Beatrice, the mater says we have been horribly dull lately, and she's going to get up a lot of things this summer. She wants you and Guinivere to come and talk things over with her some time soon. She was talking about pastoral plays and that sort of dressing-up tomfoolery." Frank spoke with all the freedom that characterises Young England of the present day. "She said she knew it would take, and be a novelty. I say, Dr. Salisbury, will you dress up too? It's all very well for the girls, but fellows look such idiots!" and Frank burst out laughing, whilst most of the company followed his example.

"I think it will be charming," said Guinivere. "I have heard of pastorals, but I have never seen one. Your mother is a delightful person, Frank. She thinks of charming things."

"Mrs. Masham keeps us all alive, and helps us to avoid sinking into the slough of suburban dulness," said Mr. Wilberforce with a twinkle in his eye, "and since she has no daughters of her own she is always borrowing mine. She thinks I have plenty to spare, I suppose. Guinivere and Beatrice half live at Beechcroft."

In the midst of the talk which followed Dr. Salisbury saw two more figures advancing, and from the undefinable likeness in dress or appearance, he was certain that these must be two more of the daughters of the Larches, since he had been told that they numbered half a dozen.

Norah and Freda came forward into the pleasant shade of the larches, and exchanged friendly salutations with the quiet stranger.

Mrs. Wilberforce also with her three little boys came out to join the party in the garden, and Dr. Salisbury presently found himself beside Mysie's couch, where Norah was also sitting.

He entered into conversation with the invalid, and Mysie gradually brightened up from her plaintive mood of self-pity, and came to the conclusion that Dr. Salisbury was both nice and kind, although he looked as though he could be stern too on occasion, and she wondered whether he was the kind of man to treat nervous ailments with the curt contempt which Gipsy told her they received in hospital, if ever they found their way thither. Mysie did not, of course, consider her case one of nerves, although she always declared that her nerves were terribly sensitive. She liked the petting her father gave her, the exemption from all tiresome domestic duties, and the liberty she had won to lie in bed as long as she liked and to absent herself from everything that was tiresome or uninteresting.

Just lately she had begun to feel more left out in the cold than was quite pleasant, because her sisters were going out more now that they were well launched into the society of the place, and had been "taken up" so completely by the rich and fashionable Mrs. Masham, whose years of early widowhood having now expired, was beginning to launch out in a style she had never done during her husband's lifetime. She was under fifty and did not look forty, and had a very large income at her disposal. She would have extended her kindness to Mysie gladly had that young lady not posed as an invalid so long, but as things were it never occurred to her to ask her, and Mysie was in a slightly mutinous frame of mind, divided between the dislike of being excluded from so much that was gay and exciting, and her aversion to give up her invalid luxuries, even if she could bring herself to believe that exertion would be good for her. She liked to think that she had a soul above such frivolities, and that she was a lover of books, but her reading came to very little in practice, and when she began to talk to Dr. Salisbury of her studies, she found herself out of her depth almost at once, and hardly knew how to reply to his remarks upon current literature, so that Freda had to come to her rescue

with her more ready tongue, and she was soon engaged in a quick battle of wits with the doctor, who seemed to know more about the current topics of the day than any of the people she habitually met in her daily life. Roger Howel joined in the discussion, and soon he and the doctor were discussing with great acumen and earnestness some of the burning questions of the day. Arnold Leslie joined, and for a time the new-comer was engrossed in grave subjects, to which Norah listened with quiet attention, whilst the other girls gathered about the tea-table and laughed and chatted with Frank Masham.

"Do you like him?" they asked one of another, in girl fashion, and Beatrice said he was rather ponderous, whilst Guinivere decided he was "interesting." Gipsy opined that he could be very sarcastic if he chose, and was rather conceited, though in a reserved and manly way, whilst Frank thought he "would do very well as that sort of fellow went; he was a bit of a prig, but the kind of man women thought a lot of," whereat Guinivere began to laugh, and asked Frank how he came to know so much about women's tastes.

"Girls always like a man who's a bit of a bully," answered Frank loftily. "If a fellow is nice and agreeable they trample on him and don't think anything of him, but if he's a bit stuck up and haughty and comes down on them pretty sharp, they all hang round and adore him. It's rather hard lines on fellows who like to be pleasant!"

"Like yourself, Frank!" chimed in Gipsy with a little ringing laugh that always sounded heart-whole and pleasant. "You speak feelingly. You don't think you are appreciated! but you must grow up first before you can expect that. Little boys can't expect much notice!"

"Little boys indeed!" grumbled Frank, who prided himself on being quite a man of the world by this time. "I'm very nearly as old as you are, Gipsy, and I don't think you call yourself a little girl, do you?"

"That's quite another pair of shoes!" answered Gipsy half laughing, yet with an undertone of gravity in her voice. "Sometimes I wish I could be a little girl again!" and then she broke off short and turned suddenly away, for she met the keen, dark eyes of Dr. Salisbury fixed full upon her, and felt the sudden hot colour rising in her cheeks, she did not know why.

Frank Masham's tongue was still going. He had gone back to the subject of Dr. Salisbury, and Guinivere was listening eagerly.

"The mater thinks he belongs to the Salisburys of Somerset, and that he has a very good chance of coming into the title and family property some day. I don't know all those things about people, but she does, of course! There's an old Sir Algernon Salisbury somewhere and he's not got any sons, and the mater thinks this man will be the next baronet. I'm sure I don't know, and I don't care. I don't see that he's any the better for it if he is But that kind of thing always makes a sort of halo about a man, and the women run after him twice as much."

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" laughed Beatrice, "you are too silly! You are always finding some reason why 'other fellows' are more thought about than your precious self! Talk about girls being jealous of each other! I think men are ten times worse!"

"What is the grave indictment against our sex?" asked a voice close behind, and Beatrice turned laughing and sparkling to find herself confronted by Dr. Salisbury.

"You'd better not ask too many questions!" she retorted, "it isn't safe in this company. You've only made experience of the old proverb that listeners never hear, etcetera. Do you want some tea? I thought all doctors nowadays had a mania for cutting it off everybody's diet sheet."

"Except their own," cut in Dr. Salisbury with a humorous light in his grave eyes. "Surely you are not so inexperienced as to suppose for a moment that we follow our own prescriptions? Your medical sister will surely have taught you better than that!"

"It doesn't need Gipsy's experience to teach us the inconsistencies of menfolk," answered Beatrice merrily, but without the smallest coquetry in her arch smile. "There is your tea, as strong and unwholesome as even a doctor could desire!"

Presently the party broke up and dispersed. Dr. Kane carried off his daughter and Salisbury and Arnold Leslie accompanied them. Roger stayed to help Mysie and her cushions in-doors and then took himself off, and several of the sisters wandered towards the house.

Guinivere and Beatrice were left alone together under the trees discussing with Frank Masham the prospective amusements, and arranging an early visit to his mother's house. He departed at last and the sisters were left alone together. There was a little frown on Guinivere's ordinarily smooth brow, which betokened a fit of irritation, and presently she said with a little quickness and heat of manner, that was partly caused by nervousness—

"Take care you don't fall into the fault of being too sparkling and gay, Beatrice. Sometimes you seem to be trying to attract too much attention, and you know that never looks nice in a girl. I'm sure you get quite a fair share without making any artificial efforts after it. You know I always think a fast manner is perfectly odious in a woman."

Beatrice looked quickly at her sister. She was not exactly offended, but no girl likes to be pulled up short by her sister, and Beatrice had a faint suspicion as to Guinivere's motive in giving this bit of sisterly advice.

"I don't think I like a fast manner any better than you do," she answered slowly. "But I wasn't aware mine was one. I don't much think it is. And as for attracting attention, I don't think I'm anywhere in it with you, Vera. I don't think you need go down my throat like that. I'm sure you get attention enough for two, and I never interfere with you. I like to have my fun, but I don't care a straw for anything else. You are welcome to the whole pack of them if you want them all!"

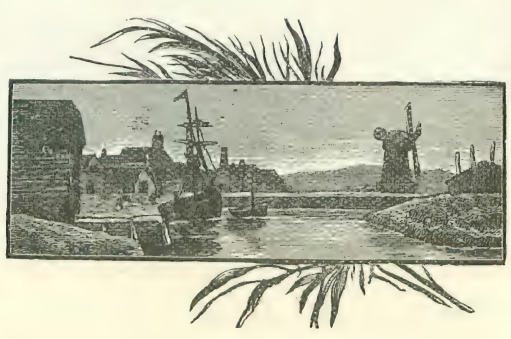
Guinivere smiled a little self-conscious smile, and was appeased. She liked to be called Vera. She liked to hear her sister accord the palm to her. Beatrice had never been seriously in her way yet, but latterly she had sometimes fancied, but perhaps it was only fancy after all.

"I rather liked Dr. Salisbury," she said after a pause. "There is something very distinguished in his appearance, I think. I wonder if it is true that he may be a baronet some day. That would be quite interesting."

"I expect it's only one of Mrs. Masham's mare's-nests," answered Beatrice in her outspoken way. "She is always fancying things. Besides, if he were he wouldn't go on being a doctor here. So I don't see that it will make much difference to us."

"No, perhaps not," answered Guinivere softly; but after a pause she said under her breath, "It would be nice to be called my lady, and to be rich and grand!"

(*To be continued.*)



GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

So late in autumn as this I think I may safely begin with a mention of furs, and how they will be worn. As a trimming, fur edgings seem to be more in request than ever, and one sees them everywhere; the new cloaks, or rather three-quarter capes, having handsome fur collars of a good size; the most fashionable tea-jackets being laden with silver fox-fur and lace. Indeed, the mixture of other materials with fur has become one of the things to be remarked in the present day. For instance, a yoke of sequin embroidery appears on a cape of "Persian lamb," and the mixture of jet, lace, fur, and velvet is quite wonderful. The small short collars on boas, that were used last year, are rather longer, and have several tails at each end, instead of the painful-looking little heads, so sadly suggestive, which formed the finish of one end last year. Numbers of fur tippets, or capes, are seen (many of them) reaching to the waist, some shaped in various ways on the shoulders, edged with tails, or the upper cape of fur and the lower of velvet or cloth, or *vice versâ*. Sable is of course the popular fur, for those who can manage to afford it. Beaver and sealskin are used together, as yoke and edging to capes; while Persian lamb and Tibet are also mixed. Beaver seems likely to be one of the favourite furs of the winter season.

INVERNESS CAPE AND NEW FUR COLLAR.

One of our most comfortable wraps this season is, decidedly, the "Inverness cape," which seems of much more use than the ordinary jacket of every-day wear, as they can be thrown aside so easily when one wishes to be rid of them in the house, when paying a visit, or at afternoon teas. In Edinburgh I saw lately some very pretty models. Of course there they would be of the correct Scottish tartans—not of those varied plaids affected further south, and in the French models. The principal material for these "Inverness capes" is a thick Scotch tweed tartan on one side, and plain on the other. Some of those seen in Edinburgh had hoods, with the tartan showing inside; and some capes were made with the tartan outside, and the plain side turned inwards. There are several shapes of this cape. In some there is a yoke across the back, and the lower portion of the cape is set into it, in two or more flat single pleats, which meet in the centre. The yoke may be straight or pointed, the sole finish is the fine lines of machine-stitching one sees on nearly all out-of-door garments to-day. "Box-cloth is used for the specially-smart kinds of Invernesses; and in this we find the colours are light-fawn and several new shades of tan being the most liked. Some of these have a large number of rows of plain machine-stitching, and the popularity of strapped seams still continues. Velvet is much used with cloths, and many of the light cloth jackets are trimmed with black velvet and black fur. The length of the new autumn jackets is much the same as those which were worn this spring; and, in reality, there is so little change, that a last year's jacket may easily be altered to look like something new.

There is no doubt about the popularity of the new "pelisses" as the long cloaks are generally called. They are too handsome and distinguished-looking not to be popular, but they do not seem to me suitable, when of this kind, for wear excepting in a carriage, and they are old-looking, perhaps, for young women, save in the form of waterproofs, or when made in light hues for evening wear. I see, however, that they are worn by younger women, and I fancy those with tight-fitting bodices and full skirts in coloured silks will probably be the selected ones.

The pelisse is made in every kind of cloth, including some of those very stylish new *bouclé* cloths, that look as if they were trimmed with stripes of astrachan, the seeming fur being really interwoven in the cloth.

The "Eton jacket," always hitherto so popular, has given way to the newer short, full-basqued coats, which are quite the rage in Paris at present. They can be made quite tightly-fitting, both at the back and front; but as a matter of fact, they look better fitted at the back with the fronts cut straight and loose. The *révers* are not very large, but they are pointed over the shoulders. The sleeves are very wide in the upper parts, and are set into the armhole in small single pleats, which meet, and face at the top of the shoulder, where they are so arranged as to droop to the elbow, the arms being tight-fitting below it. Two rows of machine-stitching finish these becoming little coats all round; and in Paris I noted that they were generally tied together in front with two long ends, fully a yard in length, of inch-wide *moiré* ribbon, which gives a pretty finish to the coat. So far as materials are concerned, I find smooth-surfaced cloths will be much worn, and braiding appears on many of the new gowns. The colourings of these new cloths are very beautiful, blue, green, and brown are the favourites, and from what one sees, "smoke-blue" and black cloth are the ruling favourites, the latter relieved by a coloured waistcoat. For indoor gowns, many of these cloths are made with tight-fitting bodices, with short, rounded basques, ending a little below the waist-line. Most of these have, generally, some kind of a vest-front, and usually in colour, and I notice that, when braiding is used, it is often in two kinds of braid; on a black dress, black and gold braid, or blue and gold on a blue gown. I also see that some of the newest gowns are braided all over the bodice, a fashion I always thought becoming and stylish. Buttons are also much used on some of the best gowns, on the *révers*, sleeves, and even on the skirts. They look very well when used below the waist on either side of the front, where they outline the breadths or fasten back the flap of the pockets. It is a great delight to see that these comfortable front pockets may be worn again; and they certainly are a pretty trimming to the dress when well cut, in addition to the comfort of getting rid of the danger, as well as the nuisance of pockets at the back, which one always sits upon.

The width of skirts does not decrease, and the gores of them continue to be outlined with colour, and are often embroidered with narrow rolls of some kind of trimming at the edge. Leather has been immensely used this year, not only to line dresses, but as a trimming round the bottom of the skirt, at the edge of cuffs, *révers*, and collar; and with one gown I saw a vest of leather prepared to match the

ONE OF THE NEW PLAIDS—A FULL BASQUED COAT BODICE.

TRAVELLING DRESS.

rest of the trimming. Of course, these dresses have been used for the country, and for travelling, for the moors, and Scotland in general; but there is a decided fancy to carry out the same idea for the autumn novelties; and it does not seem so suitable for town wear, as for the country.

As regards the lengthening of the shoulder-seam, which so many of our fashion writers, have been prophecying for the last six months, I can hardly say that I see very much change, except that the top of the arm seems to be more defined than it was when the sleeve is put in; but there is no desire to go over the line of the shoulder at all. The new basques are merely frills just now at the backs and sides of dresses; and one cannot say what form they will take later on, when we enter upon real winter dresses. Probably we may prefer to have them made with the plain habit-bodice, which I think will reappear again.

The hats prepared for wear during the approaching season are very pretty; the favourites being shiny-grey and white beavers, either rough, or smooth and grey, or white felt. These are all trimmed with velvet, lace, and feathers; a great deal of white lace being seen even on the winter hats; and real Brussels or Bruges lace being used, when it can be afforded, or when the owner of the hat is fortunate enough to have such stores of valuables. Hats of felt and cloth are prepared for travelling and rough wear, which have many rows of stitching round the brim, and of course are decorated with the all-pervading eagles' quills. The "Panama sailor hat" has been so much in favour this autumn, that it seems as if people would never tire of it. They may now be had in every kind of tint, from white to brown. The special novelty of the season, however, is the wide, trimmed, soft felt hats, with a high-pointed crown, stitched with rows of machine stitching at intervals with a darker shade of silk. The white felt are the most stylish, but those in mouse-grey will offer the best wear, as they will not show the dirt at all. They are very expensive, and so are not likely to become too common; and the brim seems to me too wide to be becoming; but the fashionable world considers this fault can be corrected by putting on a veil; which will, if tightly drawn, curl up the brim.

The paper pattern selected for the present month is that of the new divided skirt knicker-bockers, a novel idea which will commend itself to most people for the winter, as it is wide enough to replace petticoats under the dress, and can be made of any material that may be preferred—alpaca lined with silk or wool being generally liked, serge being rather a clinging material. The amount of stuff taken will be about 2½ yards of double width, or 7 yards of single width. Care must be taken to avoid making this garment too heavy or it will cease to be hygienically useful.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

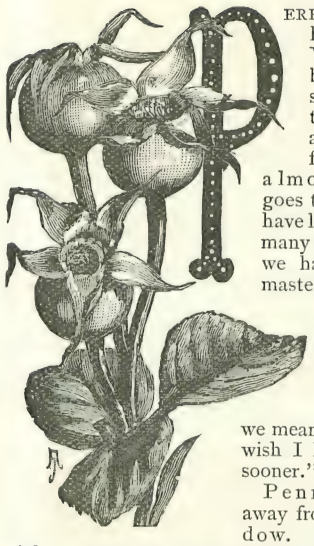
Nightgown, drawers, and Senorita under-bodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, Senorita jacket, bodice fastened under the arm, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, under petticoat, cross-over blouse, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

DIVIDED SKIRT AS KNICKERBOCKERS.
(*Paper pattern.*)

AN UNANSWERED LETTER.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.



PERHAPS I was hard on him. When a girl begins to speak plainly to a man about his faults, she almost always goes too far. We have learnt a great many things, but we haven't quite mastered the art of curbing the tongue at the right moment. We say more than we mean to say. I wish I had stopped sooner."

Penny moved away from the window. The June night was soft and still; but a little breath of chill air came sighing in. Downstairs the old clock struck eleven.

"No; I don't wish I had stopped! After all, I had a right to say what I did, and he knew it. What is a man worth if he can't keep his promise! Faithfulness to the spoken word? 'It is the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust, which binds man to man.' That is what George Eliot said. And men had got into the way of thinking that it didn't matter if they broke their promises to women. The new women are teaching them to think differently!"

Penny was a new woman. Anyhow, she thought she was; and her heart swelled with a sense of the dignity of her sex. She sat down on the side of her bed, and perked up her chin to the stars.

"It was awfully mean of him to bet again when he had vowed that he would not! I'm glad he didn't back the winner; if he had, he wouldn't have confessed, and come to me for sympathy. I wish the horse was as extinct as the dodo! No; I don't. But I wish that Bob could be chained up every time a great race is coming off. Oh, Bob!"

She broke down ignominiously all at once. Bob was Bob; her first love; they had played at being bride and bridegroom when they were little, and she had worn a clean lace curtain for her wedding-dress. Bob had caught his foot in the curtain as he was leading his fair bride away from the altar, and had made a rent which the most skilful darning could scarcely hide. Aunt Esther had scolded the newly-married pair, and hinted at going without pudding; but had forgiven them at dinner-time. How all these absurd trivialities came to Penny at this moment! She found herself wishing that they could go back to that old time, and begin everything all over again.

But there is no turning back. Bob had grown up a big boy, and had been sent to school first and Oxford afterwards; and then settled down on his small estate near Aunt Esther's farm. Penny had been educated abroad, and had come home to live with her people in London. But it was understood that Aunt Esther expected her always to spend part of the year at the farm in Woodlandshire; and she was glad to go there. Of course she could not be at Aunt Esther's house without meeting Bob; and Bob was not slow to see that his old sweetheart had become a charming woman. They had got engaged twelve months ago.

Bob Hallibank was fond of the race-course, and he was getting known in the country as a betting-man. Aunt Esther did not trouble herself about his doings in the least; but Penny had a good father, and a brother who looked after his sisters. They had said very plainly that Bob had better stop in time; he had lost far more than he could afford. Could not Penny ask him to give up betting for her sake? Penny had asked him; and had won his solemn promise. He said that he would never bet again.

Well, Ascot was just over; and Bob had confessed that he *had* betted, and lost. It almost seemed as if he had forgotten his promise. When Penny had reminded him of it, he had said that it was very wrong, of course, to have broken a vow. She would look over it, because she was such a dear thing, and knew how much he loved her, and might he kiss her? And when she had spoken some strong words, he had been first amazed, and then extremely angry. A man does not expect a flash of lightning to come out of the heart of a rose.

So they had parted. Bob had looked very proud, but no one could have failed to see that he was miserable. It was that look of misery which was haunting Penny at this moment as she sat on the bed with her little bare feet resting on a strip of India matting. She did not know why she was sitting there. It would have been more sensible to have got into bed and thought over her sorrows comfortably. But sometimes the body craves restlessness rather than rest.

They had parted. In those three words there was a volume of sad meaning. If you sat there too long and said them over and over, your brain would get into a whirl. When you are young, there is something appalling in a great sorrow; it seems to overshadow the whole world. Can nothing be done, you say, to escape from the darkness of this dreadful cloud?

Penny was by no means a silly girl; but she was only twenty-one, and hitherto the path had been smooth for her feet, and the skies blue. Next morning she was going to leave the farm, and travel back to town by the nine o'clock train. Her mother was not well, and Mr. Westall had taken a house by the sea for his family, so that Penny's help was needed by her own people. It was this arrangement which made the parting with Bob seem so terribly hopeless. There would be no chance of meeting again and setting the matter to rights.

All at once she jumped up, struck a match, and lighted her candle. Her trunk was packed ready for to-morrow's journey. She plunged her hand recklessly into its contents, and brought up a little desk. Then she took out pen and paper and wrote to Bob. There were not many words in her letter, but every brief sentence was full of tender regret. If she had spoken too harshly, she was sorry, yet she felt that it was right to speak. When Bob had time to think and remember, she believed that he would see the importance of being true to his word. "Life was short" (to Penny, just then, it seemed immensely long!), "and why should they part in anger after years of love?" She was, "as ever, his own Penny."

She put the note on the table, extinguished the candle, and went to bed at last. It was such a relief to have written, that she sank into a deep sleep; nor did she wake till Aunt Esther came herself to say that she must get up. All through the hurried business of dressing and breakfast there was comfort in the thought of the letter. The cart was at the door, and they were putting in her trunk when she entrusted the precious missive to Miss Esther Bolt.

"Aunty, will you, please, send this note to Bob directly? I want him to get it early, you see. It's very important. Do let William take it at once."

"Yes, my dear, he shall. Good-bye, God bless you."

It was the day for turning out the china-closet. This was a thing which was not done every week; but when it had to be done, Miss Bolt got up terribly early and pinned a duster round her head. Breakfast was laid in another room, and the dining-room table was covered with cups, jugs, and queer old plates and dishes which seldom saw the light. Miss Bolt, with the duster round her head and a cloth in her hand, was standing by this crowded table when her niece said good-bye.

Her mind was so fully occupied, that she hardly sent a thought after the departing guest. The note was still in her hand, and the cart had but just driven away, when there was a fearful scream from the kitchen. Out rushed Miss Bolt through the door which led from the passage into the back of the house, and then a very sad sight met her eyes. William, the most faithful lad on the farm, lay white and senseless on the floor; and his sister, the housemaid, hung over him, wringing her hands.

There never was a better mistress than Esther Bolt; her servants were a part of her very self, and William and Ann, being orphans, were the special objects of her care. With admirable tact she calmed the sobbing girl, and then seeing two men lingering at the kitchen-door she sent one off for the doctor. The other told her what had happened; one of the farm-horses had kicked the lad and stunned him, and the men had carried him into the house.

The doctor came, and made his examination. William was taken carefully upstairs and put into a large bedroom. When his senses returned, Miss Bolt sent Ann away.

"Go down into the dining-room, Ann," she said in her kind, firm voice. "The table is covered with china and glass; just put everything back into the closet as carefully as you can. You'll feel all the better for having something to do."

Meanwhile Penny drove along the country road in the sweet freshness of the young day, and thought about her lover. In one spot, where the woods opened, she could see a glimpse of the red-brick house in which he lived all alone. Poor Bob! he had no women-folk belonging to him; it was no wonder that he was a little wild. Well, he would get her letter presently, and that would soften his heart.

Penny's relatives met her with open arms; it even seemed that they were more than usually glad to have her back again. Mrs. Westall was better, but longing for the sea. Rose, the eldest daughter, was her mother's nurse, and Penny had to take charge of her two younger sisters. They were all to start for the seaside on the morrow, and Mr. Westall and Tom would join them there. A dozen things had to be done on that last evening, so that there was no leisure for talking or thinking. But a week later, when they were all settled in the little villa on the shore, Penny was beginning an anxious watch for the postman.

She had never doubted that Bob would answer her letter, and catch gladly at the chance of reconciliation. Theirs was a love-affair of such long standing that it seemed impossible to break the tie. And yet an inner voice sometimes warned her that she did not know the real Bob. We think we know people when we are intimately acquainted with their faces, and can tell the shape of their noses and the colour of their eyes. But familiarity with the outer man does not bring us into close contact with the being who dwells within.

One evening her brother Tom suggested that they should have a quiet talk by the sea. He was very fond of all his sisters, but it was an open secret that Penny, with her soft, fresh face and lissom figure, was the belle of the family. "Wanted, a guardian," you would have said if you had seen her walking all alone on the pier; but she didn't care about the pier, and was quite ready for a sunset stroll with Tom.

"Penny," he began, "I suppose you know that Bob hasn't kept his promise about betting?"

"Yes, Tom. I told him what I thought of him."

"How did he take it, Penny?"

"He fired up."

"Fired up, did he? Then I suppose you have parted?"

"Well, yes—for the present."

"Penny, don't say 'for the present,' say 'for ever.' He is not half worthy of such a dear girl as you are. Just let him go."

A flush mounted to the roots of her curly brown hair, and there was a look of sorrow in the candid grey eyes.

"I think he has let me go," she said in a shaky voice. "Let us talk of something else, Tom."

She did not say one word about the letter she had written, but she could not recall it without a sick feeling of shame. As weeks lengthened into months, the shame deepened, and sank into her heart. She was a bright girl, with a clear head and a high courage of her own, and very few suspected that she bore an inward pain. When the Westalls went back to London, looking healthy and strong, Penny set to work with all her might. She helped her younger sisters on in their studies, and sympathised with them in all the little difficulties of their school life. And she went, once a week, to a settlement at the East End, and taught the children to play such games as they had never played before. It happened that one of Tom's friends (a rising lawyer) also interested himself in the "settlement," and Penny Westall met him there.

Miss Esther Bolt was one of the worst correspondents in the world. She always wrote as if there had been a tiff, and she did it against her will. This was because she hated writing, although she loved her friends; and she had not the gift of expressing herself with pen and ink. In a brief letter she had told Penny that poor William was laid up after a bad accident, and that the spare bedroom had been turned into a hospital for weeks. That was all. No mention was made of Bob. If Aunt Esther thought of him she concluded that he was writing as usual to her niece.

Tom's friend, George Wetherall, was a man who knew his own mind. When he saw Penny at the East End he thought in a moment, like Prince Geraint, that she was "the one maid" for him. Being a straight man, it was not long before he told Tom that he loved his sister, and asked if any other fellow stood in the way. Tom said he was afraid there was another fellow, and added that George had better not be in a hurry.

If George was in a hurry he had the good sense not to let it be seen. But he came often to Mr. Westall's house at Hampstead, and the girls were glad to see him. He was quite as attentive to Rose as to Penny, and yet Rose knew well enough that it was Penny who had won his heart. She knew this long before her sister suspected it. Poor Penny's mind was preoccupied; her love for Bob was gradually dying a natural death, but the intolerable pang of shame outlived the love. Often the thought of that unanswered letter checked a happy laugh, and brought a cloud upon her bright face. She had heard that Bob had been betting again at Goodwood, and had lost heavily. Perhaps he felt only scorn for the girl who had tried in vain to call him back to her side.

Yet, in spite of this shameful pain, she was glad that he had not come back. Yes, she was angry, not with him, but with herself. She, who knew and understood the dignity of womanhood, had been conquered by a passionate impulse. Her farewell to Bob had been justly spoken; the attempt at reunion ought to have come from him, not from her; and now that she was able to think calmly, she felt that the worst thing that could have happened would have been a reconciliation.

One bleak March evening Tom came home from the City with a gloomy face. They all wondered what was the matter; but he did not speak till Penny asked if anything had happened.

"Yes," he said gruffly, "and I wish it had happened to somebody else. Wetherall has been knocked down and run over in Holborn. He was trying to save a child from being killed, and he did save it, but——"

"Oh, Penny, are you going to faint?"

It was Emily, the youngest of the family, who called general attention to Penny's face. The face changed its hue in a moment, and became so rosy that Emily burst out with another "Oh!" Rose glanced at Tom, and detected a faint gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. "He has been making the worst of it," she thought. "It is too bad of him."

"Mr. Wetherall will get over it, won't he?" she said quickly.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Tom, feeling that he had been a little cruel. "But they took him to the hospital, and there he'll have to stay for a bit. It's hard that things of this kind always happen to good fellows. If George had been a bad lot I daresay he wouldn't have been hurt."

"But the bad lots do get hurt," cried Emily. "Don't you remember that awful Mike——?"

"Hush! We have had enough of horrors," interrupted Rose. "Tom, I shall go to the hospital to-morrow, and take some flowers to Mr. Wetherall."

Alone in her room that night, Penny fell into the silly old habit of sitting on the side of the bed. She had always known that George Wetherall was a good man; but until this evening she had not realised the high value which she set upon him. When it is suggested that we may have to part with anything, we know in a moment what it is worth. Penny felt that if George Wetherall were taken away, he would leave one of those great blanks which are never filled up here.

She thought of his good, useful life, and his earnestness in helping on the great cause of humanity. How the love within him made all self-denial sweet, so that he could give up, without a struggle, many of those luxuries which Bob had counted indispensable! And he was lying now, in pain, in a hospital ward, suffering for the sake of a little child.

Penny jumped up suddenly, and began to pace the floor with bare feet. She was thinking of that letter again, and detesting herself for having written it to such a man as Bob.

When June came round again, Aunt Esther wrote to say that she was expecting Penny. As to Bob, he had gone off somewhere, and let the red-brick house to strangers. Miss Bolt imparted this piece of information, in her jerky way, without any comment at all. She had never been engaged herself, and had but a poor opinion of lovers as a race; if Bob and Penny had parted, she was not going to fret about the separation. So Penny went down to the farm fearlessly enough; there would be no dread of encountering her old sweetheart, and there was a secret hope that she might be followed by her new one. For it had come to this. In the long time of invalidism which came after George Wetherall's accident, her sympathy had drawn his love to the surface. It was an unspoken thing still, but she knew it; and he was beginning to feel that he should win his heart's desire.

But oh, that unanswered letter! Penny's ears were tingling as she drove along the old woodland road to the farm. The girl who had lowered herself in her own eyes, was hardly worthy to be the queen of a good man's heart. She judged herself severely in these days; it was her life's endeavour to live up to George's ideal. There was the large grey farm-house, standing in a great garden full of roses; and there was Aunt Esther waiting under the porch to welcome her niece. A wave of memory came with the familiar flower-scents; the bees hummed a song of old days as she walked up the path to the door. Upstairs, in her bedroom, the tide of remembrance flowed in through the open casements. In country houses, things are seldom changed; people let their chairs and tables stand in the old places. Here was the white bed, and the quaint watch-pocket hanging above the pillows; here were the oval looking-glass in a black frame, and the strips of India matting on the well-scrubbed floor. It was more than a year ago since Penny had shut herself into this very room to cry over her parting with Bob.

"Aunty, I shall get up very early to-morrow," she said at the tea-table. "There's a splendid show of honeysuckle over there, on the edge of the woods. I don't know anything more delicious than gathering honeysuckle early on a June morning."

"Do as you like," said Miss Bolt. "We shall have breakfast in the parlour. It's the day for turning out the china closet."

It was seven o'clock when Penny, in a light-blue cotton gown and a shady hat, tripped across the field at the bottom of the garden, and took her way to the waste ground which bordered the woods. This was one of Nature's bits of garden, a boggy piece of land where the rabbits had it all their own way, and beautiful wild grasses waved in the morning air. Amid clumps of furze and bramble and bracken grew the honeysuckle, cream-coloured and red, flinging a lavish wealth of blossoms over the wilderness. Penny went on and on in a silent ecstasy, filling her basket with masses of sweetness and bloom. Pheasants flew up with a great whirr, startled at her approach; the coo of the doves sounded plaintively from the dense shadows of the woods, but not a human voice was to be heard. It was not until the basket was over-full, that she went back to the house.

Aunt Esther was in the dining-room with the duster pinned round her head in the old style; and the table was covered with the old glass and china, exactly as it had been on the morning when Penny had taken her departure. The girl's cheeks were burning again. Miss Bolt was standing just where she had stood when her niece had given her the letter.

Well, it was useless to groan over that wretched mistake; but the remembrance took all the sweetness out of the flowers for

a moment. Then she shook herself with an impatient sigh.

"I shall fill your vases, aunty," she said. "Did you ever see such honeysuckle? You don't know what it costs me to come indoors, and leave it wasting there! Oh, here is a dear old pitcher which will hold an immense quantity!"

The dear old pitcher was of brown glazed earthenware, and had two handles. It stood on a corner of the table, surrounded by pieces of delicate china, and had been pushed into the background as if it did not deserve much attention. Miss Bolt glanced at it abstractedly for a moment.

"I think that old thing belonged to grandfather," she said. "I've lost sight of it for a long while; but to-day I found it standing in a corner of the closet."

"I like it," said Penny, carrying it off to another table. "It's rather dusty, aunty. And there's something inside it."

"Not a mouse, is it?" Miss Bolt asked.

"No, only paper. Why, it's a letter!"

Aunt Esther went on wiping her cups, and did not see that Penny was growing red and white by turns. Her own unanswered letter—the letter that she had written to Bob—had been lying at the bottom of the pitcher ever since last June; and the envelope had never been broken.

"Aunty," she said at last in a husky voice. "Do you remember the morning when I went away?"

"Of course I do," replied Miss Bolt, taking up a cup as thin as an egg-shell. "I'm not likely to forget Ann's scream. It was a mercy I didn't smash something. You hadn't been gone five minutes when William was brought in senseless."

"I left you standing here," said Penny, "and I gave you a letter to send to Bob. Well, the letter was never sent. It was lying unopened at the bottom of this pitcher."

Miss Bolt stood and stared at her niece with the cup held carefully in one hand.

"I had forgotten all about that letter until this moment," she confessed at last. "I must have dropped it into the pitcher, not knowing what I did. Well, Penny, I'm very sorry."

"And I'm very glad," said Penny.

She put the letter into her pocket, filled the pitcher with water, and arranged a great bunch of honeysuckle. Then she ran upstairs to her room and shut the door.

Do we ever thank God for the prayers that are never answered? The girl who knelt by her bedside was speechless with gratitude and joy. Her fond, foolish words had never reached the man to whom they were written; they had been taken charge of by her good angel, and hidden away until she had seen life in a clearer light. There are blessings "which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask," and He, who is the Master of souls, will not give them to us until we have learnt "our ignorance in asking."

It was decided that Penny should remain with Aunt Esther all through the summer. Miss Bolt wanted to have her sister, and her sister's children with her as much as possible, and so all the Westalls came to spend their holidays, that year, at the farm. All but Tom, who took lodgings in a labourer's cottage, and was joined by George Wetherall.

When Penny and George met again there was not the faintest shadow of a barrier between them. One evening they stood alone on the waste land, just when the long grasses and brambles were touched with the gold of the sunset, and the scent of the earth was dewy and sweet. They had filled a basket with wild flowers; Penny, with some purple heather and bent grass in her hat, and her grey eyes shining in the low light, made a pretty picture. It was one of those rare hours in life when "the time and place, and the loved one, are all together."

"You are my true love, Penny," said George, looking deep into the shining eyes.

And her heart answered—"You are mine."

When they all went back to London, Penny astonished her aunt by making an odd request.

"Aunt Esther, will you give me your grandfather's old brown pitcher? I will take the greatest care of it."

"Yes, child, you may have it. But what charm it is that you see in that ugly old thing I cannot think!"

"I dote upon it," said Penny.

THE GIRL-BRIDES OF HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

FOR six generations a grey stone house had stood at the head of the Haven; the Haven itself taking its name from the owners of the house, who, from the first Gregory St. Hild down to his last and lately-buried descendant had lived and died within its walls.

Grey as the granite rocks that rose behind it, worn and battered with wind and weather, it was still beautiful and strong enough apparently to shelter generations yet to come, for what the first had built he had built well, and succeeding owners had added their part with equal care, while the thick clinging ivy had clothed the walls with a luxuriant growth.

Before the house the waters of the Haven spread, gradually widening out to the sea, while on the beach below fishing craft drew up into safe anchorage, and the fishers' cottages grouped themselves together wherever the shelving hills gave them space.

But at the back of the Haven, beyond the reach of the sea's long arm, protected from north and east by the towering rocks, lay the Glen, and in the sunniest part of the Glen the favoured cherished garden that Gregory St. Hild had planned and planted with his own hands, and which his descendants had watched and tended with equal care and more than equal skill. It was not very large this garden, and to southern eyes accustomed to seeing acres of cultivated ground producing a wealth of harvest, its stores would seem of little value, but the men, women and children who lived by the Haven regarded it as an earthly paradise; it was the pride of the Glen, and the pride of St. Hild also.

The men who worked in the garden loved it as their own, and to its real owner it could scarcely give more joy; it repaid well the care bestowed upon it too, for its fruits were renowned over the whole country-side, and no wealthier squire had finer root crops or choicer flowers than grew here.

And now that the last bearer of the name had been carried away from his home to rest with his forefathers, what was to become of their garden, what of the house, what of the men who gathered round the Haven and who had relied upon the laird as their protector and counsellor, and still more, what of the fair girl who sat alone the sole inheritor of this accumulated wealth, a wealth not of gold so much as of honour, love of loyal people, and the store that more than a century of toil had gathered together?

What was she to do with this? How was she, slender, inexperienced, comparatively untrained, to fill worthily and wisely the place that came to her by right of birth? There were plenty to ask the question in a variety of ways, but she of them all had wisdom enough to ask it in the only right way—on her keees.

The only child, to her father she had been both son and daughter, and when death had robbed them of the loved wife and mother, he drew still closer the bond that united the remaining two.

No good thing that education could give had been withheld from her, even the discipline that separation from home alone brings had not been held to be needless, and she had fought her way with others on common ground. She had not shown the brilliant cleverness that carries all before it as an only child is oft-times expected to do, but consciously or unconsciously, she had drawn in the breath of a fuller life, and a wider outlook over a larger world than was known in the confined limits of the Haven was hers, whereby her sympathies had become deepened and made to embrace people and things outside the fold, which to her forerunners had seemed amply large enough.

Even to the fond father his "bonnie maid"—dearer and more companionable because of her broader understanding—had ideas which ran somewhat antagonistic to his own at times, and though while he lived she was too truly daughterly to give rein to them, now that the restraint of his presence was removed there was no one to forbid her use of the power that lay in her hands in whatever direction she chose to exercise it.

Although in experience of the world's ways Penelope St. Hild was but a child, in knowledge that holds good and renders the truest service to others she was rapidly growing to maturity. While her father had given her the same training that he would have given to a son so far as her sex made it possible for him to do so, the mother's care had been equally active to develop homely arts and make her fully acquainted with the practical side of house-management, "for," she would say, "a woman is not worthy of her name who is ignorant of a woman's special work."

So that if it was now her place to rule she was ready for it by right of fitness gained by obedience unto rule, and if she sought to teach others it was with such learning as she had had to acquire herself.

During the five years that had passed since her mother's death the entire charge of all household matters had lain in her hands; her father claimed her help in his outdoor pursuits and her sympathy in the doings of the Haven folk, but within-doors he had left her to use her own judgment, with the result that she had ripened into wholesome and complete womanhood.

And now that he was gone she asked herself what was to become of all the experience so gained; was she to live always unto herself, acting the part of lady bountiful to the poorer folk if they would allow her to do so, or was it possible that she might reach out to a wider circle, doing good with money and influence in ways that are but seldom thought of?

The "New Womanhood" was not yet heard of, nor were many of the startling phases which have since made young womanhood ridiculous sufficiently forward to attract attention, but the aimlessnes and the purposeless

character of life with so great a number of her own class had often caused Penelope to think seriously of the future.

Books and papers brought the stirring problems of the hour even into the quiet peacefulness of the Haven, and in her lovely home she felt that though removed from disturbing contact with them she was not exempt from taking her responsible share in the solving of them.

The same thought had grown within her which has animated the nobler spirits among women of every time—that if the world is to be raised and purified it will be largely done by raising the standard of character amongst its women; for by women homes are made or marred, men are lifted up or dragged downwards, themselves helpless, and childrens' consciences are warped if the influences surrounding their cradles are ignoble ones.

The smallness of their lives, which is the rebellious plaint of so great a number of women, chiefly arises from among those who are most ignorant—ignorant of the simplest kind of knowledge, and especially ignorant of the knowledge that makes home happy and blessed.

And this last was just the kind of ignorance that Penelope felt most drawn to combat with—the knowledge she knew herself to possess in a good measure, thanks to a wise mother's care, and she longed to bless others with the blessing that had been so liberally poured upon her.

Had she been a few years older and less enthusiastic, she might have reflected that the true home-making talent is an inborn gift not given to all alike, but being still young and ardently hopeful she had faith to believe that by patient teaching great things might be accomplished.

And after all, those who aim high are always certain to achieve something; what Penelope achieved we shall see as our story progresses.

"I have a house of my own to keep," she said to herself. "Suppose that I try to teach housekeeping to others; but what others? It is useless to teach those who have no motive before them when they learn, and I will not have learners in my school who come there for the sake of a new sensation or in search of a new hobby, no; could it be possible, I wonder, to find girls who are really about to marry, who would be glad to learn the 'whole art of housekeeping' seriously and earnestly? if there are any such it is these I should like to teach."

Once the purpose became firmly fixed in her mind it was not long in taking shape; the more that her loneliness pressed upon her heavily in these first months of bereavements.

To open up the still rooms in the great house, to fill it with life and sound, to have every day full of duty. This she seemed to crave, and such wholesome craving was not likely to remain long unsatisfied.

Of the servants who had served her father from his own boyhood there were but two whose service was really of any account; the others had been amply provided for by their master's care and could retire if they found their field invaded and the order changed; only Silas would remain as keeper of the garden that was dearer to him than even his own cottage home; and Margery, who had nursed her young mistress from her birth and first taught her to walk, would still keep her place as watchful guardian. To these two only did Penelope fully unfold the purpose that she had in mind, but even their objections were not strong enough to deter her carrying it out.

To themselves they said—by way of consolation perhaps—"Let her take her will now, but one of these days Miss Pen will marry, and then the old order will come back again."

Of friends there were few to take counsel, none whose opinion could have determining weight, so that whether she did well or ill she must rely upon her own judgment to decide her course.

The very novelty of her plan made it seem the more desirable, for ten years ago it certainly was novel, although in these days housekeeping schools are to be found in many places, yet "to be domesticated" is even now scarcely accounted an indispensable qualification when matrimonial responsibilities are undertaken, in spite of the increase of understanding.

The picture that sketched itself out in Penelope's mind was this. The girls whom she would undertake to teach must be those who, with the near prospect of having homes of their own to rule, found it difficult, if not impossible, to learn the whole art of ruling in their father's house because of their social position; and when these girls were found, as she had little doubt but that they would be, she intended that they should, with their own hands, perform every kind of household duty; the "menial" as well as the more dignified, for only by doing everything themselves could they really ever know how anything ought to be done, how long its doing should take and how it should look when done.

Then too, housekeeping as she understood it herself, embraced much more than the cooking of meals and the cleaning and dusting of rooms; it meant the management and proportioning of income and expenditure, the understanding of right methods of ventilation and sanitation, the keeping and repairing of linen, as well as the washing and dressing of the same; the work of garden and greenhouse as far as it had to do with producing food and fruit for the house and flowers for its beautifying; the care of poultry and birds, simple dairy work, bread-making, and perhaps also they might include some of the forgotten arts that belonged to housewifery in the olden days; but above all there were the rules of right living to lay hold of, the sympathy of strong for weak, of rich toward poor, of well to sick, to cultivate, and for this few places could have been chosen so well suited for their teaching as the Haven and St. Hild.

Indeed, the more she thought about her plan the more attractive it grew, and she went from room to room in the house preparing it—in imagination at least—for its coming inmates, making the few alterations that might be necessary, adding the needful furniture to make each room ready for its separate occupant, and seeing the great drawing-room filled with a throng of bright faces and figures.

No wonder the imaginary picture charmed her, and if the actual realisation of it proved more difficult than she had anticipated, still the ideal was always kept in view and was a wonderful help.

The first step towards its realisation was to make her plan public, and this she did through various channels, and to her delight it was taken up in the spirit she had wished it to be, proof enough that the need existed and must be met.

She had said to herself that she would begin slowly, but within a month six earnest students had entered their names and given their bond for a six months' course, and Penelope found her scheme fairly started ere she had fully grasped the fact for herself.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

241. Before entering upon this division of the Old Testament, state what you understand by the term "prophet," and in what part of the Bible is the descriptive title first employed?

242. Dating from the beginning of the eighth century B.C., how many prophets, named in the Old Testament, were there whose writings remain; and into what divisions are they generally arranged?

243. Give the several names of the prophets in chronological order.

244. Name the four prophets whose writings have to do chiefly with the Gentiles. Give the names of the nations to whom these prophets severally refer.

245. What do we know respecting the personal history of Isaiah? In the reigns of what Kings of Judah did he live?

246. Under what special name does Isaiah speak of God, and by which He is rarely designated in other writings? What was his principal theme?

247. Where is it mentioned twice in the New Testament of persons reading Isaiah's prophecies?

248. What are the two divisions of the writings of this prophet? and to what subjects do the two historical chapters that divide them relate?

249. Quote the prophecy relating to John the Baptist as the "Forerunner," and its application.

250. Quote four distinct prophecies relating to our Lord in Isaiah's writings.

OUR NEW COMPETITIONS.

A Competition for Girls at Home, at School or at College, or for Girls Generally.

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1500.

Give a general description of Europe in the year 1500, who were the crowned heads, what schemes were going on, the condition of the people, etc.

Each essay to occupy about three foolscap pages, to be written on one side of the paper only.

Each essay to be certified by a minister, parent or teacher, and sent to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, by January 13th, 1896, with the words "Historical Essay Competition" written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

Prizes of five, four, three, two and one guineas will be awarded to the most successful competitors, and the Editor will reserve to himself the right to print and hold the copyright of the prize essays. No essays will be returned, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.

A Competition for all Girls Who Work With Their Hands.

MY DAILY ROUND.

This competition is intended for all those girls who work with their hands, as milliners, dressmakers, domestic or other servants, workers in factories, in shops or in any other industry, however important or humble, so long as the work is honest and done for payment.

Five prizes of five, four, three, two and one guineas will be awarded to girl-workers by the hand who will best describe in clear, unaffected language on three sheets of foolscap paper, written on one side of the paper only, the ordinary work of their ordinary day. What we want to have is a paper that if printed (and we may wish to print and publish the prize essays) would give the reader a graphic and truthful account of the real life of girl-workers in varied branches of work. The Editor of The Girl's Own Paper is convinced that such a competition as this will have a world-wide interest, and will help both the writer, himself and his readers to see how "the other half" of the girl-world lives, moves and has its being. Particulars of companionships, masters and mistresses, hours and wages may be included, though a description of the actual daily round of their own work and how it affects the work of the general establishment is really what is most wanted, together with any note of satisfaction or aspiration that may describe the state of mind of the writer. Actual names and addresses of firms or employers must in no case be given, and if included will cause the paper to be rejected. These papers need not be certified by another, but each competitor must write these lines at the end of the paper:—I declare the statements in this paper to be true. Here follow name in full .....

Address .....

Date .....

Should the writer wish her name withheld in case of publication, she may follow her signature with the name of her favourite flower, which alone would be printed, should her article win a prize and be afterwards published.

This competition is open to English girls all the world over. The last day for receiving the essays is Old Christmas Day (twelfth night), January 6, 1896. As no essay will be returned, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not, each writer is advised to keep a copy of her MS.

All essays to be sent in an envelope addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, and have the words "Hand-workers' Competition" printed on the left-hand top corner.

VARIETIES.

Look up.

A lady was one day calling at a bridal home, pretty for its freshness and newness. As the guest rose to take leave, the young housekeeper went to the door with her, and seeing some dust in the corners, and being anxious no doubt to vindicate herself from any charge of carelessness, exclaimed—

"Oh, dear! how provoking are servants! I told Mary to sweep the steps thoroughly, and now look at them!"

The wise friend said kindly, "Grace, I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them. Now if I had been in your place, and noticed the dirt, I should have said, 'How blue the sky is!' Then my callers would look at that as I spoke, and so get safely down the steps and out of sight."

The Music of Niagara.—A writer in an American magazine attempts to prove that the sound produced by the Falls of Niagara is really a musical tone, and not merely a roar. He identifies the fundamental note with G, five octaves below the first line of the bass cleff, and says he has distinguished nine overtones or harmonies. By his calculation a pipe 160·42 feet long, with a certain diameter, would give this note of Niagara, and this being as nearly as possible the height of the falls, he concludes that "the tone proves the height, and the height proves the tone." He has even detected a rhythm of three groups of triplets per second, with a principal accent on the first note of each group of three!

A Sure Test.—We are farthest away from God when we cannot perceive Him in our fellow-beings.

The Young Housekeeper.

She was a young wife, just married from boarding-school, and although educated regardless of expense, didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialogue with the cook:—

"Now, Biddy, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Why, mum, they're in their feathers yet."

"Oh, then serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with the feathers on. It will be a surprise to hubby."

"It will that, mum. Shure, if you want to help you could be parin' the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque."

"I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Biddy. I'll take it up to the bath-room; and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you were eddicated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself, if we be goin' to work together."

Talking to Himself.

Lord Dudley, who lived in the early part of this century, had an odd habit of talking to himself, no matter who might be within hearing. He was a frequent guest at the royal table, and his knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal cuisine after the death of George IV. Sitting next King William one day he exclaimed—

"What a change, to be sure—cold *pâtés* and hot champagne!"

The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed Her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated he began to soliloquise aloud:—

"What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as with any other woman?" And in the same tone he continued, "May I have the honour of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?"

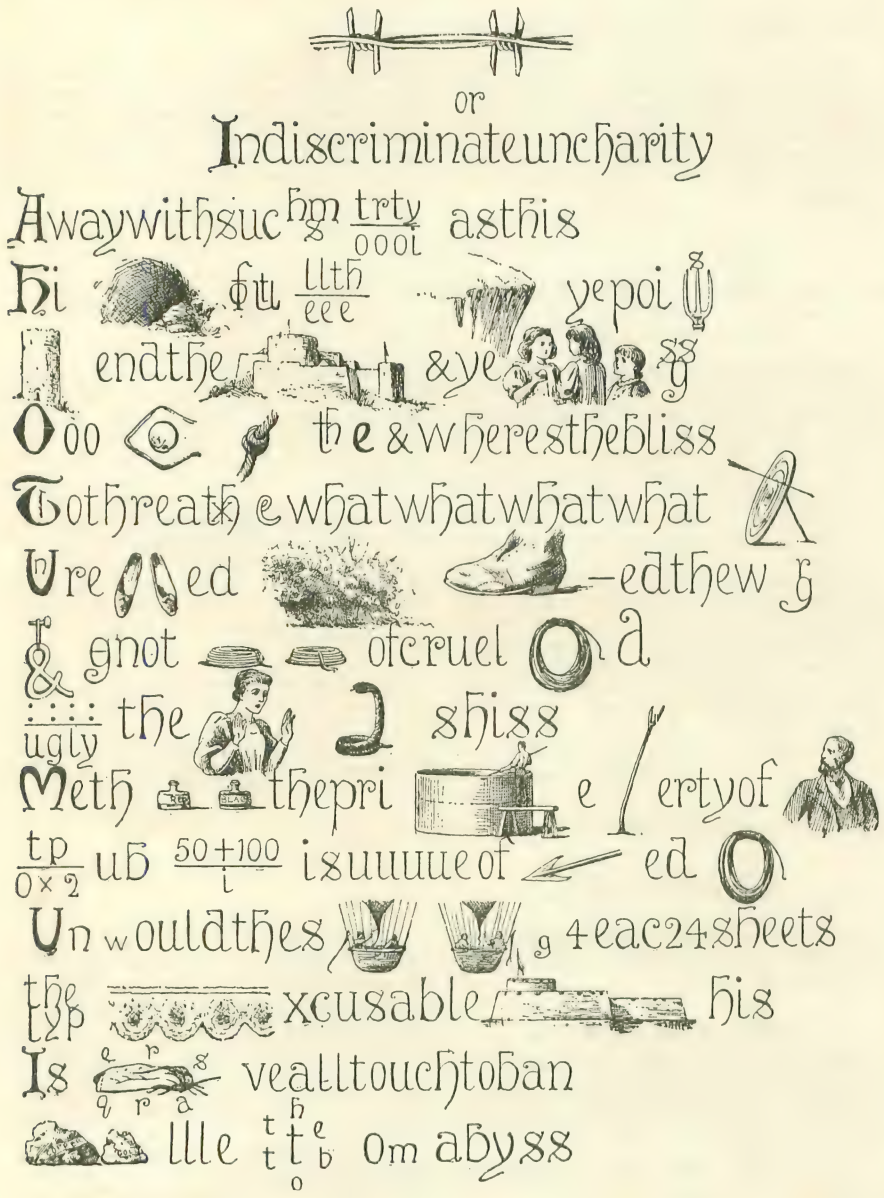
Towards the end of dinner he asked her again.

"With great pleasure, my lord," she replied, smiling; "but I have had one glass with you already."

"And so she has!" was the muttered rejoinder.

"A world of comfort
Lies in that one word, wife.—After a bickering day,
To come with jaded spirit home at night,
And find the cheerful fire, the sweet repast,
At which, in dress of happy cheeks and eyes,
Love sits, and smiling, lightens all the board."—*Knowles.*

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be December 16, 1895; from Abroad, January 28, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—There are different kinds of the complaint called "asthma," and produced by differing causes. Thus, one method of treatment and one description of climate could not be prescribed for all indiscriminately. We have known persons who were better in London than anywhere else, others who found no place suit them as well as St. Leonards-on-Sea, within the circle of our own friends. The Island of Sark is reputed to be favourable for persons troubled with every form of the complaint; but the island is very small, and the accommodation for visitors rather limited. Your mother should consult a good doctor for her own individual case, as there are remedies and palliatives, besides a change of climate and restrictions as regards diet.

ADÈLE.—To keep your little store of eggs fresh, stir a pound of lime freshly slaked into a gallon of water, and let it stand for a day or two that the water may take up as much of the lime as it can hold. Then place the fresh eggs in a deep vessel and cover them completely with the limed water. Add a little salt, and once a week sprinkle a little fresh lime over them. This will preserve the eggs for weeks.

M. N.—There are many books on wild flowers and on general botany, but we do not know of one specially on the species you mention.

ANNIE M.—If the fur cape be valuable, it would be far better to take it to a furrier than to meddle with it yourself.

C. L.—Why not have written to the shop where you bought the set? We suppose the saucers are intended for use both with the coffee and teacups. We do not understand the absence of four coffee cups, so write and inquire, as you should have done at first, and without further delay.

MARION.—1. It would require too much space to give you a list of all the "Bells" by which the hours are distinguished at sea. It may be enough to say that noon and midnight are denoted by "Eight Bells." The "Dog-Watch" may be explained thus—the crew is divided into two "watches," one in charge of the first officer, and the other or "Captain's Watch." Each is of four hours' duration. But, to prevent the same men from having to be up and out between midnight and 4 A.M. each morning, a change is made between 4 P.M. and 8 P.M. at 6 o'clock P.M., thus dividing the four hours into two watches of two hours each, which are called "Dog-Watches."—2. There are several homes in town for art and music and other students, whether studying in colleges or under private tuition. For example, at 37, Sinclair Road, Kensington, W.

AIDYL wishes us to draw out for her "a genealogical tree of all the descendants of Queen Victoria, also including her great-grandchildren." This seems an unreasonable demand on our small space, so we can only refer her to *Whitaker's Almanack*.

BLUE-EYED SUSAN.—Much patience is required to teach birds to sing or parrots to talk. You must repeat each thing over and over again, and wait till they know you well enough to try to speak themselves.

SOPHIE DE RELLIZ, "A GIRL OF ATHENS."—If politics be a forbidden subject of conversation in your school, or in the country where you reside, avoid it scrupulously. In Great Britain and most other European countries, as well as in America and our Colonies and Dependencies, it is free of any objection or prohibition. We believe that the use of the French word *jalousies* as applied to the shutters of windows, had its origin in the East, where women are screened from public view behind blinds through the jealousy of the stronger sex; and in the Western convents nuns are likewise screened from the outer world.

A SAILOR'S DARLING.—The sailor who has only a fortnight's leave and wants to have his banns called within that period must depute his intended bride to do so in the place where she resides. This will answer quite as well. Consult your rector or vicar on the question, and he will make all arrangements for you.

MOLLY.—May 24th, 1873, was a Saturday, and December 28th, 1845, was a Sunday. We are glad you feel such an interest in our answers.

MURIEL H. BOWERS (Bezel). The three little poems you send us are really very fair, and you deserve encouragement as you have made but few mistakes. Poems written by young girls and offered for our columns must be certified by a parent or teacher, and the full address of the writer sent in.

ONE IN NEED.—The Church Emigration Society, 49, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., or the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.; apply by letter to both for information.

The photograph of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice on page 4 is by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins of Ryde.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 827.] NOVEMBER 2, 1895. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL."

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HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

THESE ancient hostilities were renewed at dinner over the mention of Doctor Egerton, the gentleman who was to escort the travellers for the rest of their way.

"Charlie is not arrived yet, I see," Lady Haigh said pleasantly as they sat down to the table.

"No, and he is not likely to arrive, so far as I can tell," said Mrs. Boleyn. "The temptations of Port Said have probably been too much for him. What good you expect a feather-pated rattlebrain like that to do at Baghdad, I don't know! I don't consider that you have done yourself at all a good turn, Elma, in inducing Dugald to get him appointed there."

"Charlie is a good fellow, and I want him to have a chance at last," said Lady Haigh stoutly. "He has been unfortunate in his superiors hitherto."

"I consider that his superiors have been extremely unfortunate in him," said Mrs. Boleyn, with crushing calmness.

"Well, we shall see," said Lady Haigh peaceably. "I hope to do what I can to smooth his path, and Dugald will make allowances which another man would not, perhaps."

"I call it a very foolish and ill-advised thing to bring him to Baghdad," persisted Mrs. Boleyn, but as her sister did not accept the challenge, the matter dropped.

Mr. Boleyn ate his dinner industriously without taking any notice of the little dispute, and Cecil felt that his plan was the wisest after she had received two or three snubs from his wife in the course of the evening for injudiciously endeavouring to change the subject of the conversation when it seemed to be verging upon dangerous ground. Mrs. Boleyn's manner and appearance did not tend to recommend her opinions to the casual observer, and Cecil espoused Lady Haigh's side of the case so warmly in her own mind that she really did not need the further assurance which her friend gave her when they went to their rooms that night, and she found herself summoned to Lady Haigh's balcony for a talk.

"I really can't let you go to bed, Cecil, without putting you right about poor Charlie Egerton. You mustn't let Helena prejudice you against him, for she has a way of finding something unpleasant to say about everyone. I think you know me well enough by this time, my dear child, to be sure that I should not be likely to countenance anything really unsatisfactory or wrong, but the fact is that, as I said, Charlie has been unfortunate. He is very clever and a most delightful fellow, but he and his superiors always manage to rub one another the wrong way. I daresay he is very eccentric, and likes to mix with the natives more than Englishmen in the East generally do, but several great men have done the same, and it is only a matter of taste, after all, not a crime. He is very outspoken too, and perhaps too much disposed to be hail-fellow-well-met with everyone he comes across. I verily believe that if he met the Viceroy himself"—Lady Haigh spoke with bated breath—"out for a walk, he would enter into conversation quite coolly and offer him a cigar, just as if he was a man of his own standing. If the Viceroy was a nice sensible sort of man and took it all as it was meant, it would be all right, but, if he was angry and tried to snub him, Charlie would be very much hurt, perhaps indignant, and would probably let him know it. You can imagine how a man of this sort comes into collision with some of our stiff-and-starched officials. They can't understand a surgeon, with not so very many years' service, trying it on with them in that way, and they consider it impudence; so they snub him, and that produces a coldness. Then Charlie comes across some abuse, or some piece of official neglect which he thinks it his duty to expose, and I should fear, my dear, that, remembering the past, he doesn't do it as tenderly as he might. Then there are reports and complaints and censures, and finally Doctor Egerton is requested to resign. This has happened two or three times."

"A good man, no doubt, but perhaps not a very wise one," was Cecil's comment.

"That's just it, my dear—as good as gold, but with no worldly wisdom whatever. Well, I have got Sir Dugald to use his influence to get him this post at Baghdad, and I only hope he may keep it. But now I see Marta glaring at me like a reproachful ghost for keeping her up so long, so I must send you away, Cecil. To-morrow night you also will have begun to learn what a tyrant a confidential maid may become."

Cecil laughed, and said she meant to enjoy her last evening of freedom, which she did by writing a long letter to her father, and describing to him all that she had seen since her landing at Alexandria. Consequently, she overslept herself the next morning and did not wake until Marta brought her in a cup of tea, and informed her that her maid had come and was waiting to see her.

"I didn't know that Eastern people got up so early in the morning now," said Cecil to herself as she dressed. "I thought they were always about half a day late, but I suppose this is a unique specimen."

"Come, Cecil," said Lady Haigh, tapping at her door, "don't you want to speak to your maid? She has been waiting quite a long time." And Cecil hurried through her toilet obediently, and, coming out of her room, found a tall, severe-looking elderly Syrian woman talking to her friend.

"Her name is Khartum," said Lady Haigh, turning to Cecil, "but she is always called Um Yusuf—mother of Joseph, that is. It is the custom in Syria, you know. She has been a widow a good many years, and her son is a soldier in the Turkish army. Her last situation was at Constantinople, where she was nurse to the children of Lord Calne, the late Ambassador, so she knows a good deal about the ins and outs of Court life, and will be able to give you all the needed hints as to etiquette, and so on. Of course I shall always be glad to tell you anything, but then you will not have me continually at hand, and really good manners in Turkey are a very complicated business."

In fact, Um Yusuf's duties were those of a duenna quite as much as a maid, and she was well fitted in appearance for the post. She wore the long black mantle of the respectable Egyptian woman, which enveloped her from head to foot, and Lady Haigh commended the costume as exceedingly sensible and responsible-looking.

"You will have to accompany Miss Anstruther everywhere," she said to the maid, "and I am sure I can depend upon you to help her with your experience whenever she feels puzzled."

"She too young," said Um Yusuf, bending her black brows on Cecil for the first time. We spare the reader the good woman's pronunciation, while preserving her eccentric grammatical style. "Why she not stay home and get married? Tahir Pasha's daughter have governess, old lady with spectacles, not like this. Azim Bey very bad boy. Laugh at Mademoiselle Antaza."

"That is cheering news for you, Cecil," said Lady Haigh, laughing, "but I don't think you'll be frightened. Miss Anstruther knows something about naughty boys, Um Yusuf. She has four brothers at home."

"English bad boy not like Toork bad boy," said the imperturbable Um Yusuf; "Azim Bey wicked boy, read bad books, go do bad things. My cousin in Baghdad tell me all about him."

"A boy of ten who reads bad books!" cried Lady Haigh. "I didn't know I was bringing you to face such a monster of juvenile depravity, Cecil. These Eastern children are very precocious, I know, but I never thought of this particular form of wickedness. Well, my dear, I think you will conquer him if anyone can. But now it is breakfast time, and we are going to the bazars afterwards with the dragoman, so we must not be late. You can go to your sister Marta, Um Yusuf, and she will show you the way about the house. She can tell you all you want to know, too, so you need not trouble to try to read Miss Anstruther's letters."

(*To be continued.*)

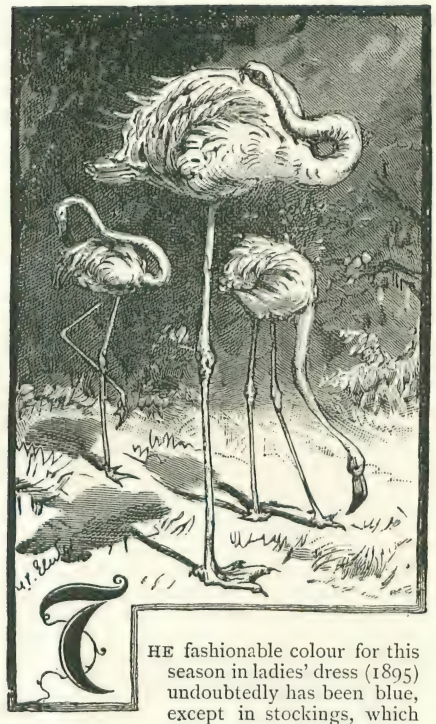
Girls' Own Paper. *London.*

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER GATHERERS.

ON SHADES IN BLUE-STOCKINGS.

A STUDY IN MIXED METAPHORS.

By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.



THE fashionable colour for this season in ladies' dress (1895) undoubtedly has been blue, except in stockings, which have been black with a sprinkling of brown, blue being a decidedly off colour for hose. Blue-stockings, however, in certain circles of increasing circumference have been, and always will be, fashionable. They are being turned out in surprising numbers just now, in all shades, and makes, and sizes. The manufacture of them is on a scale never before contemplated; the supply being so great, there surely must be a brisk demand for them somewhere.

The various shades may conveniently be arranged in two well-defined groups. The lighter shades may be classed as amateur, or Cambridge blue-stockings; while the darker, from royal to navy, as the professional, or Oxford blue. By the amateur blue-stocking, I understand those who have a thirst for knowledge rather for its own sake than as a key to unlock the door of some learned profession or calling. The distinction is an important one and is very marked. The amateur blue-stocking is deservedly more or less a general favourite. Her earnest, intelligent face always betrays her thirst for knowledge—it does not matter much what, so long as it is something she does not already know. Indeed, her desire to increase her stock of ideas is so strong that no difficulties are too great for her to surmount. This attitude is an attractive one to men, in that it pays a tacit tribute to their superior learning, a toll never received by men from her professional sisters.

Although our amateur is not contemplating turning her knowledge into money, she displays an enthusiasm in its acquirement, which often causes undue wonder and astonishment in the irreverent sex. She will attend classes and courses of lectures with an assiduity which excites a pained surprise and puts to shame the lounging undergraduate, who retires uneasily to the back seats. She will write and re-write essays and abstracts of every subject that she hears. We attribute the great increase in this class of late years to the general stirring up of the frontal lobes of women that has been going on for some time with such vigour.

It is all very good and healthy; but we doubt not that the keenness which we have described will wear off in time, as knowledge of all sorts becomes, as it long since ought to have been, the equal heritage of men and women.

But women will always be superior in one point. Their habit of thinking in the concrete, rather than in the abstract, has this good result, that they always yearn to turn what they know to practical account. Far from being content with imbibing theories, you will find them in twenty-four hours trying to turn some of them into practice, with a quickness, and often a success, that opens the eyes of the more sluggish male.

When we turn to the professional blue-stockings of the darker shades, we are at once struck with the difference in the classical ideal which we had evolved out of the depths of our inner consciousness, from the reality, as she presents herself before our admiring eyes. The angular, spectacled, hatchet-faced and faded but loquacious spinster, whom we picture as having the monopoly of all the "ologies" is really such a *rara avis* as to be anything but a true type or even a passable caricature. The professional blue-stocking of the period is generally in the form of a sweet girl-graduate, wholesome, fresh, bright and winning, and anything but a fossil. The fact is, the whole texture of the stocking is different from what we had conceived. The blue-stocking of our imagination was a very closely woven hose, that entirely concealed the flesh and blood beneath it; the blue-stocking, as she is now turned out, is of open-work texture, in which flashes of flesh gleam everywhere through the dark strands of the cultured spirit.

Nevertheless, these professionals, charming as they are, can readily be distinguished from the common herd. Some of their distinguishing characteristics could indeed be dispensed with, as for instance when they think the only really important part of their dress is a pair of blue stockings. This distressing idea leads, we are told, to some considerable inattention, and not unfrequently, shall we say, slovenliness, in other parts of their attire. We take no pleasure in these strictures, but it may not be, perhaps, entirely needless to suggest that this distinction at any rate should be conspicuous by its absence. Indeed the professional Oxford blue should be even more careful than their illiterate sisters to be dressed (physically) up to date at all times with conspicuous neatness and care.

But there are some distinctions that are more pleasing. One cannot but be struck with the entire absence of "side" of the really learned, and in its place a great quietness of manner and the repose of conscious strength. So marked indeed is this in these ladies, who have often more letters after their names than in them, that it gives them not unfrequently an almost masculine bearing, not in any coarseness or mannishness, but in the absence of outward emotion, in the want of interest in the sound of their own voices, or in the having the last word, which is not always found amongst women.

I have noticed this quality particularly amongst young lady-doctors, though it is seen in all literati. I have one before my mind now, who has been very successful in repeating four times, with no skilled aid, perhaps the most difficult operation known to surgery. She is a heroine in her way, and an undoubted professional blue-stocking of the dark hue, but of the open-work texture. Those who cannot see beneath the surface, do not suspect the fund of knowledge and of practical surgical skill that lies beneath that quiet and calm exterior. While on the one hand there is no self-assertion, on the other there is no *mauvaise honte:* the clear grey eyes can look anyone in the face, and not be ashamed, for there is power in them—the power of possessed knowledge, as well as the purity of consecrated womanhood.

Yet, after all, we men have still a slight and ill-defined feeling that this professional blue-stocking, charming and skilled as she is, does not after all, perhaps, fill out the complete ideal of womanhood. Is this a stubborn relic of bygone prejudice, and shall we seek to overcome it? Or does it contain a hoary truth as old as the sex, and handed down to us by heredity, which it is foolish to fight against?

The time has perhaps hardly come to decide this question. One thing is certain, that we want more amateur blue-stockings. The classical definition of culture is to "know something of everything, and everything of something." The first clause is fairly-well carried out by women in general, but the second undoubtedly involves a tint more or less blue. But even at the risk of having one's hose of a slightly cerulean hue, it is well to be cultured; and for this, every woman ought to know some subject thoroughly well. The wide-spread smattering that is carried on for examination purposes in most girls'-schools of course hinders this; but there is always time after school-life proper is over for the perfecting of one's knowledge in any chosen direction. What we desire to see is not a race of women senior wranglers and classics, but a general deepening of the culture of women in the way we have indicated.

As for the noble army of professionals, we wish them God-speed in their work, for we are sure the whole world is ennobled in the education of women. We must remember, however, that in each year that passes, more and more women will compete for whatever posts are offered, and as the scale of pay is already unfairly low for women's work, we fear for some time to come the remuneration for their labours must be insufficient. During the first rush of women into professional posts, it is vain to hope that any Trades Unions or artificial restrictions will keep prices up under the fierce competition that must ensue; but a better time is coming, and when the position of women in professional life has at length been settled, and university women are as common as university men, we confidently expect that the value of their services will be more thoroughly recognised pecuniarily; and last, but not least, that the odious term which forms the heading of this paper will be for ever banished from English nomenclature.

MODERN WOMEN SONG-WRITERS.

By ESTHER PALLISER.

ESTHER PALLISER.
(*From photo by Walery, Regent Street.*)

As the Editor has requested me to write on the above subject, I beg to say that it is one which interests me extremely, and yet I feel strongly my inability to properly cope with it. First I would say that during the past ten years women have been in music (as in other things) advancing so rapidly to the front, that the world no longer deems it necessary to compare their work unfavourably with that of the sterner sex, merely because it *is* woman's work. However, those censors of ours, the men, especially the critics (!) among them, are continually asserting that woman has no inventive capacity. Had these dear fellows been called upon to go through and select from the number of manuscripts that were sent to me from all sides shortly after the public announcement of my recent vocal recital, they might probably have changed their tune, or else have come to the conclusion that there had been a large amount of plagiarism and general thieving going on among the weaker sex. There are several of our women writers of to-day whose work is undoubtedly strong, bold and original. Perhaps it will even be found that there are more *original* songs by women than by men. I have heard this said on more than one occasion by people who are in a position to know all about it.

One of the most interesting traits in women writers to my thinking is that they are so careful in their choice of words. And then the audacious way in which they treat the words; how they catch the poetic subtle meaning and depict it in the music. At least this has been my experience during the past few months, and I have studied a goodly number of songs in different languages in that time, with a view to selecting just the most luscious morsels for a particular purpose. Of course I am alluding only to the higher grade of composers, as life is really too short to waste time over songs that do not give one the feeling that the writer has at least *aimed* at reaching the highest pinnacle in her art.

In naming a few of our cleverest women composers of modern times, let us begin with Augusta Holmes, who is perhaps the oldest and entitled to first place. Half French and half Irish, she is a woman noted for her warmth and force of character. Her music shows her to be such, for it is as manlike and masterful as anyone could wish, and from the very beginning of her career she has been accounted a man in her art. Well-known, especially in France, for her songs, she has lately composed a grand opera, libretto, as well as music, which was produced at the Grand Opera House in Paris. This being the first opera by a woman to obtain success, a mighty commotion has been made, and justly so.

A little bird says that our best-known lady writer in England is also finishing one which will be announced very shortly. But this is a digression as well as a secret, and I must not say any more about it.

Surely everybody in three great countries knows and loves Mademoiselle Chaminade's songs. Their wealth of melody, daintiness, piquancy and quaintness of harmonic changes, have been written about by far more learned people than I, so I can do nothing but reiterate their phrases. To the artist her songs always appeal, and good English translations are heard in every concert-room here, and are universally successful. Her music always seems to be bubbling over with joyousness, purity and truth. Truth to the sentiment of the words is what I particularly mean.

Of our serious English women, doubtless Maude Valérie White and Ethel Smyth are at the head, although the latter has written fewer songs, preferring large choral and orchestral works and oratorios. There is no doubt though but that she could do plenty of songs did she so choose—she has the gift. This is proven by a charming little song written when she was only fifteen years of age, and called "Schön Rohtrant."

Maude Valérie White is so popular and her songs so widely known, that there seems to be nothing new I can add relating to her. She writes principally to English text, although one sometimes sees her name affixed to French and German songs as well. Her music seems to have a distinctive suavity that always enables one to tell a song is hers.

Frances Allitsen is one of my favourite song-writers of both sexes, and I think the reason is that she has a way of reaching the dramatic side of things, of striking a deeper note than most, so to speak. Her words are delightfully chosen, and the idea carried out so admirably in the music, that her songs are frequently perfect pictures in their way, and must impress an audience so, it seems to me. In a word, her music leads one to believe that there is a brilliant future for her, should she decide to treat large dramatic subjects, as well as the daintier *morceaux* she now does to such perfection. She has been well-named the Chaminade of England.

Guy d'Hardelot and Elvira Gambogi, one half French, the other more than half Italian, write charming melodies, with great refinement and taste. The former's best work is, unfortunately, published in France, and but little known in this country. They both seem to me to be endowed with melodic gifts.

I must not forget to mention Dorothea Hollins as one of our very serious English song-writers. She excels in German lieder, and, being a fine linguist as well as poetess, is able to provide charming translations of her own songs, a boon to singers and public; for a faulty translation will often mar (for those who do not care for it in the original) the effect of an otherwise delightful composition.

Marie Wurm is another English lady who goes in for this same class of thing, and does it to perfection, although she is capable of composing on a much grander scale, and has received the Mendelssohn Scholarship four times, a great feat indeed, considering the competition there always is.

Liza Lehmann is another whose charming songs abound in refined and delicate touches.

Of the babies among my song-writers, I must mention Ella Overbeck and Sybil Palliser. The former is a curiously-interesting little Norwegian girl, who has a unique talent, and makes use of it in unique fashion. There is a boldness, a carelessness, sometimes an almost Eastern flavouring running through her songs—melodies and harmonies—that seem to me to be quite unlike any other woman I know of. Certainly she is novel, her setting of Kingsley's "Slave Girl's Song" proves that.

Sybil Palliser is a clever pianist and thorough musician. She is charmingly timid. Her songs show not only quaintness and originality, but an underlying strength and power, that presage well for the future. The song which has made her greatest success is daintiness personified. These two song-writers are both so young yet, that we can only hope they will go on as well as they have begun, and there is naught to fear.

Last but not least we come to speak of American women song-writers. As far as my knowledge goes, Margaret Ruthven Lang stands at the head, and ranks high in her musicianly qualities. Helen Hood is another who is well-known. But as America is so young in all things pertaining to art, so behind European countries, perhaps one should not judge her from the same standpoint. At any rate, American women being freer and broader than the women of Europe, it is to be expected that when the country does wake up to her own latent possibilities in music, or rather when she has sufficiently developed her faculties, the women will come to the fore as song-writers even more brilliantly than their sisters in Europe have done. I have heard it said, that not until a great love of their own country has taken root in the hearts of a people does that country formulate a distinctive art-atmosphere of its own. At present the artistic women of the country seem to be cosmopolitan in their tastes, and that is as it should be until they have absorbed out of all other countries whatever material they need to the more thoroughly express their own talents.

To those people who tauntingly remark that women never have been great composers and that it is not to be expected of them for centuries to come, we can only reply that up to the present decade there were no women song-writers even, to rank anywhere nearly so high as a half-dozen do to-day, and it is best to wait and see what time shall bring forth in the production of more extended works. At any rate it has been proven that an entire afternoon's enjoyment can be furnished without drawing on men's compositions at all, and this with manifest delight to a large audience and without monotony of subjects or treatment.

The modern women song-writers whom I have mentioned in this article are only those who have come under my especial notice, with whose songs I am personally acquainted. There are doubtless many others budding forth, who will make their presence felt soon. Let us hope that it be so!

Girls' Own Paper. *London.*

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER GATHERERS.

MERCY TO MAN AND BEAST.

THE other day we heard of a story relating to the care of the poor by London clergy which will interest our readers. It having been decided to build some schools in connection with a church not far from St. Paul's Cathedral, a bishop presided at one of the committee meetings to finally approve the builder's estimate, when one of the younger curates, knowing well that among his poor flock many working men are cheated of their just wage, begged my lord chairman to see that a proper and just bond should be given by the builder that his scaffoldmen, bricklayers, plasterers, etc., should be assured a reasonable payment without reduction. After considerable discussion a clause was inserted in the agreement to this effect, for especially in the service of God's church it was deemed right that His poor should be thus far protected.

This incident reminds us of a story connected with a horse, and was told in olden times by *Sabbas de Castilion*, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem. There was once in Calabria a law made that whoso would complain against any man of ingratitude was bound to ring a certain little bell appointed for that purpose, at the sound of which certain commissioners met together, who having heard the complaint and defence of the parties, if they found that the party grieved had ground for his grief, they would presently award the complainant some satisfaction under penalty of a great fine. Now it happened that a Calabrian having for some years drawn full service out of his horse, which by labour and old age was fallen blind, became full of sores and was lame and altogether unprofitable, drove and beat the poor beast out of his stable, so that wanting meat he was fain to feed poorly abroad, pitifully tormented with wasps and flies. The horse limping and searching for some shadowy place, lighted upon the chapel, mistaking it for his stable. By chance there stuck in the bell-rope some boughs of a tree which the beast tugging at caused the bell to ring. The judges presently came together after the accustomed manner, and finding nobody there but the horse which they saw so lean and in such ill plight, they made him be brought into the market-place, and causing the owner to be brought before them, straightly enjoined him to take the poor horse into his care again, to feed him and use him in all respects as he was wont to be used in his days of health and strength, natural equity requiring that forasmuch as the horse had spent his years in his master's service he should in his old age be maintained by him.

It is surely the will of Almighty God that honest work, whether by man or by dumb beasts, should be decently rewarded by those who draw service from them for their own benefit.

A USEFUL COMPANION FOR A WALKING TOUR.

I MET a very sensible tramp at Arcos; a man who ought to go a long way and not fare badly either. He was accompanied by a tame nanny-goat, with a fine full udder of milk, and so, go where he would, his wholesome wine-bottle was ever at hand.

It looked odd, but why not a goat instead of a useless dog? The dog is a dear, good fellow, feeling and sympathising with all our cares. There is no one like him when the way is long and the heart is low. You can't mistake the charity in his eyes: he is everything for you, and proud to be your companion in adversity—few men and women are like him in this. But you can't milk a dog, and you must feed him, while this "nanny" feeds both herself and her master.

I am selfish. I would like to have been the discoverer of the advantages of a goat companion; but I will give the Spanish tramp his due: may he go far, and get fat on the rich nutriment which his little friend yields him.—From *A Vagabond in Spain*.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

AT BEECHCROFT.

BEECHCROFT was the most important house in all Willington, and Mrs. Masham was by far the most prominent person in the district. It was she who set the fashions in local matters, decided who amongst the new-comers to New Willington were to be called upon and received, and who were to be excluded from the magic circle which comprised the *élite* of the neighbourhood. She constantly had friends down from London, who brought with them the latest news and the most fashionable wearing apparel, and imported an atmosphere of fashionable frivolity into the entertainments at Beechcroft. Mr. Masham, it was said, had made his large fortune on the stock-exchange; but he had married a well-born beauty, and had indulged her in most of her costly fancies. He had been quite content to remain something of a cypher in his own house, and when he died some three years ago, it was said in some quarters that his widow would not greatly miss him, and would soon console herself.

These prognostications had not proved true. Mrs. Masham had a warm heart, and she had been much attached to her undemonstrative husband. She was not a broken-hearted widow, and did not pose as one. But for two years she had lived in considerable seclusion, and during the third had only re-commenced receiving on a modest scale.

Now however that the third year of her widowhood had expired, she had grown used to her loneliness, and the desire for pleasure had once more awakened, and she was contemplating with satisfaction the thought of keeping open house and making herself the centre of a gay social circle. She had no thoughts of matrimony for herself. She retained an affectionate and grateful remembrance of her husband, but she meant to lead a happy life, and hoped that she might make others happy also.

The three years of her seclusion had changed Guinivere and Beatrice Wilberforce from girls in the school-room to grown-up and emancipated young ladies. Mrs. Masham had always been fond of the girls from the Larches, and had made much of all of them in her way; but these two were professedly her favourites, and it was these two to whom she desired to play the part of fairy god-mother. She thought it a pity that the three Greys were taking so independent a stand with regard to their future, instead of seeking the good old-fashioned method of marriage, which seemed to her the best and most natural termination to the girlhood of a gently-born woman. But it was the fashion nowadays for girls to make their own

way, and if they liked it, so much the better; but at least she hoped great things for the beautiful Guinivere and the handsome, high-spirited Beatrice, and was resolved that this pair should not lack the "chances" which their father's quiet methods of life hardly gave to them.

It had not pleased Providence to give Mrs. Masham daughters of her own. She had two sons, one in the army and the second nominally reading for the bar, although he did not appear to be putting any great strain upon his intellectual capacities during the process. Mrs. Masham liked to have young people about her, and delighted in pretty faces and merry ways. So the Wilberforce sisters were encouraged to come in and out as often as they would, and whenever any bit of gaiety was in prospect they were certain to be sent for to talk things over beforehand.

Monday afternoon found them at Beechcroft, in the pleasant and spacious drawing-room that was at most seasons of the year a bower of flowers, and which was Guinivere's ideal of a perfect realm of luxury and beauty. A great fire of logs still burnt on the hearth, but all the three long windows stood wide open to the warm spring sunshine and air. The hangings were of amber and pale blue. The room was crowded with costly trifles from many lands. Fine pictures adorned the walls; the carpet was so thick that the foot made no sound in crossing it. Deep, softly-cushioned chairs were arranged in cosy-looking groups that gave a character to the whole room, but at present it only held two occupants—Guinivere and her hostess, for Beatrice had been tempted out to play singles with Frank, and had deserted the discussion going on with regard to festivities to come.

Mrs. Masham was a wonderfully young-looking matron. Her abundant hair still retained its crisp waves, and was stylishly coiled and arranged upon her shapely head. A little filmy head-dress of white tulle had replaced the cap of the past two years, and was very becoming, as was also the very stylish costume of black and white watered silk which she wore. Her good taste kept her from affecting juvenility of dress; everything she wore was handsome, rich and in keeping with her years and station, but with all that she contrived to look very young, and was not displeased when strangers refused to believe her to be the mother of her two fine sons.

Guinivere wore one of the long, plain white dresses which became her so well. Mrs. Masham was more at ease with Guinivere than with the younger sister, and often felt that she could speak more freely in the absence of Beatrice. It was a pity that kindness of heart was not balanced by more wisdom of head, but there are many well-disposed and warm-hearted persons who do incalculable harm to young girls with the very best motives in the world.

"Now, my dear child," said that lady confidentially when she and her favourite were alone together, "I have set my heart upon seeing you make a brilliant and happy marriage before long. You have beauty and style enough to look high, if you only have your chances. I have no daughters of my own, but I am almost as fond of you as though you belonged in some way to me. Now when you blush and smile like that you are perfectly irresistible! You have all your mother's beauty, and a something of your own over and above. If I had a town house, and could bring you out in London, I could make you the rage of the season. But your father never seems to like the thought of your leaving home, and I have been so shut up of late."

"Oh, Mrs. Masham!" exclaimed Guinivere, blushing yet delighted. "You will make me terribly vain if you talk so!"

"Well, my dear, your looking-glass must tell you every day what a pretty creature you are, if I did not. I don't see the use of being so terribly discreet, and driving a girl's thoughts to dwell upon herself. I was always told that I was pretty, and I don't think it did me much harm; but never mind that. What I want is to ask you a question, which might be an impertinent one if we were not such friends, and if I had not some good reason for it. But I won't ask it without your leave."

"Oh, indeed, you may ask me anything," answered Guinivere with a pretty air of confidence. "I think you understand me better than anybody in the world. I always feel at home with you!"

Mrs. Masham looked pleased, and patted the hand which lay on the arm of the chair near to her.

"Good child! I like young people to trust me. Well, dear, what I really want to know—if it is not an impertinent question—is whether there is—well how shall I put it—whether there is—anything shall we say? between you and any of the poor young men whom I see always clustering round you when there is any party or gathering on hand. Of course that they cannot keep away is natural enough; but I suppose there is nothing beyond that? You have no little *tendresses* for any amongst them? It has not gone farther than what is patent to the world?"

Guinivere's long fringes shaded her violet eyes, the colour rose in her cheeks, she made a little *moue* indicative of weariness or possibly even of contempt.

"They are tiresome boys. I wish they would let me alone. I am sure I do not want them always crowding round. They can never say anything the least interesting. I do get so tired of Roger's high-flown dreams and Arnold's everlasting plans and projects about his cottagers. He used to have some fun in him, but since he got that property he has grown so tiresome!"

"Yes, dear, it is just one of those hobbies young men take up and ride to death till something else turns up. Marriage might cure him of it. Arnold is a very estimable young man, well-born and with much to recommend him, and the property will be something considerable, they say, when he has worked off the burdens, which he is doing in a most praiseworthy way. But all the same, I think you could look much higher and do far better for yourself. After all Arnold will never be a man of fashion in any sense of the word. He will never be a society man, or shine in the world which you ought to enter. You are not at all inclined to make a happy man of him, are you, dear?"

Guinivere's colour burned in her cheeks. She scarcely knew what to say to such a question. Time had been, and not so very long ago either, when, had Arnold come to the point and asked her to be his wife, she would gladly and happily have consented. There was something in his personality that attracted her—something beyond the mere fact that he admired her, and singled her out for special attention. She sometimes felt that when with him the best and noblest side of her nature was drawn out, and that she was a better woman for intercourse with him. But of late the golden glimpses of fashionable life given to her by Mrs. Masham had made the prospect of married life with a man like Arnold Leslie appear tame and colourless. Guinivere's thoughts had of late been centred almost exclusively upon herself, and that sort of thinking does not tend to elevate the nature of a girl. She had begun to indulge dreams of a kind more ambitious and more definite than of old, and to regard with a certain amount of envy and longing Mrs. Masham's beautiful rooms, well-appointed carriages and exquisite toilettes. Why should not she aspire to have such things herself one day? Mrs. Masham had often told her that in her youth she had been poor. It was her beauty which had made her rich; and had not Guinivere beauty enough to win for herself all these things? Questions and speculations such as these had long been lying dormant in her mind. Now they were being stirred into active life. Mrs. Masham's indiscreet though kindly meant flatteries woke ambitious hopes within her. Her own powers of attraction were a snare to one of her temperament. She was developing the arts and devices of a coquette, and coquetry is a very fatal enemy to a pure and earnest love. As she rapidly reviewed the situation—her wonderful good-fortune in securing such a friend as Mrs. Masham, all the dreams and ambitions within her, the "chances" opening out before her of introduction to an almost new world, she felt ashamed that she had ever thought of Arnold as "good enough for her." Her lips curled with a touch of contempt as she replied—

"Oh no, dear Mrs. Masham! Arnold is a very nice boy—a very good boy, I think. I have known him a long time and we are great friends, but there is nothing else between us!"

"That is right, my love. I did not think you would give a second thought to him, though as you say, he is a most estimable young man. And as for that young Howel—of course you would never look twice at him. He is quite below you in every way, and one of those terrible enthusiasts to boot. I always think there is something very forward

and pushing about young men of his way of thinking. It requires very good birth and breeding to carry off such notions as his without giving a very unpleasing impression, and poor Mr. Howel can lay claim to neither."

Guinivere liked Roger's admiration very well. There was something about his force of character and independence of mind that made itself felt by those about him, and Guinivere was growing to claim admiration and notice as a natural right. But she felt suddenly ashamed of having permitted his attentions, and answered quickly—

"No, indeed. I think it is a pity Freda has taken up so with the Howels. We should hardly have known them at all but for her."

"Miss Howel is a clever woman. I enjoy a talk with her myself sometimes. She knows everything that is going on, and has kept her refinement in spite of her profession, which is rather an odd one. But the nephew is not her equal to my thinking, and I hope Freda will be careful both as to him and other persons whom she may meet. She will get into very mixed company often, I am afraid. I am surprised your father permits her to take up journalism. In my young days it would have been thought most extraordinary."

"You see Freda is not papa's daughter," said Guinivere. "He does not like to interfere when mamma does not, and she seems not to mind. But I don't think Mr. Howel cares for her. I think there is no danger there."

"My dear, until you are safely out of the way, none of your sisters, unless perhaps Beatrice, are likely to get a chance," said the unwise Mrs. Masham, whilst Guinivere blushed with pleasure. "That is another good reason for getting you safely married. By-the-bye, what did you think of Dr. Salisbury? Beatrice says you had him as a visitor yesterday."

"Yes, he came; I think he seemed pretty much what we expected. He looks clever and is rather grave and some of them thought him sarcastic, but I did not notice that. It is a good thing he is a gentleman. Sometimes doctors are very rough and unpleasant."

"Oh, he is a very well-connected man, there is no doubt about that, although I cannot quite make out his connection with the Salisburys of Somerset. I can't make out if he's the heir to the baronetcy, or whether another branch comes in. But any way he is a well-born man, and has some private means of his own I believe. All the same, I think you might look higher than a professional man, and I believe Dr. Salisbury would stick to his profession were he never so well off. They say it is a hobby with him. A doctor's wife is in some ways worse off as far as society goes than anybody else. Something may always turn up at the last minute to hinder her plans. I don't think I should like to see you married to a doctor."

Guinivere smiled, and Mrs. Masham after a moment's pause began again, suddenly turning back upon the subject of the pastoral play which she had discussed before with both the sisters.

"We must have a lot of people down to see it when we really do have it ready. I mean it to be an immense success, and it won't be my fault if it isn't quite perfect in its way. I shall have the costumes and everything from London, and a man who understands the whole business to arrange the stage effects—if you can call them so—and see to the grouping and all that. By the way, would Mr. Howel be any use to us for that sort of thing? He goes about a good deal, and he might have some experience. I am quite determined that if we do it, it shall be as well done as anything of the sort ever seen yet. By the way, did you ever meet my sister Lady Reffel—Mrs. Reffel she was till her husband was knighted four years ago. He did some good work in the diplomatic service. Some people thought he ought to have been made a peer. They have not been down here for some time now. They were abroad till last year. Perhaps you do not remember them?"

Guinivere shook her head.

"I only remember the name, not the people themselves."

"Well, they are coming on a visit before long, and we must be very gay then. I want this play got up partly to make things lively when they are here. They have no fixed home at present, only the furnished house in London that they have taken for the season. I daresay they will like to make headquarters here for a time, and perhaps Lord Woodmayne may come with them."

"Who is he?" asked Guinivere not without interest.

"A friend of Sir John's—not a very young man; I suppose he may be five and thirty. He lost his young wife after they had been married three years, and he has not married again, which is a pity, because he has no children, and the title dies with him if he does not leave a son to inherit. He is very rich, for his first wife was a great heiress—his wife I should say—it is my sister who is bent on finding him a second! But she has not succeeded yet, though she declared she had introduced him to some charming women. He appears to be attached to my sister and her husband, and has been a great deal with them latterly. I shall go up to town myself shortly, and then I shall meet him. If he likes to accompany them down here I shall be very pleased."

Guinivere sat silent, looking very fair and tranquil and undisturbed. Yet a fire seemed suddenly to be kindled in her heart, for she very well knew that Mrs. Masham was contemplating the possibility of making up a match between this high-born widower and her own *protégée!* It would suit Mrs. Masham very well to be the patroness of the future Lady Woodmayne. To extend her fashionable and well-born acquaintance was a pleasure and satisfaction to her, and of course she would have great influence always with the girl who had been raised to a high position by her tactics. If Guinivere did not see this side of the question, she plainly saw that Mrs. Masham had thought of her as a suitable wife for the widower, and intended to bring about a meeting between them. Accustomed as she was to conquest, and increasingly fond of using her power, the thought was one of dazzling attraction. It seemed like a sudden and definite realisation of all her vague and indeterminate yearnings after rank and wealth and power.

No one would have guessed the quick rush of thought and the intoxicating sense of coming triumph which ran through her, as she sat in a graceful and pensive attitude in that sunny drawing-room. Mrs. Masham regarded her almost with wonder, and certainly with admiration.

"Does she understand, or does she not?" she asked of herself. "If she does, she is a wonderful actress; but I often think girls are that—almost without knowing it. If Lord Woodmayne does not lose his heart to her I shall think he has none to lose! She is perfectly lovely, and he need not trouble about money. He has immense wealth they say. Georgina has made the mistake of introducing him to women too nearly his own age. A man past his own first youth is far and away more likely to fall in love with a very young girl. I will see what he says to my *débutante*, when she is dressed for her part in the play! If he doesn't think her the prettiest bit of nature's handiwork he has seen for a long time, I shall be surprised, that's all!"

(To be continued.)

STORM AND CALM.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

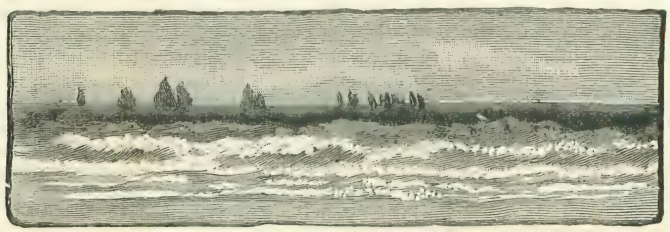
LAST night the vassal waves uprose, and hurled themselves in thunder
  Upon the strongholds of the rocks, impregnable and grand;
And billows leagued for fierce assault—for miles were rent asunder
  On the stern battlements that guard the fruitful summer land.

The tumult of the waves awoke, in martial music blending
  With the low under-roar of depths, that couch in wrath beneath,
Till every pebble was aware of overthrow impending,
  And all the jagged boulders heard the clarion call of death.

But soon the tempest in the dawn hung pennons of surrender,
  God set His limits to the storm and hushed the heaving seas;
And now the sun-filled ripples curve and break in softened splendour,
  And lightly o'er the purple depths the south-wind wanders free.

O heart, so easily dismayed, from hope and purpose swerving,
  Although the end to be attained stands luminous and sure;
Learn from the daring of the waves to fight, the goal deserving,
  Learn from the patience of the shore how bravely to endure.

By every sapphire belt of sea, wherewith the earth is girded,
  By every rippling wave that floats and falls when tempests cease,
And by these grey unconquered peaks, the same great truth is worded,
  God gives, for every well-fought storm, an after-dawn of peace!



HE, SHE, AND DESTINY.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU don't understand what you're talking about, and I've no patience with you!" she cried, for she was very much annoyed.

"If I were to prove to you that I do understand what I'm talking about, would you have patience with me then?" he asked, trying to keep his temper.

"Am I unreasonable?" she demanded, turning upon him with a superb gesture of her head.

To which he made no answer, for in good truth he did not know whether she were unreasonable or not. Possibly not, from her own point of view; anyhow, Harry Trevanion could not contradict a woman, least of all the woman he loved.

In their excitement they had both risen from their chairs and were pacing the room, starting, however, from opposite ends, so that the back of each being occasionally turned towards the other, they were able to wheel round and advance face to face with dramatic effect. There was an element of comedy in the situation, in spite of the passionate earnestness in the hearts both of the man and of the woman, which, as all earnestness is only too apt to do, was likely to make tragedy out of the scene.

"You're doing more harm than good," she continued; "you profess to be liberal-minded, wide in your sympathies, and tolerant and open to conviction, and all that, and in reality you're holding a brief for one set of claims, and one only; you put yourself forward as the champion of the working-man, and when you've narrowed the term down within most unfair limits, you proceed to whittle it away still further till it stands simply for the unemployed. I'm weary of your working-man, and your unemployed is—well, frankly, I hold your unemployed to be a fraud! I'm not talking at random. I've gone in and out amongst all sorts of people; I've been mixed up with schemes and movements and leagues and guilds; I've gained a great deal more experience than you've any idea of, perhaps, because I don't talk about it in all company and under all circumstances, and I tell you, Harry, you're only setting class against class; you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and are going the wrong way to work."

She paused and faced him in the middle of the room. She was, at any time, a handsome woman, but at this moment the whole of herself was in her eyes and on her lips, and she looked beautiful; for so much may be wrought by enthusiasm and a conviction, plus the passionate desire to retrieve an individual!

He stood stock-still and gazed at her in plain, crude, unfettered admiration. He could not help thinking that were she on a platform by his side, she might give him odds and beat him.

"My dear Irene!" he exclaimed aloud, "what a splendid speaker you would make!"

She smiled slightly. She detected the everlasting note of admiration. It was always there, always and equally, whether she reclined in an easy chair, toying with a fan and speaking little, or whether she flamed up into a diatribe against his own perverse opinions. She knew the power she had over this man.

"I know I should," she replied in a different tone, "but I keep my eloquence for those—those I care for. I quite admit it may be your duty to influence the public; I only ask to be allowed to influence you."

It was a flattering request for a man to hear made by the lips of a fair woman. All the same, however, no one who has any self-respect or any pretension to thoughtful earnestness, likes to be told he is talking about what he does not understand. Needs must the man be very much in love, the woman of a rare fascination, to rob the imputation of its offensiveness.

"Dear Irene," he replied, "you do influence me as no other in the world can, or ever will. Only—I wish I could convince you that I too, when I plead for the working classes and the unemployed, don't always talk at random either."

She pursued her pacing of the room, and with a return to her former manner, said—

"Well, you will think as you please, of course, and act as you please; but remember, I will never have anything to say to a professional agitator."

"You, too, will do as you please, of course," he replied gravely; but he was deeply hurt. In her consciousness of power she had stooped to threaten, and she had made a mistake.

Perhaps she was aware of this, for she stood still in silence a moment by the window, and then she said, holding out her hand—

"Don't let's quarrel any more to-day. Come and look at my hyacinths and tell me how you think they're getting on. You know so much about plants, and always tell me the right way to treat mine."

By which it will be seen that Irene was a true woman, and by no means above the old

"'AM I UNREASONABLE?' SHE DEMANDED."

capricious mode of rule, alternate threat and flattery.

"I'm glad you think I understand something," he answered meekly, and followed her into the conservatory.

But though they ceased to quarrel, the jarring note had been struck, and it vibrated yet. Even the peaceful atmosphere about the flowers, even Irene's humbler attitude of pupil instead of monitor, did not operate effectually to lull and cool the noise and heat of war! And presently Trevanion went away.

When he was gone, Irene returned to the room where less than an hour ago he had been sitting by her side. She flung herself half wearily, half petulantly into a chair, and with her hands idly folded on her lap, fell into a reverie. A jesting estimate of the capacity for work of those soft, white hands, and a passing allusion to the value of the rings they wore, had started the recent argument between herself and Harry Trevanion. She smiled to think how very far afield they both had wandered in the process of discussion; how quickly they had drifted from a trivial, speculative possibility to a burning social problem—smiled sadly, shamefacedly, regretfully. Was it well or wise to let slight comments carry the weight of heavy interpretations? Had she gathered in the rich experience of a full and varied life only to let herself be drawn (as any mere girl might be) to set the strain of a world-compelling seriousness on a passing observation lightly spoken?

Yet, in spite of the far cry it had been from the point of departure to the divergence of the ways, Irene with her hands and their sparkling rings before her, unconsciously reviewed the conversation from point to point. And the outcome of this review was not at first regret, although she admitted that while she had not said more than she felt, she might perhaps have said it better; it was rather a poignant and passionate desire for the retrieval of Trevanion. The position he had taken up for his outlook upon life was false and foolish. She was older than he by a few actual years, considerably older by education and trial. She had travelled much, read extensively, conversed in more languages than one with cultivated and distinguished men; she had spent money, assisted schemes, worked patiently and unostentatiously with hands and head to lighten the lives of those whose lines had not been laid in pleasant places. She was withal a woman who knew the mingled meanings of emotion, enthusiasm, enjoyment and suffering. Yes, she had a right to her views and to insistence upon them, since they were founded not upon theory but upon personal experience and practical knowledge.

Irene, however, made herself no illusion on one point. A passionate desire for the retrieval of an individual postulates love, and she knew it. Her longing to influence Trevanion was not primarily the outcome of any philanthropic anxiety for the guidance of the thousands who might be swayed for good or for evil by the power of his eloquence. She wanted him to see as she saw, and to feel as she felt, just because it was he and she concerned in the dispute; just because, although their heads might sometimes be at odds, their hearts were certainly at one.

And she made no doubt she should win him over to her mind. For he had flung the whole of his admiration at her feet, and in time he would fling his crude theories and his fervid judgments after it. Only she must have patience, and she was sorry she had waved the flag of her sovereignty too vauntingly above his head.

Two days went by and he did not come to see her. There was nothing unusual in this, however, for Trevanion was a busy man and had to bow to the claims of a profession. Nevertheless, Irene missed him; she wanted his presence again in that room, by her fireside, among the scented hyacinths and azaleas. She would not admit, even to herself, that they had quarrelled, but she did feel there was something she had to set straight with him. On the third day came a note from Trevanion.

"I am going away," he wrote, "on a walking tour that may last some weeks. I have much to think over and some problems to work out by myself, so I go alone and leave no address in order that no letters may follow me. But when I return you will let me come and talk to you again, I know, and tell you the result of my lonely thoughts."

Irene had received many letters from him, and she had not kept them all; but she put this note away under lock and key with an undefinable uneasiness at her heart. She saw by the postmark that he had started already.

"Lonely thoughts on a walking tour," she said to herself, "what good will they do him? What solution will they bring to his problems? I wish he would theorise less and be a little more practical! And, oh dear! I wish he wasn't going to be away all these weeks; and I don't even know where he's gone! He might at least have left his address with me!"

(*To be continued.*)

LINEN: ITS SEWING AND WASHING.

One of the many things which puzzle a maid when she is about to set up an establishment of her own is her linen. What quantity she will require for her person and her house, how she shall have it washed, and where she shall store it.

A young friend of mine who was going to be married, came to me one day, and said, "How much do you think my outfit will cost?"

"A good *trousseau* and your house-linen will cost about a hundred pounds. Of course you can get a cheaper one, or you can pay as much more as you wish, but I have a list by me of a bride's outfit, and it cost just a little over a hundred. A dozen each of white underclothing is the usual quantity, although some people think eight articles are sufficient. You will need more of some things than of others; for instance, you will require quite three dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, whereas half-a-dozen white petticoats will be sufficient, three flannel petticoats, two coloured ones, silk petticoats at your discretion, a dozen pairs of stockings, including three silk pairs. I should advise you to buy the materials for your underlinen, fine long-cloth, torchon lace, and insertion or embroidery, or Cash's Coventry frilling is very nice for underlinen and house-linen. If you wish for finer wear for evening you can buy cambric and Valenciennes lace, or China silk. You can make your things very prettily with tucks and insertion and lace, with the aid of good patterns and a sewing-woman, who can come in by the day, then you can help her to make them."

"But I don't know how to do plain sewing."

"Then here is your opportunity, the sooner you learn the better, and a good needlewoman will teach you a great deal. I don't see how a married woman can get on unless she knows how to sew. It is very expensive to put all the sewing out, besides, if you buy your materials and have them made up at home, you will get better value for your money. What is it that you don't know in plain sewing? Hemming and seaming are easy enough, the principal thing required is neatness, to turn the hems down neatly, and to avoid puckering the seams; but if you put the needle in straight towards your chest, not slanting at all, and hold the seam straight between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand it will not pucker. Then gathers are set in by dividing the material to be gathered into quarters, placing a pin at each quarter, and you divide the band into which it is to be gathered also into quarters, then threading your needle with double cotton, you run it through the material, taking half as much on your needle as you leave in between. Do each quarter separately, draw the cotton up and fasten it round a pin, and stroke the gathers with a darning-needle, picking out each gather and pushing it under the left thumb (the forefinger holding it tightly at the back), stroke down the material. To put the gathers in, you must take each gather up separately, and sew it in.

"To join calico you turn one side down, then run the two pieces together, and hem.

"To make a buttonhole you must cut it quite straight by the thread, run it once round, then work from left to right, placing the cotton over the needle before you draw it out each time. Point the needle straight away from you when you have drawn it out, and keep the stitches quite level.

"For making tucks, you must have a piece of cardboard, marked at the distance you wish the tuck to be from the hem, also with the depth of the tuck marked on it, and place pins to keep the marks in the material.

"Hem-stitching is very pretty for sheets, tray-cloths, etc. Turn the hem down the required depth, draw six threads out of the linen just below the hem and straight across. Then hold the hem towards you, and pass the needle through it, then from left to right you take four or six of the drawn threads on the needle, and pass it through the hem again.

"To sew flannel you run it up, and herring-bone it. To herring-bone you commence at the bottom, and take about two threads on your needle on the left side of the join, then cross over to the right side and take two threads up a little farther on, keeping the same distance between the stitches. A flannel-petticoat can either be gored or pleated into a deep band, placing all the pleats at the back. The bottom can be scalloped, and worked with silk button-hole-stitch and a dot in each scallop, or have a deep hem and a tuck, feather-stitched, and trim with woollen lace. With a little care and neatness you can soon do plain sewing."

"Well, what about house-linen? What quantity do you think I shall require to commence with?"

"Well, I should buy two best large table-cloths and slips, and a dozen serviettes, each for company. Six breakfast-cloths, six dinner-cloths; three dozen serviettes; half-a-dozen tray-cloths; three sideboard-cloths; three dozen d'oyleys; one dozen fish-napkins; half-a-dozen afternoon tea-cloths. Then for the

bedrooms allow three pairs of sheets for each bed, two quilts, three pillow-slips each pillow, two toilet-covers. About three dozen fringe-towels, and one dozen bath-towels will be none too many. Then you must not forget mattress-covers, bolster-covers, and bedsides.

"For the kitchen you will require half-a-dozen table-cloths, one dozen each of glass, tea, kitchen, knife, oven, and dish-cloths, half-a dozen roller towels, one dozen small bedroom towels, three dozen dusters, two hearth-cloths, four dust-sheets, two soiled-clothes bags, pudding cloths and scourers.

"Linen is a thing that does not improve with keeping, so I should not overstock myself, but do not let your stock get low, replenish by degrees. It is rather a difficult matter to know where to put your linen when you have it. Many people have shelves placed round the hot-water cylinders for the bath-room, and if these are outside the bath-room it is a good place, but if they are in the bath-room the steam must get in and make the linen damp. The best plan is to have a wardrobe in the kitchen then the linen is always aired. Place calico on the shelves wide enough to turn up over the linen to keep the dust and smoke out. The things for each room should be kept separate and used in turn or else they will be unequally worn.

A linen press is most desirable for keeping the tablecloths presentable when in use."

"Now, about washing, would you advise me to send it out or have it done at home, or buy a machine or what would you do?"

"Well, that I should think is a question of expense. It is more comfortable to send it out, but certainly more expensive. Of course you can contract, but when there are a lot of shirts and blouses and cuffs and collars it soon mounts up; then you feel restricted as to quantity, and it is not nice to have to be economical with one's clean linen. Another thing, professional laundresses are very fond of using lime to bleach the linen, and, as you know, that rots it very much. A friend of mine sent her things to a steam laundry and they soon fell in holes; she was supplied with new ones free of cost, but something quite foreign to proper washing must have been used.

"Then as to washing-machines, there are very different opinions. I have never used one myself, but I know people who do use them and who would not be without one on any account. Others again say they are no use, so it evidently depends, I think, upon the way in which they are used. I have been told that the proper way to use one is, not to put much water in, to thoroughly dissolve the soap before putting it into the machine, to pack the clothes closely together at the bottom, and to turn the handle slowly. Of course if people will not take the trouble to use a machine according to the directions given with it, it is almost sure to prove a failure; so if they fill the machine with water and twist away at the handle as if it were a hurdy-gurdy they can't expect success, but I have never tried one myself.

"Our washing has been done at home by hand and has always been very satisfactory; the most tiresome part of it is the gossip that goes on between the servants and the washerwoman, supposing you have not a laundry-room attached to the house, though it would be very nice if you had. I went into one in the country the other day and they had every convenience close at hand. A set of oblong tubs under the window with hot and cold water taps fixed over them, and a drain from the bottom to carry off the water into a large tank in the garden where it was used for the plants; a good supply of rain-water, which in the country does not get spoiled like it does in the town, for here unless you allow the first washings of the roofs to run away, the whole supply is spoiled with soot. Then they had a washing-machine and a boiler and plenty of room. Next to it they had the ironing room, in which was a mangle and a table to fold on, a large ironing stove, the ironing boards under the window and clothes-maidens on which to air the linen. However, we cannot all have a laundry-room, so we must make the best of what we have. You will have a boiler fixed somewhere, perhaps with a tap at the bottom for drawing the hot water off and perhaps not; if not you will require a zinc scoop and bucket kept very clean, and you will want three oak tubs, a rough wooden bench on which to rest them, a large pan for blueing and starching, a dolly-tub, and plenty of hot and cold water, rain water if you can get it, as it is so much softer, but anti-calcaire is very useful for softening water. A twopenny brush stoil will do for a boiler stick, and you should have a coarse white linen bag in which to put the best linen for boiling. The blue should be tied up in a piece of flannel, and after being used to blue the water it should be put out of the way as the clothes may get dabbed with it. Half-a-pound of soap is generally allowed for each person's washing, and if it takes much more there is waste of some sort going on. Any old bits of soap collected during the week can go to make soap jelly for the boiler; one pound of soap to a gallon of water, boiled, will form into a jelly when it is cold, and some of it with a little soda can be added to the hot water in the boiler. The clothes-posts must be firmly fixed in the ground and surrounded by marl. The clothes-baskets, lines, and pegs, should be kept very clean, as it is most annoying after the day's washing is done to find dirty peg marks or line marks on the linen. Some washerwomen have a happy knack of hanging out the large things where they will wrap round a tree or dab against a wall, and the small things where there is plenty of space.

"Well, on Monday collect all the clothes and mend the house-linen that needs it, the body-linen will of course wait to be mended when it is clean. Sort the clothes into six lots. 1st. Cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs, muslins and fine things. 2nd. Tablecloths, serviettes, sheets, pillow-slips, towels, and toilet covers. 3rd. Body-linen. 4th. Flannels. 5th. Coloured things. 6th. Kitchen cloths. Place the things that require it to soak in lukewarm water with a teaspoonful of soda to every two gallons of water. Just cover them and give them a slight rub with soap. Lay the boiler fire. Fill the boiler. Have a good supply of fuel brought in, slack and cinders mixed will do very well for the boiler fire when it is once started. On Tuesday commence the washing as early as possible; light the boiler fire first thing, give the soaked things a rub through, wring them, and lay them aside until the tubs are empty. Put some fresh clean hot water in the tubs, add a little soda and first wash the cuffs, collars and fine things, then lay the table-linen in, soap it all over carefully and rub well, then place them in another tub of hot water and go over them again, looking for any marks that require an extra rub. Rinse in another tub of cold water, wring them, and boil them for an hour. Next come the sheets, pillow-slips, toilet covers and towels in the same water, with a little hot added. Wash well, rinse, and boil. After boiling, the things should be rinsed in clean hot water, then blued, wrung lengthwise and pegged out to dry, and the longer they are out the sweeter they will smell. Next comes the body linen, and by this time clean water will probably be wanted in the tubs, as linen cannot be a good colour if washed or boiled in dirty water. After the body linen, wash the flannels in warm soapy water without soda, squeeze them out, rinse in another tub of warm water, squeeze them as dry as possible, shake well and hang out to dry. The same water can be used for coloured things, adding a handful of salt or a little alum to keep the colour. The kitchen cloths which will have been soaked come next; wash in very hot water, with plenty of soap, rinse in second hot water and boil.

"When the clothes are dry, they must be taken off the line and brought in. Sprinkle those articles which have to be mangled equally all over, and fold. Table-linen, body-linen, and pillow-slips will want ironing after they are mangled.

"Cuffs, collars, and shirt fronts, when they are quite dry, must be starched in cold starch, in the proportion of two ounces of starch and one teaspoonful of starch-gloss to a pint of cold water, mixed very smoothly, adding the water by degrees. Rub the starch well into the things, squeeze tightly, rub them again and fold them up in a clean cloth. The unstarched part of the shirts should be well damped, and they can be ironed in about an hour. If they are too damp the iron will stick, but they must not be in the least degree dry, or else they will have to be starched over again. Petticoats, muslin blinds, muslin aprons, and such-like things must be starched in hot starch, and this is more economical. Mix the starch with a little cold water very smoothly, then pour on boiling water (it must be in the act of boiling) until the starch, which must be stirred all the time, becomes transparent. Be very careful not to wring muslins, either in washing or starching, but squeeze them, for they will crack directly. Articles after being starched in hot starch must be dried, then sprinkled all over with hot water, rolled up, and left for a few minutes, then ironed. Écru starch gives a nice tint to curtains. Starch is very often wasted by too large a quantity being made, but you will soon learn by experience how much you require. Well, then comes the ironing. Each ironer will want three irons; they are best heated on a laundry-stove, but if you do not care to get one use a hanging-bar in front of the fire, and see that the fire is made up and very clear before the irons are put down; then have a board covered with powdered brick-dust on which to clean the irons before using, and rub them well with an old duster. A convex iron is very nice for glossing. You must have a good-sized table to iron on covered with two folds of blanket and a linen sheet, a skirt-board covered with flannel and calico for ironing dresses and petticoats on, and a shirt-board for ironing shirt-fronts. The irons must be very hot, but try them on an old cloth before using, lest they should be too hot and singe, for that quite spoils the appearance of things, and takes some time to wash out. To iron cuffs and collars iron pretty well on the wrong side first, then turn them over and get the right side quite free from wrinkles with a damp handkerchief; iron with a hot iron and press heavily on them. The unstarched part of a shirt is ironed first, double the back lengthwise and iron both sides, then iron the front, sleeves, cuffs (wrong and right side), collar also; then insert the shirt-board and iron the front, wiping it with a damp handkerchief before you begin.

"For getting up the frills of underlinen or of curtains, Italian-irons or goffering-tongs will be needed. Leave the goffering-tongs in the fire while you count twenty, then try them on a rag and wipe them. Press the material tight round them by pushing the nails against the tongs when you goffer, and turn the right wrist well round. Place the linen to air on clothes-maidens in front of the fire.

"The sooner you can get the washing and ironing done in the week the pleasanter it will be, then everything can be tidied up and put away for a fortnight. Muslin bags filled with fresh lavender, and placed among the linen give it a very refreshing scent."

THE GOAT AS A PET FOR GIRLS.

PART I.

In treating of the goat as a pet for girls, it is necessary to mention at once that my remarks must be taken to apply to the she-goat, and not at all to the male. Those who do not trouble themselves to investigate the matter very closely, having once experienced the pungent odour and other undesirable attributes of the male-goat, fly at once to the conclusion that all goats share, more or less, these peculiarities; whereas those who have any experience of the subject, know that the she-goat is entirely innocent of the charges that may with justice be laid at the door of the sterner sex.

Children living in the country have a widely varied choice in the selection of their pets, but I think that, in point of the advantages to be derived from pet keeping, the goat is second to none (the horse and dog of course excepted).

Gentle and tractable in disposition, it soon becomes greatly attached to those to whom it is in the habit of looking, not only for its food, but for what is at least of equal importance to most naturally gregarious animals, companionship and affection. Where goats are kept in considerable numbers, they are apt to depend for these latter necessaries of existence upon each other, but when separated from the companions of their own species they soon learn to love and follow the person who shows them most of kindness and consideration.

In thus speaking of goats generally, I do not wish to convey the idea that they are all identical in their natures, for such is far from the fact. Not only does this apply to different breeds of goats, but it is still more noticeable in different individuals of the same herd. I once reared a family of young rooks, and though they were so alike in outward feature that I found it necessary to affix to the leg of each a garter of different coloured ribbon, yet I came to know them as they grew up and took to flight by the differences in their characters and dispositions. Much more will one find varieties of character in different goats, for they are animals of uncommon intelligence, and will repay a large amount of study of their tastes and habits.

As I have before remarked, these shades of character are best seen where only one or two goats are kept, but in my own herd (which never numbers less than twenty) the opportunities for individual attention are therefore somewhat limited, and yet I could give you a distinguishing trait of character for each individual goat.

I am requested in this short paper to give a few remarks as to rearing a pet goat, and on subsequent occasions to dwell upon the subjects of feeding and management.

Undoubtedly the best possible way to rear a pet, whether bird or beast, is to feed and tend it from its earliest infancy, so that there may be no divided affection; and a goat so reared will ever after prefer human society to that of its own kind. There is, however, another reason for rearing the proposed pet goat by hand. It may be a surprise to many to hear that goats, such as are desirable for our purpose, are extremely scarce, as yet, in this country, and consequently command a high price.

Kids, however, may often be obtained from those who keep goats for their milk, and these may be easily reared upon cow's milk at a very small expense. I began my own goat-keeping by rearing in this way a kid that, though of first-rate pedigree, was to have been killed to satisfy the demands of the dairy.

"THE POOR MAN'S COW."

Before, however, going further into the matter, I think it would be well to give some idea of what sort of goat should be chosen for the purpose.

In selecting a kid that has only for a few days seen the light, it is of course necessary to judge of its possibilities mostly by reference to its pedigree, and for this purpose investigation must be made in the *Herd-Book of the British Goat Society*, as all, or nearly all, the desirable goats in this country are those derived from *Herd-Book* stock; and it is most remarkable to observe the difference between well and ill-bred goats, not only in refinements of colour, coat, and shape, but in those higher refinements of gentle birth, good manners, temper, and affection.

A pet, to be the worthy recipient of such care and attention as it is the delight of all real lovers of animals to bestow, must be of the aristocracy of its kind, and, in the case of the goat as in that of the horse, good breeding means not only greater beauty, but also greater usefulness.

To proceed, however, to describe the essentials of a well-bred goat. The horns are of little importance, provided that, if they are present, they be well-shaped and handsomely curved; for, though a head without horns is perhaps preferable amongst children (who cannot be restrained from occasionally indulging the inclination to tease), yet, on the other hand, their presence is a very decided ornament, and enables the goat to resist with effect the possible attacks of strange dogs. I have known a large male-goat, that was hornless, to be seriously mauled by a little fox-terrier, whereas a goat with horns is a match for almost any dog, and may with confidence be entrusted with its own defence.

Horned or hornless, the goat must be short-haired, with a smooth, glossy coat, as nearly as possible approaching that of a horse. This, with very little attention, can be kept in good order, whereas the shaggy coats, such as are common to ill-bred Irish goats, are always matted, filthy, and inconvenient, encouraging vermin, and making milking difficult and unpleasant.

A short, fine coat, and a good pedigree, are what should be specially required of a kid that it is proposed to rear as a pet. Matter of colour and breed must depend much upon the tastes of the individual. I am myself entirely satisfied with the Swiss "Toggenburg" and "Appenzell" breeds, on account of their wonderful milking qualities. For, having been bred for centuries with especial reference to developing this characteristic, they may now be depended upon to justify their great reputation.

Specimens of the English and English-Nubian goat are to be found that will do all that is possible in milk-production, but the characteristic is insufficiently established, and is not transmitted to their offspring with the certainty that is the case in the Swiss breeds named.

The Toggenburg goat is now well-known in this country, having been introduced in 1884, and specimens may be seen at the London Dairy Show, or any show that includes in its schedule the "Poor Man's Cow."

Unfortunately its reputation has induced unscrupulous persons to advertise the commonest of worthless animals as "Toggenburgs," that are neither by blood, nor even

by appearance, entitled to the name. It may be well, therefore, to mention that "none are genuine" without the following distinguishing markings. The colour is a peculiar brown, or mouse-colour, varying somewhat in shade, but unmistakable when once seen. The legs should be white below the knees and houghs, and there should be a white line on each side of the face, running from the ear to the nose, both of which features should be fringed with white. These markings, with a white patch on either side of the tail, should be even, and clearly defined. The breed comes from the canton St. Gallen, in North Switzerland, and is renowned in all parts for its powers of milk-production.

The "Appenzell" goat is another of the sixteen pure breeds of Switzerland, and is native to the canton Appenzell; it seems to differ from the Toggenburg in little else than in colour, being pure white, without markings of any sort. Both of these breeds are without horns, and having, as I have said, been bred with care for the production of milk, have become thoroughly domesticated, and may be depended upon to make pets, that will combine the qualities of intelligence, gentleness, and affection, with the greatest possible usefulness in the production of rich and abundant milk.

Having now supposed that the kid has been procured that is to be the future pet goat, I must proceed to describe how it is to be reared to maturity. The younger it is the easier will be the operation of accustoming it to its artificial diet, as when once it has learned to take its nourishment from its mother, it will only suck from the feeding-bottle when considerably pressed by hunger.

The bottle used for the purpose should be one of the old-fashioned feeding-bottles, without tubes, and must be kept scrupulously clean by being well-rinsed out with tea-leaves at least once each day. The food must be given four times a day, and each time the kid should leave its meal with an appetite. For the first fortnight or three weeks it should be given warm, but afterwards it may be cold, and should be continued for six weeks at least, or, better still, for eight or nine.

The amount used for one kid should be about a quart per diem, and, as the bottle will hold about half a pint, the four meals per diem would just amount to the right quantity.

Kids are precocious little animals, and will probably commence to take a little solid food at a week or ten days of age, and as they begin to grow they will eat more, so that the ration of milk is supplemented gradually more and more, as the kid requires more nourishment.

Grass and hedge-row weeds should form the first essay of the young teeth, and afterwards meal and hay and, finally, oats and bran, which stage of development will probably be reached at about the age of three weeks. From this time progress should be rapid, especially with plenty of fresh air, exercise, and gambols. The kid will follow its mistress anywhere, and all day long if desired, affording endless amusement and pleasure, by its quaint inquisitive ways and merry gambols, expressing in every movement the "joy of life."

No vegetable food that is sweet and clean will now come amiss, and few herbs will prove unwholesome, but beware of the rhododendron. This is a shrub that is to be found on most lawns, and which is relished by goats to their sorrow. Indulgence in this food, or indeed a very few leaves, will cause great suffering, and if not relieved by sickness will probably result in death.

Food and how it should be given, will, however, form the subject of the next paper.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMANLY WEAPONS.

PART I.

PINS.

GENTLE reader! I invite you not to read of bows or javelins, or such-like weapons, wielded only by a race of Amazons, weapons which could leave in their track only bloodshed, sorrow and hate, nor will you be told any secret of those "woman's weapons, waterdrops," which Shakespeare would attribute to our sex. I write only of those truly peaceful weapons which every woman is proud to wield with skill; whose every trace reveals only thrift, deftness, and industry, leaving behind them only pleasure and delight, I mean those little homely weapons, or tools, if you prefer that name, the womanly weapons of our work-table.

They have all a history to tell us; varying vicissitudes, ups and downs, have more or less marked the course of all of them ere they could be had in their present plenty and perfection.

Let us begin with the simplest of all, our pins. Necessary alike for our toilet or our needlework, they are almost the most important of our "weapons," and have been in use from the remotest ages of the world. Pins of brass are spoken of in the book of Exodus; in later ages they were of bronze, bone, wood, or ivory, or of bronze in a handle of ivory. None of these were so slender nor of so perfect a make as the pins to which we are accustomed, as we know from the very numerous specimens, especially of bronze pins, which have been found in ancient British barrows, buried with their dead amongst other treasures by our forefathers. Time of course has roughened and injured them to a certain extent, but many are so well preserved and have been discovered in such positions as to show that they had been used for the fastening the clothing of those in whose last resting-places they were found.

There is no certainty of the date at which pins were first manufactured in England, but it is on record that in 1464 complaints had arisen that certain clock-workers had compelled their labourers to take payment for their labour "in pins, girdles, and other unprofitable wares instead of money;" and in the early part of the reign of Richard III., when several statutes relating to trade and manufactures were passed, a large number of artificers joined in a complaint that the articles the fabrication of which had formerly furnished them with the means of gaining a livelihood, were now brought from "ports beyond the sea." Amongst these artificers we find, girdlers, point makers, pinners, wire-mongers and many others. In consequence of this complaint a statute was passed which prohibited the importation of the following: "Girdles, or any harness wrought for girdles, points, laces, leather purses, pouches, pins, gloves, knives, hangers, tailors' shears, scissors and irons," with at least forty other articles which are irrelevant to our present subject. At this date pins were either of boxwood, bone, or silver. As time went on many improvements were made in the manufacture of pins, till by the middle of the 16th century, when they were made of metal, usually of brass, they came to be of so much importance that statutes were enacted with regard to their manufacture. "Up to this period female dress was fastened with ribbons, laces, clasps, hooks and eyes and skewers of brass, silver, or gold; the latter were in fact pins without heads." Some of these enactments in the reign of Henry VIII. are a little curious. In one, "to avoid the slight and false making of pins," it is enacted, "that only such are to be sold as are double-headed, and have the heads fast soldered to the shank of the pin, well smethed, the shank well shaven, the point well and round filed, canted and sharped." Pins were not to be sold at more than 6s. 8d. per thousand, which had been the current price for two years (we can buy them now for about one-twentieth of this price). This regulation of the price had however to be withdrawn very soon, on account of "a scarcity of pins in this realm." Ladies in those days regarded pins as very acceptable New Year's gifts, though they were sometimes willing to accept money in their stead; hence the origin of the term "pin-money." These pins were no doubt of a somewhat ornamental kind, and probably of more or less intrinsic value, and would be such as we find described in an account which has come down to us of the dress of the wife of one John Whitcombe, a clothier of fame in London in 1543. It runs thus, "a fair train gown stuck full of silver pins, having a white cap on her head, with cuts of curious needlework under the same, and an apron before her as white as driven snow."

It appears that the manufacture of pins for the toilet, of a kind somewhat approaching those we have now in common use, was introduced to our country from France, from which country they were brought in 1540 for Katharine Howard. Three years after this they were made in England, as we have already seen, though John Hall writing in 1685 would have us believe that the art was not practised until twenty years later, since he asserts that "the way of makyng pinnes was found out by the English about the 5th year of Queen Elizabeth, which before were brought by strangers to the value of 60,000 pound a year."

However this may be, we can but suppose that English-made pins were both inferior and dear until the art of wire-drawing had been learnt from foreigners, a circumstance which we have good authority for stating, took place in 1565, up to which time English wire was all hand-made, and of bad quality.

During the 17th century a Dutchman established a wire-mill at Sheen, in Surrey, and from that time, at any rate, English pins have carried the palm.

Ere the first half of the 18th century had sped, the manufacture had been established on a large scale in the West of England and in London. At Gloucester and later at Birmingham large works were erected, and it is by the courtesy of the well-known firm of Kirby, Beard & Co., that I am able to give a somewhat minute account of the manufacture both of pins and needles, as it is now practised in their manufactories in various places.

The manufacture of a pin, when entirely made by hand, was a tedious process, or rather series of processes, for it had to pass

through no less than twelve or fourteen separate stages before it was completed; the wonderful machinery now in use has marvellously simplified matters.

First of all the wire must be prepared. It is placed in a coil, on a revolving block, and drawn through holes pierced in a steel plate, until it is of the size required for the particular pin which is to be made. It is then taken to the pin-making room, where are rows of machines, all moving by steam power, and producing a constant stream of pins, at the rate of 180 to 220 per minute, which are removed from the receptacles into which they fall by the workman and his attendants who look after the proper working of the machine, and who can, by moving a lever, instantly stop any one or all of the machines. Let us stand in front of one of these machines and we see a coil of brass wire on a revolving drum; the end of the wire passes through a hole, and then between iron pegs, which straighten the wire, and keep it in its place as it is drawn into the machine. In the machine we see a pair of sliding pincers take hold of the wire, carry it forward a short distance, and put the end through a hole in a small iron plate. Watch intently, and we see a pretty little hammer strike the end as soon as it is visible on the other side of the iron plate. By successive blows of this hammer the head is made. This done, down falls a sharp blade or shears, and cuts the wire to the length required; the machine is adjustable so as to cut pins of larger or smaller sizes, as may be desired. This process of drawing in, heading, and cutting off, goes on continuously in the machine, and the pins are thus carried on to the pointing part of the machine. When headed and cut the pointless pin falls into a slanting groove, just wide enough for the body, but too narrow for the head to pass through. Thus we find a row of pins nearly the whole width of the machine, hanging by their heads. Beneath is a revolving cylindrical file. The surface of this cylinder represents a series of graduated files, and as the pins are worked backwards and forwards they are pointed and fall into a receptacle below, perfect in form, but not fit for use—they are yellow—the colour of brass wire, and they are greasy, not pleasant to handle. They are therefore put into barrels, which are turned round and round, and by this means are thoroughly scoured and cleaned, and now "clean as a new pin" are ready to be "silvered." For this purpose they are spread as evenly and flat as possible in kettles heated by steam; a powder of fine tin is dusted over them, a certain portion of acid added, and after boiling in this for four hours they are taken out of the kettles, possessed of the bright silvery appearance which belongs to all good pins. They are then dried by being thrown into sawdust, and polished by being revolved in barrels moved by machinery at the necessary speed. From these barrels they are put into a flat tray, and the workman, by a peculiar tossing motion, which requires much skill and practice, separates and removes all dust from the pins, which we now see in a clean, bright, shining heap, ready for the market. Mourning pins are blacked and japanned instead of being silvered.

Another very ingeniously constructed machine "sticks" the pins, *i.e.*, places them ready in rows on papers. The paper placed on a curved piece of metal of about its own size, is crimped and placed in position to receive the pins which are passed out of a receptacle at the top of the machine by a girl, who with a brush dexterously sweeps them into grooves placed in an inclined plane leading down to the paper. They now pass down into the machine in long lines, vertically arranged; by means of a lever the paper is brought under the points of a row of pins, which by a very beautiful bit of machinery are pressed through the crimped edges of the paper. Row by row the whole sheet is thus filled.

We have seen how John Hall wrote the word "pinne"; some old writers spelt it pynne; our present spelling is probably the modern form of the old English "preon" or "prin," the "r" having dropped out as is the case in some other words. The Scotch word "prin" "prein" or "preen" is evidently the same, signifying a pin made of wire; a "prin-cod" being a Scotch word for a pin-cushion. Shakespeare has "a cod-piece to stick pins on."

There were uses for pins in festivities in feudal times, in which women were no sharers, and the part pins were made to serve would certainly not place them amongst "womanly weapons." We are told that the tankards holding two quarts used at some of these feasts, were divided into eight parts, each part being marked off by a silver pin. By the rules of the table, a drinker might stop his quaffing only at a pin; if he went a hair's breadth beyond, he must drink to the next pin; failing to stop at the exact point, the only solution of the difficulty was often found to be the draining to its dregs of the whole tankard, and much noisy mirth was excited by the vain efforts and repeated failures which were certain to occur during the feast. To this Longfellow refers in the "Golden Legend"—

> "No songs, no laugh, no jovial din
> Of drinking wassail to the pin."

Before taking leave of this little "weapon" it may be mentioned that the manufacture which now gives employment to thousands was once so important a trade as to be incorporated into a Livery Company in the City of London, and although the Pinner's Company has ceased to exist, the manufacture of pins in England is far more extensive than ever it was, and it would appear that such vast improvements have been made, that we may almost look upon our present pins as perfect "womanly weapons."

MARY B. MORRIS.

VARIETIES.

CATS LOOKED UP TO.

Cats in ancient Egypt, as most of us no doubt have read, were so prized that they took a high place among the sacred animals. When a cat died a natural death people mourned in a regularly appointed manner, and the remains were embalmed with costly drugs and spices.

It has been supposed that puss owed its consecration and divine honours among the Egyptians to a peculiar physical attribute, the contractibility and dilatability of the pupil of the eye—exhibiting a mysterious illustration of the moon's changes.

MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME.—The earliest piece of music for several voices that has been found in any country is an English "six men's song," contained in a manuscript which the best judges assign to the period prior to 1240. It is a canon for four voices, with independent parts for two more, which stand as a foot, or burden, or ground-base to support all the others. The original words are a description of summer.

TOO MUCH SPACE.

The teacher asked "And what is space?"
The trembling student said:
"I cannot think at present,
But I have it in my head."

SET AN EXAMPLE.—The important thing, if you would lead others, is to go that way yourself.

SHE REFUSED TO BE MARRIED.

There is an amusing story told of a bride in the north of England. During the marriage service just as she was about to say the word "obey," the bridegroom, who was an ill-natured fellow, leant over and whispered—

"I'll make thee."

She naturally resented this, and turning to the clergyman who was performing the ceremony asked, "Are we married yet?"

"No," he replied, "you are not, as you have not said all the words appointed, and the marriage register has not been signed."

"Then," said the young woman, "I shall not have him"—and she left the church with her friends. And most people will say she was right in refusing to become the wife of so boorish a man.

A LASTING IMPRESSION.—The famous American historian, Prescott, was influenced for life by the lady whose school he attended in early childhood. The secret of her success is revealed in the little fact that she never spoke of herself to her pupils as "your school-mistress," but always as your "school-mother."

WHAT TEMPERANCE DOES.—Temperance puts coals on the fire, meal and flour in the barrel, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigour in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

An American author has put the message of the flowers in this way—

The red rose says "Be sweet";
And the lily bids "Be pure";
The hardy brave chrysanthemum
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers "Give,
Nor grudge nor count the cost";
The woodbine "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh
The message of the Lord.

ALLITERATIVE COUNSEL.—Patient plodding, persistently prosecuted, produces permanent prosperity.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.—"I have often wondered," says a shrewd writer, "how every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others."

A SIGN OF WISDOM.—The wisest girl in the world is the girl who avoids doing the greatest number of useless things.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA I. (p. 7).

The Shadow.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

PERPLEXED MOTHER.—We think that your best plan is to engage such a governess as we have recommended to "Anxious to do Right," for six months' training under a new hand and firm authority. Your little daughter appears to take advantage of your being an invalid and unable to go after her. The training to habits of instant and unquestioning obedience and respect likewise should have begun at a year old. Now you need help.

ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—We cannot give recommendations of schools. Perhaps it might be well to obtain the assistance of a good trustworthy governess, firm yet well-tempered, for six months or a year, just to get the child into habits of obedience, and to hurry her when dawdling and unpunctual. To change the direction and treatment in such a case seems necessary, for obedience must be learned. We think that bad habits might only be rendered worse by association with others of a like disposition, and she needs careful judicious training under your own eye. If you had any docile little companion to be educated with her just for a short time, the force of example would do much in the process of training and the completely new *régime*.

ANNIE.—There are institutions for those who stammer as well as teachers who attend personally in private. Your own medical man would give you addresses. Or else you might obtain them at a hospital or infirmary.

QUEEN MAB.—You are never too old to learn most things, although at about sixty or seventy you would probably find more difficulty in acquiring languages than earlier in life.

LOVER OF NATURE.—We have published a student's book on botany, which you may obtain from our office. Let your librarian give you a list from which to select—the two books you require he could procure for you.

AN OLD GIRL.—We recommend you to consult a librarian for students and school books, or go to the shop and look well for yourself.

JANIE.—1. For instruction in the several duties of domestic servants, refer to vol. ii. and the numbers for May 22, 1881, pages 534 and 646.—2. We have given five articles on the subject of girls' Christian names in vol. iv., Oct. 21, 1882. We cannot give space for continual repetitions.

ARM.—Perhaps you might find employment at the Lady Guide Office in the Strand, or obtain advice as to where it could be found. We cannot tell what amount of salary the person or firm engaging your services might be in a position to offer.

MUSIC.

CLEMATIS should write to a music-seller, or publisher, and name the age of the child, and obtain one of the last and most approved set of exercises suitable for one so young. Our own opinion is that at seven and a half years of age little tunes would be more desirable, for a good deal of discouragement would result from beginning the mere drudgery of music so early, and the little one might take an aversion to it.

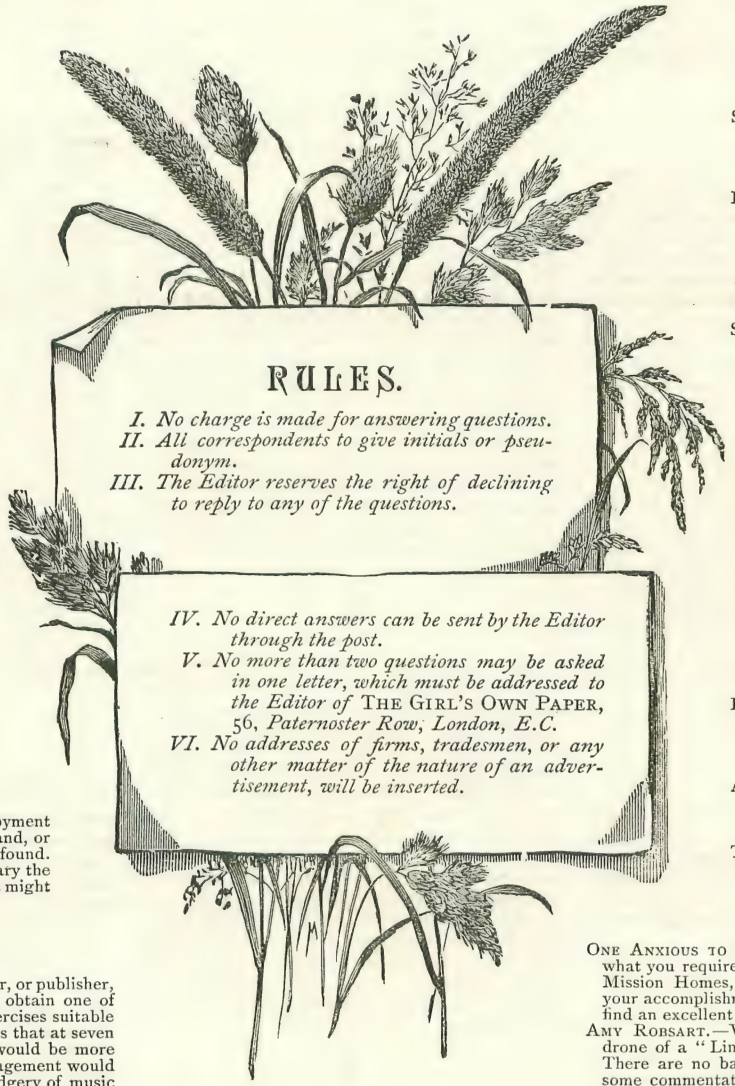
D. E. L. C.—In the chords written without the marks you indicate at the side, the notes are not "spread," but played together.

MARY ANNE.—We are very fond of the harp, but do not recommend it as a first instrument for a child. It is apt to put out the right shoulder-blade. Let her study music on the piano first, and attain to some manual dexterity, and cultivate her taste in really musical music—not the tramp of a regiment, nor the roar of baggage-waggons, nor exhibitions of manual gymnastics which are so much more curious and nerve-trying than beautiful. When a little older, and no longer growing fast, she could easily, and without risk, learn the harp.

ETHEL.—Write for the prospectus and examination papers of both schools of music, and form your own judgment as to which exacts the most study. Your own previous learning—practical facility of fingering and performing difficult passages with clearness and decision—must be taken into consideration. On these points we have no way nor opportunity for forming a decision.

MABEL FRANCE seems to appeal to us for an opinion against that on which her parents or teachers are acting. They may see that you are not without musical ability, but that you are lazy, or that you prefer some other employment. Your employment of the words, "Is it right to make a girl learn the piano," etc. Be ready to do as you are desired, and to do it to the very best of your ability. They will be the best judges as to whether they be throwing away money on an incompetent scholar. There would, however, be no harm in your telling your parents that you had no pleasure in it.

LAUREL.—We advise you to write direct to the manager at the Pontefract and York banks to inquire about the notes you mention.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.
II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.
III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.
V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*
VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

MADGE.—A "psaltery" was a stringed instrument used as an accompaniment to the voice. The Hebrew word for it is *nebel*. Those used by David were of cypress wood, and those by Solomon of the almug tree, a kind of sandal wood.

DOROTHEA.—There is a well-recommended Home for Music and Art Students (and ladies visiting London likewise) at 37, Sinclair Road, Kensington, W., and amongst the persons who have kindly consented to act as references we may name the Rev. Canon Elwyn, M.A., The Master's Lodge, Charterhouse, E.C.; address the Principal (Mrs. Heap).

IVA.—You must apply for all information to Mr. F. W. Renant, Secretary of The Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W. The fee for admission by examination is a guinea, and the entrance fee five guineas, and those for instruction amount to eleven guineas a term (of which there are three). On the admission of a candidate the guinea for examination is returned.

HELEN OF TROY.—We see no reason why you should not learn the banjo, provided your mother approve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—Italian, being a spoken and a modern language, would, of course, be more useful in that way than Latin, which would only be needful for teaching or for study.

NAOMI.—"I am delighted to have met you," would be answered best by saying, "And so am I," or, "It is equally a pleasure to me, and I hope we may see much of each other."

WHITE WINGS.—1. The dressing-room would need a dressing-table, looking-glass and wash-stand, towel-horse, and tin bath—if you have no fixed bath in the house.—2. A marble fender would be quite correct for either drawing-room or dining-room.

M. H. K. N. H.—1. You should endeavour to improve yourself in writing, and you should remember to put a capital "I" and not a small one.—2. We think only a mutual friend could be of any service, and you should find one to introduce you to each other.

S. B. (Ramsgate).—*Sick-Nursing at Home*, Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., 1s.; Honor Morten's *Notes on Nursing*, 2s. 6d. Order of a bookseller.

PRIMROSE.—The address of the Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society is F. Eardley-Wilmot, Dean's Gate, Westminster, S.W. There is a Benefit Society in connection with it at Church House, Dean's Gate.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—It is true that Robert Raikes was the originator of the present organised system of Sunday-school teaching in England, with the co-operation of the Rev. Thomas Stock (A.D. 1780). But the first such organisation originated as far back as 1580, at Milan, by a man much in advance of his time, Cardinal Borromeo; and in the following century his admirable idea was carried out in this country by the Rev. Joseph Alleine, and by the Rev. David Blair in about 1760, at Brechin; and about 1763, at Catterick, Yorkshire, by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. Sunday-school teaching is admirably carried on in Ireland, and the children of the gentry are instructed, as a matter of course, with the other children.

R. B.—The London Girls' Club Union has its head-quarters at the Soho Club for Working Girls, 59, Greek Street, Soho, W. We suppose you mean in London.

AN AMATEUR.—Why not go to a School of Art for lessons? We cannot help you to dispose of drawings.

TIMBUCTOO.—You can say, "Excuse me, but I did not hear what you said." But remember that continued inattention amounts to ill-breeding, and you had better correct it.

ONE ANXIOUS TO KNOW (France).—Write and say what you require in the way of a situation to The Mission Homes, 16, Rue de Milan, Paris. With your accomplishments it ought not to be difficult to find an excellent and permanent situation.

AMY ROBSART.—What "Falstaff" says about the drone of a "Lincolnshire bagpipe" is misleading. There are no bagpipes in that county; although some commentators supposed that they had been introduced by Scotch immigrants. Lincolnshire can boast of a different kind of music, and that is produced by the innumerable frogs that inhabit her fens.

ADA ST. GEORGE and AUDREY EVELYN A.—If you wet the hair slightly before putting it in pins at night, and wear a net for the front, you will prevent its going out of curl or becoming too untidy.

A. L. D.—The quotation you give is from a poem by Longfellow. The verses begin—

> "It was fifty years ago,
> In the pleasant month of May,
> In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
> A child in its cradle lay.
> And Nature, the old nurse,
> Took the child upon her knee
> Saying, 'Here is a story-book
> Thy father has written for thee.'"

The verses have been set to music by Hatton.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We should think that a widow marrying for the second time would take off her first wedding-ring. It would be in better taste, and far kinder to do so, we think.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CLEAN looking-glasses when smeary with a little methylated spirit, and then polish with a leather.

IN cases of great weakness during illness, it is not uncommon for the patient to have distressing fits of hiccough, which leave great prostration. To stop the attack, give a wine-glassful of boiling water to be sipped slowly at the very commencement of the attack. This will often completely stop it at once. Allowed to go on, the spasm may become dangerous.

IMMEDIATE relief may be had in cases of neuralgia by squeezing a sponge or cloth out of water as hot as it can be borne, and applying it to the back of the neck. Acetic acid diluted is also most invigorating and refreshing, applied to the top of the head and back of the neck. For a fever-patient, this acid applied according to the directions on the bottle over the body, has been found of the greatest value, and is most refreshing. It gives tone to the nerves, and materially aids convalescence.

WHEN having a house papered, make quite sure before the papers are put on the walls that they are not arsenicated. Some firms supply wall-papers free from arsenic, but if you are doubtful about them submit a piece of each paper to a chemist or analyst, and ask his opinion. Many cases of persistent illness have been traced to arsenic in the wall-paper, and it is not only present in green papers, but also in those of other colours.

SLEEPLESSNESS is generally caused by the brain having more blood than usual supplied to it; anyone desiring sleep should therefore draw the blood to the stomach by taking warm nourishing food the last thing at night, a basin of gruel, or bread and milk, or some other light and digestible food.

IT is stated that more than half the consumption in the world is due to wrong breathing and disuse of one lung. Remarkable cures of persons with consumptive tendencies have been effected by their taking singing-lessons, in which the right method of breathing has been taught.

PATENT-LEATHER shoes and boots are best cleaned with a little sweet-oil on a soft rag, after wiping off any dust.

WHEN other remedies are not at hand, rags soaked in milk are valuable for burns on the skin.

HOW rare it is to find anyone able to read aloud properly, and yet what a treat it is when you can get one to do so. Children, and those who read indistinctly, should be made to read aloud at the far end of a room, with some one listening at the other end, to correct them whenever they mumble or lower the voice.

IT is a capital plan to make boys and girls describe in their own words some event in which they are interested, standing at a little distance from you. It is a good preparation for public speaking, and gives practice in clothing their thoughts in appropriate language.

IN every house there should be a drawer, in which string, scissors, nails, hammer, and other small tools should be kept for immediate use. In another drawer brown paper, neatly folded, should be always kept. Much needless trouble may be avoided if these things can be always found in the same place ready for use. It should be the business of one member of the family to see that the ink-bottles are kept clean and filled, and that sealing-wax and pens, paper and envelopes, are at hand, and the blotting-paper changed for fresh when used. Umbrellas should not be left stretched open to dry but closed, and with the handle downwards, otherwise the silk-covering and the metal-work rot and rust.

WISDOM-TEETH coming up in the mouth are often responsible for all sorts of mysterious illnesses in growing girls and boys, and even in older people. They come up at all ages, and in all sorts of odd corners, sometimes trying to force their way up under double or other teeth; then begins a spirited warfare, neither tooth willing to give way, and serious ill-health—spinal derangement, fits, and even blindness are the result. Many lives have been saved by the timely examination of the mouth, and sometimes the necessary removal of one of these offenders. It is well to remember this in cases of obscure and obstinate illnesses not amenable to ordinary treatment. Cases sometimes occur when wisdom-teeth are cut by people of mature age, and even by old people.

NEVER cook mushrooms a second time, if this be done they may develop unwholesome and even dangerous qualities.

DO not let the side of your bed ever be placed against a wall, but well out in the middle of the room, and, where it is possible, the head to the north. Free circulation of air is absolutely necessary to health, and where this is not obtainable, headaches, bad dreams, and other ailments are the result. Never close the register of your fireplace, and if you are too delicate to bear your window open at night, leave the door partly open, if possible.

HERE are some useful hints for those who keep canaries. A daily bath is necessary to keep the feet clean, the sand being removed whilst master dick is bathing, so that his pedal extremities do not get clogged. The water should be tepid in winter. Hemp seed should be given in small quantities and with discretion: a little is warming and the birds look upon it as a great delicacy. Should a bird after moulting still look sickly, a rusty iron nail in its drinking water acts as a tonic. A little bread or biscuit soaked in port wine may occasionally be given.

CORNWALL and Devon are the land of dainty foods. Here is the recipe of some delicious cakes, which are always to be found on the tea-table of a Cornish manor-house famous for its genial hospitality. Take a quarter of a pound, respectively, of flour, butter, and sifted sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon-peel or essence of vanilla. Should the butter be hard, melt it slightly, and beat it into a cream, then add the sugar beating it in well into the frothy butter; next beat in one very well-beaten egg, afterwards adding the flour by slow degrees; lastly, beat in the remaining egg which must be thoroughly well beaten first itself. Mix the whole very carefully, and then pour into small buttered patty pans, baking in a brisk oven until the cakes are of a rich golden colour.

Some other cakes, scarcely less delicious but simpler in manufacture, can be made by mixing one pound of flour, half a pound of butter and of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a little grated lemon peel. This should also be poured into buttered patty pans and baked in a brisk oven. Careful and thorough mixture is essential for the success of both these recipes.

A SUGGESTION may be taken from Russia and Scandinavia for the cooking of game. A partridge, grouse, or pheasant, may be treated in the following manner:—When the bird has hung for a week, pluck it, and place it in a dish with milk so that it is completely covered. It can stand for several days, but the milk must be occasionally changed. Before roasting, lard the bird with bacon and place it in the oven with milk in the roasting-pan. During the roasting operation pour three or four spoonfuls of cream over it at intervals; this will give it a nice brown glaze. Before serving pour more cream into the thick gravy in which it should be served. This treatment makes the flesh most tender, and although entailing great trouble and care, the result is incomparably superior to the British mode of cooking game.

POTATO PATTIES.—Mash three or four moderate sized potatoes, add an egg (raw) to them, make into the form of little patty cases, fill with a small quantity of minced meat or of dressed fish, cover with a half ball of the potato, brush the outsides over with yolk of egg, put in the oven to brown; when done place a paper on a dish, with a fish slice carefully remove the patties from the tin in which they are baked, and place on the paper to serve.

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HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE TENNIS-CLUB.

"WHAT! the whole panjandrum of you going! Mysie and all! Will wonders never cease?" cried Beatrice, as she descended to the hall, clad in her trim suit of white tennis-flannels, to find her stepmother and the three little boys waiting for her there, and Mysie decked out in her new summer-frock, with a flush of expectation and excitement on her face.

"Arnold has sent the pony-chair," said Mysie; "father says I may use it in the summer months. He is very glad for me to have it. I shall be able to go out a little now. I am sure I have been kept out of everything quite long enough."

"With all my heart," answered Beatrice laughing. "Nobody wants to keep you out of anything, you little goose. The difficulty has always been to get you off your sofa. Where's Vere? Aren't you coming too? We may as well be making a start now."

Guinivere appeared in the doorway of the drawing-room. She had her

"THEY WERE WELL-MATCHED ANTAGONISTS."

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tennis-bat in her hand, but her costume was not much in keeping with the suggestion of active motion. She wore a trailing white dress, daintily trimmed with lace, the body and sleeves of which fitted closely, and gave nothing like the play of Beatrice's cool, white shirt. She looked at the three little boys in their white and blue sailor-suits, and said doubtfully—

"Don't you think we are rather too large a party, even for club-day? I thought perhaps I would stay at home."

Mrs. Wilberforce at once began to look distressed, but before she could say a word Beatrice struck in—

"O nonsense! It was Mrs. Masham herself who told mamma to bring them. I heard her myself. You know her maxim, 'The more the merrier,' and she means it too. Let the small fry come and pick up the balls, and stuff themselves with cake and early strawberries—if there are any. Now mind you behave yourselves, you young rascals! I'll give it you, if you get in the way or make yourselves objectionable!" and Beatrice, who was very kind to her small half-brothers in her own rather off-hand fashion, held out her disengaged hand, for which there was a simultaneous rush. Baby Tom succeeded in clutching it, and Bertie and Bernie marched off, one on each side of their favourite sister. The little distressed cloud vanished from Mrs. Wilberforce's face, and she busied herself with helping Mysie into the pony-chair, which the garden-boy had brought round to the door.

There was a small stable at The Larches, and Mr. Wilberforce kept a man and a boy on the place, so that there was no difficulty about the pony-chair offered to Mysie, and she had taken a great fancy to the thought of getting out in it. It was hoped by all that it would prove the stepping-stone to more active and healthy habits.

The tennis-club met weekly at Mrs. Masham's hospitable house. She had given up a small meadow to serve as the club-ground, and although the club-funds sufficed to keep it in order and so forth, the players would not have been able to indulge in the sumptuous tea always provided for them, had it not been for the liberality of Mrs. Masham. She was treasurer of the funds, and made up all deficiencies, as well as instituting at her own cost the monthly "gala-day," as it had come to be called, and which was practically a garden-party with a great deal of tennis-playing on the various courts. A grander tea and unlimited ices were served on these occasions, sometimes in the tent, but more often than not in the house, and people from long distances drove over on fine days to be present.

This was to be Dr. Salisbury's first introduction to the society of the neighbourhood. He had now settled himself in his quarters, and was beginning his daily round of professional visits. People had not as yet quite made up their minds about him, and there had been no bad cases to test his capabilities. Genial Dr. Kane had always been a favourite; but it was agreed that he was growing old, and needed an assistant in his large and increasing practice. There was a disposition on all hands to credit Dr. Salisbury with brains and talent; but he was much more grave and reserved than the elder physician, and some persons were inclined to call him supercilious or sarcastic.

At the same time he had given no cause of offence, and here he was at Mrs. Masham's this afternoon, dressed with his usual precision and care, but without the least suspicion of dandyism or foppery. He was going through a number of introductions with great self-possession, for he was an object of interest to the whole neighbourhood for many miles round, who looked to Willington for medical advice in all cases of serious illness. Dr. Kane had always been held far and above the best man in the locality, and Dr. Salisbury, as his successor, would be expected to prove his ability in as satisfactory a way. He was now being reviewed from the social standpoint, a thing of which he was well aware. He bore himself, however, with quiet dignity and ease, and showed no disposition to be overawed by local magnates.

"Ah, here comes the Wilberforce contingent!" exclaimed Mrs. Masham in a tone of satisfaction. "Well, I don't think you oftener see a prettier picture than that, do you, Dr. Salisbury?"

The young man looked, smiled slightly, and let his eyes rest upon it with a certain satisfaction.

Guinivere and Beatrice were coming forward together over the grass. The elder sister in her trailing white draperies, her fair face shaded by the white-plumed hat, the sunlight glinting here and there upon her golden hair, did indeed make a picture of rare beauty and grace; whilst Beatrice, with the three little boys clustering about her, looked the embodiment of health and happiness; and, although there was nothing masculine in her dainty dress, there was something a little suggestive of a bright, beautiful boy in her aspect, so trim, so alert, so full of activity and strength. Her chestnut hair, curling crisply beneath the brim of her sailor-hat, added perhaps to this impression, as did the crimson sailor-knot, which adorned the front of her spotless white shirt. The two sisters made a foil and contrast for one another, which could not be bettered. Many eyes, besides those of Dr. Salisbury, were fixed upon them as they came forward.

"So glad to see you, my dears! How many more may we expect? Is that really Mysie with Mrs. Wilberforce? O this is a great advance! I must go and see that they are made comfortable somewhere. Are none of the rest of you coming?"

"I should think that six was enough from one house," said Guinivere smiling gently; whilst Beatrice looked up to say—

"Oh, Gipsy and Norah are always busy, and Freda has something to do in town this afternoon. We can never depend on them now—unless sometimes on a Saturday."

Mrs. Masham moved away to see to Mysie and Mrs. Wilberforce. Arnold Leslie, who was staying just now at the Kanes' for a time, was already at Guinivere's side. Dr. Salisbury looked at her for a moment, a fact of which she was well aware, although she never looked at him, and then he turned, and addressed himself to Beatrice.

"You are fond of games, Miss Wilberforce?"

She gave him a quick look, as though taking his measure in some way, and then answered promptly—

"I should think so indeed! I don't think I care for much else in the world!"

His smile was pleasant and quite free from the touch of scorn she had half intended to awaken.

"I think we most of us go through that phase at some period of our existence. Every healthy schoolboy does, I believe. One experiences a passing regret sometimes, when the feeling dies a natural death. There is something very exhilarating about it, whilst it lasts."

"I think mine will stand a good deal of wear and tear still," answered Beatrice laughing. "It doesn't do for too many members of a family to take to serious occupations. We are rather heavily weighted at home with energetic people like that. I mean to stick to my games, and enjoy myself. One can only be young once."

"That is very true," he answered gravely, though with a gleam in his eyes, "and tennis can only be the mainspring of existence for a limited number of years. Will you take pity upon a poor creature like a professional man, and let me have the pleasure of being your partner for a sett this afternoon?"

"Yes, if you will play up, and not dawdle," answered Beatrice frankly. "I don't so much care whether my partner plays badly or well, if he only plays up and does his best. What I can't stand is a lounger—I want to shake him. But you are rather too big for that, and the onlookers might be shocked."

Then their eyes met, and both laughed, whilst Beatrice said to herself—

"I don't think he's a prig, after all. I rather thought he was going to be."

"I'll do my best," said Dr. Salisbury, and then he moved away to speak to Mrs. Wilberforce and Mysie.

Mysie was not striking or beautiful, like her sisters, but she had a delicate complexion and rather pretty features, and, when she was not fretful or cross, could look attractive enough in a quiet way. Dr. Salisbury had once had an invalid sister very dear to him, who had faded out of existence, after a life of much suffering; and there was something in Mysie's appearance that suggested a memory of his little Lily; so that his manner towards her was unwontedly gentle and kind. She felt the charm of it at once, and responded by showing herself at her best, and he sat beside her chair some little time, talking and making her feel for the time perfectly content and pleased.

Then he was called away to his game, and stood up beside Beatrice against Guinivere and Arnold Leslie.

They were very well-matched antagonists. Beatrice played considerably better than her sister, but Guinivere was no tyro, and had an effective service, though she was not energetic when the ball was in play. But Arnold was a very finished player, and when he stood to the net he let hardly anything pass. Dr. Salisbury was a scientific player and must have excelled at some time in his life: but he was not in practice; in fact this was his first game this season, and neither eye nor hand were well in. Still Beatrice had no fault to find with him, and in the end they just managed to score a victory, although it was only done by dint of great energy and determination to the very end.

"Bravo!" cried Beatrice, throwing her bat into the air as the final stroke made them victors. "You ought to give more time to tennis, Dr. Salisbury. You would really play finely if you did. Mind, we shall expect you here every Wednesday as regularly as it comes. Never mind your tiresome patients. You can just let them wait. It will do them good, and make them value you more. Tennis is much more important than *migraines* and tantrums—which is what half the world suffers from!"

"A comprehensive and exhaustive summing up!" he answered, with the gleam in his eye which often redeemed his face from severity. "I must thank you for the gallant way you 'pulled off that event.' Isn't that the right phrase in tennis parlance? Do you not want some refreshment by this time? Can I take you anywhere, or get you anything?"

"No thank you, not yet. I'm not one of those fishes who must always be drinking something. Besides I'm to play the next sett with Arnold. We can generally beat most couples when we get together. I daresay my sister would like some tea, if you will take her. But I want to go on playing."

Guinivere was very willing to be led to the house by Dr. Salisbury, and to take him round the gardens afterwards. In her opinion he was decidedly the most distinguished-looking man on the ground that day, and Guinivere had come to regard it as a natural right that every man should pay homage to her beauty. This was not perhaps altogether her fault. Mrs. Masham had filled her head with ideas which had far better have been kept out of it, and in Guinivere's nature seeds of vanity and ambition and desire for conquest found an all too-ready soil in which to germinate and spring up. By little and little Guinivere had lost her simplicity. She had become calculating and worldly. She was beginning to be seriously bent on making a good marriage, and securing for herself those pleasant things which she saw in the house of her patroness, and which Mrs. Masham implied that she herself might easily obtain. But what was almost worse than this was, that although she had begun to despise some of her old admirers, and to decide in her heart that nothing would induce her to engage herself to one of them, she did not at all wish to see them relax in their attentions towards herself, and she took just the same trouble to fascinate and charm them as she had done when her mind was quite uncertain as to what answer she would give were the momentous question asked of her.

In the same way she was now putting out all her powers of fascination to bind Dr. Salisbury beneath the spell of her beauty. She could not bear not to be the queen of every company in which she found herself, and she must make every person feel her sway, or she was not content. She liked to feel that she was watched, and hoped that remarks might already be made on the subject of herself and the doctor. Her mind centred upon herself in a way that was dangerous in the extreme had she but known it. Dr. Salisbury attracted her decidedly, she felt that he was a man of stronger and tougher calibre than any she had hitherto come across. He was also older than most of her former admirers, and had the halo of romantic interest that usually attaches to a stranger. The idea suggested by her unwise patroness that some day this man might be a baronet, was ever present to her mind. She exerted herself to please and attract him by every artifice in her power, and was rewarded later on by a whisper from Mrs. Masham.

"My dearest girl, you are more bewitching than ever! I shall positively be afraid to have you to my house! You have made a perfect victim of poor Dr. Salisbury on the spot! Do have a little mercy upon some of them! We shall be having awful reports about suicides in Willington if you do not take care!"

And poor foolish Guinivere listened to these wrong and silly speeches as though they were the sweetest music, and walked forward on the dangerous path she was treading, thinking it the most pleasant and flowery one in all the world.

But Mrs. Masham's gala day was not to pass off this time without a slight sensation at the end. The tennis-playing was over for the day. The players and spectators were gathered together about the tent. Ices and lemonade and claret-cup were circulating amongst them, and the children were running about over the courts, playing with the balls and making considerable noise.

All of a sudden a piercing shriek was heard to proceed from one amongst their number; and Bernie Wilberforce was seen to be lying upon the grass beside one of the nets with his arm doubled up in a way which told a tale at once to experienced eyes; and it was plain that the shriek had proceeded from him.

"He has been jumping over the net again!" cried Beatrice, making a quick step forward. "Little wretch! I told him he must not do it! I suppose he has gone and hurt himself now! I told him he would!"

There was a call for Dr. Salisbury, who came forward at once, with Guinivere still beside him.

"The children are always getting into mischief," she said placidly. "I don't know why they should trouble you about it. Where is mamma?"

"Wait, don't call her yet," said Dr. Salisbury, bending over the child, and speaking with an air of authority. "We will just see what is the matter first. There, my little man, don't be afraid of me. You must be a brave boy even if I do hurt you for a minute."

Dr. Salisbury picked up the child cleverly enough; but a shriek broke from his pale lips.

"Don't! don't! don't!" he cried, in the terror of an unaccustomed pain. "Oh, my arm! Leave me alone!"

But the doctor had him fast, and looking round upon the circle of faces he said—

"Will somebody help me by just holding the little fellow whilst I bind up the arm? We can get all ship-shape in a very few minutes if we take it at once. It is a simple fracture. Mrs. Masham, can you produce a couple of pieces of flat wood and a bandage and a little cotton wool?"

Mrs. Masham flew off at once, glad that Mrs. Wilberforce was out of the way; and Dr. Salisbury looked at the two sisters who were both in the group before him.

"He will know you best," he said to them. "Perhaps you will help me with him?"

Beatrice came forward instantly, though with a contracted brow and a look of shrinking on her face; but Guinivere drew back, and saying something hastily about helping Mrs. Masham, turned and fled, and Arnold Leslie took hold of the trembling boy and spoke soothingly to him, thus leaving Dr. Salisbury's hands free for the skilled task of setting the broken bone.

"Be a good brave boy," said Beatrice encouragingly, as she held the uninjured hand, "and we'll have fine games of wounded soldiers afterwards. It won't hurt much more than the whipping I promised you for trying to jump tennis-nets; and you'll be petted afterwards instead of scolded, which is more than you deserve, young man."

Beatrice actually won a smile from Bernie, who was a plucky little fellow at the bottom, and very fond of her. He bore the sharp pain of the setting very well when his mind was made up to it, only clutching very hard at Beatrice's hand, and hiding his face in her dress. She knelt beside him, and talked to him all the time, and made him laugh directly the pain was over; and then he was put into Mysie's chair and taken home by his mother, Beatrice walking beside him and making fun, whilst Dr. Salisbury promised to be there as soon as they were to superintend the getting to bed, and to replace these extemporised splints by the proper articles.

(*To be continued.*)

EMBOSSED LEATHER WORK.

In proposing a work but little known in England as one that can be made available for helping the helpless, it may seem at first sight to lie open to the objection of being too artistic and too difficult for workhouse-pupils, but anyone who has learnt the process will be able to vouch for its simplicity and the many advantages it can claim. Any lady visitor to the "Idle-room" wards of a workhouse can see for themselves that some of the men retain all their mental faculties, and their infirmities, such as heart complaints, abscesses in the feet, or other bodily afflictions, are not of a nature to prevent their using their hands and minds when they are feeling a little easier from their incurable maladies. These moments or days free from pain are not sufficiently certain to enable them to leave the workhouse or earn much towards their own support, but they are long enough to give them time to learn to use their hands, and thus while away the tedious hours spent in a room where there are no amusements, and where a newspaper is as rare a visitor as a pinch of tobacco. In such a ward lately visited by the writer the men were found in several cases to be under forty-five years of age, and to have been carpenters, soldiers, and stone-masons. All these men's hands were supple from the use of tools or from indoor work, and they were quite capable of being taught to hold and use a pencil, or of raising and moulding leather, or making on it fine lines, and the work not being heavy or arduous would not tax their feeble powers. There is no great exertion or strain on the muscles, and no noisy hammering, as in brass work, and the moist leather worked upon, being intended when finished for book-covers or ornamental filling in of cabinet or other panels, is cut into pieces that can be moulded and worked upon any ordinary deal table without personal inconvenience to the other occupants of the room.

Embossed leather work has another merit; it is new to English buyers, having only been recently worked upon in this country, and it is for this reason likely to command a good sale. All who have tried to help the poor know only too well the difficulty of finding purchasers for handwork that is out of date and no longer fashionable; and as the sole aim of the Brabazon Society, or of the workhouse teachers, is to produce articles from which a speedy profit can be realised and expended for the benefit of the works, it will be understood how acceptable is an unhackneyed art.

The art of ornamenting leather has been long practised in Spain and revived in Germany during the last few years, also in England for book-binding purposes it is well-known, but it is from Germany that the work as one suitable for the amateur has been introduced into London, and from Spain the extra art of colouring or gilding in conjunction with embossing comes. The plain embossing is used for book-covers, writing-cases, blotters, cigar-cases, etc.; the gilded and raised surfaces for dados, door-panels, and leather hangings.

The leather used is cow and calf-skin. The tools but few and inexpensive, and need not all be bought at the first, the designs easily copied from the many good publications treating upon ornamental design should a set pattern be required, while for decorative flower and fruit subjects there are no lack of copies in every art paper. The tools are of iron and shaped like modelling tools; they are small. The most important are the following. The modelling tool, price 1s.; the pointing tool, price 1s.; the knife, which is a small short blade set in a fixed handle, price 10d.; and a set of tin shapes, price 1s. 4d.; these four are absolutely necessary. Besides these are the punches for depressing the backgrounds, and costing 8d. each. There are many kinds of impressions given by these punches, such as stars, a large circle, a small circle surrounded with dots, a large oval, smaller ditto, etc. Two or three punches and a hammer are sufficient to commence the work with. Another requisite is a piece of smooth marble an inch in depth and twelve inches square. This can be bought from the waste marble at a stone-mason's, as the exact size is not essential. The one expensive tool, and which most workers do without unless they pick it up second-hand, is a proportional compass fitted with pointers above the hinge. Its use is a great help when drawing the lines at the back of a book, or the diamond or other trellis patterns frequently produced as the ornamentation for the under side of any article that is more copiously decorated upon its upper side. Its use saves a good deal of measuring

The leather is sold by ordinary leather-dealers, and when used in large quantities it is better to purchase from these shops the whole calf-skin, or half cow-skin, which are the smallest pieces they cut, but smaller pieces cut to the exact size required are obtainable from the two London firms that keep all the materials for the work.

FIG I.

The best lesson in the art is a practical following out of some given design, and as the first trial should be of an easy nature, we will follow the working out of Fig. 1, which represents a squirrel upon a branch of ivy. The article when finished would make a blotter; size of design when enlarged 7½ inches by 6, size of blotter 12 inches by 8, size of leather 24 inches by 18. Having traced the design upon fairly stout tracing paper, lay it upon the leather, and the leather on the marble block. Fasten down the edges of the tracing paper beyond the pattern to the leather with the help of stamp-paper, and take the pointing-tool and mark every outline of the design through to the leather. Remove the tracing-paper and examine your lines; if not perfect, touch them over with the pointing-tool. The next process will be to open out the lines thus made, and this is done with a knife held in a peculiar way, and run along every line so as to cut it and to widen it. Take the knife in the right hand, hold it firmly upright and yet lightly pressed on the leather with its points touching the leather. Push it along the given lines away not towards yourself, placing the left hand on the leather, the thumb on the blade of the knife and pushing the knife with this left thumb. Keep it in position and upright with the right hand. Let it run without being lifted from the leather round all curves, such as are shown along the back and tail of the squirrel, the lines of the boughs, and the curves of the ivy tendrils, but lift it at the point of sharp leaves (such as the ivy) and put it down again a little

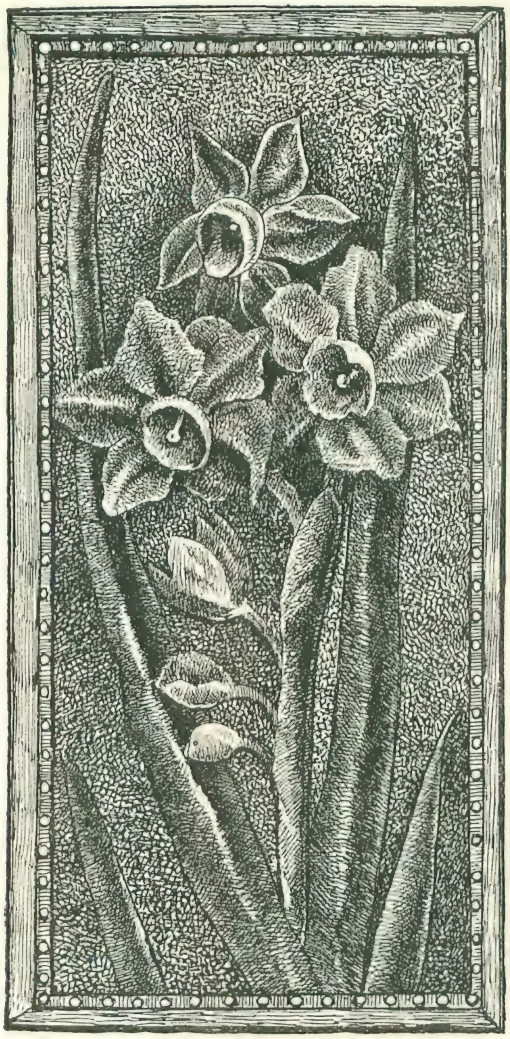


FIG. 2.

way away from where it was lifted. This little space between the two strokes giving the point of a leaf is done to prevent the leather being under-cut when more fully opened out in the next stage of the work. The correct holding of the knife, and position of the left hand, etc., should be practised carefully, as it is necessary by this process to cut the lines into the leather at one even depth, and not to jag deep into it at one point and scratch it only in another. Having "cut" the whole outline, the chief leaf-veins and the more important strokes on the fur, damp the leather with a clean sponge and widen out the cut lines. Take the pointing tool and run it along every outline and as it runs along open the edges of the leather away from each other. Keep the leather fairly damp, but never in a sloppy or pulpy condition. Take up the modelling-tool and help the clearness of the outlines, etc., by pressing the backgrounds down close to these lines. Use the broad end of the modelling-tool for the chief strokes, the narrow for corners and curves, such as round the ivy-berries, the slighter tendrils, the head, ears and feet of the animal. Use the modelling-tool as a flat instrument, holding it in the right hand and guiding it with the left, and work with a firm and even touch without raising ridges on the leather surface. Endeavour to make the outlines clear and the patterns sharp, but do not waste time in lowering the background, as that work is accomplished when the design is raised or embossed, while the work done by the punches will give it the proper surface. The embossing comes next; for this the leather is damped but not made very wet, and one of the set of tin shapes taken and held in the left hand close to the outline of a leaf that it somewhat resembles. The tin shapes are small

FIG. 4.

wedged-shaped pieces, curves, rounds, pointed edges, and though they never exactly fit the outline they are held against, they will do their work, which is to hold down and retain

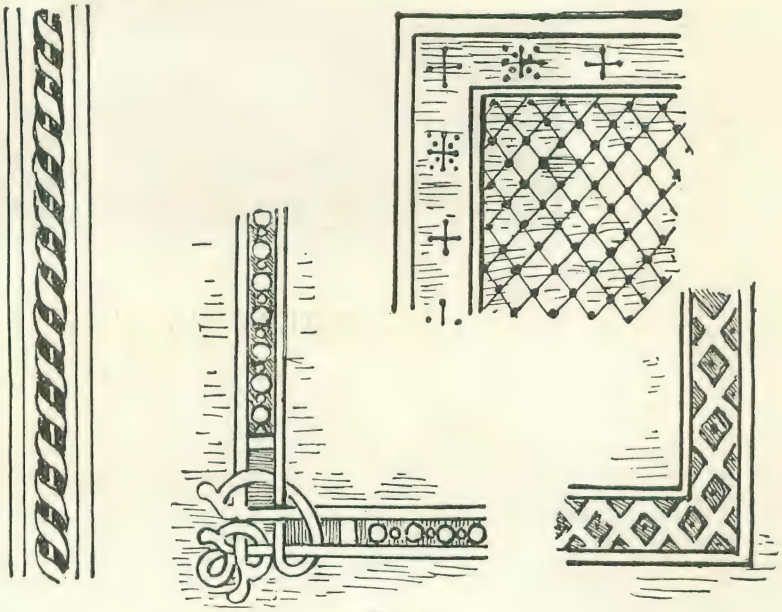


FIG. 5.

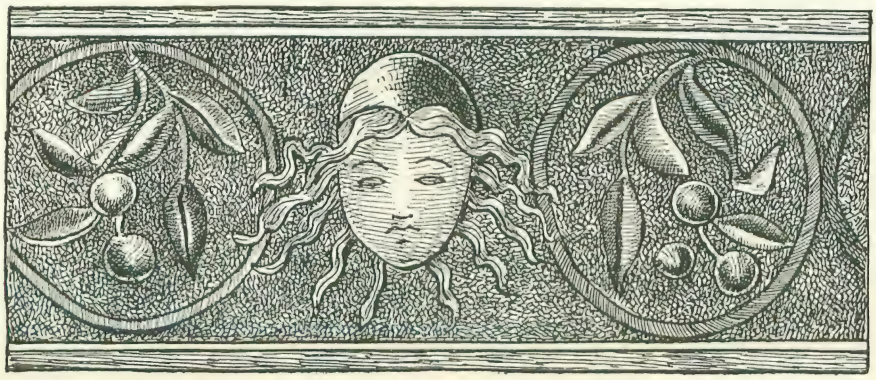


FIG. 3.

in shape the background and edge of the leather pattern that is in the process of being raised. Hold the shape pressed to the outline with the left hand, keeping the leather firm, with the broad end of the modelling-tool work underneath the leather, gently stretch the part to be raised working backwards and forwards, up and down, until it is pushed up quite one-eighth of an inch above the background. Raise up not more than four leaves at first, using different tin shapes so as to alter the outline of each, keep the leather damp and mix a composition of rye-meal, white sawdust and water in a saucer; slowly rub it down until it is quite smooth and even and fairly thick, then turn the leather over on its wrong side, and fill up with the paste all the stretched parts. Do not fill up the spaces with the paste to make a hard mass, but fill them in

carefully and leave an even surface that is flat to the unembossed leather. While the paste is still wet, turn the leather right side upwards, and with the two modelling-points go over the raised leaves, etc. Mark out all outlines clearly, raise one side of a leaf, press downwards the other work at the various veins, gently model little depression and stroke into shape parts that should catch the eye or form shadows. When working at the squirrel be very particular about the lines round the eye, the prominence of the cheek bone, nose, and eyebrow, also the height of the upper part of the tail and the modelling-lines for the lower. It is more effective to raise one or two places fairly high, and keep the rest of the space lowered than to have an entirely even and raised surface. As the paste underneath hardens quickly, the work of modelling must be done quickly and at once, a leaf or stem once wetted and filled in at the back must be finished off without delay. The chief veins of leaves look well opened out and enlarged, and side veins indicated by lines branching from them. When engaged on modelling the centres of such flowers as are shown in Fig. 2, great care is needed, as they contain three different heights; thus the outer petals are raised from the background and their centres raised above their edges, then the inner cap is raised very high on the side where the light is shown and is depressed deeply at the spot where the one pistil is shown, in fact the markings of the whole of this flower are done most carefully.

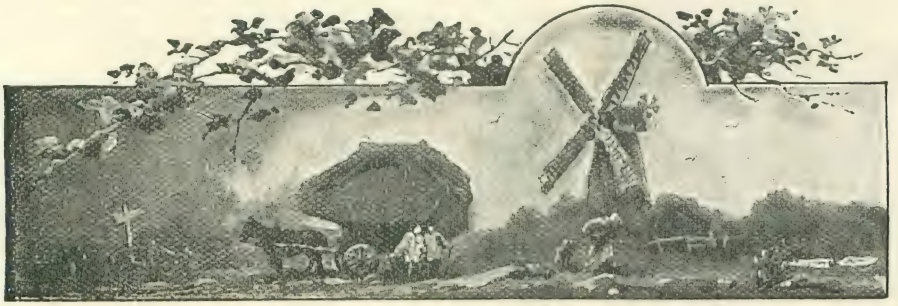
Having raised up and modelled the chief parts of the design and marked out with the modelling tools such parts as are required to be in low relief, the background is next finished. Wet the leather and take one of the punches, hold it perfectly upright, quite even, and close to the surface, then give it a light firm tap with the hammer. Look at the mark made on the leather; if the punch has not been held straight, one part of the impression will be much deeper than the other; if it is held correctly, the impression will be perfect and not too deep. Continue to fill up the space with the design on the punch, but let every mark be at even though close distances from each other, and none overlapping. The straight lines enclosing the design are made with the aid of a ruler, the small rounds that edge the same in Fig. 2 with one of the round punches.

In Fig. 3, a design for the upper band of a dado, there is a more even and conventional system of embossing used than in flower subjects. The parts raised are the head and hair of Medusa and the centre branches of leaves and berries. The modelling of these parts is but little raised, and the lines that are afterwards made over it are few in number but deeply marked. The background is punched in with a large punch.

In Fig. 4 an example is given of the finer description of leather work that should only be attempted when a perfect mastery of the tools has been acquired. The centre represents a coat of arms, and can be used either to ornament book-covers, cigar-cases, or card-cases. The modelling is very fine, and the parts in high relief—the crest and coat of arms; the helmet and the drapery are in relief, but are subordinate to the rest of the work. The background is well depressed, and the markings on the leather made with a small punch.

In Fig. 5 some designs are shown for use upon the underside of books and blotting-cases. They are chiefly taken from old illuminated manuscripts, where they form borderings. All lines and workings without much relief as to backgrounds and without the help of embossing require great care in drawing and cutting, therefore this part of the undertaking is about the most difficult. The lines and the design are cut and not raised up with rye meal and white sawdust, but punches are used to depress the rounds and crosses.

B. C. SAWARD.



POLITICS FOR GIRLS.

By FREDERICK RYLAND, M.A.

PART I.

Women and Politics.—Some words of apology seem to be necessary before I begin these papers, since a conventional opinion exists that women ought to know nothing about politics. I call it a conventional opinion because I do not believe that it is seriously held by the vast majority of those who affirm their agreement with it.

As a matter-of-fact, women always have taken an interest in politics, and have been most powerful factors in political life. Passing over illustrious female monarchs, like Elizabeth of England and Catharine of Russia, it is only necessary to remind the historical student of the great parts played in the History of England by the great Whig ladies in the last century, and by the dames of the Primrose League in this. And in our own day, women have already been admitted to a share in all matters of municipal and local interest. They help to elect members of the Vestry, which look after the affairs of the parish, and members of the County Council, as well as the Guardians of the poor and the members of the School-board. They may even become members themselves, if they convince the electors that they are fit and proper persons to discharge the duties laid by parliament on these several bodies. Though not in the limited sense "political," yet in the wider sense of the word these duties are political duties. They have to do with the government of the State, though only in a somewhat restricted sphere. And in fulfilling them, questions constantly arise which run up into politics in the strictest sense of the term. There is no clear line of division. The woman who is called on to form an opinion about the administration of the laws which relate to the destitute and the insane can hardly help having to consider points with which Parliament has frequently to deal. She cannot help considering whether greater restrictions should not be put on the sale of intoxicating liquors, whether some better provision should not be made for the relief of the aged and honest poor, whether a fairer method of local taxation would not enable the burdens to be more easily borne. The State then may be said to almost oblige a woman to consider political questions.

And a greater duty seems likely to be laid upon women before long. It seems probable that before the girls who read this page grow into full womanhood, the Parliamentary franchise—that is, the right and duty of voting for Members of Parliament—will be given to women in the United Kingdom as it has already been given in some of the Colonies. Many of the most influential members of both our great parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals—are in favour of the change; and in all probability it will be carried into effect within ten or twelve years.

If, then, women already do take part in politics, and are likely, before long, to be called on to take a more important part, is it not worth while for girls to give some little attention to the subject?

At present it is hardly too much to say of women in general—of course, there are many and notable exceptions—what Burke said of ministers of religion in his day, "They know nothing of politics but the passions they excite." They are frequently ignorant of the most ordinary and important facts as to the constitution of the country. They know little or nothing of the working of the machinery of Government, what the machinery is intended to achieve, or how far it succeeds in achieving it. They have never given a moment's thought to the great political ideals for which men strive so earnestly and so persistently.

To think over these matters and to acquire something like accurate knowledge on all these points seems to me a clear duty of every citizen of the state. However limited our sphere of direct action we influence numbers of others; and to some extent we must regard

ourselves as responsible for mistakes and blunders which arise from the neglect of this duty.

Parties in Politics.—It is necessary to get out of your mind the vulgar idea that a person who takes a deep and sincere interest in political matters is always a passionate partisan. He may enrol himself in one of the great historic parties, but he is not for all that likely to be a heated and unreasoning fanatic. The truth is, that all real thought about these matters makes a man first of all moderate in expression, and secondly tolerant in opinion. It is the ignorant and the inconsiderate who become fanatics. Enthusiasm for a creed and a party is quite compatible with a candid recognition that the opposite creed holds much that is valuable, and that the opposite parts could not be spared from the national council.

In nearly all countries there exist two parties of people interested in politics, one of which lays especial stress on the importance of preserving existing institutions and securing order and permanence in the conditions under which men do their daily work, while the other party lays especial stress on the importance of adapting existing institutions to the changing needs of modern life. There is no party in modern civilised states which resists every change; there is no party which wants to change everything at once. In England today the most old-fashioned Tory sees much that he would willingly change; though he may be more doubtful than an enthusiastic Radical as to the efficacy of any given change that they were both willing to accept. And the most revolutionary Radical must to some extent be a Conservative. If he wants to disestablish the churches in Wales and Scotland and England, to get rid of the House of Peers, to give Ireland an independent government, to relieve the poor of all taxation, to do away with the army and the navy, to secularise all education, to abolish the Crown —he recognises that some of these changes must take precedence of others. He must, if he is a practical man, refuse to meddle with some of the institutions—become in fact a Conservative with regard to them—while he is attacking the others. No man who is fit to be outside the walls of a lunatic asylum proposes to make a clean sweep of all the old institutions in one session of Parliament.

It is then largely a question of degree. Most Conservatives will admit that some of the institutions we most value may be of very little importance a century or two hence. But they hold that of recent years enough has been done in the way of changing the form of the political machine to render any further change unadvisable at present. From 1832 to 1895 a number of most important changes in the constitution of the House of Commons, and its relation to the country, have taken place; nearly the whole machinery of the Central Government has been overhauled and altered; and the whole of the machinery of local government has been changed almost from top to bottom. Up to the present the full results of these changes have not become manifest. They ask, why not leave big constitutional changes alone for a while? At the same time Conservatives usually express themselves anxious for minor changes in the direction of what is called Social Reform. Having spent over fifty years in improving and enlarging the machinery, let us, they say, put it to the use for which alone it exists, to secure the well-being of the people. Let us wait and see that the laws we have already made for the advantage of trade and agriculture, for the education of the young, the relief of the poor, the promotion of thrift and industry and cleanliness, the maintenance of order against criminals and against foreign aggression, are properly administered. And at the same time let us devote the next best part of our attention to changing the law where it is seen to be defective, as we are aware that it frequently is. And let us give time to the changes we make to produce their full effect, not expecting too much from them; but not hastily and as it were angrily make further changes until we have seen exactly what results have been produced.

The Liberal is usually more hopeful than the Conservative about the prospects of any given change he wishes to see brought about. One of the worst drawbacks of Conservative temper is its want of faith. Young men are naturally more prone to take sides with the party of progress; middle-aged and elderly men with the party which is less anxious for change. And the latter are almost as much inclined to underrate the need of change, as the former are to underrate the difficulties of making the change.

Even when we come down to a specific question such as that of Home Rule for Ireland, we find all sorts of shades of political belief. Some Unionists, although they repudiate Home Rule, would go as far in giving Ireland control of its local administration as many of the opposite party who call themselves Home Rulers. Many men who accept Home Rule mean by it no more than what their opponents would be willing to concede, if only they thought that would be the end of the question and no further need for concession would arise.

No Hard-and-Fast Line.—In fact, the first lesson you have to learn in politics is that parties are not divided by a hard-and-fast line. A party does not consist of a group of men all thinking exactly the same about the chief subjects of debate. It consists of men who, by tradition, by association, by the accidents of birth, education and trade, neighbourhood, marriage and so forth, as well as by reasoning, are enrolled under one banner. But the ideals of these men may differ widely. Their opinion of the means to reach those ideals may differ widely. The things which some of the party care most about (*e.g.* Local Veto) others care next to nothing about, but just assent to as probably "not so bad, if you only work them reasonably." For the moment the great group of men—say a million—are crowded together round one banner, or round one "old umbrella." But the crowd is always changing a little. Some members drop off and join the rival crowd, to be replaced by others. And there are in it smaller groups which hang a little apart, and in their sympathies belong to the rival crowd and perhaps wish to go over to the opposite party in a body.

We are accustomed to talk of a political party as an army marching all in one direction. The figure of speech is sometimes correct; but like most such figures, to a large extent misleading. A political party is often more like a badly organised pilgrimage feeling its way through a wilderness which has never yet been mapped out, a crowd uncertain where they want to go and how to get there. Small parties start off on exploring expeditions in this direction or in that. They are moving, some of them, towards points wide apart. After a time a decision is taken, and the leaders tell the crowd that they must follow those pioneers who are most numerous and who have met with the fewest obstacles. Then for a time the march is continued in one direction. When the point wished for is reached, or is found to be unreachable, a fresh period of uncertainty follows and a fresh decision is taken.

Never believe that any single political creed contains the whole of political wisdom. Never believe that any single party contains the whole of political honesty and skill. What the two parties hold in common is, as a rule, the most important and valuable part of their belief. What they quarrel about is often mere questions of detail.

Yet at any given time one party rather than the other may seem to be the wiser and the more honest. What the Blues propose to do may seem to me more advantageous and less dangerous than what the Yellows propose. It will be my duty then to join that party, to strive to make it move in the direction I hold right; and at last, if I find it become hopelessly incapable or reckless, to vote for the other party.

People who act like this hold the balance at general elections. The fanatic and the bigoted and the lazy who will not take the trouble to think for themselves, but swallow their party-creed, and shout the party cries without reflection, have fortunately not the final voice.

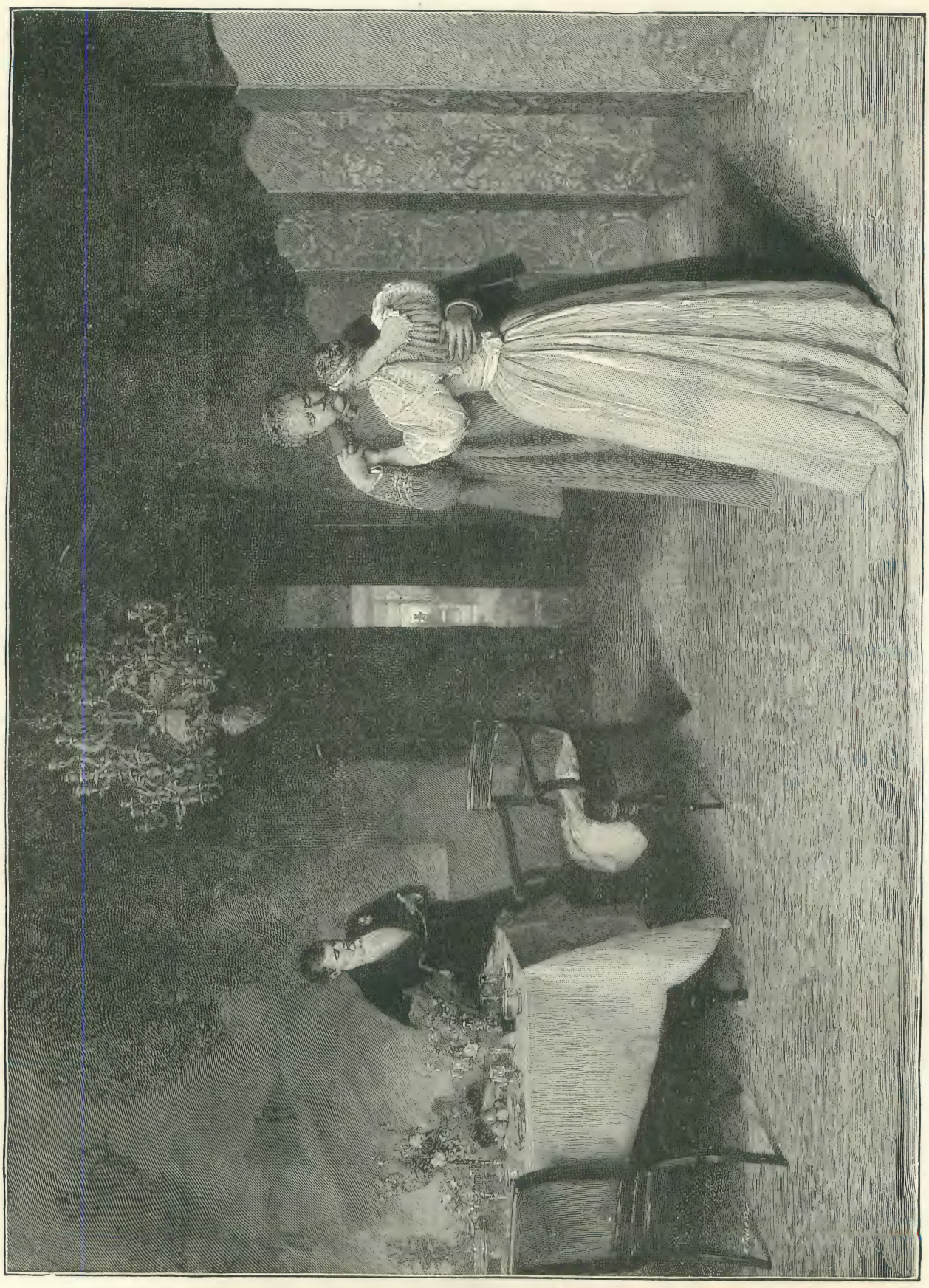
In England the moderate men though they are an undoubted source of annoyance to party-agents and managers, are not held in dishonour. In the United States an ugly name, of which I admire the singular hideousness, but of whose etymology I am ignorant, has been given to them. They are called Mugwumps. Happily for America, the Mugwumps are becoming, nay, have become, a great power in the country.

It is perhaps worth while to remind my readers that at the present time the two great parties prefer to call themselves Unionists and Liberals. The Unionists are divided into Liberal-Unionists, who left the other Liberals in 1885 when the majority of the party adopted Home Rule for Ireland as the first great political object to be striven for, and Conservatives who are the historical descendants of the party which has had Pitt, Peel and Beaconsfield as its chief leaders. The Liberal-Unionists give us an example of power which moderate men may exercise when they break the bonds of party-allegiance in what they think a just cause.

The Scope of these Papers.—In these slight papers there will be no possibility of doing more than look at a few of the chief points of interest in the region we call political. It will be unadvisable to descend to particular questions, such as those which at a given time divide the nation sharply. To come to any just decision, or even to any fairly reasonable opinion, on such a point as Home Rule for Ireland, or the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church (two of the chief questions on which the last general election turned), would require: (1) A thorough knowledge of the general machinery of government; how government is actually carried on. (2) A knowledge of the chief aims of government, the kind of results which statesmen want to bring about, and hope to bring about, by applying the machinery of government in a certain way. (3) A precise acquaintance with the special facts which bear upon the subject under debate. Under this third head, we must consider such questions as these. What is the actual condition of Ireland to day? Do the people of Ireland all want Home Rule? If not, what part of them do? Will they be satisfied with less? What exactly is the feeling of the Roman Catholic and Celtic population towards the Protestant and non-Celtic? What do the present leaders of the Celtic party really want? Will granting what they want involve or make likely a demand for more? Will it endanger in any way the well-being of Irishmen, or of particular classes of Irishmen? Will it in any way injure Scotchmen and Englishmen? What will be its effect on the welfare of the Empire as a whole?

To discuss such questions as these is of course entirely outside the aim of these few papers. What I do propose to do is, however, to consider in some degree questions of the other two kinds. In other words I propose to consider "How we are governed."

(To be continued.)



"FARE THEE WELL! AND IF FOR EVER,
STILL FOR EVER, FARE THEE WELL."

THE DEEPER VISION.

By IDA LEMON.

We watched her life—its law of simple kindness
Shown unto all, the poor, and sad, and sinning,
And for her God the souls that were in blindness
Tenderly winning.

We saw her deeds—how bravely and how sweetly
All things she gave, as though she scorned possessing—
Saw how the sacrifice made so completely
Received a blessing.

We heard her prayers—prayers offered for the dying,
While to her own the failing hands were clinging,
And almost thought there rose above her sighing
The angels' singing.

We looked and marvelled—loved her and revered her,
Nothing of evil in her life discerning;
So near to God she lived, we almost feared her—
Her light bright-burning.

We found these words—she in her last sleep lying
(The writing blurred, as though her tears were falling)—
"Father, have mercy on Thy servant dying,
Upon Thee calling.

"Heaven is for saints. I am no saint, Thou knowest;
But if for Jesu's sake I am forgiven,
Grant me the lowest place among the lowest
In that great Heaven."

FOUR GIRL MILLINERS, AND HOW THEY SET UP A LONDON BUSINESS.

". . . for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."—*Burns.*

THOSE who are accustomed to notice people and things as they walk or drive about London, will probably have been attracted by the name of a flower written in letters of gold on a black sign-board outside a house which stands within a few yards of one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the West End, and have most likely wondered what it could possibly mean. I propose, therefore, to satisfy this curiosity, and tell the little history attached to it which will, I think, have a personal interest for many of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Whatever it may signify to the passer-by, it is a sign of the utmost importance to the four girls who caused it to be written there; for it represents their united efforts to secure a good London business after years of training and self-denial, and is an assurance to them that the first step towards their object in life has been successfully achieved.

It is some two years ago that the opportunity presented itself to these girls of starting in life as a firm of milliners; they were able to take advantage of it, and are now known to the world by the name of a flower which not inaptly represents the grace and beauty of their special occupation.

How the opportunity arose and how they were able to seize it when offered, may interest and encourage girls who are submitting to a course of training with the object of one day being at the head of a business of their own.

Each of these four girls has her own special gifts which she puts into the concern; one of them is a good organiser and buyer; a second is an experienced book-keeper, the third and fourth are good milliners, and all are good saleswomen.

A saleswoman understands and should have learned the practical part of the millinery. She fits the bonnet or hat on the lady's head, and suggests style and blends the colouring to match the dress. The milliner, after the shapes are well thought out and executed, matches the colours and trims with her taste according to the colours and suggestions given.

These girls are not sisters nor even relations, but good comrades and friends, having lived and worked together for six or seven years in the house of one of the most refined and talented women that ever created a business in London.

But to begin at the beginning. One of the four served her apprenticeship in the country, and then came to a fashionable milliner's in the West End of London as an improver; she gave six months of her time and paid a premium of £12; but supposing she had not previously served her apprenticeship she must have given three years of time and paid a premium of £60 for two years as well.

In this house the "hands" or staff were lodged and fed, and expected to submit to the rules made for their benefit, one of which was that apprentices and improvers were to be in by ten o'clock every night. Speaking as a girl herself, she advises all who come to London to try and live in the houses of business in which they are engaged, for, with all the disadvantages and restraints, it is better for them in the long run; they are more cared for, and much less exposed to temptation.

No one knows till she has been tried what temptation really means, nor how hard it is to keep right especially when in lonely lodgings, where nobody cares whether one lives or dies, goes wrong or straight.

The next best thing to living in the house of business is to be in one of the homes for young girls, of which there are several in London. Here the business girl, if her home and relations are in the country, has the advantage of joining in the pleasures arranged for the members and of enjoying the company of young girls of her own age instead of moping in dull, cheerless lodgings when the day's work is over.

The second of my girls has always had her home in London, and began as book-keeper in a millinery establishment, and is a good saleswoman.

The third and fourth have had a training like that of the first, and combine the qualities and accomplishments requisite for first-rate milliners and saleswomen.

For seven years these four girls were the principal members of the staff in one of the most aristocratic millinery establishments in London. The head of it was a lady of high birth, who felt she had a genuine talent for millinery and put it to practical use. She regarded millinery as an art not to be learned in long years of drudgery if it were not an inborn gift—and our four girls believe this implicitly. Her eye quickly detected this inborn talent wherever it existed among her work-people, and her delight was to foster it and bring it to perfection.

It was quite an education to see her trim a hat or bonnet, so wonderfully did every movement of her hand tell, and strangely enough when her work was placed here and there among that done by any of the "hands," it was immediately selected by ladies without any knowledge as to the hand that fashioned it, but simply for the grace and perfection which characterised it.

In addition to this special gift of millinery she had another, which was a power of influencing for good every one who worked with or under her. It was under such a head and in such a school that our four girls worked for nearly seven years, gradually, though unconsciously, becoming perfect artists in millinery and in the knowledge of people and things so necessary for success in life; at the same time they succeeded in gaining the esteem of many of the influential clients for whom they worked.

Nearly two years ago the lady under whom they had so long and so happily worked died, and outside her own immediate circle no one grieved or felt her loss more than these girls, but they dared not sit down with folded hands and bowed heads, their future was trembling in the balance and would brook no dallying.

To take over the business as it stood was out of the question; the price of the "good-will" was far beyond their joint savings or anything they could collect or dream of possessing, and yet they felt sure that if they could start for themselves they would retain the patronage of many of the high-born ladies who knew their capabilities and had taken a kindly interest in them. To make this a certainty not a moment must be lost.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Quite as true for these girls as for the ancient Romans.

They held a consultation and sought the advice of a few of the friends who were interested in them. It then transpired that one of the girls had often noticed a certain house in the neighbourhood as being very suitable for a place of business, and had laughingly said it was exactly the one she should like if ever she set up for herself. As it happened the drawing-room floor of this very house was to let but was not ready for immediate occupation, as it needed papering and finishing. This must not be regarded as an obstacle; a decision was arrived at, the floor was taken, and in one week they had commenced business.

But what a week it was for them; they will never forget it. For three whole nights they did not go to bed but sat up addressing and sending out circulars to everyone they knew, announcing the step they had taken and the day on which they would open. They were so sleepy and tired from the long days of incessant work and excitement, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could keep their eyes open, and whenever one of them dropped asleep the others set up a shout to keep her awake; there must be no yielding to weariness; at length the stock was bought, the materials were made up, the walls were papered, and the show-room, on the opening day, was an exhibition of their taste, knowledge of colours and industry as well as of their indomitable courage and energy.

It was during this week of preparation that a celebrated dressmaker sent for one of our girls to see if the millinery business could not be combined, and when in answer to this proposition the girl said she was going to start for herself the dressmaker said, "You are mad; look at me, old and grey and not able to get out of it yet, so what will become of you? In a month you will come to me and say how sorry you are you did not accept my proposal."

As I have said the opening day arrived; the walls, which had been bare as they sat writing and addressing their circulars through the hours of the night, were now clothed in bright, soft turquoise blue, flowered with ivory white and with a frieze of yellow roses under the moulding. Our girls were ready in their long white over-all aprons with bibs such as they had worn under their late chief, to welcome all comers and exhibit the pretty things their deft fingers had formed. Simply dressed, pretty, modest, young, they were henceforward to combine all their forces, drop their own individuality and take a new name, that of a beautiful flower.

During the whole of this first day there was a continuous line of carriages in their street bringing friends and customers both to congratulate and to purchase.

The firm is in its second year of existence; it has been able to pay back the capital borrowed, together with the small interest asked; it has eight apprentices and is steadily making its way to the front.

This is not a mere lucky chance but the result of long years of training and building up of character. Lasting success cannot be secured by spurts but by steady conscientious work.

This firm has bought straight from the wholesale dealers both French and English, and not as some do from shops, from the commencement, thereby saving a good deal. Purchasing at the opening of a business is much easier than later on, when it is necessary to have an increasing and varied stock both of French and English goods.

The capital required to commence business depends on the connection expected to follow. One of our girl milliners suggests a thousand pounds for a start, and not to expect to make much profit the first year. After that much energy is required to keep up and increase the connection by personal superintendence and attention to orders. I think a large factor in success in business is the way the leisure hours are spent; this can be considered later on.

The firm of which we speak have still a dream unfulfilled, which is to have a little home where all its members may live together outside the metropolitan area. I should not despair of the accomplishment of this also.

HE, SHE, AND DESTINY.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER II.

WILD-WOLD was a beautiful estate half in one county and half in another, just where the midland shires merge into the western, and its owner was one John Manningham, a collateral of the Manninghams of Manningham in another part of England.

One fair afternoon late in April, there was much excitement and no little consternation concentrated on a particular spot on the Wild-Wold estate, for the dead body of a man had been found in the brook, right in the middle of the Home Farm land, not a quarter of a mile from the park gates and the big house itself, and barely two hundred yards from the high-road. Moreover the discovery of the corpse had been due to an incident which, for want of a more precise word must be termed "accidental." A party of tramps had strayed from the road into a meadow of the Home Farm, and with the intention of boiling their kettle over a freshly-kindled fire, had sent a boy down to the brook to fetch water. Quickly, however, the boy returned, with no water, but with scared eyes and a ghastly tale of a dead man face downwards in the shallow stream, hidden by alder, hazel and briar. And what added to the ghastliness of the discovery was the evident fact that the body had lain there unsuspected for some while; certainly a week, possibly longer. It hardly seems too much to add, that but for the tarrying of the tramps to boil a kettle off the public highway, that dead body might be lying there, unsuspected and undiscovered still. For Wild-Wold, lovely spot though it be, and partly, perhaps, by reason of its loveliness, is remote and sequestered; four miles and more from any railway, and that only a branch line; a district of scattered homesteads that are not even congregated into villages, where one may wander for hours about the fields and woods and lanes and scarcely meet a living soul.

There was, as I have said, much excitement and no little consternation over the discovery; the dwellers in the scattered homesteads flocked to the spot in marvellously quick time, considering the distances they had to come; but there was singularly little show of feeling for, or interest in, the dead man himself, who had met his fate no one could tell for certain how, and who had lain there for so long, unburied, unmourned, unrecognised. The fact of the discovery was exciting in its way, but the individual himself counted for very little.

"'E be a stra-anger, 'e be, over fro' the Black Country, I reckon, by 's cloathes," was the decision of a local oracle, which promptly became the decision of the majority. The belief in his being a stranger and from that mysterious "Black Country," of which these agriculturists knew nothing except the gangs of "hoppers" it sent them in September, was ground enough for their indifference. The feeling really uppermost in the minds of all was an inexplicable fright tempered by curiosity. They crowded to gaze, or to peep,

at the corpse (according to their temperaments and the quality of their nervous systems), and then they withdrew to chatter, speculate and suggest what somebody else ought to do. But when it became a question of removing the dead body in order to lodge it more decently and respectfully, whether from superstitious dread or from some undefined fear of being charged with murder or robbery, not one would take the responsibility, or so much as lend a hand.

Thus the hours of the afternoon wore on and nothing was done, until later in the evening, Mr. Manningham (who had been absent all day on business elsewhere) himself appeared upon the scene, and over-ruling the dogged prejudice of his bailiff, ordered the corpse to be conveyed to the shelter of his own farm-buildings. Then arose the question of inquest and burial, the latter complicated by the fact that the brook was a boundary of parishes, and that on whichever bank the dead body was taken out, so accordingly would the funeral have to take place, at Wild-Wold or at Lily-field. Meanwhile, the police superintendent from the neighbouring town had at last arrived, and Mr. Manningham, leaving all responsibilities and arrangements for further formalities in his hands, hurried home to dress for dinner; for there were guests staying at Wild-Wold House, and amongst them was Irene.

Irene was a distant connection of Mr. Manningham, calling him Cousin John, and she had been familiar with Wild-Wold from her childhood; and for association's sake, and also because her richly responsive individuality always warmed to the beauty of nature, she was attached to that lovely, lonely district. It attracted her one moment and repelled her the next, and at the end of a week she usually fled from it with a deep-drawn breath of satisfaction in something less sequestered. But at intervals she returned there all the same, and it was one of those intervals now.

"What is this I hear about a dead man found in the brook?" she asked, as she entered the drawing-room before dinner. There were several other guests in the room, a neighbouring clergyman, a professor of archæology, a nephew of Mr. Manningham, a niece of Mr. Manningham, and two young girls—one a painter of portraits, and the other a hospital nurse, who were staying at Wild-Wold for change of air. Irene's entrance among them was an event. Most of us, perhaps, bring our own atmosphere with us, and her atmosphere was essentially one of mental cultivation, refinement, beauty and tasteful dresses. She was never monotonous, pre-occupied or one-idead; she liked to hear about everything from anybody, and had something to say upon most things herself. In fine, she always contrived to create an interest in her history which she never gratified, and at the end of a week's sympathetic intimacy others would discover that they knew no more of the real Irene than they had done at the beginning.

To her question more than one answer was returned. The dead man was a tramp. He was not known to anyone in the parish. It was thought that by his clothes he came from the Black Country. What was the difference between the clothes of the Black Country and those of Wild-Wold? Oh, that they couldn't tell! Drowned? Yes, undoubtedly drowned. Then Mr. Manningham came into the room, and catching up the last words reiterated—

"Oh, yes, drowned, undoubtedly drowned; most likely the worse for drink, poor fellow; impossible to tell, impossible to tell." And he escorted Irene to dinner, changing the subject of conversation; and during the meal, in the presence of servants, she deemed it more discreet not to allude to the matter.

But later on in the evening she began asking questions again. From what she knew of the brook it was shallow and much overgrown with bushes; was it a likely spot for anyone to select in which to drown himself? No; at the present low water it would require a strong effort of will to drown in it: on the other hand, ten days ago the state of the brook might have been different; if there had been heavy rain it might have been swollen. Had it rained ten days ago? Well—that no one could remember for certain. Some said it had—some said it hadn't. Did the man look as if he might have gone to the water to bathe? No, he was completely dressed down to his boots. Was there anything found in his pockets? Nothing whatever. Were there any marks of violence upon him? Something that looked like a blow on the side of his head—most likely where he struck himself against a branch as he threw himself in.

"Then you clearly think it points to suicide, Cousin John?" asked Irene.

"Not clearly at all—not clearly at all," replied Mr. Manningham, "but it's impossible to tell—impossible to tell. These fellows on the tramp they come from no one knows where, and they're going no one knows where—and one fine morning they're found—dead; and we don't know how, and we can't know; all we've got to do is to bury the poor fellow decently."

"But tramp or no tramp, there may be somebody belonging to him," persisted Irene; "somebody who cares for him, and who is wondering what can have become of him—a mother, or a wife perhaps."

"The police-superintendent will have an advertisement put in the local paper if he thinks fit; that's his business."

At that moment the servant came into the room, and asked to speak to Mr. Manningham. He followed him into the hall, and presently returned to tell his wife that the inquest was to be held at the Hop-Pole Inn the next day, at three in the afternoon, and the funeral would be at six.

Irene was not satisfied with the answers her questions had elicited. It seemed to her that too much was taken for granted. Supposing the man had been a mere tramp (and there did not seem any disposition to establish even this by investigation), what right had the police-superintendent, or Mr. Manningham, or the coroner, to assume drowing as a verdict? It was admitted that the spot was not adapted for easy suicide, and while on the one hand the man might have intentionally drowned himself, or have been drowned in a fit, on the other hand he might have been knocked on the head in a quarrel, and have been hidden away in the bushes—how effectually, his discovery only after the lapse of many days could testify! Irene was somewhat staggered to find herself face to face with such laxity of views and happy-go-lucky indifference. She began to see how easily irresponsibility may grow up and be fostered in a district too scattered and sequestered to nourish anything approaching the criticism of public opinion. She could not help thinking that the predominant feeling (if not openly expressed), both in the drawing-room at Wild-Wold House and in the surrounding homesteads, was "that it's only a tramp after all, and it isn't worth while to make too great a stir!"

Of course, as Irene was forced to admit, the man had been dead some time, and they were bound to bury him without further delay; yet she could not help wondering as she went to rest that night, what Harry Trevanion would say!

The whole affair impressed her imagination so vividly, that the next morning she announced her intention of going down to the brook herself. Would anyone go with her? Everyone was ready to go with her—women and men alike; but they asked her what she expected to find?

"I want to see for myself," she said.

"See what, dear lady?" asked the young artist, interested in nothing at the moment, save the pose of Irene's head.

"Whether it's a possible or likely place for a man to tumble or throw himself into."

The young hospital nurse shrugged her shoulders. With her it was a foregone conclusion that the man had died in a fit. The clergyman pursed up his lips and shook his head; he hadn't a doubt the poor fellow was drunk. Mr. Manningham's nephew opined it was a case of suicide: "The poor chap couldn't get work, don't you see, and was sick of tramping," while the archæological professor took but little interest in anything not yet a skeleton. Their minds were all more or less made up, without one particle of tested evidence to assist the process, though they were all willing to go with Irene to the brook-side, for the sake of her companionship and personality. But the reflection which forced itself upon Irene was this: If cultivated and intelligent people could be content with conclusions based upon nothing, what might be expected of the half-educated, inexperienced class who usually conduct an inquest in the country?

When they reached the brook-side, the scene of the accident or the misdeed presented very little interest. The brook itself was barely more than three feet wide, the water actually in it having diminished to even a narrower space, the depth of which was a matter of an inch or two, at the most. The banks were high and straight, and completely covered by an over-arching growth of hazel and alder. Making allowance for a certain breakage of the branches, a certain trampling of the grass at the moment of removing the body (and neither trampling nor breakage was particularly conspicuous), there was nothing to suggest a previous disturbance of the bushes. Seen as it was now, it was practically impossible for a man to drown in such shallow water, unless he had previously been stunned by a blow or a fall, and had fallen insensible, face downwards. But granting that ten days back the stream had been swollen by rain, it would have been extremely difficult amid the interlacing branches for anyone deliberately to cast himself into the water; at the first sensation of death the hands would involuntarily clutch the sturdy boughs for safety. Further, had the man been actuated by a desire to drink or to bathe, there were places a few yards lower down and higher up, far less encumbered by trees and easier of access. On the other hand, as a place of concealment, no one could deny that it had proved itself exceedingly effectual.

All this passed through Irene's mind, and to some of it she gave expression. But, although what she said was sensible and to the point, and to a certain extent irrefutable, her companions declined to admit that the matter was worth viewing seriously.

"What a lover of sensation you are!" said one.

"You're determined to make a tragedy out of it," said another. And they laughed. "You'll go back and write to the papers a terrible indictment against the way things are done in the country!"

"I know someone who would if I told him," she replied. And it came into her head that, as the inquest was to be held at three o'clock that afternoon, no time had been allowed to give anyone, possibly interested in the fate of the poor dead tramp, the opportunity to recognise or identify the body.

Once again she reflected: "What would Harry Trevanion say?"

(To be continued.)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"THERE!" said Lady Haigh, "what do you think of that, Cecil?"

They were sitting on the divan in a little cramped-up shop in one of the bazars, with tiny cups of black coffee before them, and all manner of lovely fabrics, silks and muslins and brocades and gauzes, strewn around. The proprietor of the establishment, an elderly Moslem with a long beard, was exhibiting listlessly a rich, soft silk, as if it were not of the slightest consequence to him whether they bought anything or not. Leaning against the doorpost was the gorgeously attired dragoman whom Mr. Boleyn had ordered to attend the ladies in their shopping, and who made himself actively objectionable by insisting on explaining everything that met their eyes, regardless of the fact that Lady Haigh was an old Eastern traveller, and that Cecil had read so much about Egypt, that but for her ignorance of the language she could have acted as cicerone in a Cairo street as well as he could.

At the sound of Lady Haigh's voice, Cecil, whose seat was nearest the street, turned with a start, for her eyes had wandered down the long dim arcade and among the many-coloured figures thronging it.

"I think it will do very well," she said, and withdrawing her eyes resolutely from the street, devoted herself to listening to the energetic bargaining carried on between her friend and the shopman with the dragoman's assistance. It was very Oriental, of course, but it spoiled the poetry of the scene, and she was glad when Lady Haigh at last rose and left the shop, after paying for the silk and directing it to be sent to the house.

"Caffé-house, ladies," said the dragoman, when they had gone on a little further, and Cecil looked with much interest and curiosity at the building he pointed out. It was a large, low room, with one side open to the street, crowded with men sitting on the divans and smoking, or drinking coffee out of cups which stood beside them on little low tables. The group was a motley one, and Cecil, as soon as her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, began to try and make out by their costume the nationality of the different items that composed it. Following the sound of a loud, distinct voice, speaking in some unknown tongue, her gaze reached the speaker, and she saw to her amazement that he was a European, or at any rate, a sunburnt, dark-haired young man in ordinary English dress. Lady Haigh's eyes followed hers, and seemed to make the same discovery at the same moment, for their owner recoiled suddenly, and seizing Cecil's arm, led her away.

"Storree-teller tell tale, ladies," remarked the dragoman, but Lady Haigh appeared to be stifling irresistible laughter, and Cecil wondered whether the story-teller were an Oriental Mark Twain.

"I know that boy will be the death of me!" cried Lady Haigh, finding her voice at last. "My dear, it's Charlie!"

"Charlie? Dr. Egerton, your cousin?" gasped Cecil.

"The same, my dear. This is one of his freaks. You know I told you how fond he is of mixing with the natives wherever he goes. Now I daresay he has been a week in Cairo without ever letting Helena and her husband know he was here, staying in some wretched little native inn, and prowling about the bazars all day."

Cecil's private thought was that Dr. Egerton's tastes in the matter of hotel accommodation must be peculiar, though she herself acknowledged the fascination of the bazars, but she had not time to make any remark on the subject, for they heard someone running after them, and turning, beheld the coffee-house hero himself.

"Cousin Elma!" he cried, shaking hands with her, "I am so dreadfully ashamed not to have known you. I had a dim idea that there were some English ladies there, looking into the room, but I didn't in the least know who it was until a Baghdadi who happened to be among the audience said—I mean, told me you were there."

"Oh, don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, my dear boy. I know he said, 'O my, Effendi, behold the Mother of Teeth,' now didn't he?" and Lady Haigh laughed long and heartily.

"You are cruelly hard on my poor little attempts at politeness, Cousin Elma. You will give your friend an awful idea of me. Oh, by-the-bye," with intense eagerness, "what have you done with the old lady? Is she at Cousin Helena's? How do they get on together?"

"My dear Charlie, what old lady? I have not the faintest idea whom you mean."

"Why, the lady graduate, the instructress of youth, Mentor in a pith helmet and spectacles, the new female Lycurgus, his Excellency's English governess?"

"Charlie, have I never told you not to run on at such a rate? I want to introduce you. This is Miss Anstruther, officially known as Mademoiselle Antaza, his Excellency's English governess."

"Impossible!" cried he, aghast.

"Really," said Cecil, with some pique in her tone, "everybody seems to think it their duty to impress upon me that I am very young and very giddy for the office. I am rather tired of it."

"My dear Miss Anstruther," said Charlie Egerton solemnly, "I only wish I were Azim Bey!"

"Charlie, for shame!" cried Lady Haigh. "I will not have you tease Miss Anstruther. Remember that you will be companions all through our voyage to Baghdad, so you must behave properly. Cecil, my dear, you must not mind this wild boy. He is always getting into trouble by means of his tongue, and never takes warning. Charlie, I want to know how it is that you have not turned up at Helena's house. She hasn't an idea that you are in Cairo at all."

"Cousin Helena's house would be a desert to me without you, Cousin Elma; surely you know that? I felt it so acutely when I came, that I determined not to show myself there until you were safely arrived. I strolled round each day and had a talk with the *bowab* (door-keeper), and so learned the news. I knew you were expected last night, and I meant to present myself in decent time for dinner this evening. I'll do so still unless you have any objection."

"I only hope," said Lady Haigh, rather absently, "that you won't talk nonsense of this kind to Helena. She won't understand it, you know."

"If you wish it, Cousin Elma, I will confine my conversation exclusively to Miss Anstruther. I couldn't venture to talk nonsense to her, so that ought to keep me safe."

"My dear Charlie, nothing but a gag would keep you safe," said Lady Haigh, with deep conviction. "And now we are going in here to do some shopping, and we don't want any gentlemen to interrupt us, so good-bye until this evening."

He turned away with a rueful look which made both ladies laugh, and disappeared obediently among the brilliant crowd, Lady Haigh only waiting until he was out of earshot to inquire anxiously what Cecil thought of him.

"He seems rather talkative," said Cecil, expressing her thought mildly. "An empty-headed rattle," was what she said in her own mind, and Lady Haigh, as if guessing this, took up the cudgels at once on her cousin's behalf.

"Oh, that's nothing but nervousness, my dear. You would really never guess that Charlie is simply afraid of ladies, especially young ones. He talks like that just to keep his courage up. But he is not like some men, all on the surface. There's plenty of good stuff behind. Why, you mightn't think it, but he can talk eight or nine Eastern dialects well enough to make the natives think him an Oriental, and there are not many of whom that can be said. I'm afraid all his cleverness has gone in that direction, instead of helping him in the world. Natives always take to him wonderfully, but when you've said that you've said all, or nearly all."

Even after this, Cecil still thought that Lady Haigh's fondness for her cousin made her very kind to his virtues and decidedly blind to his faults; but she was a little ashamed of this hasty

generalisation after a discussion she had with him that evening, and felt obliged to confess that there was more in Dr. Egerton than she had thought. Dinner was over, and they were sitting out in the open court of the Boleyns' house. Mr. Boleyn had been obliged to go out to attend some official function. and the voices of Lady Haigh and Mrs. Boleyn, as they discussed, more or less amicably, reminiscences of their youth, mingled pleasantly with the soothing plash of the fountain. A severe snubbing from Mrs. Boleyn during dinner had failed to reduce Charlie to silence or contrition, but now he seemed to enter into Cecil's mood, and waited meekly until she chose to speak. To Cecil, lying back in her chair in a bower of strange creepers and flowering shrubs, watching the moonlight as it crept over the walls of the house and the more distant minarets of a mosque a little way off, it seemed almost sacrilege to talk. But she awoke at last to the fact that she was not doing her duty to her companion, and reluctantly broke the delightful silence by the only remark which would come into her mind.

"Isn't it lovely?" she asked softly, and Charlie awoke out of a reverie, and made haste to answer that it was.

"I have longed for this all my life," said Cecil, "and Lady Haigh says that Baghdad will be even better."

"Better? in what way?" asked Charlie.

"More Eastern, you know," said Cecil, "but I can't imagine anything more perfect than this."

"I see that you are one of the people who feel the fascination of the East," said he.

"Who could help it?" asked Cecil. "It is a fascination, there is no other word for it. Kingsley says that a longing for the West is bound up in the hearts of men, but I think that in this age of the world the reverse is true. I daresay if I had ever been in America it would be different, but now it seems to me that all the romance is gone from the West, and that it is all big towns, and gold-mines, and wonderful inventions, and rush. The East seems so mysterious and reposeful, so old, too, and so picturesque."

"And yet," said Charlie, "you want to change it all, and import into it the newest ideas in religions and the latest Yankee culture. You would like all those mysterious veiled women, with the beautiful eyes, whom you saw to-day, to be turned into learned ladies in tweed frocks and hard hats, with spectacles and short hair."

"No, indeed," said Cecil, "that is not my ideal at all. A modification of their own style of dress would be much more suitable to them than a bad copy of ours. And they couldn't all be learned, but they all ought to know a good deal more than they do at present, poor things. If they were only better educated, it would be much easier to introduce reforms. Denarien Bey says that most of Ahmed Khémi Pasha's plans are thwarted by his harem."

Charlie groaned. "I beg your pardon, Miss Anstruther," he said, "but my feelings were too much for me. An Eastern I can respect, a European I can pity, but a Europeanised, Europeanising Turk like Ahmed Khémi I can only detest."

"I can't hear my employer spoken against in that way," said Cecil.

"Your employer? So he is. Well, Miss Anstruther, I can forgive him anything, since he is bringing you to Baghdad."

Cecil frowned. "I really cannot imagine," she said severely, "how a person like yourself, who admires quiet so intensely, can talk so much."

"That is the fault of the two natures in me," said Charlie gravely, though he was inwardly shaking with laughter over this amazing snub. "As a European, I am bound to talk and go on like other people, to be feverishly busy, and if I have no work of my own, to hunt up other people's and set them at it. Then I get sick of it all, and go off and become an Eastern. Perfect idleness is then my highest idea of happiness, and I am quite content to sit for a whole day in the tent-door with an Arab sheikh, exchanging platitudes on the inevitability of the decrees of fate, at intervals of half an hour."

"But have you ever tried that?" asked Cecil laughing.

"Tried it? I do it periodically, whenever I can get hold of a sufficiently unsophisticated sheikh. It doesn't do to go to the same people twice. They always find out somehow afterwards who you really are, and spot you the next time. But the desert life is wonderful, simply wonderful! The mere thought of it makes me long to go out there and begin it again this moment. It is so free and irregular. You pass from tremendous exertion to absolute idleness."

"And while you are idle the poor women do all the work," interrupted Cecil unkindly.

"Yes, that is where Eastern and Western notions clash," said Charlie.

"AWOKE AT LAST TO THE FACT THAT SHE WAS NOT DOING HER DUTY."

"There must be some drawbacks even to desert life, and one scarcely feels called upon to go about lecturing to the Arabs on the proper treatment of their wives." He looked at Cecil mischievously, but she declined to be drawn into an argument on the subject of women's rights, and asked—

"Have you ever spent a really long time in the desert?"

"That depends on what you consider a long time," he answered. "When I was in Persia I went with a caravan of pilgrims from Resht to Kerbela, which took some time, and a good part of the way lay through the desert. Of course the pilgrims were not always the most delightful of fellow-travellers, and one couldn't help objecting very strongly to the companionship of the dead bodies which were carried along slung on mules to be buried at Kerbela. It was rather wearing, too, to have to be on your guard the whole time lest you should betray yourself, for the pilgrims are not particular, and would have torn you to pieces as soon as look at you. But it was great fun, all the same. There was pleasure even in the risk, and then it's not many Europeans that get the chance of seeing the holy places. All that, and the desert as well."

"But I don't understand," said Cecil. "Do you mean that you pretended to be a Mohammedan?"

"Yes," answered Charlie smiling. "I assure you that I am not one really, Miss Anstruther."

"I don't see that that makes it any better," said Cecil. "You mean that you dressed up and went through all the ceremonies just as if you had been a Mohammedan, and said all the prayers, and never meant it? Of course they are wrong, but Mohammedans believe in their religion, and it can't make it right for us to do things of that kind. Besides, for you it was acting a lie."

"Well, I don't know. It never struck me in that light," said Charlie. "I'm afraid I looked upon it as part of the joke, Miss Anstruther. Well, perhaps not of the joke—as part of what had to be gone through to ensure success. You see, I had an object. I was studying the dissemination of cholera by means of these caravans of pilgrims, and I wanted to do it thoroughly, so I thought I would go in for the whole thing. But I might perhaps have done it and stopped short of that. I'll remember another time."

"Charles," said Mrs. Boleyn's voice, "perhaps you are not aware of the lateness of the hour," and after this delicate hint, Charlie took his departure. During the remainder of their stay in Cairo, he made a point of appearing at unexpected times, and helping the travellers to organise expeditions to the Pyramids and other points of interest, but he turned a deaf ear to Lady Haigh's hint that he ought to volunteer to come and take up his quarters at the Boleyns', and at this they could scarcely wonder. Before the end of their stay, Cecil, though declaring emphatically that she was not in the least tired of Cairo, began to display great eagerness to reach Baghdad, and Lady Haigh made no pretence of disguising her desire to do the same.

"Helena and I agree better apart, my dear," she explained frankly to Cecil. "One really can't quarrel much in letters, but when we are together we can't do anything else."

This was already sufficiently obvious, and it is probable that no one, unless perhaps Mr. Boleyn, was sorry when the time came for the travellers to journey to Port Said, there to resume their interrupted voyage. Lady Haigh and Cecil, with their two maids, and Dr. Egerton, with his Armenian boy Hanna, made an imposing party, and excited no small amount of curiosity and speculation in the minds of the passengers on board the P. and O. boat. Lady Haigh was never a woman to do things by halves, and from the moment that she came on board she took by sheer force of character the place she felt was her right, although in the present case it was conceded to her without opposition as soon as it was known who she was.

"Have you noticed," said Charlie Egerton to Cecil, one night in the Red Sea, "that my dear cousin is perceptibly growing taller and more imposing in appearance? Her foot is on her native heath now. This side of Suez we are under the beneficent sway of the Indian Government, and her position is assured, whereas at home she might have been anybody or nobody. You will observe the majesty of her demeanour increase continually, until, when she reaches Baghdad, you will recognise in her every gesture that she represents the Queen-Empress."

"But surely that is Sir Dugald's business?" laughed Cecil.

"Sir Dugald can't do everything. He can't render the Um-ul-Pasha and the other ladies at the Palace the civilities which are imperatively due to them, and he can't conciliate or madden the ladies of the European colony by delicately adjusted hospitalities as she can. If I may say so, Cousin Elma represents the social half of her most gracious Majesty, and Sir Dugald, the Balio Bey as they call him, the administrative half."

"And which is the more important?" asked Cecil.

"Too hard. Ask me another," said Charlie.

"Well, which of them rules the other?" asked Cecil.

"That is a delicate point," returned Charlie, "and opinions naturally differ, but if you ask me I should say that Sir Dugald does it in reality, but that Cousin Elma thinks she does, and so both are satisfied."

"Well, I think I should prefer it the other way," said Cecil meditatively, and Charlie laughed.

"That is exactly what I should have imagined," he said. "But, joking apart, you can see that others consider that Cousin Elma has a right to think a good deal of herself. Look at the people on board here, for instance. Happily, we have no very big-wigs on board, or there might be trouble. In any case, Cousin Elma, as the wife of a major-general, would carry things with a pretty high hand among the army set, but there would be difficulty with the wives of the bigger civilians. But it's all right with them too now, because Sir Dugald is a political official. They know their duty too well to be unpleasant, and besides, it is quite on the cards that Sir Dugald might be useful to any of them any day, if it was desired to find a nice out-of-the-way berth for some unfortunate relative who has fooled away his chances, as Sir Dugald sympathetically remarked to me was my case, the only time I saw him."

If Charlie expected an indignant contradiction, he was disappointed. Cecil looked away over the sea, and smiled involuntarily.

"I was wondering whether you had talked away your chances," she said, for they were on sufficiently intimate terms now to allow of little hits like this.

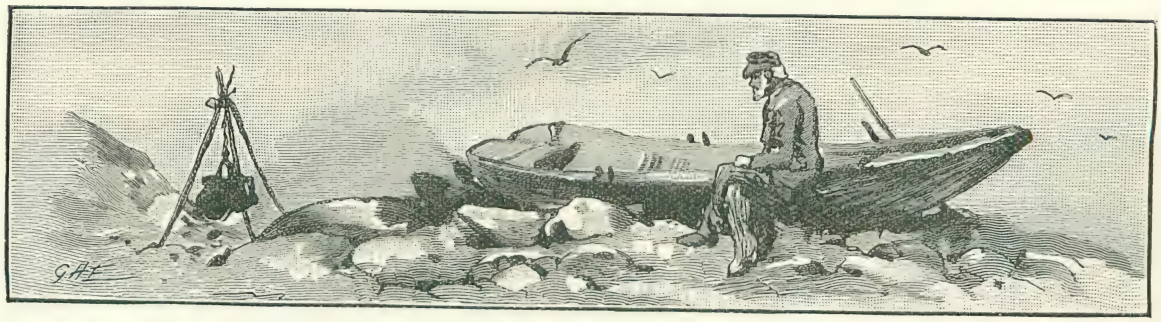
"That's exactly what I did do," he said. "You may be surprised to hear it, Miss Anstruther, but I have a very inconvenient conscience, especially with regard to the things which other people leave undone. They say that in England abuses are good things on the whole, because people get up a separate society for the removal of each one, and this affords occupation to many deserving persons, but in the East they're good for a man to come to grief over, and nothing more. If you will only let things alone you're all right, but if you make a fuss it's like fretting your heart out against a stone wall. Why, in my last district—my last failure, if you please—I found there was cholera brewing. I have studied the subject particularly, as I think I have mentioned to you before, but because I could see a little further than the rest of them they called me faddy and an alarmist. I told them what measures ought to be taken, but the man above me, pig-headed old brute! squashed all my representations. If ever a man deserved to be carried off by cholera, that fellow did. At last the cholera came, and I wrote him a letter that he had to attend to. The precautions I had recommended were taken—it was too late, of course, but we checked the thing before it had gone very far—and I was recommended to resign. Insubordination and so on, of course."

"But were you obliged to be insubordinate?" Cecil ventured to ask.

"No, it was too late, like the precautions. He couldn't pretend to disregard the cholera, but I had to relieve my mind."

"That was a great pity," said Cecil, and would say no more.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—We regret that we cannot prescribe any method for making your wrists more supple for your violin practice. Perhaps a surgeon might give you a suggestion. But as it is a natural defect and not the result of an accident, we fear he could not be of service to you. To twist it about might sprain it.

MAY BLOSSOM.—*Pas de charge* we suppose would mean "a quick march." The translation would be "Step of charge. *Sonner la charge* means "Sound the charge."

A LOVER OF GOOD MUSIC.—*Espressivo ondulato* means "with flowing expression."

VIOLET.—The word *bis* means "twice;" if written with a curve over a series of bars it indicates that they must be repeated. This French word is pronounced as it is spelt. *Bis* is the word used for an encore in France; *crier bis* is to encore a song or piece. Our word for the same thing, *encore*, is also French, but they do not use it in the same way. Yes, there is another word *bis*, but it is pronounced *bi* or "be" in English. It means "brown," "tawny" or "swarthy," and is applied to brown bread, which is *pain bis*.

LA RUSSIE.—We think the trombone is supposed to be the "sackbut" of ancient times. The ancient lyre and lute were in some respects like the guitar. The psaltery and dulcimer were comparatively rude instruments, producing tones from wires like those of a piano, but having no dampers; the tones were produced in a confused style.

DOREEN.—You had better apply to Mr. F. W. Renant, Secretary of The Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W. There are three terms, and thirteen weeks of vacation in the year. The papers with which you will be supplied will give you some idea as to the requirements for the Licentiate of The Royal Academy, as compared with those of the Associated Board of the "R. A. M." For a book on harmony of a class to explain the "Davenport and Baker's Questions and Exercises," and to answer them, you had better make inquiries of the Secretary.

ETHEL M. BRYANT must communicate with our publisher, stating that she wants the first fourteen monthly parts of the "G. O. P.," giving her address (Holway, Taunton, Somerset), stating also—which she has not done to us—the name of our correspondent who wished to dispose of vol. i., and her address.

BIEN AIMÉ.—The chorus, "We never will bow down," is from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*.

AMY.—It is illegal to make MS. copies of published copyright music for circulation among your friends; but the transposition of a favourite song into a key more suited to your own voice is another matter, provided that the song in such a key be not purchasable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—The reason that the person seated before the camera seems to be upside down, is in consequence of the rays of light passing through small apertures (such as used in a camera) becoming inverted, for the rays cross each other.

BARMAID.—Perhaps he meant to say that you looked "as good as gold" to him.

LONELY LILY.—We do not know that shoes with india-rubber soles do any harm to the eyes. We should think not. But they would make the feet very tender if used too long, and very often.

MILKMAID.—You are responsible for words when under excitement; but no high-minded and honourable person would personally hold you to them.

S. C. H.—There are several benevolent institutions in London and elsewhere where they dispose of fancy work on certain terms. But, unfortunately, you give neither address nor any other information, so we can only advise you to try the shops wherever you live.

ZETA.—We do not give such addresses, as we have told our readers many times.

ROUGE.—The only way to obtain a very cheap first-course German book, would be to purchase it at a second-hand bookseller's.

AMABEL.—There is no limit of age, so far as we see, in the regulations; but why not write to the registrar and inquire for yourself?

LEONTINE.—Any of the shades of red now worn, and probably the blues, as well as terra-cottas, and yellow, would all suit you. Colours are so much mixed just now that people seem to wear anything, quite regardless of its suitability to them individually.

CONNIE. — You do not say whether the mark be grease or not. If it be so, try a little French chalk, rubbed on very lightly at the back. Benzine is also useful for stains, but should be carefully used, and never by lamp or fire-light.

POPPY must consult a medical man, as the state of the eyes seems to need some advice.

A TROUBLED ONE must commend herself to God, in faith, and trust Him to take care of her. The command to obey our parents is quite clear, and that seems at present the first duty; and the next seems to be to avoid judging any one, especially a mother; and to do what is disagreable to us, brightly and cheerfully. The reward will come in the doing of it, "as to God; and not to man."

ENQUIRER should read all the information given in the daily papers respecting the China and Japanese War, the French quarrel with Madagascar, and the recent Polar expeditions. Files of the series of papers giving such information may be consulted in the British Museum. Otherwise, she should wait till all these have reached their conclusion and final settlement, for the next publication of *Hazell's Annual*.

IN DOUBT.—There is no reason why you should not wear your new blouse, for no explanations are due for so doing, merely because someone else happens to have made one on the same pattern, and worn it before yours was finished.

CARRIE.—If to throw open the windows and door for a time be not sufficient to get rid of the smell of tobacco-smoke, try the smoke from a piece of stiff brown paper, which should be allowed to smoulder slowly; or else dry a piece of orange-peel and then set fire to it, and let the smoke be dispersed about the room.

JUDIE.—The word "grass" as applied to a married woman, in connection with the word "widow," is a corruption of the French word "*grâce*," meaning "by courtesy." The wife is not a real widow; but, being from some cause parted from her husband, she is living like a widow. The French word *grâce*, is pronounced like the English word grass, which has no reference to the subject.

EVADNE.—Young unmarried people are not expected to entertain in return for invitations; and many people living in a small way, or in lodgings, are not able to do so. You need not have any scruples, we think, on your own account.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The cards you send us are not good enough for sale. You would have to take lessons in designing and drawing, as well as colouring, before they would be worth money. Would you buy them yourself?

A LOVER OF BIRDS.—We should be inclined to think the bird had asthma, or that he had been hung in a draught and got a chill.

STUDENT.—We believe that the first English almanack is to be seen at Trinity College, Cambridge, and dates back to 1347. It is entitled *An Almanack Translated in Perpetitude out of Arabike into Latin*. There is one claiming to be of early date called *John Somer's Calendar*, written at Oxford in the same century (1380), and is in the British Museum; one reputed to have been the work of Roger Bacon, in 1292; but it is a matter of dispute. We are safe in saying that the earliest (known) almanack in English is one of the year 1386, which was re-edited in 1812. The first printed in English was that of Wynkyn de Worde in 1495; and the earliest with which we are acquainted in the literature of the world is to be seen in the British Museum. It is Egyptian, and it is a relic of some 3000 years old.

QUEEN O' HEARTS.—We think flowers are admissible as presents, but when it comes to anything more valuable (unless the giver be known to be engaged to you) you should return it. Because you wish first of all to be a good and honourable woman, and to retain your own self-respect, and his respect for you. Never go anywhere, nor do anything, without your mother or your *chaperone*.

AIRY FAIRY is far too young to think of lovers, or of marriage, or of anything but her education and her dolls.

BÉBÉ A E I O U.—1. Transfer papers and designs, as well as knitting manuals are to be found at all the shops where fancy work is sold.—2. Paraffin is said to be good for the hair, but dangerous. It will increase its growth.

HILDA IN AUSTRIA.—*Sintram* is a delightful story. It is written by De la Motte Fouqué, and the original is in German.

ALICE MITCHELL.—Show your stained parasol to a cleaner, and ask his opinion and his terms, and compare the latter with the price you would have to pay for a new one. They can be had for a very trifling sum at any sale. We could not recommend anything for private application that would not do more harm than good in removing sea-water stains from the shot silk.

SCOTCH MARY, MAGGIE and OTHERS.—1. We much regret that we cannot help in the sale of any articles whatever, or give private addresses where things may be disposed of. As a rule, a little exertion on the part of our correspondents would bring better results than the asking of any one to help them.—2. Our valuations of coins are taken from the most recent lists of prices, issued by well-known dealers, or what has been given at recent sales of coins.

PANSY must keep the Persian cat well combed and brushed, and wash it only when it can be quickly dried, and kept very warm. If properly kept, it should not have fleas.

J. S.—We fear the poem you send us is not to be characterised by any other name than doggerel. But it amused you and your schoolfellows, and so it has served its use. Poetry, dear little girl, is quite another thing; and does not usually come to us from girls of fourteen.

A. L. WOODS.—We believe that modern paleologists agree that our letters owe their origin to the conventions promulgated by the Egyptian priests for their own convenience, called the "Hieratic Script." This developed through the Phœnician Greek dialectic varieties towards the Euboean form, which was transplanted into Sicily and Italy from Chalcis, and so resolved into the Roman letters. In the second quarter of the fifteenth century, blocks of wood were made, engraved, and formed into books, paper being laid on the inked blocks and the impression rubbed off, and the sheets were coloured and finished by hand. John Gutenberg, of Mentz, has been credited as the inventor of the Art of Printing with movable types, and was established there, in 1455, as a printer, together with Peter de Gernsheim (Schaffer), where they worked as early as Nov. 15th, 1454. Schaffer's last work was a Psalter, dated 1502, which was the year of his death. We can make no claim to the invention. Caxton was taught by Colard Mansion, at Bruges, and he printed either there or at Cologne *The Recurgell of the Historyes of Troye*. In 1480 Letton and Machlinia began to print in London; in 1507 the first printing press was set up in Scotland (in Edinburgh); and in 1551, another was set up in Dublin. These were the first in the United Kingdom.

TOXTETH PARK, H. E. J.—The address of the St. John Ambulance Association is St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London, where all information may be obtained as to the holding of classes from the Secretary. It is a branch of the work carried on by the Order of Hospitalers of St. John.

WASP, P.—Curling-tongs, when used too hot, are injurious to the hair, and render it brittle and colourless. But if used very cool they do not appear to do harm employed in careful hands.

Odds and Ends.

In the British Museum there is a Chaldean tablet of stone on which is inscribed the story of the Deluge. According to the Chaldean scribe the Flood, as described by the Bible, was a punishment for sin against God. Only the Chaldeans were heathens, and Noah is made to say that he is the only righteous man, and the only one who paid homage to the gods. This account is not upon a separate tablet but is incorporated with a series of other legends known as the "Legends of Izdhubar," which formed an epic in twelve books or tablets, each of which was dedicated to a sign of the Zodiac. The story of the Deluge is written in cuneiform characters on the twelfth stone, and is dedicated to "The Month of the Course of Rain," corresponding to the Zodiac sign, Aquarius. It tells of great rain-storms which swept down the Tigro-Euphrates valley, at the order of the god Bel, who decided to drown all mankind. But the god Anu looked with favourable eyes upon Noah, and secretly advised him to build a ship. There are of course great variations between the Chaldean and the Hebrew accounts, but their general similarity is most interesting.

It is generally supposed that the lily is the national flower of France. But this is not the case, for although the *fleur-de-lys* is often taken for the emblematic flower of France as the rose is of England, it is in reality only the emblem of the old French royalty, and its import is no more a national one than the bees and violets of Napoleon. As a matter of fact France has no national flower, and if it did possess one it is much more likely to be the daisy than the lily, for this simple flower is a universal favourite with the French. The only heraldic emblem of the country is the Gallic cock.

There is in Italy a village entirely inhabited by organ-grinders who have acquired comfortable fortunes in England, that is for Italian peasants, and have returned to their native land to enjoy them with their families. They one and all speak English, and curiously enough many of them retain the instruments with which they have earned their independence, and at night it is no unusual thing to hear some popular tune of many years ago being ground out upon a piano organ.

Two American girls, Isabella and Sally Broadbent, who last year helped to save the crew of a wrecked Norwegian ship, have been presented with silver lockets and chains by King Oscar of Norway and Sweden in recognition of their bravery. The lockets are inscribed with the monogram and crown of the King, and bear the words, "For a Noble Deed."

The largest bottle in the world is one hundred and fifteen feet high. Two enormous doors give access to the ground floor which is a refreshment room, staircases in the inside lead to the bottle's neck, where there is a terrace which holds nearly forty people. The cork is a kiosque.

Socrates was of opinion that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition that each one should carry out of it an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.

Human ingenuity is never satisfied. The latest discovery is golden steel which is being made in large quantities at Sheffield. It is an amalgam of bronze and aluminium, which has a most beautiful appearance, and is very successful for cutlery not requiring a keen edge, such as forks and dessert knives. The new alloy possesses the dual advantage of durability and beauty.

It has been reserved for a Dutchman to carry the penny-in-the-slot machine to its extreme limits. He has invented an automatic physician. In appearance the machine is a dignified metal man, the front of whose waistcoat is pierced with a number of openings, over each of which is inscribed the name of one of the commoner ailments to which humanity is subject. You put a penny in the slot set apart for your particular illness, and out pops a small packet of medicine. This automatic doctor may be consulted by the sound as well as by the sick, for one of the slots delivers a "refresher and tonic" distilled from wholesome herbs. The idea is certainly ingenious.

There is an amusing story told of Her Majesty and a canny Scotchwoman. Once, many years ago, when staying at Balmoral, the Queen went for a long walk by herself according to her custom. It came on to rain heavily, and entering a cottage she chanced to be passing, she asked the good-wife to lend her an umbrella. The woman regarded the Queen with suspicion, and said, "I hae twa umbrellas, ane is good, and ane verra old. Ye may take the old one; I guess I will never see it again." She offered a tattered umbrella which was quietly accepted, but the woman was sufficiently punished for her surliness when one of the royal footmen returned her tatterdemalion umbrella with his mistress's thanks.

"Oh, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbour starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, 'the time is short,' how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!"—*Phillips Brooks.*

Miss Marianne North, whose collection of drawings of the flora of practically the whole world, is known to all who have visited Kew Gardens, was born in 1830. She devoted the greater portion of her life to sketching flowers and trees in every part of the globe. After her tour round the world, Darwin suggested that she should amplify her collection of Australasian flora, and it was on her return from the southern hemisphere that she superintended the installation of the Gallery at Kew, which now holds her many drawings. Her last journey abroad was in 1884, after which she completed the gallery and settled down to a quiet life in Gloucestershire. She had studied tropical verdure in all its gorgeousness, and had seen all the finest sights in the world, but she wrote before her death, "No life is so charming as a country one in England, and no flowers are sweeter or more lovely than the primroses, cowslips, bluebells and violets which grow in abundance all round me here." Miss North died four years ago, leaving to the nation one of the most valuable monuments of woman's industry, in her unique collection at Kew.

Whatever the national emblem of France may be, the action of the Parisian police in prosecuting and securing the imprisonment of people who kill and snare birds that are useful to agriculturists, for the purposes of millinery decoration, is deserving of all praise. The result of a series of convictions with heavy punishments, is that most of the bird shops are being closed, whilst the manufacturers who dyed the feathers of the birds find it practically impossible to carry on their reprehensible trade, on account of the strict regulations imposed by the police. This example should be imitated by the English police, but until that time arrives every woman and girl can help considerably in the protection of bird-life, by refusing to wear their dead little bodies in their hats and bonnets. Women do not set their faces strongly enough against the use of plumage in millinery, and its continuance rests entirely with them, as it is always the demand that creates the supply.

It is said that the voice of the great and good singer Jenny Lind, has descended to her grand-daughter. Madame Marchesi, a superb French singer, heard her sing, and was so impressed by the quality and fineness of her voice that she has undertaken its training. Some of the most famous singers of our time have studied under Madame Marchesi.

Many an act of duty or self-sacrifice, at first sight supposed to be impossible, has, by continued contemplation, become so attuned to the disposition that it has been performed with ease and even with pleasure.

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it."—*Carlyle.*

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IN THE GOLDEN TWILIGHT.

BY ETHEL MORGAN.

THE glow of the golden sunset
With glorious streams of light
Has dyed the distant hill-tops
With a heavenly radiance bright;
And the dark clouds o'er the brightness
Pass on into the night.

The soft wind gently murmurs
Her faintest, sweetest lay,
Which hovers around the tree-tops.
Then, knowing she must not stay,
She whispers a farewell blessing
And silently fades away.

Perchance it was such an evening,
When Jesus dwelt below,
They laid the sick ones in the street
The way that He would go;
And the Master healed them every one
Because He loved them so.

To-day in the golden twilight
We feel His healing hand,
And the peace of God is o'er us,
Which none can understand.
What means this mystic silence?
Christ passeth through the land!

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"THE GLOW OF THE GOLDEN SUNSET."

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER VI

A CONVERSAZIONE.

"Do come, Gipsy! I'm sure you will enjoy it!"

"I daresay I should. But it takes a whole evening!"

"Of course it does; but your time's not so terribly precious just now. I think you are working too hard. It will do you good to have a change of ideas. All morning in the lecture-rooms and wards, and all evening poring over books at home is enough to make anybody addlepated. You've not been yourself at all just lately. You come along and have some fun, and see if you're not all the better for it!"

"But what shall we do about dressing?" asked Gipsy half won over by Freda's pleading. "It doesn't seem worth while to come all the way out just to dress; but I couldn't go in my hospital gear."

"Oh, I've thought of all that. I've got to dress too, for I shall be in town all the afternoon. I'll take up a box to the club with bibs and tuckers and all the rest of it for both of us; and you can meet me there, and we'll have tea, and then we'll go together afterwards. Miss Howel will be there and Roger too; but she wants me, for there will be such a lot to describe."

"Well, I should like to go well enough. All the medical world will be there, I know. There's to be a lecture in one of the rooms on phases of modern thought, by Professor Thurloe. I should like to hear that. He's one of the new lights of the age, people say."

Mr. Wilberforce looked up from his paper to say with a grave smile—for he had not caught more than the last word or two—

"Don't be too easily dazzled by the new lights of the day, my dears. The old light by which the world has been led for eighteen hundred years is a far safer guide."

Gipsy looked for a moment half-wistfully at her step-father, as though she would gladly have heard more from him, but he had returned to his paper again. He was not a man of many words, and he seldom attempted any interference where his wife's children were concerned. He gave them much of a father's love; but he did not think he had any right to interfere in their choice of pursuits, seeing that he was unable to make provision for them. Had he been able, and could he have done the thing without injustice, he would gladly have put them on the same footing as his own daughters, but this was impossible, and therefore he regarded and respected their independence. If any of them came to him for counsel or advice, he would give any matter laid before him the closest attention, and take any trouble to elucidate the knotty point; but unless he were consulted he kept his counsel for the most part, and only interposed an occasional word of warning or admonition.

That same evening the sisters met at one of those modern places of resort—a woman 's club, where Freda was by this time quite at home, being often a great many hours there in the day, writing up her notes between times, or meeting Miss Howel to discuss arrangements with her, or getting food when she was not able to go home in time for the meals there. Freda seemed to know everybody amongst the members who passed in and out, and the sisters had a merry meal together, after they had rearranged their dress and made themselves fit to pass muster in the very mixed throng which would gather in the great halls of the institution whither they were bound.

Gipsy, who had been studying very hard of late, seemed to have made up her mind for an evening of enjoyment, and chatted and laughed in her merriest fashion all through the tea hour. Just as they had finished Freda looked up with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, for Norah stood before them, clad in the long, plain black silk dress, which was her evening attire for most occasions, and became her to perfection.

"Norah! Are you really coming too? Now that is quite delightful of you! You are better than your word!"

"I found I could get away. We are not very busy now," answered Norah, who was in residence again at the nursing institution, only coming home on Sundays, and not always then. There were times when she went backwards and forwards daily, and times when it was more convenient to live on the spot. A good deal depended on the strength of the staff. Norah was rather a privileged person, often acting as assistant to the Principal. She was fully trusted and greatly valued, and it was supposed that if anything should take away the present Principal from the institution, the vacant post would be offered to her. She had been four years on the staff, and was now the senior, for many girls or women came for a time and then went elsewhere, but Norah did not like change.

When she was living at the institution she could sometimes get an evening off, and did occasionally accompany Freda to some entertainment. It was a great pleasure to the three sisters to be all together sometimes—and alone. Not that they ever felt any discontent with their home-life; but independence has a charm of its own, and they would sometimes plot and build castles in the air together, of how they might set up housekeeping in a small way on their united earnings, if they all began to make money, and could manage to work in the same locality. Generally these plans had ended in a laugh and a sigh, when it had been remembered that India was Gipsy's destination; but to-night as they again talked of it, walking to their evening's entertainment, Gipsy broke out quickly—

"Well, but India isn't the only field for a woman doctor. There are several practising in London now, and plenty if you take the whole country through. Why shouldn't I go to swell the ranks of these? Why must it be India or nothing?"

"Why, because the Society has paid for your education with that view," said Norah quietly. "They have not educated you simply for a doctor, but for a missionary doctor for the Zenanas."

"Ah, true!" said Freda. "That is rather a clincher."

But Gipsy said nothing, and Norah observed that for a few moments the light and brightness died out of her face.

The large halls and rooms of the great institution whither the girls were bound were brilliantly lighted and already thronged with people when the sisters arrived, whilst the string of carriages extended for hundreds of yards down the long street. It seemed as though the gathering represented all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the aristocratic beauty in her sweeping silken robes, to the plainly attired governess in her spectacles and severely plain gown, whilst the divergence in the attire of the men was in its own way almost as marked.

The sisters quickly encountered friends, and broke up their party, arranging when and where to meet later on. Gipsy found some medical comrades and went off with them to a room where some specimens interesting to them were to be seen. Freda with her note-book in hand wandered about beside Miss Howel, and Norah let Roger take her to see various objects of interest in the place with which he seemed well acquainted. He pointed out numbers of noteworthy personages, and spoke of their work in the world. He waxed enthusiastic over some, of others he spoke with displeasure verging on contempt. He had a curious youthful intolerance of idleness and pleasure-seeking, and had stern views as to the sacredness of life as a great trust.

Norah noted that he often suddenly spoke of Guinivere, as though his thoughts had a way of flying back to her. Sometimes he dropped a hint which sounded to her as though he cherished an idea that Guinivere was suffering from the inaction and purposelessness of the life she was at present leading. Norah was half amused, half grieved to gather that Roger occupied himself much with ideas of this kind. She had no reason to believe for a moment that Guinivere was dissatisfied with her present life. She fancied that Roger had idealised her and had put into her mouth his own sentiments, which perhaps he had quoted to Guinivere and she had not contradicted. But Norah was aware that sisters—and particularly step-sisters—do not always know each other as well as the world

supposes, and that strangers are sometimes treated to confidences which are withheld from those nearer at hand; so she held her peace and said no word. It was not for her to interpose between these two if there were any sort of affinity springing up between them.

Gipsy enjoyed herself very much amongst her friends. They wandered hither and thither, knocking up against acquaintances of various kinds, till presently the hour had arrived when the lecture or discussion of which Gipsy had heard was to take place, and she found her way into the lecture-room and took her seat, though her companions voted it a bore to sit still so long and left her at the door.

It is not a part of a story to give any idea of this lecture. It was a brilliant exposition of some of the modern theories of what may equally be called religion or irreligion. It was a setting aside of all outward standards, and referring everything to the individual consciousness of a man, and many other things of a kindred kind were treated in a light, brilliant and trivial way, not without a dangerous air of candour and force.

Gipsy listened with feverish attention and eagerness, feeling as though the death-blow to her childhood's faith was being given. It is a dangerous thing for imperfectly-instructed young people to listen to teaching of this kind. It is all so specious and so logical—according to the logic of this world—and they so soon lose sight of the fact, that were God's mysteries susceptible of mathematical demonstration or logical proof, they would cease to be the mysteries of an Infinite God, but would rank amongst the systems of finite men. The very essence of our faith is that it can apprehend what no human intellect can fathom, and can rise in the power of the Spirit into heavenly places which can be reached not by the intellect, but by the loving trust of the child-like heart.

But Gipsy was struggling in the slough of intellectual doubt and distress, and was feeling the foundations of her very existence tottering under her. She was intensely attracted by this sort of speculation, and yet it left her feeling very unhappy. Where other people laughed at some irreverent witticism, which occasionally bordered on blasphemy, she felt a stab of pain, and asked herself whether it was right for her to listen to this sort of discussion. Her eyes wandered over the ring of listeners, and finally settled upon one particular face, which she found herself studying with an interest that she was unable to explain or understand.

There was no beauty in the face, either of feature or colouring. It belonged to a woman in middle life, very plainly dressed, who had that indescribable air which decided Gipsy that she was a governess. Her face was rather thin, she looked like a person who had recently recovered from an illness. But it was the expression of the eyes which attracted and interested Gipsy when she had once seen it. She was certain that this woman was listening with pain and with sorrowful disapprobation to the things she heard here. Gipsy could believe that had she opened her lips, she might even have brought interesting arguments to bear upon the other side. She felt that what seemed so convincing to her, did not move or convince this listener in the least. She could even trace by the dilation of the eyes or by the unconscious movement of the lips, that she had an answer already formulated, when some of the boldest speakers were discussing afterwards the subjects brought before them. Gipsy found herself wishing that this quiet-faced woman would speak—that she could get a glimpse into her thoughts, that she could scrape acquaintance with her in some way. As they went out from the lecture-room at the close of the debate, she found herself near to the object of her curiosity, who was now talking with a friend. Gipsy was close behind, and heard the friend say—

"I hardly thought you would care to hear the professor. His ways of thinking are not after your heart."

"No, that is why I came. I like to know what the adversaries have to say; but to-night it was altogether too flimsy and superficial to carry weight. I hope few would be led away by it."

"He adapted himself to a mixed audience, you see. He only skimmed the surface. But why did you not put in your oar at the end. Discussion was invited."

"Yes, but in my opinion this is neither the time nor the place for such discussion. The people who come to listen, do not come to learn, but to be amused; not to think seriously what the end of all such teachings must be, but to be encouraged and bolstered up in their lack of faith. Do you think that real inquirers after the truth would be content with the style of argument we have just heard? And those who are not real inquirers have small tolerance for real discussion. They only desire to hear what is in accord with their preconceived ideas."

Then the speakers passed through the door, and were quickly lost to sight, and Gipsy said to herself, "I do not think she was quite fair to us, or to the lecturer. I at least should have been glad enough to hear the other side. I wish I could have a talk with her, or with somebody who would understand both sides of the question. I don't know how it is, but one can never speak of these things at home. Oh, dear! I wish I were not in such a wretched muddle!"

Next minute she ran up against Roger Howel, who was evidently looking for her.

"We thought you were lost. We are going to have some refreshment. Will you come too? I thought perhaps you would be listening to Thurloe. What did you think of him?"

"I thought he was very amusing and clever. Did you hear him too?"

"No; there is something in his philosophy that goes against me. He won't cure the ills of humanity by his system. It is all very well to argue that Christianity has been tried and has *failed*, and that eighteen centuries have given it as fair a trial as any system could expect to have. It sounds a specious thing to say; but it is a hollow argument indeed. What have these men to give us in place of it? And what have their systems to show, as against the records of Christianity, despite the ills and abuses which have mingled with the good it has brought into the world? An orator may talk with the tongue of men and of angels, and may carry you away on a flood of eloquence; but, when all is said and done, he is offering you a stone at the very time when he is taking away your bread. I don't think that is what the world is crying out for."

Gipsy made no answer. She was not prepared with one. Her own mind was in a chaos of conflicting doubts and distressful perplexities. Something in Roger's words gave her a momentary feeling of hope and satisfaction; but she did not pursue the theme, and was soon chatting away merrily about other things, asking the names of the celebrities they encountered, and passing spicy comments on the outward adornment of any singular member of the shifting crowd.

It was a merry party that assembled in one corner of the long refreshment-room, and Roger catered cleverly for all. Freda read her shorthand notes to the rest, and received items of intelligence from one and another. Gipsy gave a short digest of her lecture, and Norah described certain drawings that were exhibited in another part of the building. Miss Howel declared that she should be overwhelmed with the amount of "copy" provided; but made Freda happy by telling her that the editor of the paper had spoken very well of her notes on more than one occasion.

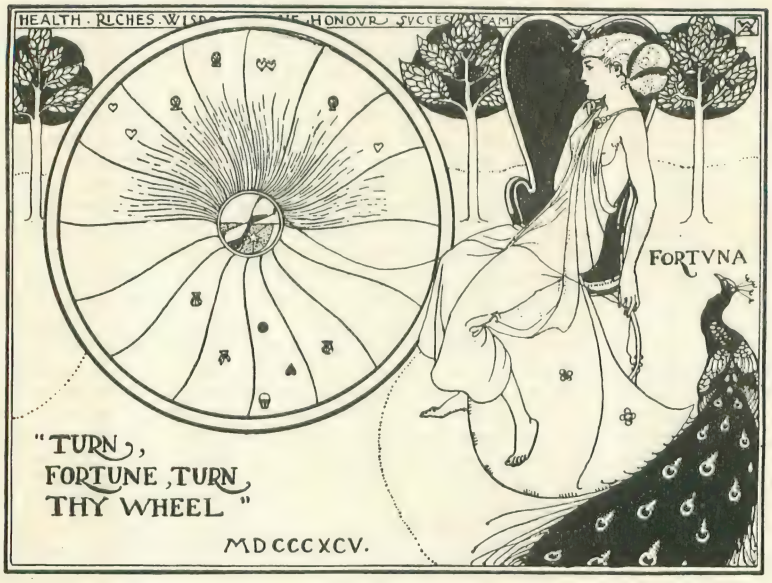
Indeed, before the evening was over, Freda had the felicity of being introduced to that august person in the flesh. He was very bland and courteous, and passed her several little compliments, which sent her into the seventh heaven of delight.

For Freda was thoroughly in love with the profession of journalism. The variety, the interest, the amusement, the excitement were delightful to her. New worlds seemed constantly to be opening before her eyes, and although at present her earnings were inconsiderable, there was a promise of future independence, which was very pleasant. She did her work conscientiously and well, which is the secret of true enjoyment, as well as of true success. She felt power within her, and every month as it passed, brought her an increase of facility and experience.

"Oh, girls, I believe my fortune is made! I believe I shall get on to the staff in my own right before so very much longer!" she cried gleefully, as the sisters wended their way from the omnibus to the station to catch the last train. As it was Friday night, Norah was coming home with them, and they were all in good spirits. But Freda was quite beside herself with delight.

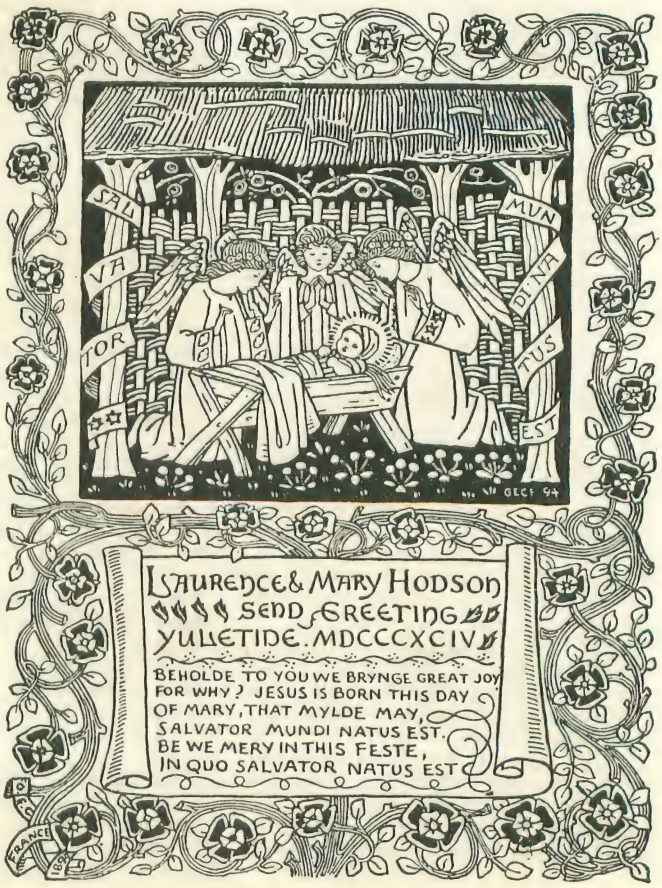
(To be continued.)

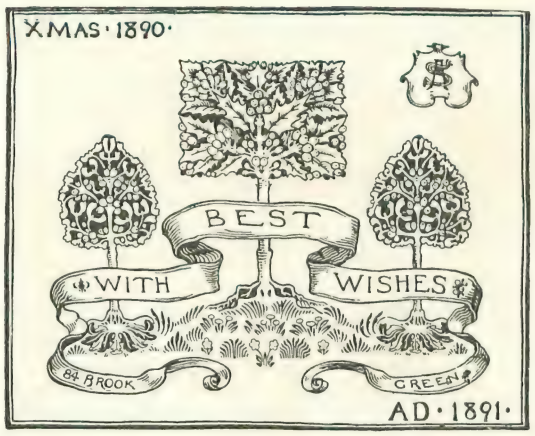
PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.



THE origin, full popularity and gradual abandonment of a widely spreading social custom usually covers many generations; but the rise of the Christmas card, its rapid acceptance and the signs of its waning hold upon public taste, all fall well within half a century. Nor, trivial as it may appear by the side of matters affecting morals or health, does its little history fail to reflect many far more important movements that were its contemporaries. It has been said of modes, that when once a garment is recognised as "the fashion," it is a proof that it has really ceased to be fashionable. But the affectation of superiority which would limit a fashion to a few aristocratic leaders, cannot be urged against the Christmas card. It came into being with a new recognition of the beauty of the Christmas festival, and was in its intention a formal expression of the settling of quarrels, the balancing of social accounts, wiping off old debts, and at least professing to be in amity with all men as befits the season. Nor was it a movement confined to any particular class, all ranks of people were alike anxious to forward, by its help, kindly greetings to their friends. Nor, curiously enough, although in idea distinctly the outcome of an ecclesiastical feast, did it attract those only whose creed implies formal recognition of certain appointed days. As in far Japan the New Year's exchange of very similar cards of greeting was observed by non-christian peoples, so in England the feast of Christmas was interpreted in the sense of the angels' message to include all men of good-will, Jews, infidels, Turks and heretics alike. How the pleasant and graceful courtesy grew to overwhelming proportions, so that which was at first a sincere message became a purely formal courtesy, need not be retold here. Nor need one dwell on the inane and inappropriate designs which, accompanied with more or less unsuitable words, usurped the simpler cordiality of the earlier cards. The tawdry elegance of the ornate varieties, and the would-be æsthetic attractions of others, alike have failed to maintain their supremacy. So in recent years, people whose sense of good taste is their most cherished possession, have abandoned the design prepared for anybody and everybody who cares to buy copies, in favour of a plainer card specially printed with a personal greeting; too often as vague and stilted in its phrases as the ordinary established formula of a printed invitation or its equally trite acceptance. For if you have to strike an average message that shall suit the more distant acquaintance as well as the dearest friend, it is the lowest mean average that is usually struck.

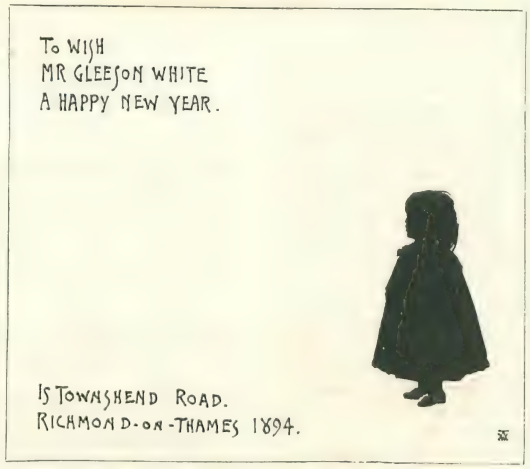
Thanks to the growth of various new economic processes which enable a special design to be prepared for lithographic, or still better, for ordinary letter-press printing, at a price out of all proportion to older methods of engraving, it is now possible for anyone of quite moderate means not merely to have a





So much for the commercial side of the affair, which is always best got out of the way as soon as possible. The artistic side is not so easily settled. This, for two or three reasons. First, people's tastes differ, or they think they do, to an alarming extent. But if you look close into the matter, few people have much of their own. What passes for taste is merely (as a rule) the selection of sombody else's taste to imitate. We all imitate more or less; those who are careful to choose great examples reap the reward. For although it sounds like a paradox when put in plain words, we are generally more original when consciously following another's lead than when we believe we are initiating something no one ever thought of doing before. In the first case, the unconscious personal element so modifies our intended imitation, that the subtle difference is often enough to give a distinctly individual character to the work. When we purposely try to be absolutely original, we either produce some hideous thing that all well-conducted minds had rejected before, or it turns out to be a plagiarism that the trickster memory had supplied us with, and not recalled the source at the same time.

specially printed card bearing the name and address of the sender, but the text itself embodied within a graceful design. The cost of a block for such a card should not exceed five shillings; the charge for printing fifty or one hundred ought certainly not to be more than half-a-crown, so that you may get a hundred cards from your own design at about the cost of the penny card of economic courtesy.



Of course, if an artist is commissioned to produce a design for you, he or she must be paid, but even then the price of the cards will not be very high, and the pleasure of possessing a unique publication to send to friends is surely worth a trifle extra expense.

People who are satisfied with cards at a penny a dozen will hardly change for these unless they send many hundreds (as some folks do), when the special card would be no more costly. But the more generous heart that expands in collections, or seasonable benevolence, to a silver threepenny bit for each purpose, may essay more ambitious flights than the course I have quoted.

For designs, we may go far afield, and yet find someone has been there before. When one realises the really stupendous fact that in England alone about 200,000 designs have been published for Christmas and New Year's cards, the chances of getting hold of a new idea at once suitable and in good taste appears somewhat remote.

As we may take it that the cost and technical knowledge involved in the preparation of a colour design limits us to black and white, we will only consider that class. I need not say that the conventional expression "black and white" includes any single colour on any single colour. It is, in fact, merely the vernacular for "monochrome," which sounds rather like a textbook.

So in choosing your design, do not be afraid of selecting a good model, and adapt it exactly to please your taste. If gifted with artistic talent, you prepare the design yourself, whatever colour you elect to have it printed, the drawing should be in absolutely black ink—ebony wood-stain, costing sixpence a bottle, or the liquid Indian ink, sold by artists' colourmen, or perhaps, best of all, waterproof American Indian ink, which costs a shilling a bottle. If you use the latter, you can make any corrections in Chinese white, which is a great advantage, hence its superiority to purely soluble inks.

The design is best if drawn about half as large again as the intended impression. One warning is of the first importance, namely, to use as few lines as possible, and those strong and clearly defined. Never employ a dozen fine lines when one thick one will do as well. To be simple is much harder than people suppose; in drawing a detail, a dozen scratches all somewhere near the exact place of the contour gives a specious air of careless abandon. In the hands of a master it may not only do this honestly, but at the same time impart a sense of movement; but in the hands of a novice it implies carelessness merely, which is not quite the same thing as careless power. If you are not sure of your prowess in figure-drawing, treat the doubt as a certainty that you are unequal to tackle the most difficult of all subjects. But even this need not keep you limited to still-life forms, because any old

woodcut or engraving may be pasted on your card, and a border, with appropriate lettering, added. I say any old engraving, because the copyright laws forbid you to make copies of modern work. For this purpose dozens of old woodcuts of the Nativity and other suitable subjects, and many exquisite etchings and engravings of the Old Masters, are both admirable and available. As copyright extends forty-two years, after the publication, or seven years after the artist's death (whichever be the longer), it is safer to consider nothing since 1840 as open to indiscriminate reproduction. If, however, you will be entirely original, first think out your subject well, and sketch it in pencil, then add the lettering. Now to draw a design may be a thing not within the power of everybody to acquire, but to letter well means only good taste and infinite patience. If your lettering is poor, the whole result will be feeble; but really firm, well-placed inscriptions will add dignity to a poor design. In fact it is hardly overstating the case to say that the importance of the lettering is far and away beyond that of all the rest. In the reproduced designs, the charming fancy of Mr. F. G. Jackson's card would seem ten times as good, did bolder and better-placed lettering fill up the space at the lower right-hand corner.

In "Fortune's Wheel," by Mr. Alan Wright, a design made for Dr. Harrison Low (who reproduced it in most marvellous carbon photographs), the lettering is entirely good; so in Mr. Arthur Gaskin's "Hodson" card, the lettering, rough as it is, is admirably planned. In the delightful little silhouette, the placing of the wording is so good, that one overlooks the fact of its being just hasty —but quite consistent—printing.

The mottoes available are legion. It is best to hunt up an unhackneyed one, or invent a pleasant greeting of your own, not too coldly formal in its wishes.

If your artistic power can only design a few sprigs of flowers, see that the sprigs are placed well on the card, and study to arrange the wording so that the design is improved by it. To know what to avoid, one has but to look at the cheap illuminated texts, where gigantic and hideous ornamental letters, so-called, ruin the effect of the decoration, which is often quite decent in its way.

Do not be afraid of simplicity, better three simple sprigs in a row, with plain type-letters below, than a formless, shapeless mass. If possible enclose all you design within a strong border-line (not necessarily rectangular), it brings the whole into unity, and yields a decorative effect.

Did but space permit, a hundred designs might be reproduced here, in proof of the popularity this pleasant innovation has already won.

A last word of warning, to prepare these things well before the time; the block will take a few days to make, the printer also will require one or two clear days. Everybody is pushed to the extreme limit of busy-ness at Christmas-time, and by planning in advance you will save yourself anxiety, and refrain from adding to that of others. It is always a pity when any pleasure is gained at the cost of another's worry or pain, so this little homily may be forgiven at a season when the ruling sentiment of all should be one of thoughtful consideration for the happiness of others, in small things as well as great.

GLEESON WHITE.

VARIETIES.

WHAT HIS OPINIONS WERE.

During a riot in Belfast some years ago, a man was asked by some of the mob what his opinions were. He was a prudent man: he did not know anything of the views of his questioners, but he looked at their weapons, their bludgeons, and their fowling-pieces, and having surveyed them all, he answered—

"Gentlemen, I am of the same opinions as that man there with the big axe."

MILLIONS OF PIGEONS.—The wild pigeon or passenger-pigeon is very plentiful in many parts of Canada and the United States, but of old it was much more so. Their countless numbers may be guessed from the fact that a flock seen by Wilson, the ornithologist, was estimated to consist of more than 230 millions. About the close of the seventeenth century these birds so swarmed and ravaged the colonists' crops, near Montreal, that a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church there was requested to exorcise them with holy water, as if they had been demons.

A GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

Forty counties England boasts,
Or in her midst or on her coasts;
Sixteen the stormy seas do face,
Two dozen fill the inland space;
Wales adds one dozen to the score,
Three are islands, nine skirt the shore;
Thus, for each week in all the year,
England and Wales a county count, that's clear.

PEACOCKS FOR EATING.—The high appreciation of the peacock at the most sumptuous banquets is referred to by many classical authors. The bird is nearly always included in mediæval bills of fare on state occasions. In the days of chivalry one of the most solemn oaths was taken "on the peacock," which seems to have been served up garnished with its gaudy plumage.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—A girl who knows the world will not only make the most of everything she does know, but of many things she does not know, and will gain more credit by her adroit mode of hiding her ignorance than the pedant by her awkward attempts to exhibit her erudition.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Girls may gain some insight into the characteristics of a gentleman from the following description by the late Cardinal Newman:—

"The gentleman," says the Cardinal, "has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. In his conversation he will remember to whom he is speaking, have thought for all his company, and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them, steering away also from topics that irritate.

"When he does a favour to another—and he does many—the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it.

"He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover he shows that he has an intellect far above the average, in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments. Most of mankind do so.

"When grief, sickness, or losses come to him, he submits to pain, because it is inevitable. Bereavement he takes with heroic philosophy, because it is irreparable. He goes to death without a murmur, because it is the will of God."

A REASON FOR COURAGE.

"If I get down-hearted," remarks a thoughtful writer, "a voice says 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

"I listen, and listen, and listen, and by-and-by it says again, 'I will be with you always, even to the end of the world!'

"God and me! Can you reckon up how much that is worth?"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC I.

The intrepid warrior, combating 'gainst fearful odds,
Adjures his comrades by their sires, their homes, their gods,
To guard the narrow path, to bar the invaders' way,
And, till that path is broken, keep the foes at bay.
The poet who the heroic act so well has sung
In words that burn like fire, and make old men feel young.

1. The friendly king who, when his neighbours build
   And claim the aid of all throughout the land,
   Contributes trees and brass and workmen skilled
   To raise the noblest fane that e'er was planned.
2. A seaport, first by Julius Cæsar meant
   To join the city to a tideless sea;
   Finished by Claudius Cæsar's wise intent
   The city's granary and mart to be.
3. Ill-fated monarch, last of all thy race,
   Romance hath shed her lustre o'er thy time;
   Thy wayward passion brought its own disgrace,
   And all thy subjects suffered for thy crime.
   Why should thy lovely queen neglected be?
   Why seek another beauty's brilliant eye?
   What in the enchanted cavern didst thou see?
   Where did thy war-steed bear thee off to die?
4. A mystic invocation long ago
   Was used in casting horoscopes to tell
   The fortune of men's lives, that they might know
   Their bliss or misery ere each befell.
5. A Swiss canton; here manufacture yields
   Remuneration for the lab'ring poor;
   Here agricult'rists till the fertile fields,
   And teeming garners hold the harvest-store.
6. Beyond the western main a mountain stands,
   Its lofty summit ever robed in snow,
   A striking object in those glowing lands,
   As does its native name, "White Woman," show.
7. A fair Italian realm in days of yore
   When, southward wandering to found a home,
   Came wild advent'rers from some eastern shore,
   Who built a city, and then called it Rome.
8. A bird of Southern Africa, whose plumes,
   Fantastically placed, have gained his name;
   Fearless of venom, serpents he consumes,
   Yet, kindly treated, he becomes quite tame.

XIMENA.

HE, SHE, AND DESTINY.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER III.

In the afternoon Irene went out alone. She followed the road aimlessly enough, so far as caring whither it led her, but searching all along the hedgerows for violets and primroses. A sense of responsibility, for she knew not exactly what, groundless and unreasonable though it might be, a consciousness of leaving undone something that she ought to be doing, though what she could not tell, weighed upon her heart; but the simple quest for flowers soothed her unsettled reflections. She had forgotten this nightmare of a dead body in the brook, and the formal farce of a country inquest, with which, when all was said, she had nothing to do, save in her capacity of a stray fraction of public opinion.

Suddenly, however, a sharp turn in the tortuous road brought her face to face with the Hop-Pole Inn, standing out red and conspicuous on the highway, with sign-board swinging. Half-a-dozen light two-wheeled carts were about in the road, some of the horses taken out, others waiting in their harness between the shafts. They were the vehicles of the jury engaged in sitting on the dead body.

Irene realised this, and for a moment she stood stock-still, with the great posy of primroses in her ungloved hands. The first impulse of her mind was to turn back and put the hedgerows between her and this horrible Hop-Pole Inn. But an impulse, stronger than that of mind, drew her onwards slowly, step by step, until she was on a level with the inn doorway.

A young man in the coroner's dog-cart, and who was the coroner's son, raised his hat dubiously. The presence of this lady, with the freshly-gathered flowers in her white hands on which the rings flashed in the sunlight, seemed to him out of place just then. It was evident she did not intend to pass along; yet, whatever her object in calling at the inn, he thought that she probably had no knowledge of what was actually taking place within its doors. So as she approached he leaned towards her out of the cart, and said—

"Beg pardon, but you won't find it very agreeable in there just now. There's an inquest being held."

She perceived at once that his intention was civil.

"Thank you," she replied. "It is on the poor man who was found in the brook at Wild-Wold? I wonder if I could see the coroner?"

This sudden desire was born of the fact that she found herself at the inn without any apparent volition on her own part. On the very threshold of the Hop-Pole Inn, almost within earshot of the verdict about to be passed, she felt as if she had a commission laid upon her to interrogate the coroner and to view the corpse.

"I'm afraid he's very much occupied," said the young man; but there was a hesitation in his manner that seemed to imply the wishes of a lady had some claim to attention.

"I should like to see the coroner," said Irene with an insistence in her tone which gave additional weight to the somewhat persuasive form in which her words were cast.

"I shall be very happy to take a message," replied the youth, jumping out of the cart, "though I don't know that it'll be of much use. What name shall I say, please?"

"You needn't give any name. If you say to the coroner that a lady wishes to speak to him, I think he could hardly refuse to see me. Thank you very much. Never mind your horse, I'll see he doesn't run away."

So the young man disappeared into the Hop-Pole Inn and sought his father. The inquest was just ended, and the jury, with the coroner at their head, were about to leave the room.

"Lady wantin' to see me?" the coroner reiterated when his son had delivered Irene's message. He was a bald-headed man of about sixty, with protruding eyes, florid cheeks, and a rotund figure. "Lady wantin' to see me about the body. 'Ow d'you know she's a lady?"

"Carries her head like one and speaks like one, anyway," said the youth—"dressed like one, too—rings and all that, don't you know." Thus in hopelessly inadequate language did he strive to express something of the lady's distinction.

"Well, tell 'er, with my compliments, that we've settled the job, me an' these gennlemen—found our verdic', we 'ave."

"And what is the verdict?"

"Why, accidental death, you idiot; what else could it be? There's no evidence of nothing, an' no one come forrard to identify the copse. No, there's nothing for me to see no ladies about. I've done for to-day, an' I'm goin' to have a drink, I am."

The young man had to be content, and took this reply, toned down to more civilised language, back to the lady.

"Thank you," said Irene again, and she turned and walked straight into the Hop-Pole.

"You will be good enough to give me an interview of a few minutes," she said to the coroner, with whom she found herself face to face in the passage on his way to the bar. The coroner had not realised in the least what kind of a lady he would have to deal with, but he found that her demeanour was too compelling to be resisted. He accompanied her into the parlour with a half-sullen, half-bewildered air, and the jury gathered about the doorway with inquisitive ears and eyes. Irene declined to let the door be shut; what she had to say all the jury might hear no less than the coroner himself.

It still wanted several minutes to half-past three. Even supposing the inquest had taken place punctually (which was not very likely), it had occupied considerably less than half-an-hour. By inference, therefore, it had been essentially of a perfunctory nature, since what time had been allowed for investigation?

"Do I understand that you have already returned a verdict of accidental death?" asked Irene.

"We 'ave," said the coroner.

"Why?"

"Why, what else could it be? A chap's found drownded in the water——"

"Would it not be more correct to leave out the word drowned and say simply found in the water?" said Irene in clear tones. The coroner stared out of his fishy eyes, but he was too stupid to go from the only answer he was prepared to give.

"An' there's no evidence of nothin', an' no one come forrard to identify the copse."

"What evidence have you, then, that the death was accidental?"

"Why, dear me! it may just as well 'ave been a murder, if that's what you mean; all I say is, we've no evidence of nothin'."

The stupid indifference of the man to any principle of justice in his conclusions angered Irene.

"Was there not the mark of a blow on the head?" she asked.

"Somethin' o' the kind. Knocked 'is 'ead as 'e fell, most likely."

"Have you had a doctor to examine it?"

"Doctor? No. What good 'ud 'e do? The man's been dead ten days or more."

"Have you been to look at the spot where the body was found?"

"No. What good 'ud that 'a done?"

Irene did not trouble to answer his questions. What she wanted was to establish the fact of these omissions. It was becoming more and more clear to her that this careless indifference of country folks concerning dead bodies found in their brooks and bushes was a matter to be reported elsewhere. She was sure Harry Trevanion would think so, and at any rate she would like to tell him all about it.

"You say no one has come forward to identify the corpse. Have steps been taken to let anyone know? Has there been time for anyone to come?"

"That's no affair o' mine," said the coroner. "The superintendent sees to that."

"I should like to see the body myself," said Irene. She felt that if she were going to take up a cause she ought to be armed at all points, however unpleasant it might be to herself.

The coroner stared simply because it was wholly outside the range of his experience that a lady should want to view a dead body at an inquest. He could not recollect any lady ever having desired to do such a thing before. But his habitual indifferentism speedily came to the surface.

"You can see the body if you like, though I don't know but what it's out of rule after the verdic'" (this was thrown in as a sop to his own dignity). "But bless you! I don't care. It won't make a bit o' difference."

So the youngest member of the jury was deputed to conduct the lady into the room where the inquest had recently been held.

Then a strange thing happened to Irene. She stood by the table on which the lifeless body was extended; with her own hand she raised the cloth that covered the face of the corpse, and found herself gazing on the dead and partially defaced features of Harry Trevanion.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON AND OFF A PACK-SADDLE IN CENTRAL JAPAN.

PART II.

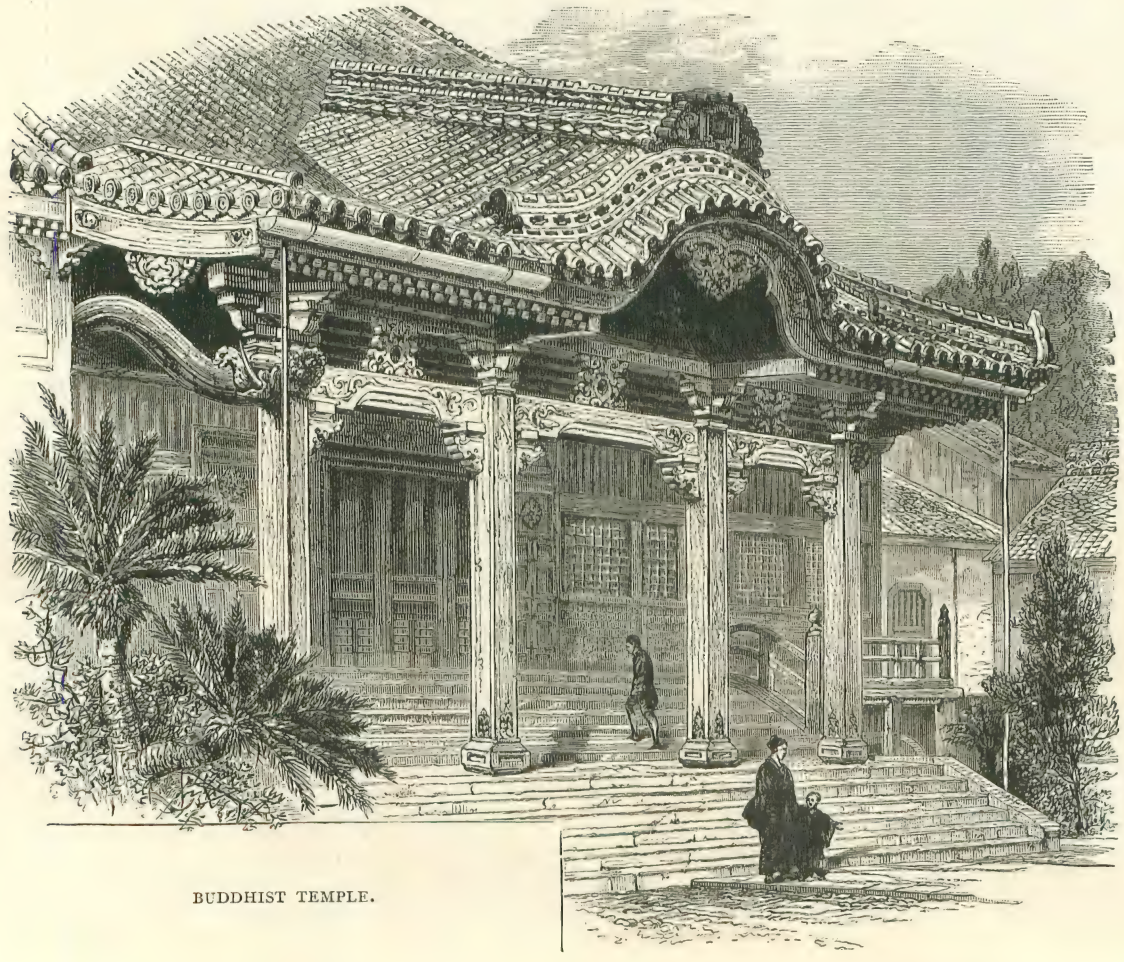
FOUR-AND-TWENTY straw shoes for the horse and a dozen straw sandals for the man had dangled from the saddle bows and formed a fringe all round the pack when we started from Nikkô. They had been worn out and shed on the mountain path, and a fresh supply was now tied on. My umbrella and some parcels, one of which contained my guide-book and vocabulary, though not worn out had also been thrown off and lost. Fortunately my passport was safe or I should have been forced to turn back. That document is essential to travellers. It is expressly stated that it must be shown on demand to officials, innkeepers, and the head men of any village one may happen to pass through. Every tenth man I met seemed to constitute himself an official for the moment, and to save trouble I generally carried my passport stuck in my belt like a revolver. In lieu of the missing umbrella I procured a *bettô's* hat, a big straw affair like the lid of a round hamper, and tying it on top of my own forth we fared along the valley which at every turn grew more picturesque. Unhappily the rain came on and the shades of night fell early. In the hill-country it never rains but it pours, literally, and notwithstanding the efforts of the *bettô* who wrapped me and my traps and the horse in oiled paper, and bound us round with twine, a huge ungainly package, I was soon wet through and gladly fell in with his suggestion that we should put up for the night at a village instead of struggling on to Gogo.

The houses were everywhere shut up within their wooden guards. A gentle knocking, a short parley outside one of them, and a shutter was slidden back. The *bettô* took off his hat in the rain and bowed to his knees. I was lifted down somehow, I think by the ankles; ragged paper, dripping cloth, soaked hats and boots were removed before I was permitted to step on the nicely matted floor. A wadded coverlet was spread on the mat, tea was brought, and I was given to understand that the hot bath, prepared every night in Japanese households, was at my disposal. One tub of boiling water suffices for the whole establishment, each taking his turn from the eldest or most honourable, to the least. Guests fortunately take precedence even of great-grandfathers, and I enjoyed this privilege. It was rather awkward for me with my slender knowledge of Japanese to find the bath prepared in the general living-room, and difficult to make the family understand that I must perform my ablutions in private, but nothing to the awkwardness which befell me later on. Supper, of eggs and rice, had been served (on a tray on the floor), and the bed, a couple of coverlets folded in two laid on the matting, and doubled up under a counterpane that was much too short for me. I was just dropping asleep when a panel of the paper wall was pushed aside and the landlord entered with the *bettô* and proceeded to make his bed! It might be the custom in that far eastern land for servants to sleep at their employers' feet, but if so, I would be a nonconformist. I did not know the Japanese for "Get out," and any way it is a mortal insult to use the imperative tense to a native of that country, and I had been warned never to do so. I could only wave my hands towards them in sign of negation. They looked puzzled, and hurt I thought, and in desperation I pushed at the coverlet and cried, "*Gayanaro—Gayanaro*" (good-bye, good-bye). Answering politeness obliged them to return this valedictory address with many bows, and their ready wits jumping to the conclusion that after saying farewell the proper thing to do was to go away, they took up the bed and departed.

A glorious, sunnv morning succeeded the wild, wet night. A fresh horse and leader were engaged to conduct me to Omama where I meant to take the train to Maebashi, but time being of no consequence in the Land of the Rising Sun, and bargaining the only pleasure in a *bettô's* daily experience, the best hours of the early day were lost arranging preliminaries. My words were few on these occasions, and invariable, but they went a long way. "*Mma, Omama,* Ikura?*" (Horse; Omama; how much?) Then, "Too much; abate your price, please," this last sentence being repeated at intervals for an hour or two until the *bettô* or jinricksha puller came down to the authorised road tariff, finally, "*Yoroshee*," which means agreed, all right.

The sun was high when we started, and hot. The fresh horse, a little "female one," seemed a very frail foundation for the pack-saddle

* Or the name of my destination.



BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

flanked on both sides by my baskets and bundles, but carried us all bravely. The groom treated her with marked consideration, turning aside from the rough, storm-torn highway, rutty and stony, to a charming bridle path, which, first crossing the river, led through a sylvan country, in and out among the hills at the far side. Past comfortable homesteads and funny little rice mills, through orchards and mulberry groves, under live oaks and silvery birches we paced, now and again getting peeps at the river, white and swollen, rushing through its narrow valley far below. Past a high-roofed temple whose surrounding wood of stately cedars crowned a hill above, through a graveyard thronged with stone lanterns and images of Buddha enthroned on the heavenly lotus; across a farmyard, down a sheer descent to the river here broken into cataracts, the path ran to join the main road. Out from the hills and through a park-like champain, and Omama, a very long and absurdly wide street, with houses so diminutive that, small as my mare was, I could see into the attics (which were also the first floor) as we jogged along for a mile to my *bettô's* favourite tea-house where, being late for the last train to Maebashi, he had planned that I should remain all night. It was a particularly clean and sweet-looking inn, white matted and white-and-silver-papered, but after so many hours on the horns (wooden and iron-tipped) of a pack-saddle I wished for something to sit on other than the floor. The place was crowded and my passport greatly in demand, chiefly as an excuse for looking at the foreign lady over its rim, for in some cases I noted that it was held upside down. The landlord desirous of retaining me all night, as an advertisement perhaps, would give no help in finding jinrickshas. There were two young men in uniform in the throng, genuine officials. To them I appealed. They may have been generals in the army, or lords of the admiralty, or clerks in the telegraph or railway office, for the Japanese are as much given to wearing uniform as the French. They may have been Daimios in court dress, for they looked surprised at my audacity. But they had inspected my passport, and knew from it that the government had taken me under its protection for two months, provided that I did not "cut down trees, or ride furiously on horseback to a fire," or force my way where there was no thoroughfare. They were representatives of the government. Disdaining to bargain they simply ordered two jinrickshas, one for me, one for my baggage, and in a lordly tone fixed the charge.

A MORNING'S OUTING.

The overawed ricksha-pullers ran the whole fifteen miles to Maebashi without stopping. That town is situated at the foot of Akagisan, whose southern slope seems to spring directly from it, and owes its prosperity and importance to the silk industry which flourishes all around. The route from Omama passed through a well cultivated district, a sea of waving corn, with islets of great trees or little shrines, each in its cedar grove. To the right front, the Haruna Mountains, behind which Ikao is situated, on the east the Mikkôsan, to the west the Usui Pass, with the ever lively volcano, Asamayama, towering above it, wreathed in smoke.

JAPANESE STRAW HAT.

The friend I proposed to visit lived in an inn somewhere in the town. I had no other address, and inns were innumerable. There was a second foreigner in the place, a gentleman in charge of the government school, and happily I knew the word for school. As we rolled over the handsome bridge, which is the pride of Maebashi, the street *gamins* for the only time in my experience showed themselves of a like nature with their European cousins. They hooted and jeered, the coolie hat which I still wore umbrella-wise, being too overpowering for the restraints of inbred politeness. It had served its day and had only cost twopence; I could afford to throw it away, then bowing gracefully I said, "*Chu Gakko*" (college). An intelligent youth grasped the idea that I wanted to go thither, and instructed the ricksha-men as to its whereabouts.

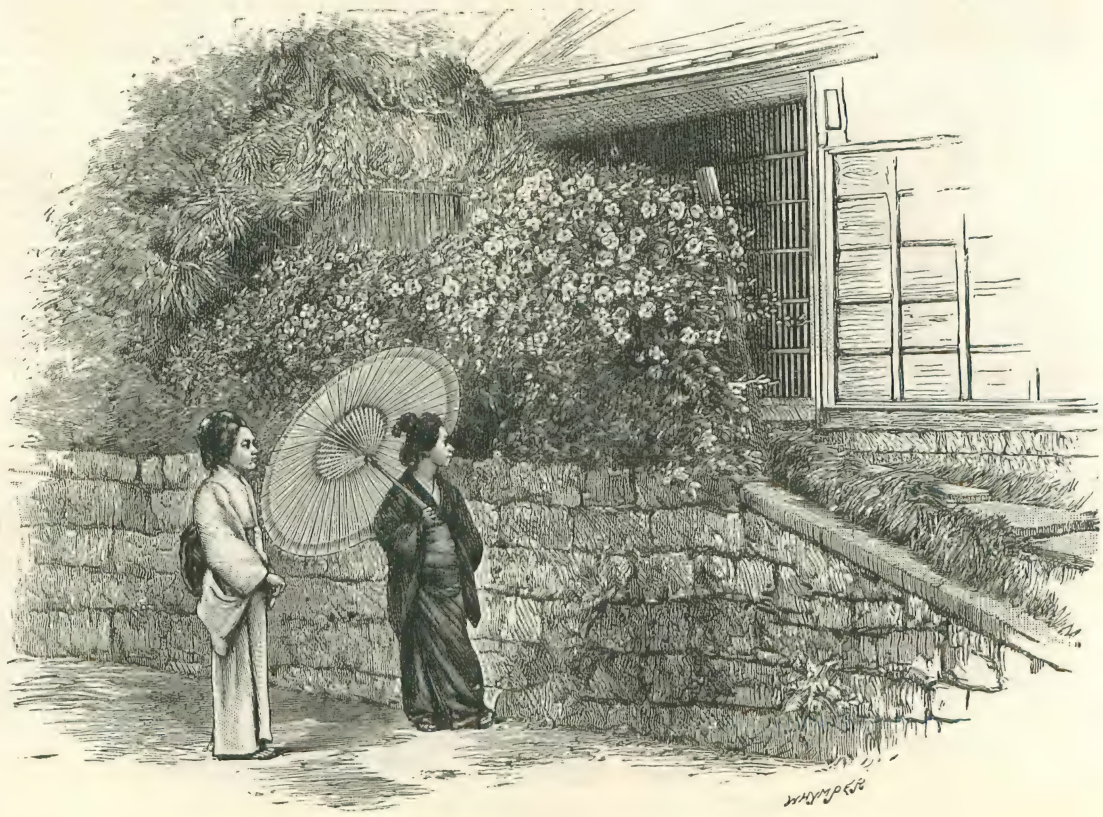
Arrived at the school we found it closed, but a student was picked up who guided us to Mr. J——'s house, and that

JAPANESE MOTHER AND CHILD.

gentleman kindly accompanied me to Miss S——'s lodgings, two rooms on the first floor of a tea-house. Shoes had to be removed and left outside, Japanese housewives not allowing mud, or dust, or high heels to touch their floors. Then we walked upstairs straight into my friend's apartment. She was a missionary, living alone in a semi-Japanese fashion, teaching English for five hours daily in a girl's school, in the hope of gaining an influence over her pupils, and inducing them to come to her Bible-classes in the afternoons. Instruction in the Christian religion is not permitted in Japanese schools, and teachers are obliged to enter into an agreement not to attempt to introduce the subject during school hours. After hours it is optional on the part of the scholars, and as a true, earnest, kindly teacher can generally win the regard of her classes, and make them solicitous of her counsel and help both in school and out of school, many missionaries are working in this way.

A couple of cane chairs, some boxes of books, piles of newspapers from the dear homelands in the corner, a table with a shawl for its cover, a crowd of photographs, and a big blue-green jar of clematis and lilies, gave a homelike aspect to one room; in the next, a wooden chair or two, a screen, and a pile of coverlets on the floor indicated the bedchamber—the washing apparatus was downstairs in the outer hall, and the back verandah served as dressing-room, I subsequently learned. Beef, and bread, and milk were obtainable, but when alone, Miss S—— lived on Japanese fare chiefly, which does not include those luxuries, and consists mostly of rice, eggs, and eel soup, or pickled eel. They have a great variety of vegetables, and fish abound in the rivers, but for some inexplicable reason the above-named articles of food were invariably served to me in country places. As I had left my vocabulary on the Ashiwo Pass, I could not ask for a change, although the sight of "the cucumbers, and melons, and the onions, and the leeks, and the garlick," growing in profusion around me, stirred my soul, as the remembrance of them in Egyptian "fleshpots" did that of the children of Israel in the wilderness. Miss S——, however, averred that she liked the simple fare, and plied her chopsticks with a will.

For the next two days it rained incessantly. Then there was a lull in the downfall of which I took advantage to get to the railway-station. The road to Ikao was flooded and impassable, but the north-western railroad to Yokogawa, at the foot of the Usui Pass, ran through Maebashi, and Kirizumi, a newly-opened and wildly beautiful summer resort, with mineral springs, and hot baths, was situated in a romantic valley, among the mountains, a few miles to the north of Yokogawa. At the top of the Usui Pass, 3000 miles above sea-level on a glorious plateau, stood the town of Karuizawa. There the north-western resumed its interrupted way, and ran right on to the northern sea, and there, too, some missionaries to whom I had introductions were spending the summer vacation. Either place could be reached by horse or jinricksha from Yokogawa. The lull in the storm was brief, the rain came down in torrents, presently blotting out the landscape. Yokogawa when reached—in about an hour and a half—looked like a double line of canal boats gone adrift by mischance, and tumbled down a waterfall. Neither horse nor jinricksha, nor inviting tea-house was visible, when according to rule the officials expelled me from the platform. But a party of ladies rushed through the flood from a dirty, ill-smelling shop across the street, to catch the down train, and one of them, a very pretty young American, stopped midway to ask if she could be of use as an interpreter. I said I wanted to get on to Kirizumi, whereat she looked amazed. "Kirizumi," as I afterwards learned, means, the "valley of the piled-up mist," and doubtless she thought Yokogawa watery enough for the present. Or Karuizawa, I added, I had friends there, the W.'s, who would put me up for a night. They had just come down from Karuizawa, she said, her party that is, fleeing from the tempest that was raging there. Here her friends called out that she would miss her train. She ran into the station and I made my way to the shop they had come from, rightly calculating that it must be an inn, dirty though it seemed, and weather-beaten. Dirty it was, and battered, and storm-torn, but the people were kind. Tea, rice, and soup, were brought and served on bended knee, and a young man fetched from the telegraph office to inquire my will and pleasure, while I sat on the floor with the supper trays strewed round me on the matting. His comprehension of English speech was small, but he made me understand I had better remain where I was until morning. The accommodation was poor, certainly, the ceiling so low that my hair brushed against it when I stood upright, the paper walls shattered in many places by the wind and rain, but the roof-tree remained intact and water-tight, while the tempest raged, and the rain still fell in torrents. "Notwithstanding the



VISITORS.

proverbial cleanliness of Japanese inns," saith the guide-book, "those little pests, fleas, will intrude, and travellers will do well to carry good insect powder in their bags." I always did, but the fleas seemed to have grown accustomed to it, or provided themselves with antidotes. When, by misadventure, one of them came under the stupefying influence of my Dalmatian powder, his neighbours at once jumped to the rescue, and their plan was to walk him about as if he were suffering from an overdose of laudanum until animation returned. I did not sleep in that room that night, I merely abode there.

The storm, which I afterwards learned was the outer edge of a typhoon which did immense damage in the Sea of Japan, abated suddenly about midnight and the day broke on a cloudless sky. In the early dawn the following letter, written in pencil on a strip of paper four inches wide and a yard and a half long, was handed me made up in a neat roll.

"Madam. Excuse me, I was very rude last evening, but I thought you were troubled which you could not speech in Japanese langages and this hotle master did not understand English, therefor I could not put you alone in my kindly heart.

"I wish to tell you something which did you need, but I can't tell you English well therefor I don't gave you content, a little. I am very, sorry. I am very sorry, thereby this morning I heartily wish to see and show you something for your travelling course, but I can't it because I have very busy task in railway office. So then I will write to you following notes.

"You believe me. God bless you, farewell.

"Notice 1. If you want to go to Karuizawa you'd better to ride on tram-cart and you ought to pay fourty sents for cart price, and out of this, besides this, you shall payable for your bagages, (this price will be fixed bagages went by tramway officer) therefor both payment will be one yen, about.

"Notice 2. Tram-cart will be arrived at twenty O'clock in this noon at to Karuizawa.

"I advise you do not try some horseback, it is very dangerous because as you know this road is very bad.

"Notice 3. If you wish to go to Kirizumi you will be better to hire a jinricki and a cooly (or carrier for your bagage) a jinricki price is eighty sents from here to Kirizumi and a carrier is fourty sents. 80 + 40 = 1,20 yen sen.

"Two jinricki are cost one yen sixty sents 80 + 80 = 160.

"Notice 4. For this hotle you are payable eighty two sents, this side is dear, remember Japanese people are very truefulness.

"Your obedient servant

"A. Y."

His "kindly heart" must have kept the good soul up all night composing this epistle. Despite his advice and the expostulations of the "hotle master," I tried "some horseback" when bright and early in the morning. Hearing that the road to Karuizawa up the Usui Pass was really very bad, I elected to visit the Valley of the Piled-Up Mist. We had scarcely left the long, straggling, stony streeted town behind and turned aside from the steep ascent of the Pass into a deep narrow valley down which a mountain torrent coursed, when my steed fell lame. All pretence the *bettô* gave me to understand, sheer cussedness and temper, but the pace was uncomfortable, and as I had seen that the pack-saddle was simply girdled on to the ill-shaped beast with a straw rope, I dismounted and walked on up the valley, which rapidly narrowed into a wild ravine. Presently there was a shout, and, looking back, I beheld that ill-conditioned steed prone in the torrent. He had deliberately put his foot in a rut and tumbled down the bank, and now lay with his head and legs sticking up, the pack-saddle and my two large basket trunks forming a system of life-buoys beneath and around him. He had chosen his place wisely. There was a tea-house at hand with a little field attached. Some wayfarers resting in the one lent their aid in detaching and fishing up the pack and packages, and, finding his bed stony without them, he soon scrambled out, and was sent to dry himself and frisk about in the other, while the unhappy *bettô* shouldered my traps, from which the water was pouring in streams. The money for carriage was to be paid in Kirizumi, and as I was now marching forward in that direction he followed.

The ravine became a gorge, a mere cleft in the mountain, the precipitous sides rising sheer up from the river. The narrow path had been cut along its back on whichever side a foothold could be obtained, crossing the torrent on bridges when necessary. Presently we reached a point where the first of these bridges used to stand. It was gone, swept away, a boiling, foaming current, broken into fury by huge rock in its way, tore round the curve. We sat down in dismay, and looked at it hopelessly. It was humiliating to turn back, but what could a weak woman do in the face of a raging river and a precipice? Up came our friends from the tea-house—men of resources, with homes beyond the flood. They brought the slender trunk of a fallen tree with them, and clambering down to the brink of the stream, pushed one end on to a rock in mid-current, then running lightly along it, notwithstanding their stiff wooden clogs, made signs to me to follow. Having but little of the monkey nature remaining, I hesitated. The *bettô*, already as wet as he could be and careless of further ducking, dashed across, and, leaping from rock to rock, gained the farther bank. I started to follow. At once two men retraced their steps, and held up by one on each side, I got over somehow. Then the trunk was drawn in and pushed along to another rock, and so on, until we reached the other side. So far, so good, but at the next crossing-place also the bridge was gone, and there was no fallen tree available. The *bettô* hoisted my baskets high on his shoulders, splashed into the river, and waded through. The men calmly undressed. Fortunately the weather was cool, and they wore thin woven vests under their flowing garments, and these they retained as water would not hurt them. What was to become of me? Return to Yokogawa was cut off, I would not take off my clothes, and under no circumstances dared I venture into that rushing, angry, boiling torrent, where the men were now buffeting the waves. Again those kindly creatures came to the rescue. One of them sidled up as I stood shivering on the brink, two others with a quick movement shoved me on his back, and then, as he staggered under my weight, seized his arms and guided and upheld his tottering footsteps. As for me, once embarked in this unusual manner, and happy in the consciousness that there was no spectator, I climbed as high on his shoulders as possible, and gathered up my feet, indeed I think I carried them on my back during the transit.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute. Every bridge along that gorge was gone, and again and again I forded the stream, pick-a-back, as a matter of course. At last we reached a point from which, far as the eye could see, no path was visible—it also had been torn away.

(*To be continued.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

At Karachi there came the first interruption to the smoothness which had hitherto marked the journey. Lady Haigh had expected to be met at this point by the gun-boat which was under Sir Dugald's orders, and was generally occupied in patrolling the Shat-el-Arab and the Persian Gulf for the protection of British interests, and she had intended to make a triumphal voyage and entry into Baghdad by its means. Instead of the gun-boat, however, there came a telegram from Sir Dugald to say that the services of the *Nausicaa* were imperatively required in the opposite direction, and that the travellers must therefore come on in the ordinary way. Unfortunately, however, they had missed the regular steamer to Basra, and Lady Haigh, who had developed an extraordinary desire to have the journey over, insisted that they should take passage on another that happened to be starting. Charlie Egerton protested loudly against this, declaring that he knew what those wretched coasters were like, ramshackle old things, creeping along and touching at all sorts of unheard-of ports, and staying for no one knew how long. They would probably reach Basra not a day sooner than if they had waited for the next steamer, and if they were fated to lose time on the journey, why not spend it at Karachi, and take the opportunity of showing Miss Anstruther a little of India? But here Lady Haigh looked at him with mingled sorrow and impatience, and simply reiterated her determination to press on.

The voyage on the coasting steamer was a new experience to Cecil. The vessel was old, the cargo mixed, the crew also mixed, in fact, everything was mixed but the society, and that was extremely select, since it was confined to their own party. The captain and mate, overawed by the presence of two ladies on board, withdrew themselves as much as possible from the cabin, though they fraternised with Charlie, as everyone did, when they could get him alone. Day after day the vessel steamed past the same low shores, with coral-reefs stretching out to sea, and

ranges of low hills in the distance behind. Several times, during the first part of the voyage, it touched at queer little towns of square, white flat-roofed houses, with high towers, where the inhabitants could catch what wind there was, rising up among the feathery date-palms. There were Englishmen at all these places, telegraph officials, clerks and agents, who talked Anglo-Indian slang, and did their best to render life endurable by all manner of Indian expedients. After this there was a considerable stretch of coast without any port, and the captain and mate developed an inclination to take things easily, and to let the ship look after herself. The first result of this was that the steamer ran ashore one night, taking the ground quite quietly and gently on a reef connected with an archipelago of small islands. The captain blamed the mate, whose watch on deck it was, the mate blamed the captain, who knew these waters better than he did, and both united in blaming the steersman, the charts and the compass. The blame having been thus equitably distributed, the belligerents agreed to bury the hatchet, and try and get the ship off, and as it appeared to be necessary to shift the cargo for this purpose, tents were constructed for the passengers on the nearest island. To these they were very glad to retreat, for the ship had heeled over to such a degree that the floor of the cabins was a steep slope, at the foot of which everything from the other side of the room gradually collected.

Here, then, on this nameless island, with its palm-trees and its spring of water, were all the materials for a latter-day idyll. A shipwreck, a desert-island, a prolonged picnic, everything was complete, and yet one or two things spoilt it altogether, so that the episode would scarcely be worth mentioning save to show how Lady Haigh's schemes went wrong. Charlie did not fail to remind her that he had counselled her to wait at Karachi, and pointed out that she, at any rate, would have been much more comfortable there. Their desert-island was so far complete that there was even a likelihood of pirates in its neighbourhood, although Cecil, who had a robust and healthy faith in the past exploits of the British navy, and in the *Pax Britannica* established in Indian waters at this period of the century, could never be brought to believe that Charlie was doing more than trying to frighten her when he mentioned them. The greatest drawback to the place was its extreme smallness. There could be no exciting explorations, journeys made in single file through dense forests, right into the heart of the island, because there were no forests, and so very little island. There could be no hope of discovering volcanoes, caves, traces of previous inhabitants, wild beasts, or any other commonplaces of desert-island travel, because there was no room for them. If Lady Haigh was in her tent and wanted Cecil, she knew that she must be either sitting in the shade outside, or standing under the palm-trees looking out to sea, for there was nowhere else. Again, there were no hardships, not even the semblance of any. The ladies were not so much as obliged to make their own beds, for besides their two maids, there was one of the ship's stewards, a Zanzibari boy, who was always on shore at their service. On board this luckless youth was perpetually falling from the rigging or into the hold, and he was sent on land to keep him from doing any more damage to himself or to other people. No doubt it would be pretty and idyllic to describe how Charlie Egerton picked up sticks and lighted the fire in order that Cecil might prepare the breakfast, but it would not be true, for in the first place, there were no sticks, but a portable stove brought from the vessel, which burned petroleum, and in the second place, the ship's cook was still responsible for the meals. In fact, this was a shipwreck with all the modern improvements.

"HERE, THEN, ON THIS NAMELESS ISLAND."

Perhaps it was this fact which rendered the relations of the castaways different from those usually observed under such circumstances. The crew did not go off in the boats, abandoning the vessel and the passengers, nor did they broach the rum-casks. They worked as hard and were as obliging and respectful as before, and brought queer fishes and shells for the ladies to see when they found them. When the captain and mate walked along the reef at night to what was still called the "cabin dinner," they still ate in silence, and when the meal was over, the mate felt it his duty at once to go and see what the men were doing, and when he did not come back, the captain invariably went to see what was keeping him, and did not come back either. As for the men, they appeared in great force on Sunday evening, when hymns were to be sung, and again one week day, when a concert was got up after work was over, the sailors in their clean clothes, with very shiny faces and very smooth hair, and the Lascars in gorgeous raiment of all the colours of the rainbow, but otherwise the passengers saw less of them than they had done on shipboard.

The archipelago to which the desert-island belonged was not all uninhabited. There were two good-sized islands in it which supported a considerable population, and the castaways made two expeditions to the larger of these. The people were all bigoted Moslems, who testified extreme horror at the sight of

the unveiled faces of Lady Haigh and Cecil, and regarded the whole party with feelings of lively disapprobation. Their own women were wrapped up from top to toe whenever they ventured out of doors, and their faces were additionally protected by a thick horsehair mask, so that it is possible that it was the discomfort of this arrangement which made the men fear a domestic rebellion as the result of the visit of the Frangi ladies. For the rest, the islanders lived a good deal on fish, and apparently also threw away a good deal, and dried a considerable quantity for future consumption, which made their streets unpleasantly odoriferous, and there were few attractions in their surroundings to counterbalance this, until, in extending the area of their observations, Cecil and Charlie made a great discovery. Lying among the hills which backed the little town was a valley filled with prehistoric ruins, and beyond this again an ancient cemetery. To Cecil this find was as a trumpet call to utilise her detention in a way which would command the gratitude of the learned world by demonstrating, possibly finally, the real origin of the Phœnicians, and Charlie required little persuasion to induce him to help her. Accordingly, they returned to the island the next day, prepared for business. Photography was not practised then as it is now, but Cecil intended to sketch the ruins, and Charlie was to hire natives to begin excavations under his direction. Unfortunately, these proceedings did not meet the views of the inhabitants. To them it appeared certain that the strangers were going to search for hidden treasure, with the necessary result of exposing the island to the wrath of the defrauded ghostly guardians of the spoil, and they expressed their dissent so strongly that the baffled explorers were thankful to be able to return to their boat in safety, the people hurling maledictions and more substantial missiles after them. This is the reason why, so far as Cecil is concerned, the Phœnician problem remains still unsolved.

"I could soon make friends with those island fellows if I had them by myself," remarked Charlie as they rowed away, with rather a wistful look back at the shore.

"But, my dear boy, why don't you, then?" cried Lady Haigh, with marked inhospitality. "Go over by yourself and live among them until we get the ship off. We could easily let you know when we were ready to start, and we should get on quite well without you."

"Yes, do go if you would rather," said Cecil.

"It's likely, isn't it?" was his sole reply, and no more was said. Under ordinary circumstances, Lady Haigh felt sure, he would have been off to those islanders for a week or a month, even though it had involved the sacrifice of all his interests in life, and the fact that he did not succumb to their attractions now showed that there was some very potent influence at work to detain him. What that influence was, Lady Haigh had no difficulty in guessing. Charlie's behaviour as his cousin's escort had been most exemplary, but she did not flatter herself that it was her society he sought. Charlie could never have been anything but a gentleman, but the assiduous way in which he had attended upon Cecil and herself since they had left Cairo bespoke something more than mere politeness. He had found out the way to catch Cecil's attention now, and he used it. He was full of the most enthralling anecdotes and stories, narratives of his own adventures, and accounts of the queer people he had met in his wanderings, and he proved that his tales were as potent to interest a graduate of London University as a knot of listeners in a Cairo coffee-house. It was he who, by his extraordinary yarns, whiled away the long days on the island, and they were very long sometimes, for both ladies were anxious to reach their journey's end, and chafed somewhat at the enforced detention. Happily there was no fear that the interruption to their voyage would cause anxiety to their friends, for the ways of the coasting steamers were known to be so erratic that no one would think of theirs as missing for a long time, and by that time they would probably have been picked up by the next regular steamer from Karachi, but to Cecil, who was nervously anxious to get to her work, the delay was a weary one. Under these circumstances Charlie's power of discoursing for hours together came as a great relief. Cecil laughed at him in public, and in private teased him occasionally, in a dignified way, about his extraordinary flow of conversation, and yet felt, though she never confessed it to herself, that Baghdad would not be quite the land of exile she had pictured it, and endured the long delay very philosophically on the whole.

"I really think that Azim Bey will be grown up by the time I reach Baghdad," she said one day, when the crew had been patiently shifting and re-shifting the cargo for some time without producing any perceptible effect on the ship's position.

"Are you afraid of getting out of practice, Miss Anstruther?" inquired Charlie. "Because I shouldn't a bit mind your keeping your hand in by teaching me a little. We could get up a stunning school-room by putting one of those flat rocks for a blackboard, and you could instil some mental philosophy and moral science into me. They never could make me learn any when I was a boy, and what I've picked up since is entirely practical and quite contrary to all received rules, so that I should be glad to learn how to think properly."

"Nonsense, Charlie," said Lady Haigh, wagging her head wisely; "Miss Anstruther is anxious to get to her proper work, and doesn't want to waste her time on you. If you really want to please her, help the men to get the ship off, so that we can go on again."

"Cruel, cruel woman!" he cried. "No sentiment about Cousin Elma, is there, Miss Anstruther? Well, after that, if my humble efforts can do anything, we shall not be here much longer, though the mate did remark airily, when I offered to help, that they didn't want any landsmen meddling about. But at any rate, if we wait two or three months longer, we must be picked up by the mail."

As it happened, the mail came in sight that very evening, and at once hove to in answer to the signals from the stranded ship. By the united efforts of the two crews the coaster was got off, and at length proceeded on her way, to the great joy of the majority of her passengers. With Charlie Egerton, however, it was otherwise, for not only did he regret the pleasant time which was past, but there was a look in Lady Haigh's eye now and then which betokened a lecture in store, and as he guessed what would be the subject of this, he made it his constant endeavour to avoid it.

"I really feel quite sorry to leave our island now, don't you, Lady Haigh?" asked Cecil, as they stood on deck, watching the tops of the palm-trees disappear beneath the horizon. "Our life there has been so quiet, a sort of pause between our hurry in starting and the new work to which we are going."

"Nonsense, my dear Cecil; you are just like a cat. You can't bear to be moved," said Lady Haigh, with more force than politeness. "There are some people who would grow sentimental on leaving a prison, if they had only been there long enough."

Such impatience was so rare with Lady Haigh that Cecil sank into an awed silence, and sentimentalised no more over the island. The second part of the voyage proved to be as safe and pleasant as the first part had been disastrous, and the captain was merciful enough to make only short halts at Bushire and Mohammerah. When Basra was reached, it was found that the services of the gun-boat were not yet available, and as there was little in the town, half-busy and half-ruinous, to allure to a longer stay, Lady Haigh swallowed her pride sufficiently to let Charlie take passage for the party in one of the steamers plying to Baghdad. They were again the only passengers, and were accorded a sort of semi-royal honour which amused the two younger members of the party very much, but which seemed only natural to Lady Haigh. The river voyage was very pleasant, especially when they left behind the Shat-el-Arab, which was scarcely to be distinguished from the sea, and entered the Tigris. Villages half hidden in forests of palm, long rows of black Bedouin tents pitched in the more open spaces, and the people themselves, wild and suspicious enough, but rudely prosperous and in a way well-dressed, afforded constant interest to Cecil. Even better was the distant view of the mountains of Luristan, which was obtained about midway in the journey, the lofty summits covered with perpetual snow towering above the nearer expanse of feathery green and the swiftly-flowing river at its foot. Cecil sat so long trying in vain to reproduce in a sketch the full effect of the contrast that she worked on into the twilight, and was forced at last to desist with a headache. Upon discovering this fact, Charlie showed

himself so assiduous in moving her deck-chair about for her, and in trying to arrange her cushions more comfortably, that the sight seemed to irritate Lady Haigh.

"My dear," she said at last to Cecil, "you will never be better on deck here. You are tired out. Go to bed at once, and then you will wake up fresh and well to-morrow."

Cecil smiled an assent, and after wishing the others good-night, disappeared into her cabin. Lady Haigh waited impatiently until she had been gone some little time.

"Charlie," she said at last, in a low voice, "I want to speak to you."

"Yes, Cousin Elma?" he made answer, without any suspicious show of alacrity. "What a start you gave me, though! I was thinking."

"What about?" asked Lady Haigh sharply. Then, as his eyes involuntarily sought the direction in which Cecil had disappeared, "the usual subject, I suppose? Charlie, I always foretold that when you did fall in love you would go in very far indeed, but I didn't guess how far it would be. This is what comes of not caring for ladies' society."

"Exactly. One lady is enough for me," he returned, "present company always excepted, Cousin Elma, of course. But seriously, did you ever know anyone like Miss Anstruther?"

"Now we are well launched into the subject on which I wished to speak to you," said Lady Haigh. "Allow me, Charlie, as being in a certain sense Miss Anstruther's guardian, to ask you your intentions?"

"To speak to her to-morrow if I can only get her alone, and marry her as soon as possible, if she will have me," he replied promptly.

"So I thought. Well, Charlie, all I have to say is that you are to do nothing of the kind, however often you may manage to see her alone."

"Really, Cousin Elma, I believe that Miss Anstruther is of age, and capable of managing her own affairs."

"Don't put on that high and mighty manner, Charlie. I am advising you for your good and hers. Do you know anything of the footing on which Miss Anstruther stands here?"

"Once or twice she has mentioned some sort of agreement to remain a certain time, but I imagine it would not be difficult to get that set aside."

"My dear boy, that is all you know about it! Miss Anstruther is solemnly pledged to remain in this situation for two years. In some sort of way, I am her security for doing so. Now, I ask you, as an honourable man, would you be acting rightly if you induced her to break this agreement, or could you respect her if she showed herself willing to break it in order to marry a man of whose very existence she was not aware when she signed it?"

"Very well, Cousin Elma. I will be satisfied with a two years' engagement, then."

"You will have nothing of the sort with which to be satisfied, Charlie. I will not allow you to speak to Miss Anstruther until the two years are over. Then, if you like, you can say what you want to say before she signs the second agreement to serve for three years more. I will leave the matter in her hands then, and you shall have your chance, but you are not to speak to her now."

"And may I ask the reason of this extraordinary prohibition?"

Charlie's tone was dogged and haughty, but Lady Haigh answered unflinchingly.

"Consider, my dear boy. Let us suppose first that Cecil accepts you. You know that she is in a very delicate position, and will need in any case to walk very warily. You know what the Baghdadis are, you know the miserable scandals which circulate so wonderfully among the foreign colony in such a town as this. To have her name connected with yours would at once destroy all the poor girl's chances of success, while afterwards her position will be more assured and she will know better what she is doing. Leave her in peace for these two years, Charlie; surely it is not such a very great thing to do for her sake. It is important for her to obtain her salary undiminished, too. You will see her once a week at least, so you will know that she is well and happy, but don't disturb her in her work by trying to make her fond of you."

"What next?" cried Charlie. "But you know she might refuse me, Cousin Elma. What then?"

"I think it is most probable that she would. She takes an interest in you, Charlie, but I don't believe she cares for you at all in the way you want. Well, you know that she is to spend Sunday at the Residency whenever she is at Baghdad. Now do you think that she would find any peace and comfort in her Sundays if she were always obliged to meet a rejected lover with reproachful eyes? You would make her life a burden to her."

"I might go away," he murmured, dolefully enough, for it is one thing to despair of your own chances, and quite another to have them pronounced hopeless by someone else.

"Yes, and sacrifice your prospects irretrievably just as Sir Dugald has got you this post in the hope that you would do better here with him than you have hitherto. I suppose you would intend such a move as a gentle intimation to poor Miss Anstruther that your ruin lay at her door? No, don't be furious, my dear boy; I only say it looks like it. You would go away with some of those wild Arabs or Kurds, I presume, but would that be much better than living a civilised life at Baghdad, and seeing Cecil every Sunday?"

"You are too horribly practical and calculating, Cousin Elma. Not to speak to her for two years is dreadful. How can I stand it?"

"It's better than being refused, at any rate," said Lady Haigh. "But you know, Charlie, I can't promise that she will listen to you then, even if she has learnt to care for you. She is a very conscientious girl, and quite feels, I believe, that she has a special mission here."

"Hang missions!" cried Charlie rebelliously. "Pretty girls have no business with them. Why can't they leave them to ugly old women?"

"Like myself, I suppose?" said Lady Haigh. "Thank you, Charlie—no, don't apologise. Well, you see, if Cecil believes that she has a mission to finish Azim Bey's education, she will probably feel bound to continue it for the five years specified. If she thinks it her duty, I believe she will do it."

"So do I," said Charlie seriously. "I had rather not be weighed in the scale against Miss Anstruther's duty. I'm afraid I should go to the wall. But five years, Cousin Elma! Do you know how old I shall be then?"

"Nonsense!" cried Lady Haigh, "what's five years at your time of life? It's we old people who can't spare it. Why, anything may happen in five years."

A good deal was to happen, more than either Charlie or Lady Haigh anticipated.

"Well," said Charlie, "at least I shall see her once a week. I must live on that, I suppose, and endure the rest of my time. Now, Cousin Elma, I have listened to you a good deal, so you must just listen to me a moment. Did you ever know a girl like her, so sweet and gentle, and so awfully good? I believe she could do anything she liked with me, and she doesn't see it a bit. You know what I mean; she doesn't seem to understand compliments, she always wants to talk sense. And the worst of it is, that whatever I say now, she never thinks I'm in earnest. I know it's my fault; you've told me over and over again not to talk so fast, but I can't help it when—well, when I particularly want to make a good impression, you know, and now she won't take me seriously. And I don't want her to think that I am always playing the ass—what can I do?"

"If you ask me," said Lady Haigh, "I think it is a very good thing, for your own sake, that you have now two years in which to show Cecil that you really are in earnest. She has always taken life very seriously, so that you are rather a new experience to her, you see, but I think she is beginning to understand you better, if that is any comfort to you."

"Thanks awfully, Cousin Elma. I know it's all my own fault. You mustn't think I want to reflect on her. She's unique, but she's absolutely perfect."

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, you are a sad fellow!" cried Lady Haigh. "Now, good night."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

R. H. M.—Many thanks for your kind letter. Doughnuts are cooked in hot fat, generally lard. When of the right heat it will stop bubbling; then test it with a bit of the dough, which should rise to the top directly, and the underside will begin to brown. The doughnuts are made with one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, one cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda and some nutmeg. Add flour till stiff enough to roll out, not too stiff, however, or leave the dough so soft that you can drop it from a spoon into the boiling fat. If you prefer to roll the dough out, cut it into squares or strips of about an inch wide and three or four inches long, and roll them round before dropping them into the fat. Serve either hot or cold as you like; they can be reheated.

Annie Wood.—If you want to give your children a nice wholesome fruit dish without much pastry, grate some stale bread—of which there are often small pieces left—and slice as much again of apples, or double as much would be better; butter a mould, line it with sugar-paste, strew in a layer of crumbs, sprinkling in a little sugar, then lay in the slices of apple, the cores removed, and a few scraps of butter. Another layer of crumbs and another of apple slices will probably fill the dish. Lastly, cover with crumbs and bake well. Another sweet dish which can be made with either stewed apples or with any kind of preserve is called "Swiss Toast," and is excellent, being very nourishing as well as agreeable. Cut some square slices of bread from a tin-loaf (if you have one) as thick as your finger. Lay them in milk to soak through in a flat dish, and before too soft, lift them with a flat kitchen slice and place in a white japanned frying-pan and fry lightly in some butter. When firm and of a light brown remove to a hot flat dish, and lay the preserve or stewed apples over each slice. If desired, some thick cream may be poured on the top.

Young Housekeeper.—It is not difficult to make "hotch-potch." Make a stock from the ribs or neck of mutton (or lamb), but reserve some of the chops. Divide the short from the long bones, and cut off most of the fat or the ingredients and gravy will be greasy. Cook the meat for a shorter time than the rest, and add it when ready to serve. Chop some lettuce and parsley, also turnips and carrots, four of each, and a few young onions, and boil all together for an hour. But twenty minutes before they are done, add a cauliflower cut in small sprigs, a quart of shelled peas and a pint of young beans. Of course, all these ingredients can be procured in the summer, but at other seasons you can only make the best of what you can get. Bottled peas you can always obtain.

Three Spices.—Genoa cake is made with ten ounces of flour, half a pound of butter, and the same of sugar, three ounces of candied peel, two ounces of almonds, six ounces of sultanas, a teaspoonful of baking powder, five eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Cream the butter, add the sugar and cream again, add all the other ingredients except the almonds, eggs and baking powder, then add the eggs, beating in one at a time. Then add the almonds, and lastly the baking powder. Bake in a shallow tin for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Love.—We are glad to hear you love your schoolmistress, but do not make, like some girls, an idiot of yourself, and avoid indulging in jealousy, which is an odious passion, tempting us into the commission of all kinds of evil.

Manuscript.—A tall slight person, as a rule, looks best in a wide-brimmed hat.

Cherry Blossom.—In thanking your friends for your wedding-presents, you should say, "How kind you have felt it on their part, how much you value it, and should enjoy using it for their sakes." It ought not to be difficult to frame a pretty note on such a pleasant occasion. Write two or three first of all as patterns, and use more ink and a broader-nibbed pen.

Beryl.—Apply to the Secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, London, W.

Maxwell (Scotland).—Address, The Lady Superintendent, Sloane Gardens House, 52, Lower Sloane Street, Chelsea, S.W., and also the Secretary, Ladies' Residential Chambers, Chenies Street, Bloomsbury, and York Street, Bryanston Square, W. These are the two we suppose you mean by your inquiries.

M. Adamson.—We have pleasure in giving our readers a notice of your Amateur Guild for Young Gentlewomen, to give them the practice they desire in "story-writing." Annual fee from 1s. to 2s., age upwards of ten years. We are glad to hear of such a society, as so many of our young correspondents appear anxious to enjoy this kind of recreation. It is desirable to practice under advice and correction, so that their composition, grammar and spelling may be attended to. Address Miss Adamson, Oaklands, Lansdown Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Lois.—We cannot say whether any such arrangements be made in other Students' Homes in London; but at that conducted by Mrs. Heap and Miss Simon, at 37, Sinclair Road, Kensington, W., special ones are made for students requiring to remain in residence throughout the year, for being taken to the seaside for a change during the holidays.

Ena.—When receiving a prize or certificate from a member of the Royal Family, remove the right-hand glove, and before receiving the award make a curtsy—not in drawing-room society style, but a short, straight down bend of both knees, like that of a charity-school girl. This is according to strict etiquette. When walking with your family and a man raises his hat in passing, it is to be regarded as a general salutation, and you should bow slightly, even though personally unacquainted with him.

Nina.—As a rule we recommend the change of pleating, or the addition of some kind of trimming, or a new breadth, by way of repairing any damage done by fruit or other stains in a dress. Grease may be removed by the application of French chalk rubbed into the wrong side.

N. E. L. D.—We do not approve of young girls and young men making acquaintance at places of public amusement, and we think that girls cannot be too careful and cautious in their behaviour under every circumstance of life. All introductions should be effected through a third party, because it gives some guarantee as to the good character and respectability of a new friend.

Espérance.—"The Rev. William Smith" is quite correct.

Little Tuk may write as many tales as she likes—it is a very good amusement for her, provided she does not neglect other things of more importance, nor expect to blossom into a celebrated authoress in six weeks' time.

Marion Grace.—We think you use far too strong a soap for your face, if it becomes red and tender after the using. Try a little oatmeal instead of any soap, or "oatmeal soap," or use some of a very delicate kind once in two or three days. Both the recipes seem good ones and quite harmless. "Lanoline" is very good for the skin.

Ignoramus.—The telephone is not a discovery or invention of modern times—far from it; but a fuller acquaintance with scientific principles has developed and perfected it. We owe the original idea to the Chinese, who called their apparatus "listening tubes," which conveyed whispers to a distance of about forty or fifty feet. An improvement on this toy-telephone was made in 1662, by one Chiang Shunshin, of Haichou, in the reign of Kang-Shi, and a "thousand-mile speaker" was produced. This instrument was considered of "extraordinary merit," and information respecting the origin of the invention was given, several years ago, at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, at Shanghai. You need not style yourself an "Ignoramus" as to the history of the telephone, for we imagine that comparatively few are aware of its Chinese origin. In the United States, at some 750 miles' distance, a conversation was maintained about six years ago (1889), *i.e.*, between Portland, Maine, and Buffalo, State of New York. Probably, greater distances are now traversed by the improved telephones.

A Troubled Girl.—We cannot recommend any particular doctor. Any one of good repute and experience could prescribe for indigestion. You do not require a specialist. Hours, diet, rest, exercise, bathing, occupations, place of residence, and personal characteristics and constitution are all to be taken into account, and advice given accordingly.

Augusta Sibly.—We do not imagine that the old-fashioned head covering, or appliance fixed to a bonnet to shade the eyes from the sun, called "an ugly," could now be found. They were too cumbersome and unbecoming to be of permanent employment. But at any shop where children's white-drawn bonnets are made, you could obtain one made to order, giving a description such as that in form they should resemble—the bowed front of a bathine-machine hood.

Agnes D.—You had better remain as a housemaid, as your spelling and mode of expressing yourself are so little like what they should be. If you would like to be trained for dairy-work, you might obtain instruction and employment, supposing that you proved efficient in it. Or else laundry-work might suit you. But it is not desirable to leave a good place, and "exchange a certainty for an uncertainty." Look before you leap.

Kate Woolven.—Try methylated spirits for cleaning the carpet, or with ox gall. Perhaps at some large druggist's store you might find a preparation of it, of German manufacture, made up in balls or cakes. To clean grease from men's coats, wash with cold water and soap.

Miss Smith.—When postage is supplied for the return of a manuscript it will be returned. We do not invite contributors to this paper, though we sometimes take articles that are not by our regular staff of writers.

Middy.—*J'avance*, "I advance," is the motto of the Clayton family.

Bermondsey Lassie.—Doubtless, all the human race is divided into men and women; but the distinctions of class—so ordained of God's Providence—are as truly existing as sex itself. "The powers that be are ordained of God." Christianity did not do away with these distinctions, nor give to every man and woman alike the "*ten talents*" *to trade* with; but only half the means, the influence, the power, and the responsibility, to some represented by the "five talents;" and to others, again, He has given but one; and "shall not the Judge of all the world do right?" "Shall the clay say to the potter, Why hast thou made me thus?" The term "lady" is a corruption of the old Saxon title given to women of patrician rank, signifying "the bread-giver"—a benevolent vocation, for which they were distinguished in behalf of the poor, when the thousand charitable institutions which the higher classes in this country have since inaugurated, and support, were not yet in existence. Thus the "ten" and the "five talents" have been (so far as benevolent efforts for the needy are concerned) most liberally superadded to the private bread-giving of our English ladies of the olden times.

Housemaid.—To prevent the flies from soiling paint or other things with spots, lightly wash it over with water in which a bundle of leeks or onions have been soaking for a week. This operation should be repeated twice in the year.

Marion.—Be very careful in the use of quick-lime. The proportions of this element for whitening linen, and water, should be, we should say, one pound of it two gallons of water.

Young Botanist.—All poppies are certainly not poisonous. The gay, red field species is not so, though slightly narcotic. The black variety is, on the contrary, quite wholesome, and used in India as a substitute for olive oil. It is a sweet oil that is obtained from it, which is not narcotic. The poisonous species is the white variety, sometimes seen in England, which yields opium, valuable for medical use, but which is a deadly poison. It is this, made into cakes, which is taken by the Chinese, and destroys thousands, after having rendered them utterly incapable of any profitable exertion of mind or body during their miserable degraded lives.

Ancient.—The Bible containing original notes by the commentator, the Rev. Thomas Scott, must have a special value on that account; but we cannot tell you what demand there may now be for such a book. You should show it to a librarian who deals in old and rare books—such are to be found in London. Your own librarian would give you addresses.

Reader of the "G. O. P."—Our experience leads us to believe that when chilblains are treated in the hydropathic way (with hot and cold water), as we have often told our readers, the hands recover their natural appearance, the chilblains never break, and neither redness nor swelling remain to disfigure the hands in a permanent way. Wear gloves day and night—loose kid ones, or of chamois leather—and rub in some grease of a suitable kind, such as "Lanoline," every night until your hands recover their natural colour.

F. E. had better consult a hair doctor—a specialist—as we cannot advertise lotions and hair-dyes.

Lena.—We congratulate you on your success in regard to the Puzzle Poem "Our Christmas Tree." You write very well as to size and legibility, as well as to general prettiness.

A Troubled One and Mary.—Having been troubled by ants in the house ourselves, we found that continual washing of wooden shelves with a strong solution of alum and water was successful in keeping these pests from them, especially if you have some plates of treacle or damp sugar made accessible to them near at hand. Have you tried the latter for beetles? Also, if you have no cat or dog, you might sprinkle some good vermin destroyer (of which many are advertised), placing it along the wainscoting in the kitchen and basement rooms.

Anxious Enquirer.—Your handwriting is not formed. You should practise daily to form your hand on the basis of a good small-sized copper-plate copy-book. In reference to the drying of the bulbs of the arum lily, lay the plants, when they have done flowering, against a warm wall, cover the bulbs with earth, and let the plants die down.

Mother's Girl.—We thank you for your contribution to the "Princess Louise Home." Your writing is double the size it ought to be. It is gratifying to hear of your warm appreciation of our paper.

Mac.—See our own articles on "The Duties of Servants" in the various departments of domestic work.

Judy.—You will ruin your violin if you wash it with soap and water, or the latter without the soap. We believe that violinists usually prefer to leave the dust of the resin upon the instrument, and do not think that it does any harm on the bow.

Milly.—There is no "cure" for what is called a "fixed colour." It is constitutional and generally hereditary.

SUMMER'S PLEASURE, WINTER'S TREASURE.

The air is fragrant, warm and still,
  The streaked red apples bend the bough,
  Rich piles lie stacked for winter now,
The harvest's reaped from field and hill.

We move along the winding road,
  And scan the tender distance blue,
  Where lie our hopes in keeping true
In fancy's silent fain abode.

Needs must this glory vanish quite?
  The sloping shadows on the grass,
  The birds' low curtsey as they pass,
Needs must they die in winter's night?

All loveliness brings near to love,
  As Plato taught the men of old,
  And memory cheers in winter's cold
And lifts our frozen hearts above.

'Tis Summer's wealth makes winter's store
  As happy lovers laugh at pain:
  And all the beauty, fruit and grain
Arm Earth to face the Winter hoar.

C. M.

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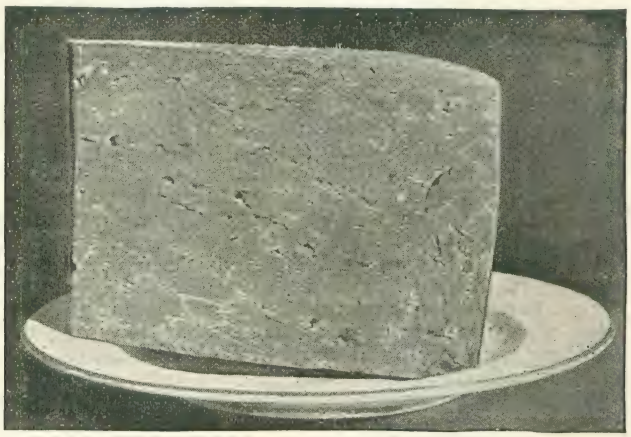
CHEESES: ENGLISH AND FOREIGN;

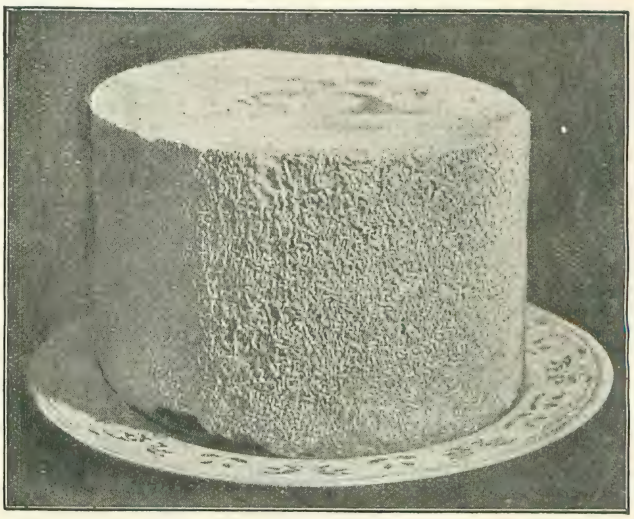
AND HOW TO RECOGNISE THEM WHEN SHOPPING.

FOREST CREAM. YORK CREAM.



DOUBLE GLOUCESTER.

CHEDDAR.



STILTON.

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HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

FAMILY JARS.

"I DECLARE those children are really unbearable!"

"I can't see because Bernie has a broken arm—which he got by his own naughty disobedience—why he should be so horribly spoiled, and why all three should be allowed to make the whole place a perfect bear-garden!" and Guinivere looked quite angrily towards the house, from whence a distant but all too audible sound of crying and wrangling proceeded.

"Poor little monkey," said Beatrice with more good temper. "It is very hot, and I daresay he feels fractious. It must be very trying for a child to be cut off from almost all his games."

Guinivere's face took a rather ugly expression—as pretty faces will do when ugly thoughts come into the owners' minds.

"Of course it's your *rôle* to defend everything that Bernie does, and be so charming and sweet! We all know how you have suddenly taken to be a sort of upper nursery-maid since Dr. Salisbury has been in attendance! It's all very well to play the affectionate elder sister, but you needn't think to throw dust in our eyes like that!"

"No, indeed!" put in Mysie fretfully. "I call it very marked. I wonder you haven't more proper feeling than to be always in the way just when Dr. Salisbury is coming. I'm sure he must notice it, and it isn't at all nice!"

Beatrice looked from one sister to the other, first in simple astonishment, but then with a quick flush of anger as she realised that the two had been discussing her together, and had trumped up a notion that she was "running after" the doctor.

Beatrice was good-tempered in the main, like most very healthy girls; but she was quick too, and as a child had been passionate as well as outspoken. Besides, she had always been good to the little ones. It was nothing new for her to be in demand when one amongst them was ailing. She was so strong and had such merry ways, that she was very helpful with the little ones, as her stepmother had often found. Since Bernie's accident she had been much in the nursery helping to keep him good; and as she had clever fingers and plenty of nerve, and Bernie expressed a preference for her handling of his arm, she always made a point of being there when Dr. Salisbury was to come and look at it. It had never entered her head that anybody could make ill-natured comments about this, and her anger flamed up at once.

"How dare you say such things!" she cried hotly. "I suppose you just go and judge everybody by your precious selves! As if everybody didn't know by this time that Guinivere thinks of nothing but being noticed and admired! As for you, Mysie, I should have thought you'd have more sense! But girls are all alike!" Beatrice spoke as though she, at least, did not belong to that despised class. "They think of nothing but men, men, men, from morning to night! I wish there were no men in the world, except just to play tennis with, and so on. They spoil everything when they come! We used to have such nice times altogether, and now everything's getting spoiled, and all because Guinivere can't bear anybody to look at anyone but herself—any man I mean. It's hateful and odious! I wish all the men in the world could be sent off to a desert island together!"

It was now Guinivere's turn to be angry. Beatrice had flamed up because the accusation brought against her had been an unjust one. Guinivere was aroused to wrath through the feeling that the cap fitted her only too well.

"How dare *you* say such things!" she retorted. "I wonder what papa would say to you if he heard! I don't know what's come to you, Beatrice. You are so cross and disagreeable and—and—well, yes—you are quite vulgar in the way you speak. I wonder what you of all people would do without men. You care for nothing but mannish things yourself, and always get amongst the men everywhere! And then you turn round upon me! You'd better look at home first, I can tell you."

How long the quarrel might have lasted, and how far mutual recriminations might have extended must be an open question, for at this moment a servant appeared from the house and addressed Beatrice with the words—

"If you please, miss, Dr. Salisbury is here."

The angry colour was still hot in Beatrice's face.

"Well, what if he is?" she answered rather sharply.

"The mistress sent me to tell you, that is all, miss," replied the servant.

Beatrice sprang to her feet, and seized the tennis bat which lay near.

"Tell the mistress that I am off to play tennis. I can't come," she said in the same quick, imperious way, and turning her back upon the other two, who looked a little foolish, Beatrice marched off with her head in the air, whilst Guinivere rose and said to the servant—

"You need not give that message. I will explain to your mistress how it is."

Guinivere walked to the school-room where the doctor was talking to his small patient, Mrs. Wilberforce hovering anxiously over him. She looked up as Guinivere entered and said—

"Where is Beatrice?"

"She had to go out to keep an engagement," answered Guinivere sweetly. "She did not know Dr. Salisbury was expected; I wondered if I could take her place for once."

"I heard her voice in the garden just now," said Mrs. Wilberforce doubtfully, noting with apprehension the ominous curl in Bernie's lips. "She cannot surely be far away."

"She went just now. She seemed rather in haste. She had her bat in her hand. You know when it is a case of tennis nothing will stop Beatrice."

"I particularly asked her to be in this afternoon," said Mrs. Wilberforce rather nervously, "because Dr. Salisbury said he should want to work the elbow joint a little. Beatrice has so much more nerve with the child than I have, and he likes her to hold his arm. I can't think how she came to forget!"

"Can't I hold him instead?" asked Guinivere gently. "I will do my best, if Dr. Salisbury will show me how."

"Oh, we will manage if this little man will be good and reasonable," answered the doctor cheerfully; but Bernie's mouth drooped at the corners, and he resisted Guinivere's attempts to console him by crying out fretfully for Beatrice.

Altogether it was rather a troublesome piece of business. Guinivere was neither strong nor managing, and her thoughts were with herself and the effect she might be producing on the doctor all the time, instead of with her little brother, who had all a child's sensitive shrinking from possible pain, and who wanted altogether a stronger sort of treatment than he got from his mother, or from the sister who took so little notice of him at ordinary times.

However, Dr. Salisbury had plenty of patience, and though he missed the ready comprehension and competent assistance of Beatrice, the affair was managed in time. Bernie was left weeping in his mother's arms at last, and Guinivere went downstairs with the doctor, to come face to face with Beatrice only a few paces away from the hall-door.

Guinivere's face suddenly flushed, but Beatrice looked up with perfect *sang froid*, as she returned his salute in a very off-hand manner.

"We heard you were out, Miss Beatrice, we wanted you rather badly just now," said the doctor.

"Did you?" she answered indifferently. "I was out, but there was nothing going on, so I came back again. I can't always be at the beck and call of a spoiled child!"

"Certainly not. I think it is Mrs. Wilberforce who suffers most on these occasions. Bernie always rends her heart by his cries in your absence. He seems to think we are killing him!"

"Oh, if he is such a little goose I had better stay away altogether," said Beatrice with considerable brusquerie of manner. "It is too ridiculous altogether. I have no patience with such nonsense."

Dr. Salisbury looked at the girl with some attention. He had seen Beatrice in several moods, but never like this. There was something hostile in the glance of her clear hazel eyes, and

something which sounded personally aggressive in her tone of voice.

"Children's fancies are sometimes rather tiresome," he said, "but a sick child deserves a little extra attention, and it is not altogether fancy with Bernie. You do handle him with more skill than his mother—who is so terribly afraid of hurting him—and he misses the skill when it is withdrawn."

"He will have to miss it then," answered Beatrice with the same defiant indifference. "I cannot be at his beck and call all day. It was all his own fault that he hurt himself at all. He must take the consequences of it. I never was cut out for a nurse, and never shall be!"

The girl passed on into the house. Dr. Salisbury lifted his hat and went on his way quite convinced that there was an under-current here that he did not understand, and wondering what had caused the sudden change in the merry, kindly Beatrice. Guinivere followed her sister back into the hall, her cheeks flushed, her face full of disquiet, and exclaimed reproachfully—

"Oh, Beatrice! how could you?"

The girl turned upon her with flashing eyes. "Could I what, pray?"

"Why, go on so. How could you speak as you did to Dr. Salisbury? Whatever will he think of you?"

"What do I care what he thinks? What business has he to think anything? I have a right to do as I please, I suppose, without being answerable to him or to you either!"

"Oh, Beatrice, how you do go on! What a temper you have got!"

"Well, I don't think it's for you to complain if I have! It was you who fell foul of me for being civil to that creature, and for being ready to help mamma with Bernie. And then when I go away, and tell him that I have done with that nonsense, you round on me again just as though it wasn't all your doing! I should like to know what you do want of me! Am I to go on as I did before, or am I not!"

Beatrice had a merciless frankness in her way of stating matters when her temper was up, and liked to drive her adversary into a corner by a downright question such as the above. Guinivere on the other hand liked to skim over the surface of things without making any definitions, and Beatrice's method seemed to her little short of brutal.

"How you do go on!" she exclaimed impatiently. "There never was such an unreasonable termagant. Can't you see any difference between throwing yourself at somebody's head, and not being decently civil to him? You were so rude to Dr. Salisbury just now that I was positively ashamed of you!"

"You'd better take care what you say!" cried Beatrice with flashing eyes. "Throw myself at his head indeed! just because I held Bernie's arm when mamma asked me! Well, I'll take precious good care I never do it again! And as for being rude! I shall be just as rude as ever I please, if being commonly civil brings such disgusting ideas into people's heads; and if papa notices I'll tell him flat out what has been said to me. I've a great mind to tell Dr. Salisbury himself! It would just serve you right if I did!"

Guinivere quailed and shrank back as she always did when Beatrice worked herself up into one of her real royal rages. She was in terror lest the girl should carry out her threat; but before she could speak another word their father was seen approaching up the drive, whilst the angry voices had attracted the notice of Mrs. Wilberforce, who was hastily descending the stairs to see what the matter was.

"Oh, Beatrice, are you in? They said you were out. I wish I had known. We did so want you just now. Dr. Salisbury——"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I know all about it, but I am sick of Dr. Salisbury, and he must really learn to do without me. I can't be always at his beck and call. I'll go to Bernie now if you like, but I always did hate doctors, and I won't have anything more to do with this one."

Beatrice ran up the staircase two steps at a time, and slammed the school-room door behind her. Her flushed face and angry eyes told a tale of their own, and Mrs. Wilberforce looked appealingly at Guinivere and asked—

"Whatever is the matter?"

Guinivere looked pale and was on the verge of tears; she generally did dissolve in that way whenever Beatrice got into one of her tempests.

"I can't think what came over her to-day. She is just in a tantrum. She has been cross and snappy for a long time. I think everything seems going wrong!" and Guinivere turned away and wiped her eyes, and not caring at that moment to encounter her father, she turned into the nearest room and made her escape out of the window there into the garden.

Mr. Wilberforce came in and saw by his wife's face that something was amiss.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked, as he laid down his hat and his gloves. "Whew, how hot it is to-day! Has the heat upset the household too?"

"Oh, William, I think things are going wrong altogether, and I don't know how to stop it. The children are running dreadfully wild, and they seem to be getting beyond me. Bernie's arm takes up my time, and the other two get into mischief, and Mysie complains that their noise distracts her, and I can't wonder at it. And I can't get them to look at their books this hot weather. I don't know how it is, but things seem to have reached a climax. And my time being so taken up with them, I don't think I do justice to the girls. Both Gipsy and Freda seem to me to be in need of a little more guiding and advice, and I never seem to have a moment for them. I don't know how it is, but there has been a want of peace and harmony in the house lately. Norah spoke of it only the last time she was here, and I feel to have no time to look into things or try to mend matters."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Wilberforce with his customary calmness of manner, "I have long foreseen that you cannot always continue the care of the three boys which has been so dear to you. It is a well-known thing that boys do grow beyond their mother's management after a time. That matter can soon be set right however. We must have a good governess for them, and then your time will be more at your own disposal. We have spoken of this before, I think."

"Yes, and perhaps I should have been wiser to give way before, but I thought I could manage to teach them their little lessons without the additional expense of a governess."

"I know you did, and it answered well enough for a time, but the time seems to have now come when we must make a change. I have been aware latterly of some cloud over the household. I have not been able to define it, but I have felt the jar. Perhaps it comes from the boys developing in one direction and the girls in another. It may certainly be high time that the mother should have more leisure to look into matters. We will see at once about engaging a suitable teacher for the children."

Guinivere was feeling the disturbed atmosphere of the home life as much as anybody. In fact it was partially due to her own sense of flatness and general disappointment that things had gone so much at sixes and sevens just lately. The fact of the case was that Mrs. Masham had gone suddenly up to town to visit her sister, Lady Reffel, and although she spoke of making her visit a short one and coming back to inaugurate a regular round of gaieties at Willington, yet for the moment the house was shut up and all pleasant things had come to an end. So Guinivere, who had been basking in the sunshine of her petting and adulation, felt as though something had suddenly been taken out of her life which made all its happiness. There chanced to be an unwonted lull in the simple gaieties of the neighbourhood, and the girl was in deadly fear lest the Reffels should carry off her friend to some foreign places of gay resort and all her dreams of ambition should thus be shattered at a blow.

These fears and this sense of flatness after so much pleasurable anticipation had reduced Guinivere to a state of irritation and temper most unusual with her, and had brought about this quarrel with Beatrice, a thing which seldom happened, and which was anything but agreeable to either.

Just at this moment Guinivere felt as though everything in life had failed her. She was like a child whose playthings are all broken, and after the excitement of the encounter with her sister, she felt as though nothing was left to her but to cry her heart out in solitude.

This was her ordinary climax when upset, and she ran out into the garden and was soon sobbing like a child in a secluded arbour, where she was not likely to be disturbed.

She was so much engrossed in her own misery that she never heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and only looked up with a start when she heard her own name pronounced.

Then her eyes met those of Roger Howel fixed upon her with an expression which she never remembered to have seen in them before.

(*To be continued.*)

CHEESES: ENGLISH AND FOREIGN;

AND HOW TO RECOGNISE THEM WHEN SHOPPING.

By AN OLD LADY.

CHESHIRE.

PART I.

CHEESE is one of the most valuable articles of food for those who are in a good state of health, but should be partaken of very sparingly by those who are dyspeptic, or possess weak digestions, for this reason—although cheese is an extremely nourishing food, it is not very digestible. This defect may be partly remedied in hard cheeses, by pounding in a mortar with a slight admixture of fresh butter, or with mustard and vinegar; in some parts of Kent this used to be called "cheese crab," though we have not heard the expression used for many years. However, it is not under any circumstances the kind of food for very delicate people, as it undoubtedly requires good health and a hearty appetite. It may be a question whether at any time cheese is advisable at the evening meal, though how many thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen take "just a mouthful of bread and cheese" before going to bed.

Nearly every country in Europe makes cheese of one form or another, and in America the manufacture of this valuable article of food is enormous. The finest cheeses however are produced in England, France, Holland, the north of Italy, and Switzerland, as these appear to be the only European countries which manufacture the "hard," or keeping cheese of fine quality.*

The principal cheeses made in England, are Stilton, Cheshire, Cheddar, Gloucester, Wiltshire, and Leicester; two cheeses somewhat resembling Stilton are also made at Wensleydale in Yorkshire, and Cutherstone in Northumberland. These are all hard or keeping cheeses, though, owing to its creamy texture, Stilton is sometimes regarded as a kind of intermediate cheese, though it is in point of fact just as much a hard cheese as Gloucester; it only really differs from other hard cheeses from the fact that it contains more cream than other kinds, for it is not only made of "entire milk" (*i.e.*, milk which has had none of the cream taken from it), but has added to it a portion of the cream of the preceding day's milking. Of course the amount of cream used in a cheese adds to its richness.

With regard to the manner in which cheese is made, we can only give the barest outline. One of the component parts of milk is a substance called "caseum," which when separated from the milk by chemical means, becomes a dry substance of an amber colour. It is usually coagulated by certain acids by the flower of a plant called "Ladies' Bed-straw" (*Galium verum*), or by rennet formed from the gastric juice taken from the stomach of the sucking calf. During the past few years calves' rennet has been to a large degree given up for an artificial liquid rennet called "Anglo-American." As it is sold in a liquid form, it saves a great deal of trouble and keeps well, but whether it makes better cheese is a question open to dispute. When cheese is made with calves' rennet, only the inner coat of the stomach is applied with the gastric juice; all other substances must be carefully removed. When the matter is taken out of the enclosure it should be most carefully examined, and any substance except curd removed; it is then replaced and mixed with a quantity of salt. These skins, or "vells" as they are called, are dried until they become like parchment. They are then soaked in the warm milk. A very important thing in cheese-making is to extract all the "whey" from the cheese, and there are most elaborate modes of doing this; breaking up the curd several times, pressing in wooden boxes full of holes, inserting sharp skewers in every direction, and various other methods are had recourse to. Another very important matter, is the amount of heat to be applied to the milk when the solution of the rennet is mixed with it. Stilton cheese has a certain amount of cream mixed with the milk. Gruyere cheese is entirely made from quite new milk, and Parmesan from skimmed milk. Various substances are used to colour cheeses; saffron, annatto, marigold flowers, and carrot juice. Cheddar and Stilton are not coloured, Cheshire very slightly, but Gloucester and Wiltshire deeply. In Holland muriatic-acid is used instead of rennet to curdle milk.

Now all this is of course only a bare outline of the method of cheese-making. Our girls can of course obtain most elaborate receipts for the process of cheese-making; they have been published over and over again, and one would at once argue that "provided the pasturage is there, the milk there, if these receipts are followed, good cheese is the result."

Now if this were the case, how does it come about that with two farms where the conditions are exactly similar as to soil, climate, cattle, etc., one will produce good cheese, and the other cheese of a very inferior quality? Why should a magnificent cheese be made at Cheddar and not in other equally favoured parts of Somersetshire? Why should an excellent cheese be made in Wensleydale and not in the other dales of Yorkshire? and we shall bring forward a proof that Stilton cheese can be made quite as well in the home counties as the midlands, if people only pursue the right method and *know the secret*, for that there are secrets in cheese manufacture there can be no doubt, and people may purchase the most favourable land, and obtain or rear the very finest cows, and yet fail utterly in producing good cheese. Yet to read some agricultural reports, one would imagine that it is as clear as daylight, and only a matter of "care and study."

Some forty years back we were at Old Windsor, and took lunch at The Bells of Ousley. A most excellent cheese was served, and one of those present complimented the landlord upon it. "Yes," said he, "it is very good, but where do you suppose it comes from?" "Why, I suppose it is a Stilton." "No," said the landlord, "it was made within half a mile of this house!" Some years after, when we were staying in the neighbourhood, our inquiries elicited the following information. The cheese had ceased to be made, because "the family who used to prepare it had died out;" the last member of the family had guarded the secret so jealously, that he died without imparting it, and the secret had died with him, and although many in the neighbourhood, including the then possessor of the farm, had attempted to revive the manufacture of this famous cheese, all had failed, and it had been entirely given up.

An expert in cheeses told us that the manufacture of English cheeses had deteriorated of late days, and to a certain extent this no doubt had led to the overwhelming success of "American" cheese, though he acknowledged this was not the whole cause, as the fact that the cost of bringing cheese from Gloucestershire, or Cheshire, is so far greater than that of importing it from America, that the English-made article is unable to compete with the American; probably, when the manufacture of English cheese has been entirely superseded by American goods, our government may see their way to issuing a commission to inquire into the matter.

Cheddar is the English cheese for which there is the largest market. It is usually about ten to twelve inches deep and fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter. The rind looks almost like marble, clean and glossy, with small veins of a purplish colour all over. When cut it is of a light colour, being unstained, and is of a soft texture. It keeps admirably, and is of a pungent and agreeable flavour; it should be broken rather than cut when served. Cheddar differs from Cheshire in the following particulars. In shape Cheshire is deeper, being higher than it is wide; when cut Cheshire is far more brittle, and slightly darker in colour. This brittleness makes it a somewhat difficult and wasteful cheese to serve, as it is apt to crumble; it should, however, be broken with a scooper, and not cut; but a friend of ours used to say, "If it is your own cheese, cut it with a knife when serving, as it is less wasteful, but if it is the property of another, break it with a scooper, as it is better in flavour when not touched by a knife." We will not undertake to be responsible for the morality of this advice! though of course its meaning is obvious. Cheshire should be kept in a cool cellar, but not too dry, and the wind should be excluded, as it is liable to crack up when dry; if this, however, is attended to, it should keep well, and is better when rather old; a year or even eighteen months is considered long enough for keeping.

Stilton is a very curious cheese, as it is poor, dry, and tasteless when new, but rich, creamy,

* Hard cheese is made in every country, but most of the unknown kinds are deservedly ignored.

and excellent when properly kept. In appearance it is like a small round tower, about twelve inches high and eight or nine inches in diameter. The rind is very rough and coarse-looking; never choose one which is shrunk, or narrower in the middle than at top or bottom, as that is the sign of a poor cheese. See also that there are no cracks or holes in it. Stilton should be kept longer than most other cheeses, and if it begins to look dry sponge it with soft water outside, and also with ale or wine. This cheese is particularly liable to the ravages of mites, which should not be allowed to have their own way. A cloth damped in ale may be tied round the cheese to keep it moist. Some epicures insist that when the cheese is cut, the top should be carefully removed whole, with about an inch of the cheese attached to it. The walls should not be cut away, but the cheese scooped from the centre towards the sides, always leaving about three-quarters of an inch all round. The blue mould, which is so prized, ought, if the cheese is a good one, to form of itself, without any extraneous help; but, as sometimes these cheeses are a little bit "obstinate," and will not ripen properly, people are in the habit of pouring in small quantities of port-wine or Madeira; it is, however, questionable whether this is advisable; probably it does improve the cheese if it is rather a poor one, but if it is a fine, rich cheese, it is better to leave it alone, as the flavour of the blue mould formed naturally is far superior to that produced by any artificial treatment. The cheese should have two cloths bound round it, one soaked in ale or wine, which should be kept damp, so as to kill the mites and keep the cheese moist, and another a clean white napkin, as the inner cloth presents an unpleasant appearance. Some people insist that the top which has been cut off should always be kept on when the Stilton is not being eaten, so that it should never be "with its hat off" except in company! No cheeses vary so much as Stilton, and none has deteriorated so much of late years. The best Stilton we ever ate was given to us by a grateful servant, but a tragic history is connected with it. When this girl first came to us she was very awkward and clumsy, but by careful training, and her own industry and attention, she became a very handy maid. And after some years she left, and took a place where she obtained higher wages than we could afford to give her. One day when she was with the family she was serving, the little daughter of a farmer fell into the sea, and was nearly drowned; this brave young woman jumped in, and, being a good swimmer, saved the child. The farmer gave her a handsome present in money and a Stilton cheese. The latter she sent as a present to her old mistress, with a grateful and nice letter. It is a sad fact that she should herself have died the same death from which she had so gallantly rescued another! For the very money which the grateful farmer had given her, enabled her to complete a sum which she had been saving up, to enable her to go out to Australia, to join a brother who was getting on well there. The season was a tempestuous one, and the vessel never arrived in port; nothing was ever heard of it, and it is supposed that all on board perished! We often speak of poor Charlotte, her curious ungainly "ways" when she first came to us, her patience and industry in correcting them; her good, kind heart, and her sad end.

There are several cheeses made more or less in imitation of Stilton. One at Cutherstone, in Durham, used to enjoy a high reputation, but we have not tasted one lately. Wensleydale cheese, however, is becoming popular in London; it is very like Stilton in appearance, though not so rich and creamy in taste; we would give one caution to those who buy Wensleydale cheeses. They must have no tricks played with them; no wine, ale, or anything of the kind should be poured into them, or they go rotten and become uneatable. We once had a fine Wensleydale cheese sent us by a Yorkshire gentleman. It was in the days when we were younger, and more impatient than we are now, and we thought we would improve what was really good enough, so we put some wine into the cheese in order to hurry on the blue mould; the result was that a few days after, the cheese had to be buried in the garden!

Gloucester cheese does not come much into the London market, though when we were young, "single" and "double" Gloucester were in large demand. The apparent difference is in the thickness of the cheese; the "double" is about eight inches, and the "single" about four, but the double is a richer cheese. The rind is rather a dirty colour, and when cut the cheese is of a darkish-red hue. It is the most highly-coloured of all cheeses, and is rather of a waxy than of a creamy texture. It is essentially a good cheese, keeps excellently, is mild and pleasant in flavour, and its almost entire disappearance from the London market is much to be regretted. We were speaking some time back to a cheesemonger in rather a large way at the West End of London, and he told us that he had absolutely given up keeping Cheshire and Gloucester cheeses in stock, as they were so rarely asked for. "You see," said he, "they have been absolutely driven out by American!"

Another fairly-good cheese, which used to be sold in London, was Wilts, or "North Wilts," to speak more correctly. It is in shape like a Stilton, but is red when cut, being a highly-coloured cheese, like Gloucester. There are several local English cheeses which have never been commonly known in London—Leicester, for instance. It is a small cheese, about four inches deep, of singularly unattractive appearance. When cut it has a very disagreeable mottled look, parts being a deep red and others yellow, suggesting the idea that something has gone wrong in the making. It is, however, a very excellent cheese.

Suffolk cheese is deservedly unknown in London. It possesses every defect known to cheeses; it is flavourless (what flavour there is being disagreeable), it looks unattractive, and is hard and leathery in texture. The Norfolk people, who are very jealous of the Suffolk folks for making cheese, used when we were young to tell a curious story about Suffolk cheeses.* It was said that once a derelict ship was discovered laden with mill-stones and Suffolk cheeses. The rats, after eating all provisions, had in desperation attempted to gnaw the mill-stones, but (with a merry twinkle in his eye the Norfolk yokel would tell you), "Yer see, bohr, they knew tew well to try they Suffolk cheeses!" This is of course a slight exaggeration, and coloured with local prejudice.

There are many other local English cheeses, but they are not of sufficient importance to be described in a single article upon such a subject. There is, however, one Scotch cheese, about which we will say a word or two. Firstly, because it is mentioned by the great Sir Walter, in connection with that most charming character, Jeanie Deans, who, in her sweet simplicity, promises to send the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich some Dunlop cheeses of her own make, in return for the influence he has exercised in saving her sister's life. A friend of ours was most anxious to taste a Dunlop cheese, and had some sent him from Scotland; one was cut upon arrival, and proved a dreadful disappointment, so much so that the others remained in their cases without being unpacked for several months, until at last his housekeeper expostulated, and said that the kitchens were becoming unbearable from the vile odour. The cases were opened, and a terrible condition of things discovered. They appeared to contain simple masses of putrefaction, and we were all in favour of calling in the dustman to remove the nuisance. Our friend, however, was not so discouraged, and, calling for a large knife, he commenced scraping away about two inches round each cheese. The cheeses were then deposited in a cool, dry cupboard, where they remained almost forgotten for nearly a year, until one day a Scotch gentleman happening to be dining with our friend, the conversation got on to the subject of cheese. The Scotch gentleman said we have an excellent cheese, the "Dunlop cheese." Our friend said, "Well, if you would like to have some Dunlop cheese you can, for I have a large cupboard full of them, but I cannot agree with you as to their excellence." One was ordered to be served after dinner, and to the question of the Scotchman, "What do you say about Dunlop cheese now? I think you will agree that we can turn out fine cheese in old Scotland?" we were obliged to acknowledge that we had never eaten finer cheese! The fact is that Dunlop cheese is almost uneatable when new, but goes on improving by keeping. Our friend used to say it was like port-wine, if you want to taste it in perfection, you must "lay it down in your youth, so that you may enjoy it in your old age!"

When in perfection the Dunlop is a fine, solid, rather hard cheese, with veins of blue mould running through it pretty regularly. The cheese is about the size of a Cheddar (at any rate those which we saw were); it keeps well, but should not, of course, be left in packing-cases.

We must caution our readers that, if they want ripe cheese they must keep it a reasonable time. There are many ways of bringing about artificial decay in cheese, such as "inoculating" new cheeses with portions of old ones, but the result is not satisfactory. "Early ripening cheeses" are also made; but the following extract from a speech by the Duke of Westminster does not tell in their favour: "The Duke of Westminster referred to the depression in the Cheshire cheese trade. There could be no doubt, he said, that one cause of this was that too much of the early-ripening cheese had been made in Cheshire. Some farmers who made cheese on the slow-ripening principle had been doing well, and he thought if those who had been following the early-ripening process would produce a keeping article instead they would secure a better return."

We must now say a few words about foreign cheeses and soft cheeses.

(To be continued.)

* Recently cheese-making has received considerable impetus in Norfolk, and we are told that excellent Norfolk cheese was exhibited at the agricultural show at Wymondham.

POLITICS FOR GIRLS.

By FREDERICK RYLAND, M.A.

PART II.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

THE EXECUTIVE. Some people will tell you that the most important part of the machinery of government is the House of Commons. And to a large extent this is true. The House of Commons is, under ordinary circumstances, the representative of the nation during the interval between one general election and another. But the great national representative, or agent, is too wise to be constantly interfering with the details of government. The actual government is carried on by a large number of paid servants of the State, who do their work without much noise or discussion; silently, effectively, and well.

The magistrate and the policeman, the postman and the tax-collector, the customs-house officer, the soldier and the sailor, the judge, the clerk in the public offices whether of the lowest rank or the highest, is really helping to govern the country. These thousands and tens of thousands of officials are doing the actual administrative work, which is absolutely necessary that you and I may do our daily work and take our nightly sleep in peace and quietness.

Let us remember that some gratitude is owing to them for their untiring and conscientious discharge of the duties laid upon them. After all, they are only human; and yet they do their work with almost mechanical accuracy, and with more than mechanical energy. With how few scandals and how few bad mistakes do the great public offices get through their perennial task of providing forty millions of us—nay, four hundred millions, if we take the whole Empire into account—with peace and order and a score of other good things, only less precious!

The chief public offices are—

(1) The Home Office, which has charge of the police, prisons, the health of the public, the inspection of factories, mines, etc.

(2) The Colonial Office, which exercises some regulating power over the colonies, and serves as the proper channel between the colonial governments and the Imperial or central government.

(3) The India Office, which assists in the government of India, and serves as an intermediary below that dependency and the Imperial government.

(4) The Foreign Office, which looks after the relations between our own government and foreign states.

(5) The War Office, which shares with the Horse Guards the administration of the Army.

(6) The Admiralty Board, which controls the Navy.

(7) The Treasury, which looks after the payment of taxes, and thus provides the money necessary.

(8) The Post Office.

(9) The Local Government Board, which supervises the County Council and other local administrative authorities.

(10) The Board of Trade.

(11) The Office of the Secretary of Scotland.

(12) The Irish Secretary's Office.

(13) The Board of Agriculture.

(14) The Committee of Council on Education.

There are others, but these are the chief.

The heads of these departments are members either of the House of Lords or House of Commons. They change with the government, so that the party which is in the majority of the House of Commons has the ultimate direction of every important department of the executive (or administrative) machinery. This secures free intercommunication between Parliament and all parts of the executive. Of this I shall have more to say directly.

Parliament.—The business of Parliament is of five principal kinds.

(1) It is the legislative machine by which all changes in the law of the land are made. Sometimes changes are immediately effected by an Order in Council, that is an order made by the Queen on the advice of her Privy Council instead of on the advice of her Great Council, as Parliament was formerly called. But such changes are, in nearly every case, made in virtue of an authority conferred by Act of Parliament.

(2) It gives authority to raise taxes.

(3) It supervises the administration and forms what used to be called the "Grand Inquest" of the nation, the great and final court of inquiry into real or supposed abuses.

In most of the chief offices, such as the Foreign Office and the India Office, there are two parliamentary heads. To be a little more precise, in such offices there is a Secretary of State, a parliamentary under-secretary, and a permanent under-secretary. The Secretary of State sits, let us say, in the House of Lords, then the parliamentary under-secretary sits in the House of Commons. Both of these change with the government. The permanent under-secretary does not. He preserves the traditions of the office, and coaches up his titular superiors in the business of the office. The two parliamentary heads may know very little about the special needs of the office over which they preside, but they are usually men of business ability, and good speakers.

The first advantage of this curious arrangement is this. It ensures the thorough responsibility of all government departments to Parliament. Any member may ask a question and the secretary or parliamentary under-secretary is expected to answer it. The questions asked during an evening occupy a long time, and sometimes amount to two or three hundred. They cover all sorts of subjects, of all degrees of importance. An enthusiast about prison reform inquires whether on a certain date a certain prisoner was not obliged to do something which it was not strictly legal to require him to do. An enthusiast about temperance wants to know how many convictions for drunkenness took place in a certain district last month. A Post Office reformer has a grievance about the size of post-cards, and asks whether the Postmaster-General's attention has been called to it. A military expert asks about the cartridges issued to a certain regiment. A naval man wants to know if foreign beef is supplied to a naval hospital. And so on, and so on.

Another advantage is, that while it ensures that legitimate curiosity should be satisfied, and errors and injustices should be brought to light, it also prevents undue interference with the work of the executive. A Unionist government is now in power. Just because a Unionist is at the head of a given office, the Unionist majority will not want to interfere with that office. They will trust their man. And the Liberal members may ask questions, but they cannot effectively hinder the work of the office, because on any attempt at a vote of censure they will be outnumbered; unless indeed the error of the department is so scandalous that independent and honest Unionists will vote with the Liberals.

Thus the parliamentary headship of the executive acts in two distinct, and to some extent, opposed ways.

(*a*) It secures thorough parliamentary control.

(*b*) It prevents parliament from constantly interfering in the details of administration, which would destroy the discipline of the departments and introduce disorder into the government.

(4). It practically selects the men who govern the country. To dismiss Ministers is the special privilege of the House of Commons. An adverse vote of the House of Commons is practically equivalent to the dismissal of the ministry. No ministry continues in office after such an adverse vote, except to carry on the business of the country until their successors are appointed. They immediately send in their resignations to the Queen, or dissolve Parliament in hope of securing a more reliable majority in the new Parliament.

The House of Commons not only dismisses ministers, it to all intents and purposes selects them. The Liberal members select their leader, and he, after consultation with others, selects his chief subordinates. In the same way the Conservatives select theirs. When the Liberals are in the majority—that is when there are more Liberals than Conservatives in the House of Commons—the Queen sends for the Liberal leader (elected be it remembered by those of his party who are members of the House of Commons), and he "forms a government," that is, places his chief followers at the head of the different offices which we have just enumerated. These ministers are by constitutional etiquette bound to stick together, and censure on one of them is ordinarily regarded as a censure on the whole.

Practically then the House of Commons may be regarded as selecting the body of men who, at the time, are at the head of the government. Theoretically, no doubt, the Crown selects the ministers. And in doubtful cases some choice is still left to the Crown. But on all ordinary occasions of a change of government the Queen sends for that statesman who is most acceptable to the majority of the popular House.

(5) Finally, Parliament has certain functions of a judicial character, but these are not very important. The "House of Lords" which sits in trial for appeals is not actually and really the House of Peers but a small committee of law-lords, ex-lord-chancellors and others; Peers who have not been lawyers never sit on it. The House of Commons can commit offenders to prison, and assumes jurisdiction in all cases where its privileges are assailed. The House of Lords acts as a court of justice in cases of impeachment.

(*To be continued.*)

something which sounded personally aggressive in her tone of voice.

"Children's fancies are sometimes rather tiresome," he said, "but a sick child deserves a little extra attention, and it is not altogether fancy with Bernie. You do handle him with more skill than his mother—who is so terribly afraid of hurting him—and he misses the skill when it is withdrawn."

"He will have to miss it then," answered Beatrice with the same defiant indifference. "I cannot be at his beck and call all day. It was all his own fault that he hurt himself at all. He must take the consequences of it. I never was cut out for a nurse, and never shall be!"

The girl passed on into the house. Dr. Salisbury lifted his hat and went on his way quite convinced that there was an under-current here that he did not understand, and wondering what had caused the sudden change in the merry, kindly Beatrice. Guinivere followed her sister back into the hall, her cheeks flushed, her face full of disquiet, and exclaimed reproachfully—

"Oh, Beatrice! how could you?"

The girl turned upon her with flashing eyes. "Could I what, pray?"

"Why, go on so. How could you speak as you did to Dr. Salisbury? Whatever will he think of you?"

"What do I care what he thinks? What business has he to think anything? I have a right to do as I please, I suppose, without being answerable to him or to you either!"

"Oh, Beatrice, how you do go on! What a temper you have got!"

"Well, I don't think it's for you to complain if I have! It was you who fell foul of me for being civil to that creature, and for being ready to help mamma with Bernie. And then when I go away, and tell him that I have done with that nonsense, you round on me again just as though it wasn't all your doing! I should like to know what you do want of me! Am I to go on as I did before, or am I not!"

Beatrice had a merciless frankness in her way of stating matters when her temper was up, and liked to drive her adversary into a corner by a downright question such as the above. Guinivere on the other hand liked to skim over the surface of things without making any definitions, and Beatrice's method seemed to her little short of brutal.

"How you do go on!" she exclaimed impatiently. "There never was such an unreasonable termagant. Can't you see any difference between throwing yourself at somebody's head, and not being decently civil to him? You were so rude to Dr. Salisbury just now that I was positively ashamed of you!"

"You'd better take care what you say!" cried Beatrice with flashing eyes. "Throw myself at his head indeed! just because I held Bernie's arm when mamma asked me! Well, I'll take precious good care I never do it again! And as for being rude! I shall be just as rude as ever I please, if being commonly civil brings such disgusting ideas into people's heads; and if papa notices I'll tell him flat out what has been said to me. I've a great mind to tell Dr. Salisbury himself! It would just serve you right if I did!"

Guinivere quailed and shrank back as she always did when Beatrice worked herself up into one of her real royal rages. She was in terror lest the girl should carry out her threat; but before she could speak another word their father was seen approaching up the drive, whilst the angry voices had attracted the notice of Mrs. Wilberforce, who was hastily descending the stairs to see what the matter was.

"Oh, Beatrice, are you in? They said you were out. I wish I had known. We did so want you just now. Dr. Salisbury——"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I know all about it, but I am sick of Dr. Salisbury, and he must really learn to do without me. I can't be always at his beck and call. I'll go to Bernie now if you like, but I always did hate doctors, and I won't have anything more to do with this one."

Beatrice ran up the staircase two steps at a time, and slammed the school-room door behind her. Her flushed face and angry eyes told a tale of their own, and Mrs. Wilberforce looked appealingly at Guinivere and asked—

"Whatever is the matter?"

Guinivere looked pale and was on the verge of tears; she generally did dissolve in that way whenever Beatrice got into one of her tempests.

"I can't think what came over her to-day. She is just in a tantrum. She has been cross and snappy for a long time. I think everything seems going wrong!" and Guinivere turned away and wiped her eyes, and not caring at that moment to encounter her father, she turned into the nearest room and made her escape out of the window there into the garden.

Mr. Wilberforce came in and saw by his wife's face that something was amiss.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked, as he laid down his hat and his gloves. "Whew, how hot it is to-day! Has the heat upset the household too?"

"Oh, William, I think things are going wrong altogether, and I don't know how to stop it. The children are running dreadfully wild, and they seem to be getting beyond me. Bernie's arm takes up my time, and the other two get into mischief, and Mysie complains that their noise distracts her, and I can't wonder at it. And I can't get them to look at their books this hot weather. I don't know how it is, but things seem to have reached a climax. And my time being so taken up with them, I don't think I do justice to the girls. Both Gipsy and Freda seem to me to be in need of a little more guiding and advice, and I never seem to have a moment for them. I don't know how it is, but there has been a want of peace and harmony in the house lately. Norah spoke of it only the last time she was here, and I feel to have no time to look into things or try to mend matters."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Wilberforce with his customary calmness of manner, "I have long foreseen that you cannot always continue the care of the three boys which has been so dear to you. It is a well-known thing that boys do grow beyond their mother's management after a time. That matter can soon be set right however. We must have a good governess for them, and then your time will be more at your own disposal. We have spoken of this before, I think."

"Yes, and perhaps I should have been wiser to give way before, but I thought I could manage to teach them their little lessons without the additional expense of a governess."

"I know you did, and it answered well enough for a time, but the time seems to have now come when we must make a change. I have been aware latterly of some cloud over the household. I have not been able to define it, but I have felt the jar. Perhaps it comes from the boys developing in one direction and the girls in another. It may certainly be high time that the mother should have more leisure to look into matters. We will see at once about engaging a suitable teacher for the children."

Guinivere was feeling the disturbed atmosphere of the home life as much as anybody. In fact it was partially due to her own sense of flatness and general disappointment that things had gone so much at sixes and sevens just lately. The fact of the case was that Mrs. Masham had gone suddenly up to town to visit her sister, Lady Reffel, and although she spoke of making her visit a short one and coming back to inaugurate a regular round of gaieties at Willington, yet for the moment the house was shut up and all pleasant things had come to an end. So Guinivere, who had been basking in the sunshine of her petting and adulation, felt as though something had suddenly been taken out of her life which made all its happiness. There chanced to be an unwonted lull in the simple gaieties of the neighbourhood, and the girl was in deadly fear lest the Reffels should carry off her friend to some foreign places of gay resort and all her dreams of ambition should thus be shattered at a blow.

These fears and this sense of flatness after so much pleasurable anticipation had reduced Guinivere to a state of irritation and temper most unusual with her, and had brought about this quarrel with Beatrice, a thing which seldom happened, and which was anything but agreeable to either.

Just at this moment Guinivere felt as though everything in life had failed her. She was like a child whose playthings are all broken, and after the excitement of the encounter with her sister, she felt as though nothing was left to her but to cry her heart out in solitude.

This was her ordinary climax when upset, and she ran out into the garden and was soon sobbing like a child in a secluded arbour, where she was not likely to be disturbed.

She was so much engrossed in her own misery that she never heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and only looked up with a start when she heard her own name pronounced.

Then her eyes met those of Roger Howel fixed upon her with an expression which she never remembered to have seen in them before.

(*To be continued.*)

CHEESES: ENGLISH AND FOREIGN;

AND HOW TO RECOGNISE THEM WHEN SHOPPING.

By AN OLD LADY.

CHESHIRE.

PART I.

CHEESE is one of the most valuable articles of food for those who are in a good state of health, but should be partaken of very sparingly by those who are dyspeptic, or possess weak digestions, for this reason—although cheese is an extremely nourishing food, it is not very digestible. This defect may be partly remedied in hard cheeses, by pounding in a mortar with a slight admixture of fresh butter, or with mustard and vinegar; in some parts of Kent this used to be called "cheese crab," though we have not heard the expression used for many years. However, it is not under any circumstances the kind of food for very delicate people, as it undoubtedly requires good health and a hearty appetite. It may be a question whether at any time cheese is advisable at the evening meal, though how many thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen take "just a mouthful of bread and cheese" before going to bed.

Nearly every country in Europe makes cheese of one form or another, and in America the manufacture of this valuable article of food is enormous. The finest cheeses however are produced in England, France, Holland, the north of Italy, and Switzerland, as these appear to be the only European countries which manufacture the "hard," or keeping cheese of fine quality.*

The principal cheeses made in England, are Stilton, Cheshire, Cheddar, Gloucester, Wiltshire, and Leicester; two cheeses somewhat resembling Stilton are also made at Wensleydale in Yorkshire, and Cutherstone in Northumberland. These are all hard or keeping cheeses, though, owing to its creamy texture, Stilton is sometimes regarded as a kind of intermediate cheese, though it is in point of fact just as much a hard cheese as Gloucester; it only really differs from other hard cheeses from the fact that it contains more cream than other kinds, for it is not only made of "entire milk" (*i.e.*, milk which has had none of the cream taken from it), but has added to it a portion of the cream of the preceding day's milking. Of course the amount of cream used in a cheese adds to its richness.

With regard to the manner in which cheese is made, we can only give the barest outline. One of the component parts of milk is a substance called "caseum," which when separated from the milk by chemical means, becomes a dry substance of an amber colour. It is usually coagulated by certain acids by the flower of a plant called "Ladies' Bed-straw" (*Galium verum*), or by rennet formed from the gastric juice taken from the stomach of the sucking calf. During the past few years calves' rennet has been to a large degree given up for an artificial liquid rennet called "Anglo-American." As it is sold in a liquid form, it saves a great deal of trouble and keeps well, but whether it makes better cheese is a question open to dispute. When cheese is made with calves' rennet, only the inner coat of the stomach is applied with the gastric juice; all other substances must be carefully removed. When the matter is taken out of the enclosure it should be most carefully examined, and any substance except curd removed; it is then replaced and mixed with a quantity of salt. These skins, or "vells" as they are called, are dried until they become like parchment. They are then soaked in the warm milk. A very important thing in cheese-making is to extract all the "whey" from the cheese, and there are most elaborate modes of doing this; breaking up the curd several times, pressing in wooden boxes full of holes, inserting sharp skewers in every direction, and various other methods are had recourse to. Another very important matter, is the amount of heat to be applied to the milk when the solution of the rennet is mixed with it. Stilton cheese has a certain amount of cream mixed with the milk. Gruyere cheese is entirely made from quite new milk, and Parmesan from skimmed milk. Various substances are used to colour cheeses; saffron, annatto, marigold flowers, and carrot juice. Cheddar and Stilton are not coloured, Cheshire very slightly, but Gloucester and Wiltshire deeply. In Holland muriatic-acid is used instead of rennet to curdle milk.

Now all this is of course only a bare outline of the method of cheese-making. Our girls can of course obtain most elaborate receipts for the process of cheese-making; they have been published over and over again, and one would at once argue that "provided the pasturage is there, the milk there, if these receipts are followed, good cheese is the result."

Now if this were the case, how does it come about that with two farms where the conditions are exactly similar as to soil, climate, cattle, etc., one will produce good cheese, and the other cheese of a very inferior quality? Why should a magnificent cheese be made at Cheddar and not in other equally favoured parts of Somersetshire? Why should an excellent cheese be made in Wensleydale and not in the other dales of Yorkshire? and we shall bring forward a proof that Stilton cheese can be made quite as well in the home counties as the midlands, if people only pursue the right method and *know the secret*, for that there are secrets in cheese manufacture there can be no doubt, and people may purchase the most favourable land, and obtain or rear the very finest cows, and yet fail utterly in producing good cheese. Yet to read some agricultural reports, one would imagine that it is as clear as daylight, and only a matter of "care and study."

Some forty years back we were at Old Windsor, and took lunch at The Bells of Ousley. A most excellent cheese was served, and one of those present complimented the landlord upon it. "Yes," said he, "it is very good, but where do you suppose it comes from?" "Why, I suppose it is a Stilton." "No," said the landlord, "it was made within half a mile of this house!" Some years after, when we were staying in the neighbourhood, our inquiries elicited the following information. The cheese had ceased to be made, because "the family who used to prepare it had died out;" the last member of the family had guarded the secret so jealously, that he died without imparting it, and the secret had died with him, and although many in the neighbourhood, including the then possessor of the farm, had attempted to revive the manufacture of this famous cheese, all had failed, and it had been entirely given up.

An expert in cheeses told us that the manufacture of English cheeses had deteriorated of late days, and to a certain extent this no doubt had led to the overwhelming success of "American" cheese, though he acknowledged this was not the whole cause, as the fact that the cost of bringing cheese from Gloucestershire, or Cheshire, is so far greater than that of importing it from America, that the English-made article is unable to compete with the American; probably, when the manufacture of English cheese has been entirely superseded by American goods, our government may see their way to issuing a commission to inquire into the matter.

Cheddar is the English cheese for which there is the largest market. It is usually about ten to twelve inches deep and fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter. The rind looks almost like marble, clean and glossy, with small veins of a purplish colour all over. When cut it is of a light colour, being unstained, and is of a soft texture. It keeps admirably, and is of a pungent and agreeable flavour; it should be broken rather than cut when served. Cheddar differs from Cheshire in the following particulars. In shape Cheshire is deeper, being higher than it is wide; when cut Cheshire is far more brittle, and slightly darker in colour. This brittleness makes it a somewhat difficult and wasteful cheese to serve, as it is apt to crumble; it should, however, be broken with a scooper, and not cut; but a friend of ours used to say, "If it is your own cheese, cut it with a knife when serving, as it is less wasteful, but if it is the property of another, break it with a scooper, as it is better in flavour when not touched by a knife." We will not undertake to be responsible for the morality of this advice! though of course its meaning is obvious. Cheshire should be kept in a cool cellar, but not too dry, and the wind should be excluded, as it is liable to crack up when dry; if this, however, is attended to, it should keep well, and is better when rather old; a year or even eighteen months is considered long enough for keeping.

Stilton is a very curious cheese, as it is poor, dry, and tasteless when new, but rich, creamy,

* Hard cheese is made in every country, but most of the unknown kinds are deservedly ignored.

HE, SHE, AND DESTINY.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

IRENE'S first sensation was that consciousness must fail her in the presence of this horror—her second, an impulse to fling herself on the corpse with passionate tears. Yet she did neither. The conventions of social condition working at the time, quite apart from herself, overcame the first and restrained the second; and afterwards she was glad she had not paraded the treasure of her heart's love before a gaping stranger. That she was both startled and shocked she took no pains to conceal; but with wonderful self-control—which, when she reflected upon it later, seemed to her almost heartless—she managed to utter these words—

"That is Mr. Trevanion—not a tramp. He was on a walking tour—in the dress of a working man. He told me about it when he started."

For the whole truth had flashed into her mind in an instant. The discussion between him and herself concerning the wrongs and the claims of the working-man; the note he had written to her announcing his departure on a walking tour, to work out some problems by himself; beyond question he had thought to put his own arguments to a practical test by tramping the country in quest of work. She knew it now as certainly as if he had fully confided to her the nature of the experiment he was about to try.

But the man to whom she spoke thought she must be mad, or, failing that, the dead gentleman masquerading in the disguise of a tramp must have been mad. The peculiar philanthropy of such a one as Harry Trevanion, that could passionately set itself the solving of social problems, was outside his ken altogether. Pending a decision as to the lady's sanity, he soothingly suggested she should speak to the coroner.

The consciousness that she was there to safeguard the respect due to Trevanion's corpse nerved Irene to play her part with dignity and collectedness. To speak to the coroner was her intention; and sorely against his will that official, at the lady's compelling insistance, had to leave the cosy bar, and go back to the room that housed the dead body to hear what she had to say. He did not like what he heard. After the perfunctory way in which he had conducted the inquest, he did not want the corpse proved to be other than the corpse of a tramp, concerning which no further questions need be asked. He too associated the new aspect of the case with lunacy; but he went further than his younger colleague, and assumed both the lady and the dead man to be mad. The first part of his conclusion he kept for the moment to himself; the second he enunciated with no regard for the feelings of the lady who was presumably, at least, an acquaintance of the individual she professed to recognise. "Touched in 'is 'ead, was 'e?" was the suggestion with which he hoped to be saved the trouble of any further investigations.

Irene hardly condescended to answer the suggestion. There was so much to be done that she alone could do, that she had no time to dwell upon the possibility of the coroner's view becoming the popular view, any more than she had time to give way to her own desolation and anguish. She commanded that Mr. Manningham should be sought for, and brought at once to the Hop-Pole Inn; after which she would require to be taken to the nearest post town, to transmit telegrams without delay to Mr. Trevanion's relations.

In due time Mr. Manningham appeared upon the scene. When he heard what Irene had to tell him, and when his first impulse towards incredulity had given way before her persistent conviction, he seemed struck dumb and helpless. Irene still assumed the initiative. The corpse must, of course, be placed in the coffin already prepared, but it must be conveyed decently to Wild-Wold House, there to await burial, which must certainly be deferred, at least till the following day, in order to give the relations time to be present, or to express their wishes. And Mr. Manningham assented to everything, all the more readily, perhaps, that he had so recently reiterated, in Irene's hearing, his somewhat slack views concerning the dead body found in the brook on his own estate.

* * * *

An hour or so later, when Irene, all her obligations for the time fulfilled, returned to Wild-Wold House, she would fain have crept away into the solitude which is the mourner's privilege. Only it occurred to no one that she could claim this privilege. No doubt she had undergone a painful shock in finding herself face to face with the dead features of a man to whom she had been talking not many weeks ago. But a brief rest and kindly distraction would soon restore her nerves. A mourner—why? Upon what grounds? At the very outset she had to reckon with the question, and she knew that if, by any show of excessive mourning, she should provoke it to be asked, whether openly or tacitly, she had no answer that would justify her satisfactorily in the eyes of her questioners. He was the man she loved, that was all. And some would shrug their shoulders, and some would purse up their lips, and some would smile, and some would be sorry and yearn to know more. But none would understand. How should they? There was no more she could rightly say. She would only withdraw the curtain from before her shrine for nothing. The kindest would only say—"Poor thing! How sad!" And it was not sad as they would mean it. The sadness to her was in the thought that she should talk with him no more and look no more upon his face, but not in her love—there was no sadness in that. It had been, it would be still, the most precious possession of her life. Well, it would be all the more her own sole, supreme possession that it would never now be revealed. For there is always this about a secret, hidden treasure. No one can rob us of it, no one can add thereto or take therefrom; no one can belittle it or appraise it at a mere current valuation.

And the truth as to her negative position in the eyes of others was made all the clearer to Irene on the following day, when Trevanion's two brothers arrived to attend the funeral. With one she was but slightly acquainted; the other she did not know at all. On their arrival they had a long conversation with Mr. Manningham, after which they were not inclined to renew investigation at Irene's suggestion that all had not been done that might have been. They rejected alike, of course, the conclusions of suicide or of a fit, but they saw no ground for starting the idea of murder or manslaughter. When she asked them what they supposed had actually taken place, they replied, that with no witnesses, and at this distance of time, it was absolutely impossible to find out. Harry was always eccentric in his views, and he had paid dearly for his eccentricity, poor fellow; but if they, his own brothers, were satisfied, that all had been done that could be, why need she express dissatisfaction? They were perfectly polite, yet that was what their words and their manner implied.

"Yes, if you are satisfied, I suppose there is nothing more to be said," she rejoined. "I only wish you to realise that, if it hadn't been for an unaccountable impulse on my part, neither you nor I, nor any of his friends would ever have known what had happened to him. We don't know all now; but we should never have known the mere fact of his death—never!"

* * * *

When the funeral was over, Irene fled from Wild-Wold by the first and the fastest train. In the precincts of her own home she could command intervals of solitude, wherein she might unlock her secret, give it free play, cherish it, gaze upon it, weep over it. She was glad now she had kept that last little note he wrote her. It was an assurance he bore her no ill-will for some words she had spoken in the earnestness of their last discussion. That strange, quixotic journey of his, in the garb of a tramp, had been the outcome of his intense desire to convert her to his own way of thinking, and his intense desire so to convert her was the outcome of his love. He loved her so, he could not bear the shadow of a difference to lie between them.

"When I come back you will let me come and talk to you again, and tell you the result of my lonely thoughts." Would that result have been: "Now you must admit I have proved my case," or, "You are far more right than I thought, Irene." She would never know now.

And she, on her part, had thought to tell him the tale of the stranger tramp, for whose death and whose identity nobody seemed to care, far away in the heart of sequestered, rural England, where public opinion penetrates not, and no one asks any questions. And she had fancied how he and she would have united in zeal to make the matter known. And that would never be either. No, she could not do it single-handed. For the really strange, unbefriended, unrecognised tramp she might have striven; but not for Harry Trevanion, the man she loved. For it was just because she loved him so much she knew she could not do it. And herein was a problem wrapped up in a truth of human nature, for the evolution of which she did not hold the key.

Love, zeal, pity, the passionate desire to give up self for the good of the many—the still more passionate desire to absorb the whole of self in one other—they seemed to have been thus lavishly expended for just this only—that one more human soul should learn to possess itself in patience.

[THE END.]

"LET HER REST ON."

By AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

LET her rest on—
She was often very weary;
Life's hours were long,
And the days were dark and dreary.
Let her rest on.

Let her rest on—
No night-time finds her weeping;
For night is gone,
And flowers are round her sleeping.
Let her rest on.

Let her rest on,
The earth's green pillow pressing—
Let her rest on.
Who knows what hands caressing
Bring slumber long?

Let her rest on,
Her calm soul gone 'mid sleeping,
Where time is none,
Passed into God's safe keeping—
She shall rest on.

THE GIRL-BRIDES OF HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER II.

ONE early evening in May, Penelope St. Hild stood in the porch of her house, shading her eyes from the sun's last rays, and watching for the vehicle coming which was to bring the first two of her new pupils to her.

There was a light of expectancy in her eyes, and although her heart beat a little higher than its wont, because she felt herself fairly launched upon a venture that was still to be proved, yet it was with no nervous foreboding.

A new chapter in life was beginning—how would it disclose itself?

Though it is a wise Hand that draws a veil over the future, it does not necessarily follow that there are shadows to fear.

In spite of her five-and-twenty years, she looked young to be the head of a household such as this promised to be; but there was dauntless courage and firm control visible in the line of lips and chin; and though the quick-changing colour showed a keen sensitiveness to every influence, the whole cast of face and figure bespoke a reasonable, yet a strongly-marked determination that impressed its owner and would have singled her out for notice anywhere.

The sound of wheels drawing nearer and finally stopping made her leave her post and hasten towards the gate; she must show herself the hospitable hostess as well as leader and teacher.

Two girls descended from the somewhat antiquated fly; they looked at Penelope with hardly-disguised curiosity, and she returned their gaze, but with kindly judgment thrown in.

"Miss St. Hild?" queried the elder of the two coming forward. "I am Madeleine Trevor, and this is my cousin Alice Bryant."

Penelope bid them a gracious welcome.

"I think we shall be good friends," she said, an instinctive liking springing up as she took the hand of the younger girl, who hung back a little shyly; "you look rather tired. Has your journey been a long one?" she asked her.

"No, not so very long," was the answer; "but I am rather easily tired, I think."

"I have tea awaiting you, and I daresay you will be glad of it; but let us first carry these boxes into the hall, then you can dismiss Saundieson. Will you take the other end of this one with me?"—this to the elder girl.

"Yes, but—excuse me, is there no man who can carry them for us?" asked the one spoken to, looking about her in some amazement, not unmixed with dismay.

"There is one, but he is old, and not so well able to carry them as either you or I," Penelope answered calmly; so there was nothing for it but for Madeleine to bear a hand with the best grace she could.

A few journeys back and forth saw everything safely housed; then Penelope led them to the cosy drawing-room, where, although the day had been warm and sunny, the bright fire blazing there proved a welcome sight. Drawing up two luxurious chairs for them to rest in, she busied herself in making and serving the tea, which Janet brought in at her call, and a plate of hot scones, looking very tempting to hungry appetites.

"We Yorkshire people have great faith in tea," she said merrily, "and we think a deal of our cakes and scones. Janet is a queen among scone-makers; you will have to coax her into showing you the mystery of their manufacture."

The magic of the fragrant cup soon loosed their tongues, and they were chatting freely together—so freely that timid Alice ventured to say—

"You are not a bit like what I imagined you would be, Miss St. Hild. I think it will be delightful to be here!"

Penelope did not ask what the imaginary picture had been, but she said warmly—

"I am hoping that you will find that it really is delightful to do work of any kind that has to do with home-making; I am quite sure that it will be a delight to me to teach you what I know; and, consciously or not, there is no doubt that you will teach me many things in return."

They begged her to tell them what had given her the inspiration for the starting of the "school" to which they would belong; and, though she could not reveal her inner thoughts and hopes until she knew them better, she did not hesitate to give the broad outline of her plan, hoping to gain enough of their confidence in return to enable her to adapt her teaching to each character.

"I have often thought it was nothing short of cruelty to set a girl as mistress over a home and servants, when she had had no opportunity of acquiring the necessary knowledge for the ruling of either," she said; "but also I know that, in ninety out of a hundred cases, it is most difficult for the girl to acquire this experience in her father's house, especially where there are several servants."

"That is precisely how it is with me," said Madeleine Trevor quickly; "I cannot go into the kitchen at home because I should be 'hindering' the cook, and be blamed if she neglected her duties to attend to me. If I tried to do the housemaid's work, I must either seem to imply that she is leaving it undone or else provoke her amusement at my clumsy attempts; and yet I am too honest to like the thought of being at the mercy of my own servants when I have them."

"And too honest not to be anxious to fulfil your part of the matrimonial contract, to spend rightly what is given you to spend when your times comes, I think," Penelope said, drawn now, in spite of herself, to the outspoken girl. "You will perhaps wonder," she went on, "why I stipulate that only those who are brides in prospective should be eligible for admittance here. Well, it is partly because I think that only love is motive-power strong enough to make any service happy, also partly because I do not wish to have any learners here who are drawn either from curiosity or in search of a new craze. I am not minded to 'cast my pearls before swine,' you see," she added laughingly.

Then, more seriously again, "But there is such a high ideal before all who have home-creating in their hands; if we could only keep it always before us how much more we might attain to. If you will allow me, I should like to read you some words of Ruskin's that have always been as an inspiration to me," and, rising, she went to a cabinet and took down one of the well-worn green volumes, then,

"THE MAGIC OF THE FRAGRANT CUP."

returning to her seat, found the place and read—

"He says, *àpropos* of marriage, first, 'Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, of fitful into unchanging or eternal love?' Then again—'The man in his rough work in the open world must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offence, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded or subdued, often misled, and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of offence. This is the true nature of home—the place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this it is not home.'

"Then he gives us a lovely picture—'And wherever a true wife comes this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, shedding its quiet light for those who else were homeless. This, then, I believe to be the woman's true place and power. But do you not see that, to fulfil this, she must—in so far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is wise, infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable.'

"There, that is my inspiration, will you make it yours?" Penelope said wistfully as she closed the book.

Timid Alice slipped a hand into one of hers, and said—

"How pleased my John would be if he could hear you; he is so wise himself, I fear he will leave me far behind."

Penelope gave the little hand a reassuring pressure.

"I think 'John' has had wisdom enough to see 'possibilities,'" she said, nodding her head sagely. Love was evidently the powerful factor prompting this gentle soul, as *amour propre* appeared to actuate the stronger character of Madeleine Trevor; but of the latter it was not a short acquaintance that would reveal the best side.

"Now if you have finished tea," she said presently, "I will show you your rooms, and after you have unpacked a little you shall see over the house; this first evening we must devote to making acquaintance with each other and with everything."

In the hall their boxes stood waiting to be carried up. Madeleine wondered whether she was also expected to "give a hand" here. She was not long left in doubt.

"We will take these up with us, it is not very far," Penelope said, and put her hand to the heaviest one; so there was nothing for it but for Madeleine to do likewise, and Alice carried the smaller boxes.

Truly it was not far, and the flight of broad, low stairs made easy passage, but Madeleine's colour came and went, and only pride kept her from panting with the unaccustomed exertion; to Penelope it was apparently quite a matter of course that she should thus wait upon herself.

Arrived upstairs, however, the charm of the quaint old dwelling, the square, low landing which looked over oaken balustrades into the hall below, the many doors all opening on to this landing, and at the farther end of it the lovely stained window showing the noble knights of St. Hild receiving their royal commission, the beauty of the whole provoked them to outspoken admiration at once.

Though little of the original furnishing had been altered, Penelope had put fresh, dainty hangings in each room, and made them as homelike as possible; every window looked out over the broad bay, and the glorious prospect, ever changing, never quite the same, was of itself a delight and a study to town-bred souls.

"Oh, I shall love this place!" Alice exclaimed impulsively; and Madeleine, who had walked straight to the window after setting down her burden, turned to Penelope a face that shone with quite another look, the momentary irritation forgotten in the sublime breadth of nature, whose largeness always shames our human littleness.

"That is education enough for me!" she said.

Penelope smiled.

"But the higher includes the lower as surely as the greater includes the less," she answered; then pointing out a few of the arrangements made for their comfort she left them together to unpack and arrange their belongings and themselves.

"What do you think of her?" Alice asked, more pointedly than grammatically; she looked up to Madeleine, accounting her a better judge of character than herself, although in reality she was not. But Madeleine's heart had been captured this time in spite of the boxes.

"She reminds me of Wordsworth's lines, you know them—

"'A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,'

and all the rest too. I wish I might grow like her."

Then she laughed as she wrestled with the refractory luggage-straps.

"That is the first time I have felt the weight of my own box," she said; "if I had known I should have to carry it myself I might have made it lighter."

"Don't you think though that that was purposely planned, part of the 'training'?" Alice asked.

"You're a sharp little thing; I do believe you are right, and if so I was nicely caught," was the answer; but evidently the lesson was to be taken in good part.

Hearing them descend the stairs soon afterwards, Penelope met them, ready to act as cicerone.

"First, come and see the kitchen," she said; "I always say that the kitchen is the heart of the house, so it is the right place to start from."

Truly in this case it was not undeserving of the title; broad, low-ceiled, stored with many cupboards and shelves, narrow casements shrouded in greenery, giving refreshing glimpses of sea beyond, the old-fashioned dresser and table, vying with one another for whiteness, a grandmotherly rug, covering the stone-flags near the hearth, and, crowning touch of all, the sweetest grandmotherly figure knitting in the "ingle-nook," she whom Penelope introduced as "My nurse, Janet, and our guardian angel."

Certain modern improvements had been added to the old-fashioned fittings, notably an oil cooking-stove, as being a most likely instrument to find its way into the newer homes by-and-by, and certain newer makes of pots and pans, equally effective in operation, but less laborious to keep in good condition than the solid copper vessels that ornamented the walls.

This department duly criticised, they visited pantry and larder, store-room, both "dry" and "cool," then on to the dairy, the wash-house, tool-house, greenhouse, poultry-pen, even the piggery!

Everything was new and delightful to the town-bred girls, as everything was indeed worthy of their praise; but when it came to exploring the lovely old garden—the pride of the Haven and of its owners—their delight was beyond expression. To Penelope herself, lover of it as she was, their admiration touched and pleased her very soul; and when they came upon the bent figure of old Silas, striving to make the most of the fast-fading daylight, she introduced her two friends to him without hesitation. Although Silas resented the thought that amateurs' hands were to touch his beloved garden, even but a little, he could not but moderate his gruff voice when answering their respectful questions.

"Silas wears a rough coat, but has a warm heart beneath it," Penelope said, after they had bidden him good-night; "he will not mind your working with him, if you defer to all his theories; and really, whether his theories are 'sound' according to science or no, they invariably turn out successfully, for he is a veritable son of the soil."

The evening was fast merging into mellow moonlight, and the temptation to linger long in this sheltered garden was strong; but the housekeeper had the care of her dwelling on her mind, so they somewhat reluctantly returned indoors. When lamps had been lighted everywhere, a fresh log thrown on to the fire, the suggestion that supper might be acceptable did not seem out of place; sea-borne air had quickened their appetites, although, till now, they had not given heed to them.

The first lesson of self-helpfulness had taken sufficient hold to cause them eagerly to offer their aid, and a supper-table was soon laid in the dining-room, over which they lingered somewhat long this first evening, for Penelope unfolded to them some of the details of her plan of work, and showed herself ready also to accept any suggestions they might make with regard to it, though it must be owned the latter were few.

"We will start fresh to-morrow morning, then," she said, when bidding them good-night at the door of their rooms; "to-morrows are always full of possibilities, but I think ours will seem doubly so."

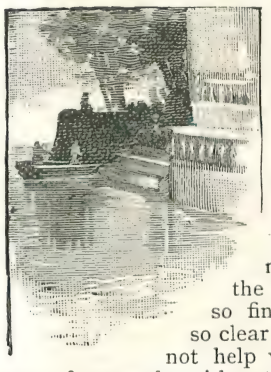
L. H. YATES.

To be continued.)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER VII.



"My last day of this!" said Charlie to himself the next morning, as he went on deck. It was a sad thought, and he tried hard to be duly miserable, but the morning was so fine and the air so clear that he could not help whistling, in a sort of sympathy with nature; and then Cecil came on deck, looking as bright and fresh as the day, her headache all gone, and it became his duty to invite her to join him in a promenade, since the morning was a little chilly. It was impossible to feel melancholy long under such circumstances, and he soon found himself rattling away in his usual style, and predicting all kinds of delightful times at Baghdad. Lady Haigh, having once declared her pleasure, had perfect confidence in Charlie's sense of honour, and was even a little sorry for him, and therefore she did not declare that she and Cecil were busy, and send him off to talk to the captain, a perverse habit which she had developed of late, but allowed him to remain beside her, and instruct Cecil in the habits and folk-lore of the wild tribes on the river-banks. Thus the day passed pleasantly, until, towards evening, Cecil, who was looking ahead, uttered a cry of delight as the steamer swung round a bend in the river. Before them lay Baghdad, bathed in the sunset light, which brought out in all their brilliance the green and turquoise hues of the tiles with which the domes of the mosques were inlaid, and the gilded casing of the minarets; while other buildings, ordinarily most prosaic and unlovely, looked mysterious and beautiful, rising from the sea of foliage which everywhere surrounded them. Palm, orange and pomegranate trees filled the gardens, which spread over the flat country as far as eye could reach; and even the ruined walls of the city, emerging here and there from the expanse of green, lost their meanness and looked imposing.

"This is really Baghdad!" said Cecil, with a sigh of contentment.

"And I am sure you are longing to walk through the enchanted streets," said Charlie.

"Of course," said Cecil. "When do we land, Lady Haigh? Is it soon?"

"Naturally, the steamer will stop opposite the Residency for us to land," said Lady Haigh with dignity. "Don't worry about your things, my dear child—Um Yusuf will see to them; and, if you really like to look at Baghdad, it's a pity you shouldn't."

They had reached the city now, and were passing between terraced gardens, with elaborate gateways leading to the water, and queer, brightly-painted boats bobbing about in the current. There were fanciful summer-houses in some of the gardens, and Cecil strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the veiled beauties who ought to be reclining gracefully in the shade. Then came a more crowded quarter, with old mansions of brown brick overhanging the water, coffee-houses with highly decorated gables, and terraces where companies of men were sitting smoking and talking, newer-looking dwellings with latticed balconies, and trees—trees everywhere. Cecil gazed on in breathless admiration, but her raptures were suddenly interrupted.

"There's the dear old rag!" cried Lady Haigh in an ecstasy of mingled patriotism and affection, and Charlie Egerton took off his hat to the Union Jack which floated over the Residency. Cecil awoke from her dream with a start. The steamer was slowing down as it approached a great house, standing at the end of a long garden, with a terrace overlooking the water, and an avenue of aged orange-trees. The flag scarcely fluttered in the light breeze, and all the garden looked dreamlike and peaceful. Only on the terrace was there a certain amount of bustle; and presently a boat put forth from the steps and shot towards the steamer. From the pomp and circumstance which characterised this embarkation, Cecil divined that the boat carried Sir Dugald Haigh, and she began to feel rather nervous. It would be idle to deny that Charlie's conversation had infected her with a certain amount of prejudice against her Majesty's Consul-General at Baghdad. For this very reason she had resolved to meet him with an exaggeratedly open mind, and to look very carefully for his good points. After all, Lady Haigh's early devotion and long affection ought to weigh more than Dr. Egerton's dislike, especially since he was so notoriously addicted to disagreeing with his superiors.

With this in her mind, Cecil stood observant in the background while Sir Dugald gained the deck and greeted his wife. She saw a thin, almost insignificant-looking man, with a skin like parchment, and a small, carefully-trimmed grey moustache. In his dress there was visible a precision so extreme as almost to appear affectation, and his manners were the perfection of elaborate politeness. Sir Dugald Haigh at Baghdad was eminently the right man in the right place. The Indian authorities who appointed him knew that he would never wantonly or ignorantly outrage the prejudices nor shock the susceptibilities of the most jealous and sensitive Oriental; but they knew also, and rejoiced in the knowledge, that under the silken glove the iron hand was always ready. Sir Dugald could insist and threaten when it was necessary—nay, he could even bluster, in a dignified and most effective way—and the Pashas and Sheikhs with whom he had to deal knew that, when he had once put his foot down, they might as well try to shake the Great Pyramid as to move him.

Something of all this Cecil read in her cursory observation of him; but she had only time to hear Charlie's muttered remark, "The very incarnation of red tape!" before she found herself summoned forward by Lady Haigh.

"And this is Miss Anstruther!" said Sir Dugald, as he bowed and shook hands. There was nothing offensive about the remark—it expressed a kindly interest, possibly admiration, but Cecil saw Sir Dugald raise his eyebrows very slightly as he uttered it. Before long she was to learn to watch his eyebrows narrowly, for they were the most expressive feature of his face, betraying all the feelings of worry, impatience, amusement or concern, which the rest of his visage was under much too good control to show. Now they said, "Far too young! Not nearly backbone enough for such a place!" while Sir Dugald's lips were saying—

"Welcome to Baghdad, Miss Anstruther! It is a long time since we have had the honour of a young lady's company at the Residency."

Then he greeted Charlie, with a courteous ease of manner, and a kindly expression of a hope that he had come to stay this time, which made Cecil decide that, if the hope should not be fulfilled, the provocation would come from Charlie's side and not from Sir Dugald's; and then they went on shore. The Residency proved to be a fine old house, built round two courtyards, which, as Charlie told Cecil, corresponded to the account he had given her of the special functions of Sir Dugald and Lady Haigh, since one was devoted to business and the other to social purposes. The groundfloor rooms in the family courtyard were low and dark, but those on the floor above them large and airy, with broad verandahs supported on curiously-carved wooden pillars. Cecil, casting a hurried glance in at the various doors as Lady Haigh took her to her room, carried away a confused memory of fretted ceilings, inlaid with coloured marbles, walls panelled with looking-glasses and gilded mouldings, and again she sighed with satisfaction. The Baghdad of good Haroun-al-Raschid had not quite disappeared yet.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, Cecil was summoned to the drawing-room to receive a messenger from the Pasha. This proved to be Ovannes Effendi, his Excellency's secretary, a clever-looking young Armenian, with a marvellous gift of tongues. He proffered his employer's felicitations on Mademoiselle's safe arrival, inquired anxiously whether she had an agreeable journey, and concluded by entreating

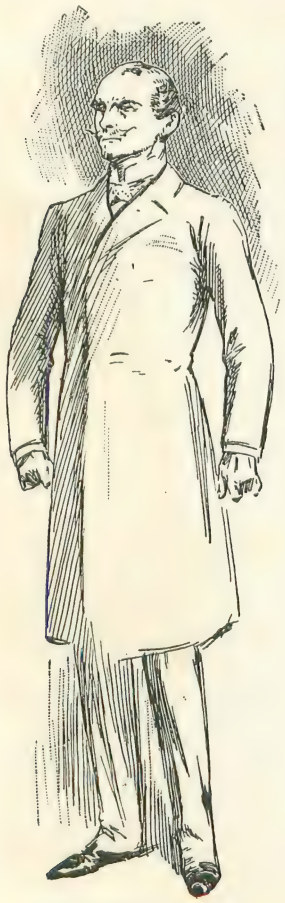
that she would take up her abode in the Palace at her earliest convenience.

"Let me see," said Lady Haigh—"this is Saturday. We can't let you go before Monday morning, Cecil; but you and I will go and pay our respects to the Palace ladies this afternoon."

Having received his answer, Ovannes Effendi retired, after formally presenting Lady Haigh and Cecil, in the Pasha's name, with several trays of fruit and sweetmeats, which had been carried after him by a corresponding number of porters. The idea was so thoroughly Oriental that Cecil forgot the untempting nature of the sweetmeats to a Western taste, and noted the little attention joyfully in her diary. It was evident that the Pasha, at any rate, was anxious to do all in his power to show her that she was a welcome guest; but when they prepared for their visit to the harem that afternoon, she found that Lady Haigh entertained distinct misgivings as to their reception by the ladies.

"It is our duty to pay them a formal call, my dear," she said, vigorously completing an elaborate toilet the while. "I have no doubt that that horrid woman, the Um-ul-Pasha, will give us a bad half-hour, but it is better that I should be there to help you to face her."

To get to the Palace it was necessary to mount ridiculously small donkeys, which picked their way carefully among the inequalities and mud-heaps of the narrow winding streets, while a small army of servants, headed by two gorgeous cavasses in gold-embroidered liveries, who kept back the crowd with whips, gave the occasion the dignity which would otherwise have been sorely wanting to it. It was irritating, if not exactly disappointing, to find, on reaching the Palace, that all this grandeur had been wasted, since the answer returned to their inquiries by the stout negro who kept the door of the harem, after long colloquies with an invisible maid-servant within, who was apparently displaying an undue eagerness to catch a glimpse of the Frangi ladies, was that the Um-ul-Pasha was indisposed, and that visitors were therefore not received in the harem that day.



SIR DUGALD HAIGH.

"That is all her spite," said Lady Haigh, as they picked their way back to their donkeys. "She is no more ill than I am. If she had been indisposed this morning, Ovannes Effendi would have known it, and told us not to come, but now she thinks she has slighted you, and given me a slap in the face. Very well, Nazleh Khanum—we shall see!"

But here, just as they were about to mount, Ovannes Effendi overtook them, and after expressing the Pasha's sorrow that their trouble should have been in vain, begged them to honour his Excellency's poor abode by deigning to rest for a few minutes, assuring them that his employer would be much hurt if they did not. On Lady Haigh's acquiescence, he ushered them into a large room furnished in European style, where they found their old acquaintance, Denarien Bey, talking to a very stout gentleman in a very tight frock-coat and a fez. Lady Haigh's salaam warned Cecil that this was Ahmed Khémi Pasha himself, and she imitated her friend's reverence as faithfully as she could when she was brought forward and presented. The Pasha was all politeness, evidently anxious to atone for his mother's incivility, and insisted on sending for coffee and sherbet at once. While the refreshments were being consumed, he kept up a slow and stately conversation with Lady Haigh respecting the journey, pausing, with special care, to compose each sentence before uttering it. It was evident that he had had a purpose in view in inviting them in, for presently he nodded to Denarien Bey, who took up the conversation in his turn. Lady Haigh told Cecil afterwards that this was because the Pasha now disliked intensely speaking French, and was by no means a master of English, which he was yet too proud to speak badly.

"His Excellency's heart is much rejoiced by this happy meeting, mademoiselle," said Denarien Bey; "since he can now impress upon you certain cautions which you will find all-important in your new sphere."

"I will do my best to conform to his Excellency's wishes," murmured Cecil nervously.

"First, as regards your own position, mademoiselle. You are aware that the state of public opinion here obliges you and your pupil always to remain in the harem while you are at the Palace, while yet it is from the harem that the gravest dangers threaten the life of Azim Bey." He glanced rather fearfully at the Pasha as he said this, but, meeting only a nod of acquiescence, went on. "It has therefore been arranged, mademoiselle, that the quarters occupied by yourself, the Bey, and your attendants, shall be in a separate courtyard, to which none but yourselves shall have access. Thus, while technically in the harem, you will in reality be separated from it, and the door will be guarded by a negro named Aga Masûd, who was the faithful attendant of the Bey's late mother. His special duty will be to prevent the entrance of emissaries from the harem. It is his Excellency's most earnest wish that Azim Bey should never cross the threshold of the harem but in your charge, and that while there you should never let him out of your sight. The slaves are not to be trusted."

He said this apologetically, and as if in explanation, but Cecil knew that he was pointing at much more exalted persons than the slaves. It was the Um-ul-Pasha and his Excellency's wives who were not to be trusted with the life of the boy so nearly related to them, and she began to feel more than ever the great responsibility of her post. After a few more unimportant remarks, Lady Haigh rose to go; but the Pasha detained her, begging Cecil also to remain.

"I have sent for my son," he said, "and I hear him coming."

As he spoke, there appeared in the doorway a small thin boy, looking like a miniature edition of the Pasha in his long black coat, with his dark, solemn, old little face surmounted by a gold-embroidered cap. When he saw Cecil, his expression brightened suddenly.

"*C'est enfin Mdlle. Antaza!*" he cried, in an ecstasy of delight, and he ran forward and salaamed, raising her hand to his lips. The Pasha interposed, and reminded him to salute Lady Haigh, which he did, and then retired behind his father's chair, watching Cecil all the while with grave, unchildlike eyes.

"You will come soon, mademoiselle?" he said entreatingly as they took their leave. "When my father is busy I have no one now."

"Mademoiselle is coming on Monday, Bey," said Lady Haigh kindly, and the boy looked somewhat comforted. With his father and Denarien Bey he escorted the two ladies to the gate, and they rode home quietly, Cecil pondering over what she had seen of the Pasha and his little son. But it was strange how completely the Residency was like home to her already. It seemed to be a bit of England; and when once she had crossed its threshold again, the Palace and its occupants were like the fabric of a dream, while Sir Dugald, Charlie Egerton, and one or two Englishmen who happened to be passing through Baghdad, and were staying at the Residency, took their places.

"Well, what do you think of our friend Sir Hector Stubble?" Charlie asked her that evening, when they were sitting out on the verandah after dinner.

"I suppose you mean Sir Dugald," said Cecil, "and I don't like the name.

I think Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was a splendid man, and I never can forgive Grenville Murray for drawing him so unfairly. I suppose the fact is that he saw him in the light of his own grievances, just as you look at Sir Dugald through the medium of your prejudice."

"Not a prejudice, Miss Anstruther, honestly not," said Charlie. "We are antagonistic by nature, and we rub each other the wrong way already. You would scarcely think we had had time to have words together yet, would you?"

"Already?" said Cecil. "It's absurd!"

"Well," said Charlie, "I told him that the hospital was quite behind the times, and horribly short of stores, and he as good as refused to do anything to it."

"Possibly," said Cecil, "he did not relish the stores being demanded in a your-money-or-your-life sort of tone." Charlie laughed uncomfortably.

"You always contrive to put me in the wrong, Miss Anstruther. The fact is, he said one ought to be very careful with public money, and that he was not prepared to sanction the expenditure of any more at present. Then the prison, it is not in a particularly sanitary condition——"

"But that can't be Sir Dugald's fault," objected Cecil.

"Oh, I don't mean the town prison; I haven't been poaching on the Pasha's preserves just yet. I mean our private prison here, in the Residency. Now, Miss Anstruther, don't say that you will never be able to dine here again in peace, on account of the shrieks of tortured victims ringing in your ears in the pauses in the conversation. The place isn't so bad as all that. In fact, I daresay it's a model jail, as things are here."

"And you forget that you are in your beloved, unchanging East, where no one makes any reforms," said Cecil. "I am very sorry that you have taken this prejudice against Sir Dugald. I think he is a delightful man, and so kind."

"How could he be otherwise than kind to you?" Charlie wished to know. "It is to his unfortunate subordinates that he shows his other side."

"And I have no doubt they deserve it," retorted Cecil crushingly. "I do hope you will try to get on with him, and not start with the idea that you are bound to quarrel with him, because you have got on badly with your superiors before. If you are determined to bring about a dispute, I suppose it will certainly come, no matter how forbearing Sir Dugald may be, but that is not a very wise spirit in which to set to work. Surely you must see it yourself, don't you? This is really an excellent chance for you, you know, and Lady Haigh will be dreadfully disappointed if you throw it away."

"Oh, I mean to stick to the place," said Charlie eagerly, somewhat to Cecil's surprise. "I do really intend to stay on, unless I am driven away. But you must let me have the privilege of telling my woes to you, Miss Anstruther, and getting a lecture in return. I take to lectures as a duck takes to water; you ask Cousin Elma."

Cecil laughed, and as Lady Haigh came just then to ask her to sing, she had no more talk with Charlie. The next day was her first Sunday in Baghdad, the prototype of nearly all her Sundays for five years. There was an English service, conducted by Mr. Schad, the colleague of Dr. Yehudi in his mission-work among the Jews, and Cecil felt as if she had never fully appreciated the beauty of the Liturgy until she heard it read, with a strong German accent, in this far land. It took her back to her father's beautiful church at Whitcliffe, and to the dingy and ornate edifice in a City street, which she had attended in her school-days, and it linked her with the services held in both places to-day. She treasured every hour of that Sunday, which slipped by all too quickly, and left her to face the duties and responsibilities of her new position.

On the Monday morning she dressed herself, with great reluctance, in her official costume, lamenting that she could not wear European dress, as she might have done without difficulty in Constantinople or Smyrna. But, after all, the long loose gown, falling straight from the shoulders, and only caught in at the waist with a striped sash, would be very comfortable in the hot weather, though the wide, trailing sleeves would be dreadfully in the way. What Cecil disliked most in the costume was the head-dress, a little round cap, with a gauze veil, which could be brought over the face in case of need, depending from it behind. To wear this it was necessary that the hair should be plaited in a number of little tails, and allowed to hang down, since any arrangement of coils must interfere either with the cap or with the flow of the veil. For outdoor wear there was provided a huge linen wrapper, which enveloped the wearer from head to foot, but Cecil had resolutely refused to don the hideous horsehair mask worn under this by the Baghdadi ladies. The absurdity of her appearance so overcame her while dressing, that she projected a caricature of herself, for the benefit of the children at home, but even then she did not realise the difficulty of shuffling through the courtyard in her yellow slippers, and in mounting the donkey which was waiting for her. Lady Haigh had mercifully got all the gentlemen out of the way, but her own mirth was contagious, and she and Cecil relapsed into little explosions of laughter several times in the street.

Arrived at the palace, they were conducted to a miniature courtyard, the buildings around which bore traces of having been lately painted and done up. The gate occupied the greater part of one side, guarded by the faithful Masûd, a gigantic and particularly ugly negro. The rooms on the other three sides were like those at the Residency, low and mean-looking on the ground-floor, but large and lofty above.

"The apartments of Azim Bey," said their guide, a tall Circassian woman who spoke French, with a wave of her hand towards the rooms on the right, "the apartments of mademoiselle," indicating those on the left, "the Bey Effendi's study and reception-room," showing that in the middle.

"We will look at your rooms, Cecil," said Lady Haigh, and they mounted the stairs leading to the verandah. The "apartments" were three in number, and comprised a bedroom and sitting-room for Cecil, and a bedroom for Um Yusuf, opening out of her mistress's. Another staircase led from the verandah to the roof, which was flat and surrounded by a parapet, with several orange-trees in great pots to give shade in hot weather.

"But you won't be able to stay up here when it is really hot, Cecil," said Lady Haigh, "except just at night. You will have to spend the day in the cellars. We do it—everyone does in Baghdad—and it's not often that the thermometer is more than 88° down there."

They descended from the roof and entered the rooms. The bedroom furniture was evidently a "complete suite," of the most highly-polished mahogany, imported from Europe at some trouble and expense. The things in the sitting-room were of the same style, but one or two chairs seemed not to have survived the journey, for their places were filled by a common Windsor armchair, and a very ornate Louis XV. *fauteuil*, with gilded and twisted legs. On a side-table was a gorgeous gilt clock, which did not go, and the walls were decorated with fearful oleographs and one or two theatrical portraits, which the guide pointed out with great pride.

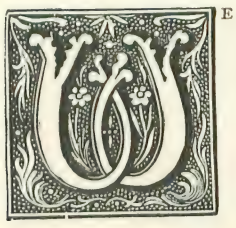
AHMED KHÉMI PASHA.

"Well, Cecil, my dear," said Lady Haigh, sitting down in the gilt chair, while the two servants retired into the verandah, "I think you will be very comfortable here. I see that they have forgotten one or two things, but I will send you those from the Residency. I am very glad that you have Basimeh Kalfa to superintend your little household. She was head *kalfa* (which means an upper slave) to Azim Bey's mother, so she will look after you well. You will have to be careful just at first, until you get into the ways of the place. Be sure if you ever come to the Residency in European dress to put on that sheet over it. It will pass muster in the streets. And do mind never to go outside your own courtyard without the sheet on. This place is your castle, you know, and not even the Pasha dare put his nose in without your consent. If you should hear rather a commotion at the gate, and Masûd comes striding along, shouting, *Dustoor! Dustoor!* at the top of his voice, pull your veil over your face at once. *Dustoor* means 'custom,' and is the warning that a man is coming. It will probably be the Pasha, coming to see how the Bey is getting on with his lessons, or some old man who comes to teach him the Koran, but be sure you remember. And, my dearest child, you must never go anywhere without Um Yusuf. She must be always with you—in lesson-time, recreation, coming to us, everything. You must never be impatient, and think she is spying upon you. It is her duty to keep you always in sight, and she knows it. And now I must be going. Basimeh Kalfa, I leave Mademoiselle Antaza and her nurse in your charge. Take care of them."

"Upon my head be it, O my lady," responded Basimeh Kalfa impassively.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD LEAKS.



E are told that "little leaks sink great ships;" this saying applies equally to domestic as well as naval matters, and it behoves the mistress of every household to see that there are no leaks which may bring disaster to the vessel she commands.

In many houses a great deal of bread is wasted, and when the ordinary bread-pudding is disliked, it is sometimes difficult to use up the pieces. One fruitful cause of so much bread being left on hand is that servants cut more than is really wanted. The fashion of the mistress or daughter cutting the bread for lunch, dinner, and supper is to be recommended, while numbers of people give orders that the servants shall cut only a small quantity of bread and butter for breakfast and tea; then the loaf and butter are placed on the sideboard and a little more can be easily cut. In cold weather, care should be taken that the butter is softened, so that there will be no difficulty in spreading it on the bread properly.

Bread should always be kept in a proper pan, or it will be rendered dry and tasteless. There is nothing better than the old-fashioned red earthen ones with covers to them. Each pantry should contain two of these, a large one that will hold several loaves, and a small one, just big enough to hold the two loaves, one brown and one white, that are in cut. A second loaf should never be cut until the first one is finished, down even to the crust.

But with all her care, the housekeeper finds occasionally that she has some pieces left on hand. If so they may be toasted and cut up into dice for soups, or they may be finely grated and put in a tightly-corked bottle and will be ready to hand when any bread-crumbs are required for frying purposes. Or they may be grated for *fondus* and puddings. A cheese *fondu* is a very tasty and nourishing dish, the basis of which is bread-crumbs, the other ingredients being dry, grated cheese, well beaten eggs, and a little baking powder.

Again, lemon puddings are delicious. Take equal quantities of bread-crumbs, and finely-chopped suet, say half a pound of each, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, a salt-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and mix together with three well beaten eggs. Beat all well up together, put into a buttered mould and boil for three hours and a half. Serve with melted butter. While on the subject of puddings, I would say, do not let a half-eaten pudding come to table, they do not look nice and are usually shunned, especially by gentlemen. Plum and other suet puddings can, while hot, be pressed into a small mould or basin, covered with greased paper and made thoroughly hot in the oven. They can then be turned out a second time looking like a fresh pudding. Or the remains can be cut into neat slices, when cold, and put in the oven to warm between two old plates. When nicely arranged on a hot dish and castor sugar sprinkled over then, the pudding will look quite appetising.

Milk puddings, tapioca, rice, sago, can be treated in this way; put the remains in a clean dish and make a cold custard of eggs, milk and sugar sufficient to fill the dish. Add this by degrees, beating the cold pudding lightly, and bake in a slow oven for from thirty to fifty minutes, according to size. Vegetables such as mashed turnips, potatoes, and so forth, pressed in baking-cups with a little butter, and made hot in the oven, turn out moulded without any trouble. Cauliflowers, artichokes, or celery, can be also warmed in the oven, and covered with fresh made melted butter.

Remains of cold beef or mutton, when there is a mincing machine in the house, can be finely minced for *croquettes* and fried, or made into pasties for the children's school lunch. These should be about the size of a sausage roll, the meat being a substitute for the sausage. These two ways are very well in summer-time, but in cold weather a more substantial dish can be made of remains. Alternate layers of cold sliced potatoes, and the minced meat laid in a pie dish, the whole well moistened with well-seasoned gravy, covered with a short crust and baked for thirty minutes in a moderate oven, will make a course at lunch or dinner at a very small cost. Again, suppose there is a bone with a very little meat on it, too poverty-stricken to be sent to table again. Cut and scrape every bit of meat off it, chop up the bone and put it into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, at least three hours before the meal will be required. Let it boil away as fast as it likes, adding a little more water as required. As soon as the bone is put on, peel and cut into thin slices a Spanish onion weighing about half a pound. Fry it in good beef dripping until a rich brown, put it in the saucepan with the bones, add a good pinch of salt, a little pepper, and a pinch of mixed herbs, also a very little tomato sliced thinly. Half-an-hour before it is required, put into the pan a pound of potatoes peeled and cut into dice. These will cook in about twenty minutes, take out the bones and put in the cold meat finely minced. Season to taste, and if the hash does not taste meaty enough, a little meat extract will improve it, or if the gravy is not made nice and thick by the potatoes boiling in it, a teaspoonful of cornflour previously wetted will improve the dish in appearance and taste. The meat being already cooked, the hash should not bubble up more than once or twice after it is put in, as more cooking will render it indigestible. Remains of cold fish, when freed from bones and mixed up with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, can be made into balls, put on an old plate in the oven, and allowed to get thoroughly hot, and served in the folds of a hot napkin. Or the mixture put in a dish with little bits of butter on the top, and baked for twenty minutes, will make a nice fish pie.

Many other economical dishes might be mentioned if space would permit. But I must go to another subject. Some housekeepers are always thinking their gas-bills are too high. There are several items to be borne in mind if the gas-bill is to be reduced. Old burners and old gas-fittings are the best friends the gas companies have, as the gas escapes unconsumed. Again, gas should never be allowed to flare, as it shows a certain amount of gas is escaping that is not utilised. In a sitting-room a gas pillar-lamp could often be substituted for the chandelier, with its four or five lights burning away, and a much better light is obtained when the family are sitting round the table at meals, or reading or sewing.

These lamps, with tubing and screws complete, to enable it to be connected with any burner, cost from 12s. 6d. Having the gas alight in all the bedrooms at nights consumes a certain amount besides vitiating the air in the room, and sometimes careless members of the family when leaving the room forget to lower it. Children and servants are often tempted to read in bed when the light is a brilliant one. Candles are much more economical, and the pretty candle-lamps can now be bought from 1s. 3d. upwards. These are furnished with glasses, which prevent the hot grease from dropping on carpets and furniture. They also have a spring inside, so only a small portion of the candle is visible, and every bit of candle is burnt without the trouble of regulating it.

If ordinary candlesticks are in use it is well to invest in candle-savers, which only cost 2d. each, fit any candlestick, and ensure the candle being burnt right out without the candlestick getting scorched.

Coals are another leak, and the mistress of a house has to perform the duty of looking in the dustbin occasionally, to see for herself that the cinders are always riddled, and not thrown in the bin with the ashes. The small movable zinc dustbins, which will only hold a week or two's refuse, are a great improvement

on the old brick ones, and can easily be inspected.

The very high prices charged for coal during the winter of 1893–1894 compelled many housekeepers to face the problem of how little fuel could be burnt. One lady was even so clever as to mix up the ashes and have them burnt over again. The plan she followed was this. Every day all the kitchen refuse was put into an old pail, vegetable peelings being cut up into small pieces. In the morning all the cinders were riddled over the pail. The fine cinders and ash that went into the pail had a little fine slack mixed with it. After being stirred round with a stick, sufficient water was added to bind the mass, so that it could be moulded into balls. These, after drying for a day, were put on when no special heat was required, but it was necessary to keep the fire in.

A friend pursues this plan. When the dining-room fire is well alight after breakfast, she has a large lump put on the front of the fire, and a large shovelful of well-wetted slack put on the back. This lasts until after lunch, then the fire is made up again, and, it lasting until after the six o'clock dinner, is allowed to go out. The drawing-room fire is lighted at three o'clock, and, made up in a similar way, lasts until bed-time.

Another friend has a long flat fire-brick always on the top of her fire after it is well alight. When coal is added the brick is lifted and put on again. This brick throws out as much heat as a lump of coal and prevents the coal burning away so quickly. Old-fashioned fire-grates demand the maximum of fuel and throw out the minimum of heat. An open grate can be easily turned into a slow combustion one; by having the space between the hearth and bottom of the grate filled in with masonry converts a grate into a slow combustion one at a small cost.

Fire-bricks at the back and sides of a grate reduce the size of it, and the bricks throw out a great heat when hot through. Some housekeepers prefer to have cobbles, and no large coal as this prevents any waste in breaking up. Small cobbles and broken coke burn very well together; when a fire is built up of these it will last longer if the top shovelful is well wetted. There are many other matters I might enlarge on, but the principal matters of food, light and heat having been discussed I will conclude.

ANNIE E. D. THORNLEY.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "LONDON PRIDE."

(*From Extra Summer Number.*)

SOLUTION.

London Pride

O *low*-LY SAXIF rage HOWD earth OU dart
HOWMU child O V E THYGENIAL W-*on*-D ERSALL
THY root stock SNE West crown THEG race FUL dart
UP bear *in*-GBL-OOM SWITHBEAUTY magi CAL
Howl IKEMY S-*wee* T heart WITHHERANGEL face
W hose LIFEIS S-*wee* TSIMPLICITYANDG race
OL-*on*-DO NSPRIDEITISTHATHI daw AY
R man Y-*high* LY treasure D maids LIKE mine
W hose QUIETWAYSANDS YM path IES A LL A Y
THE car ESTHAT GA-*in*-ST THE (WEAK *and* POOR-*combine*?)
HOW cold AND bar EWOULDBTHISLIFEO fours
WE RE WE BREFTOFSUCHD light FUL flowers

LONDON PRIDE.

O lowly saxifrage how dear thou art!
  How much I love thy genial wonders all—
Thy rootstock's newest crown, the graceful dart
  Upbearing blooms with beauty magical;
How like my sweetheart with her angel face,
Whose life is sweet simplicity and grace!

O *London's Pride* it is that hid away
  Are many highly treasured maids like mine
Whose quiet ways and sympathies allay
  The cares that 'gainst the weak and poor combine;
How cold and bare would be this life of ours
Were we bereft of such delightful flowers!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Alice H. Chater, Elmdon, Essex.
Jessie Harrison, 31, Talbot Road, South Tottenham.
Rev. J. P. Hobson, 5, Waltersville Road, Hornsey Rise, N.
Emma Kennedy, 17, Rue Bayard, Pau, France.
Chas. A. Murton, 37, Wellington Road, Norwich.
H. F. Richards, Woodlands Lodge, Isleworth.
Violet C. Todd, Ford, Cornhill-on-Tweed.
Elizabeth Yarwood, 110, Bramhall Lane, Stockport.

Seven Shillings Each.

Muriel Angel, 5, Hillsboro Avenue, Exeter.
Annie Harmsworth, West Clandon, Guildford.
Miss E. J. Shepard, 2, Theresa Terrace, Ravenscourt Road, W.

Most Highly Commended.

Constance M. Baker, Elsie Bayley, Mrs. Bird, Louis Blazé, K. A. Butcher, Mrs. H. R. Chubb, Mabel Collard, Constance Ida Collie, M. A. C. Crabb, M. Ethel Crippen, Annie K. Edwards, Louie F. Eldridge, Frances E. Ellison, Gracie Greaves, E. M. Hall, Mrs. Hartnell, Eleanor Hearsey, Mahala Howard, Mary Hughes, J. Hunt, Amelia M. Leach, Agnes, Annie, Mabel, and Sydney Lewis, Miss Lipscomb, S. Mason, Charles Morgan, Margaret Morrison, Edith M. Odom, Grace Parkinson, Fanny Shepard, Mildred M. Skrine, Mary T. Wright.

Very Highly Commended.

Annie Adcock, Edith Ashworth, Elsie Bale, Mary Balgarnie, Florence Barcroft, Edward Barnes, J. T. Barrowclough, Daisy E. Bragg, Mrs. E. Bridgman, Mary J. Champneys, Eva Charlesworth, Marion P. Corbett, Rose D. Davies, Mrs. A. Dobbs, Florence Dunderdale, Rhoda Federer, Muriel Gotch, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Lizzie Granger, Jonathan Ground, Edith E. Grundy, Percy Hale, M. E. Hancock, Alice M. E. Hearn, E. Hillyar, Edith B. Jowett, Carlina Leggett, Daisy H. Lyall, Louise M. McCready, Ethel C. McMaster, B. Maddison, Mrs. R. Mason, Eleanor Nelson, Gertrude Nicholson, Rev. V. Odom, Nina G. Patterson, Evelina M. Pratt, Helen Shilstone, Miss S. J. Sutton, Emily M. Tattam, Lizzie Tattam, Mrs. Waddington, S. B. K. Warren, A. J. West, Florence Whitley, Emily Wilkinson, Susan M. Withers, Elizabeth W. Wood, Laura M. Woodward.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

NEVER has the work of adjudication been more difficult, and we are calmly awaiting a sheaf of letters complaining of our awards, or rather non-awards. Forty-three solutions were verbally correct, but after the closest examination and re-examination, and almost endless re-reexaminations, eleven were found to be better than their companions. The third line was the testing point, and it may be as well to state that no solution failing to give the author's reading receives a prize. The omission of the apostrophe in stock's renders the line either meaningless or absurd according to the subsequent punctuation. Only three solutions imperfect in form find their way into the prize list, and their authors owe their good fortune to the fact that they give "weak and poor" instead of the almost universal "poor and weak" in line 10. The difference, though slight, is rhythmically in favour of the original, but the alternative could not fairly be adjudged a mistake.

Solvers having only one full mistake need not look for their names in any of the three lists, though had it not been for want of space, about two hundred would have received well-deserved commendation.

One competitor, sending a perfect solution, "begs leave to remark that either he is unable to solve the difficulties presented by lines 7 and 8, or, in the event of the above being correct, incapable of appreciating the author's subtleties." Let us hope that under the stimulus caused by the possession of half-a-guinea he will be able to wrestle more successfully with the mystery.

Many solvers failed to unravel the 8th line, the garb of a servant or maid not being taken sufficiently into account. One curious rendering—"Are many jewelled heads like mine" appeared in several solutions, and it is strange that the authors thereof did not discover the absolute absurdity of the line taken together with its context. It is even more difficult to understand why so many competitors spoiled their chances of success by substituting "world" for "life" in the 11th line. Accidents of this sort occur now and then in a solitary paper, but in this case several solutions contained the same error. We cannot account for it by any process of transition, and we can only suppose that the ordinary difficulties in the puzzle were too few in number and had to be augmented. Certainly it is a long time since our readers were indulged with so easy a puzzle poem.

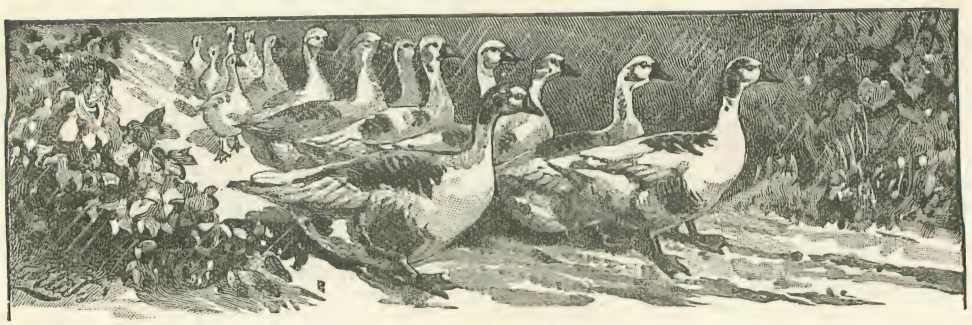
"ENVY UNVEXED."

FOREIGN AWARD.

Prize Winner (*Seven Shillings*). — Edith Hardy, Finch Street, E. Melbourne, Australia.

Special Mention.—Miss Evill, Zurich.

Highly Commended.—Sally M. Brett (S. America), Mrs. N. Browne (India), Mrs. Hardy and Clara Hardy (Australia), Susan P. McLennan (Nova Scotia), Mary Ruttonji (India).



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

DWARF.—We thank you for your grateful letter, and wish we could give you encouragement in your musical studies. From what you say as to your practical powers, we think you are only wasting time and money on your studies in that direction. You can make yourself agreeable to your friends without pianoforte playing.

LITTLE JOHN.—The least expensive of our schools of music appears to be The Guildhall School of Music, Victoria Embankment, W.C. The entrance fee is only 5s., and the fees for a year (of three terms of 12 weeks each) from £4 10s. to £33 1s. 6d., according to the number of lessons and the various subjects. A number of exhibitions and prizes given. Whether any arrangements be made for boarding students from the country, the Secretary will inform you. A nomination will be necessary, signed by an alderman or a member of the Court of Common Council. You might ask for a list of these, and then apply or get some one else to do so, for a nomination.

A. B. C.—There is a club for art students in Paris, which may be equally available for musical students. At all events you might write for information to Miss Vernon, 32, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington. The address of the club is 141, Boulevard du Montparnasse, Paris. We are not acquainted with the rules, nor can we tell you the terms, but fancy that they cannot be very high, as so few students could afford such. We believe board and lodging are provided.

ART.

A. L.—We may assist you by drawing your attention to a society recently instituted under the presidency of the Earl of Meath, of which there is a Hyde Park and Bayswater Branch, Miss E. Franklin being the Hon. Sec., 9, Pembridge Gardens, W. From her you may obtain information as to the forthcoming Free Lectures, with reference to Art in particular; such as that of Mrs. Steinthal, who gave "Demonstrations of Clay-Modelling," at 9, Lancaster Gate, in February last. There was one on "The Hygiene of Needlework" in March, The name of this institution is The Parents' National Education Union. Other branches of Art besides modelling will, doubtless, be discussed in future Free Lectures under the auspices of this valuable institution.

JULIA.—It would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to give an opinion as to "what was the finest and most perfect specimen of architectural art in existence?" There are so many styles, and such beautiful examples of each and all. The Parthenon, at Athens, is a gem of art; but falls short in grandeur and size to the Egyptian pyramids, or the Indian temples of Elora, etc. Then the Gothic cathedrals, in their exquisite beauty in proportion to detail, stand unrivalled. We cannot decide on such a question.

BENEMILDA (August 1).—We are happy to tell you that your little sister's drawings (of heads) are by far the best of any that have as yet been sent to us, and are so clever that we advise her being sent to a school of art. There is great freedom yet decision of touch, very remarkable when produced by a child of twelve years. "Dolly Varden" and "Rosa" are specially remarkable, also "Clara," the largest head.

DAMARIS.—Pictures sent for exhibition to any gallery must be forwarded to and fro at the expense of the artist or contributor, and must be unpacked and placed ready for hanging. It is best to send them through an agent. For doing this, the usual charges are 3s. for a picture under two feet, 4s. for one of four feet, 5s. for six feet, and 6s. for one of ten feet. If unsold when the exhibition closes, or to be in any case returned to the sender, a further charge will be made by the agent for repacking and despatching. The carriage is a separate expense. You should obtain an "Exhibitor's Form," on which the names of agents in town or country are sometimes given. But some of your artist-friends would give you addresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RENATOR M.—For particulars of the Oxford Examinations for Women, apply to the Secretary, H. T. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford.

SPAIN.—Don Pas-qua-le, the last syllable is sounded.

A CORRESPONDENT.—If you mean to say your surname, it would suffice to put a notice to the effect that you wished to be known henceforth by a different name, in the *Times*, keeping up the advertisement for the number of publications required. If to be done in a legal way, you should apply to the College of Heralds, Queen Victoria Street, and pay the requisite fees for taking another name in addition to your own, or for adopting a fancy name in exchange for that of your family.

AMATEUR GARDENER.—Although we do not know many particulars respecting your natural qualifications for adopting the work of a gardener as a means of livelihood, we can, at least, tell you where you can offer yourself as an apprentice: Miss Yates, 62, Lower Sloane Street, S.W., Women's London Gardening Association.

E. ELLEN.—Pneumatic tyres are certainly the best, and are therefore very largely adopted by cyclists. They are now also being put on the wheels of carriages, so much are they liked. But they are a trouble to inflate, and sometimes serve you nasty tricks when "far from the madding crowd." No one used to the pneumatic tyre would revert to the old-fashioned "cushion," we think.

LIZZIE PHAYRE.—Your depression of spirits may be due to one or more of several causes. One of these is a bad digestion; and another, a lymphatic or bilious temperament. Possibly you over-tax your strength; perhaps you have a discontented disposition; and "last not least," perhaps your conscience is ill at ease, or you do not lay your troubles and anxieties before your heavenly Father and leave the burden with Him, asking Him to undertake them for you. There are some who thus take their burdens to Him, on whom we are told to cast them, and when they rise from their knees they pick up their burdens again, and carry them away with them, and do not rest on His help at all! If your health be out of order, see a doctor and get advice from him.

GEORGIE and M. M.—To clean bronze objects make a paste of whiting and vitriol and rub it on; but the latter is so dangerous a thing you must get no more than you require for use at the time.

MARJORIE and NELLY.—Your question is a hard one to answer without knowing any particulars of the case. Under such circumstances you must consider well which is the right thing to do, and ask for the help of the Holy Spirit to do your duty humbly, and guide you aright in all things.

BIRDIE.—You should give your thrush little scraps of meat, but he will need snails and worms—which, with insects, are his natural food—and plenty of clean drinking and bath water. His cage should be of double or treble the size usually sold for such birds, and he should have a little square sod of turf in it, and renewed when very dry. There should also be fine gravel in the cage. In addition to the meat-diet, you may give bread-crumbs, bits of ripe apple, and a little "German paste." This diet and the rest of our suggestions apply to blackbirds likewise. It would be found cheaper to make the paste yourself. Boil four eggs hard, remove the whites, and pound the yolks finely; add one pound of white pea-meal, and one tablespoonful of olive oil. Mix all together thoroughly, and press the mixture through a cullender so as to form small grains like shot. These must be fried over a gentle fire, and stirred till of a light-brown colour, when they will be ready for use. To keep away insects from birds' cages, you would find that suspending a little bag of sulphur in the cage will be very advantageous, and healthful to the birds themselves.

A YOUNG WIFE appears to make use of a pie-dish too small for the amount of fruit she places in it. Bake the tart slowly. The top might be browned afterwards.

MABEL.—August 20th, 1878, was a Tuesday.

J. L.—Hiccough (or hiccup) if of long continuance is dangerous. It should be stopped at once. To swallow anything cold, water or ice; to put some cold substance down the spine, or to take a pinch of snuff, may prove effectual as a remedy. But the cause should be ascertained, whether indigestion, acidity, or flatulence, and this should be prescribed for, the diet being probably the cause of the mischief. In the case of children it is often the consequence of eating too many sweetmeats.

"M. or N."—You are not answerable for the natural decay of the house you rent; but you are bound to keep it wind and water-tight. In taking a house on lease, you must agree with your landlord to have a clause inserted in the lease to hold you free in the event of fire, as otherwise the tenant would be liable to pay the rent when the house was burned down. For a mere trifle you could ensure the payment of your rent in such a case until the house were restored to use; and were you guarded from payment by the terms of your lease, you could apply the sum to paying for temporary lodgment.

CARIB (Dominica).—Lord Roberts has not, so far as we are aware, lost any limb.

EDITH T.—We should not think that the use of a little marmalade could be at all injurious, or cause the disease you name.

LILIAN B.—Your writing promises well, but it is not yet formed.

MINNIE.—You have done very wrong in encouraging any man whom "you knew you could not marry." Now that you have "met someone whom you like much better," you want to dismiss the man you have encouraged. All you can now do is to confess your very disgraceful conduct.

BILLY.—You should have a dictionary by your side, and look for every word about the spelling of which you are uncertain. In your letter to us there are three mistakes—"gratefull," "difficaulty" and "writting." Set these right and learn the correct spelling.

PERPLEXED SIXTEEN.—Use a fork instead of a spoon when possible. You can use a spoon afterwards for the juice of the fruit. There is no "fashion" in the matter of "taking fruit up with the right hand or the left." It is the custom to use the right hand as a general rule.

TIPPINS.—You would greatly lower yourself by continuing to remonstrate with a man for "jilting" you, having met with some one whom he prefers to you. You would be as miserable as he would be were he to marry you when he wishes to be released and to marry another girl. Have nothing more to do with him.

J. A. A.—You do not write well enough to take a situation as nursery governess. We do not keep a registry office. In all directions you will find them. Perhaps they might help you at the Ladies' Guide Institution in the Strand, W.C.

FRENCH WANDERER.—We cannot tell you anything about such a periodical as you name. We do not approve of it. Do you remember what David says in one of the Psalms?—"My times are in Thy Hand," to appoint, permit, bless, lengthen or shorten them; and though I may not always see "the why and the wherefore," all Thou doest is right, and all is directed in love to those who trust in Thee.

> "I know not the way I am going,
> But well do I know my Guide;
> With a child-like trust I give my hand
> To the Mighty friend at my side."

Let this beautiful truth be for your comfort. If, as you say, there is "such good advice" given in our answers, accept it now and do not try to penetrate that obscurity that veils our earthly future so wisely ordained, but be satisfied with the revelation of the glorious future over the border. Half our sorrows and heartaches arise in our anticipation of evils that never come. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

CONSTANT READER.—The mere ceremony of marriage does not constitute a real legal one in the case of a minor who acts without the consent of her guardians.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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FOREIGN CHEESES,

AND HOW TO RECOGNISE THEM WHEN SHOPPING.

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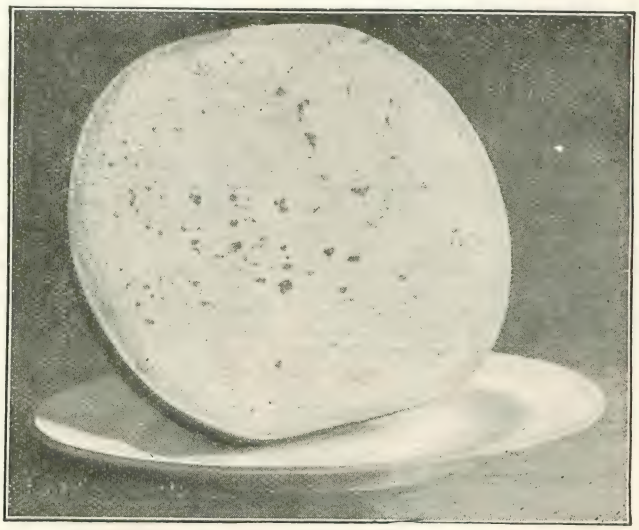

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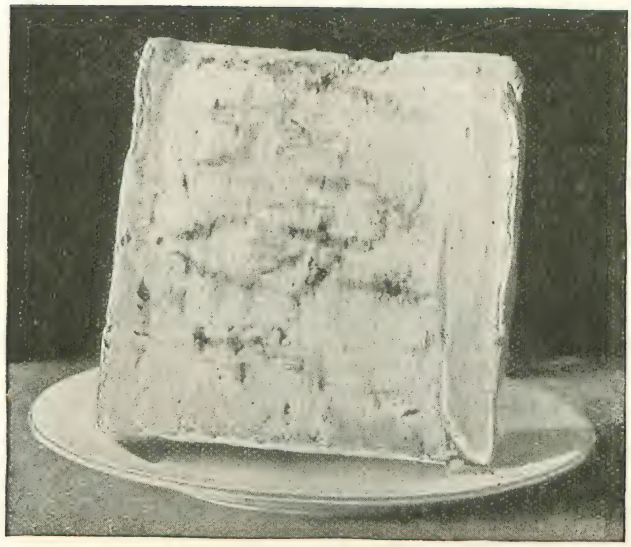

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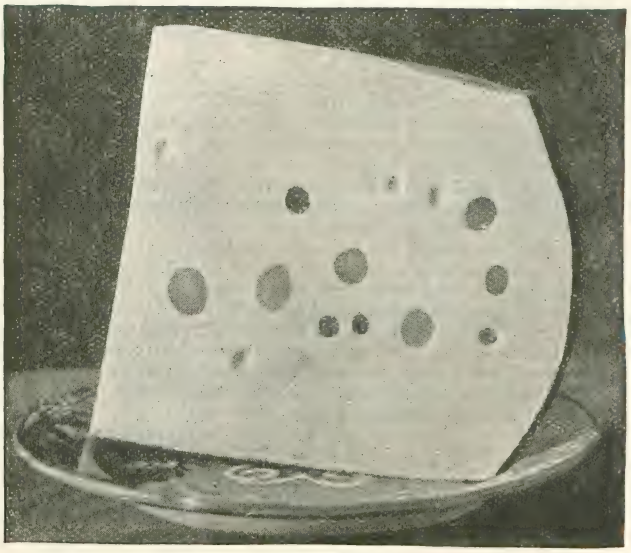

GRUYÈRE.

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MIRANDA.

By JENNIE PERRETT.

"THAT flower-girl has called, Miss Evelyn."

"Let her come in here, please."

Perkyns the trim parlour-maid departed with a contemptuous little sniff, and ushered into Evelyn Trevor's pretty sitting-room a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, carrying a basket containing golden daffodils and sweet-scented hyacinths.

"Good afternoon," said Evelyn, looking up from her desk; "sit down please, Miranda, I shall have finished this letter in a minute."

The girl obeyed. Her eyes wandered round the room. Such a lovely room she thought as she glanced at the soft tinted paper and pictures, the piano, bookshelves, and writing-table. Then her eyes rested on the girl for whom all these luxuries, unknown in the region in which she herself lived, had been provided. A girl about her own age, not more than seventeen or eighteen certainly.

Evelyn had met her at a Working Girl's Club she had visited with a friend. Something in Miranda's face and manner (she hardly knew what) had arrested her attention, and finding on inquiry that she could neither read nor write, she had urged her attendance at some classes where free instruction was given, and had added that she herself would devote two hours a week to her at her own home.

"Come to my home on Wednesdays," Evelyn had said, "from five until seven, and I will do my best to help you."

"Thank you, miss," the girl had replied eagerly, "I'd be right glad to learn, and I wouldn't give you more trouble than I could help, it's real good of you to be bothered with the likes of me."

So it was settled, and for three Wednesdays the arrangements made were fully carried out. On the fourth Wednesday Miranda found her instructress busy letter-writing, and sat silently waiting until she was able to attend to her.

"There," exclaimed Evelyn as she finished her letter, "that is done. Now, Miranda, have you brought your copy-book? Let me see what you have written, and then——"

A knock at the door. A moment later Perkyns entered the room.

"Mrs. George and Miss Edith Alleyne," she said. "They asked for you, Miss Evelyn, I told them Miss Trevor was out."

"I will go at once," said Evelyn. "Miranda, I will come back to you directly. Here are some illustrated papers, you may like to look at the pictures."

Away she hastened. Five—ten minutes passed, then she returned, animated, excited.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Miranda," she began, "sorry I mean that it has happened to-day. The friends who have called want me to go somewhere with them to arrange about some lectures we are going to have, and so——"

"I'll go, miss, thank you all the same," said Miranda rising. "You'll have these—yes, if you please, miss, you won't refuse—I kept them on purpose for you," she added as she placed a lovely bunch of golden daffodils on the table.

A moment later the girl was gone, but not before she had heard Evelyn's request to be sure to come next Wednesday.

"Mind you come," she said, "I don't think I shall be able to go to the club for a fortnight, I have so many engagements."

She had indeed. Too many the kind gentle aunt who took charge of the household thought, and even the indulgent father, who always found it a difficult matter to refuse any request made by his motherless girl, told her sometimes that she had "too many irons in the fire."

"You will burn your fingers some day, see if you don't," he said; "you undertake too much, my child."

But Evelyn only laughed. Clever, capable, active, self-assertive, she felt herself equal to all the claims made upon her time and strength.

Friday morning came. At breakfast-time Mr. Trevor looked up from his letters.

"How is this, Evelyn?" he said, "here is a letter from Cecil, asking me to send him the five pounds I promised, to pay his football subscription and some other matters."

"Yes," said Evelyn, putting down her coffee-cup and looking steadily at her father.

"Well, my dear child, you know perfectly well I gave you a five pound note on Wednesday to send to Cecil; you said you were going to write to him, did you not?"

"Yes, and I wrote and enclosed the note."

"You cannot have done so. Cecil says he has received your letter, the one in which you speak about my having given you the note to send, but no note was enclosed; there's the letter, read it yourself."

Evelyn took the letter from her schoolboy-brother, read it through and placed it on the table.

Some one seated on the opposite side of the table, a merry, bright-eyed boy of nine, the youngest of Mr. Trevor's three children, watched her attentively.

"Well, what is it?" said Evelyn a little sharply, as she suddenly became conscious of the child's fixed gaze.

"I was thinking," replied Roy briefly.

"A penny for your thoughts," said his father smiling.

"I think they are worth more than a penny," said Roy. "Look here," he added, "I heard Aunt Kate ask Evelyn to write out the recipe of grandma's iced fruit cake for Mrs. Daly, on Wednesday."

"Well," said Mr. Trevor, as the boy paused.

"Well," said Roy, his eyes twinkling, "don't you see, father, Evelyn in a hurry (and you know you generally are in a tremendous hurry, Evelyn) must have put the five-pound note in the wrong envelope, and so—and so Mrs. Daly must have got Cecil's tip. Oh! I say, isn't it funny?"

"You seem to find it so," said Mr. Trevor, smiling at the child who was shaking with laughter.

No smile passed over Evelyn's face, she looked and felt annoyed, and gentle Miss Trevor hastened to try to pour some oil on the troubled waters.

"You promised to enter the number of that note, did you do so?" interrupted Mr. Trevor.

"No, I forgot," replied Evelyn.

"You ought to have copied the number and registered the letter. However, don't look so worried, child. Do a little less and take more time over it. You are always working at high pressure, and it doesn't pay in the long run. I don't want to see you a slow, dawdling girl, but I wish you could manage to hit the happy medium. Of course you can write to Mrs. Daly; if you have enclosed the note in her letter, she may think it is meant for a subscription to something or other, and be puzzled. Just write her a line, and I will wire to Cecil and send him the money he wants."

"I will write at once," said Evelyn, "and I may have a reply in the morning."

"You have not proved a true prophet this time, Roy," said Mr. Trevor the following morning when Evelyn gave him the answer she had received to her inquiry; "Mrs. Daly has not received Cecil's money."

Roy shook his head.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but perhaps Evelyn will find it among her papers, I'll help her look if she likes."

Roy's offer of assistance was not accepted, but Evelyn herself thoroughly searched through the papers that had been on her writing-table the day the note was lost. She looked in vain. Then her thoughts flew to the housemaid who attended to the room.

"No," she said to herself. "Belton has been with us for years, and is as honest as the day. I won't even name the loss to her, and father, I know, has forbidden Roy to mention it to any of the servants. Oh, where can that tiresome note have gone?"

As she spoke her eyes rested on a pretty flower-vase, one of her last birthday presents from her father. The vase was filled with daffodils, golden daffodils—Miranda's gift.

Evelyn's face flushed crimson.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "Miranda must have taken the note. I left her here alone when I went to speak to Mrs. George and Edith; my letters were on the table, and when Miranda had gone, I hurriedly slipped them in the envelopes and put them in the basket on the hall table for Belton to post. Now what shall I do? I don't know her address so I cannot call to see her even if I had time; I must wait until Wednesday when she will be here again. Poor girl, she may have been sorely tried and tempted; she will not find me harsh and unforgiving, and I won't name my suspicions to anyone."

Wednesday came—five o'clock struck—Miranda did not appear. A quarter past, then half-past, then Evelyn heard her footstep on the landing.

"I'm late, miss," said the girl, as she entered the room. "I'm very sorry, but I couldn't help it. A lady told me she'd buy a good lot of my flowers if I called at her house after five, so I went round. I saved these for you, miss," she added, taking some daffodils from her basket. "I meant to bring some lilies, but a little girl bought my last bunch for a sick friend, she said. And now, miss, I'm very sorry, but I can't stay to-day, Gran is on the spree again, some old friend of hers has had a little money left her (seven pounds, I think), and she and gran are off drinking, and Jemmie, he's all alone and his leg is so bad, I told him I'd hurry off home as soon as I could and——"

"Yes," interrupted Evelyn, "but wait a moment, I want to ask you something. You remember I left you here alone last week, and—and—I'm very sorry, but a five-pound note is missing. My father gave it to me to send to my brother, and—and I left it here."

"You left it here," repeated Miranda.

"Yes, on this table, either loose or just slipped inside an envelope. I fastened the envelopes after I came back so I know they were open, and——"

"And you think I took the money, that's what you mean, isn't it?" exclaimed Miranda, her pale face flushing crimson. "You think I'd come here, and sit in your room and have you speak so kind and friendly-like to me and—and I'd sneak your money. I tell you I never set eyes on your money; I was dead beat and tired out I was last Wednesday, and I sat here looking at the pictures you gave me, and I never stirred off the chair till you come back again."

"Miranda, listen," began Evelyn. "I have not named my fears to any one, and I will freely forgive you, only confess."

"There ain't nothing to forgive, and I ain't got nothing to confess," said the girl, half sadly and half defiantly. "Gran was right, after all she was, she told me I'd get no good taking up with swells. I'm sorry, yes, real sorry, I'm mad to think I ever came here."

She picked up her basket and turned to go. Evelyn put out her hand to detain her.

"Some day," she said, "you will be sorry, very sorry for this; when that day arrives come to me, you will find me——"

"Aye, I'll find you when I come," said Miranda, with a bitter laugh. "There's no fear of that. Good-bye, miss, I'm poor and rough, and my ways ain't like your ways, but I've told you the truth, and—and I'd starve sooner than I'd steal."

"Wait," said Evelyn, but the girl had opened the door and passed out unheeding.

Belton met her on the landing, and went down with her, and Evelyn saw her no more.

She did not forget her; as the days passed on and the summer came, she never caught sight of a flower-girl with her basket of sweet-scented pinks, roses and carnations, without thinking of Miranda, and wishing she could meet her. In answer to her inquiries, she found she had ceased to attend any of the meetings connected with the club, and had changed her address. No one seemed to know exactly where she was living. Then Evelyn remembered that the girl had a sailor sweetheart; she wore a silver ring he had given her, and confided to her young lady friend her desire to learn to write as quickly as possible in order to be able to answer his letters herself. Possibly he had returned and married her, and she had gone away, taking her little ailing brother Jemmie with her. If so, in all probability, Evelyn told herself, she could scarcely expect to see her again.

In the summer, too, Evelyn herself went away, and it was autumn ere she returned. A cold, damp autumn, productive of coughs and colds, rheumatism and asthma.

Evelyn, whose health was excellent, suffered no inconvenience from the damp, but Roy, who was not very strong, had a severe cold, which confined him to the house.

The boy was as active in his own small way as his sister was in hers, and he found the enforced confinement to the house very tedious. One day the time seemed to hang especially heavy on his hands, he seemed to have reached the end of all his resources of amusement. What was to be done?

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him, and he at once proceeded to carry it out.

"I'll make some toffee," he said, "that will be fine fun; I know cook will let me have a pan. Let me see, what shall I want? Butter and sugar, how much, I wonder? Oh, I know! it is all written out in grandma's recipe-book, and that's in the bookcase in the breakfast-room."

Away he ran, found the book, and studied the directions given for toffee-making. Then he glanced at some other recipes; one in particular arrested his attention.

"Cocoanut biscuits," he said; "I like those, I'll ask cook——"

He paused; turning over the leaf to finish reading the directions given for the making and baking of the cocoanut biscuits, he noticed a thin piece of paper. He took it, and looked at it wonderingly.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's a five-pound note! Oh, it must be the one Evelyn lost; the one father gave her to send to Cecil in the spring. She had this book that day, and she must have slipped the note inside, and then forgotten all about it. I'll go and tell her."

Off he ran, found his sister, and told her what a wonderful discovery he had made. He felt somewhat disappointed at the reception of his news, and did not hesitate to tell Evelyn so.

"I thought you would be ever so glad," he said; "I thought you'd dance for joy, but you look as sad and as grave——"

"I am glad, I am indeed, dear," said Evelyn as she kissed the eager little face, "only the sight of the note brought back one sad memory."

"I don't see why it should," said the child. "Cecil got his money all right, and now I have found this. Wasn't it funny it should stay hidden away in that old book? And wasn't it a good thing I thought of making some toffee to-day?"

"Now I must find Miranda," said Evelyn when Roy had left her. "Poor girl, how I misjudged her! Why was I not more careful? Father is quite right, he says I lack judgment. I act on the impulse of the moment. Surely this will be a lesson to me. I will go and see Miss Fotheringham, she may have Miranda's old address in her register, and, possibly, I may trace her from that."

She went, but her journey was a fruitless one. Miss Fotheringham, who had been superintendent of the club, was away, and in the register shown to Evelyn Miranda's name did not appear.

Then another idea occurred to her, she would go round to the different places frequented by the flower-girls, and question them. She did so, but the only information she obtained was from a woman in Regent Street, who told her she had known the girl she was inquiring about, but had not seen her for a long time, and she believed she had gone to live "somewheres in Kent."

Heart-sick and weary, Evelyn went home that day. Roy met her in the hall.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "Alice Bellairs is here, and she was afraid she would have to go before you came back. She's been here an hour talking to Aunt Kate in the drawing-room. I shouldn't like to be a nurse, would you? It must be horrid to have so little time to visit one's friends."

Evelyn smiled and passed on to the drawing-room. Here she found her friend, Alice Bellairs, a hospital nurse.

"I was just going, dear," said Alice, "perhaps you will walk a little way with me. No thank you, Miss Trevor, I must not stay any longer."

"Well, tell Evelyn about that poor girl," said Miss Trevor.

"Yes, and tell her about Jemmie," said Roy, "and look here, I'll send him some toys."

"Who is this girl?" asked Evelyn, as they passed out into the street.

"Her name is Miranda," was the unexpected reply. "Such fanciful names some of these poor girls have. She is an orphan, and has lived with an old grandmother who died last spring, and an afflicted little brother named Jemmie. The girl seems to have been the support of the family. It appears she is engaged to a sailor, and in the spring, the wife of a friend of his who lives in Kent, offered her a home if she would take charge of her two children during her absence (she was going away for four months). The girl gladly consented, as she thought the country air would do her brother so much good. A month ago the woman returned, and Miranda came back to London. She wanted Dr. Meiers to see Jemmie and give her his opinion about the child. A fortnight ago standing near Charing Cross Station just when it was getting dusk, Miranda saw a child, a lame boy crossing the road. One of those great, heavy vans was going towards Fleet Street, and she saw the child was in danger of being run over. She rushed to his help and managed to get him on the pavement, but she herself was struck by one of the wheels, knocked down and completely stunned. We thought she would have died when they brought her to the hospital. She is in my ward, and I told her when I came out to-day I should not be away very long, and—but, Evelyn, what is the matter? My dear girl, are you ill?"

"No, I am not ill," replied Evelyn, "I am only surprised to find that this girl you are nursing is one I have sadly misjudged." Then she told the whole story, and begged Alice to take her to Miranda at once.

"It is against the rules," said Alice, "still, it is an exceptional case, I will see what I can do."

On reaching the hospital, the necessary permission was given, and together the two friends passed into the ward where Miranda was lying.

When they reached Miranda's bed, Alice explained to the girl whose eyes were bandaged that she had brought a friend to see her.

"It is I, Miranda," said Evelyn, taking the girl's toilworn hand in her own, "you will remember my name, Evelyn Trevor. I was a very poor friend to you, I fear; but you will forgive me, will you not, and let me help you in the future?"

"Did you find the money?" asked the girl.

"Yes, in a book where I must have put it myself, and I have tried to find you to explain and to try to make amends."

"I'm glad you have found it," said Miranda simply, "it weighed heavy on my mind, your thinking I took it. I ain't nothing to boast of, but I was always honest, and——"

"And brave," said Alice; "yes, Miranda, brave, you saved that child's life at the risk of your own."

"That was nothing," said the girl, "he was a little chap and lame, and he minded me of Jemmie. Have you told the lady where Jemmie is, sister?"

"Yes, I told her we had arranged for him to stay with a kind woman until you were better, and Miss Trevor's little brother promised to-day to send him some toys."

"And I will go to see him," said Evelyn, "and do tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

"Thank you, miss, 'tis settled for me to go back to the country again. Mrs. Marsh, whose house I looked after, can find me plenty of laundry work. I've a deal to be thankful for. I shall never be sorry for the time I spent here, for sister she's told me about the Saviour. Him as came to seek and to save the lost, and I know now that He cares for me and Jemmie. And now that I've heard that money's found, I could sing for joy. What do you say, sister, the lady must go? She can come again, though, can't she?"

"Certainly," replied Alice, "but she must not remain longer now."

Needless to say Evelyn availed herself of every opportunity afforded her of visiting Miranda, and after her recovery found many ways in which she could be helpful to her and her little brother; and in the following spring when Miranda was married to her sailor sweetheart, Evelyn and Alice were both present at the wedding. Among the presents Evelyn took with her was one from her father to whom she had told the whole story. The present was in an envelope and addressed as—"A wedding-gift to a brave true-hearted girl.'

"It looks very thin," said Roy—who at his urgent request had accompanied his sister and her friend—"do open it, Miranda."

She complied with his request, and out fluttered two crisp Bank of England notes, each for five pounds.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Roy, "that's just like father, that's what I call a jolly present, don't you?"

The girl's answer was hardly audible, but her heart was full of joy and gratitude.

FOREIGN CHEESES,

AND HOW TO RECOGNISE THEM WHEN SHOPPING.

By AN OLD LADY

PART II.

THE increase in the demand for all kinds of foreign cheese is very remarkable. The first American cheese we remember to have seen was in the year 1845, when it was served at table "as a curiosity." The change that has occurred in the half century may be gauged by the fact that a large cheese-dealer told us he sold three times as much American cheese as all other kinds put together. This man had a share in a cheese-farm, but, unfortunately, he took a very gloomy view of the future of English cheese manufacture. He said that he and his partners could not make the thing pay, as the demand for English cheeses diminished rapidly!

There is of course some variety in American cheeses, though nothing like so much as one has a right to expect from the produce of so vast a country. The chief variety seems to be rather in appearance than in flavour; we have certainly tasted very fine cheese from America, but they have always turned out to be "samples." The Americans can turn out excellent cheese, and we cannot help thinking that, as a mere matter of business, it would be wiser if they would supply John Bull with some of their better quality, "as per sample." As a rule the American cheese one gets in this country is only a soapy, sodden imitation of Cheddar, which has a bad flavour, an offensive smell, and gets horny and leathery when kept.

We need not describe American cheese, except to note the fact that they are sold with the cloth on; but the cloth does not entirely envelop the cheese, as is the case in England, but only extends over the sides of the cheese, the top and bottom being covered with an extremely thin piece of wood, which extends to the rim of the cheese all round, the cloth being fastened down some two inches beyond its edge.* Why this is done we cannot understand. In the cheaper kinds the wood imparts a most unpleasant flavour to the part of the cheese which comes near it, and in choosing a piece of American cheese, always select that which has the cloth on, in preference to that which is covered with the wood-fibre.

Dutch cheese is so well known and brings to mind such recollections of our school-days that it almost gives us an attack of indigestion to think about it. However, there are several kinds of Dutch cheese now in the English market which are better than the old-fashioned "cannon ball" of our youth. The small round cheese called "Edam" and a flat cheese called "Port du Salut," and the flat Gouda cheese are not bad. To choose a Dutch cheese weight is the best test. When cut it must look moist and must not be cracked, though in some kinds small holes filled with liquid of an oily appearance is not a bad sign. The Dutch have one very fine cheese, "Utrecht," but I have never seen it in England; it resembles in appearance the flat Gouda, but is a far richer cheese, more in fact like Gruyère.

* English cheeses have the cloth removed before they are offered for sale. So, if you buy a cheese in a cloth, it is American.

Parmesan is a very old-established cheese in England. It is chiefly used for flavouring, and always has to be grated before use; the careful housewife, however, will not purchase it ready grated, as it loses its flavour rapidly in that form. In appearance it is a large wheel-shaped cheese some forty inches in diameter and not more than five or six inches deep; when cut it is a faded grass green in colour. No cheese is anything like so good as Parmesan for flavouring. Notwithstanding its name it is not made at Parma or in that district, but between Milan and Lodi. The grass the cows are fed upon is said to be perfectly tasteless, which proves that the flavour of the cheese does not always depend upon that of the grass, and is another of the puzzles about cheese-making. No household should be without Parmesan cheese, as so many nice little dishes can be made with it. It is very inexpensive, and even grated upon buttered toast or bread-and-butter it forms a tasty morsel, or what Scotch people call a "daint."

A cheese very much resembling Parmesan is made in Switzerland, and is called Schabzieger. Some foreigners, especially the Swiss, will tell you that in flavour it is superior to Parmesan. We confess, however, that its very offensive odour so prejudiced us against it as to render us perfectly unable to appreciate its flavour, and we think that this will always be an argument against it in England. The Schabzieger is a very small cheese, almost exactly the shape of a little flower-pot. When cut it will be seen to have a very close texture, and is of a greenish colour and intensely brittle. Of course it is purely a flavouring cheese, and, like Parmesan, has to be grated.

One of the best and perhaps on the whole the most satisfactory of all the foreign cheeses is Gruyère; half a century back it was quite unknown in London, and we recollect trying to buy some, but it could only be obtained at a well-known shop in Piccadilly! whereas we were a few days back making inquiries about this cheese of a tradesman in good practice, he said to one of his assistants, "Fetch one of those largest Gruyères and show it to the ladies," and presently an immense cheese was trundled into the shop and hoisted on to the counter. Now then, said he, "bring a wire and cut it in half." We explained that we were not going to buy, but were merely making inquiries, and would not allow him to cut up such a vast cheese to show us what it looked like. "Pray don't trouble yourselves about that, ladies, why, I shall send out the whole of this for my 'morning orders.'" We were quite astonished, and said, "Is there then so large a demand for Gruyère?" "Oh yes, Gruyère and Gorgonzola are now greatly in favour, and I want you to see one of these, as they are really good examples." This cheese measured four feet in diameter and was about seven inches deep, but they are not usually quite so large. The rind should be very clean and neat and of a light colour. When cut the cheese presents a very attractive appearance and looks exactly like carved ivory; it is full of little holes which ought to be quite round and at very regular intervals, so as to look almost like an ornamental pattern. Each hole contains a glistening drop of perfectly transparent oily fluid. If this fluid is like water the cheese is a poor one, and if it is clouded, milky or dirty, the cheese has been badly made, and the "whey" not having been properly extracted has usurped the place which ought to be occupied by the oily liquid from the rich new milk of which this cheese is compounded. Now when this is the case the cheese is bad in flavour and has a very offensive smell. As the polite tradesman to whom we have alluded said, "You can always tell a good Gruyère cheese by its looking so handsome; it should appear as if it were carved in ivory or moulded out of the most delicate wax. There ought to be no discoloration or defect of any kind, in fact," said he, "I do wish it could be served up in large pieces. That," said he, pointing to this magnificent half cheese, "would be an ornament to the table of any nobleman."

Gruyère should not be kept too long, and note that when you serve it, you must not use the cheese scoop but a very sharp knife, and cut it in thin slices, it is one of the very few cheeses which must not be broken. A good Gruyère though rich is not a strong flavoured cheese, and always select the portions full of round holes.

The Germans who eat Gruyère largely call it *Schweitzerkäse* (Swiss cheese), though we believe the best kind is really made in France.

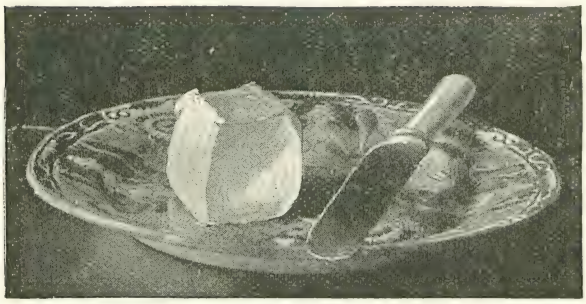
Gorgonzola is a great contrast to Gruyère. We were a little startled when the polite cheesemonger called to one of his assistants, "Joe, bring a 'Gorgon' and show it to the ladies!"

The "Gorgon" (short of course for Gorgonzola) though in no way terrible is certainly an ugly object. The cheese stands about six inches high and measures eleven in circumference; it has sharp edges and a smooth rind of a disagreeable pink colour which looks none the more attractive by being floured or powdered over, which suggests the idea that it has been powdered to hide defects. When cut it is of a soft creamy texture with strongly marked blue-green veins very irregularly disposed. This cheese varies very much and is exceedingly unpleasant when kept too long; when in good condition, however, it is a fine rich cheese not unlike Stilton.

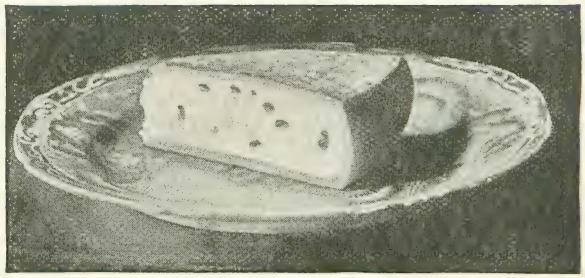
Amongst luxuries in the way of cheese, Roquefort is probably the greatest; it is very expensive, notwithstanding the fact that owing to its strength, a little of it is enough at one sitting. It is a French cheese of the Stilton type, but very superior even to the best Stilton. It is covered with silver paper, and is usually sold in small pieces.*

Cream "Cheeses."—Although cream cheese is, in point of fact, not cheese at all, but simply hardened cream, yet at the present day it forms such an important article of food that, in writing about cheeses, it must not be omitted. The principal points in which cream cheese differs from hard cheese are the following. In the first place the curdling process is omitted, consequently neither rennet nor acids are used in its manufacture. It is, therefore, much easier to make, but of course has the disadvantage that it will only keep for a very short time. As we have pointed out previously, the substance which forms the chief and essential component of cheese—caseum—is not contained in the cream, but in the milk, so that many kinds of cheeses—Dutch, Parmesan, and Suffolk, for instance—are made entirely of skimmed milk. Cream, it is true, is added to the richer cheeses, such as Stilton, or is left unseparated from the milk, as in

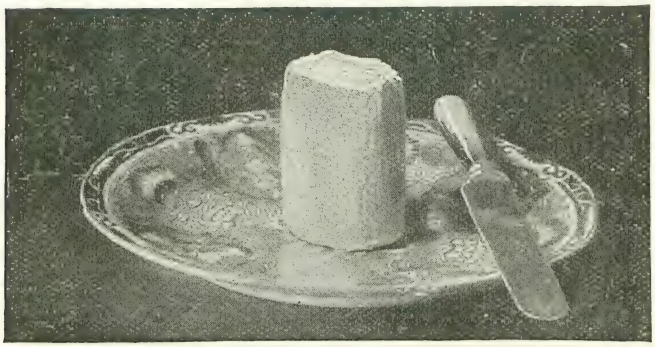
* Roquefort cheese is said to be made with the milk of ewes, at Lozére, near Rodez.



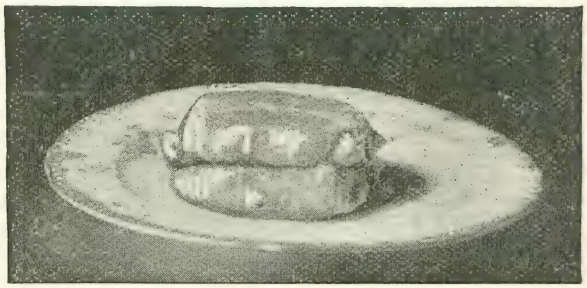
SUISSE POMMEL.



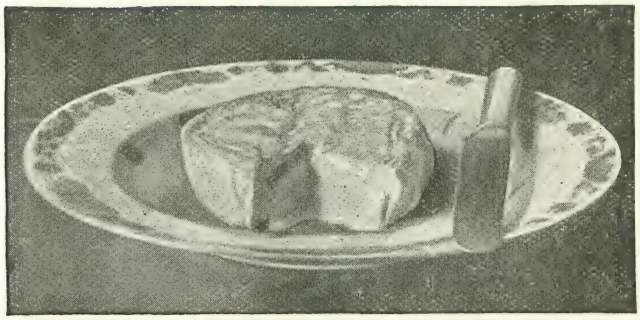
PORT DE SALUT, DUTCH.



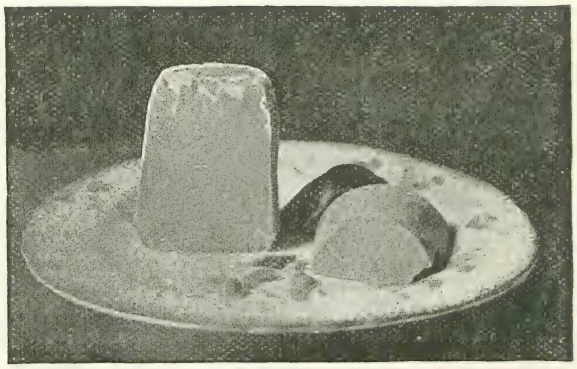
NEUFCHATEL.



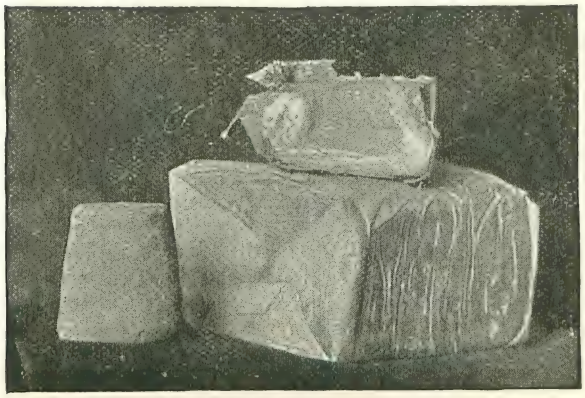
MAINZER KÜMMEL-KÄSE.



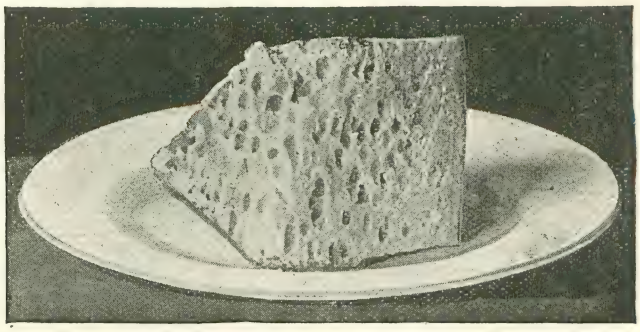
CAMEMBERT.



SCHABZIEGER, SWISS FLAVOURING.



LIMBURG AND SCHABZIEGER.



PARMESAN.

Cheshire, Cheddar, etc. Now in cream cheese the cream must be thick, so that it can be put into a clean wet cloth and then tied up. It must be then hung up for seven or eight days, after which the cloth must be changed, and it is usually pressed into a mould.

In our young days the only cream cheeses in the London market were two very nasty substances, one called "Bath Cheese"* and the other "New Cheese."† The Bath cheese looked very cool and nice enclosed in a kind of envelope of rushes or straw, which when opened revealed a delicious-looking, snow-white compound with a pretty pattern impressed upon it by the reeds. When one came to taste it, however, the disappointment was keen, as it was found to be a sourish, tasteless substance difficult to swallow, and leaving an unpleasant irritation in the mouth. The "new" cheese was of a yellowish colour about two inches thick and six or eight in diameter; all we can recollect of it is that it was not at all nice.

Neufchatel, the poorest of all the continental cheeses, was the first to find its way into the London market. It is not a Swiss cheese, as is generally supposed, and has nothing to do with Neuchatel in Switzerland, but is made at a village of that name in the north of France. Although a pretty-looking cheese, it is very uninteresting in flavour. A gentleman we knew used to say of it that "it was only fit for school-girls." Brie and Camembert are of more recent introduction. They are very superior to Neufchatel, and those who can stand what is called a high-flavoured cream cheese will find them excellent. They are very much alike in appearance, are round in form, about five inches in diameter and two deep. Another very similar cheese, though of a milder flavour, is called Bon Don. It would be perhaps impossible to mention the numerous examples of cream cheeses produced in France. The French, in fact, excel so much in the production of cream cheese that we never recollect to have tasted a French cream cheese which was not good. Their variety, also, is most extraordinary. Some, like the Neufchatel and the little square blocks called Pommel, are so mild that "the most fastidious young lady" could not object to them, whereas others, like Camembert and Brie, appeal to those who prefer high-flavoured cheeses. Some excellent cream cheeses are made in Normandy. One called Cœur de Normandie, which is heart-shaped, is very creamy and delicious.

What are called "liquid cheeses" are almost unknown in England, though they are frequently served in the south of Europe. They really are green cheese—in other words, cheese which is left in its curd form—and more resemble our Devonshire cream than any form of cheese with which we are acquainted. Almost innumerable kinds of cheese of this description are made in Italy and Spain. Sometimes they are eaten with fruit, which, by-the-way, used not to be an uncommon practice in Cheshire. We remember, when we were young, having frequently seen green currant tart and Cheshire cheese eaten together, and even jam-tart was, in country houses, served with the cheese half a century back.

A considerable number of cream cheeses are made in Germany. Though unequal to the French ones, they are palatable to those who can stand high-flavoured cheese. The best-known is probably the too "fragrant" Limburg. If this cheese were only less offensive to the sense of smell it would really not be a bad cheese, but we all recollect Hans Breitman's lines about it, and it was very nearly putting a certain department of the English government to serious expense some time back by this most objectionable quality. A clerk who liked to have Limburg cheese for lunch one day took one with him to the office and placed it in his desk; being a very valuable man he was suddenly sent for by the chief of the department. "Oh, A——," said he, "we are in a lot of trouble about those stores sent off to X——. Never mind about clothes, take what money you require, if you go off at once you will catch the express." He went off, but found the business much longer than he had expected, in fact he did not return for a month. Upon returning to the office and opening the door of the room he could scarcely see across it for tobacco smoke, all his fellow-clerks were puffing away vigorously. "Oh," said he, "you fellows will get into a row for this; it is strictly forbidden." "You don't know," said one of them, "what we have had to go through. The drains have been something awful, and the chief has told us all to smoke. The builder has been round, but says he can't find out what is wrong. To-morrow they are going to have up the floors, if something is not done quickly we shall all be killed! Surely you notice the horrible smell?" "Yes," said the clerk, "there is a most intolerable odour." With that he went up to his desk and opened it, when the source of the mischief was only too apparent. That Limburg cheese had gone putrid!

Mainzer Kümmel Käse is another German cheese from the Rhineland, and manufactured in the villages near Mayence. It is made in small oblong pats, two of which are generally together, each being some three inches by two. It is called "kümmel käse" because the outside is peppered all over with caraway seeds (called in German "kümmel"). The object of this is not so much to give a flavour to the cheese as to preserve it from going putrid, as it is a very bad keeper.

We should here say something about what are called herb cheeses. We must confess at once that we do not like them. They are made by mixing various herbs with the cheese to give it a flavour. In Holland, in the neighbourhood of Delft, a cheese of this description is made with Tarragon. In some parts of Yorkshire a very old custom still prevails of making sage cheeses to commemorate the birth of the eldest son. These are called groaning cheeses. There are some very quaint and remarkable superstitions connected with this kind of cheese. In Oxfordshire it was the custom to commence cutting the cheese in the middle, which was then scooped out by degrees, the great object being that there should be a sufficiently large hole made for the baby to be passed through on the day of his christening. Many explanations have been given of this curious old custom. Probably, as the sage was an emblem of wisdom, there might have been some kind of idea of surrounding the newly-born with that very desirable gift.

It has constantly been disputed whether cheese should be eaten in a decayed state or not; it is now generally thought that decay is unwholesome, and certainly no food can be fit for consumption when it is in a state of putrefaction. Of course we are far from suggesting that new cheese is better than old, but cheese may be reasonably old without being rotten or "alive." It cannot be right for it to be in the condition of the cheese selected by Theodore Hook at the request of a friend, when the shopman asked, "Shall I pack it up for you, sir?" "No," said Hook, "just put a string round it and I will lead it home."

In conclusion we cannot help regretting the present position of the cheese industry in England. It is a sad state of things that such excellent cheeses as Cheshire and Gloucester should be driven out of the market by the very inferior kind sent over from America. We do not regret the disappearance of English cream cheeses, because the manufacture of that class of cheese has never been understood in this country, and if an article is not good we care not whether it is of British or Foreign manufacture, it ought to be withdrawn from the market to make way for what is better, but that our own excellent home-produced cheeses should disappear is outrageous. The Americans have treated us badly in the matter. They can and do make excellent cheese, but having secured the English market, they think they can palm off upon us any rubbish they like. If however Cousin Jonathan does not repent and mend his ways a Nemesis is in store for him, as the samples of cheese recently sent over from New Zealand are both better and cheaper than the American, and seem to point to New Zealand as the coming foreign producer for the English market.

* Also "York cheese," which is exactly similar to "Bath cheese," if it is not the same article.

† This is I think the same cheese which is now called "Forest cheese," both names being derived from the New Forest.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

QUESTIONS.

251. What is the meaning of the name "Jeremiah?" Whose son was he? What do we know of "Anathoth?"

252. In what reigns did Jeremiah prophecy? In which was he befriended, and in which persecuted?

253. Who was Baruch? What part had he in the life of Jeremiah?

254. How many years after the death of Isaiah was Jeremiah called to his office? With which of the prophets was he contemporaneous?

255. What were the leading subjects of his prophecies?

256. Where do you find a mention of the Ark of the Covenant in this book? and what is the prophecy concerning it supposed to typify?

257. What do we gather of the character of Jeremiah from his writings?

258. Quote the two most remarkable prophecies relating to the Messiah in this book, and show their fulfilment in the New Testament.

259. Relate the story of the faithful life and death of a prophet, of whom nothing more is known, contained in four verses in the Book of Jeremiah.

260. What is the subject of the Book of Lamentations? Who wrote it? and where is it quoted by St. Paul, as depicting his condition?

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "AUGUST."

SOLUTION.

AUGUST.

tall-N at URE rests *in*-P-E RF E c T LIFERE pleat
BUT *little*-S TI RIS-*in*-THE fleece Y clouds
O-R-*in* THESAPOF trees OR-*in*-TH E wheat
O-R-*in* man SM-*in*-DO R-*in*-G AYFLORAS crow DS
THE birds R sil ENTANDTHED-R-*on in*-G-BS
SOO THETHE WAR PEDSPIRT 2 REFRESH *in*-G-ES
T *on*-A-T uressh R-*in*-E LE T-*long* procession S-W-*in* D
FROMCITYS pen T-*up* LIFEFROM (t) oil AN-DD-IR t
COME seamstress match girl aged PA rents blind
COMEOFFICE chair ANDALLWHOMRICH men hurt
2 B ring THEM added DA-*in*-ties COMEISAY
AND at HERSH R-*in*-E LETYOUR bruised BO die SSTAY

AUGUST.

All nature rests in perfect life replete,
But little stir is in the fleecy clouds,
Or in the sap of trees, or in the wheat,
Or in man's mind, or in gay Flora's crowds.
The birds are silent and the droning bees
Soothe the warped spirit to refreshing ease.

To Nature's shrine let long processions wind
From city's pent-up life from toil and dirt.
Come seamstress, match-girl, aged parents, blind,
Come office "char," and all whom rich men hurt
To bring them added dainties; come, I say—
And at her shrine let your bruised bodies stay!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Six Shillings Each.

Edith Ashworth, The Mount, Knutsford.
Mary Chislett, Great Broughton, Northallerton.
Miss Clark, St. Peter's Vicarage, Greenwich.
Ralph Collard, 5, Rusham Road, Balham, S.W.
C. A. Cooper, 31, Brookhill Road, Woolwich.
Leonard Duncan, Bromborough, Birkenhead.
Harriette M. FitzGerald, 7, Ely Place, Dublin.
Rev. Richard L. Gales, Kirby-in-Cleveland, Northallerton.
Rev. J. J. Hunt, 37, Beaufort Road, Birmingham.
Lilian T. Payne, 50, Castlewood Road, Upper Clapton.
Florence A. Prideaux, 18, Church Street, Modbury, Ivybridge, S. Devon.
Alexandrina A. Robertson, 15, Fairlawn Avenue, Chiswick, W.
Millicent Taylor, 17, Rotunda Terrace, Cheltenham.
George D. Taylor, 44, Kinmel Street, Rhyl.
J. A. Taylor, 33, Lister Street, Hull.
Florence A. E. Whitlock, Great Broughton, Northallerton.
Emily Wilkinson, 25, High Street, Eton, Windsor.
Mary Woodcock, Gold Street, Saffron-Walden, Essex.

Special Mention.

M. A. C. Crabb, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Henry Hayward, Elizabeth A. Lord, Charlotte Newton.

Very Highly Commended.

Edward Barnes, Melinda S. Bourne, Rev. J. Chambers, Rosabelle F. Chapman, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Rose D. Davis, Flossy Edwards, Edith W. Flint, Emily Frank, Jessie Harrison, Mrs. L. Hopewell, Miss Howard, Mary Hughes, Annie, Agnes, Mabel and Sydney Lewis, E. Mary Morrison, Miss W. Roulston, Gertrude Saffery, Miss A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Alice, Dorothy, Vaughan and Violet Shoberl, Chas. E. Stamper, Ellen C. Tarrant, Ellen Thurtell, Katie Whitmore, John R. Whyberd, G. S. Wilkins, M. Wilkins.

Highly Commended.

Annie E. Atkinson, Mrs. L. A. Belling, Beatrice Bishop, Nellie Campbell, W. T. Campsall, May Carline, Margaret E. Clarke, M. G. Coley, Walburga Daly, M. B. Dawson, Henrietta French, Margaret M. Gray, Mrs. C. Holloway, Miss L. F. Hoskins, W. C. Jerrold, Amelia M. Leach, E. M. Le Mottée, Lucy Lewin, Frances Longland, Louise M. McCready, Mrs. R. Mason, J. Mastin, "Mona," Frances Parks, Hannah E. Powell, Ellen M. Price, Miss J. M. Pugh, Mary D. Rice, Elizabeth Richardson, Lucy Richardson, E. E. H. Rose, Fanny Rowe, H. Jennie Salter, Miss A. D. Shepherd, R. F. Shove, Caroline E. Thurger, Julia Spencer, Mary E. Spencer, Margaret A. Todd, Isabel Turner, Mysie P. Walsh, C. H. Walker, Laura M. Woodward, Elizabeth Yarwood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Greatly as we admire simplicity, there is a point where it ceases to be attractive, and we can quite understand the comparative lack of interest shown in the "August" puzzle. Succeeding puzzles shall not be open to this reproach.

Eighteen solutions are so nearly alike, that we have been obliged to group them together as equal. In this group deviations from the original are very few, and though in no case has the author's version been improved, the variations are quite justifiable from every point of view.

Unfortunately the puzzle itself was not free from mistakes, two letters having vanished in its transit from author to printer—an i in *spirit* and the t in *toil*. The first error was unimportant, the word intended being clearly indicated, but *toil* naturally enough became "oil" in most solutions, and, here and there, "moil." We could take no exception to either of these alternatives, but "drink" we were obliged to condemn. The bottle depicted was meant for an olive-oil bottle, as 80 per cent. of the solvers understood, and olive-oil as even a temperance drink would be a doubtful luxury. Of still more eccentric renderings, "tears" and "gutter" are the most remarkable. Does the author of the former treasure up her own weepings in such a fashion? It must be rather inconvenient if she wants to cry when the bottle is not at hand.

Several competitors adopted—"But sweet iris is in the fleecy clouds," as their solution of the second line. The reading is quite justified by the hieroglyphics, but what of the context? Iris as the rainbow, or other prismatic play of colours, would naturally be looked for in the clouds, but scarcely "in the sap of trees." And supposing that, by a flight of imagination you substitute the botanical iris at this point, the mental effort is only wasted, for you are still confronted by absolute nonsense. Moreover, you have almost immediately to revert to the rainbow type, for the "sweet iris. . . . in man's mind," can only mean a rainbow-like illumination of his mental gifts. This, by the way, is quite a pleasing thought, and thoroughly commends itself to our judgment and experience. But the "iris" solutions were condemned all the same.

The next difficulty appears in line 7; "let all" (le t-*tall*) frequently appearing in place of "let long." In face of the two mistakes already referred to we cannot with any propriety ask what becomes of the superfluous t in this reading, but it is rather too much to demand that *all* processions should repair to Nature's shrine.

By further very easy stages we arrive at line 11, where we find many evidences of serious conflict. One competitor has reason to bewail the perversity of his pen which wrote, "To bring the madded dainties," to interpret the true meaning of the figures where so many read *sum* ("some"), and then to fail was particularly irritating. "Some odd" and "wholesome," are instances of the way in which *sum* was pressed into the service. "Some donations" is not so easy to understand. "Crushed" instead of *bruised* appeared in a few solutions, but it does not so well describe the condition of the apple.

In one very fair solution, the last line reads:

"And at her shrine let your apple-bodices stay."

Pray what is an *apple-bodice*?

To correspondents:—

C. V. M. L. Apart from the question of prizes, we do not think time spent over the puzzles is necessarily wasted. Hear three opinions sent us this week.

"I . . . find the efforts instructive in awaking the faculties of memory and thought."—R. L. H. S.

". . . time is not unprofitably employed in deciphering a puzzle poem, and thus sharpening one's wits."—J. J. C.

". . . the necessary references have greatly added to my store of general knowledge."—C. A. M.

L. DUNCAN.—The phrase should not have been in inverted commas, and no notice was taken of them in adjudicating.

LONDON PRIDE (No. 1).

FOREIGN AWARD.

Prize (six shillings).—Helen Shilstone, Ellangowan, Fontabelle, Barbados.

(*Equal with Home Second Prize winners.*)

Highly commended.—Carrie Cotes, Australia.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

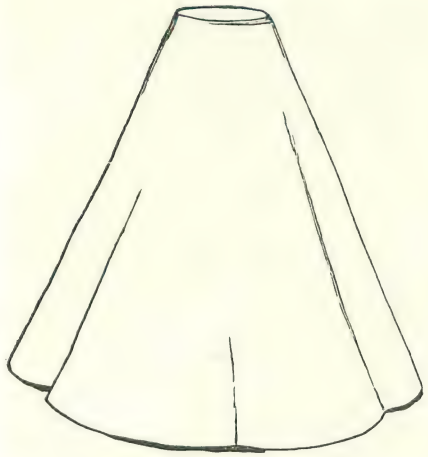
By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

A VAST number of velvet capes and velvet jackets trimmed with fur, and much handsome jet are to be seen this season. The material of which they are made is called *Velour du Nord*, and it was seen first in the very early days of the present spring season. It is beautifully thick and soft, and keeps its colour very well; of course it is much cheaper than velvet, and much superior to velveteen. *Crépons* of various kinds and silky-looking surfaces are also being used for capes, and are lined with wadded silk, and trimmed with either black Tibet fur, or dyed raccoon fur. The Tibet of this season is much superior to that of last, it is better dyed, and not so liable to get knotted or entangled. We illustrate one of the prettiest of the present ideas on furs, which is an admixture of fur and velvet, the velvet coming through as a border to the cape, and being a background to the hanging tails which edge it. The other figure in this sketch displays one of the new pelisses, which is made of *Velour du Nord*, and handsomely decorated with an edging of jet and some wide jet *passementerie*, which forms a looped decoration under each arm. These pelisses, though delightfully warm and comfortable, are so handsome that they seem more for carriage use than for walking. But if they could be made so as to combine lightness with warmth, one could not have a more ideal garment; though it would be almost impossible to wear a skirt with them, for they cover up everything, and it is really useless.

The hats worn by the figures in this illustration show exactly what is being worn, and on the larger hat, the way the quills are now worn—both the crowns are loose and puffed—a style more becoming to very young people, than to elder ones. It will be noticed that there is a great deal of trimming used on the hats of this winter; one of the favourite styles is a thick box-pleated inching of net, silk or velvet, with high velvet bows at the side or back. All veils are worn over the edge of the hat, however large, and white veils seem to retain their popularity—white spotted with black, and plain white tulle, being both most popular—the latter very becoming, but very perishable, and quickly soiled in the smoky atmosphere of a town.

The sealskin jacket and the pointed Eton jacket will explain the two newest shapes of both. The Eton has very wide *révers* over the shoulders of white cloth, the material of the whole gown being green cloth; the front of the under waistcoat is also white with jewelled *passementerie*, and mother of pearl buttons set round with diamonds on the *révers* and on the front of the coat. The standing figure wears one of the new plaids, with a plain grounding of colour on which the plaid is woven with knotted loops, making an appearance of depth in the material rather difficult to describe. Some of these new plaids are very handsome, others are rather too vivid in their hues. I am told that there is a great feeling this winter for black serges, and that they are being made up very largely with white, while others are lined and trimmed with coloured silks and fur edgings to make it look wintry and cosy. The new tweeds and homespuns are very generally grey in hue and black and white, and do not partake of the liking for brightness shown in the fancy materials. In fact, it looks as if we were going to follow the rage which already obtains in Paris for black and white,

PELISSE OF VELOUR DU NORD, AND CAPE OF VELVET AND BEAVER.



NEW SKIRT.
(*Paper pattern.*)

black and white striped velvets being used for all kinds of dress trimmings, as well as for bodices and sleeves. Even though we have worn the black and white ribbons on our hats and bonnets all the summer, the fancy for them still continues, and they are also much in request for neck ribbons and bows. The latest idea in these last is to have the bow in front instead of at the back, which I find not nearly so becoming, and the presence of a large bow under the chin constitutes a real nuisance, to my mind.

The green cloth gown strapped with cloth of a brownish yellow shade, with fancy buttons of brown and green enamel to match in hue, is a very fair example of the extent to which strapping is carried on our dresses, jackets and mantles. It is the sign of the good tailor-made gown, and as such it is generally expensive. Leather trimmings are still used for the country, and for that seem suitable, but not for town wear. Many mixtures of colours are seen on the better class of dresses, amongst others violet and brown, dark green with violet and yellow, dark blue and brown, yellow with black and blue, and other mixtures, as many as three shades being seen on the same gown.

Amongst the novelties in trimmings we have black cloth gowns trimmed with white braid, put on military fashion on both the jacket and skirt, with a narrow black and gold braid or cord put on in a kind of arabesque pattern on each side. These costumes are the production, I believe, of a well-known London tailor. Poplins are said to be coming in, and I notice that there are many black corded silks, Bengalines, and satins worn by day just now; they are often made with a bodice in colour, the skirt being lined with the same hue. A very charming gown made for a bride to receive her friends in, was of black satin brocade, the bodice of bright yellow silk and chiffon with black jet and satin ribbons, and the skirt lined with the yellow silk, the effect was bright and delightfully sunny on a dark and wintry afternoon. Black satin ribbons work as bretelles, and as sash ribbons are immensely worn and are universally becoming. The huge cape-like collars, and wings to our sleeves of this season make us wider in the shoulders even, than we were last winter with the big sleeves and *révers*, and the fashions of 1830 show no sign of releasing their hold on the affections of our dressmakers and milliners.

The loose backed sacque coat has not gained much popularity yet in England, though I noticed that in Paris all the very newest models were made in this style. The fronts are double-breasted and the backs very narrow. This year they are made of plain black cloth, as well as of the more expensive materials. So perhaps they may take here for that reason. Fur toques are seen everywhere in the shop windows, and will probably be used when we have any suitable weather. I notice that caracal fur is used for waistcoats, and also ermine, in fact fur waistcoats seem quite the rage. The new Tattersall vestings are in far prettier and more artistic colourings than they were, and there are some very pretty Paisley patterned plushes, which may be much recommended for waistcoats. The pouched or overhanging style of front for bodices is much in fashion still, in fact they seem to have been found so becoming for all figures both stout and thin, that I do not wonder at it. The back of this kind of bodice must be tight-fitting and under the arms very tight too or the fronts will not look so well. A belt of jet is very pretty with them, and failing that a wide ribbon of reversible satin and *moiré*.

The paper pattern selected for the month is that of one of the new skirts which are slightly different from those of the summer, though much the same in appearance, and the same amount of material is requisite for them. They are much shorter and I notice that at least three inches above the ground is not a remarkable length nor does it look bad at all.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Nightgown, drawers, and Senorita underbodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and*

POINTED ETON JACKET, AND SEAL JACKET WITH BANDS AND BUTTONS.

Bodices.—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, Senorita jacket, bodice fastened under the arm, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, under petticoat, cross-over blouse, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

GREEN CLOTH GOWN STRAPPED WITH BROWN CLOTH.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY HAIGH was gone, and Cecil felt very desolate. Everything seemed so new and strange, and she was so far removed from every familiar face, except the severe and respectable one of Um Yusuf, that she felt almost inclined to sit down and mourn over her isolation, but she had too much to do. She and Um Yusuf set to work to unpack their possessions, and speedily found themselves objects of interest to the other denizens of the courtyard. Basimeh Kalfa took a seat on the floor uninvited, and made remarks on the things as they were lifted out, and Ayesha, Azim Bey's nurse, who was also a privileged person, came across from the building opposite and posted herself in an advantageous position. Hovering on the verandah were several black women, the underservants of the establishment, who had forsaken their work and come to see the show, and Masûd himself was hard put to it to restrain his curiosity sufficiently to keep his post at the gate. None of the interested watchers offered to help in any way, but all commented audibly on the strange things they saw, and especially on the books and photographs. They were particularly amazed and delighted by the transformation effected in the sitting-room with the help of a hammer and nails, some folding bookshelves, a bracket or two and some pictures, and it began to look quite habitable to Cecil herself. There were still two or three large cases containing the books and school-appliances which had been ordered for Azim Bey to be unpacked, and she went with Um Yusuf, attended by her admiring train, to see whether there was any place for their contents in the room pointed out by Basimeh Kalfa as the Bey's "study." Here there was a raised dais, occupying about half the floor, and covered with a rich Kurdish carpet, the lower part of the room being matted. On the dais was the divan, covered with thick silk, and amply furnished with cushions of various sizes. There were two or three little inlaid octagonal tables scattered about, but no other furniture, and the walls were decorated with arabesque designs and inscriptions from the Koran. To desecrate such a room with prosaic blackboards and raised maps could not be thought of, and Cecil decided to wait to unpack them until she could consult her pupil as to their arrangement.

Azim Bey was absent with his father on an expedition to visit his married sister at Hillah, the ancient Babylon, and Cecil did not see him at all that day, so she and Um Yusuf had tea together in solitary state. She spent the evening in writing home, describing her new abode fully for the benefit of her brothers and sisters, and went to bed early, for although candles were provided, no light was visible in any of the surrounding buildings, and silence reigned over the palace. It seemed very lonely and unsafe, in a strange house, to sleep in a room with open windows and doors that would not lock, and Um Yusuf dutifully placed her bed against her mistress's door so as to be able to repel any attempted invasion, but none came.

The next day Cecil awoke early. It was a fine cool morning and the sun was shining brightly, tempting her out of doors. As soon as she was dressed she went down into the garden, followed by Um Yusuf, to be greeted by a squeal of delight from her pupil, who rushed to meet her and presented her with a large and formal bouquet. He had evidently been tormenting the gardener with questions as to the why and wherefore of things, for Cecil fancied that she saw an expression of relief on that functionary's face as he withdrew discreetly and precipitately when he saw the veiled figures. Azim Bey walked solemnly beside his governess for a little way, pointing out the beauties of the garden, then, with a side-glance up at her face, he stole a little brown hand into hers and remarked—

"You are my mademoiselle, and I

know I shall like you. I have had no one kind to talk to for a whole year, ever since my sister Naimeh Khanum was married to Said Bey and went to live at Hillah, except my father, and he is always busy. But you are going to stay here, and you will tell me everything I want to know. Denarien Bey has told me that you have many brothers, and you will tell me about them, won't you? When shall we begin lessons, mademoiselle?"

"As soon as you like," said Cecil smiling, for it was refreshing to meet with a boy who looked forward to lessons with pleasure, and then she unfolded her difficulty with respect to the school furniture. To her amusement Azim Bey took her doubts as an insult.

"But yes, mademoiselle, of course I want all the books and maps in my reception-room. It is to be made to look like a schoolroom; I will have it exactly like a schoolroom in England. The things shall be unpacked and put there at once."

And he hurried her back to the house, summoned sundry servants, and set them to work to open and unpack the cases. Cecil expected that he would offer to help in the work, but he was far too conscious of his rank for that, and sat solemnly on the divan beside her, issuing his orders. Nor would he allow her to help either, for when she started up to show the servants by example the proper way of putting up a blackboard, he desired her peremptorily not to incommode herself, but to tell him what was wanted and he would direct the servants. At last, after the expenditure of much breath on the part of Azim Bey, and some fruitless impatience on that of Cecil, the work was done, and the walls of the great room decorated with maps and charts and tables. A large supply of books was neatly arranged on the dais until bookshelves could be procured, and in the lower part of the room were placed a regular school-desk and seat for the pupil and a high desk and chair for the teacher, together with the blackboard, which Azim Bey regarded with loving eyes. He wanted to set to work at once, but Cecil, seeing old Ayesha looking at her distressfully, suggested mildly that they should breakfast first, since she had only had a cup of tea on rising. Her pupil assented graciously, and breakfast was brought in on trays which were placed on two little tables, one for Cecil and one for Azim Bey, while Um Yusuf, the nurse, and one or two other women-servants sat down in the lower part of the room to await their turn.

(To be continued.)

PLANT ROOTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART II.

Let us begin our study of roots by considering the way in which plants obtain their nourishment from the earth, and are kept in an upright position by means of their root-fibres. These being out of sight, we may easily not be familiar with this part of the economy of plant-life, but we shall soon see what important duties the roots have to fulfil, and how much they vary in character and appearance according to the soil, the climate, and the work they are required to do. The greater number of annual plants (those which live only one year) have fibrous roots, and of these we can find examples almost everywhere. A piece of groundsel or tuft of grass will answer our purpose. On pulling it out of the ground we see a bunch of whitish threads or fibres springing from the crown of the plant (which is the junction between the stem and the root), and on these slender fibres are hairs, which are really the active part of the root, for it is only through these hairs that the rootlets are able to absorb the liquid from the soil, the fibres simply acting as channels to convey the watery nourishment to the stem and leaves.

Common earth consists of small particles of mineral substances such as flint, chalk, or iron, and also of such vegetable matter as decayed leaves and rotten wood.

The spaces between the particles are more or less filled with air, each mineral particle being enveloped with a film of water. However dry the soil may appear, this will always be found to be the case. It may be tested by weighing in an agate balance some dry soil on a summer's day. There is a very delicate instrument called a hygroscope, which can tell us when there is the slightest amount of moisture in the air, and a clever German writer, Von Sachs,* has termed this film of water which gathers round earth-particles hygroscopic water. It has been ascertained by careful experiment that it is only on this delicate watery film that the root-hairs of plants are able to feed. Other water which flows through the soil is of no use to the plant, but as its hairs drain away the hygroscopic film it is always being renewed by the free water which comes from rain and dew. We can now understand why stagnant water in the ground is so injurious to plant-life, as it prevents the needful air from coming into contact with the roots, and this is the reason why farmers are careful to remove the surplus water from their fields by thorough drainage and ploughing. Roots adapt themselves very wonderfully to their situation.

This piece of grass, which we are examining, if it grew in sandy soil, would have its root-fibres covered with a downy growth to enable them the more readily to absorb every particle of moisture in the sand. Dr. Bonar speaks of the date palm as having this same characteristic. "These palm roots are peculiarly fitted to obtain every drop of water that the sand contains; they consist of long fleshy strings or ropes, shooting straight down into the sand, in numbers quite beyond our reckoning, and extending over a large circle."

The tendency of fibrous roots to bind sand together is taken advantage of on many of our sea-coasts, where the sand blows inland and renders acres of ground sterile and useless. There, if the *Carex arenaria* (a kind of sedge) is planted, its roots will spread far and wide, interlacing and creeping through the sandy soil, until in time the latter becomes solid and no longer drifts inland.

An allied species of grass, *Psamma arenaria* (or marrem grass) grows abundantly at Bournemouth, and wishing to ascertain how far one of its underground stems extended, with some amount of patience I disinterred about six or seven feet of it in a bank on the sea-shore where it was accessible. As it seemed to have no end, I could not ascertain its entire length.

Another instance of root-growth adapting itself to situation occurs to me. In visiting the Cheddar Cliffs in Somersetshire I was struck by the beauty of a plant which grew here and there out of the crevices of the rocks. Its tufts of vivid green leaves looked so healthy and vigorous I could not help wondering how it could obtain moisture enough to produce such foliage, placed as it was high up on the dry face of a rock.

Failing to reach its roots in any other way, I climbed up to a spot where I could remove some of the horizontal layers of stone. At last I lifted a flat piece of rock just above one of those plants, and there I saw at a glance the secret of its vigorous growth.

The roots had spread out over the surface of the stone for a distance of eight or nine inches in a perfectly flat layer of fine fibrous rootlets no thicker than a sheet of paper; these would doubtless suck up abundant moisture whenever the rain beat upon the rocks, and there, pressed closely between the two layers of stone the plant has its water-supply stored up, and is enabled to look fresh and green when other vegetation is suffering from drought.

We may broadly divide root-growth into four classes:—

1. Land roots.
2. Water roots.
3. Air roots.
4. Parasitic roots.

Land and Water Roots.

I have already spoken of some kinds of fibrous roots, and may add that if the root of a land plant is immersed in water, it will after a time develop a different kind of fibre, capable of receiving nourishment from water instead of earth. I remember seeing an instance of this in the case of a laurel bush which grew near a well in our garden. We had occasion to examine the water, and found that the laurel had thrown down its roots below the surface, where they grew luxuriantly, finely sub-divided, of a delicate ivory white, owing to the absence of light, and more than a yard in length. They had adapted themselves to the duty of absorbing water only, but had we replanted them in earth they would have withered, from their unfitness to take up the hygroscopic water of which I have already spoken. On the other hand if the seeds of a plant formed to live in the water, such for instance as the water-lily, are sown in ordinary soil, they adapt themselves to the new conditions, and are able to live on the hygroscopic water they find around the particles of earth.

Some plants send out a horizontal stem (culm) along the ground, with a bud and some roots growing out of it at regular intervals. Each of these joints (or nodes) takes root

* Author of *Vegetable Physiology*.

and forms a separate plant. What are called strawberry-runners are stems of this kind, and so are the creeping stems of *Tormentilla reptans*.

I once found a plant of the latter growing on a low wall, and, as I imagine, because it

CREEPING GRASS.

desired to reach the ground and root itself there, it had thrown down a stem a yard and a half long with eight young plants growing upon it at intervals, ready to form so many colonies when they had or should have reached the ground.

One may frequently find stems of various grasses running along the ground, and taking root at each joint. I have one such spray in my herbarium, with twelve young plants upon it at regular intervals.

Some plants store up nourishment in their roots, as may be seen in one of our common sea-side grasses (*Poa bulbosa*); it soon withers after flowering, and becoming uprooted, its bulbs, which are like small round cheeses strung together, may be seen blowing about in the wind.

POA BULBOSA.

With such a provision as this, the parent plant is able to bear extremes of cold and drought.

It is well for us that plants have this power of storing up their food underground, for to it we owe such useful tubers as the potato and Jerusalem artichoke.

One of our native plants, the earth-nut (*Bunium flexuosum*), has a single round tuber which is eatable when roasted, and is often dug up by children. Long ago when England was liable to famines, even this small tuber was valued as a means of eking out the labourer's daily meal. It is worth while to examine the curious divided tubers of some of our common orchises, such as the spotted orchis (*O. maculata*), or the meadow orchis (*O. morio*). The tuber which produces the leaves and flowers withers away at the end of the summer, but it leaves behind it a second tuber in which is stored up the nourishment required to enable it to bring forth leaves and flowers in the following spring.

Tubers are in reality underground stems which have thickened into rounded balls to contain plant food.

If we examine a potato we shall see that it contains true buds in the little hollows on its surface; these are called "eyes," and each of them if sown in the ground will produce a new potato-plant. If a potato is left in a damp cellar, each of these eyes will send out a stem, thus proving that the "eye" has the nature of a bud. If we cut the potato in half we shall see it is of an even substance mainly composed of starch, but if we halve an onion it will be found to consist of rings or layers of a thick fleshy nature, which proves it to be a bulb and not a tuber. The onion is like a large bud growing under ground, instead of on a tree branch. We can prove how similar the onion and the bud are, by searching on a lily stem for the buds or bulblets, which are often produced in the axils of the leaves; if we plant such a bud it will throw out fibres and become a bulbous rooted plant. Some of our native grasses seem to have a singular power of adapting themselves to their position. For instance the common Timothy grass (*Phleum pratense*), which usually lives by means of a fibrous root, can if needful produce a bulb which enables it to keep living in a very dry place, but if removed to a wet soil it returns to a fibrous root. Other grasses have been observed to alter their root-growth in the same way, adapting themselves to their surroundings.

Air Roots.

These absorb the watery vapour of the air; they cannot adapt themselves to live in earth, but under certain conditions they can put forth other kinds of roots that are partially adapted for growing in soil.

I may here give some personal observations about a certain *Hoya* plant that came into my possession so long ago as 1855. This much-enduring plant lived in a hanging basket for many years, in the dry air of a sitting-room. Its leaves were sometimes shrivelled from lack of water, and it never had vigour enough to produce flowers. At last, after enduring this life for twenty years, it was placed in a stove house where the moist heat suited its requirements. Then it flowered charmingly, and even now is showing a further degree of enterprise by growing a bunch of fibrous roots at the end of one of its stems. I imagine it intends to plant itself into another pot standing near. I am watching it with much curiosity, because if it does this, the old plant will prove that it has a high degree of intelligence, and that although it remained quiescent for so many years, it was only from lack of opportunity to do more than quietly endure its privations.

In tropical countries some plants and trees such as *Monstera* and *Philodendron* send down slender aërial roots called lianes, many hundred feet in length.

In the Aëriod House at Kew, I remember seeing these lianes coming down from the roof of the house in search of water and earthy nourishment. It seemed like actual intelligence that directed these roots to a tank of water twenty-five feet distant from their starting-point above. Whilst we are considering this subject, I may mention the curious root action of a kind of fig-tree growing in the tropics which is sometimes known by the name of the "Murderer." Its seed often falls, or is dropped by birds, amongst the leaves in the head of a palm tree, there it begins to grow and forms root after root, gradually descending the stem of the tree and clasping it so tightly that at last the palm is strangled and falls to the ground carrying its destroyer with it, where it roots and grows into a tree.

Parasitic Roots.

As in human society there are thievish characters who live by preying upon their neighbours, so in vegetable society we find quite a number of different plants growing at the expense of others, inserting their roots into the stems and roots of trees instead of drawing their nourishment from the ground. Careful distinction must be drawn between such plants as ivy, virginian creeper, clematis, lichens, etc., which simply grow and climb on the bark of trees, and the true parasites which are nourished by the juices of the trees and plants into which their roots penetrate.

Some plants are only partially parasitic, such as the cow-wheat (*Melampyrum*) and the yellow rattle (*Rhinanthus*). These represent a very deceitful kind of growth. To all appearance the plants are getting an honest living, the leaves are perfectly green and capable of performing all the duties of leaves, and yet, if we remove a little of the soil the plant will be found to be attached to, and growing from the roots of some strong kind of grass, and are deriving their nourishment from the food collected by those grass roots.

Yellow rattle grows abundantly in undrained

LILY BULBILS.

marshy fields where it is easy to obtain the plant, to examine its mode of growth. We may then go on to a clover-field and seek for that true parasite and most troublesome enemy to the farmer, the clover-dodder *(Cuscuta trifolii)*. Its seeds are frequently mixed with the clover, and when sown they germinate on the surface, but the little thread-like stem, instead of entering the ground, feels about in the air until it reaches a young clover-plant. It soon clasps its victim with its fast-growing stem; as the clover grows the dodder coils around it and is carried away from the ground.

As the wiry stem gains strength, it develops a series of suckers that eat into the clover-stem and rob it of the food it has collected; it lives, flowers, and grows at the other's expense. The rate of growth of the dodder exceeds that of the clover, so that the latter is both exhausted and choked by its snake-like enemy.

I once sowed a patch of flax in the garden, and not knowing that it too had a parasitic enemy, I was greatly puzzled to find quantities of pinkish threads growing out of the flax stems. These threads bore round bunches of tiny flowers. All this was very pretty and interesting, but it resulted in my patch of flax becoming a mass of interlacing threads and dying a miserable death, fairly strangled by the flax dodder. Another species of *Cuscuta epilinum* grows on furze and another on heather, all having the twine-like stems by which dodder may readily be known.

We are all familiar with the mistletoe, its leathery leaves and its white berries.

This plant grows out of the branches of poplar, hawthorn, and apple, and very occasionally upon the oak.

In France and Belgium the custom of bordering the fields with single rows of Lombardy poplars seems to favour the growth of mistletoe, for its large green bunches form quite a feature in the landscape, and cannot fail to be observed by the traveller as he journeys in the railway train. I have been told that mistletoe is sufficiently abundant to be used in Normandy as cattle-food.

If a mistletoe-berry is gently pressed upon a young branch of an apple-tree, its own viscid juice will cause it to adhere, and before long it germinates and sends its roots into the tissues of the tree; as it grows, it fuses with them, and derives all its root-nourishment from the substances in the branch. Of course the tree is weakened by this parasite, its sucking roots disturb the flow of the sap; woody knots are apt to form, and not unfrequently the branch is killed by the intruder which has fastened upon it.

Having touched upon the four principal kinds of roots, we will now take a single root-fibre and examine it more closely. It seems scarcely possible that such a brittle feeble thread should be able to penetrate into the ground and make its way amongst stones and sharp-edged fragments of earth without being bruised or torn. The chief friction is borne by the growing-point, and it always has for its protection a root-cap, the section of a growing-point of root-fibre given in the plate shows the outer skin, called the epidermis, and over that is the root-cap shaped like a thimble formed of small cells, and as they are worn away outside and become dead tissue, owing to friction with the soil, the cells are constantly being renewed from within. The root is thus enabled to grow and perform its part in maintaining the life of the plant. The presence of this root-cap, and the absence of leaves, are the marks by which a true root is known and distinguished from an underground stem. With a small lens one can see this extinguisher-like cap protecting the extreme point of the root, and it is well to examine a variety of specimens, and see how they differ slightly in size and shape.

The one especial office of the root is to absorb liquid nourishment from the soil for the benefit of the plant, and, as I have already explained, this is done mainly through the hairs which grow upon the fibres of the roots. For instance there is no absorption in old tree-roots, such as we sometimes see above the ground, nor in carrots, turnips and parsnips, but, thrown out from such bulbous plants are the fibres and their hairs which enable them to grow to maturity. We may naturally inquire how the solid materials in the soil, which are needful to the growth of the stem and leaves, can possibly be taken up by these extremely minute hairs.

We may look upon the earth as being a sort of store-house of indigestible, unprepared plant-food which must be altered in its character before it will be fit for absorption by the roots. Some substances, such as sugar, will readily dissolve in water; others, such as starch and sand, are insoluble, but the effect of rain-water and atmospheric air passing through the soil converts this insoluble dormant food into soluble active food.

The root-hairs convey this food to the small fibres, and through them as channels it passes on to larger ones, until it reaches the stem and goes to feed the growing leaves and flowers.

In order to remain in a healthy state roots must absorb oxygen gas, and for this reason gardeners, when they find the soil growing caked and hard on the surface, dig and rake the flower-borders in order that air may freely permeate the soil and find access to the roots of the plants.

Roots appear to be endowed with certain remarkable attributes, about which learned books have been written of late, giving the results of patient investigation as to their power of movement, the way in which they are affected by gravitation, the influence of light, etc.

The experiments of Darwin and other scientists have revealed very singular facts about the movements of plants. The term used to describe their motion is one we must learn, as it frequently appears in botanical works. Circumnutation we may translate as moving around, and it well describes the curious way in which rootlets, for instance, are always moving slowly from one side to the other, describing a kind of oval zig-zag track through the earth. The fibres appear to have a discriminating power, enabling them to choose convenient crevices through which to penetrate hard soil, to avoid stone, and to seek out any attractive food which lies in their way.

As soon as roots emerge from the seed they at once turn from the light and seek to bury themselves in the earth; the plumule from which the leaves will spring has exactly the reverse tendency, and invariably seeks the light and grows upwards. This can be proved by growing some mustard seeds on a piece of flannel about the size of a shilling, floating it on water in a saucer exposed to light from a single window; as soon as the leaves appear, they will lean towards the light, whilst the roots will point towards the dark part of the room. Even if a germinating seed is placed with the root uppermost, and the plumule pointing downwards, it will very speedily right itself, the stem will turn and grow up, and the root will seek the ground.

CLOVER DODDER.

The amazing strength of growing tree roots has frequently been shown in instances, when a seed has happened to germinate inside a tomb.

If my readers will seek for the specimens enumerated below, and compare them with the remarks made in this chapter, they will have such a general idea of the functions of roots as will, I trust, enable them to enjoy the study of more advanced works upon the subject.

Specimens to be obtained and compared with the descriptions in this chapter:—Sedge or marram grass growing on a sandy sea coast; plants growing between layers of stone; tree roots at the edge of a pond; strawberry runners; a plant of *Tormentilla repens;* creeping grasses; *Poa bulbosa* roots from the seaside; potato. Earth nuts; lily bulbils; Timothy grass; cow-wheat (*Melampyrum*); yellow rattle (*Rhinanthus*); clover dodder (*Cuscuta trifolii*); flax dodder (*Cuscuta epilinum*); mistletoe. Root fibres of various plants. Mustard seed sown on flannel.

SECTION OF ROOT CAP.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENTS.

"GUINIVERE, what is the matter?"

He had never called her by her name before. Roger Howel, although now on intimate terms with the Wilberforce household, was not a friend of very long standing. Amongst themselves the girls called him Roger, but to his face they gave him his title, and he had never treated any of them with less ceremony. This sudden lapse into the Christian name betokened a considerable excitement of feeling, and when Guinivere looked into his face she saw that something was stirring within him which gave her a strange feeling.

"You are in trouble," he said very gently. "Forgive me if I intrude. I did not mean to, but I saw you before I was aware of it. Can I not help you? Will you not at least tell me what is wrong?"

"I think everything is wrong," answered Guinivere, dropping her face upon her hands; "I am miserable. There doesn't seem anything to do or anything to live for. Everything seems spoiled and hollow. I can't think what it all means!"

His eyes brightened slowly as he bent his head to catch her words, a strange look of purpose came into them. His voice was very gentle as he spoke.

"You mean that you feel the hollowness of your surroundings? You mean that you are not content with your life as it is? You feel the need of something more, something wider, fuller, deeper? Is not that so, Guinivere?"

"Oh yes, yes," she answered, still sobbing, though with less violence, "I seem to hate everything about me. I don't know how to say it, but it is all so flat, so meaningless! There isn't anything to do or to live for. I want to get away from it all. I want to live!"

His eyes were glowing strangely. He moved a little nearer towards her. For a moment he looked as though he would steal his arm about her waist, but he restrained himself, and took one of her hands, which she yielded to him, letting him hold it between his as he spoke.

"I think I know well what you mean, Guinivere," he said; "I have long felt that it would—that it must come. You cannot long be content with your present life. You know that you are fitted for one so much higher and better."

Praise was always sweet to Guinivere, and adulation the breath of life.

"I cannot help feeling it," she said, heaving a long tremulous sigh. "It may be wrong, but I can't help it. I do want another sphere. I know I could do great things if I had it, but how to get it—that is the question."

Suddenly Roger drew nearer and raised the hand which he held in his and pressed his lips upon it. Before Guinivere could withdraw it or attempt to speak he had begun, and his words so startled her that she remained passive, listening mutely to him.

"There is one way open to you, Guinivere. There is one simple way open by which you could attain all you are longing after. Dearest, have you never thought of that way? Have you never dreamed of some day uniting your life with that of one who is able to give to you what your soul craves for—a wider sphere, a different, a higher life—an entrance into those circles of noble men and women with whom you long to associate, and with whom you are fit indeed to work and to live? Guinivere, if you have not thought of these things, I have done so. I have long seen that you were not, could not be satisfied with the life you were leading. I have felt that it would be a beautiful thing to raise you from it and to take you into that higher world where your aspirations already are. Dearest, I love you. I want you. I desire you first for my own, then for those things for which you are so fit, for which you yourself long. Tell me, could you give yourself to me if I could give you those things which will make your life worth living?"

She looked at him with a great amaze in her beautiful eyes. She did not withdraw her hand, but the tears dried upon her cheek as she gazed at him speechlessly, and then spoke only one word, and that in a tone of bewilderment.

"You!"

"Yes, dearest, I. Guinivere, have you never guessed that I love you?"

"I—I don't know. I have not thought. But I do not understand, I cannot. I know so little of you. But I did not think—nobody ever said—I cannot understand what you say about giving me those things which I want. How can you? You have not got them yourself. You are not in the world. You spend your time, if people speak the truth of you, in the slums and with a lot of queer frowsy enthusiasts whom most people think rather mad. I do not understand you!"

He released the hand he held rather suddenly and looked into her face with a strange pained expression in his eyes.

"Wait a moment," he said gently, "I think perhaps we do not quite understand one another. What are you thinking of when you speak of the world?"

"Why, the only world that is worth thinking about!" cried Guinivere with impatience. "The great world, the world of fashion, of society, of amusement. The world where one lives, where every hour of the day is filled with something fresh. Oh, I know what I am talking of! I have heard of it, I have read of it! Mrs. Masham has told me. I get glimpses of it at her house, but only glimpses. Only little sips of pleasure. I want to take it in deep draughts. I know I could shine there. She says so. She says it is a shame I have not the chance. How can I be content here, knowing what other girls have, and what I am cut off from? And I am so much more fitted for it than so many others who have it! But what do you mean when you say you could give it to me? I don't believe you could! I never heard of you in that way. I——"

"I think we have not quite understood each other," said Roger in a curiously repressed voice. "I was not thinking of that world of fashion when I spoke of the world I could show you. I was thinking of a world where misery and sorrow and sickness abound, but where every true-hearted woman may find a noble field for noble work, where a life may be led which seems to me so far above that of a social fine lady that I hardly understand how the other can be preferred. I had thought that you desired this nobler life. When I have talked with you I thought I read sympathy and understanding in your eyes. I thought——"

It was Guinivere's turn now to interrupt.

"You thought I wanted to turn district visitor or slum nurse just because I let you talk to me about the things you cared for and tried not to show how bored I was with stories of your dirty people!" losing all patience in her irritation at the hopeless denseness of this blinded young man who, in his masculine ignorance of girls and his blundering enthusiasm for a cause, had made the most egregious blunder he could well have fallen into. "Well, of all extraordinary notions anybody ever had, that is the most extraordinary! No, thank you, Mr. Howel, not for me, thank you. I dare say it is very beautiful and good, but I think the first element necessary for success in such a line is an aptitude for the work—a desire after it——"

"I quite agree with you."

"So you must go elsewhere for your recruits. I cannot think what could you mean by thinking of such a thing in regard to me. Do I look like a Sister of Mercy? Do I look like a slummer or whatever you may call them? You might have thought it of Gipsy or of Norah, but of me!"

Guinivere threw back her head with a gesture of scorn, and Roger, who looked rather pale, like a man who has had a blow but has no intention of sinking under it, answered quietly—

"It does seem absurd, does it not. I cannot think now how I came to make it. But I shall not fall into the error again, and I am very much obliged to you, Miss Wilberforce."

She looked at him rather haughtily.

"Obliged to me?"

"Yes, for so completely and entirely shattering my ideal. It is much easier to bear that, than to see it die a lingering death. You have saved me a very considerable amount of pain, and I thank you for it. I wish you a very good afternoon, and hope that your ambition will some day be rewarded."

He turned and walked away without a single backward glance, leaving Guinivere in a state of considerable confusion of mind, in which anger, irritation, contemptuous scorn and an undefined regret were inextricably blended.

With a movement of profound disdain Guinivere turned back to the house, by no means desirous of the company of her own thoughts.

"To think such a thing of me!" she exclaimed beneath her breath. "The man must be an idiot! Me!"

Anger had dried the tears upon her face. Hardly even the traces of them remained. She felt quite restored to her usual self-possession. She was a little excited, a little taken out of herself. Her mood of self-pity was quite over for the moment.

As she reached the house she heard voices in the dining-room in rather eager discussion. Gipsy and Freda had come in, and were talking with the father and mother. Guinivere entered the room to see that Mysie had also joined the family conclave and was looking interested and eager.

Guinivere crossed over to her and asked what it was all about.

"They are talking about a governess for the children," she said. "I'm sure it's not a bit too soon. They are getting unbearable, and nobody seems able to control them. The house has been a perfect bear-garden lately with all their noise and crying, and the windows open so that nothing keeps it out. Freda thinks she knows of somebody who would do. She is just telling about her."

"Yes," answered Freda, "I have met her once or twice, and heard a good deal about her. She is very clever and has been a very successful teacher, only her health has broken down latterly, and she has had to resign her appointment at some good school, where she was getting a high salary."

"That's what I am rather afraid of," said Mr. Wilberforce smiling, "whether she isn't a little too good for us. I will give a reasonable salary, but I cannot give anything like what a successful institution does; and a lady who has been use to class work with clever girls might not care to undertake the drudgery of three small boys. Have you thought of the contrast in every way, my dear, in suggesting Miss Shuttleworth?"

"I don't think she would mind what the work was for a little while, if she could live a quiet life in the country, and not have too much to do. You see she has been ordered to rest, and teaching the three little ones would not be work to her, though of course it might be a little tiresome. I can't be sure of course. Perhaps Miss Howel would know better, but from what she told me about Miss Shuttleworth I think it is the kind of place she would like for a year, whilst she gives her brain a real rest as she has been told to do. She is a splendid disciplinarian, they say, and I think would soon have the small fry in order, and I think we should all like her. People seem always to take to her, though she is very quiet."

"Well, if she would come for a year it would be something," said Mr. Wilberforce, "she would have got the boys into orderly and methodical ways by that time, and would make the task of her successor a lighter one. I never believe in giving very young children into the hands of inexperienced girls, just because they can be had for less money. I believe that much in a man's future depends upon the way in which he is grounded as a child. Such a person as you describe in Miss Shuttleworth appears to me to be just what we should like, provided she will come for what I can afford to offer."

"I think I could find that out from Miss Howel," said Freda.

"Would she live in the house?" asked Guinivere. "Or come backwards and forwards?"

They all looked at Freda who said—

"I don't know anything about that. She wants to live out of London, and take light teaching work and carry on some of her coaching by correspondence, as she is doing now. I suppose whether she lived in the house or took a lodging near would be a matter of arrangement. What does mamma think about that?"

"I have hardly had time to think of anything yet," answered Mrs. Wilberforce. "It seems all to have come in a rush—the thought of getting somebody for the children, and Freda's seeming to know just such a person as we want. Of course there are several lodgings to be had near at hand; but I don't know that it might not be more comfortable having her in the house if she were a nice person. We have room enough, and we often seem a small party with Norah so much away, and you other girls out from morning till evening almost always. There are those two little odd-shaped rooms on the second floor, quite away from the children and all to themselves. Nobody uses them, and a very little trouble would make them quite comfortable. We could give them to a governess without any inconvenience. Perhaps she would feel more at home with us living in the house."

"Shall I run round to Miss Howel and ask what she thinks about it?" asked Freda, and her father assented readily.

When the party next met it was at the dinner table, and when the servant had left the room Freda unfolded her budget of news.

"Miss Howel thinks it would be the very thing for her—for the year she needs rest. She does not think it will last over a year, because her place at the collegiate school is to be kept for her, and she will return there at the opening of the Michaelmas term next year—if all goes well. But for the interim Miss Howel thinks she would be very happy with us, and that we should like her. And if she does not care to live in the house, or mamma does not want her, Miss Howel thinks she could get lodgings in the same house with her, so that she would be close by. They are quite old friends, and that is one reason why she thinks Miss Shuttleworth would like to come here. I think it would be a very nice arrangement if we could only get her."

"It certainly sounds promising," said Mr. Wilberforce musingly, whilst his wife added—

"It is always such a comfort to get somebody in the house about whom one knows something beforehand. One hears of such terrible fiascoes through taking perfect strangers—even when they come with good recommendations. Why, it was only the other day that Mrs. Saltmarsh told me of a friend of hers who engaged a governess on the strength of testimonials, and when she appeared she was six foot high, with a deep voice like a man, and looked altogether so like a man in disguise, that she was terrified out of her wits, and could only make some excuse about having changed her plan, give her (or him) a quarter's salary and send her off at once. She said she really should have had no peace thinking of such a being in the school-room teaching her daughters!"

Gipsy and Freda laughed heartily.

"I don't think six-foot women will be so very uncommon soon, at the rate they are going now! Poor creature, I daresay she was perfectly harmless all the time, and very much astonished at being turned off so unceremoniously. However, we will hope Miss Shuttleworth will not prove to be a man-woman. Freda has seen her, it seems. So we are safe from that new terror."

After some discussion it was arranged that Mr. Wilberforce should write to Miss Shuttleworth opening the negotiation with regard to the children, and that Freda and Gipsy should then call upon her to give further particulars if the proposal seemed likely to be accepted. Mrs. Wilberforce was very glad to leave her daughters to do this for her. She was a shy and shrinking woman, and felt the effort of a journey into town as something very considerable. She did not like to leave Bernie for so many hours, especially now that Beatrice had shown herself in such strange colours with regard to him. She thought that Gipsy and Freda would manage things much better, and they had not the least objection to helping her as far as they could.

That evening's post brought Guinivere a letter which gave her the greatest happiness. Mrs. Masham wrote that she was coming back to Beechcroft the following week, bringing a train of guests with her. All the arrangements for the pastoral play were to be carried out, and Guinivere and Beatrice were to hold themselves ready for any amount of gaiety and dissipation.

Guinivere's face lightened as she read this letter, and tossed it across as a peace-offering to Beatrice, and then getting up and going over to her father she perched herself on the arm of his chair, and whispered a great many things into his ear, ending up with a coaxing appeal—

"Oh, papa, do say yes! I'm sure you must see that we ought! Do be a darling and give your consent!"

"What do you say to it, mamma?" asked Mr. Wilberforce; and as his wife turned her mild inquiring eyes upon him he continued—

"Guinivere is quite certain that our duty towards our neighbours and society at large is that we should soon make up our minds to give a large party, and entertain them all!"

(To be continued.)

NEW PUZZLE COMPETITION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

WE have peculiar pleasure in offering FIVE GUINEAS in prizes for those of our readers who can, under certain conditions, most successfully puzzle our Puzzle Editor.

1. Each competitor is to compose a sentence, not exceeding twenty words, characterising "Our Puzzle Poems."

Note I.—This condition will be rapturously hailed as providing an outlet for much pent-up feeling. It will further serve a more useful purpose as affording a great opportunity for the exercise of self-restraint.

2. The sentences are to be disguised in puzzle form.

Note II.—Here we make no restrictions. The better the puzzle the larger the prize.

3. Each puzzle is to be accompanied by the Author's Solution in a small envelope, or otherwise *secured from view*, bearing the competitor's name outside.

Note III.—This condition may possibly excite some derision (see *Note I.* sentence 2). It is framed to protect the interests of competitors and solver alike. In fact, the solver framed it himself for this purpose.

4. The sentences are not to be in rhyme.

Note IV.—The Puzzle Editor expressly stipulates that he may be spared this additional infliction.

5. The amount of each prize will be determined by the Examiner, but not less than ten separate awards will be made.

Note V.—One of the Five Guineas will be given for the two or more best sentences apart from the ingenuity of their disguise.

The following rules must be observed:—

1. One side of the paper only to be written upon.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the sender, and
3. To be sent by post to the Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. "Puzzle" to be written at the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving the sentences from the United Kingdom will be January 15, 1896; from Abroad, February 29, 1896.

N.B.—The Competition is open to all without reference to sex or age.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WITTON.—Yes, you may compete in the "My Daily Round" Competition if you receive payment for the house-work at home in board and lodging, which of course is the case.

CLARA.—Yes, you also may compete, and take for your "day" the work you used to do last year. Yours is a capital subject, and one we want to know fully about. Three foolscap pages is all the space allowed.

WEALAS.—For such cross-country towns you should either consult a Bradshaw or "A B C," or obtain special information from some tourist's office. Your "very dear friend" might recommend you some book on the history, manners and customs of his own country. We have not published one ourselves.

MONA.—Do not meddle with marks or excrescences on your face. Ask some doctor to relieve you of the disfigurement if practicable.

A LAZY GIRL.—We advise you to study an article on "the art of conversing agreeably," which, with a series of papers in reference to "Good Breeding" and "The Usages of Society," appeared in this magazine. Write for the number to our publisher, enclosing 6d. for the monthly number and the postage. Your mother is the person to decide with whom you may associate.

AMBITION, DOROTHY, NEMO and QUEENIE.—We much regret to tell you that the verses you ("Ambition") have sent are very defective in composition. We are the more sorry to say so, as you are so kindly warm in your praise of our paper. We recommend "Queenie" to give up verse-writing and send her stories to Miss Adamson, of whose Girls' Amateur Society we gave the address in No. 829. "Nemo's" verses are very incorrect in metrical composition, and have no poetical ideas to express in them. Had there been original thought it might have been well to study the art of giving expression to them in correct and beautiful language. Your "stories" may be superior to your verse-writing. Your handwriting is very good.

E. ALLEN.—We have recently given the names of several institutions for helping domestic servants to emigrate. Refer to our correspondence. The office of the Government Emigration Department is in Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., where prospectuses can be obtained.

DIANA should write to our publisher for *The Home Naturalist*, a small book which will give directions such as she requires.

TEACHER.—The metaphor employed by our Lord with reference to inconsistent conduct in absurd scruples about trifles, and having none about things of greater consequence, is, at first sight, hard to understand. According to the best authority, to "strain at a gnat when they swallow a camel" is a mistranslation. It should be, they "strain out a gnat" in the beverage, while the objectionable thing they think fit to swallow is by comparison as big as a camel beside that little fly. We have read an extract of a letter of some traveller in North Africa (given by Archbishop Trench), in which he says that he observed a Moorish soldier placing an end of his turban over a drinking vessel to strain off the gnats that swarmed in the water of that country.

CLOUDY.—We do not know what rules are observed in middle and lower-middle-class society; but in the upper classes it is not the custom for a lady to rise from her chair when addressed by a gentleman, at least, the movement as if to do so is very slight

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From the picture exhibited in the Royal Academy by Ralph Clark.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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PATIENT GENEVIEVE.

A TRANSCRIPTION.

BY J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "West Dene Manor," etc.

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GENEVIEVE PRAYING IN CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

story of Genevieve of Brabant has often been told in French, German, and English; many ballads and prose romances have been drawn from the history of this gentle and beautiful character. How much of the story is purely legendary it is impossible to say, but in spite of some improbabilities it remains as a picture of Christian love, of faith, and of patience. The only English book I know of containing this history has, I believe, been long out of print. It was taken from the original German of C. von Schmidt.

The beams of gospel light had arisen on the spiritual darkness with which Germany had been overspread, and the gentle teaching of Jesus was beginning to influence the brave descendants of the Teutons. Many of the German princes rejoiced that their land should be so truly blessed, and strove to excel one another in observance of the heavenly doctrines of Christianity.

Among these princes was the Duke of Brabant, father of our Genevieve. He was not only admired for his great courage, but was beloved and honoured by all men for his humane and Christian principles and for his strict integrity. The Duchess was as noble-minded as himself, and their only child was dearly loved and tenderly guarded by them both.

Even in childhood Genevieve showed great capacity and a very kind, noble heart. When, as was the custom of the time, the Duchess was busy at her spinning-wheel, the child of five years old would sit in her little chair by her mother's side. She was able to manage the spindle very well, and soon learned to draw out the very finest threads with her careful tiny fingers. She was always asking most intelligent questions, and her remarks were so sensible that all who saw her wondered at her.

When in church, kneeling between her father and mother, she looked like a little angel with her sweet, rosy face and clear blue eyes, and the long golden hair which fell on her simple white dress. And her kindness helped her to be often an angel of comfort to the poor. She used to make clothes to give to poor children, and tried to do a little to help others with her pocket-money instead of spending it all on toys and ornaments for herself. It is said that she might often have been seen morning and evening taking a basket of nourishing food to some sick person. Thus did she grow to womanhood.

There was a certain brave and noble knight, Count Siegfried, who had saved in battle the life of the Duke of Brabant. The latter brought him home when returning from the war, grew to love him as a son and bestowed upon him the hand of his only child.

"Fare thee well, my child," said the venerable Duke to Genevieve when she left the castle with her husband. "Thy mother and I are now old, and we know not whether thou shalt ever again behold our face; but God goeth with thee, and will watch over thee wherever thou mayest be. Keep Him ever before thine eyes and in thine heart, as thou hast learned from thy parents, and swerve not a hair's breadth to the right or left from His path, then we may cast away all anxiety about thy welfare."

"Farewell, Genevieve," said her mother, "may God be with thee. Alas, I know not what destiny may await thee, and my heart is oppressed with gloomy forebodings. But thou hast ever been a good daughter. Thou hast been thy parents' greatest happiness on earth and hast never cost us one bitter thought. Oh, persevere in these good dispositions. Never do any act which might cause thee to blush in the sight of God and of thy parents. And should it be that we are never more to meet upon earth, we shall at least be certain of a happy reunion in heaven."

"Son," said they to the Count, "take her with thee! She is our richest jewel. She is worthy of thee. Cherish her and be for her in the place of both father and mother."

Count Siegfried promised he would do this, and kneeling down with Genevieve they received the blessing of both their parents.

Hildorf, the Bishop, then advanced. He was a pious, venerable man with snow white hair.

"Weep not, noble young lady," said he. "God has prepared great happiness for you—though of a different nature from that which those around you imagine, and though sorrow may come first, recall my words to your remembrance when anything extraordinary happens to you, and may God be with you."

The Count assisted his young bride, who was drowned in tears and white as a lily, to mount her palfrey, and they departed with a numerous retinue.

Siegfriedsburg, Genevieve's new home, stood on a high rock between the Rhine and the Moselle, in a beautiful and pleasant country. She found awaiting her arrival there a most hearty and respectful welcome from the servants and retainers and their families, whose loyal hands had decorated the gates and strewed even the road with flowers and fresh leaves. She greeted them with friendly words, and bestowing gifts on the children, spoke to the little ones so kindly that everyone was delighted. The Count, assuring the people that Genevieve had asked it of him, promised a month's extra pay to his soldiers and retainers, and gave his tenants a year's free rent. He also directed that corn and wood should be distributed to the poor family pensioners. When the people heard this they cheered loudly and congratulated the Count with enthusiasm, and many a prayer was uttered that the young pair might be blessed.

Siegfried and Genevieve lived very happily together, but only during a few short weeks, for late one evening, as Genevieve sang at her spinning-wheel while Siegfried accompanied her on his lute, the sound of a war-trumpet was heard.

The Count hurried to bid the newly-arrived knights welcome, and the terrified Countess had to see that arrangements were made for their entertainment. Every one in the castle was busy that night, and at daybreak the very next morning the Count, in full armour, stood in the midst of the band which was to join the royal army. Genevieve, as was the custom of the days of chivalry, gave her husband his sword and lance, but she then sank into his arms very pale and her heart sad with woful forebodings.

"Be composed, Genevieve," said the Count, "we are in God's hands everywhere. In our houses we are as close to death as in the battle-field. He who fears God has nought else to fear. Grieve not, therefore, for me, dear wife, but be of good heart. The charge over thee, and the castle and property I have committed, under God, to the care of my major-domo. He is steward of all my possessions. And now I commend thee to the care of God. Farewell and pray for me."

Genevieve accompanied her husband down the winding stone stair, and with one last tender look they parted, and he galloped hastily away whilst she followed him with her eyes until he was quite out of sight, and then hid her grief in her own chamber, remaining there in tears and without food for the whole day.

After her husband's departure Genevieve lived in the greatest retirement. The earliest rays of the sun found her busy with her needle, and she wrought many tears into the flowers which she embroidered. Many fervent prayers also did she daily offer up for the welfare of her husband, and never was her seat seen vacant during divine service. She gathered around her the girls of the neighbouring village and taught them to spin and to sew. There was not one poor person for whom she did not contrive to find work and wages. Nor did she neglect to visit the sick, whom she cheered by her kindness until their bitterest medicines seemed sweet. She was wont also to play on her lute, singing pious melodies, and, so far as lay in her power, she insisted that the most perfect order and propriety should be maintained in the castle.

Unfortunately, the steward, Golo by name, whom the Count had left in charge of all his property, was a crafty although accomplished man, who possessed neither religion nor any conscientious principles, and whose only motives were his own interests.

Directly after his master's departure he began to give himself airs; his dress became more magnificent than that of the Count himself; he gave great entertainments and squandered his lord's property for his own amusement. The faithful old servants he treated with insolence; he beat down the labourers' wages, and would not allow even a crumb to be given to the needy. At last he became so familiar in his bearing to Genevieve herself, that she was obliged to show plainly how much she disliked and disapproved of him. From that day he hated her.

Genevieve, fearing some evil at his hands, now wrote to the Count begging he might be removed, and Draco, the master of the kitchen, who was a faithful and honest servant, undertook to have the letter conveyed to his master by a trusty messenger. But, while Genevieve was giving the letter into Draco's hands, the crafty Golo rushed in and, accusing the latter of the most evil designs, he struck down the innocent man with his sword and raised a loud cry. All in the castle came quickly running, and they found the good Draco dying at the feet of the Countess, who had sunk into a chair speechless with horror. All hope and power of thought seemed now to have forsaken her.

Golo next sent a false and slanderous letter to the Count, and consigned Genevieve to a deep dungeon. He knew too well his master's faults, and calculated the effect the letter would have on his irritable and jealous temper.

The prison chamber into which Genevieve was thrown was damp, cold, and gloomy, never cheered by either sunshine or moonbeams. A litter of straw was its only bed, and a small earthen jug of water and a piece of coarse black bread the only fare provided.

"Oh, merciful Father in heaven!" cried Genevieve, "behold me here, deep below the surface of the earth, and lifting up my eyes to Thee! I am utterly forlorn; I have no comforter but Thee. No compassionate eye looks upon my sorrow. No human ear is open to my voice. But Thou, oh Lord, seest

my tears; Thou hearest my sighs! Thou art everywhere present, even in this dark dungeon. My father and mother know nothing of my fate, and my husband is far away. No kind friend's hand can reach me here. But Thine arm is not shortened—Thou art able to open my dungeon doors. Oh, best of Fathers, have pity on me!"

Sometimes she gave way to bitter weeping until her eyes and even her cheeks became sore, and sometimes she could only sit stunned and motionless, staring into vacancy with fixed and tearless eyes.

"Ah!" cried she, "how happy are even the very poorest of men in comparison with me! They can at least see the bright blue sky and the lovely green fields. Would that, with all my rank, I could exchange with a poor shepherdess or a daily labourer! How happy should I be! Alas! all has been taken from me! Nothing remains to me! The very sun itself, which shines on all men, shines upon me no more!

"But, no! not all is lost! I still possess Thee, my God! Oh, be Thou to me a Sun of Mercy! Yes, the very thought of Thee brings brightness to my soul."

As soon as the first shock of horror and grief was spent, she folded her arms with pious fervour, and, looking up to heaven, prayed with burning tears. Bishop Hildorf's words often returned to her mind. "Is this," she would cry, "the happiness you promised me? Was this dark dungeon concealed for me behind a portal of flowers?

"And yet," she would add with resignation, "it must be all for my good, since it was Thou, my God, who caused me to be here imprisoned. Yes, it is in Thy love that Thou sendest sorrows to us. Under the guise of affliction many a real blessing lies hidden, like a sweet fruit under a bitter rind. I will, therefore, cheerfully accept these sorrows from Thy paternal hand. I will look only to Thee, and will not even complain to Thee, for it is by Thy permission that I am here. Do with me as Thou wilt."

After this prayer she felt much comforted. A voice within her seemed to say, "Take courage, Genevieve! much suffering still awaits thee, but thy Lord will deliver thee from all!" She then fell into a refreshing sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CINDERELLAS OF THE NATIONAL HOUSEHOLD.

THE MATCH-MAKERS OF EAST LONDON. A VISIT TO BRYANT AND MAY'S.

I HAD spent a busy morning going hither and thither about the hot city streets—too heated even for the London sparrow to display his wonted audacious energy—and was picturing an afternoon of leisured ease, when across my memory flashed a telegraphic reminder which abruptly put to flight such vain dreams, and sent me off in a great hurry, regardless of sun, dust, or any such minor discomforts, to the East End of London, where so many, many thousands of factory workers dwell in as close vicinity as convenient to their respective places of employment. Along the great artery, planned by Roman engineers in those old-world days when the Imperial standards were planted on British soil, commencing from Aldgate and going in a continuous line to Stratford Church before the thoroughfare forks right and left into separate roads, can be seen almost every type and members of almost every class in the ranks of working women. It is indeed a wonderful motley crowd that throngs the ancient highway I traversed that July afternoon, noticing keenly the varied faces passing me in a continuous stream. There Jewesses, perhaps with the proud old blood of Judah's princes running in their veins, but earning a poor pittance as tailoresses, elbowed their way along laden with piles of unmade garments from the cheap clothing shops; there little stunted girls, tie makers' "runners," hurried along citywards with mysterious oilskin covered bundles; there the loafer and the out-of-work artisan strolled by, joking with merry careless English or Irish lassies wearing the orthodox white apron of the factory-girl, going back to the surrounding factories from their dinner—such a medley of eager toilers, each with a history, each with a care, and all needing love and sympathy.

The match-factory hands seem to have coloured with their personality the whole tone of East End women-workers as a body, occupying the same position in our idea of East End life as do the shawled hands and clogged feet of the mill-girls of Manchester, Oldham and other huge centres of special industries, in our mental pictures of those places. Of course, there are many other branches of work performed by girl-labour in East London; but the white-aproned, dauntless damsel, with her sweeping feathers, and "fringe," worn Skye terrier fashion, whose nimble fingers manipulate matches with bewildering celerity of motion, certainly occupies the leading position in the very front rank of East End toilers.

Now from my childhood I had always been curious to know something about these useful matchmakers of whose lives and habits I heard so much that was strange and sad. I perfectly recollect the impression my youthful mind received when I heard my elders talking of the famous day when the match-girls marched up to the House of Parliament to tell Mr. Robert Lowe what they thought of his measure. I thought with awe of the stories I had read of those famous Tricoteuses of the French Revolution, and privately hoped the match-girls' action would not bring about an English Reign of Terror, while I thought they must be very horrid, rough girls indeed. That is all a matter of history now, together with more recent events, yet from that period dates my interest in factory-workers generally. It was, therefore, with a strange pleasure to which both past and present contributed that I paused in the blazing sunshine a few afternoons since, outside the great red wall which bounds the huge premises of Messrs. Bryant & May, Limited, the head-quarters of the British match-making industry. No sound could be heard, not a murmur of the great hive within. It might have been an enchanted palace so hushed was every sound. Only the rustling of some well-foliaged trees above the high wall, and the smoking chimney shafts rising stately-wise into the deep blue of the atmosphere, indicated any sign of life within. I rang, a cracked bell I think, for no one replied to its summons. After waiting some minutes I tried another postern with more success, for a neat bonny maid-servant appeared and directed me to "open the gate for myself if I pleased." Following her instructions I passed the gate-keeper and proceeded up a spacious tree-shaded courtyard to a wide entrance archway under what we may term the clock tower. Passing to the left I entered a large office tenanted by a busy staff of clerks, and asked to see the managing director. He happened to be in the factory on some pressing business matter, so I had to wait a little while. It was not long before the gentleman appeared, and greeted me in the kindly genial way which seems so natural to him.

"Now really, what do you actually want to know about our people?" was his direct query. "We are always pleased to show our girls to any one who takes a true interest in them, and if that is your reason for coming here I shall be glad to tell you all I can of their work and lives."

"I want to see your girls at work in order to describe to our girls something of the daily bread-winning their sisters' lot entails," I said earnestly.

"And who may your girls be?" inquired Mr. Bartholomew pleasantly.

"The readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," was my very proud answer, whereat he appeared duly impressed, and at once rose to conduct me over that part of his domain where women are employed, and the only portion that really would interest girls; although some of the places I saw incidentally, and descriptions given me by Mr. Bartholomew were fascinating enough for a fairy-tale; one of those magic stories which science and invention make possible. Just stop when you light a match and think of the enormous quantities of timber stacked by old Izaak Walton's river, brought thither from solemn primeval forests far away to be converted into wood matches, of which some thirty thousand millions are sent out on their light-giving service annually. Those girls who possess a mathematical mind may work out a nice little problem as to how many persons it would take to expend this quantity, working at the rate of nine hours per day and igniting thirty matches each minute.

Chatting pleasantly about the cordial understanding which exists between the company and its *employés*, we crossed a yard and ascended a flight of narrow steep steps. The hum of machinery grew louder as we approached the top and emerged into a spacious workshop containing a large number of "filling" machines, wherein the prepared splints of wood are placed and then gradually wound between long strips of leather into a round O about half-a-yard in diameter. This "filling" or feeding of the machine is performed by our factory-lassie, who is responsible for two machines, which she tends and watches alternately.

"You have many *employés* here," I remarked, looking round the extensive place and noting the numerous workers.

"Yes. Something like two hundred and fifty to three hundred. Here, at Fairfield, we employ an average of one thousand women and three hundred men and boys. At the Bow Common factory about three hundred men, boys, and girls, and at the tin box factory between three and four hundred, mostly girls. Altogether we calculate our workers to be two thousand."

As I listened, I watched interestedly the process going on before me. The bonnie, fresh-faced girl was putting in the splints of wood

in the receiver, and guiding the snaky-looking coils of leather as they slowly went round and round until the ring, for all the world like a very thin American cheese, was duly transferred to a waiting lad, and carried off to undergo another stage of preparation. I afterwards saw this, and must just tell my readers about it before I pass to one of the most picturesque scenes I ever gazed upon. When the coils, consisting of eight thousand or so splints, which afterwards are cut into two, making sixteen thousand matches, leave the winding machine, they are placed under a levelling beater as it is termed, and then passing first across hot iron plates, are subjected to immersion in a shallow tank of paraffin solution.

I was conducted to the "dipping" room—there are really several—and shown the process of covering the match tops with the phosphoric composition. Here no women are on any account employed, as it is considered by the firm scarcely fit for them, on account of the necessarily possible danger from breathing the fumes which arise from the phosphorus. But every care is taken to minimise this danger, and most successfully. Here, as in all other departments, every care is exercised to produce excellent ventilation by means of fan machinery, and hot summer afternoon though it was, the various workrooms were delightfully cool and airy—even the "dipping" rooms themselves being fairly so considering the necessity for artificial heat being used to keep the composition, spread out on shallow iron boxes, in its proper liquidity. Into this variously coloured stuff the match coils are pressed, and then sent to be dried, only one end at a time being done. When duly finished, the coils are sent below to pass through the final stages of their preparation for their début into society.

"Step this way, please. I want to give you a bird's-eye view before we go downstairs," observed my guide, and he led me to a gallery and bade me look down. I did so, and I wish I could reproduce for you the pretty scene, full of life and colour, that met my eyes. The afternoon sunlight came in from many a window, sending bright shafts upon the uncovered heads of the girl-workers, while great shadows, cast by huge beams, machinery, pillars, and so forth, lent the requisite darker shading and contrasting tints. This vast hall was the boxing-room, where millions of matches pass through those girlish hands—honest toiling hands which wage a brave warfare against poverty. Little jets of fire kept darting here and there, proceeding from unfortunate bundles of matches which not infrequently are "fired" by the quickness with which they are manipulated; busy fingers flow from box to box with lightning swiftness, girls ran to and fro, while the soft hum of voices rose above the other sounds, and the varied hues of the gay blouses so much affected by factory-girls, gave added colour to the animating scene.

"If you have quite taken in the view, we will go down," said Mr. Bartholomew, and in a few minutes we stood among the workers. No counting the matches there. A tall handsome girl, with a strange wistful face, who stood near us, caught up a handful, cut them in halves, and had the box filled and tossed aside with bewildering swiftness.

"They rarely make mistakes in the size of each bundle, and a smart worker can fill from thirty-five to forty gross of boxes daily."

The number almost seemed impossible, but as I lingered by the long, long rows of benches, heaped with orderly piles of splints, and watched the hundreds of girls intent upon their light—in more senses than one—employment, I realised its truth. And then thoughtfully regarding the workers themselves, the idea came to me that it is not the factory work actually, but home influences, home surroundings which cause those wild, independent, alas! often reckless natures to develop such deplorable disregard of womanly characteristics. Love is the one thing to win them. Harshness, roughness, the factory-girl experiences from her cradle, and she is quite able to "hold her own" in a tussle whether of words or competitions. Yet to love she is a stranger oft-times. But of this side of my subject, more presently.

"Our chief difficulty with the girls is their 'don't care' attitude when time-keeping is in question. It is to their interest as well as the firm's, yet we cannot, do what we will, make them understand the importance of regularity in labour. Take, for instance, a girl—she is quick, and earns her two shillings by dinner-time. That is sufficient. Off she goes to enjoy herself without any thought of the loss to herself. Then, perhaps, when wages are paid, she has only seven or eight shillings instead of the twelve or fourteen she might have earned. I would give a great deal to get our people to see their folly, but it seems hopeless;" and the managing director looks as if the matter troubled him very much. "They are so uncontrolled," he continues; "there is an example. Last week—and I wish you had seen it—we had a great entertainment in connection with our Clifden Institute opposite. It was held in the dining-hall inside here. The girls were delighted, and did splendidly with their musical drill, etc.; but on the Saturday, dear me, the work we had to get them quiet again. Some of the decorations in the dining-room caught their attention and excited them to top pitch. Yes, it is quite true. The great need of our working-girls is self-control."

Passing the machine which unwinds the match-coils and leaves them ready for the boxers to come and take away, we went to the packing rooms where a rather steadier band of damsels were quietly packing and casing the boxes.

"We must have a little system of promotion," observed Mr. Bartholomew pleasantly, whereby I guessed rightly that these neat girls were slightly superior in the scale of workers. "The boxes themselves are largely made by outside hands, and I am assured that an unencumbered girl or older woman who will give her ten hours working day to the manufacture of these can earn from ten to fourteen shillings per week. Of course the poor women who try to eke out their husband's scanty wages by adding a little at match-box making, perhaps could not in addition to their domestic duties earn more than six or seven shillings, but this is unavoidable, and not owing to low prices.

"You would hardly think that fashion played as important a part in the colour of matches as it does in women's bonnets," remarked my guide as we walked towards another department.

"No, certainly not. How is that?"

"Different towns require different colours. Down among the miners in North England black is the favourite, while historic Preston demands blue-tipped matches. Lancashire is content with common-place pink. But the funniest preference is shown in the land of 'bulls' and butter. For Limerick alone has true blue, and all other parts of Ireland require red. And by-the-bye, in the Victoria factory all our hands, men and women, hail from the Emerald Isle by birth or lineage. They are a credit to it."

I warmly agree, for certainly the girls in that department are the merriest, most sonsie lassies I have seen in the whole place. To hear them sing some of the glees they learn at the singing classes over the way is delightful, for their voices are rich, full and sweet, and they revel in singing and music. The presence of a visitor laid no check upon their good-humoured volubility, and it speaks well for the firm when I can say that the master's appearance caused no cloud to shade the bright faces.

Across another yard and into another building. Here the first thing I was shown was a number of girls apparently engaged at weaving-machines, for to nothing else could I compare the long, long strands of creamy white material stretching across the place on what appear very like looms.

I went close to see what it was made of, the pretty dark-eyed girl in charge readily showing me.

The material was cotton. Oh, yes. Something like twenty-two threads go to each match, and sixty to one hundred tapers are at one time wound over huge drums and passed through the wax preparation or coating in a tank kept heated by steam, in the midst of which is a steel plate full of holes threaded through with a line of taper in each. Another whirling drum receives them at the other end, and thus they are passed through and through until the cotton is properly coated, and the finished taper sent to be dried. Miles after miles are worked up in a day, about eight or nine hundred I understood; and I leave you to guess how many of those pretty wax vestas are made from this quantity. Space fails me to describe all the interesting departments of work in this marvellous match factory. The tin boxes made at the Bow Bridge factory, albeit girls are partly employed in making them, I did not see, although I had a description of them and their work. Time was passing, and I yet had to visit Clifden House. Several departments were just looked at, and then Mr. Bartholomew said: "We are getting round now, but I want to show you a few empty boxes," conducting me into a vast warehouse as he spoke.

"If you style these a few, what do you call many," I rejoined, for pile after pile, stack after stack of empty boxes met my astonished eyes.

From floor to roof rose the apparently limitless range of these articles.

"Eight hundred thousand gross of these we keep in store continually, and please recollect that twelve dozen constitute one gross."

What a mighty trade the firm must have; and the varied designs and lables I inspected—some elegant and home-like, others foreign and strange—testify to its world-wide extension. It would be a terrible calamity to East End factory girls if this great establishment could no longer compete with the foreign manufacturers and was compelled to close its doors.

"You employ Swedish girls I suppose at your factory in Sweden?" I asked, for I certainly believed that Messrs. Bryant & May had such a factory. The managing director however laughed as he answered—

"Well, now, I am always hearing about that place, but I have not yet discovered its whereabouts. If such a thing exists it is invisible to mortal eyes."

A visit to the huge building, dining-hall on the ground floor, warehouse in basement and in floor above, completed my tour of Fairfield Works. As we stood in the doorway looking at the long array of benches and tables a characteristic bit of information came out.

"Each body of workers have their own table, nor will they allow any others there. Each know and maintain their place against all comers."

"Why, they are as clannish as Scotchmen."

"Indeed you are right. There is a wonderful clannish spirit amongst match-girls. They will not as a rule consort with others employed in the jam, pill or other branches by any means. This ought to be considered by people in dealing with, or writing about them."

A passing glance at the snug stables,

accommodating thirty horses, and I found myself once more crossing the courtyard.

"I hope Miss Nash is at home, for she will be able to give you a great deal of information about our girls out of the factory. We have a deep interest in and substantially help the most useful institute."

Thus chatting my kind guide conducted me across Fairfield Road to a block of small houses opposite. In a few minutes I was resting in the lady superintendent's cool tiny sitting-room, which in its peaceful tone was suggestive of some old-world "friend's" abode, and Miss Nash herself, with her sweet calm face and gentle dignity, looked a veritable Quakeress. Mr. Bartholomew had business to arrange with her respecting some entertainment.

The relations between masters and work-people are, as previously remarked, cordial enough, and the firm undoubtedly takes pains to deal kindly with its dependents. If the girls are steady and willing their actual working-day is not a tyranny, and moreover than this they have many privileges which unfortunate shop-girls and seamstresses do not get by any means.

"Tell you all about the institute's work," repeated Miss Nash, when the kindly managing director had gone back to his duties leaving us to chat over the information I was anxious to gain. "Where shall I begin, for there is so much to say."

"Begin at the beginning," I suggested, smiling.

"The beginning of all was soon after that very sad general strike, and came about in a very simple manner. Viscountess Clifden, reading and hearing the descriptions of a match-girl's life, its needs, sorrows, trials, hardships, was led to ask herself the question: 'What ought I to do? What is my responsibility with regard to these toiling sisters of mine?' Stirred by this thought, her ladyship came here into our East London life, studied it, consulted with the heads of the firm, and finally her resolve to help the factory girls took tangible form. This block of cottages was converted into an Institute and Refreshment Room, and duly opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck. My first thought on coming here was how to begin the work for, of course, being a new untried field I had to study the girls first. So I went in and out amongst them and learnt to know their ways. Then I began operations by issuing tokens of admission to a certain number of girls inviting them to a gathering. They came and behaved well. Within two months we had seventy-nine regular members, and from ten to a dozen girls from the first came to be taught needlework. Now we have provided something like fifty or sixty thousand meals within the year. Think what that means in the way of keeping the girls out of public-houses, and teaching them the advantage of nice, well-cooked food. Our dinners cost threepence, and for that sum we give them meat, two vegetables, and (I think Miss Nash said) pudding."

The girls may well patronise such a restaurant, and there is no doubt that many are first won from the rough life of their class through its instrumentality. The classes and evening club-room where table games and healthy literature are provided, are a wonderful inspiration to the poor lassies, some of whose homes are unlovely enough. The active life inside the factory disposes them for restful recreations in their playtime; but the musical-drill practice is ever popular. Quite recently an exhibition of their skill in this department was given in aid of the Hospital Saturday Fund, for to the honour of factory girls be it said, they are a generous, warm-hearted set, always ready to help a needy cause or person. One of Miss Nash's helpers is continually occupied in visiting the girls' homes, except on Wednesday afternoons, when she conducts a mothers' meeting. This systematic visitation does much to keep the links of sympathy intact, and by its means much is learned of the far-reaching influence of the institute. Quietly and unostentatiously this noble effort has combated serious obstacles and difficulties and won the hardy support of its very independent *protégées*. Even Mrs. Besant's club, started about the same time in the Bow Road, with no higher aims than mere physical or perhaps mental good only, failed to win away the rough careless-hearted girls, and is now closed.

"I daren't go there, miss," said one to Miss Nash. "She don't believe in God, and though I'm not good, I likes to go where people love Him, I do; and I'm afraid of that place."

"Miss," said another lassie, struck by the love which is the only rule at Clifden House, "I think you are very like Jesus Christ."

Oh, I wish I had space to tell you all the sweet stories Miss Nash related as we sat together, until I felt ashamed to think how little such quiet, patient work, is regarded in our great world. Yet it is such devoted labours as this lady and many another of God's heroines are engaged in, that tell upon the general good of society, helping these dear working sisters of ours to higher ideals, and true gracious womanhood. Contrast the "play" of factory girls under such guidance, and the pleasures their untaught crude fancies seek when left alone. I could not write here of all the sad, sad ways in which those as yet unreached by refined womanly influence, spend their leisure hours; but I will just mention one or two. Imagine a row of flaring lights outside a shop front, temporarily converted within into a penny show. At the door stands a man shouting out the various attractions inside. A group of girls come along, stop, listen, shove each other, and finally, giggling and open-eyed, put down their pennies and enter to see a fat woman, or some monstrosity, or a row of ugly waxworks, very frequently effigies of notorious criminals, whose wicked deeds are rehearsed in lucid language by a cicerone. From a scene like this, loudly discussing the terrible deeds of the persons whom they have seen—in wax—our poor girls go perhaps to a public-house and drink until half-intoxicated; then home to their wretched dwellings to tumble into bed and sleep until the factory-bell calls them to turn out at six o'clock for the day's toil. Or a visit, if it is Saturday night, to a music-hall, where the artistes excite their admiration and envy, is very popular, and I need hardly say, causes very lamentable mischief. But the spirit of such places as Clifden House is spreading more and more, and visible signs of the elevating forces at work, for years, are increasingly being multiplied.

"Do you think the factory girls as a class are really better than formerly?" I asked of Miss Nash.

"Yes. I have seen a great improvement here alone, and this is the third institution of the kind I have opened and worked. Quieter manners, keener readiness to perceive the true gifts and loveliness of a womanly character, are distinctly visible. There is more love for domestic virtues, and thrift in money matters. We do try to teach that, for it is one of the defects of working-class life. The girls, so many of them, are simply ignorant how to expend their income profitably."

"Ah," thought I, "that is not a failing exclusively confined to factory girls."

The savings' bank has about three hundred depositors, so it will be seen that its superintendent's efforts in this direction have borne good fruit.

"You ain't got no brass, miss, but your gentle ways hev done me a pile o' good," said a girl, earnestly, in spite of her odd mode of expression.

Before I said good-bye to my hostess, she offered to take me over the institute, and very soon I was duly initiated into the mysteries of the place. Ah! happy mysteries. At one end of the building stands a lodging-house, a veritable home of peace, where twelve young women live in true home fashion. Such dear little beds, each with its own tent above, and nice neat furnishing. These girls frequently will bring home some nice card, or little trifle, and stow it away on another girl's pillow for her to see. They are allowed to invite friends "home" to see them, and they are very punctilious about being "in" at a good time in the evenings.

An inspection of the roomy "restaurant," quiet and empty now, save for some roguish urchins who had stolen in to get some odd pieces of bread and jam, and the long club-room with its curtained windows and piano, finished my sight-seeing on this occasion. But one more question remained, and that concerned the spiritual side.

"Ah, that is our foundation," replied Miss Nash, the light of Christian joy over her beloved flock illumining her features. "We have no faith in any other, and therein lies the secret of our success. Beside the Bible-classes and religious services, I have pews in a church at Victoria Park, where any girls who choose can go. And I have to tell you that two years ago I had the happiness of seeing no less than seven—once careless, heedless girls as any around—take their confirmation vow, and nobly have they kept it. And only a factory girl knows what such a step means. But they are so thorough in their conversion."

We did not speak for a few minutes; then I bade this true-hearted woman farewell and came away, deeply impressed with my afternoon study of match-girls at work and "at play."

LLOYD LESTER.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS SHUTTLEWORTH AT HOME.

MISS SHUTTLEWORTH sat before a small writing-table with a heap of papers before her, to which she was adding a number of marginal comments in red pencil. Everything about her was rather small, because the room in which she sat was small, and the furniture was in keeping. It was, in fact, the sitting-room of one of those modern flats, now becoming sufficiently common in London, where workers can live in independence and comfort, taking their meals in a common dining-room, and having their own suite of two or three rooms and a little kitchen, where they can reign supreme, and enjoy privacy and independence greater than can be obtained perhaps in any other sort of existence.

Miss Shuttleworth's flat comprised only two rooms and her "offices" as she sometimes termed them, and the room in which she sat at work bore traces of being her sanctum and reception room in one. It was a very comfortable abode. White muslin curtains that fell in soft folds over the window shut out the too close view of street and opposite houses, and besides these there were draperies of peacock blue about the room which gave it a cosy and rather luxurious aspect. The writing-table and well-filled book-cases bespoke scholarly tastes, whilst the table in the corner, upon which a decidedly dainty-looking tea was spread—for it was already afternoon—spoke of hospitality and social relaxation.

Everything in the room was very clean and bright. Fresh flowers stood about in vases. Care was plainly taken with all details, and it was evident that Miss Shuttleworth demanded from the servants, who daily come for so many hours to these flats to keep them clean and bright, the same conscientious and thorough methods which she herself carried into her own departments.

In her person she showed the same neatness and care for appearances, without the least touch of vanity. Nothing could be plainer than her black dress and white linen collar and cuffs, or the little arrangement of black lace upon her grey hair; yet the texture of the dress was good, the spotlessness of the linen remarkable for a Londoner, and the only little ornament that she wore was the best of its kind. Somehow the eye rested with pleasure upon the little bending figure, and there was a certain fascination in watching the thoroughness and care with which she threw herself into the work in hand.

One felt instinctively that she was giving her closest attention to each paper as she took it in hand, and that no pains would be spared to make her corrections and additions lucid and valuable.

As the clock struck four the last of the papers was finished. The busy worker laid the whole pile carefully away in a drawer, and glanced at an open letter under the letter weight, which bore upon it the address of "The Larches, Willington."

Just at this moment came a rap at the outer door, and Miss Shuttleworth rose to open it. For the occupants of these flats have this duty to perform for themselves during the greater part of the day, as the servants who come for a certain number of hours to do the sweeping and dusting, do not remain after these duties have been accomplished.

"Punctual!" said Miss Shuttleworth to herself as she rose to leave the room, "that is a quality I always value."

She opened her outer door to admit two young girls, who were in fact none others than Freda and Gipsy.

Freda who had seen Miss Shuttleworth before, introduced her sister, and into Gipsy's eyes there came a sudden eagerness of expression, as she recognised in the prospective governess the lady whose face and words had so interested her a few weeks before at the *conversazione* of which mention has been made.

Miss Shuttleworth bid her young guests welcome, and proceeded to make the tea, which had been set out in readiness beforehand.

Whilst they partook of this sociable meal they talked together in a friendly way, and soon got all the little points settled about which they had come to speak.

Miss Shuttleworth was very easy to get on with, as well as being very business-like when business was the theme—a point which had very favourably impressed Mr. Wilberforce in the preliminary correspondence. She had thought over the question of her own residence, and had decided that if it was left to her choice, she would prefer to live with the family at the Larches, since Mrs. Wilberforce had kindly explained that she would have a small sitting-room of her own there, where she could pursue her work uninterruptedly at such times as there were no school-room duties to be fulfilled.

Gipsy's face brightened as she heard this. Hitherto she had been one of those who secretly hoped that the governess would not elect to live in the house, as she was afraid their sociable evenings might be in a measure spoiled by her presence, her father being a man who would certainly not allow the teacher of his children to be excluded from the family circle whenever she felt disposed to join it; but after seeing Miss Shuttleworth, recognising her and hearing her talk, Gipsy veered suddenly to the opinion that she would be a great addition in the house. And she was genuinely glad when she heard the decision, whilst Freda gave her a glance of momentary apprehension, afraid lest she might betray that she would have preferred a different arrangement.

"I am so glad you will come," Gipsy said with a frank heartiness that brought a smile to Miss Shuttleworth's face, and gave Freda a feeling of relieved surprise. "I think it will be much the best plan. There are a great many of us, and sometimes I'm afraid you will find it a very noisy house; but I think we shall be better for having you among us."

Miss Shuttleworth gave her a keen, quick glance, and her smile which was full and frank and sweet lighted up her face and made it look quite young for the moment, showing that the battle of life had by no means quenched the brightness of youth, or the sympathy with the young which forms such a bond between young and old as life runs its course.

"I think we shall easily learn to be friends," answered Miss Shuttleworth, "for I have heard a good deal about you. You are the medical student, I think?"

"Yes," answered Gipsy, "I have been studying medicine a good many years now, and am through several of my examinations. It is the sort of thing there is no end to, but——"

"But you will soon know enough to be sent out to India," said Freda in rather a lugubrious voice. "It will be horrid when that time comes—quite a sort of breaking up of our nice home party. People call us the 'half dozen' sisters—because we always count ourselves sisters, though as perhaps you know we are two sets of three step-sisters really. When Gipsy goes it will seem like the breaking up of things. It will be horrid!"

"Yes, horrid!" echoed Gipsy with a little flush on her face. "One does not think of all that at starting. It looks so far off then, and it's not quite coming close even now. But it's nearer every day; and I've never been ill or kept back from an examination, so I have gone on rather fast. Sometimes I declare I won't go out at all, but settle in London and practice there, and refund the society the money they have spent on my education out of my earnings!"

Gipsy spoke with a certain laughing bravado which gave her words rather the appearance of being spoken in jest; but all the same for that Miss Shuttleworth looked at her with some attention, and saw the flush on her face and noted a peculiar glitter in her eyes.

"Oh, Gipsy, I never heard you say that before!" cried Freda with a laugh. "What a capital idea! It would be awful fun to have you practising in London! You might live in a flat like this,

and doctor all the people in it! And we would all of us patronise you at home. That would be a thousand times better than India! It must be awfully nice having a flat of one's own like this. What will happen to it, Miss Shuttleworth, when you come to us? Will you give it up?"

"No, I shall let it. As soon as I was told that I must leave London for a considerable time I let my friends know that my flat would be to let, and I have had quite a number of applications. I should not like to give it up, as I am so comfortable here; but it would be a pity to let it stand empty all that while, and indeed I could hardly afford it."

"I wish I could afford a flat like it!" cried Freda. "I think it would be perfectly delicious. To have one's own things about one, and one's own friends coming and going, and a latchkey and everything! And a home to go to from Saturday to Monday. That's my ideal. If Gipsy goes to India, I shall have to console myself with one, or if she has one and has patients, I'll go shares with her. What fun it would be!"

Miss Shuttleworth amused her guests with some reminiscences of her experiences when she was starting in life, the various miseries she had endured in lodgings, and her gradual emancipation and increase of comforts, till she had found her present abode.

"Things are easier for girls who have their way to make in the world than they were in my young days," she said. "The world has got used to the new class of bread-winners, and provides a place for them in her domestic economy. There are a great many good things to be had nowadays of which we did not dream when I was young; but all the same there are perils and dangers stalking rampant now of which we heard and knew very little then. There are perhaps more dangers to be encountered, though less of physical privation."

Gipsy's bright eyes gave eager response. She looked like one whose words are nearly bursting out, but she checked this impulse to speech by a manifest effort, and soon afterwards the sisters took their departure, bidding a cordial "*auf wiedersehen*" to their new friend, and saying that their mother should write and fix the day for her arrival as soon as she was ready to come.

"I like those girls," said Miss Shuttleworth to herself as she closed the door upon them. "There is something taking about them, and the face of the elder of the pair interests me. She is passing through some mental crisis of her life. That I can see in her face. She keeps a brave, bright face, but there is a load upon her heart. I wonder if I shall be able to do anything to lighten it."

A few days later came a letter from Mrs. Wilberforce fixing the date of Miss Shuttleworth's residence, and she wrote a line back to say that the day named would suit her perfectly. She then made all her final preparations, handed over her flat to the incoming tenant, who by good luck was an intimate personal friend of her own, and took herself and her modest luggage to the station, to set forth for the new life at the Larches.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when she reached the station. There was nobody waiting to receive her there, but that did not surprise her in a house where so many of the members were actively employed in steady work. She knew that Mr. Wilberforce had three daughters by a former marriage, and she had received the impression that these young ladies were of the pleasure-seeking class. It was not to be expected that any of them would put themselves about for the governess. So without another thought of the matter, Miss Shuttleworth took the only fly which was in waiting, and drove up to the house.

As she approached it she was aware of that peculiarly festal and confused condition of affairs that bespeaks some imminent gaiety. The hall door stood wide open, there was a considerable litter and confusion visible, and a maid-servant in a print dress was vigorously sweeping away the traces which had been left behind by the arrival of a van-load of plants, and a number of rout seats.

This girl looked up in surprise to see a fly with luggage stop at the door, and she came down the steps looking convinced that some blunder had been made by the driver.

"Is Mrs. Wilberforce at home?" said the visitor quietly; "I am Miss Shuttleworth. Perhaps you know my name."

"Oh dear, ma'am, I beg your pardon. Yes, the mistress is in, but please, ma'am, you weren't expected till Friday."

Miss Shuttleworth looked taken aback, and consulted a letter in her pocket.

"Mrs. Wilberforce said Tuesday to me," she said quietly. "But if it is not convenient I will go away and come back on Friday. I have a friend living very near here."

"Well, ma'am, they're giving a party to-night, and there's nothing ready for you; but I don't know what the mistress would say. Oh, here's Miss Gipsy! Maybe she'll know what to do!"

In two minutes Gipsy had taken in the whole situation, and broke into a hearty laugh.

"Poor mamma! She had written so many cards of invitation that she put you down for Tuesday the twelfth automatically! I can just see how it happened! Go to Miss Howel! Oh, no indeed! You must stay here, and we will make you comfortable amongst us. Your rooms are ready all but just sheeting the bed. You mustn't go away. Miss Howel has her nephew with her to-night. He is coming here. She might not be able to put you up. You won't mind finding us all in a muddle just for the moment? But order is being rapidly evolved out of chaos, and to-night you will see us in all our glory. You will not be able to believe then what scrubs we are now! Get the boxes taken straight upstairs to Miss Shuttleworth's room, Harriet. Now just come in and see mamma, and then I will take you to your sanctum and bring you some tea. It will be all right. I think I am glad you have come now. I will sit in a corner with you to-night and show you all our friends. You ought to know them, because you will see them from time to time. Oh, I think it is great fun!"

Chatting gaily like this Gipsy led Miss Shuttleworth into the house, and presented her to the astonished Mrs. Wilberforce, who was putting the finishing touches to the arrangement of the tea-table with the assistance of Freda.

Explanations were quickly made, and Miss Shuttleworth showed herself so ready to be helpful, and so wishful to avoid being the cause of any trouble or discomfort, that Mrs. Wilberforce was soon quite at her ease again. In a large household the arrival of an extra inmate does not cause the confusion which it does in a smaller house. Gipsy and Freda took Miss Shuttleworth under their protection, and led her up to the two small rooms, which they had themselves done much (since their visit to her flat) to adorn and make homelike and cosy for her reception.

These were pleasant rooms, with lattice windows and cushioned window-seats, and the view out was over woods and fields and pleasant looking country houses, as yet unspoiled by the advent of the modern villa. The air came in fresh and sweet, though hot, full of the scent of syringa and Portugal laurel. Miss Shuttleworth leaned out and inhaled deep draughts of sweetness. Then turning to the sisters she said with a smile—

"What a little haven of peace and rest and greenery it seems! I have not been in the real country for nearly two years. My last holiday was spent at that terrible Brighton, with a friend who was ordered there for a particular reason. The glare of the place is something that one remembers like a nightmare, though the sea always has a charm of its own."

The sisters brought Miss Shuttleworth tea and odds and ends of a more substantial kind, as they could get them, "just to keep you going till supper time," as Freda explained; and they took a hasty meal in company with her, talking about the party, the different people who were coming, the music they hoped to get up, and the dresses they were to wear.

"Papa gave us five pounds each! Just think of that! He said if he did a thing at all he liked to do it well, and that the year had been a good one with him. So we all have new frocks, and I expect Guinivere will have surpassed herself. She went a day to town with Mrs. Masham, and I think she had lots of presents given her. I don't quite know if papa would like it if he knew. But I suppose it's very difficult for a girl not to accept what a friend gives her, and Mrs. Masham is so fond of her."

A visit to the little boys in the nursery occupied another half-hour. Miss Shuttleworth made a favourable impression there, and thought she should not have any very great trouble in imposing her methods on her future pupils. Then she retired to her rooms once more, and set about making her toilet for the evening.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By RITA F. MOSS-COCKLE.

RING out, sweet bells, with all your merry pealing,
The joyous news that thrills our hearts to-day—
Of the young Babe, whose birth a star revealing,
Stood over where the Christmas-King did lay.
Angels sing on the same grand song as then:
"Glory to God—and peace, goodwill to men."

All tears that fall, all sorrows now prevailing,
The tide drink up, that rolls back mountains high;
No more be heard the cry of one bewailing,
When Jesus came to-day all eyes to dry.
Angels sing on the same grand song as then:
"Glory to God—and peace, goodwill to men."

Hand claspt in hand, and hearts once more uniting,
Meet round the board, where He, the Lord, shall bless
All those who in His birth are here delighting,
Partakers each of His own righteousness.
Angels sing on the same grand song as then:
"Glory to God—and peace, goodwill to men."

O love of loves! all human thought transcending,
Grant us the joy the shepherds felt, when near,
They viewed the host of heavenly choirs descending
To pour their tale of gladness in their ear.
Angels sing on the same grand song as then:
"Glory to God—and peace, goodwill to men."

PERSEVERING GIRLS.

WHAT a contrast is the life of girls and young women in these days to that which their great-grandmothers lived more than a hundred years ago. In the old Georgian period it was not often that a girl received such a thoroughly good education as would enable her to make the best of herself in the world. If she belonged to a high family, one of the chief accomplishments she might have to learn would be that of carving; for at a great family dinner the mistress of the household was expected to serve all of the guests with her own hands. A farmer's daughter would learn sundry useful duties in the kitchen and the dairy, but one whose parents were tradespeople stood at a great disadvantage as compared with her opportunities to-day. Only those who ranked in the world as the belongings of gentlefolks were really expected to go through the routine of a complete education, and even then the sum total of knowledge imparted amounted to very little. Young people were too often the victims of those who took money for teaching what they did not know; though when things were at their best, the all-round advantages of life were a very long way short of what they are to-day. In other words, the ordinary girl who wished to make the most or the best of herself by persevering in well-doing and hard work, had not the working capital to her credit which she may now possess.

The persevering girl, as she is to be met with, may probably belong to a minority, but she strikes an observer at once as one who will, as we say, conquer the world and not allow it to be her master. She has a plan in life, and she has realised the truth that indolence and self-indulgence ensure the loss of the prize. Because an object has to be worked for, patience has to be exercised as an every-day discipline, and that in some measure prevents its subject from being a victim of those extremes of depression on the one hand, and undue exaltation on the other, to which others are subject. The work in hand may be wearisome, the process of overcoming obstacles or conquering difficulties a slow one, but the progress is at least sure. There is no cause for misgiving; perseverance inspires courage as well as a cheerful countenance. There is no fear of the structure to be raised upon it when the foundation is carefully and honestly laid. It will at all events be fair, creditable and useful. Whatever fails in the world, well-directed aims and persevering toil will certainly succeed; but little work and large expectations, so often characteristic of certain ardent temperaments, will as surely be doomed to disappointment.

As a rule, I believe that the girl who can thus work cheerfully, and steadily persevere, will be a ready improver, because she is quick to learn. In the youthful stage of life imperfections are natural, and it is a mark of true wisdom to seek to remedy them. The girl who thinks herself perfect will not advance; shortcomings will not be repaired unless their existence is detected. Those who improve, and by improving rise in the world, are such as like to be told of their faults for the sake of getting rid of them. The willing learner gives as much pleasure to herself as she does to those who befriend her; her pleasant face bespeaks her thanks far more effectively than words, so that there is satisfaction on both sides. To resent well-meant kindly counsel as a reproof is a kind of suicidal selfishness, and the worst punishment that can befall such a one is to be left to follow her own foolish devices. There is a sham kind of independence, arising from false pride, which has to be carefully distinguished from true self-respect; and this failing is common to all ranks of life. This has to be carfully guarded against if we would walk perseveringly on in the path of duty, which may not always appear to be so attractive as those by-paths on either side which abound in pitfalls for the unwary. Persevering in what is right is one of the best preservations against temptation. To take one good forward step is a pretty sure guarantee that you will take another, and then you may count on going on until the vantage-ground of success is actually reached. Persist in aiming high in an unselfish sense, and you will certainly one day hit the mark.

Our lot is supposed to be cast in a somewhat fast-living age, a time in which temptations abound to do the best we can for ourselves, though all others go to the wall. Though this may be so in some degree, the age, so far as we ourselves are concerned, is very much what we make it. In any case one thing is certain—it is an era of exceptionally fine opportunities to those who are able to seize and appropriate them. As compared with other days it might be appropriately called a golden age for women. In the more humble departments of work, openings are more numerous and the payment is higher than was ever known before. If it may be so expressed, no girl of character, industry, and perseverance lacks an opportunity to rise from the ranks. Being low down at the start seems to make no difference if there is determination and a well-directed aim. In the early days of ragged-school work in London, one of the waif girls, who was sent out to Australia, became the wife of a wealthy settler, and when some time after she returned to England on a visit, she was as apparently as much of a lady as any of her sisters of the upper middle class. What years of perseverance in climbing upward must there have been before a veritable street-rover could arrive at such a condition! Such a woman might even become the means of raising a whole family from the low-life deeps of poverty.

That was no doubt an exceptional case which was a lesson for all classes, but it was characteristic of an age which may be said to offer exceptional opportunities to persons of every social grade who take care to appropriate them. The times are no doubt exceedingly favourable for self-improvement, for example; but on the other hand there are snares and pitfalls of which our predecessors of fifty or a hundred years ago knew little or nothing. These are only to be avoided by those who in a determined manner perseveringly pursue the path which common sense marks out as the one most likely to lead to success. Thus, the helps to self-improvement are better and more numerous than ever before; but then never before have there been so many and such strong temptations for readers to turn aside from the more toilsome, but more profitable, pathway of true knowledge into wayside arbours of care and self-indulgence. The reference is of course to those who are content to tickle their fancy with the sensational scraps or "bits," which are now provided in such

"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!"

abundance week by week, and which are so far from strengthening the mind that they leave it weaker than it was before. Unhappily there is a tendency among editors of a certain class for one to outbid another in sensationalism. This is an unwholesome symptom, however, and it is to be hoped that a reaction may come in due course. From such temptations she who works perseveringly to make the best of herself turns aside; her mind has to be cultivated and she knows where to find aliment that is necessary.

No doubt those are the happiest natures who can in their leisure hours turn self-improvement into a recreation. There is really no reason that it should be otherwise; for reading the best books and accustoming oneself to exercises which enlarge the mind and thus enable one to undertake work of a higher kind, ought, at all times, to constitute the best kind of pleasure. There is an old proverb which says that "Study lightens labour"; and this is true in the sense that a well-stored mind prevents the hours of toil or of business from passing tediously. Idle and vicious talk too often comes of an empty mind.

By a persevering girl, then, I mean one who at school, in the home, in business, if she is so engaged, turns all things to the best account. Such a one may get at least double value out of her school than another who does her duties in a perfunctory manner, and so turns into mere tedious taskwork what ought to be bracing work. The one will go on learning after leaving school; the other will throw her opportunities away, thinking that all which needs to be done is done, and having finished her education she may take her ease. It is quite different with the girl who is determined to persevere in the path of knowledge and self-improvement. In a sense the time of leaving school is when her chief education in life has only begun.

They who make a conquest of the world and of themselves, do so in the main by giving attention to little things. Only take care of these and such as are greater will take care of themselves. If you take careful notice of the achievements of any who have won special distinction in their calling, you will find that they have only succeeded by devoting extraordinary attention to what we may call the minutiæ of their calling. This is what, in our conventional talk, we call "finish," and which simply means giving small touches in a perfect manner to complete our work. It is in little things for the most part, the movement of her hands, her way of entering a room, etc., which distinguishes the true lady from one which is of a lower grade. Indeed, these little things may often prove of greater difficulty to deal with than such as are regarded as being of more importance. Their apparent insignificance may be trying to the temper, the more so because trifles are not generally such trifles as they appear; and failure in giving proper attention to them may seriously mar your best undertakings. It is the little foxes which spoil the vines; they are the small failings which spoil the woman, and these have often been found to do so despite great natural gifts and elegant accomplishments.

It is, therefore, the persevering girl who in the long run will win the race of life. She has contracted a habit which sooner or later will bring a harvest of good things, especially if hard work is supplemented with a happy temper and smiling face. Through habit, what at first may have been difficult becomes easy, and day by day things are picked up and appropriated which become valuable qualifications. To those who are ever learning, learning not only becomes easy, it becomes one of the chief pleasures of life. The majority miss the prize not because opportunities do not come to them, but because they fail to persevere in seizing the opportunities which really come, but which quickly pass away.

G. H. P.

BROCHÉ WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

THERE are to be obtained in these days many very charming materials upon which beautiful work can be executed, the designs, if they are artistic, serving as guides for the embroidery.

In our illustration you will see a piece of damask which has been embroidered. It is cut from a length of the material, which is very wide, made of wool, and has an excellent design in peacock blue on a bluish grey ground.

The silk used for the embroidery is filoselle, four consecutive shades of which have been employed.

As will be seen, several stitches have been used, and if you like to exercise taste and ingenuity you can multiply and diversify stitches *ad infinitum*. The character of the stitches used must vary with the design and the way in which you wish to bring it out.

A description of our illustration will be, perhaps, the best way of making my meaning clear.

The stem is worked in some parts in ordinary chain stitch, which every tyro in needle-work knows how to do. In other parts plait stitch, to be explained later, is employed, while ordinary flat stitch supports the large flower, from which the upper sprays spring.

In some parts of the design the pattern is completely covered, as in the alternative petals of the large flower, where Arabian stitch has been used, while in others the petal is decorated with bird stitch. The base of the flower is a closely worked button-hole stitch, while the band under it has eight French knots placed at intervals.

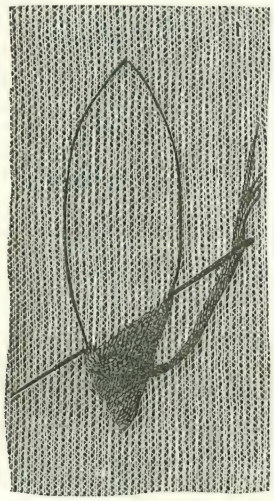
The tiny spray at the bottom of the example is worked thus: Rope stitch is used for the stem, and the petals of the daisy-like flowers are in loop-stitch.

Now for the upper flowers, which remind one somewhat of pomegranates.

The upper flower of all has the veining done in a treble row of chain stitch, the two darkest shades of the silk being used.

Snail-trail stitch is round the centre lobe, and the side petals are done in light red trellis stitch, secured with back stitches of dark red.

The large leaf just below which touches the flower is done in Arab stitch, worked diagonally with bars placed also diagonally, but in a contrary direction, as these bars always should

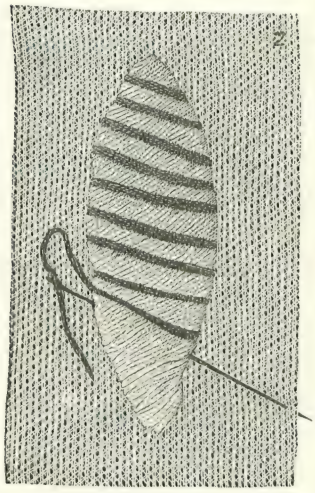


be. The triple leaves at the stem of this leaf are done in diagonal satin-stitch.

The lower pomegranate has the balls worked in the lightest of the red silk. Every ball is worked the same way: flat stitch is used. It is well to remember that no padding to raise the silk is placed under the flat stitch, or any of the stitches used.

Round the lobe which contains the four balls are two rows of cable stitch, worked in two light shades. The side petals are done in a light shade of flat stitch done straight.

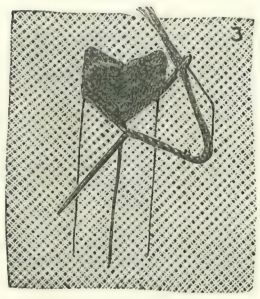
There are a couple more groups of small



leaves in the design, which are done in diagonal flat stitch.

Now for the stitches.

Arabian stitch is so much used in all Eastern embroideries that I often wonder at its not being more used in this country. As yet it is seldom utilised, so that my readers in learning how it is done will be able to execute somewhat novel effects in their embroideries. It may as well be remembered that the

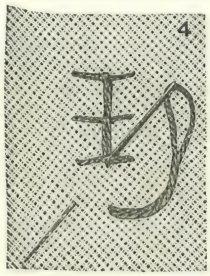


following stitches, of which Arabian is one, though described as being done in silk, can be carried out most successfully in cotton filoselle, many embroidery cottons, flax, tapestry wool, etc., etc. Of course, some of these materials suit the stitches more or less.

For Arabian stitch seen in Figs. 1 and 2, some soft cotton or silk is desirable.

You can work a leaf or portion of a design straight across or diagonally, but remember that your bars must be always placed in a contrary direction. If this were not so, the bars would be lost with the stitches going the same way.

Of course this stitch is only suited for large designs. The leaf in Fig. 1 is begun at the base and worked upwards. If you are working with filoselle or any very soft cotton, you can economise either by beginning your second



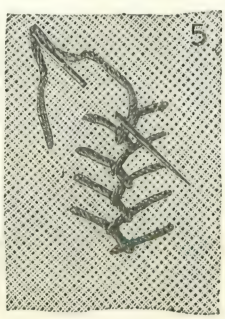
stitch close to where the first ended. This is an excellent plan, and prevents the work from becoming too heavy.

If, however, your silk is likely to twist, take it back underneath the material and begin your next stitch in an exact line with the first, so that all your stitches of the first layer which make the ground-work are taken from top to bottom.

When you have worked all this vertically or diagonally, stretch your threads across. These should always be of a contrasting shade or colour.

When this is done, you place back stitches in rows, alternating in each row, and use for this purpose the same shade as the ground-work.

You can vary Arabian stitch very much by working two back stitches together, or else arranging the rows honeycomb fashion, as



seen in the centre petal of the large flower of our example.

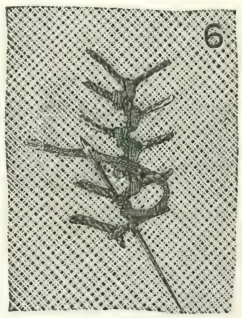
Another variation which is very handsome and particularly suited to this damask work is to take lines of Japanese gold across a silk ground-work, and then secure them at intervals, making the stitches in each row intermediate.

Plait stitch is seen in *Fig. 3.*

Work from left to right and *vice versâ*, keeping your thread above your needle. Always bring your needle out at the further side of the centre line, as that makes the threads cross and the plait formed.

Fig. 4 is called ship-ladder stitch.

Take a stitch across the width you wish to embroider, and then a vertical stitch about the



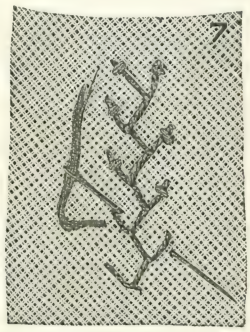
length, putting your needle in behind the transverse stitch.

This stitch has not been used, neither has Fig. 7 in the example, but both are given here as being likely to prove useful in broché work.

Bird stitch is an extremely fascinating stitch, which, like Arabian, is seldom seen. When it does appear in embroideries it is wonderful how difficult it seems to many people to learn to do it, and yet it is so easy—when you know it!

The mistake generally made by the tyro is to begin at the top, and work as if for coral stitch.

Bird stitch is worked from the bottom



upwards, the needle being placed as you see in Fig. 5.

Keep your thread always over the needle.

Let your thread lie to your right—see illustration—when working the left-hand stitch, and to your left when working that on the right.

When the whole is finished, and care taken that the same amount of space is left between each branch, you decorate the centre with two rows of back stitches, as seen in Fig. 6.

Always do this back stitching in a different colour or contrasting shade from the main stitches.

Fig. 7 is a variety of coral stitch which is very new in this country, though I know it is done in this way in Germany—that land of fancy-work. Work your coral thus.

It is always well to trace a couple of perpendicular lines in learning the stitch, to ensure the latter being regular. When you are an adept at the stitch this precaution is unnecessary.

Thread your needle and bring it up in the middle between your two lines, holding your silk under your left-hand thumb. Make a stitch quite straight upon the right-hand line bringing up the needle over the silk, which you are holding with your thumb. Draw up your needle and silk, and again hold the latter under your thumb. Now make a stitch straight on the left-hand line, bringing up the needle over the silk held by your thumb, and go on thus working alternately on each; always let the top of a new stitch be level with the bottom of the last stitch you have worked. Do not draw your silk too tightly. When this is finished, place little back stitches in another colour across the points of the branches, to form a tiny cross. This alters the appearance of the stitch very much, and makes it very pretty indeed.

As will be seen, many varieties can be had in this work. If you like to do it in several colours you can, and many shades of one colour also look well.

Another method of doing damask broché is to use only one or two colours, and one or two stitches.

It may be asked, what is damask broché used for?

Sachets, work-bags, cushion covers, small table covers, sofa and piano backs, chair backs, etc. Very lovely chairs could be made in this work if the damask broché were upholstered after it is finished. Of course, these would not be useful for ordinary wear and tear, but still some of our readers who own beautiful drawing-rooms may like to have some piece of their own work in a chair cover.

Silk can be had in lovely designs that answer well for broché work. Here, of course, you must be guided by the size of the pattern in deciding how you will embroider it.

A design of leaves worked in filoselle—just the outline and veins done, would look very well. About two threads of the filoselle would suffice.

In the example before us four threads at a time were usually employed.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.
(*Continued*).

WHEN they had finished breakfast lessons began, and Cecil found that her pupil knew nothing whatever of English, and must begin that, as well as most other subjects, from the beginning. He could read Arabic and Turkish, however, and his French astonished her. It was so fluent, so idiomatic, so exceedingly up-to-date, so freely sprinkled with Parisian slang, that she wondered where he could have picked it up.

"From M. Karalampi, who was once attached to the French Consulate," he told her, "and elsewhere," he added, with a meaning look which made her wonder.

The first morning was a type of all that followed. Azim Bey's day began with a visit to his father while he dressed, when he employed his time in asking the impossible questions dear to the heart of small boys all the world over, which the Pasha now generally parried by referring him to Mademoiselle Antaza. A walk in the garden, and breakfast with Mademoiselle followed this, and then came lessons. As a learner, Azim Bey was almost perfect. He was so quick that Cecil felt thankful that he was so ignorant to begin with, or she would have been afraid of his outstripping her. As it was, she foresaw a time when she would have to study hard to keep ahead of him, and this made her rejoice that she had arranged with Miss Arbuthnot to keep her supplied with the newest works on the principal subjects which she taught.

But the care of her pupil in lesson-time was the least of Cecil's duties. The lonely little fellow attached himself to his governess in the most marvellous way, and would scarcely allow her out of his sight. When she went to the Residency on Sundays he moped so persistently all day that the Pasha was almost tempted to give permission for him to accompany her there, but refrained, partly for fear of his being made a Christian, but much more for fear of the outcry which would be raised on the subject by the Baghdadi zealots. Wherever the Bey went, Cecil must go. Even if he appeared at any state function in the Pasha's hall of audience, she must be present as a spectator in the latticed gallery which was appropriated to the ladies of the harem, so that she might be ready afterwards to answer his questions and appreciate his remarks, while he never went out without her except in his father's company. Her influence over him became generally recognised, until at last even the Um-ul-Pasha, who had taken no notice of her whatever since her unsuccessful call with Lady Haigh, began to consider her a power to be reckoned with. The amiable old lady had been so busy of late in carrying on a secret correspondence with her eldest grandson, the rebellious Hussein Bey, and in keeping him supplied with money, that she had paid slight attention to the little household, which was practically in the harem yet not of it, and it struck her now with considerable force that she had allowed herself to commit a great mistake in tactics.

The first intimation Cecil received of a change of front on the part of the Um-ul-Pasha was a formal invitation to attend the great lady's reception with her pupil on the day of Bairam. Such an invitation was equivalent to a command, and it was furthermore imperative that Azim Bey should pay his respects to his grandmother at the feast, lest it should be inferred that she had utterly cast off both the Pasha and himself, and Cecil therefore prepared to go. Etiquette required that Um Yusuf, old Ayesha, and Basimeh Kalfa should go too, and they were all escorted by Masûd to the door of the harem, where he delivered them into the charge of the principal aga.

It was now May, and the ladies were occupying the summer harem, a pleasant English-looking building, standing in a flower-garden, and furnished partly in European style. It was too early in the day as yet for any but family visitors, but the Pasha had already paid his respects to his mother and departed. The Um-ul-Pasha sat in the seat of honour, the corner of the divan, in the great reception-room, with the Pasha's two wives beside her. One of these ladies was an invalid, the other gentle and easy-going, and both were entirely under the dominion of their mother-in-law, an imperious little tyrant, with a withered face and bright black eyes. It was easy to imagine what a flutter Azim Bey's impetuous, high-spirited Arab mother must have caused in the dove-cotes here, and with what feelings the other wives must have regarded their supplanter, and the Um-ul-Pasha the rebel against her authority. Nothing of this was allowed to appear now, however. Azim Bey kissed the hands of the ladies, who each made some carefully uncomplimentary remark, either on his appearance or dress, remarks which would have wounded Cecil's feelings if she had not known that they were made with the view of averting the evil eye. The three servants kissed the hems of the ladies' robes, and passed on to join the throng of their intimates in the lower part of the room, and Cecil, after a deep reverence to each of the exalted personages, was graciously requested to sit down. She was used to sitting on cushions on the floor by this time, and obeyed at once, while the Um-ul-Pasha prepared to talk to her through the medium of Mademoiselle Katrina, a plump Levantine lady in a red and green silk dress, who lived in the harem and acted as secretary, interpreter, and messenger to the great lady. The customary compliments and a few unimportant remarks were first exchanged, and then the Um-ul-Pasha came to business.

"You are English, are you not?" she asked through Mdlle. Katrina.

Cecil answered in the affirmative.

"Is it true that it is the custom in your country for young people to settle

about their marriage for themselves, without their parents arranging the matter?" was the next question, to which also Cecil returned an unsuspecting reply, all unprepared for what was to follow.

"Then why are you not married?" asked the Um-ul-Pasha, bending her black brows on her visitor, much as Um Yusuf had done in asking the same question. The query was certainly an embarrassing one, and Cecil answered blushingly that in England it was customary for the gentleman to take the initiative in matters of the kind, and, well—— But it was unnecessary for her to say any more, the inference was obvious, and the expression on the Um-ul-Pasha's face, faithfully copied on those of the other ladies, and respectfully reflected on that of Mdlle. Katrina, said, "And no wonder!" It was an uncomfortable moment, and to make the situation still more awkward, some mischievous sprite prompted Azim Bey to put in a remark on his own account.

"When I am grown up, I shall marry Mademoiselle," he said, in his shrill little voice, and then sat and hugged himself in happy consciousness of the bomb-shell he had thrown into the group. Cecil would have felt a keen pleasure at the moment in shaking him, and his grandmother's fingers twitched as though she longed to have him by the throat. Mdlle. Katrina seemed actually to grow pale and shrunken with horror, and the other two ladies subsided into limp heaps on their cushions, murmuring breathless exclamations of terror and dismay. It was the Um-ul-Pasha who recovered herself first, and she hailed the opportunity of administering a snub to her grandson and his governess at the same time.

"You speak foolishly, Bey," she said, in her haughtiest tones, "and I am surprised that Mdlle. Antaza has not taught you better. She knows very well that if I had not full confidence in her integrity, I should advise my son, your father, to send her back to her own country at once on account of that foolish speech of yours. As it is, such nonsense as this makes me doubtful of the wisdom of keeping her here."

Cecil flushed hotly, and would have risen and taken her departure, but her pupil answered without the slightest trace of confusion.

"But you always hated her coming, Madame, and when my father refused to listen to you, you would not eat anything for a whole day. It is my father who has brought Mademoiselle here, and he will not send her away."

"Bey, don't be rude to your grandmother," said Cecil reprovingly, and the entrance of coffee and cakes here relieved the tension of the situation. The Um-ul-Pasha became markedly gracious once more, and insisted upon taking a sip from Cecil's cup, and breaking a piece from her cake, to show her good faith, but the only effect which this exaggerated affability produced upon those chiefly concerned was expressed by Azim Bey's remark to his governess as they departed—

"Mademoiselle, the Um-ul-Pasha is intending something. It is not poison this time; I wonder when we shall know what it is. Did you hear my grandmother say to Mdlle. Katrina as we came away, 'When the wife of the Balio Bey comes, see that she is admitted when no other visitors are present'? So you will hear all about it from the Mother of Teeth."

"You know that I have told you not to speak of Lady Haigh by that name, Bey," said Cecil severely. "The wife of the Balio Bey should always be mentioned with respect."

Sir Dugald Haigh was the Balio Bey, the word being a corruption of *bailo*, the title of the Venetian Ambassador to the Porte in the Middle Ages, and the name spoke volumes to every inhabitant of Baghdad, so Azim Bey submitted to the correction meekly. As he had prophesied, Cecil heard from Lady Haigh a full account of her interview with the Um-ul-Pasha when they next met, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's birthday, which fell close after Bairam that year, and on which all the English in the region kept holiday. Cecil spent the day at the Residency, as it had been carefully specified in her agreement with the Pasha that she should, and she did not feel at all averse to a short return to civilised dress and English society. Lady Haigh told her the story in the evening, when they had a few minutes to spare before the arrival of the guests for the dinner-party which was *de rigueur* on the occasion.

"I have simply laughed over it ever since, my dear," said Lady Haigh, "but I must tell it you quickly, or these people will be coming. Put in plain language, the Um-ul-Pasha is willing to give you a handsome outfit and dowry if you marry at once, just as if you were one of her own favourite attendants."

"And was any particular gentleman indicated?" asked Cecil.

"Certainly; it is Ovannes Effendi, the Pasha's secretary. Nazleh Khanum put the case very plainly from her own point of view. She said that you had evidently failed to get married in your own country, or you would not have come out here, and that you were wretchedly thin, and had no idea of improving either your eyes or your complexion. As for Ovannes Effendi, she said that he was in a good position, and would make a kind husband. He was also a Christian—she laid great stress upon that point of suitability—and could be trusted to marry thankfully any lady the Um-ul-Pasha might be pleased to recommend to him."

"And what did you say?" asked Cecil laughing.

"Well, my dear, I said that I was much obliged to Nazleh Khanum for her kind intentions, but that I intended to make your settlement in life my concern. I said that I had no doubt whatever of being able to find you a husband as soon as ever you wanted one. In fact, I repaid the Um-ul-Pasha with interest for the slight she put upon us when you first came. I had to put it in Oriental style, you see, or she wouldn't have understood it, but it makes me laugh whenever I think of it. Imagine the luckless Ovannes Effendi suddenly saddled with a London B.A. for a wife! Oh, there are those people! Let us go into the drawing-room."

The dinner-party over, a number of other people came in who had been invited to a garden-fête, a style of entertainment to which the grounds of the Residency were peculiarly adapted. Carpets and cushions were strewn upon the terraces, the buildings were all illuminated, and to crown all, there were two bands of music, European and native, playing against each other, so as to satisfy every taste. The evening was to close with a grand display of fireworks, and Cecil, looking for a spot whence she might obtain a good view, found Charlie Egerton by her side.

"There's a capital place here," he said, "and just room for two. I haven't spoken to you all day, and I've scarcely seen you all the evening."

"But you ought to be helping Sir Dugald to entertain the guests," said Cecil.

M. KARALAMPI.

"But you are a guest," he retorted quickly, "and the rest have the fireworks to entertain them. Besides, have you no compassion for the sorrows of a poor wretch who has been trying in vain to entertain two wholly unsympathetic ladies at the same time during the whole evening, and could only approach success by making Mrs. Hagopidan laugh at Madame Denarien, and Madame Denarien feel shocked at Mrs. Hagopidan?"

"What a very edifying conversation!" laughed Cecil. "But I saw you talking to Madame Petroffskaia part of the time."

"Only for a moment, and the merest politenesses, I assure you. I can't bear emancipated women, they are all so dreadfully alike. Now don't take up the cudgels for them, please, Miss Anstruther. I have no doubt that Anna Ivanovna is an excellent person, but she is not my ideal. Besides, we quarrelled the last time we had an argument, and I hear that she speaks of me now as *ce lourdaud de médecin Anglais*. Could a self-respecting man be expected to put up with that?"

"But the other two are not like her," said Cecil.

"No, indeed," said Charlie. "Her worst enemy could not call Madame Denarien an emancipated woman. By the way, what a comment it is on Denarien's modern culture and occidental tastes! He marries a girl brought up in a Syrian convent, whose teachers have been French nuns of mediæval views. She can repeat a few Latin prayers, work embroidery and make sweetmeats, and has pronounced ideas on the possibility of enhancing her beauty by dyeing her hair and using white and red paint liberally. But she is absolutely uneducated and can't talk a bit. She can sit and smile sweetly, and that is all. A doll could do as much."

"Yes, she is a very fair specimen of the beautiful uneducated Eastern woman whom you admired so much a short time ago," said Cecil wickedly. "But what can you find to say against Myrta Hagopidan?"

"Do you call each other by your Christian names already?" asked Charlie in pretended alarm. "I hope I have not said anything much against her, Miss Anstruther. I had no idea that you were on such affectionate terms with our bride."

"My favourite governess went from the South Central to be principal of the Poonah High School, where Myrta was educated," said Cecil, "and she lives so close to the palace that I am often able to go in and see her. You have no idea how delightful it is to have someone with whom one can talk shop again. One's school-days are really the happiest time in one's life, you know, at least to look back upon. And then she is so pretty and bright."

"Yes," said Charlie, "she is smart, which emancipated women are not, as a rule. But she is out of her element here. She comes to Baghdad fresh from her school, brimful of modern notions, and thinks she can lead society here. It won't work. The English look askance at her as being 'a kind of native, don't you know?' and the rest do not understand her. And really a woman whose happiness depends upon society and society papers can't find Baghdad congenial."

"But her happiness doesn't depend on them," said Cecil. "She has a great many interests, and she helps Mr. Hagopidan with all his English correspondence."

"Then I have misjudged her," said Charlie. "See how much more clearly the feminine mind penetrates into character! I generalised hastily from the fact that Mrs. Hagopidan plied me with secondhand Simla gossip and last season's Belgravian personalities, which I detest."

"Poor thing!" said Cecil, "she was only trying to suit your tastes. She never talks to me like that."

"And now," went on Charlie meditatively, "she proves to be an excellent wife and a clever and businesslike woman."

"I never like judging people from casual impressions," said Cecil, "but sometimes it is very hard not to do it. That tall dark man, for instance, who is talking to Madame Petroffskaia—I don't like him. I have seen him once or twice at the palace, crossing the outer court with the Pasha, and he always seems to me to be—what shall I say? slippery."

"I should say that you had described him exactly," said Charlie. "He is a peculiar product of centuries of contact between European and Eastern diplomacy, and he is particularly slippery. He is a Levantine Greek, and his name is Karalampi."

"Oh, I have heard Azim Bey talk of him," said Cecil. "He told me he taught him French."

"I think Azim Bey may be very thankful that he has got into other hands," said Charlie.

"Why?" asked Cecil.

"Well, one hears a good deal about Karalampi which one doesn't care to repeat, but I can tell you what he is. The Pasha employs him as a spy on the various consulates, and the consulates use him as a spy on the Pasha and on each other. How he contrives to play them all off against one another I don't know, but I suppose he gives each employer his turn. He used to be attached to the French consulate, but no doubt his present position is more lucrative. He does people's dirty work for them. Of course he is not officially employed by anyone, but if you could question Sir Dugald you would find out that more than once M. Karalampi had furnished important information in the nick of time and had been suitably rewarded."

"I don't believe it," said Cecil indignantly. "Who told you?"

"Azevedo, the old Jewish banker, a great crony of mine. Most of my friends are Jews, Turks, infidels or heretics, somehow."

"Well, one can never tell what people will pride themselves upon," said Cecil, looking away. "But such a choice of friends——"

"I never said I was proud of it," he said quickly.

"No, your tone said it for you," said Cecil; "it implied that it was original and uncommon to have such a circle of acquaintances. But if you are so fond of Jews, why don't you get to know Dr. Yehudi?"

"What, the fat old padre down in the town?"

"Yes; you seldom have him here on Sundays, because he knows so many more languages than Mr. Schad, and so does more mission-work. He can speak an extraordinary number of modern dialects, and knows Syriac and Chaldee and all the old languages as well."

"Oh, I have heard them talking of him at Azevedo's. To mention his name there is like waving a red rag before a particularly furious bull. And so he is one of those expensive people, converted Jews? You know it costs, they say, a thousand pounds to convert one Jew. I should like to see one. I'll go and look him up."

"I hope you will," said Cecil quietly.

Charlie looked at her a moment to discover whether she was angry with his speech.

"Don't you mind my saying that about the thousand pounds?" he asked.

"Why should I?" said Cecil. "Can you say that a soul, whether Dr. Yehudi's or anyone else's, is not worth so much? But when you know him, you will be better able to judge for yourself."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A NOTE FOR WORKERS.—"It is no disgrace not to be able to do anything; but to undertake or pretend to do what we are not made for, is not only shameful, but exceedingly troublesome and vexatious."—*Plutarch.*

IN THE PATH OF DUTY.—Never step over one duty to perform another. Take them as they come.

THE GREATEST LUXURY.—"The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment."—*Gay.*

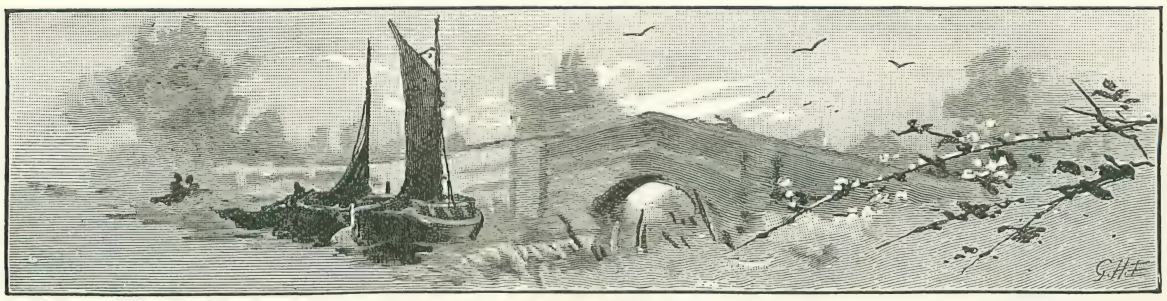
GOOD LOOKING.—Beauty in the heart writes its name on the face.

RECOGNITION.—Everything good in us thrives best when properly recognised.

TALL TALK.—There is no use in talking any higher than we live.

ON THE OTHER WORLD.

You may try to get to heaven
On the money you can save,
But you'll find it has no value
In the land beyond the grave.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GERALDINE.—A correspondence class for the study of shorthand writing is conducted by Miss Pattie Vincent, Simplemarsh, Addlestone, Surrey, and which we suppose is still in existence, as we have received no notice to the contrary. You are not competent to "go in for literature," as your writing, spelling, and composition are very defective, and you do not know how to use capital letters. Probably you had better remain in the business in which your parents placed you, and try to improve your education whenever you have leisure to do so.

LULU must write for the prospectus for the exams. to be passed by candidates for Civil Service appointments to the office of the Civil Service, Victoria Street, Westminster. Perhaps it would be more satisfactory to call there in person for all extra information.

CONSTANT READER.—Write to the office of the Civil Service for their prospectus.

CHRISTABEL.—Your writing, spelling, and English need much improvement to render you eligible as an ordinary nurse, supposing that you be otherwise qualified (as regards health, temper, general character, punctuality, cleanliness, and order), all essentials satisfactorily credited to you.

HEART-BROKEN must refer to all our answers perpetually given on the subject of admission to the hospitals in the capacity of nurse. Your writing is clear, but scarcely formed.

TRYING TO LEARN, AND A LOVER OF GERMAN.—Perhaps the French, Italian, and German Correspondence Club, directed by Miss Cole, Helions-Bumpstead, Haverhill, Essex, or that of Mrs. Ewing, 17, St. Giles, Oxon, might suit you. There is also a club for the loan of German books, address "G. B. C," 15, Venner Road, Sydenham. Also there is a "Foreign Literature Club" directed by Miss Ellin, Kingfield Road, Sharrow, Sheffield. Prizes in money are given annually to members who have not been fined for breaking the rules. In all these cases a stamped envelope must be sent for the transmission of the latter. "A Lover of German" must allow us to say that she evidently does not know what she is talking about in reference to current fashions in dress. Her ideas are not "up to date."

BEATRICE N.—Your handwriting needs improvement. It is too large, and the letter "t" is not correctly formed and looks very ugly. Were you teaching children to write you could not allow them to make fancy letters of their own, but insist on their copying the copper-plate models published for the purpose, or printed at the top of every page of their copy-books.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONELY IN A CROWD.—From what you say of your exceptionally weak nerves, you do not appear to be at all suited for hospital nursing, nor would they take you. Your writing is not fit for a nursery governess, and if two hours of daily pianoforte practice fail to make you play well, you can have no musical taste nor manual power. At present you have many home duties, "sufficient for the day." Commit your future to your Heavenly Father in prayer and confidence.

F. P.—The work of a *day* should be described. You should take the most interesting day of the seven.

AN AYRSHIRE FACTORY GIRL.—Write to Messrs. Pitman, Shorthand Publishers, Paternoster Row, they will send you a catalogue. We hope you are going to contribute to our "Daily Round" Competition, which is creating much interest among working girls. We are delighted to hear that we have been so helpful to you. You are evidently a good brave girl.

PITTI SING.—The skirt worn by the Spanish gipsies would be of red or yellow, with black velvet bands on it. Black velvet bodice laced in front, over a white cambric under-bodice, and over the skirt a draped scarf of striped material, red cap or handkerchief on the head.

SEVEN-YEARS'-READER.—You write fairly well. For the making of scones and oatmeal cakes you will find recipes in any cookery book. You cannot "set about making a small vine" unless you take a lesson from an Indian juggler. They appear, at least, to make plants grow as you watch them, but what tricks they employ we cannot tell. If you have a greenhouse you might have some of the pavement taken up in a corner, dig and add good earth, and plant a young vine, training it as it grows.

A PROUD SALOPIAN.—The term "tripos" refers to the three classes in each branch of educational study pursued in the universities. The Latin word *tripos* literally means "three feet," and a *tripod*, a table or other article standing on three feet. Your letter interested us greatly. We congratulate you on your well-earned success, and wish you to prosper in your after-life. As you have such kind friends amongst the missionaries we trust you have learned much from them, and that you will be as zealous in the service of your Heavenly Father as in things temporal.

S. RADFORD.—The only plan we can recommend is to put your sister at once in the hands of a doctor or to get advice and suitable medicine at an infirmary. If not, she will die. It is a very serious matter indeed, and needs careful treatment, for if the medicine taken be not carefully given by an experienced doctor, the only possible cure for one evil may kill in another respect.

SAPPHO (South Hungary).—Any English girls who take sulphur to improve their complexions are very silly and ignorant. Indigestion spoils it and produces spots, red noses and flushing. Eat slowly, masticate well, avoid indigestible things, never study nor hang the head for an hour (if possible), nor take exercise after a meal; and if spots still appear consult a doctor, for they may be the result of some poverty of blood. You might try about a dessert-spoonful of lime-water in a tumbler of milk. Shall always be glad to hear from you.

MARGY.—It is difficult to get rid of cockroaches and blackbeetles. Pound some plaster of Paris, mix it with twice the amount of oatmeal, and add a little sugar, and strew this on the floor and in the chinks where they appear. Another plan is to place some pieces of unslaked lime at these chinks and crannies, or else pour a little beer or syrup in a plate, and a few flat matches or strips of cardboard from the floor to the edge of the plate. These will serve as ladders for them, and they will fall into the liquid. At the oilshops you can obtain sheets of "beetle-wafers" made of equal weights of red lead, flour and sugar. One or other of these recipes will certainly prove effectual. The crevices where these pests creep out should be filled with pounded glass and "insecticide," and well covered in with good cement.

E. CAIRY.—*Via Lucis* is the Latin of "the way of Light," and *Via Crucis* "the way of the Cross." We thank you for the grateful way in which you acknowledge receiving benefit from our paper.

THREE SCHOOLGIRLS.—We cannot approve your holding a midnight conversazione or supper before breaking-up, unknown to the authorities. We wish we could say the reverse. But there should be no clandestine entertainments when your teachers and guardians believe you to be in bed and asleep. No deception and nothing under-hand can be right.

MAB.—If a "martyr to toothache," you had better have your teeth examined at a dental hospital or infirmary, for some might be stopped and some ought to be extracted. One fact, little known, is that when you have a broken or diseased tooth, the chief pain may appear to be, and really is, in another which needs no treatment, as some nerve connects the two. So let a dentist decide such a question for you before the extraction of a tooth. Should your own chief offender have a hole in it, you might obtain temporary relief by procuring a bottle of "essential oil of cloves," dipping a little piece of cotton wool in it and placing it in the hollow of the tooth. This remedy or palliative will do no injury to the gums nor teeth, whether fully effectual for your relief or not.

AMATEUR NURSE.—No foreign health resort for persons suffering from bronchial or lung delicacy could prove more satisfactory than Pisa. But they should choose a flat on the second storey, and never be out an hour before or after sunset on account of miasma. Many places may offer a suitable climate, but that is only one essential. A good and cheap market and a pleasant locality, bright and cheerful, and carriages for moderate charges are quite as indispensable.

MEDUSA.—"Palmyra," otherwise called "Tadmor," in the wilderness, is said to signify (by name) the "City of Palms," from *tamar*, a palm. It was very beautiful, and was built by Solomon. In the 2nd century, A.D., it was further beautified by the Emperor Hadrian, and at the beginning of the 3rd century it became a Roman colony under Caracalla. We cannot give you a consecutive history of this city, but may observe that the celebrated Zenobia, the widowed queen of the assassinated Odenathus, endeavoured to make Palmyra an independent monarchy, and successfully so for a time, but was defeated and taken prisoner by Aurelian, who massacred the old men, women and children, as well as all who had taken up arms, and made the city a garrison. It never recovered, but remained inhabited till the downfall of the Roman Empire.

X. Y. Z.—Angelica Catalani was a great singer, one of our leading *prima donnas*. She was born 1782, made her *début* at Rome, 1802, and died June 13th, 1849.

V.—St. Veronica, martyr, was said to have been amongst the faithful women-followers of our Lord, and may possibly have given Him her handkerchief to wipe His face when "bearing His cross to Calvary," according to the legend. We cannot give you any reliable history of her.

DARBY AND JOAN.—1. The saying that "dreams go by contraries" probably had its origin in some remarkable coincidences. But it is one amongst many that may be relegated to the superstitious. Dreams often appear to foretell coming events with remarkable accuracy, and may be regarded as interpositions of divine providence for our warning in cases of danger, and to break coming calamities.—2 According to B. Vincent, there are 3,424 languages or dialects in the world, and of this number, 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African and 1624 American. Professor Max Müller divides languages into three families, *i.e.*, the Aryan, the Semitic and the Turanian. The original European languages are 13 in number, viz., Greek, Latin, German, Sclavonian, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Jazygian (remaining still in Liburnia), the Chaucin (in North Hungary) and the Finnic (in East Friesland). Our own Anglo-Saxon and modern English are derived from the *Teutonic*, which again was of the Aryan family. We cannot afford space for further details respecting so wide a subject.

WHITE HEATHER.—1. Many thanks for your kind expressions of appreciation of our magazine. Jan. 15, 1879, was a Thursday.—2. We regret we cannot help you with the second question.

DOLLY should bow to the friends of her *fiancé* if they raise their hats to her on meeting her with him even if she do not know them.

L. A. W.—1. A little alum and water will sometimes prevent the hands from perspiring too much. 2. Particulars of Scripture Guild are published in each monthly number.

POOR MILLICENT.—Many thanks for your kindly praise of our paper. We sympathise much with you. We think you should, if possible, get medical advice and some strengthening medicine. Also try to have a bath each morning, as "Medicus" advises, and rub yourself well after it, to improve the circulation. Exercise as much as you can, and breathe deeply with long breaths. Be cheerful, too, and look on the bright side of all things.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—You are too young yet to be trained as a nurse. And are you quite sure it would be right to take up the profession when your mother is so much opposed to it? We think not.

CHRISTMAS FARE FOR RICH AND POOR.

A Turkish Fig-Pudding.—One pound of best figs finely chopped, one pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of suet, finely shred, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of candied peel, one ounce of ground almonds, half a nutmeg grated, three eggs well beaten, and a wineglassful of sherry. Boil—or steam—for two hours and a half, and serve with wine sauce.

Now let us look at some Christmas cakes.

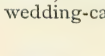
Still remembering the poor and needy, here is a cake that cuts up splendidly for school-parties, and one that is a capital stand-by for the home table also.

School-Treat Cake.—To each pound of flour add half a pound of mixed fruit, currants, raisins, and sultanas, two ounces of shred candied peel, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, six ounces of butter or good beef-dripping, half a teaspoonful of spice, one teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and cold milk to mix to the consistency of soft dough; no eggs.

Beat together the sugar and the butter, mix first all the dry ingredients, then work in the butter and make up with the milk. Make up into rather large cakes, and let them be nearly a week old before using. Above all bake gently, but in a good hot oven, and test them with a skewer to make sure they are done through.

The two following recipes are for cakes that are somewhat uncommon, but essentially appropriate for Yule-tide. The first pre-supposes the possession of a bottle of elderberry wine, which most country households are sure to have in stock.

A Seasonable Cake.—The excellence of this will depend upon the care exercised in its mixing and baking. Beat to a cream six ounces of fresh butter and the same weight of moist sugar (brown). Add to these three well-beaten eggs and a tumblerful (half pint) of elderberry wine, beat together, then stir in gradually twelve ounces of flour, to which has been added half a pound of rich raisins, stoned and cut small, a quarter of a pound of candied orange peel, and a large teaspoonful of powdered allspice. It is important that the dry ingredients should have been well-mixed together. Stir lightly, then pour into a shallow tin well-buttered, and bake in a moderate oven for quite an hour. It should be a rich-brown colour, and if carefully made is little inferior to wedding-cake.



Almond Simnel Cake.—Make two separate mixtures, one of cake and one of almond icing. For the former beat together six ounces each of butter and sugar, then add four eggs (beaten), two ounces of rice-flour, six ounces of dry flour, and two ounces of mixed candied peel cut very fine. Mix well, then pour half the quantity into a round buttered cake tin, put in half an inch layer of almond icing, then the remainder of the cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes, test it to see if it be cooked through, and then spread the top with another layer of almond icing, and when that is set, cover the cake all over with sugar icing. Keep two days before cutting.

For the almond icing pound together six ounces of blanched sweet and one ounce of bitter almonds, two ounces of castor sugar and the whites of two eggs.

We all admire *Cherry Cake*, but we cannot all make it for ourselves; the following is a reliable recipe. Half a pound of butter beaten to a cream, half a pound of castor sugar, the yolks of five eggs, quarter of a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, two ounces of candied peel cut in shreds, half a pound of candied cherries and the whites of the eggs whisked stiff. Mix the ingredients in the order given above. Bake gently and ice the top, decorating according to fancy.

When the boys and girls are home from school it becomes necessary to have some cake always at hand, but it need not to be a rich or costly one. A plum cake made with yeast is so wholesome and good that it invariably finds itself a warm welcome in the play-room; it is at its best when a fortnight old, and should, therefore, be made in good time.

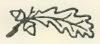
Yeast Plum Cake.—To four pounds of flour, one pound of butter and dripping mixed together (rubbed into the flour), one pound of brown sugar, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of dried currants, quarter of a pound of candied peel, two ounces of treacle, large teaspoonful of mixed spice, same of ground ginger, three ounces of yeast, two eggs, and a pint and a quarter of milk.

Rub together flour, butter, a teaspoonful of salt, the spice, sugar and fruit. Make a well in the centre, into which pour the dissolved yeast, the eggs, and a teacupful of milk; with these make a "sponge," and when that has risen work up the cake, using the remainder of the milk. It should be a little softer than bread dough. Let it rise for two or three hours, then make into cakes and bake in a moderately quick oven. Should yield ten pounds of cake.

But a truce to cakes and sweet things; let us consider something savoury. Here is a *Game Pie* that is made without game; and a very useful and excellent dish it is.

First of all a forcemeat must be prepared from half a pound of calf's liver and the same quantity of fat bacon; both cooked until thoroughly tender in a covered vessel, then pounded to a paste in a mortar. When thoroughly reduced add a good teaspoonful of mixed savoury herbs, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, mustard and mace and salt, also a few bread-crumbs, mix quite smoothly with two yolks of eggs. Make some good raised-pie crust, and shape or line a tin mould, place a few strips of fat bacon at the bottom, then a layer of this forcemeat, fill up with boned joints of fowls, rabbits, or anything available at the time.

Fill up all the spaces with forcemeat, lay a little more bacon at the top, then put on the top crust, garnish and bake. When the pie is nearly done it should be taken out of the tin, brushed all over with beaten egg and put back to become richly browned. This may be eaten hot, but it is better cold; a little strong gravy added after it has finished baking is an improvement.



Another excellent savoury dish for a large family (or a substantial dish for the poor man's supper party, we have borne in mind all along) is *Beef à la Mode.*—For this the ribs rolled round, or a piece off the "round" of beef is the most suitable part. If the latter, lard it with long strips of salted pork by the aid of a larding-needle. At the bottom of an earthen stew-pan lay a slice or two of fat bacon, then several small onions left whole, two carrots cut in rounds, a few pepper-corns and a bunch of savoury herbs. Lay the meat upon this and place more vegetables and bacon above and around that, pour a teacupful of water over and half a teacupful of vinegar. Cover closely, set in the corner of the oven and cook gently for three or four hours. When intended for eating cold it should be left untouched in the vessel until almost cold, then lifted out, the gravy drawn away from the fat and clarified, adding a little dissolved gelatine to it and the meat glazed with it at intervals. The rounds of carrot should be stamped out into patterns and furnish a garnish for the dish with tufts of parsley and horse-radish.

While we have puff-paste about when making our mince-pies, we may usefully employ a portion for some

Savoury Patties.—For the filling of these the remains of cold game, poultry, or very nice meat with ham or cooked bacon, if cut very small and gently simmered in strong thick gravy and highly seasoned will prove excellent; or cold boiled fish, flaked and heated in white sauce, or picked shrimps in sauce that is flavoured with anchovy, may be used instead. A teaspoonful of the "filling" is sufficient for each patty. These are capital for breakfast, luncheon, or supper.

The mention of mince-pies reminds us that our page of Christmas fare will not be thought complete unless it include a recipe for mincemeat, although that has, doubtless, been given nearly every previous year.

Mincemeat.—Made four weeks in advance. Six pounds of russet apples, pared, cored, and finely chopped, two pounds of minced beef suet, three pounds of well-washed currants, two pounds of stoned raisins, half a pound of lemon and orange peel, nutmegs, cinnamon, and mixed spice, two teaspoonfuls of each, three teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, half a pint of brandy.

A frequent stirring is desirable for the first week after making this, then it may be put up in jars and tied down. It will keep good for three months at least.

The above quantities will be sufficient for a hundred moderate pies.

L. H. YATES.

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PATIENT GENEVIEVE.

A TRANSCRIPTION.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "West Dene Manor," etc.

CHAPTER II.

FOR many months Genevieve languished alone in prison, but at last her little son was born, the little child whose coming should have been such a great joy to his father the Count.

"Dear child," said the poor mother, "dost thou first open thine eyes upon the world in this fearful place? In this sad dungeon there is not even a spot where I can lay thy little frame, except on this mouldy straw, or on the cold and flinty pavement! The cold and damp of this dark and gloomy cavern, dripping unceasingly with water, cannot fail to destroy thee?

"Ah!" she suddenly cried, looking up at the stones which formed the arch above her head. "Why do ye shed these cold drops upon my helpless babe? Are ye as merciless as men themselves? But, no! mute as ye are you possess more feeling. You cannot see my misery and that of my child, and yet you

All rights reserved.] GENEVIEVE IN PRISON.

mourn and weep with me." And lifting up her child with trembling arms, Genevieve exclaimed—

"O God, Thou hast given me this child! Thou hast endued him with life! To Thee he belongs! He is Thy gift, and to Thee shall he be devoted! Yes, let my first act be to devote him to Thee! Thou Thyself art here, and wherever Thou art there is Thy temple! I here solemnly vow, O my God (if Thou permittest both of us to live so long), to bring up this child in the holy faith in Thee, in Thy Son, and in Thy Holy Spirit, in devotion to Thee, and in Thy holy love, and I promise, so far as Thou enablest me to guard him, whose childhood Thou hast committed to me, from all evil ways, so that at the last dreadful day I may again return him to Thee, and render to Thee a faithful account of my charge."

Long and earnestly did she pray in silence; and then she took water from her drinking pitcher, and baptised the infant, giving him the name, "*Schmerzenreich*" (full of sorrows).

When her poor baby had fallen into a gentle slumber on her bosom, she bent tenderly over its little face.

"Deign, O my God!" she said with a sigh, "to look down upon this helpless infant—this tender flower, doomed in these dark and chilly dungeons, without light or warmth, without a single invigorating breath of air, to fade and wither away, to droop and perish! O my God! avert from it this unhappy fate! Alas! how dear it is to me—how gladly would I give my own life to save this precious babe! And Thou, O my God, lovest it even more than I. Thy love for me and for all men is infinitely beyond that of the tenderest mother. Thou Thyself hast said, 'Though a woman forget her child, yet will I not forget thee!'"

Some days afterwards Golo visited her, and he then laid before her the conditions on which she should have freedom; but they were dishonourable ones, and Genevieve fearlessly replied, "Better I should die than that I should act contrary to the laws of God, and and of all good men."

With a furious look Golo left her cell, slamming the iron door behind him so forcibly that the very foundations of the prison seemed to shake.

During Genevieve's long imprisonment, a hard-hearted woman employed by Golo had been her sole attendant, grudgingly performing for the Countess such services alone as were absolutely necessary. Without the aid of this miserable creature Genevieve and her child must have perished, but late one night, a knocking was heard at her little window, and a gentle voice said, "Dear Countess, are you awake? Oh! how shall I tell it you? Alas! The wretched Golo——"

"Who are you?" asked Genevieve.

"I am the jailor's daughter, Bertha, who was so long ill and to whom you were so kind. How I wish I could show my gratitude and love! But alas! I bring you dreadful tidings. This night you are to die; I myself heard Golo giving the order, and he declares that such is the Count's command. And, alas! your child too must die. I could not sleep to-night. As soon as the others were asleep, I rose from my sick bed and crawled as best I could down to you, for I could not live at peace without telling you once again how grateful I am for all your kindness. If there is any commission I could do for you, trust it to me."

The shock of these tidings rendered Genevieve speechless with dismay for some time.

"My kind girl," she at last said, "I will only ask you to bring me a light, together with pen, ink and paper."

The girl having managed to bring these things to her, Genevieve prepared to write to the Count as follows:

"My dearest Husband," she began, "on the cold floor of my prison I write to you, and when you read this letter the hand which writes it will be in the grave, but God knows that I die innocent."

In a few words she told him of Golo's conduct towards her, and how he had declared that she must die by the Count's orders.

"But," she continued, "it is not you who are guilty of my death. Do not give way to excessive grief. Forget not that there is a Heaven above where you shall once more meet your Genevieve; there you shall for the first time embrace your son, whom you have never seen on earth; there the wicked can never part us again.

"As to Golo, my most earnest prayer to you is that you pardon him from your heart as I do from mine. His innocent victim, Draco, was one of your most trusty servants. Provide for his widow and orphans. Reward the good, kind girl Bertha, who will give you this letter, for she alone was true to me when all else were false.

"Once again, fare thee well. I die with a forgiving and affectionately devoted heart. Even in death I am your faithful wife,

"Genevieve."

She entrusted the letter to Bertha.

"Keep it," she said, "and let no one see it; and when my husband returns from the wars, give it yourself into his own hand."

Then taking a string of pearls from her neck she gave them to the girl, telling her that they were all she had to give her, but that as they were very valuable they would serve as a dowry when she should be married.

Bertha had not long departed when two armed men entered the dungeon and found Genevieve with her child in her arms kneeling in prayer.

"Stand up, Genevieve, take your child and follow us," said a man who carried a sword.

"Alas, God be merciful to me!" cried Genevieve as she arose. "I commend myself into His hands."

She was conducted through a long subterranean passage, until at last, after passing through an iron gate, they emerged into open air close to the borders of a large forest. A large fierce dog had accompanied them, but Genevieve did not seem to notice it. Neither of the men uttered a word as they led her deep into the forest, until they reached an open spot surrounded with tall black pines and trembling aspens. It was a clear moonlight night, and a cold wind whistled among the trees.

Kunz, who carried the sword, now said, "Stop here, Genevieve, and kneel down." Genevieve knelt down. "Now deliver up the child and do you, Heinz, bandage her eyes."

He drew the sword from its sheath and seized the child by his little arm. But Genevieve, pressing him closer to her bosom, exclaimed—

"Oh, God, let me die, but save my child!"

"Come, make no resistance," said the rough man, "what must be must be. Give him up."

"Are you men?" cried Genevieve in tears, "and can you find it in your hearts to murder this poor babe? Slay me, I am willing to die, only let my dear babe live! Take him to my parents, or, if you dare not do that, grant me also my life and I will promise never to leave this forest so that Golo shall never learn that you spared me. Is it possible that you should prefer Golo's will to that of your God?" and with many more impassioned words she pleaded for mercy.

"I do nothing," said Kunz, "but what I am ordered; Golo and the Count must answer for it."

But Genevieve continued her prayers and entreaties until Heinz, who had hitherto kept silent, was unable to restrain his tears.

"Kunz," he said, "let us spare her life. If blood must be shed, rather plunge your sword in Golo's breast. All her life she has never done anything but good. Remember all her acts of kindness even to yourself in your last illness."

"She must die," answered Kunz. "Should we spare her life both of ours will be forfeited. And you forget that Golo required us to bring him her eyes as a token."

"Even so," replied Heinz, "we must spare her life. Let us bind her by oath to remain concealed in this forest. As for Golo, we can show him the eyes of this dog of yours. You don't like to kill your dog, I see, but surely you would rather do that than commit this awful crime in the sight of God."

Kunz pondered for some time with dark looks, but at last he uttered the words, "Be it as you say."

Accordingly he exacted from Genevieve an oath never to quit the forest, and he also made Heinz swear never to mention her name or to attempt to visit her.

The two men then led her a long way until they reached the most desolate part of the forest where man never trod. Here Genevieve, her baby fast clasped in her arms, fell fainting at the foot of a pine tree. In this state the men left her.

"Farewell, and God have mercy on you!" cried Heinz as he passed away.

When he and Kunz arrived at the castle they found Golo in his room, his head leaning on his hand, an image of despair.

"See, we have brought you the eyes," said Kunz, holding out the counterfeit.

"Take them away, I will not look at them," shouted Golo. "Whichever of you pronounces her name I will run him through the body. Go from my sight both of you instantly and never appear before me again."

He was already beginning to find that the way of transgressors is hard.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNETS AND SONNET-WRITING.

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,
Memorial from the Soul's eternity,
To one dead deathless hour.
D. G. Rossetti.

What is a sonnet?

How many well-educated people could answer that question correctly? We venture to say nine out of ten could not do so.

"A short poem," would be the general answer, and it is a safe one as far as it goes; a sonnet certainly is a short poem, but all short poems are not sonnets. There is a fixed length for a sonnet, and fixed rules for its composition. The lady who talked about "that charming little sonnet of four lines, don't you know," was guilty of a great blunder. By a law fixed as the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not, a sonnet must consist of fourteen lines; neither more nor less; and moreover by another law equally strict, those fourteen lines must be decasyllabic.

A third sonnet law requires that the Petrarchan sonnet be divided into two parts. The first part, consisting of eight lines, is called

the octave; the second part, consisting of six lines, is called the sestet. Strictly speaking, the subject of the sonnet should be set forth in the "octave," its application in the "sestet," but this rule is less arbitrary and less generally observed than those which limit the form of the sonnet.

The "octave," unlike the musical octave, must contain only two notes on which the rhymes must be based; the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines must rhyme on one note, the second, third, sixth, and seventh, on the other. More liberty is allowed in the arrangement of the rhymes in the "sestet;" this may contain two or three notes, but in the Italian or Petrarchan sonnet which we are now describing the two last lines must not rhyme.

For there are two kinds of sonnets, the Italian or Petrarchan, and the English or Shakespearian; the latter is not divided into the octave and sestet, or major and minor parts, but is a prolonged cadence ending in two rhyming lines. In an essay on the sonnet, Mr. W. Sharp has given a beautiful definition of the Shakespearian sonnet which he likens "to a red-hot bar being moulded upon a forge till, in the closing couplet, it receives the final clinching blow from the heavy hammer, while the Petrarchan is like a wind gathering in volume and dying away again immediately on attaining a culminating force."

To use a musical simile, we may say the Petrarchan sonnet contains a crescendo passage in the major key for the octave, concluding with a diminuendo passage in the minor key for the sestet; while the Shakespearian sonnet is a cadence ending in two final chords.

Another absolute rule for the sonnet is, it must contain but one leading thought, or idea, or emotion; it is a ring in which but one precious stone may be set, it may not be a hoop of diamonds, it must contain but one single crystal. In the perfect Italian sonnet this one thought should be set forth in the octave, its application in the sestet as stated above.

If we liken poems to precious stones, then we may say the sonnet is to a narrative poem what the diamond is to the amorphous amber; the latter may be cut to any shape, but the diamond crystal is of fixed form, the laws which determine its shape are even more arbitrary than those which rule the form of the sonnet. A perfect sonnet is indeed precious as a fine diamond, and just as a diamond only will cut a diamond on account of its hardness, hence the expression, "diamond cut diamond," so the sonnet only of all poems can be compared to the sonnet. A perfect sonnet is in its way a perfect work of art; a song may be as natural as the singing of a bird; a sonnet must be as artistic as the composition of a sonata or a rondo.

The sonnet has been gradually evolved, it was not the creation of any one brain; it is of very ancient date. Dante and Petrarch, who improved upon it, found one Fra Guittone, a monk of Apezzo, had already drawn up the principal rules for its composition, fixing its length at fourteen lines; before his time it had varied between twelve and sixteen lines.

Fra Guittone decided, that while sixteen lines were just a trifle too long to please the musical ear, twelve lines were just a little too short in which to evolve the idea and its application. The limitation of the rhymes of the octave to two notes was no doubt due to the richness of rhymes in the Italian language, and also in the Spanish language, for early Spanish poets affected the sonnet so much that we can scarcely say it is of strictly Italian origin; some Spanish blood runs in its veins.

Indeed it has some claim to Grecian descent, some writers supposing it to be a development of the Greek epigram; its artistic form would induce one to accept this opinion for we know with the Greeks, form was everything, but of this there can be no doubt, Italy is the sonnet's home if not its native country, for the finest sonnets in the world are Italian; this is due in a great measure to the music of the lovely language and the facility with which Italian lends itself to the composition of the sonnet.

The derivation of its name is Italian, *sonetto* being the Italian for "a little sound," and the sonnet has always been the Italian poets' favourite vehicle; Petrarch was perhaps the best Italian sonnetteer. But Ariosto and Tasso were both masters of the art of sonnet-writing, while Dante's fame as a sonnet-writer, in which art he was unequalled, is overshadowed by his own greatness as a world poet.

The sonnet was introduced into England in the fifteenth century; Spenser took it up but failed to make it popular in this country, and then Shakespeare, with the master's hand, modified the Petrarchan form to what we now call the Shakespearian sonnet, and gave the world some, at least, of those beautiful sonnets about whose authorship literary men have wrangled ever since. The Elizabethan period was favourable to sonnet-writing. From Spenser to Shakespeare the tide of sonnets ran high, reaching its high-water mark in Shakespeare; then followed the Elizabethan sonnetteers, after which the art declined until Milton endeavoured to restore the sonnet to its Italian form, in which he failed, though he succeeded in modifying the Shakespearian sonnet into what is known as the Miltonic.

Modern English sonnetteers have returned to the Italian form of octave and sestet. After Milton, until Wordsworth, the sonnet very nearly died a natural death in England. With Wordsworth its revival began, and with our modern sonnetteers the sonnet may be said to have entered its renaissance period since they have revived the ancient classic form.

First and foremost among the modern English sonnet-writers and second only to Shakespeare in the art in the opinion of many is Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, in his *House of Life*, has given to the world a sonnet sequence of one hundred and one sonnets.

After Rossetti, Mrs. Browning is the greatest modern sonnet-writer. In her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, she has poured forth her love for her poet-husband with a passion as strong as it is pure. These sonnets are not translations from the Portuguese as is sometimes supposed, the title giving some countenance to the supposition. It was adopted by the poetess to conceal their real meaning. She was the Portuguese from whom they emanated, her husband, who was then her lover only, the object of them.

It is at first somewhat surprising to note that Mrs. Browning's muse found expression in the sonnet so successfully. If there was ever a poet for whom one would have imagined the sonnet was too arbitrary in its requirements, that poet is Mrs. Browning, who, in spite of her knowledge of Greek, did not imitate the Greeks in their love of form, and who was often too hasty to be correct in her writing.

The explanation, perhaps, is that the sonnet is the best vehicle for the expression of the emotions, and as Mrs. Browning was distinctly the poet of the emotions—she was nothing if not emotional, hence the great influence she has over women whose emotional nature is so strong—it was perhaps natural that her genius should find expression in the sonnet.

What is true of the individual is often true of the race; and if the above remark be true of Mrs. Browning, it may also be said that it is surprising that some of the best poetry of the nineteenth century should be embedded in sonnets, and this for more than one reason.

In the first place a sonnet ought to be, and from its length is forced to a certain extent to be, reticent, and one of the besetting sins of the literature of this century is want of reticence. In the next, whereas a sonnet is a strictly disciplined poem, subject as we have seen to stringent laws, there was never an age when men, women, aye, and children, were more impatient of control than the present. It is then somewhat strange that the poetic soul of this age should find its best expression in the sonnet; one would have half expected modern poets would have compared sonnet-writing to caging a nightingale.

Perhaps the explanation is that the laws of its composition facilitate the art of sonnet-writing; there is a certain amount of mechanism in the writing of a sonnet, and this is an age of machinery. There are sonnets and sonnets. Most cultivated people can write a bad sonnet, some few a good one; but for the perfect sonnet there must be the fire from heaven which the poet only possesses as the material upon which to work.

A sonnet is a crystallised poem, and should be no more trivial because it is small than the precious diamond or the priceless ruby is trivial because small; on the contrary, just as a tear may contain a world of sorrow, a drop of water a living world, so the sonnet may contain one thought, one idea, one emotion, with a world of meaning in it, precious as the most precious diamond.

Neither must it be weak because short; a peal of thunder is short, but it is not for that reason weak; the sonnet must be sonorous; it must roll like thunder, swell like the waves of the sea, sound like an organ—not like a penny whistle, or it will not be a perfect sonnet. Mr. Theodore Watts in his sonnet on the sonnet has beautifully said—

"A sonnet is a wave of melody
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul—
A billow of tidal music; one and whole
Flows in the 'octave;' then, returning free
Its ebbing surges in the 'sestet' roll
Back to the deeps of life's tumultuous sea."

The revival of the Petrarchan form of sonnet by modern sonnetteers may more fitly be called "the survival of the fittest." Some writers have defined the Shakespearian sonnet as the English sonnet; but that this is incorrect is shown by the revival and survival of the Petrarchan sonnet by modern English poets.

The laws for sonnet-writing have been made by comparing and studying the best sonnets of all ages and countries; the sonnet, so to say, made the laws, the laws did not make the sonnet, although they are very helpful in making it.

HOW TO MANAGE A

"For my part," said Edith, "I never could understand what you found to do at Band of Hope meetings. I have been asked to help to form one in my own parish, but I have no idea how to set about it. You cannot go on saying 'don't drink' night after night; besides, children do not drink, and to put them under a pledge may either make little prigs of them, or give them a curiosity to taste the stuff as soon as they are grown up."

Barbara laughed. Kate took her friend's remarks more seriously.

"I am really surprised to hear a sensible girl talk in that way," she said. "However, you have come to the right person to cure your ignorance. Barbara can tell you all about the work; only let me just say that statistics unfortunately show that child-drunkenness, horrible as it is, not only does exist, but is increasing. And the very best safeguard against any sort of danger, surely lies in principles thoroughly learned in youth."

"You see," added Barbara, "it is not as though we really did say nothing but 'don't drink.' We try to teach the children why drink is hurtful, what it is made of and what is its effect upon the health and brain, and what it costs the nation, not only in the millions of money spent on intoxicants, but in lost work and wages and happiness. Many of them have object lessons very near home, poor little things. And at any rate they grow up without the habit of drink, and are able to consider the matter for themselves when they arrive at 'years of discretion.'"

"Well, I suppose there is something in it," Edith admitted, "and I am quite willing to learn. You, Kate, had an easy task in starting and managing your band, for your father being the rector you knew everyone in the place, and the children were sure to do anything you told them. Still, you can tell me what you do at your meetings. Do you make speeches?"

"I give them an address sometimes, and now and again we get a clergyman or other temperance worker—lady or gentleman—to come and say a few words; but in the country we have to do without much help from outside and to depend upon ourselves. I teach them songs and recitations, and we have also musical drill. Flag and bell and fan drill are always popular with the children, and delight the parents when they come to see it at the entertainments. If you are ingenious you can make the fans and flags out of slips of wood and coloured paper, or can get them, and the bells also, from Messrs. Curwen & Sons."

"What is there 'temperance' about all that?"

"Nothing directly. Neither are our songs and dialogues always about temperance, although I endeavour to have a good proportion which impart temperance facts and principles. It is not very easy to find a constant supply of really good ones, but I have parcels down from the Band of Hope Union, the C. E. T. S., and the National Temperance League, and select those I think best; and there are very often pretty songs in the children's magazines. You must remember we want, first of all, the children to come and to like coming, so we make the meetings as bright and pleasant as possible, which is more effectual and better in every way than coaxing and begging for regular attendance as some people do."

"And you smuggle temperance in, like the powder in the jam?"

"If you like to put it in that way. But the powder is distinctly popular, for the children—especially the boys—are always eager for temperance pieces. Anything in the way of an action song or dialogue is sure to be liked, but it needs a good deal of patience to drill them in the action. Some are so comically stiff and shy about even holding out their hands, or pointing, or waving a flag."

"Ah! but it is worth the trouble, for what a pretty effect united action has!" put in Barbara. "I should dearly like to have those delightful drills, but our girls learn them at school, and our room would be hardly large enough. However, we are more ambitious in some other ways than Kate is. If we cannot manage flags and sashes all alike, we have half-a-dozen or so of the girls dressed up in caps and aprons as housemaids with brooms in their hands, or with rolling-pins and flour-dredgers as cooks, and introduce a little talk about housekeeping or cookery, sometimes with practical expositions. They get many a useful hint as to home management—so important a part of temperance work—in that way; but I always ask my mother to look through the pieces, for they often need revision."

"That would suit me nicely," said Edith. "I love cookery, and I often say I should like to go in for the diploma and lecture upon it."

"You might do worse; anyhow, your knowledge can be introduced very usefully in Band of Hope meetings. Besides our dialogues, we manage services of song; they learn the tonic-sol-fa at school, so I had to learn it also, and we sing from that notation. Occasionally we have a little play or charade. Children are so fond of dressing up and pretending, and it is very easy and cheap to provide the simple get-up for fairies or gleaners, or grown-up folk, or whatever may be wanted."

"My father does not approve of performances that border so closely upon acting," Kate remarked. "But I am afraid you will consider we have too much jam and too little powder, Edith. The children learn bits of 'Alice' or 'Fauntleroy' by way of variety, or anything suitable I find in the children's magazines. One of the most successful efforts we have carried out was a kinderspiel called 'The Alphabet.' They did dress up in that to the extent of white pinafores, and big letters slung round their necks; and the lively words and tunes took their fancy greatly. There are other good kinderspiels and, of course, cantatas, but they are generally too difficult for our village children's intellects and musical powers."

"Kate has to depend upon teaching by ear," said Barbara, "but she has the choir-boys as a nucleus. I have only girls, so that restricts us in our choice of pieces."

"I suppose you would have too many if you had boys and girls together? Kate takes both, I know; the boys sit on one side the room, girls the other."

"Kate knows her children, and they are used to being taught together in school. In our town it is different; boys and girls have

separate schools, and I found them too much of a handful and too noisy when I tried her plan. One can do nothing with children unless there is some amount of discipline first of all, and though one does not want to be too severe, I am ashamed to say I have had to expel two of my girls; it grieved me dreadfully! How do you keep order, Kate?"

"I don't always find it easy," Kate admitted. "But as you say, I know the children and their parents, and that is a great advantage. I remember you wrote to me at the time about your girls, and said they only 'sauced' you when reprimanded, and were infecting the rest. I think you were right to send them away, as they seemed hopeless, for one must consider the effect on the rest, who would certainly take advantage if your authority was once lost—and also the reputation of the Band. If Band of Hope children incur the imputation of being ill-mannered and noisy, there are plenty of people ready to lay the blame on the meetings. I believe, too, in making the children regard the meetings as a treat which only good behaviour will obtain, and not in bribing them with teas and prizes as though their attendance were a favour to yourself."

"Then don't you give any prizes?"

"Yes. I set them temperance questions to answer, and papers to write. I used to have all that to do 'out of my own head,' and gave the subjects at one meeting and the answers the next; but last year we had a regular text-book, prescribed by the C. E. T. S., *First Teachings in Alcohol*, from which we had lectures all through the winter months, dealing with the composition of alcoholic drinks and their physical effect on the body. In the spring there was a regular examination, and prizes for the best papers. In fact, I gave a book to everyone who competed, in order to encourage them. Barbara, no doubt, had the same thing, as it was recommended generally by the society. Besides these prizes, we have medals for membership. The first medal—you get them from the Band of Hope Union—is for one year, and a bar is added to the ribbon every year until the fifth, when a larger and handsomer medal is substituted. The winners are very proud of their medals, I assure you, and several boys and girls have found them no small recommendation when going into situations; and when master or mistress sees the badge, it induces him or her, I feel sure, not to put temptation in the way, and even to take a little extra interest in the holder, and perhaps in the work also."

"That is part of the business in which I am perpetually envying you," said Barbara, with a heavy sigh. "I tried the medals; it seemed a lovely idea; but my girls are a terribly shifting lot, and those who stayed were continually losing their medals and crying out for fresh ones; I gave it up in despair. However, I adopted another plan for keeping order which has been very successful. Kate dismisses her Band row by row like a school, but that would not answer for me, so I make twelve of the oldest and best-behaved girls 'lieutenants,' decorate them with blue rosettes, and put them in charge of a couple of rows of the younger ones, their duties being not only to see that their charges leave in some sort of order, but to get out the music-books and put them away, and be generally responsible for the behaviour in their part of the room. As the same girls are not there every time, I keep a list of two dozen or so to select from, and call up twelve at the beginning of each meeting, after the roll-call has been read, to fasten on their rosettes, which are looked upon as a badge of honour and authority."

"The roll-call? Do you mean to say you read over the list of members every time?"

"Certainly. Kate does it just before dismissing her class, but I begin with it in order to encourage punctuality. Besides, I am not so rigorous as Kate; I do give prizes for regular attendance, when it is combined with good conduct, and full marks are allowed only to those present at the roll-call. We start with a hymn; then the doors are shut and the roll is read, each girl there calling out 'present.' They used to reply in all manner of ways—'Yes, miss,' 'Here I am,' 'Yes, teacher,' 'That's me,' and so on; and one would reply for another—'There she is, teacher,' 'That's her with the red hair,' 'No, she ain't here, she's got to stay at home and mind the baby.' It was a regular gabble, and I could hardly hear my own voice. So we made the rule that each must speak for herself only, and simply say 'present.'"

"My members merely hold up their hands," said Kate, "but that plan is not safe unless the children are in good order and you know them well. I could fill up the list without going through the ceremony, but it is well for them to know that the record is kept, and helps to create a feeling of order and method. We begin with a hymn too, and then have prayer, and always close with another hymn and the Evening Collect."

"And I," said Barbara, "begin, as I said, with a hymn, then we have the lecture, followed by singing and the recitations and songs they are learning, and at the close the prayer on the membership card and the Doxology."

"And how many of you are there to manage your Band, Barbara?"

"Five; but we are not all there every time. I am secretary, keep the register and the cards, and give out all papers and notices, besides being general superintendent. A musical friend conducts the singing, which I could never undertake alone, especially as we have no piano. Three others sit among the girls, to keep an eye on their conduct, and one of them gives a short address or a reading once in a way. In this work there is plenty of room for people with different qualifications. If they are musical, that is a tremendous help; if they are methodical and have sufficient time to undertake it, there is the register, which ought to include looking up children who are irregular, or who need a word or two putting in at their homes. A little tact is wanted there, but I usually find the parents very willing to let them attend; several of my girls come from public-houses, one of whom won an attendance prize last year. Then the lectures call for another kind of cleverness; and anybody with new ideas who has energy and is fond of children is sure to have a welcome."

"I suspect patience is the first requisite of all," said Edith. "Don't you find month after month of it rather monotonous?"

"That is just what you must not let it become; I don't say the new ideas come so often as they should, but that is because we do not have so many workers as we want. One of my helpers hit on the happy plan of exchange meetings among the different Bands in the town. When any Band has got up sufficient songs and recitations, or a service of song or cantata, the managers hire the Temperance Hall and invite the other Bands to come and hear the performance, or, if it is a smaller affair, they take a detachment of the children to provide an evening's programme in another schoolroom. And once a year, at least, we have a united meeting of all the Bands, church and chapel, in the hall, with special speakers to address them, and a procession through the town with banners and perhaps a band."

"Now it is my turn to be envious," said Kate. "We have no such grand doings in Maybury, and have to be content with calling in the fathers and mothers to admire us. Some of the children come to me at the Rectory to be taught special pieces; it is a tedious business to teach a new tune when none of them has an idea of it to begin with, and all have to learn by ear, and difficult too to teach a good recitation in the presence of a hundred impatient listeners. It is a rather popular plan for a dozen or half-a-dozen to say a piece together, but I do not like it; the children get to depend upon one another, and cannot recite with the same intelligence as when drilled individually."

"One thing I am sure of," struck in Barbara. "There is a want of bright and lively services of song, they are nearly all dismal and 'preachy'; and also of sensible natural dialogues. Perhaps you could do something in that line as well as the cookery, Edith?"

"There is no knowing what I may not do if I once begin," said Edith. "And I really feel half inclined to start a Band of my own. But, you know, it is *le premier pas qui coute*. How did you first set about it, Bab?"

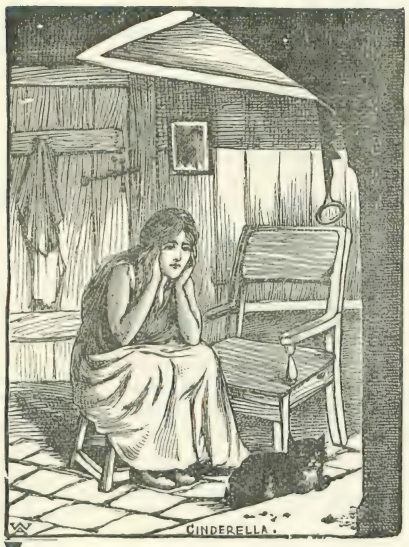
"Had tea and a talk with the friends I thought likely to help; then we asked the Vicar if he would be president and let us have the schoolroom, and the school teachers to give out notice of the meeting. Be sure to enlist the interest, if not the active help of the teachers, if you possibly can. We also begged a good Band of Hope speaker from another town to come and give an opening speech, and went round to as many people as we knew, to ask if they would let their children join. It is a rule not to admit children without the parents' consent. Thirty were admitted at the end of that first meeting; I always like one of the clergy to formally admit new members and sign their cards, and the children think more of it. But we had very hard work until we were used to the business, and it was not at all easy to secure helpers, for you see Band of Hope work does not make much show. But I love my class now, and get so much interested in my girls and so fond of many of them, that I should be very sorry indeed to drop it. Do start a Band, Edith! Kate will come and give you the opening address, and I will lend you some music!"

"You will have to fulfil that promise," was Edith's answer.

LINDA GARDINER.

HOME LIFE: ITS POSSIBILITIES AND ITS INTERRUPTIONS.

By the Hon. SARAH LYTTELTON.



It may, at first sight, appear as though the subject of Home Life had been often enough treated before, and there were consequently very little left to say about it, and in a sense, this is true; but it is also true, on the other hand, that all the real interests, all the romance of life, are invariably pushed back into the days of childhood, or forward into those of marriage, so that the years which lie between are left out altogether. There are, indeed, a certain number of books which deal with them; but I am bound to say that they are usually very dull, a fact which goes to prove my point. Yet, after all, the years spent at home are always among the most important, and very often the happiest, of a girl's life; and it is, at any rate, worth trying to find out how they can be made the most of. The period I am more specially thinking of is that which begins at about eighteen years of age, when the grind of education is over, and home life, properly speaking, begins.

There are two main points of view from which to consider this question. Home Life is both an end in itself, and a preparation for the profession of after years, be it that of marriage or of independent work. From the first point of view it offers the supreme opportunity for developing and perfecting those home companionships which are often treated so carelessly. That is to say, girls might take far more trouble than they do to make acquaintance with their own brothers and sisters. It does not in the least follow, because you have always lived under the same roof with any given set of people, that you are really intimate with any of them.

The common saying, that people's relations often know least about them, indeed, shows how seldom this is the case. Girls keep all their sympathy, all their tact and insight, for their friends, and though they may have something left over for their brothers, very little seems to remain for their sisters.

To get to know any one human being thoroughly, so as to be of real use to him or her, is always admitted to be a work of time and difficulty. Why, then, should the relations between sisters spring into perfection at once, without taking the trouble to develop them in any way? Relationship is either a great help to friendship, or a hopeless barrier, because it makes it so easy to assume an intimacy which does not, in fact, exist. It is this latter state of things which is unfortunately the most common, and it is the more to be deplored because it could be so easily remedied. What is necessary is, not to give less to others, but more at home, and to realise that to be a successful sister or daughter is as much a fine art, so to speak, as to be a wife or a friend.

Closely connected with this is the want of manners, and of consideration in small things which are so often observable in family life. The old French saying: "*Chez les Anglais, les coups de pied passent pour des gentillesses*," will help to illustrate my meaning, and it is certain that members of large families, in particular, are apt to be very rough and rude inside as well as outside their home circle. I believe that this is largely the result of a mistaken theory, according to which the days spent at home are supposed to be a sort of "slack time," in which everyone can, metaphorically speaking, appear in undress. I don't for a moment wish to substitute a stiff politeness and ceremoniousness for the free and easy, unconventional ways which constitute the greatest charm of home life. But surely it would save much time and trouble if what may be called the "polishing process" were carried on a little at home, instead of being left entirely to the operation of society.

The possibilities of home, then, can be largely developed in the direction both of its companionships, and of what we may call the minor morals of every-day life.

The next point for consideration is that of occupation. Now, most girls, even after their education is, oddly enough, supposed to be finished, have a vague idea that they ought to do something useful, or read what is called "something improving" every day. The existence of various melancholy societies, which most of us have probably at one time or another been asked to join, is a proof of this. You are asked to pledge yourself to read something, not fiction, for not less than half an hour a day, a prospect which somehow strikes one as singularly unattractive. The whole of literature seems to lose its interest when approached in this way, and there is, as a matter of fact, no magic in the mere absorption of printed matter as such. Nor is it even necessary for everyone to read; some people have almost a constitutional incapacity for it, and are useful members of society all the same. But everyone has something they can do, some art which they can cultivate and make something of, if only they will treat it as a serious occupation, and not as a mere accomplishment.

It is obvious, too, that reading, to be of any use, must be done on a system, and that it should always be in connection with some course of study. This aspect of the question seems to be very commonly disregarded, if one can judge from the numbers of people who ask one for tests of "interesting" books on any number of disconnected subjects.

Not that miscellaneous reading is to be discouraged, far from it; but it should not form the whole staple of any one's study. The habit of occupation too, reacts most favourably on those home companionships of which I have spoken. No one knows till they have tried, how the mind is rested and refreshed, and enabled to grapple successfully with the problems, small and great, which every day brings with it, by having some permanent occupation, be it literary, philanthropic, or artistic, as the background of life. All the friction and fuss, the small squabbles about nothing, and the waste of energy over unimportant matters, in which mothers and daughters, and sisters, among each other, wear out their nervous tissues, and spoil their tempers, would in many cases, simply disappear if they all had more to do. But, from the second and wider point of view of after-life, it is, if possible, more important still.

A woman who has had much experience in the training of amateur workers on a Charity Organisation Committee, once told me that any previous training came in useful, so to speak, and that one of her best workers was a girl who had been through a course of musical study at the Royal College. This goes to prove the fact that it is less the particular occupation than the habit of mind which is the point. But most girls, the moment they come out, let their music, or drawing, or whatever it may be, slide altogether, and if they read at all, even the regulation half an hour a day, it is, as a girl once said to me, "in order to have a topic ready for the evening." I have always wished that I could have followed her conversation with her partners, to see how she managed to bring it round to the subject of the morning's study.

It is surely evident that the habits of method and concentration which are the result of a course of reading steadily pursued, or of an art really consistently cultivated, must help to fit one for after-life, whatever it may be. Instead of which, we see too many women, married and single alike, and especially those who have really the least to do, in a perpetual hurry, always running after the ten minutes that are never there, simply from want of the knowledge, which could so easily be acquired at home, of how to manage their time.

The occupations of home life are only too closely connected with its interruptions; and these again form part of a much larger problem, namely, how to reconcile the requirements of individual life with the claims of others. For I hope nothing that I have said has any tendency to blink the plain fact that, so long as we are at home, we are bound to bring our own private occupations into line with any number of conflicting claims and duties, all of which may be unimportant, but none of which can, or ought to be, ignored. And there is no royal road to the solution of the problem in a way which will apply to each individual case, since it obviously depends entirely on the special circumstances of each home. Two things can, I think, be done, which will be of some help. One is, to set aside whatever portion of the day you can fairly claim for yourselves, and to stick to it as rigidly as though you were still in the school-room. It may not always be easy to do this, but it can always be the ideal to be as nearly as possible realised. If the habit of regular occupation is once established, other people will soon fall into it, and it is hardly necessary to point out that, like everything else, its effect as to irritating, or not irritating, one's family will depend on the way in which it is done.

The second thing is to cultivate habits of abstraction and of agility of mind, two characteristics which really imply each other. There are women who, from want of training in their youth, can only read if they have two or three clear hours before them, and an absolutely quiet room; conditions which are very seldom fulfilled, and on which one has no right to insist. It is easier if you want to practice, as most people will then leave the room of their own accord: but with reading

or writing it is different. And as one is always bound to be interrupted, and to have to do some small family job or other when one least expects it, it is most necessary to be able to do it quickly, and yet not inefficiently, and then to turn one's mind easily back to the music, or reading, or whatever it may be. This faculty is to a certain extent a gift of the gods, but it can be cultivated. A brother of mine, to whom I was once lamenting the ceaseless interruptions of life, said to me: "You must learn to read in scraps;" and I found his advice most valuable, and easier to carry out than it sounds.

But I don't wish for a moment to undervalue the difficulty, which is indeed so great that one is often tempted to give up the game altogether, and to let the days slip by without trying to put anything real into them. It is, however, not impossible, of that I am sure, to succeed both in being an entirely unselfish and available member of the family, and yet to develop one's individual life as well. And to say that it is difficult only means that it is always hard to realise any ideal.

The day, I hope, is not far off when the lives of women will be reorganised on a different basis, when all girls will be brought up to some definite work in life, as a matter of course, and when their occupations and pursuits will consequently be taken as seriously as those of their brothers. The sooner that day comes, the better.

Meanwhile, the question for us all is, how to make the most of life as it is, and one way surely is, to develop the interests and the companionship of home to their fullest extent. For it is certain that any true success in after-life, in its friendships, and in its most serious pursuits alike, will depend largely on the character and mind that have been formed in the years spent at home.

SOME ECONOMICAL INDIAN DISHES.

By the Author of "We Wives."

Some time ago (in the September No. of the G. O. P.) I told our readers the way to cook curry and rice. I then promised, at a future date, to contribute an article upon some other Indian dishes, which we have proved toothsome and economical.

The first one sounds like lenten fare. It tastes far too savoury to be relegated to those forty days of abstinence. My family would indeed make a to-do if they never saw one of their favourite dishes, except between spring and summer. We indulge in it all the year round; whenever, in fact, a cold joint has to be served on our table, it is flanked with a vegetable dish full of

Dhâl and Rice.—The ingredients required are a cupful of red Egyptian lentils, a couple of onions, a few small red chillies, some peppercorns, an ounce of dripping, another of butter, and a tablespoonful of curry powder.

Split peas may take the place of lentils if your jar is empty of such; but the dish is not so delicate in flavour then; it also takes longer to cook.

After boiling the lentils in enough water to make them of the consistency of soft stir-about (about half-an-hour), add to them the curry powder and half-a-dozen chopped chillies. Let it simmer away until shortly before serving. Then stir in a lump of butter about the size of a walnut.

To dish.—Have ready a wall of well-cooked, snow white rice (directions anent the boiling of this to be found in the September No. of the G. O. P.). Pour your soft yellow dhâl into the centre of this. It will be about as thick as whipped cream. Pile on the top a crown of crisp brown fried rings of onions, and serve very hot.

This is a very easy dish to prepare, and is always appreciated, besides being most economical. Far less meat is eaten when dhâl is served with it. Yet the children's health will not suffer, beans and peas and lentils supplying every requisite necessary for heat-giving and flesh-forming purposes.

Pillau.—When tired of a joint, put it down—bone and all—in about a pint and a half of water. Simmer until you have as much rich broth as will be absorbed by half-a-pound of rice. It is impossible to say exactly how much, as rice is so different in its absorbent qualities, Patna drinking up more than Carolina, Java rather less, and so on.

When well stewed, cut the meat from the bones and break up into small pieces. Add three onions, a few chopped cloves, shreds of cinnamon, a scrape of ginger, and a couple of peppercorns. Have ready some well-washed rice. When the broth is ready add it to the pot.

You will find your rice absorb all the liquid soup very quickly, so prepare to supplement it with a teacupful of milk. Up to this point, your pillau has been left to itself. From the moment of adding the milk, however, we must stir thoroughly until it boils again; otherwise that jelly-like substance of rice and broth and milk would discolour and adhere to the pan.

A few minutes, and the pillau is dry enough to dish.

Ladle out into a cover-dish, strew on the top some light brown rings of fried onions, and encircle with disks of hard-boiled eggs as a garnish.

Babooty.—This is another plan for using up cold meat. Its curious name must not prejudice you against it, nor must the mention of water-soaked bread. I can assure you you will never regret trying it.

Take equal parts of finely-chopped cold meat and soaked bread-crumbs (warm water is best to use, and the bread must be squeezed quite dry). Add to this, I must confess, untempting sounding mixture some finely-shred onions, a little salt, a small dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and a piece of butter. Moisten, if necessary, with a little milk, and press into a buttered dish.

Now beat up one egg, and pour over your shape. Bake for an hour. Throw out and serve with rice. Our Madrasee of former fame thought this a very "seldom" recipe, and very seldom indeed have we met with it anywhere except at our own table.

I shall expect, however, to be pressed to try "babooty" very constantly in future, as the hundreds of readers of the G. O. P. are sure to have this dish very often when once they have tried it.

There is a sound gastronomic principle underlying the craving for sweet things occasionally, even with cooked meats. Mutton without red-currant jelly is apt to taste greasy. Pork, without its corrective of apple-sauce, is very indigestible. Boiled turkey, minus its accompaniment of raisin or prune stuffing, may be somewhat tasteless.

Far more "wanting" are curry and pillau and dhâl, without a modicum of chutney to eat them with. Yet chutney is an expensive thing to buy.

In our next two recipes I will tell you how to provide your tables with plenty of that same at the cost of a few pence.

Cashmere Chutney. — Ingredients: Two pounds of green gooseberries (or apples), two pounds of moist sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of dates, half an ounce of garlic, three quarters of an ounce of red pepper, four ounces of ginger, chopped and pounded, two ounces of salt, vinegar.

Have all these things well-chopped, except the dates. Pound the ginger as well, and of course top-and-tail your gooseberries. But on no account peel apples, if such are used.

Have ready a clean saucepan, and boil the fruit in enough vinegar to cover it. When soft, add everything else (the dates being cut in small pieces only).

Boil for about ten minutes all together. Have ready some wide-mouthed bottles. Fill with the chutney; cork well, and, if possible, put by for twelve months.

If used at once, this chutney is eatable; but if allowed to mellow for some time, it is delicious. The cost thereof is infinitesimal compared with all chutneys bought at a shop, so it can be used *ad lib.* in the most economical of households.

The above recipe is an exactly scientific one. The next one must be followed in a general way, as I can only give rule of thumb for it. It may be prepared fresh and fresh as wanted, and is preferred in summer-time to the more elaborate condiment. We will call it

Hasty-Mint Chutney.—From your garden gather a handful of fresh mint. Take another handful of sultanas, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one chili, one teaspoonful (or less) of salt.

Put all these ingrédients into a mortar, and pound until the mixture is juicy and soft. Add about two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir well, and put into ornamental glass jar. No boiling is required, and you have a tasty addition to lunch or dinner-table.

The recipes I have given in this paper have all been more or less of a savoury nature. At least, they have not had to do with sweets exactly. In my private housekeeping-book there are many creams with curious names, and fritters of Indian origin. At present I will be content with passing on to my readers the above-mentioned recipes. Whether I ever add to them remains to be seen. It depends on what welcome is accorded to this account of "Some Economical Indian Dishes."

IN A LONDON STREET.

THE street is dull, and skies are grey,
The snowflakes fall with noiseless touch;
With heavy heart I wend my way,
For oh, I loved the summer much;
But see, a girl, and poorly clad,
At yonder corner, patient stands,
A sight that makes my heart grow glad,
A sight of roses in her hands.

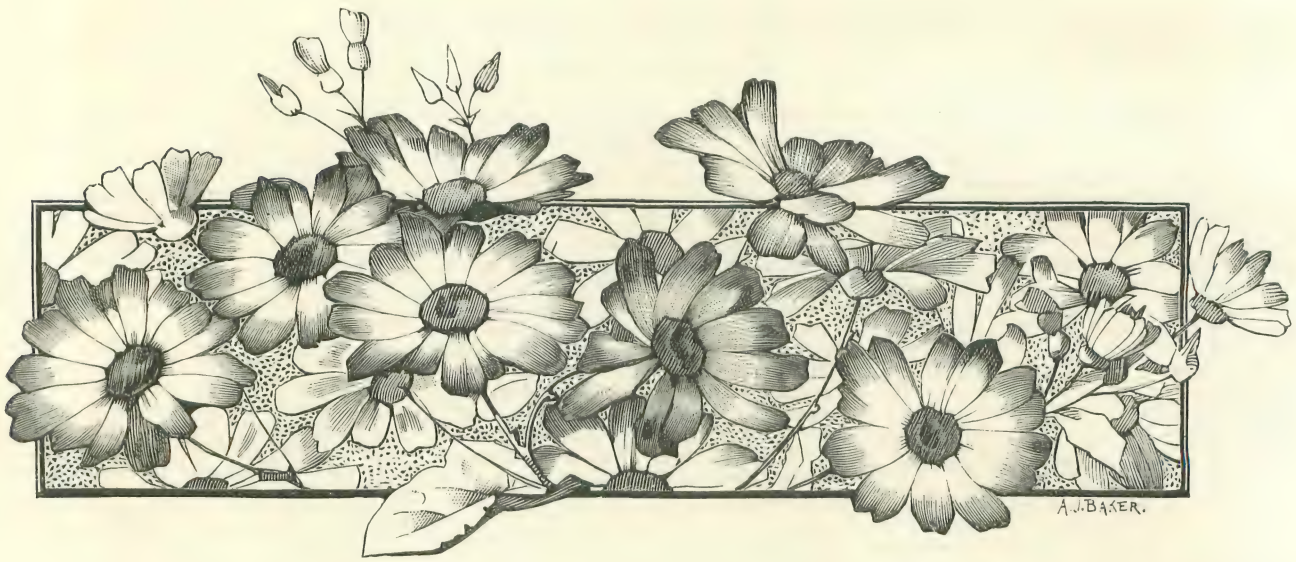
The dull street fades; the skies grow clear;
I wander in a garden fair;
The murmur of the sea I hear
Amid the roses blowing there;
Methinks in Lyonnesse I stand,
Where brave King Arthur held his sway,
With all his knights—a trusted band—
And dames who dressed in kirtles gay.

There's Guinevere and Lancelot,
Mordred the false and Merlin too;
And sweet Elaine of famed Shalot,
And many who were staunch and true;
But over all I seem to see
The arms of Destiny spread wide—
That awful tale of treachery,
The wizard Merlin prophesied.

* * * *

The vision fades, anear me stands
A girl in tattered, scanty dress;
She holds sweet roses in her hands—
Fair blossoms brought from Lyonnesse.

ERIC BROAD.



MORALISING ON AN EPITAPH.

"Here lies a poor woman who always were tired,
For she lived in a world where too much were required.
Weep not for me, friends, she said, for I am going
Where there'll be neither reading nor writing nor sewing,
Weep not for me, friends, when death do us sever,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

THE above epitaph may be found in a churchyard in Norfolk, and one cannot help wondering in what station of life this poor woman lived, and what could have been her occupation. A hard one evidently it must have been, but her idea of what constitutes happiness hereafter was a peculiar one. Few would nowadays appreciate her lament about the reading and writing being a hardship, for what with board school education, free libraries, and a cheap and attractive press, and the facilities of the post-office, our young people do not find these things a trouble.

But what of the sewing? I fear that many girls and women do think sewing a most distasteful occupation. In spite of the example of the highest ladies in the land, we have only to look around us to see that while fancy work occupies the time and attention of most of our young people, plain sewing is quite at a discount, and there are not many who would echo the words of one of our Princesses at a public meeting when she said that "no one knows but those who have tried it, the comfort and rest of a long plain seam." Our drawing-rooms and boudoirs testify to a high standard of excellence in "art needlework," but what, my friends, of the "long plain seams," of the darns and patches, of the house-linen and underclothes?

A college girl studying for her B.A. said not long ago to me, "I never mend my clothes. I go home in rags, and my mother sends me back next term with new clothes, and I go on again."

Housekeepers have only to ask their servants as to their capacity for needlework to discover that they too neither like nor wish to use their needle.

To whatever cause it may be due it is truly deplorable that this most necessary and most feminine occupation should be "out of fashion."

Many of my readers will however no doubt exclaim at the last line of the epitaph, "What a dreadful alternative, to do nothing for ever and ever;" and yet a young lady said to me, speaking of a famous shop, "It's a lovely place, I go there every afternoon to kill time," and we know that many attend fashionable entertainments with the same object.

To thousands of Buddhists and Mahomedans over the world, Nirvana and Paradise are but synonymous terms for doing nothing for ever and ever. But to those who have realised the enormous responsibilities of this life, the idea of doing nothing hereafter is repugnant to the last degree. To such people even a holiday here, delightful as the rest is for a time, is only enjoyed by them as a preparation for more active work after it. *Reculer pour mieux sauter.*

The poor lady whose lament is chronicled above may have had a sad and a hard life, as no doubt many of you, my readers, have had, but instead of the blank future she describes, I would rather

"Wish for you the pleasure
Of labour in full measure,
In the happy blessed service
Of your Master and and your Friend;
And the great delight of knowing
That some harvests of your sowing,
Shall be gathered in His garner
To His glory in the end." OLIVE.

"FAIR BLOSSOMS BROUGHT FROM LYONNESSE."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"I HAVE made the acquaintance of your old friend," Charlie said to Cecil a few Sundays after this conversation.

"Oh, you mean Dr. Yehudi," said she. "How do you like him?"

"My Western mind admires him extremely, because he is so tremendously in earnest, but my Eastern mind is disgusted by his restlessness. Why can't he let people alone? He must always be attacking someone's cherished beliefs or pet foibles. If I was really an Eastern, I suppose I should regard him as a prophet, and become a disciple. But I really do believe there is something in it."

"Something in what?" asked Cecil.

"Well—in the conversion of Jews, in spite of the thousand pounds. Old Yehudi is such a splendid fellow—with his power and talents he might have done almost anything if he had remained a Jew, but he has given it all up; and the way the Jews here hate him for it! He has a fascination for them, though; they go and argue with him by the hour, and then leave the house tearing their clothes and calling down curses upon him. But he's awfully good to them, and the Moslems respect him tremendously. He seems to do a great deal of good in one way and another, but I can't help thinking he would do better as a medical man. It must be a hopeless kind of work preaching to a set of poor wretches so horribly afflicted as some of them are."

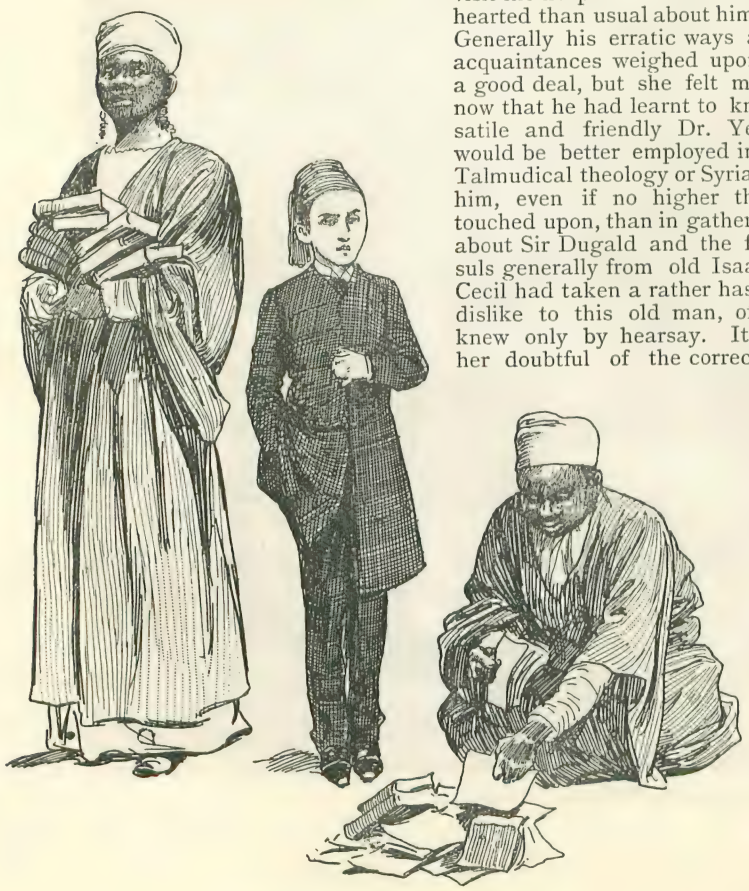
"Why don't you offer to go and help him?" asked Cecil.

Charlie looked confused.

"How did you know?" he said. "Of course I can't give up my time to anything of the kind now, but I did say something to him one day about throwing up this place, and working under him. What do you think he said to me? He looked me over very slowly and said, 'My goot yong friend, you are what we call a rolling stone, never staying long in one place. In the Missions this is as bad as in the worldly affairs. Let me see you staying where you are for five years, working faithfully under the goot Balio Bey, and then come to me again.' That was rather rough on me, wasn't it? I wonder how he knew that Sir Dugald and I didn't exactly hit it."

"He knows Sir Dugald, and he is beginning to know you," said Cecil; "and by his putting it in that way, he meant to show that it was not Sir Dugald's fault."

"I am doomed to be snubbed to-day," said Charlie, and went off laughing to visit his hospital. Cecil felt more light-hearted than usual about him that night. Generally his erratic ways and strange acquaintances weighed upon her mind a good deal, but she felt more at ease now that he had learnt to know the versatile and friendly Dr. Yehudi. He would be better employed in discussing Talmudical theology or Syriac roots with him, even if no higher themes were touched upon, than in gathering scandal about Sir Dugald and the foreign consuls generally from old Isaac Azevedo. Cecil had taken a rather hastily founded dislike to this old man, of whom she knew only by hearsay. It even made her doubtful of the correctness of her own estimate of M. Karalampi, to find it confirmed by reports from such a quarter. But a corroboration of Charlie's opinion of Azim Bey's former teacher was speedily to be provided from an independent source.



"DISTRIBUTION OF THE BOOKS."

Cecil's relations with her pupil continued to be of the happiest character. In the seclusion of their own courtyard he was almost always with her. He was perfectly content to be silent if she was busy, and possessed the happy and unusual faculty of being able to do nothing and yet not get into mischief. But stories were what he delighted in, and all the pranks of Fitz, Terry, Patsy and Loey were recounted over and over again, until he knew the boys as well as their sister did. It was a remarkable and gratifying thing about him that he never seemed inclined to imitate any of these tricks. He was too much grown up, indeed, to do anything of the kind, and it was from this very fact that Cecil's first great difficulty in dealing with him arose.

It so happened that she was not called upon to face this difficulty until one day in the height of summer, when she was feeling unusually weak and exhausted. She was only just recovering from an attack of fever, and the heat seemed stifling, even in the semi-darkness of the cellar schoolroom, with its carefully shaded windows close to the ceiling. She had succeeded in getting through the morning's lessons somehow, but she found it impossible to provide Azim Bey with his daily instalment of story. Upon this he volunteered to tell her a story instead, while one of the negresses sat by and fanned her, and she prepared herself to listen with considerable interest. Whatever the story was, Azim Bey seemed to be quite excited about it, and she wondered whether he had inherited the Arab gift of improvisation. He sat thinking for a few minutes, and then, with very little preface, began to pour into her horrified ears such a tale as made her hair almost stand on end. At first she could only gaze at him in speechless horror as he spoke, accompanying his words with much vigorous descriptive action, but at last she found her voice, and burst forth with crimson face—

"Bey, be silent! How dare you repeat such things? Where did you learn that?"

"In a book, mademoiselle, a delightful book. Ah, magnificent!" he added slowly, smacking his lips as if he enjoyed the recollection.

"Who gave it you?" gasped Cecil.

"M. Karalampi; he has given and lent me many, for two—three years. Ah, the dear pink and yellow books, how I love them!"

"And you have been reading these books ever since I came, and you never told me!" said Cecil, in deep reproach. Her pupil became penitent at once.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he cried, flinging himself down beside her, and seizing her hand, "he told me not to tell you. He said the English hated French books and could not understand them, and he used to send them into my apartments at night. But at last I thought I would see whether you did understand. Oh,

mademoiselle, my dear mademoiselle, why are you weeping?"

"Because I am not fit to have the charge of you," said Cecil sadly, dashing away the gathering tears. "I never thought of this. Oh, Bey, I trusted you!"

"Don't weep, mademoiselle, you are good; it is I that am wicked, vile, a beast! I will give them up. I will read no more. We will burn them all. I will never speak to M. Karalampi again. I promise, mademoiselle."

"How did you first learn to know M. Karalampi?" asked Cecil.

"My father wished me to take lessons in French, mademoiselle, and M. Karalampi offered to teach me, and then he said that I should learn best in reading by myself, and he would borrow some books for me from the French consul."

"So he lent you these dreadful books?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. What do you think of him?"

"I am not going to say what I think. His behaviour is infamous."

"Ah, he is a wicked man then, mademoiselle?"

"Wicked is no word for it. Bey, you will keep your promise; you will burn these books?"

"I will, mademoiselle, I have given you my word; but it is like burning a piece of myself. What shall I do with nothing to read and all my pocket-money gone? for I have just sent to M. Karalampi what I owed him."

"You shall have English books," said Cecil with sudden resolution. "You have no idea of the delightful books English boys read, books that will do you good instead of harm. We will read them together first, and when you know more English you shall read them by yourself. I can borrow one or two from the Residency until we can write home for more."

"Very well, mademoiselle. We will burn the bad books; we will not retain one. O women, bring wood into the courtyard, and fire."

The negresses obeyed in some surprise, which was only natural, considering the weather, but Cecil and her pupil were both too much in earnest to care for the heat, and mounted the stairs at once to the courtyard, where the servants arranged a goodly pile. It was not in Azim Bey's nature to conduct such a ceremony as this without all the pomp possible, and having installed Cecil in an armchair in the verandah, he headed a small procession of slave women to his own rooms and superintended their return with their arms full of pink and yellow volumes. Under his direction the leaves were torn out in handfuls and piled on the wood, and he himself heroically set fire to the pile. Cecil sat with a thankful heart watching the printed pages curl and blacken. She remembered now Um Yusuf's remark about Azim Bey's reading bad books, and the way Lady Haigh had laughed at it, but the possibility of such a constant inflow of corrupt literature as M. Karalampi had brought about had never occurred to her. On the principle of striking while the iron was hot, she proceeded next to cut off the supply. When Azim Bey had satisfied himself that not a scrap of the obnoxious books remained unburnt, he was summoned to write to M. Karalampi. Under Cecil's superintendence, but in his own phraseology, the boy expressed his thanks for M. Karalampi's kindness in the past, while remarking politely that he would not trouble him for any further specimens of French literature. When this had been despatched by a special messenger, Cecil breathed more freely, and wrote a little note to the Residency, asking Lady Haigh to send her any boys' books she might happen to have.

Without Cecil's intending it in the slightest, her hasty scribble produced an extraordinary effect at the Residency. As has already been said, she had been suffering from fever, and had not, in consequence, been able to avail herself of her Sunday liberty for a fortnight. She had been attended by the Pasha's own physician, who had gone in person to the Residency to report to Lady Haigh on the condition of his patient, but Lady Haigh was not satisfied. She herself had hurt her foot and could not get to the palace to see Cecil, and she was nervous and low-spirited about her, and feared that she was not properly taken care of. The hurried pencil note, with its uneven writing, seemed to her to confirm her fears, and she was hobbling to Sir Dugald's office to look for him and insist upon his doing something, when she remembered that he had gone to see the Pasha. Happily she came across Charlie instead, and he sympathised fully with her apprehensions.

"Yes, Cousin Elma, it does look bad. It seems to me very much as if they were keeping her shut up and she couldn't write without exciting suspicion. She gets hold of a scrap of paper and scribbles as plain a message as she dares without actually asking for help. You see from the writing that she must have been agitated and excited. I certainly think that this note ought to be answered in person."

"And my wretched foot!" groaned poor Lady Haigh.

"Oh, I'll go for you, Cousin Elma," said Charlie hastily. "It might not do to wait until Sir Dugald comes back. I don't feel at all sure about that illness of Miss Anstruther's. It may be all a fraud on the part of the *hakim bashi* (doctor). At any rate, if you will write a note saying that I am the surgeon of the Residency come to see Mademoiselle Antaza professionally, they must let me in. Of course, if you have the books, I may as well take them with me in case it's all right."

About an hour afterwards, in consequence of this colloquy, Cecil and her pupil, who had begun their evening lessons, were disturbed by hearing Masûd's warning cry of "*Dustoor! Dustoor!*" Much surprised that the Pasha should pay his son a visit at this unwonted hour, Cecil and the other women hurriedly assumed their veils, presenting thereby an extremely grotesque aspect to Charlie as he approached, preceded by the much perturbed Masûd. He could not help laughing to see the women instantaneously transforming themselves into closely swathed bundles at his appearance, and Azim Bey marked his levity with displeasure.

"This gentleman is an acquaintance of yours, mademoiselle?" he inquired frigidly, noticing that Cecil started.

"How do you do, Dr. Egerton?" she asked in some confusion. "May I present to you Dr. Egerton from the English Consulate, Bey?"

Charlie composed his features and bowed with due solemnity, and then delivered his burden of books with a polite message from Lady Haigh. Having done this, he seemed to intend his visit to be considered as a friendly call, for he made several vain attempts to thaw the cool reserve of Azim Bey, who sat regarding him with disapproving eyes. Cecil was on thorns, fearing that her pupil would proceed to say something rude, and it was scarcely a matter of surprise to her when he remarked in his clearest tones—

"At this period of the day, monsieur, mademoiselle and I are engaged with our studies. As I am certain that mademoiselle has no desire that these should be interrupted by the visits of her acquaintances, I may remark that if Milady Haigh has any message to send after this, it will be unnecessary for M. le docteur to put himself to the pain of bringing it."

Cecil turned crimson, and even Charlie looked confused for a moment. But his presence of mind did not forsake him, and he bowed politely, regretted that he had trespassed on the patience of mademoiselle and of the Bey, and took his departure.

"I do believe that little beggar's inclined to be jealous," he said to himself as he left the palace and went back to the Residency, satisfied about Cecil, and thinking no more about Azim Bey and his ways.

Cecil dared not say anything to her pupil about his rudeness, fearing lest he should think she had some personal feeling in the matter. After all, she was not sorry that Dr. Egerton should have received his *congé* so decisively, for it would never have done if he had taken it into his head to call again, and she was only thankful that the incident of the books should have ended so happily.

But she was reckoning without her host, for the incident was not yet terminated. Two or three days after the destruction of the French novels, Azim Bey came in from a ride with his father in a state of high self-satisfaction.

"It is not good to speak kindly to a wicked man, to treat him with distinction, is it, mademoiselle?"

"To treat him with distinction? certainly not," said Cecil.

"Well, mademoiselle, I have treated the wicked man rightly; for M. Karalampi is a wicked man, is he not? You said so yourself."

"I know I did, but I didn't mean you to be rude to him, Bey," answered Cecil, in some alarm. "What have you done?"

"We passed him to-day, mademoi-

selle, walking with the French consul, and I refused to take the slightest notice of either of them, for the consul must also be wicked, since he lent M. Karalampi the books at first. Well, presently, when we halted, M. Karalampi approached me with an air of familiarity, and inquired with sorrow how he had offended me. I told him that I did not desire any further association with him, and that I no longer considered him as one of my intimates."

The boy was so well pleased with himself for this that none of Cecil's lectures on rudeness could produce any effect on him, and she dropped the subject in despair. But the French consul and M. Karalampi did not see the matter in the same light, and they did their best, happily with only partial success, to found a diplomatic complication upon the incident. A note to the French government complained of the pernicious influence exercised by England in the household of Ahmed Khémi Pasha, and in ornate and highly complimentary language, deprecated the interference of ladies in politics. Cecil was gallantly described as a young woman profoundly learned, with manners the most distinguished, a countenance charming and altogether spiritual, and a bearing at once modest and intrepid, *Anglaise des Anglaises*. The sting of this description was intended to be in its tail, and the writer went on to say that this young girl, so innocent, so unsuspicious, was only the tool of unscrupulous persons behind the scenes. Here followed a highly-coloured portrait of Sir Dugald, who was described as "this inscrutable automaton of a man," "this impassive murderer of poor Hindus" (it is scarcely necessary to remark that the latter was a purely fancy touch, probably borrowed from the colonial methods of the writer's own nation), as a crafty schemer and a Macchiavellian plotter.

The note produced a good deal of effect, and there was a debate upon the subject in the French Chamber, while at Westminster certain M.P.'s, whose tender consciences were wounded by the thought of England's exercising influence anywhere, questioned the government upon it, and Cecil received through Sir Dugald a vague and formal caution which might have meant anything or nothing, and the matter dropped.

The English books which Cecil procured to replace the vanished novels proved extremely successful in accomplishing her object. Azim Bey devoured them eagerly, and held long conversations upon them with his governess afterwards. To her great amusement, the characters he discussed with most appreciation were those of the villain and of the capable person who acted as *deus ex machina*, and cleared up everything at the end of the story. He pursued the history of the villain's machinations with breathless interest, and generally carped at his ignominious downfall when virtue triumphed, declaring that such a man would never have let himself be conquered by such feeble means, while the character of the wealthy old gentleman who adopts deserving orphan boys and starts them in life, takes necessitous heroes into partnership, and bestows timely fortunes on penniless heroines, suited the vein of rather eccentric benevolence which was noticeable in him. Further reading brought him to wish to do something for the poor, and this not only in the way of giving alms to beggars in the street, which he did carefully as a religious duty. He wished to go amongst them and help them to raise themselves, and when his father absolutely refused to allow him to do anything of the kind, he demanded that his governess should find him some substitute for this employment. After some cogitation, Cecil suggested that he should take an interest in Dr. Yehudi's Mission-schools, the best managed institution of their kind in Baghdad, and Azim Bey set to work at once and gave the Pasha no peace until he had granted him leave to visit them.

It would be difficult to say whether the Bey or his entertainers felt the honour of this visit more acutely, but the programme was gone through in a thoroughly successful way. Azim Bey inspected all the buildings, listened to the children's lessons, asked them a few questions himself, and finally sent out one of his servants to buy sweetmeats to distribute among them, all with a stately and paternal air modelled on that which the Pasha wore on grand occasions. He was so supremely well satisfied with himself that when the ceremony was over, he accepted the Yehudis' invitation to afternoon tea, and handled his cup and saucer as though to the manner born, or as if he had rehearsed the scene carefully beforehand, as he generally did when he was to meet Europeans. They were a very pleasant little party in the cellar of the Mission-house, Mrs. Yehudi pouring out her woes to Cecil in a corner on the subject of her husband's irrepressible activity, and her conviction that he would kill himself with work, while Dr. Yehudi, genial, rotund and erudite, conversed with Azim Bey in purest Arabic, when the harmony of the occasion was marred by the entrance of a visitor. Unfortunately, it was not one of the Jewish rabbis who were wont to come and argue with Dr. Yehudi, nor even one of the Turkish gentlemen who sometimes honoured him with a visit for the sake of his many talents, but Charlie Egerton. As he advanced cautiously towards his hostess in the dim light, Azim Bey's brow grew black, and Cecil turned first white and then red, as she realised that her pupil's suspicious mind had instantly concluded that the meeting here was prearranged. Ever since Charlie's visit to their courtyard, Azim Bey had maintained a violent dislike of him, and refused to hear his name mentioned, alleging that he had forced his way into the Palace with the express design of insulting him and of thrusting himself upon Mdlle. Antaza.

A prejudice of this kind could not be dealt with by argument, and Cecil had refrained from attempting it, but now she wished that she had not done so, for even the Yehudis perceived at once that something was wrong. The only unconcerned person was the intruder himself, who complimented Mrs. Yehudi on her tea, chaffed the Bey on the subject of his gloomy countenance, and otherwise did his best to make things comfortable. But his efforts were in vain. No sooner had Cecil set down her tea-cup than her pupil rose.

"I am sorry to hasten you, mademoiselle, but it is time that we return. M. le pasteur, may I entreat you to command my servants to be summoned? Accept, madame, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration, and of my eternal gratitude for your hospitality. Allow me to enjoy the hope of one day partaking of it again."

"May I ride with you as far as the Palace?" said Charlie to Cecil in a low voice, but Azim Bey heard him.

"No, monsieur, pray do not trouble yourself to move. Your attendance is not required. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, Bey," responded Charlie, and Azim Bey and his attendants mounted and rode off, the Bey keeping a sharp eye upon Cecil, with the view of preventing any lingering farewells. When they were well on their way, he demanded—

"Is this Dr. Egerton always at the Mission-house when you go there, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly not," said Cecil.

"That means every time but once, I suppose?" he asked rudely.

"You forget yourself, Bey," said Cecil, in grave reproof. "I am not accountable for Dr. Egerton's movements, but I can tell you that I have never met him at the Mission-house before, and that I had no idea whatever that he would be there to-day."

Azim Bey grunted and changed the subject, absolutely refusing to refer to it again. He refused also to attend the prize-giving at the school, to which he had been looking forward, and gave Cecil as few chances as possible of going to the Mission-house. Nor did his precautions end here. Dr. Yehudi received a confidential hint from Denarien Bey, warning him not to entertain persons from the British Consulate so frequently at his house, as the fact of the constant presence there of such individuals was creating a suspicion in high quarters that the work was being carried on for political ends. The old missionary had no alternative but to lay the case before Charlie, who perceived that he was outmanœuvred, and was obliged to accept the situation. Lady Haigh laughed at him, but he felt himself an injured and innocent individual.

(*To be continued.*)

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER X.

OBSERVATIONS.

MISS SHUTTLEWORTH was not sorry for the mistake which had brought her to her new home at this particular moment.

Since the family did not resent her presence in the house this evening, she felt that it would be an interesting study to watch from some quiet corner all that went on, and take mental notes with regard to each one of those appertaining to the household of which she was to be a member.

She was interested in this family—interested in what she had heard of the six sisters. Since she had entertained the idea of accepting Mr. Wilberforce's offer, she had made inquiries about the family, and she knew the names and some of the characteristics of each of the girls. She knew that there was a beautiful sister, and she had an idea that Roger Howel took an especial interest in her. This she had gathered from his face sometimes whilst his aunt had been speaking occasionally of her neighbours at the Larches. She also knew of the three sisters who worked for themselves, and the names of both Mysie and Beatrice were familiar to her, although she had no very distinct ideas as to their personalities.

As she put on her plain black silk dress, arranged the lace upon her head, and pinned on the little cluster of white flowers which Gipsy had provided, she reviewed these facts in her mind, and it was with considerable interest that she descended to the lower part of the house at last, to find herself one of quite a stream of people all making their way from the hall to the drawing-room, at the door of which stood Mrs. Wilberforce, with her eldest daughter beside her, receiving the guests as they came.

Miss Shuttleworth slipped by into the room with a little friendly nod and a quick glance at Norah, who looked rather tall and stately as she stood just behind her mother.

It was by Guinivere's wish that Norah took this position. She herself liked to be free to remain in the drawing-room, and talk with whom she would. There was often a pretty and graceful rivalry between Norah and Guinivere—one the eldest in years and the mother's child, the other the real "Miss Wilberforce" and by rights the daughter *per se* of the house—as to which should take the precedence on such occasions, Norah always desiring to yield to Guinivere, and Guinivere often insisting on putting Norah first. Homage and pre-eminence of a certain kind Guinivere always claimed, and claimed as her natural right; but there were other rights which she gladly waived in favour of Norah, and it was certainly more to her liking to-night to be freed from certain exacting duties of hostess.

Miss Shuttleworth slipped into a quiet corner, and began to look about her. Instantly she singled out the beautiful eldest Wilberforce girl, and gave her a long look of an admiration which would have gone far to win the girl's heart had she been aware of it.

Guinivere and Beatrice were both in

"HE TOOK NOT THE SLIGHTEST NOTICE OF LOOKS THROWN IN HIS DIRECTION."

white, and both looked perhaps their best. But whilst Guinivere's snowy robes seemed to float round her cloud-fashion, or fall in long lines of exquisite grace, Beatrice's costume produced an altogether different impression. It retained some of that trim precision and rather severe simplicity which was one of her most striking characteristics, and whilst the effect produced was striking and picturesque, it was in marked contrast to the undulating and witching grace which was so noticeable in her sister.

Beatrice's dress was finished off at the neck with a high stiff collar edged with pearls, rising up behind, and making a setting for the crisp, curly chestnut hair. Although Beatrice had her pile of tresses arranged becomingly on the crown of her head, she had such an aureole of short rebellious locks all round her brow and the nape of her neck, that she almost gave the impression of wearing her hair short like a boy. In her sailor hats this impression was almost invariably produced, and there was a frank boyishness in her look which heightened the effect. Even in her evening dress the boyish look by no means deserted her. Miss Shuttleworth thought of pictured cavaliers in their broidered bravery as she looked at her and felt an impulse of sympathetic liking towards the bright-faced girl.

But as she was studying the face she saw its expression suddenly change. For a moment it darkened, and the eyes flashed and dilated, and then the features took upon them an expression half disdainful, half nonchalant, and the girl seemed to draw back into herself as it were, and she gazed round quickly as though in search of some way of escape.

Following the direction of the glance which had produced such a quick, though subtle change, Miss Shuttleworth was aware of the advance into the room of a tall man whose face called up a smile upon her own

"Algernon Salisbury!" she said to herself, "to be sure. Of course he would be here to-night. Can he have done anything to make himself objectionable to that girl. What a truly youthful insolence of defiance there is in the way she shakes hands with him! This is entertaining. I must watch and see the meaning of it. I always tell Algernon he is in danger of giving offence sometimes by his quickness and his tendency to sarcasm; but I thought he was toning down and mellowing."

Before Miss Shuttleworth could pursue her train of thought farther, Beatrice was standing before her with a frankly extended hand. In looking round for a way of escape from the trivialities of small talk with Dr. Salisbury—whom she had resolved to ignore for the whole evening, she had caught sight of this stranger, whom she instantly recognised, from Gipsy's description, as the governess who had arrived amongst them so unexpectedly to-night.

"You see us in all our glory, or in all our folly, whichever way you like to put it!" she said slipping into a seat beside Miss Shuttleworth. "I think parties are the greatest humbug out—but they are rather fun too sometimes! Our rooms aren't big enough for much, and papa will never try to do things beyond the capabilities of his house, which I think is sensible of him; but I always feel as though people must be terribly bored to come to a place just to walk about and talk and look at other people's dresses, and eat a bit of supper and go away! When I go out I always want to do something. A party like this is my abomination!"

"I think it can always be interesting to watch people together," answered Miss Shuttleworth, "especially if one is interested in them individually."

"Ah, I'm afraid I'm not interested in people—only in things—nice things like games and so on. People are so awfully same and alike. Just look at all the men in their black coats and white ties, with their little bows and company smiles! They are as bad as a flock of sheep! And the women aren't much better! I should like to shake that girl over there, trying to make herself fascinating to that foolish Archie Masham, who would flirt with a broomstick, I believe, if only it were dressed up in petticoats! Don't you often long to knock people's heads together, or do something outrageous in the middle of a company like this? I do! I'm only afraid that some day I shall do it! and get into disgrace with papa, the one thing in the world which I can't bear!"

There was something so frank and wholesome in this last admission, altogether foreign to the ways of too many modern young ladies, who think less perhaps of the displeasure or pain of their parents than of any other form of retribution, that Miss Shuttleworth smiled a very free and pleasant smile.

"So long, my dear, as you keep to that. So long as the fear of paining your father is a motive strong enough to hold you back from a piece of giddiness or impropriety, I think you will not be tempted to err very much in deed, even if your thoughts have a good deal of the harshness of judgment which we all of us experience in our youth."

"Oh, papa is so good to us, and so patient, and so liberal-minded that it would be a shame not to think about him!" cried Beatrice, and then suddenly her face changed and she sprang up and said, "Oh, but I mustn't stay here longer. I must go and talk to people. I have my duties too," and she was half across the room before Miss Shuttleworth realised the fact that Dr. Salisbury was bearing straight down upon her with a smile of welcome on his face.

"So you are actually here! I heard a rumour, but I was not sure that it could be true. It is so long since you have done anything in private tuition of this sort. But you are wise. You were overworking, and you will have rest and relaxation and amusement here. I did not know you were already come."

"It is really a mistake that I am here, but I am not sorry to see this pretty scene. Now tell me a little about it and some of these good people. Who is this very magnificent lady just sailing in?"

"That is our local magnate, Mrs. Masham, and she brings a train of satellites with her. Those are the Reffels, immediately behind, and that dark man, bringing up the rear, is Lord Woodmayne. I'm not sure he won't do some mischief here before he's done."

Miss Shuttleworth said nothing, but watched intently whilst these brilliant personages advanced into the room, and were met by Guinivere, whose face had lighted and kindled in a way which made her beauty almost radiant in its brilliance.

Mrs. Masham bent forwards towards the girl, almost as though she would have kissed her, but it was only to whisper a few caressing words with the air of a queenly patroness, words which sent Guinivere's rich colour flushing into her face, and brought a strange look of shy, arch brightness into her eyes, as she very gracefully exchanged greetings with the Reffels and Lord Woodmayne.

The latter gentleman appeared inclined to monopolise this most attractive daughter of the house. There was something just a trifle supercilious in the way in which he eyed the company, standing beside Guinivere and letting his dark eyes rove over the room, as he spoke with her. Then, as somebody sat down to the piano and struck some opening chords, and the room cleared a little in the centre, the guests finding themselves seats, or gathering in the doorways, he led Guinivere to a little recess close to the conservatory-door, and sat down beside her there.

Miss Shuttleworth noted that he talked all through the music, not in an aggressive or loud voiced way, but with the air of a man who has no idea of boring himself by a pretence of listening to second-rate music in a suburban drawing-room. It was the same when a clever young musician stood up to sing, and when another played a violin solo with considerable force and skill. The sound of his low-toned voice could be heard filling up every pause, and he took not the slightest notice of the looks thrown in his direction by some of the guests, who considered it bad manners to talk whilst a lady was singing. Lord Woodmayne appeared to have a code of manners of his own, and never paused in his talk for look or audible "sh-sh." He rather gave the impression of looking upon himself and Guinivere as the only two persons in the room.

Miss Shuttleworth watched the little drama with somewhat close attention, and a certain feeling of anxiety for the beautiful Guinivere, who was visibly dominated and flattered by the marked attention she was receiving from the man of the highest rank in the room—the only man, in fact, of rank which it had ever been her lot to meet, and who belonged, as she instinctively felt, to a world of which she had dimly dreamed, although she had only obtained the most passing glimpses into it.

She saw that her companion was watching also, and she asked him—

"Do you know anything about that man, Algernon?"

"No evil exactly, if that is what you mean. He is not what the world, or

what we should call a bad man. But I should think he was utterly and entirely selfish. I should think, from what I have heard, that he would never rise for a moment above the standpoint of his own absorbing self, and that if he should ever marry again, his wife will have a very hard time of it."

"He is a widower then?"

"Yes, and very rich. He has come into several fortunes, and although a Sybarite in his ways, has no extravagant vices to run away with his money. He is thought a great catch in London, and nobody knows why he does not marry, since he has everything except a wife that heart of man could wish. The prevailing impression is that he is too thoroughly selfish to marry any woman of whom he could not make a slave and a tool. Anybody with a will that he could not entirely subdue would be odious to him. He must have a submissive and adoring wife, or he will have none. And the class of submissively blind and adoring women is growing smaller every year."

Miss Shuttleworth's lips closed firmly one over the other.

"I should hope that the number of women who could make an idol of a man of that kind was growing less," she said; and then with a long keen glance at Guinivere she added with a little sigh, "but I fear the race is not yet quite extinct."

Dr. Salisbury's face was rather stern. He, too, was looking in the same direction.

"It is a shame!" he muttered at last in a low tone.

"What is a shame?" asked his companion.

"It is a shame to bring down a man of that sort, and throw him across the path of a romantic, inexperienced, ambitious young girl, who has been so plentifully dowered with beauty, but has had no chance of seeing the darker side of life. It is a shame, I say, to throw her in the way of such a temptation. How should she avoid falling into the snare? It is human nature. The fault is not hers, but if harm comes of it she will be the sufferer."

"Can nothing be done? Could not her father interfere?"

"That would be difficult. Lord Woodmayne is not a bad man. If he were, I would speak at the risk of offending the family. But there is nothing against him save that sort of intense selfishness, which is no crime in the world's eyes, yet which may make a miserable home for any woman who elects to cast in her lot with him. Mrs. Masham is an old friend, and very kind to the girls here. To interpose a barrier between them and her would be practicably impossible, and an injustice in one sense of the word; whilst to dictate to her what friends she brings to her house, would be intolerable and impossible assumption. That is the worst of it. Nothing in that way is possible. The only thing is if the girl herself could be got at, and her eyes in any way opened."

Miss Shuttleworth looked with attention at the man beside her, whom she had known and loved from boyhood. He was the son of a very dear friend, and she took a keen interest in him. Was it possible that he spoke thus with a meaning of his own? Had the wonderful beauty of Guinivere Wilberforce made its impression on him?

"Perhaps you could help her, Algernon," she hazarded in a low voice; but he made no reply, only shaking his head very slightly to give up his seat to a girl who had slowly approached during a pause in the music.

"This is Miss Mysie Wilberforce," he said with a kindly smile. "She is not very strong, and will like to sit in a quiet corner with you and listen to the music, I know. I shall come and take you both to get some supper by-and-by. So mind you do not let yourselves be tempted away by anyone else!"

He gave them a farewell nod with a pleasant glance, and went away. Mysie exchanged greetings at once with Miss Shuttleworth, and then said rather eagerly—

"Do you know Dr. Salisbury?"

Miss Shuttleworth told of her long acquaintance with him, to which Mysie listened with great attention. The subject seemed one that pleased her, and it lasted some time. When that was exhausted the girl passed on to a history of her own home-life, her ill-health and inability to share the pleasures of the others, her loneliness, and what she had suffered through the children, their unruliness and noise, and the inability of their mother to keep them in order.

Mysie was one of those not too rare individuals who can make of themselves the central figure, whatever the subject may be. Miss Shuttleworth was quick to note that, let them start where they would, the end of the theme was always Mysie, Mysie—nothing but Mysie.

"No wonder the child cannot throw off her invalid habits, if she hugs them as a grace and interesting accompaniment to her life," thought Miss Shuttleworth, as she listened and took her shrewd though kindly mental notes. "Poor child! poor child! We must try and show her that Mysie Wilberforce is not the pivot on which the world revolves!"

Miss Shuttleworth made other observations that evening. She noted in Roger Howel's aspect something rather new. She observed that he never once approached the beauty, although in the supper-room they were rather near together. He sometimes watched her, with a strange expression of face, but never attempted speech with her. He had Norah under his care, and looked after her well, but appeared somewhat silent and abstracted.

By the time that Miss Shuttleworth gained her room that night at the close of the festivities, she summed up her meditations in the words—

"I think I shall have plenty of interesting experiences in this house!"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TROUBLED ONE.—You will meet with consumption in every part of the world, but there are nevertheless places, high in altitude, which are comparatively free, excepting for persons hereditarily disposed to fall a prey. A hot climate is not necessarily free from this disease, but we find that among natives of the high Alps, the Andes, Himalayas, Ghauts, Neilgherries, at Quito, Bogota, and the lofty plateaux of Mexico, Persia, and South Africa, consumption is very rare, and where it appears the sufferers are settlers from the lowlands or those who bring the disease in their own persons from other countries. But over and above the influence of air of low-lying localites, there are special conditions which may foster and bring the disease into a state of activity; such as bad drainage, poor and inadequate food, close rooms and too many occupants, and contact with persons in which the complaint has already developed. At the same time, when the disease begins to show itself, immediate removal to a dry, warm climate (such as that of Pisa), if only the patient remain three or four years (winter and spring) in such a place, he may perfectly recover.

DARK 16.—If you did not look at the man you would not know that he "smiled at" you. Never take any notice of strange men, it tempts them to be impertinent.

A. L. O.—There is no decoration in any other European country exactly equivalent to our own "Victoria Cross." The "Legion of Honour" of France is not exclusively bestowed for distinguished valour on the field, but, as in the award of other foreign orders, a division of this French decoration is reserved for that special purpose. This is the case as regards the "Iron Cross" of Germany, the "Maria Theresa" of Austria, the military "Order of Savoy" of Italy, and the "St. Alexander Newski" of Russia, besides others which we need not enumerate. The first lady nurse, or woman, who ever received the "Iron Cross," was Miss Florence Lees, now Mrs. Craven.

READER OF THE "G.O.P."—Why do you ask for "a recipe for thinness?" when you want one to produce fat? If your liver and digestive organs will bear a good deal of butter, cream, fat meat, and plenty of vegetables, you may increase your own stoutness. But it does not follow that your increase in this respect will be beautiful and symmetrical. It may, or may not be so.

A COUNTRY LASSIE had better get her dress dyed. To stiffen her black felt hat she had better take it to a hatter.

A. M. H.—1. June 2nd, 1876, was a Friday.—2. Charles Dickens was born February 7th, 1812, and died on June 9th, 1870, and wrote about sixteen books.

ONE WHO DESIRES TO SERVE GOD.—We do not know what "red stuff" you mean; perhaps "Turkey Red." You might send the scrap-book to the Cheyne Hospital, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. Direct to the Secretary, Mr. P. Blunt. (A Children's Hospital.)

LILY.—The plant is the old "tiger lily," or the "Turk's cap lily." It should be planted at the back of the border, not in front.

A LOVING READER.—Three sides of foolscap paper or three pages, whichever you like to call it. One side of the paper only to be written upon. Of course you must give the address you live at, though in your case it is also the place of work.

OLICANA.—Yes, most decidedly you are eligible for the competition, being a telegraphist. You ought to be thankful to be living in the country, though "it is so very quiet," as you say. We ourselves would give much to live away from the metropolis in pure air and amid lovely nature. We write this answer by gaslight at 11 o'clock in the morning, and it is so dark out of doors that we can't get our usual view of St. Paul's Cathedral. You could get a cheap copy of *Thomas à Kempis* at any bookseller's, or you could write to S. P. C. K., Northumberland Avenue, London, for a copy.

TEACHER.—Certainly you are eligible for the competition, for you are a working girl if you are a teacher in a Board School.

FANCY-BOX MAKING.

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of visiting the principal manufactories at Birmingham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Manchester, and other places. At a factory in Birmingham, which the kindness of the proprietors enabled me to view, I was much struck with the simple way in which the boxes used in the business were made. I have since then often taught children to make these pretty and useful little boxes, and the work has given them so much pleasure that I venture to think some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will find it an amusing occupation for younger sisters and brothers.

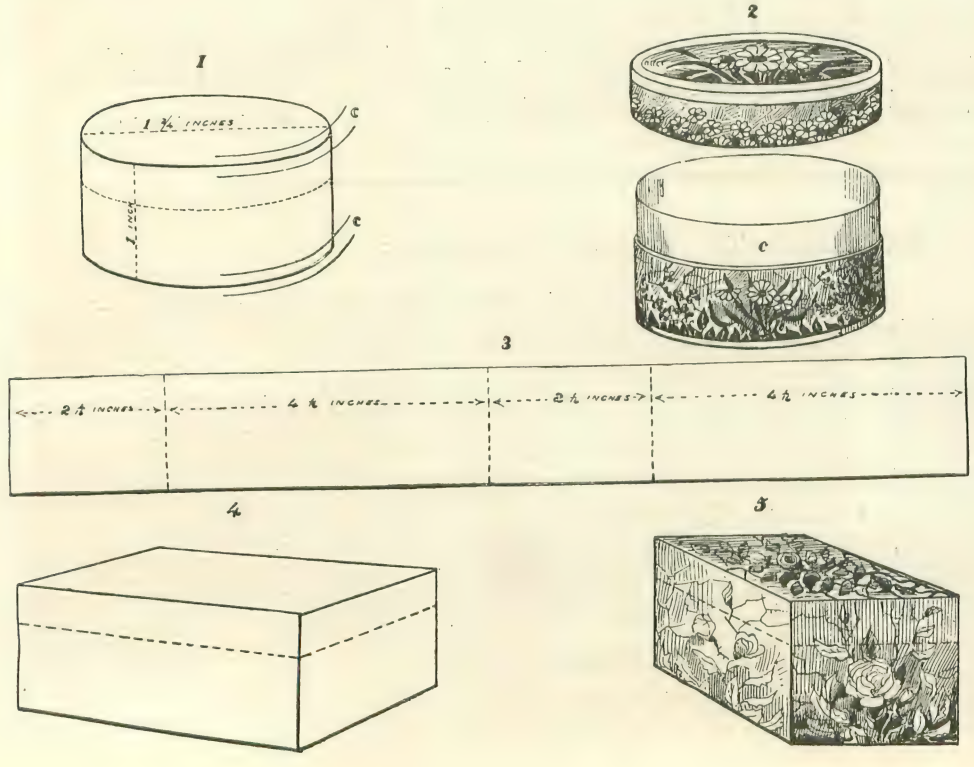
The materials required are a sheet of cardboard, a sharp penknife, a foot rule or a T square, a sheet of fancy paper, a sheet of gold or silver paper or of plain coloured paper (such as is used to line work-boxes with), some very smooth paste, and a small brush for it. Something is also required on which to model the boxes; this last is the only thing that cannot be procured quite easily; the simplest way is to get a carpenter to cut a block the size and shape required, oval, round, or square, as you fancy, but of course the block will only do for one-sized boxes. I have generally managed to find some wooden or metal thing that answered the purpose very well. A wooden pill-box makes a good model for a small round box (Fig. 1); some wood bricks out of an ordinary box of bricks gummed together and allowed to dry, can be used for many different shapes, and when finished with, can easily be washed, and return to their proper use. Small tins also make good moulds.

Round and oval boxes are much easier to make than square or angular ones, so we will begin by making a round one, and will suppose that in the absence of anything better, you are going to use a wooden pill-box to work on. The most important thing is to be very exact in your measurements, it is impossible without, to make a neat box.

Suppose the diameter of box to be an inch and three-quarters, cut two rounds of cardboard, to the size for top and bottom of box; to do this, stand the box on the cardboard and draw a line close round it, then cut with penknife close to, but outside line; after making one box you will easily understand that this little margin is to make the edges of the top and bottom level with the side, to allow in fact for the thickness of the cardboard. Next cut two rounds of fancy paper, the line smaller than the pieces of cardboard. Suppose the mould to be one inch deep, cut a strip of cardboard exactly one inch wide (allow no margin); for length you must measure round the outside of your box, but it will probably require to be a little more than five inches and a half long; the strip must meet exactly round box, not wrap over; cut a second strip of cardboard seven-eighths of an inch wide, but nearly a quarter of an inch shorter than first piece. Cut a strip of fancy paper seven-eighths of an inch wide, but half-an-inch longer than first piece of cardboard, be very careful that the edges of the paper are very even, no jags. Next cut some long strips of gold or coloured paper three-eighths or half-an-inch wide.

Now take your mould in your hand and bend the longest strip of cardboard round it; where it meets paste a little piece of thin paper to keep it in place (stamp paper answers very well for this), put the top of the box on, paste one of the narrow slips of gold paper and put round the top of box as a binding (C, in Fig. 1), press it down carefully, put the bottom of the box on in the same way. Be careful that the strips are sufficiently damp with the paste for you to be able to press the creases very flat on the top and bottom of the box. Let it dry a little, then paste and put the strip of fancy paper round the box, taking care that the join which will lap over a little comes on a different side to the join in the cardboard, put the rounds of fancy paper on top and bottom of box; if your papers are accurately cut, you will have a fancy box with gilt or coloured edges. You must now put it aside to get thoroughly dry (do not dry by a fire), when dry cut round the box one third from the top (see dotted line, Fig. 1). The easiest way to do this is to use a sharp knife. After marking with pencil, remove the two parts from the mould, then take your shorter strip of cardboard, paste all along but only half the width of it, then place inside the bottom of the box (to form C, Fig. 2), letting the join come the opposite side of the join in the outside cardboard, and the paste towards bottom of box; the strip should not lap over. Box and lid are now finished as Fig. 2. An oval box is made in the same way.

A square cornered box.—We will suppose you mean to make a box two inches wide, four inches long, and three inches high; you will cut the top and bottom, allowing the thickness of a line larger than your block, then cut a strip of cardboard three inches wide, twelve inches and a quarter long, bend this round the block and make sure that the quarter inch (as this depends on the thickness of the cardboard) is enough to allow for the difference in the size of the box and the block; it must fit it tightly, the seam coming at a corner, then lay on a board and cut the corners with your knife nearly half through (dotted lines, Fig. 3). Cut the strip of cardboard for lining box two inches and a half wide and twelve inches long, partially cut through corners in the same way, the measurements for the inside like the outside depends a little on the thickness of cardboard used, when the inside is put in do not forget that the join must come the opposite end to the seam in the outside, cut the fancy paper by the same rule as for round box, that is to say just a trifle smaller to allow the gilt or coloured edge to show, except the strip to go round the box, which must always be long enough to lap over. In placing the cardboard round the model take care that the cardboard is bent to a sharp angle, otherwise when your box is done you may find the lid will only go on one way, the corners not being true. Rub the sides flat with the back of your knife, fasten the corner with stamp paper, put on top and bottom, bind and finish as you did the round box, cutting off lid when thoroughly dry. Hexagon or octagon boxes are made in the same way, but the more angles there are the more measurements and the greater accuracy is required. Pretty boxes may be made by covering after putting on the gilt edges with white or light coloured paper, and painting or sketching on them, or light coloured velveteen may be used and painted on. But though paste is best to use with paper, if you intend to cover with velvet, the surface on which it is to be placed, must first be covered with thin glue. Stamp boxes with gilt edges, and a halfpenny stamp on top sell at bazaars (Fig. 5).



This work has the advantages of kinder-garten work in teaching children to use their fingers, and to measure with exactitude, I have found it much enjoyed and much appreciated as a pastime.

MARY POCOCK.

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PATIENT GENEVIEVE.

A TRANSCRIPTION.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "West Dene Manor," etc.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a long time Genevieve remained insensible, and when she at last revived she found herself alone in the wilderness with her infant son. The moon had gone down, the heavens had become covered with clouds, and a terrific storm was raging through the forest. She heard the hooting of an owl above her head and the wolves howling not far off, and she shuddered.

"O God!" she exclaimed. "Alas, what a horrible place! But Thou, at least, dear Lord, art with me. To Thee, night is as clear as the day, and Thou never forsakest those who put their trust in Thee. Thou hast already

All rights reserved.] "ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS."

delivered us—all praise and thanks to Thee—out of the hands of wicked men; I will trust in Thee then and will not fear."

For the rest of the night she remained sitting at the foot of the tree; her baby at her breast, her hands clasped, and her eyes turned towards heaven, waiting with silent tears for the daybreak. But when the bleak, foggy autumn morning came, it seemed only to bring her fresh misery. The surrounding scenery was rude, wild and desolate—nothing but bare rocks, briars, and tangled shrubs, with here and there a solitary pine or fig tree. Piercingly cold was the morning air, and when it began to rain and snow heavily, Genevieve shivered with cold, and the poor little baby began to cry. She vainly sought about for a hollow tree or some cavern in which to take shelter, or for some wild fruit that might serve as food. But nowhere could she find a dry spot; nowhere on any of the half-withered branches a single berry. She laboured to extract some roots from the hard and frozen earth until the snow was stained with blood from her delicate fingers. Chewing this miserable food into a soft mass, she endeavoured to stay with it the hunger of her child.

Weak as she was, and ignorant of the way she should bend her steps, Genevieve, with her baby in her arms, traversed the barren waste, until at last, on arriving at the top of a bank, she saw in the midst of the savage rocks, a smiling little valley dotted with trees and shrubs. She made her way down to it, and discovered in one of the pine-clad rocks an opening which was almost concealed by overhanging boughs. This opening led to a cave which was large enough to shelter two or three people. Quite near to this a crystal spring burst from the rock, and by its side grew several apple-trees; they however bore nothing except a few withered leaves. Over the cliff a gourd trailed its tendrils, but all its leaves were withered; and although the fruit looked large and of a beautiful yellow, it was decayed and quite uneatable.

Genevieve carried her child into the cavern, thankful to find shelter from the wind and rain, but she was trembling with cold. It was noon and she was very hungry; and her poor baby who also was suffering all the pangs of hunger began again to cry piteously. Genevieve sank down on her knees, laid the child on the ground, and clasping her hands, prayed earnestly.

"O merciful Father in heaven!" she cried, "look down on a weeping mother and her perishing babe! Thou feedest the ravens, and dost not forget even the meanest creature that crawls. Thou canst feed me and my child even in this wilderness—Thou canst change these stones into bread. O my Father, Thou wilt not permit us to perish! Thou hast already given us a dwelling here, and Thou wilt also provide us with food."

As if in answer to her prayer the clouds suddenly broke, and the sun shone bright and warm into the opening of the cave. A rustle was heard among the fallen leaves outside and, on a sudden, a doe stood before the entrance. As the gentle animal, having long lived secure from the attacks of men, was not in the least timid, she fearlessly entered her usual haunt and stood before Genevieve, who at first was startled but, becoming bolder, at last ventured to stroke the doe which seemed pleased by this mark of kindness. The idea then struck Genevieve that the doe's milk might supply food for herself and her child, and she held up her baby to be suckled by the gentle creature. The doe having been robbed of her fawn by a wolf, submitted willingly to the child, which becoming quieted and disposed for sleep, was wrapped by his mother in part of her own clothing and laid in a corner of the cavern.

Having thus provided for her child, Genevieve now thought of herself. She went out and, collecting some of the fallen gourds, she divided each in half with a sharp flint, scraped out the inside and washed them in the stream. When she returned to the cave the doe was lying down, and Genevieve gave her some green herbs which she had gathered. The pretty creature ate them from her hand, and afterwards licked it as if in gratitude.

At last she ventured to milk the animal, which patiently submitted, and she succeeded in filling several gourds with the milk.

"Accept, O my God," she prayed, with tears of joy, "accept my tears in token of my gratitude for Thy bountiful gift. This milk is doubtless a direct gift from Thy hand. Thou hast called forth in the midst of these rocks a fountain of nourishment for me. Some bird may have borne the seed of these gourds into this lonely spot, or perhaps some pious hermit has planted both them and the apple-trees. But it is Thou who hast provided me with vessels wherein to receive Thy gift, and it is Thou who hast led my steps to the den of this gentle animal. I shall therefore no longer fear for my life or for that of my babe; I can now trust calmly in Thy protection through all the cold and all the famine of winter."

After she had refreshed herself by a copious draught, and had again returned thanks to God, she set herself to pick from the rocks and the old trees some soft, young moss, until she had filled her apron several times and was able to arrange for herself and her child a soft couch in a corner of the cave. She also bent down still lower the thick, strong fir-branches which covered its entrance, so as to form a better defence against the wind. Wearied with the toil and still more by the distress which she had undergone, Genevieve sat down at last on a projecting piece of rock which looked as if expressly made for a seat. With a heart lightened of much of its sorrow, she inwardly thanked God for delivering her from prison and from the wicked machinations of Golo. She felt, it is true, that she had still much to endure, but she thought of her Saviour who willingly bore His cross and died patiently thereon.

"O my divine Saviour," she cried, "who didst die for love of me and of all mankind upon the cross, with Thee will I now enter on my solitary life in the wilderness. My sufferings are my cross; I will take it up patiently and will ever pray, as Thou didst, 'Father, not my will, but Thine be done.'"

After this prayer she laid down on her soft bed of moss, and a tranquil slumber closed her eyes for the first time in many hours. Her child slept in her arms, and the faithful doe, which from this time never quitted her, rested at her feet.

Henceforward Genevieve led the life of a hermit in this solitary spot. The winter was succeeded by spring and summer, and these were followed by another autumn and winter without any remarkable occurrence. During the hot noontide, while Genevieve was seated among the silent rocks and trees, where nought was heard but the raven's croak or the shout and the tapping of the woodpecker, or in the dismal gloom of the autumn nights, or in the winter when she looked on the immense sheet of snow, devoid of any trace of life, except for the track of some wild animal, then indeed did she pine to behold her parents or husband, or at least some member of her kind.

"Oh how happy," would she sometimes sigh, "how happy are they who live amongst their fellow-men, who can converse together, and share each other's joys and sorrows. And yet, O my God, the happiness of living with Thee is infinitely sweeter than all human fellowship. Though far from the abodes of men Thou art ever near us—in the wild desert and in the silent midnight, and we are able to speak with Thee at every instant, Thou most intimate and loving friend of our souls."

Although the care of her infant and the task of digging up roots, and collecting the various wild fruits for her winter store supplied her with much employment, she had many hours which hung unoccupied on her hands. Then she longed for knitting-needles and wool; and often was she seized with an ardent desire for some good and profitable book; and sometimes she would cry with a great longing, "Ah, if I could but once more hear the church bell, I feel as if it would bring comfort to my heart."

Still, there was not a single tree nor rock at which she did not kneel and pray, and, when obliged by the severity of winter to remain in her cave, she spent many hours in contemplating the mercies of God and of His beloved Son.

* * * *

Genevieve's little son grew fast, and she could not at first find anything with which to clothe him. But one day she found a fawn which a fox had just killed, and she at once thought that its brown and white spotted skin would be useful in clothing her dear little Schmerzenreich. Accordingly she wrapped him in it; and, in this simple attire with bare hands and feet, he looked like the pictures of St. John in the wilderness. And although he had no food except roots and herbs with milk and water, he grew up healthy and robust.

It was now winter. On mild days she led him into the valley, and taught him the name of everything he saw, from the sun down to the smallest pebble, from the stately pine to the most delicate moss. Towards the end of the season he had a severe illness; but before the spring was many days old he had quite got over it, and when, one beautiful morning, she led him forth from the gloomy cave which was their home into the bright spring sunshine, he gazed around him with delight.

"Mother!" cried he, "what is this? Everything is changed from what it used to be, and is so much more beautiful. And—look here at the ground—what a number of beautiful little things there are. Only see what a lovely yellow, white and blue."

"Those are flowers," said Genevieve, "I will gather some for you. These white ones are called daisies; look at the pretty little yellow centre, and the little white leaves like rays all around it. These yellow ones are called cowslips; smell one of them. This blue flower is a violet, and its perfume is still sweeter—yes, take them, and you may have as many more as you like."

He pulled so many that his tiny hands could scarcely hold them, and then Genevieve led him into a little thicket which was just beginning to burst into leaf. "Listen now," she cried.

"Ah!" he cried, "what are all those dear little voices? How sweet they are. Let us go and see what they are."

He was almost beside himself with joy when his mother showed him the birds, the friendly and confiding red-breast, the green linnet, the bullfinch with crimson breast and black head, and the goldfinch clad in yellow and black, all busily picking up the food she scattered for them.

"Oh, you dear, dear pretty creatures," cried the boy, "and is it you then that sing so sweetly? But, mother, where do all these pretty things come from? I thought you were always with me while I was ill. How did you contrive to get all these beautiful things?"

"Dear little boy," said Genevieve, "I have often told you about the kind Father we have in heaven, who made the sun and moon and stars. He made all these pretty things as well to add to our happiness."

"Oh what a dear, good God!" cried the child. "How very, very clever He must be!"

Directly it was light the next morning he awakened his mother.

"Do get up," he begged, "and let us go again to see all the beautiful things that God has made."

Genevieve smiled and took him to the stream which flowed through the centre of the little valley, and bade him notice the little green-and-white buds on the hawthorns and the apple trees, telling him he must watch them every day to see what happened to them. That night a soft warm shower caused all the leaves and flowers to unfold. In the morning also there was rain, but directly it had ceased little Schmerzenreich ran down to the valley. After a minute or two he came running back.

"Oh, mother!" he shouted, "the little green knobs on the sloe-thorns have turned into snow-white flowers! And the other thorns are covered with little bright green leaves, and the trees by the stream are full of flowers—the loveliest white-and-red you can think of. How very good God must be! Do come and look at it all. And I am sure the hawthorn bushes are going to have flowers too. Look, here is beautiful red peeping out the least little bit from this bud. How busy God must have been all night!"

"Ah, my child," replied Genevieve, "it costs God no trouble to do all this. He is able to produce it all in a single instant, for he is all-powerful."

"But tell me," asked the child, "How was God able to see to do this in the dark?"

Genevieve told him that God is able to see just as well by night as by day, which made him very much surprised.

One day she showed him some ripe strawberries, and he was very much delighted at being allowed to pick and eat them.

"Oh," said he, "how kind God is to give us such nice things." Then he looked up to the bright blue sky and kissing his little hand he shouted, "Thank God for the nice strawberries." Then he looked inquiringly at his mother. "Do you think," he asked, "that God heard me?"

"Certainly He has," said Genevieve. "If you had only thought it in your mind, God would have known just the same, for He sees and hears and knows everything."

One morning Schmerzenreich discovered a bird's nest and came in great delight to ask his mother to see it.

"Look there," he said, "into the darkest part of the sloe-thorn bush. Don't you see it?"

"Yes," said Genevieve, "that is a bullfinch's nest. Look, the outside is made of grass and moss and fine little roots all curiously woven together, and the inside is lined with soft hairs. Those five pretty little things inside, that are pale green with pretty red and purple-grey streaks and spots on them, are the eggs. You shall come and see them sometimes, but you must be careful never to frighten the bird."

After a few days little birds took the place of the five green eggs, and Genevieve explained to her little son how wonderfully God had taught the old birds to take care of their helpless young ones.

"And is it not a good thing," said she, "that these thick, thorny branches surround the nest? They do not admit the cruel ravens, which would eat up the young birds, but the mother bird can slip through quite easily. And thus you see how everything, even the prickly thorns, proclaims the goodness of God."

She did not forget to warn her little boy against the poisonous plants which blossomed in dangerous beauty. She made him notice the crimson berries, the laurel-like spurge, the shining black nightshade, and the scarlet fungus, set as it were with white pearls, and told him never to touch one of them or to eat any fruit or berry without first asking her, as it might make him very ill indeed.

Still more earnestly did she bid him beware of disobedience, obstinacy, heedlessness, and other faults.

"Such faults are like poisonous plants," she said. "Alas, sin is often like those pretty red and black berries whose enjoyment is succeeded by dreadful torture; and evil seems often more attractive than good, just as the poisonous fungus looks so beautiful beside the grey but wholesome mushroom."

(*To be concluded.*)

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART III.

TREE STEMS.

A WALK through a wood on a bright day in February will afford us many interesting intuitions about the growth of trees.

We are apt to think of winter as a dead season, and long for summer days once more, that we may pursue our botanical studies; but as soon as February begins there is already a secret work going on within the tree-stems, the sap is rising from the roots, and this ascent is easily to be traced if we look carefully at the trunks of those trees, such as the oak, elm and others, which have rugged bark. The wood within is swelling; fresh layers of material will, a little later on, be added to the inner side of the bark as a result of this ascent of the sap.

As the bark is hard and inelastic, it cannot expand in proportion, and therefore has to crack and split in yielding to the internal pressure. If we look for these fresh cracks, we shall see the clean new bark within, which, before long, will harden and become of the same shade of grey as the rest of the stem.

It is at this season, too, that the plane-tree sheds off its fragments of bark in greatest quantity, as one may plainly see in the London squares, where this tree grows so remarkably well. Its stem is always peeling more or less throughout the year, and possibly that fact may be one of the reasons of its flourishing so well in the midst of smoke and fog.

Trees shed their bark in many different ways.

A reference to the plates will show the concentric rings of the horse-chestnut, the square pieces of the sycamore, which are due to the cleavage being both vertical and horizontal, the hexagonal shape of the divisions of the Scotch fir, the rugged bark of the Turkey oak, the sycamore and other species.

Where a woodpecker or a nuthatch has bored a hole into the living wood of a tree-stem, it is interesting to watch how the injury is repaired. New bark begins to form at the edges of the wound, and to this a layer is added each year, until at last the hole is filled up, and only a scar is left to show where it once existed.

I have been able to watch this repairing process going on for twelve years in the case of a Turkey oak, which was injured by lightning. I was watching the progress of the storm from one of our upper windows, and happened to be looking at this particular tree in the park, when out of a lurid cloud above it, a streak of forked lightning descended upon the tree, and rent off the bark of one side from the top to the bottom, carrying away portions of it to a distance of fifty feet or more, leaving a white gash which looked pitiful enough for many months. Year by year a wave of new bark rolls on, covering the bare place by slow degrees, but it is never destined to be quite healed in this case, for the inner wood was killed to some extent by the lightning, so it has become a home for the boring beetles, who are riddling it with holes wherein to lay their eggs.

Such a tree becomes a happy hunting ground for the woodpecker, who is attracted by the insect diet he finds there. The large holes he makes in getting at his prey will let in the rain, so that after a time the moist rotten wood forms a suitable place for various fungoid growths, and all these agencies work together for the destruction of the wood until the tree becomes a hollow stem, and the leafage above is produced by the sap carried upward by the bark alone.

Let us inquire a little more carefully into the formation of a tree-stem, and the different parts of which it consists. Some rather hard names are given to the four principal parts of a tree trunk, but, by reference to the plate, and by knowing the meaning of the names, I hope they will soon be mastered, and then our future walks in the woods will be fuller of interest than ever, when once we understand something about the hidden work that is being carried on in those grand old trunks around us. A tree may be compared to a large manufactory. As we stand outside the building we see the brick walls and the roof, and smoke is coming out of the chimneys. We know that a great deal of work is being done inside, and carts are leaving its doors laden with the products of the machinery within, but how the work is done we cannot tell from the outside. We perhaps desire to obtain this knowledge, and under the guidance of the manager, we are taken from room to room and see the marvellous processes by which raw material is converted into exquisite fabrics, or it may be clay is turned into priceless china or porcelain. We leave the building full of wonder at the things we have seen, and those particular manufactures will ever afterwards be invested with a special interest for us, because we have seen with our own eyes how they are produced.

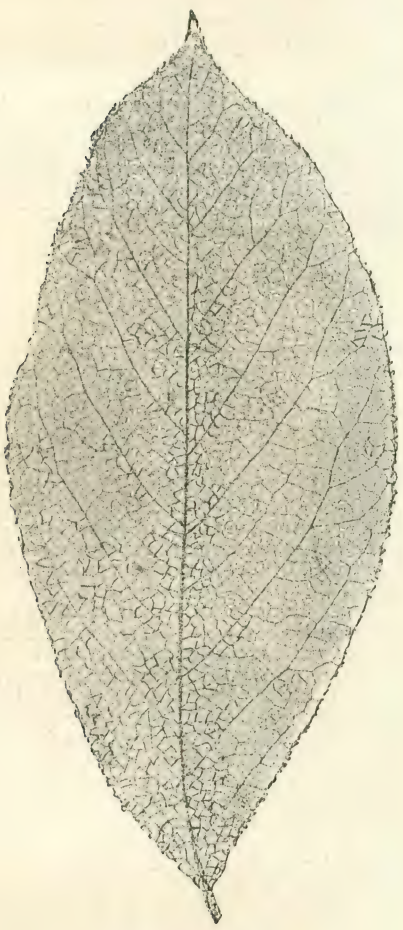
Just in the same way we shall look upon trees in a new light, if we are able in some measure to follow the processes nature is carrying on in them year by year so as to ensure the foliage, flower, and fruit, which minister so much to our pleasure and profit.

The four names we must learn about in

order to understand the formation of wood are these. First the outer bark, called epidermis, from two Greek words *epi* upon, and *derma* the skin. *Cortex*, a Latin word meaning bark. Fibro-vascular bundles; this long phrase refers to certain threads or fibres which exist in stems and give them toughness and elasticity. From such fibres in the flax plant we obtain linen, and from the hemp fibres ropes are made. *Fibro* comes from the Latin *fibra* a thread or fibre, and *vasculum* is Latin for a little vessel; we know the word better, perhaps, in another sense as *vasculum*, the tin box in which botanists place their plant collections.

These thread-like vessels are well called bundles, because they exist in little masses in the substance of the stem.

Most young people know what is called King Charles's Oak in the stem of the brake



SKELETON LEAF.

fern, so plainly seen when it is cut across with a penknife. The dark markings are the ends of the fibro-vascular bundles which happen to resemble an oak tree in form, though some think them more like an eagle with out-stretched wings, so the fern is named *Pteris aquilina*, from *aquila* an eagle.

The fourth word is pith, the white substance in the centre of the stem which can readily be seen by dividing a piece of elder branch, when the middle will be found full of white pith.

When we have these four parts of the stem clearly in our minds it will be possible to go on with our study and learn about the spaces between, which are filled with different kinds of cells.

The honey-comb formed by bees consists of small cells, little hollow spaces in which they store the honey or bee-food. Woody structure consists largely of cells of various shapes to contain sap and other substances. A beautiful specimen of cell net-work may be obtained by placing a thin slice of either white or yellow water-lily stem on a piece of glass and, holding it up to the light, a fine sort of lace-work will be seen. This is the cell formation which conveys water through the stem up to the leaves and flowers. Or if we examine a flower petal with a magnifying glass we shall find it to be entirely composed of minute cells.

In these little spaces are stored very many and very different materials, all necessary to the growth of a tree; we shall try and learn about them by degrees; at present we must endeavour to obtain a clear idea of their structure.

A tree stem increases in size yearly by the growth of fresh cells within the outer bark, and this active increase of tissue is due mainly to what is called the cambium layer, which is developed only in the spring and summer, and does not exist in winter; it forms bast, or phloëm, on the outer side next the bark, and on the inner side next the pith it creates woody tissue.

Our English lime tree has a layer of fibre beneath the bark which is worth examination; it is the same in character but not so wide or strong as the bast which we import from Russia in mats to protect vegetation from frosts, etc. Squirrels are very fond of this soft material; they strip it cleverly off the branches of our lime trees to form a warm lining for their nests.

It is easily found by cutting the outer bark off any small branch of lime within reach, when we can peel off the inner layer of bast, or phloëm, as botanists call it.

The phloëm from the lace-bark tree of the West Indies is like the finest possible net-work, and is used for many ornamental purposes. *Liber* (Latin for the inner rind of a tree) is another term applied to this cell formation.

The study of different forms of woody fibre will be found most interesting.

I obtained one of my best specimens of it by placing a very old Swedish turnip in water for some months until the soft parts had melted away and only the round ball of fibre remained. If any one wishes to follow my example I would suggest placing the turnip and its pan of water in some out-house where its perfume will not incommode any one. A maid came to me one day with a sad account of a fearful smell which had been noticed for some time in a lumber-room at the top of the house, and very naturally she thought that work-people should be called in to remedy the evil. I had almost forgotten my interesting skeleton, but in due time I traced the odour to its right cause and the turnip was banished to a distant spot, where many washings and some soaking in chloride of lime changed it into a really beautiful specimen of woody fibre. I possess now only a quarter of it, for botanists have so earnestly begged for pieces of it that I have been persuaded to share it with them.

I have sometimes picked up on the sea-shore old cabbage-stems bleached to a delicate ivory white, forming really beautiful instances of woody fibre. These we can prepare for ourselves, if desired, by soaking the stems in water until they can be brushed perfectly clean, and then bleached by mixing a little chloride of lime in water and letting them soak in it till they are white and free from odour.

Leaves can also be made into skeletons by soaking a good many together in a pan of soft water until the upper and under surfaces of the leaves are sufficiently decayed to be easily removed by a soft brush; the fibre which is left can then be bleached with chloride of lime. When mounted with fine wire these skeleton leaves form an interesting group to place under a glass shade.

In a manufactory there must of necessity be a series of windows on the different floors not only to let in light but for purposes of ventilation. Now the processes of tree-growth are carried on without light in the stem, but air is necessary, and it is supplied by means of small apertures called lenticels. These are not open holes, but are more like gratings which admit a small amount of air through loosely-packed cells.

These lenticels are the small brown specks which may be traced in great numbers on the young branches of almost any tree. They remain open through the spring and summer, admitting the needful air to the interior of the bark, but when the tree-growth is over for the season and air is no longer needed, then a layer of cork forms within the lenticel which entirely shuts it up and keeps out the wintry cold. Thus it remains sealed up, till, by the growth of the cambium layer in the following spring the corky barrier is split open and air is again admitted.

These lenticels are nature's ventilators, opening and shutting in this curious way in order that the manufacture which is going on beneath the bark may receive from the outer air the various gases which are essential to the work which is being carried on.

I have said that many and various things are stored in the stem-cells of trees. It would occupy too much space to attempt to make anything like a complete list of the liquids and solids which are obtained from trees, but I will enumerate a few of those with which we are familiar from their usefulness in every-day life.

Turpentine is obtained from various kinds of firs—the Scotch fir, larch and others. Burgundy pitch from the spruce fir. A kind of tar is also prepared from Scotch fir and larch. From various kinds of cinchona we obtain quinine, so valuable as a remedy for fever. Camphor is a product of a Chinese tree. Tannin, by which skins are converted into leather, is obtained from the bark of the oak-tree. A kind of sugar is made from the sap of the maple, which is largely used in America. Gum arabic and a great number of gums used in medicine are produced by foreign trees of various kinds. The interior pith of a West Indian palm-tree produces the sago of commerce.

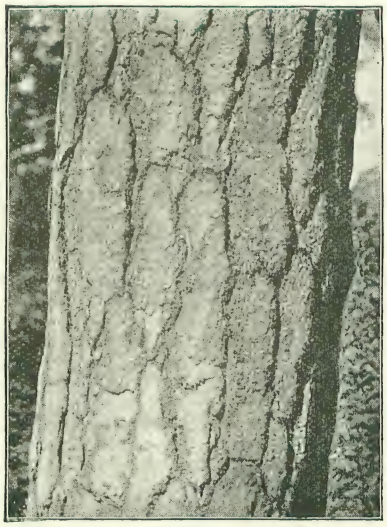
I might add many more useful articles which we owe to trees, and I commend it to my young readers as an instructive study to try and make out a complete list of the useful products of our English trees. I imagine we do not yet know all that might be obtained from them, new discoveries continue to reveal their value in the way of medicines; for instance the crystals of the willow (called salicine) are now frequently prescribed as a remedy for rheumatism. Euonomine and many others might be included amongst the valuable gifts which nature has stored in the cells of tree-stems.

Things to Observe and Collect.

The various ways in which trees shed their bark; how trees repair holes in the stem; fibres in flax stem and in hemp; specimens easily obtained by sowing linseed and hemp-seed; section of brake-fern stem; section of elder stem; thin section of white or yellow water-lily stem; flower petal; piece of bast matting; West Indian lace-bark; turnip and cabbage stalk prepared as specimens of woody fibre; lenticels on various trees; suitable leaves for skeletonising—holly, magnolia, tulip-tree, pear, poplar, aspen, mahonia, plum and maple; suitable capsules—poppy, stramonium, henbane, winter-cherry, campanula and the calyces of the yellow-rattle.

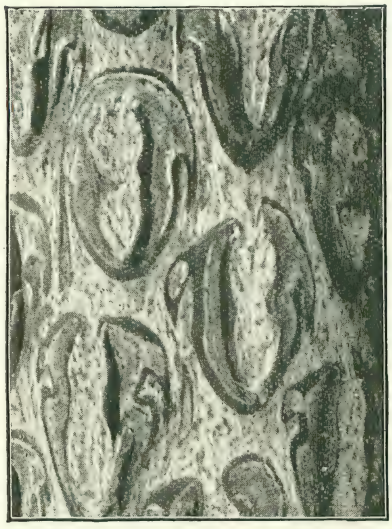
(*To be continued.*)

TURKEY OAK BARK.



SCOTCH FIR BARK.

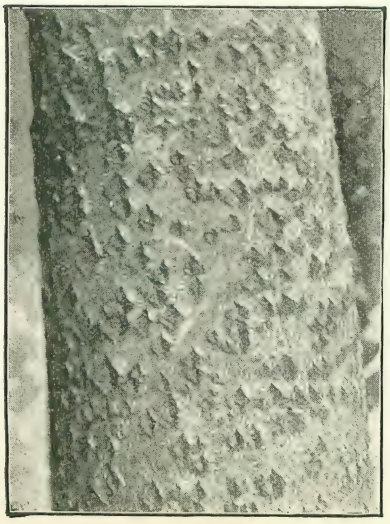
SNAKE-BARK, MAPLE.



TREE FERN BARK.

PLANE TREE BARK.

HORSE-CHESTNUT BARK.



WHITE POPLAR BARK.

SYCAMORE BARK.

TURKEY OAK STEM (*struck by lightning.*)

THE GIRL-BRIDES OF HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY astir as she generally was, the next morning found Penelope moving about even earlier than her wont; she wished to be found prepared at all points, so had given more attention than usual to her own "outer lady-hood," though without altering one item in the fresh cambric bodice and trim skirt, as indeed no alteration could possibly be called for. Though her "mourning" was still heavy, nothing could persuade her to wear woollen and crape while about household tasks; the father, who had found in her the very light of his eyes, would have been the first to grieve had he seen her in such sad garb, and, feeling this, she had worn white whenever possible to do so.

It pleased her greatly when the girls came down to find them also attired in the same simple, cleanly fashion; and, though she made no remark then, it was a very reassuring beginning. Breakfast was laid in the morning-room—so called because its window, facing towards the rising sun, was always brightened whenever the east was illumined, and this was the room where much of the household work was done, where the linen and fine china were kept, and where work-baskets and account-books found their right place.

The breakfast had been prepared by Penelope's own hands, with Janet's help, this morning, but in the future this also would be the duty of whosoever should be responsible for the commissariat.

"Until there are more of us, I think it will be as well for us to go through most of the housework all together; when we are more numerous it might be better to separate it into departments, making those who have been learning the longer time, aids in teaching the newer comers," she said; then added, "Do you wish me to assume that you are quite ignorant of all household work, and wishful of learning it *à fond*, or am I to act as reviser and corrector of your mistakes, if you make them, when left to do as you think well?"

Alice said quickly, "Believe me to be utterly and entirely ignorant. I should like it much better, and indeed I think the little I do know will need to be learnt right over again." And Madeleine, though less outspoken, confessed frankly that what knowledge she might have acquired, had "been picked up" at random, so was little likely to be trustworthy.

Penelope smiled. "I want to start fair, you see," she said, "so it is best to make sure of the ground. So now that we have finished breakfast, the first thing will be to clear it away; we will put away all food first, please—the bread into its pan in the larder, butter into the dish that holds the rest, so with marmalade, etc., that these fancy dishes may be washed."

"What will you do with this boiled egg that has not been touched?" asked one of the girls.

"If re-boiled, it can be used to-morrow as it is, and be the same as if freshly done, or I could boil it hard, supposing I wanted it for use in a salad, or to make over," she was answered.

"Soiled things we will carry on to the kitchen-table, and wash them up at once," Penelope directed.

"How funny it seems to do these things for oneself! One is so used to ringing the bell, and seeing things disappear or come at a call; but still I think it will be great fun," said Alice merrily, and, though she went about the "fun" in a rather helpless and bewildered fashion, it was plain that womanly instincts were strong within her, and that, with training, "John" would find he had a devoted help-meet.

The teacher brought out a large enamelled bowl, and set it on the kitchen-table. "Plenty of really hot water, a little—a very little—soda, a tiny bit of soap, a fine tea-cloth, and a coarser rubber for saucepans and knives, etc., quick washing, and no standing to drain," she said briskly, herself proceeding to wash the china, leaving them to use the towels.

"Are you not afraid of spoiling your hands?" Madeleine asked. She shrank inwardly at the thought of putting her own hands into that bowl, although determined to shirk no part of any task.

"A little care is of course needed, but with due precautions, there need be no fear; the soda softens the water which, without it, is certainly apt to be hard and roughening; then for dishes that need rubbing with a dishcloth, I have this dear little mop with a wooden handle, so that you see I am not obliged to put my whole hand into the water, as servants think it needful to do."

"It is a pleasure to use saucepans like these, as clean outside as they are in," Alice said, handling them.

"A little common sand, or, what is still better, powdered pumice-stone, will keep every saucepan smooth and clean, and it is easy to keep a little box handy containing that, and a morsel of flannel ready for use," Penelope said; then—"There, that is soon done, you see, and I see nothing of which to make a bugbear, as 'washing up' is generally thought to be; but when these things are put back into their places, we will go upstairs and set our bedrooms straight for the day. Janet, you dear old soul, there is nothing for you to do to-day but watch over the fire that it does not go down, and knit as long as you please—you are to be the 'lady' among us now!"

"Faix then, Miss Pen, it goes agen the grain of me to see you and these leddies doin' of common work," Janet said, a little shade of a grumble at the new order distinctly shown in her tone.

"But we believe there is no such thing as 'common work,' Janet, therefore we do not feel degraded by anything; we will come to you for advice though sometimes, so you need not feel you are quite dethroned,"—this in the coaxing way which always won over poor old Janet's objections. Then to the girls—

"Now let us away upstairs; I think it is a good plan to get bedrooms done first, then to finish off with stairs, hall, and lower rooms afterwards, except it may be on the days when a special cleaning of any room is intended, then of course one would see that the downstairs rooms were straight first.

"I always make a practice of putting my bed to air, separating and spreading out sheets and bedding in the sun, and throwing up both windows before leaving the room in the morning. It is quite two or three hours before I am ready to come back to it again, and then I can make the bed, dust, and put away all things, leaving it right for the day. One reason why the work in bedrooms is disagreeable is the want of thought on the part of those who have slept in them in these sort of ways, if you understand me. I don't think anyone has any right to leave to a servant the airing of their sleeping-room; it is such a simple matter to open a window, and the sooner bad air escapes from a house, the better for all in it."

Her hearers agreed, and Madeleine inwardly blessed the good fairy who had given her the hint to turn back to her room and do these things this morning; she had been accustomed to leaving her maid to perform such offices, counting them as part of her "duty."

"Many hands make light work," and the saying seemed to hold true, as each one doing her own share, the rooms were soon restored to their wonted freshness and order. By one consent they paused on the landing to look out at the lovely view of the Haven, its waters sparkling in the morning sun.

"See," said Penelope, "the boats are setting out, they are off for a three days' 'catch.' I love to watch them go, one by one, round the bend. See how the north wind fills out the sails, and how the sun brightens up the brown ones to a lovely russet shade. If your eyes are as keen as mine, you can see how some of the women are gathered at the far end of the quay; it is an every day occurrence, this going out of the boats, but it never loses its interest to them. There is always the possibility that some may never return, and though such-like griefs have been comparatively few in the Haven, still they have been known. I always feel to hear and echo old Mollie's prayer—she is standing now at the far point, to the right—'God speed the brave lads, and bring them safe home!'"

"Do you know much of the fisher-people?" asked Madeleine of Penelope.

"Know them? Why, every one, to be sure; haven't I been in and out among them ever since I was born? Oh, yes, and I mean that you shall know them too; I believe they are taking a keen interest in this plan of mine, and will be eager to see 'the new ladies,' as I overheard the children calling you. Yes, and if it doesn't succeed, they will know all about it too," she added more soberly. "And now to work again."

There were fires to be relaid in drawing- and dining-rooms, and a thorough dusting—"a taking-up of the dust, not a dispersing of it," as she laughingly explained was too often the case with unskilled workers.

"I think that it is quite sufficient to sweep well once a week in every room, taking them in rotation, and cleansing them thoroughly, furniture and all then; to sweep oftener means raising dust which, though you may not see it, rises into the air and settles again on walls and furniture, and in all but smoky town-houses the dirt that gathers day by day is not great enough to necessitate such vigorous treatment."

"Fires make a deal of dust though, don't they?" Alice asked.

"Undoubtedly, but there is more than one way of laying a fire, and the right and careful way will prevent all unnecessary dust. As I have to stoop down and get close to it, I like to protect my hair, and you will soon be glad to follow my example in this, I think," and she drew out from a drawer a cunning little Dutch cap which completely covered her hair when it was put on. With the cap there lay also a pair of old driving gloves and a "pinafore."

"Quite an equipment!" Madeleine said merrily, but taking note to pursue the same plan herself for the future.

This first morning they watched Penelope's operations rather than did much themselves, as indeed she desired they should.

Holding a sheet of newspaper before the grate in order that the draught it made might cause the dust to be taken up the chimney, she gently cleared the ashes out, then with her gloved hand picked out the larger cinders to be put back again—"as they light much more easily than fresh coal," she said. The paper placed at the bottom was lightly squeezed together, then the sticks crossed and re-crossed above it, the cinders with a few fresh "cobbles" over them.

"It would be a very sulky fire that would refuse to burn after that," said Alice.

The hearth-brush and shovel next came into requisition, and then a soft black rag gave a final rubbing and polishing to the grate and fire-irons, while a damp washleather made the tiles shine again.

"There, you see, that is not such a formidable affair after all, is it?" said the demonstrator, rising and drawing off her gloves. "Now I will leave you to finish this room while I do the same in the next."

Half-an-hour's work saw these rooms and the hall done for the day, then they were free to consider "the main work of the day," as Penelope called it; "these are only the preliminaries, you see."

"Now as neither laundry nor bakery claim our attention, and we have nothing in the dairy to do yet awhile, I propose that the remaining two hours before lunch be filled up in the garden; shall we seek out Silas and ask whereabouts we may begin, for I want us to have at least two hours' garden-work every day?"

"If I were only a boy I should say hurrah!" said Alice delightedly. "What a joy to be allowed to do anything in that lovely garden!"

"But don't forget that it is to be not merely play-work," said Penelope warningly; "that is why it will be well that we should keep to those parts which are likely to be of real use to you when you have suburban or town gardens of your own to manage. The whole subject of gardening is so fascinating, but if one attempts it all it means—and deserves to mean—the devotion of all one's time and energy. The branches that will chiefly concern us now, I think, will be potting and planting, seed sowing, training and pruning of bushes and small trees, weeding and trimming, and a little general greenhouse work."

"And what about fruit-picking?" suggested Alice, a little mischievously.

"Ah, well, that is of course understood without saying, only I think it belongs more truly to our housewifery department than to the gardening."

Old Silas, though gruff as ever, proved to be in an amiable mood this morning, and he willingly allowed them to sow the peas and beans in the drills he was busy making; then when those had been raked over, there were carnations to stake and tie up, and some borders to prepare for the planting out of geraniums and foliage plants a little later on.

Penelope pointed to the onion bed, already thick with weeds.

"If either of you wish for a sun-bath, try the effect of weeding that for half a day; it is most wholesome I can assure you! Silas, why is it that weeds grow thicker where onions are than anywhere else?"

Silas scratched his head, but he did not "rise" to the point.

"I dunno as they do, missie," he said. "I find the weeds—I call 'em tares—has a special faculty of growing everywhere. I concludes as it's a dispensation o' Providence, so I don't grumble, though it's true they aire trying at times."

"You don't give them much chance of trying you, however, Silas," Alice said sweetly, giving an appreciative glance around at the exquisite order of the beds.

"Silas never allowed grass to grow under his feet," Penelope explained. She loved to give this bristling old hedgehog a poke now and then.

"I could imagine Sir Walter Scott delighting in that old man," said Madeleine when their work took them out of earshot. "Is he a specimen of your Haven folk?"

"Scarcely a specimen so much as a type," Penelope replied; "every single soul among them has its own individuality, it seems to me, though perhaps I accentuate their peculiarities because I love them all the more for possessing them; but at any rate human nature has few conventional trappings here."

"You quite excite my interest in them, for I, too, have a *penchant* for 'characters,' perhaps because my world has been bounded and governed entirely by conventionality," said Madeleine.

"Then I think you will find my poorer friends—though they are apt to appear rough at first—prove to you as helpful and bracing mentally as the Haven breezes will be to you physically; we will go down this afternoon and make acquaintance with some of them."

Time passed quickly as they chatted and worked, and ere the two hours had passed their sharpened appetites caused them to think it might be well to investigate the larder with a view to luncheon. But old Janet had forestalled them; she was not minded to sit in a chair all day, she said, so had laid a white cloth on the dining-table and spread out cold meat and fruit, adding baked potatoes and some clotted cream of her own turning. It had evidently pleased her soul to do this, and they were all heartily pleased to recompense her by doing justice to the tempting fare.

When lunch had been cleared away an hour's quiet rest for the writing of letters or reading was prescribed; after that they might exercise their faculties of curiosity or sympathy both, if so disposed; there was no hard-and-fast rule to bind them, this "school" having a variety of purposes to fulfil in its teaching.

(*To be continued.*)

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man.

God gave the man the titles of chief, of governor and defender of the family. It was in order to enable him to render his family happy, both by the product of his labour and the activity of his protection, that He has given him a tall, proper shape, a majestic countenance, a robust constitution, and a vivacity that cannot endure being idle. It is for the same reason that the amusements of his infancy have been tumultuous and noisy. When manhood has matured his desires, and conveyed order into his ideas he assumes a sedate look. But pray take note of him in his apparent state of inaction. A secret fire devours him. He is hatching some project, I'll warrant him, if he is not even already about the execution of it. He must needs be active without; he will look after everything, see what passes, and how everyone behaves about him; and is resolved to preserve plenty and security in his abode, if he can. He sometimes repairs the disorders of seasons, and sometimes remedies the decay of his buildings. If he happens to interrupt his works by any diversions, the most sedentary are seldom to his liking. He will prefer running or coursing, playing at quoits or tennis, hunting or fishing. His pleasures are so many exercises. Nothing but action can strengthen and make him alive. He resembles those vigorous plants that perish in the shade and never thrive but in the open air. All his inclinations and his whole character, by their keeping him in this wholesome state of agility, enable him to make his estate and his family prosper, either by the means of lawful defence or the perseverance of a profitable labour.—*From the French*, 1748.

Woman.

Although woman has, in her quality of a rational creature, a right to the domain of the earth equal to that of her husband, she is nevertheless second in rank in the family. She is submitted to her husband, she is his helpmate but it is a help like himself. She is dignified in her family both by her personal right and by the power she holds from her husband. But she has not received the same measure of strength and activity. This is a wise precaution of Providence who aimed at confining her within the circle of lesser cares and at making her choose for her portion domestic operations, whilst the husband should watch and be active without doors. It was in order to render her assistance, always lovely to the husband, and her presence ever desirable to the whole family that God has endowed her with graces and a mild disposition. She is obeyed because she pleases and because she is so much loved and esteemed. The husband has a more commanding tone, but the authority of the wife is neither less beneficial nor less efficacious. Beauty and a tender constitution, which renders the wife naturally fond of retirement and sedentary yet excuse her from none of the hardest labours. She would think herself dishonoured by charms that should make her an idol deprived of the use of arms and legs, or an insipid divinity always nestling in her shrine and waiting for the incense and homage of her adorers. Although the good order and the neatness and peace causes to reign all her house over be blessings very desirable in themselves, yet she desires above all things, that after the labours of the day he shall find rest and happiness at home. She is resolved that he shall always find tranquillity and mirth as well as order in their habitation. She knows no surer means to make him fond of his own home.—*From the French*, 1748.

AT A CONCERT.

MUSIC'S EMPIRE.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

FIRST was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant nature played;
All music was a solitary sound,
To hollow rocks and murmuring fountains bound.
Jubal first made the wilder notes agree,
And Jubal tunéd Music's jubilee;
He called the echoes from their sullen cell,
And built the organ's city, where they dwell;
Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly bass;
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonies withdrew;
Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
And others chose the cornet eloquent;
These practising the wind, and those the wire,
To sing man's triumphs, or in Heaven's choir.
Then Music, the mosaic of the air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,
With which she gained the Empire of the ear,
Including all between the earth and sphere.
Victorious sounds! yet here your homage do
Unto a gentler conqueror than you;
Who, though he flies the music of his praise,
Would with you Heaven's Hallelujahs raise.

THE CYCLING CRAZE.

By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

NOTHING has been a more astonishing proof of the omnipotent sway of fashion over our thoughts and judgment, and we might even add ideas of propriety, than the way in which they have all been changed with regard to cycling, by the simple fact that it has become the thing to do. Right of course remains right, and wrong remains wrong, in spite of what fashion can say; but there are a great many questions which cannot be placed under either category, and which very largely depend on what is the custom of the time. We notice this very markedly in every fresh departure in dress—the moment a new fashion arrives from Paris, there are always a number of unfashionable people that are ready to cry it down, and to protest, in no measured terms, against its hideousness, its unsuitableness, if indeed they do not say something worse; and yet in time these very people, habituated to see what they once despised constantly worn by people whom they respect, and fain would imitate, become in time themselves wearers of the very fashions they at first decried.

It has been little less than ludicrous to see how this has taken place with regard to cycling. I have myself been consulted by young ladies with their mothers, to whom I felt this new exercise would prove a real boon, if used in moderation; I dared not, however, propose it, as at the time it was hardly supposed to be within the bounds of propriety. It is possible that even now, in remote and old-fashioned parts of England, objections on this score are still strongly raised.

Now propriety is not altogether a question of right and wrong; but it must be conceded is largely connected with custom. What is perfectly proper in one country, is improper in another. Nothing, indeed, so scandalises the upper classes in China than to receive our ordinary illustrated papers, which are everywhere read in the strictest domestic circles at home. They consider the pictures there given of evening dress and of balls as absolutely improper, and cannot be brought to understand how we can regard them in any other light.

Against the tricycle no great feeling has indeed ever been shown—all the wrath poured out upon the pastime being reserved for its slender sister the bicycle. And this is perfectly intelligible. The tricycle is obviously a safe and useful machine for the exercise of ladies; but with regard to the bicycle, there are as many objections as spokes in its wheels.

Fashion, however, not attempting to argue or to answer these, calmly adopts the objectionable machine; a few crowned heads and leading members of the aristocracy are well advertised as using it, and lo and behold! howls of disapproval subside into a dull murmur that can scarcely be heard, while the numberless objections are effectually reduced to two or three. Let us see, very briefly, first of all the utmost that can be said in its favour, and next what must still be pointed out as drawbacks to its use.

The age in which we live, though sometimes described as frivolous, can scarcely be called idle; indeed, we think that the number of girls who are purely and absolutely frivolous, is decreasing from day to day, and we are quite sure forms a most insignificant minority amongst the readers of this journal. Indeed, our time is so valuable now, that we seldom do anything without a purpose. If we read, it is not for the pleasure of reading, but for the value of the knowledge we acquire. If we sing or play, it is not principally for the pleasure of the art, but in order that we may become sufficiently proficient to use it to some purpose. Even our games are often underlaid by a purpose, and if anything is to be defended it must be shown to be useful in itself.

Now with regard to cycling, whether "bi" or "tri," many points may be urged. In the first place it is an out-of-door exercise. This at once gives many points in its favour. It is not generally known that the mere fact of living in London no more produces ill-health, than the fact of living in the country produces good health. In both places the real factor as regards health is the amount of time spent in the open air; and the reason why cities are so much more unhealthy than the country, is not so much the difference in the atmosphere, as the fact that in the former so much more time is spent indoors. We have all been struck, indeed, with the pallid and unhealthy faces that we often meet in the country, which are the result of an indoor life.

In the second place, the cycle delivers us from the network of iron-rails, which is gradually converting the surface of England, as seen from a balloon, into the resemblance of a large gridiron. It is no small thing to open up once again our by-ways and country roads, and by means of this new exercise to place within the reach of thousands the beauties of English scenery, that otherwise would be left utterly unknown. Few more healthful and delightful ways of spending a holiday can be imagined than by touring in easy stages as one of a genial party through the park-like roads and scenery of our southern counties.

In cycling it is obvious, too, we not only get air and exercise, but on the bicycle, indeed, this exercise is of a very unique character. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson once remarked that walking on a tight rope was as much an intellectual exercise as the conjugation of a Greek verb; and those who have never studied physiology have little idea of the complicated brain processes that are necessary to maintain the erect attitude, even when we are on our feet, to say nothing of the vastly more complicated process that enables us to maintain an equilibrium when balanced on two wheels. There can be no doubt that this exercise, therefore, develops capacity and strengthens the brain, without any risk of strain; and, inasmuch as life is now so very real and so very earnest, that the old easy days of mere pleasure are almost gone from this busy workshop of England, it is no small recommendation of this new exercise that it is indubitably not only a healthy means of relieving the brain of over-pressure, but that it also exercises and strengthens this organ at the same time.

I need not here allude to the tremendous strides in learning that women have taken, and are still taking; and it is because of these that we hail every fresh departure of out-door exercise that can be devised.

I have always held that rowing with a pair of light sculls and a light boat was the ideal exercise for women, inasmuch as the legs,

which are constantly used for walking, are kept perfectly at rest, while the muscles of the back and chest and arms, which are comparatively little used, are perfectly developed.

Bicycling, of course, is pretty nearly the opposite to this; but we have lived long enough to see that the first storm of disapproval which it very naturally met with, has not really been borne out by facts. The position, of course, on a bicycle is entirely different from that assumed in any other exercise, and is one that has been very generally condemned by medical men. It is by no means the same as riding on a side saddle, or as the seat in driving, or as the sliding seat in a boat, nor even is it the same as working the sewing machine. One main evil of the position is the form of seat used. What we should like to see on ladies' cycles is a nice padded cushion, flat in front, and perhaps rounded behind, instead of the hard leather saddle that is very much like the section of a long-necked pear.

It is one thing, however, to bring a horse to water, and another to make him drink. There is no difficulty in making a saddle which shall be entirely unobjectionable, but it seems practically perfectly impossible to induce ladies to use it. The swaying from side to side, which always occurs in bicycle riding, even with the most practised riders, seems to demand some central support, in order to prevent the seat from being shifted, hence the necessity—so we are told—of the peak. I cannot enter further into the technique of this vexed question, but surely we may hope that saddle-makers, who are now as much specialists as oculists, can devise a better seat for women than that universally used by men.

The other points of the modern bicycle certainly call for praise. The value of the pneumatic tyre is as yet but imperfectly understood. It is found that business men travelling up to town every day from Brighton are very loquacious when they start, and very silent when they arrive—the rapid jogging motion of an express, however smoothly the lines may be laid, produces an innumerable number of slight concussions of the brain substance, which have, in the aggregate, a slightly stupefying effect, and after being repeated for some years, exercise a weakening influence upon the power of the mind and brain. I often have brought before me railway men and others, who have been promoted to be conductors on railway and other omnibuses. They come complaining of a curious sort of nervous debility, caused by the incessant vibration of standing on the footboard of buses.

We can readily see from these two illustrations—remembering also that the time of life when girls ride most is that in which their nervous system is still being evolved—that the invention of the pneumatic tyre is of the greatest value in lessening the constant vibration. Machines for ladies are also not so highly geared as those for men. Besides this, it may be useful to suggest that in winter, when the roads are heavy, the gearing should be less than would be used in summer. In short, in every way strain must be avoided.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

INTOXICATION.

"My dear, you and Beatrice must come every day. I shall want you both, for I have a whole houseful of people to entertain, and we must really get the pastoral play into shape. You don't know what an art critic Lord Woodmayne is! He will give us all sorts of useful hints! It will be a great thing to have his opinion, and we may be sure that if he is satisfied everybody else will be. Come to-morrow, directly after luncheon, and make up your mind to be my slaves for the next fortnight. I have all sorts of plans and projects, and I must have a girl or two of my own to help me!"

So said Mrs. Masham before leaving the house on the night of the Wilberforce party, and Guinivere blushed and kindled with pleasure at the words. It was Mrs. Masham's way to speak of the two sisters in brackets, but Guinivere knew by this time that she stood altogether the first with the amiable lady, and that Beatrice was included in all invitations rather as a matter of form, and because she could be depended upon to lead any games and fun that happened to be going, rather than because their hostess found any particular interest in her.

Beatrice in fact voted the pastoral play and Mrs. Masham's fashionable guests rather a bore. They were too languid in their ways to please her. They professed to like tennis, but dawdled over it in a way that exasperated her, whilst as for the perpetual dressing up and posing, and going through the scenes of the play—Beatrice grew heartily tired of it, and wished she had not been let in for one of the important parts.

She was a shepherd boy in the play, and clad in a graceful tunic with her curly hair cleverly arranged to look like a boy's short locks, she looked very picturesque and charming; her natural frankness and slight brusquerie of manner giving a piquancy to her acting which was quite in keeping with her part. In the little love-making scenes with her sister—before the appearance of the glittering hero who wins away the heart of the guileless maiden—both of them were pronounced to be charming. Guinivere of course looked lovely, and Mrs. Masham had spared neither trouble nor expense to enhance her natural beauty by every accessory which could be thought of.

No wonder if the girl's head was turned by all the adulation she received. It was the fashion with Mrs. Masham's guests to pet and praise her "pretty new *protégée*," as Guinivere began to be called; and the notice bestowed upon her by Lord Woodmayne would have won her attention in any company.

No one ventured to predict of a man like Lord Woodmayne whether or not his attentions were of a serious kind, whether or not his admiration for this beautiful girl would lead to anything else; but that he was constantly to be seen at her side, that he talked to her for sometimes a whole evening together, that he overlooked every detail of the play where she was concerned, and spent hours in putting her through her part, were matters patent to all the company, and were commented upon openly.

Lord Woodmayne was one of those fashionable idlers, who have trained the critical faculty to a high pitch of perfection, and his judgment was appealed to upon every disputed or doubtful point.

In the long run he became practically stage-manager in the matter of this little pastoral play; but it was observed that he only really concerned himself with any lively interest in Guinivere. He would give general instructions to all the company. He would arrange the groups, and tell the actors how to move and pose themselves; but he put Guinivere again and again through every line of her part, giving her what might almost be called elocution lessons, so that by the time the play was ready for presentation to the public, the girl was as nearly perfect in every detail of her part as it was possible for an amateur to be.

News had gone forth of the coming representation at Mrs. Masham's, and all the neighbourhood was excited thereby; whilst paragraphs had found their way into fashionable London journals respecting the event, and a large company was expected down from town to witness it.

Guinivere seemed to tread on air, and to live in an atmosphere altogether different from that of the daily round. Almost all her time was spent at Beechcroft—a very large proportion of it in the society of Lord Woodmayne. He singled her out for those attentions most flattering to a girl. He made her feel that she was superior in some way to those about her—that she possessed a something lacking in others, that she was fit to be queen of any society in which she found herself, and that he would teach her how to reign and how to hold her own.

Was it wonderful that Guinivere's head was turned? that she drank in this insidious flattery as though it were the elixir of life? Was it strange that she came to regard Lord Woodmayne as a paragon of all perfection? that his thin aristocratic face, his cool, semi-sarcastic utterance (to others, not to herself), his quiet faultless attire, and even his slightly supercilious behaviour toward the world at large should appear to her in the light of so many perfections? Was it unnatural that she unconsciously yielded to him that homage of submission and admiration which is as sweet

to a man of his calibre as his honeyed words were to her? He was in fact the revelation of a kind of perfection she had never dreamed of before, and she let him see this throughout their intercourse far more plainly than she saw it herself!

"She is very clever—the little rogue!" thought Mrs. Masham sometimes as she watched them and listened to them. "She is making almost as much of a fool of him, as he of her!"

But it was not cleverness in Guinivere's case. It was the result of a mental intoxication, and was perfectly genuine. Lord Woodmayne had dominated her imagination and her senses. He was the central figure of the world for her just now, and she had neither the desire nor the artifice to hide it.

Beatrice saw something of this, and was vaguely uneasy. She did not often trouble her head over Guinivere's flirtations; but there was something altogether new in this situation.

Beatrice did not particularly admire or like Lord Woodmayne. She thought he was often very insolent in his manner, and though he was civil enough to herself and her sister, she remembered his behaviour at their house, and she noted that he invariably wore an air of languid and supercilious boredom when in the company of any of the Willington people, which seemed to her anything but real good manners. She was also a little afraid that he was "making a fool of Vera," as she mentally phrased it. Beatrice did not know much about the world's ideas on social questions, but she did not think that a wealthy baron, who could easily win a high-born and richly-dowered wife, would seek to ally himself with the daughter of a solicitor, even though Beatrice thought that her father could hold up his head with the best and noblest of the land, and not be afraid of the comparison.

She had read in novels of men of Lord Woodmayne's type, who amused themselves by playing the lover to pretty girls, and then went away and married elsewhere. Beatrice sincerely hoped Lord Woodmayne would go away and come no more, but if he had made Guinivere care for him seriously, it might be a bad job.

"Vera never cared for anybody before, I think, unless it was for Arnold," she said to herself as she stood musingly looking out of the window at bed-time, watching the moonlight bathing the world with silver. "I used once to think she liked him, but I don't think she cares for anything now except Mrs. Masham's fine friends, and that horrid Lord Woodmayne. I hope he'll go away after to-morrow and not come back any more. I feel as though he would do Vera some harm before he has done with her—if things go on as they are doing now."

It was the eve of the pastoral play. The sisters had been rehearsing during a great part of the afternoon. The band had come down—a band of ladies—in itself an attractive feature, and there had been what was practically an afternoon party to watch the final rehearsal, when the actors performed their parts in the green glade, to the accompaniment of soft and appropriate music.

Beatrice had come in for plenty of flattery and admiration, but though she had been pleasantly excited, and had enjoyed herself very much upon the whole, her nature was of tougher fibre than her sister's, and her head had not been turned. There was always within her an element of revolt against what she called "flummery and nonsense." Although she had not troubled herself hitherto to think about much but her own amusement, and had declared without hesitation that she lived to play games, she had grown to feel doubtful, judging from some of the specimens of humanity lately observed at Mrs. Masham's, whether a life of pleasure-seeking was after all the happiest or the best. It had often felt refreshing to her to come away out of that luxurious house with its perfumed guests, to find Gipsy at her writing-table, scribbling away at her notes of lectures, or reading hard with her hands thrust into her curly hair, or to see Freda working away at her drawings or shorthand notes, and to hear them speak of their work in life. Sometimes Beatrice had been conscious of a wish rising within her for work of her own to do!

A step in the next room roused her from her reverie to-night. It was Guinivere come up to bed. The sisters shared a pair of rooms that opened one into the other. Guinivere had the large one, and Beatrice contented herself with the small. She turned from the window and stood in the doorway between the two. Guinivere was about to unpin her hair and brush it out. Beatrice spoke in her usual downright way.

"Will Lord Woodmayne go away after to-morrow, Vera?" she asked.

Guinivere turned a startled face towards her sister.

"Go away! What do you mean, Beatrice? Why should he go away? Who said he would?"

"I don't know that anybody said so. I was just wondering. He has been here a pretty good time now. Mrs. Masham always talks as though he were the presiding genius of the precious pastoral. I thought perhaps when it was over and done with he would go away."

Guinivere let her hair fall about her like a veil. She spoke from under the golden cloud.

"I don't think he is going away—not immediately at any rate. At least I have heard nothing about it."

Beatrice fidgeted from one foot to the other.

"I suppose he would tell you if he were going. You and he seem to be great friends."

"I think he would have mentioned it," answered Guinivere not replying to the second part of the sentence.

Beatrice sighed a little impatiently, and then said suddenly—

"Would you care if he went away, Vera?"

"I should be sorry of course. He is by far the most cultured man I have ever come across, and the most interesting. Talking to him is quite an education. He seems to take one into a new world. Mrs. Masham can talk of the same things, but he makes one see them all, and he has such wonderful taste and discrimination. I have learned an immense deal from him."

Guinivere had certainly learnt a quiet composure of manner that she had not possessed of old. It reminded Beatrice of the airs of a great lady, who wished to hold her own in presence of an intrusive questioner. She instinctively felt that Guinivere felt herself already upon a higher plane than the rest of her family. That was Lord Woodmayne's doing of course. He had taught her to look down upon her own world. Beatrice felt a hot flush rise in her cheeks; but she kept back the words which were only too ready to spring to her lips. She knew that to quarrel with Guinivere would be the worst possible thing to do at this juncture. She was afraid that in no case could she exercise the smallest influence over her sister, but at least she need not make of her an enemy.

"Well, I rather hoped he would go, that is all," she said. "I don't think he is a very nice man."

"No, dear," answered Guinivere sweetly, "I don't think he is at all the sort of man that you would appreciate yet. You may develop as you grow older."

"Take care you do not appreciate him too much, Vera," said Beatrice, as she retreated into her own room. "You ought to know better than I; but perhaps I hear more things said than you do. Don't appreciate him too much—unless you are quite sure that he means everything he says to you."

And then, rather astonished at her own temerity, Beatrice closed the door of communication between the two rooms, and went to bed with a feeling that perhaps she had better have held her peace after all.

The pastoral play was an immense success. All Willington—at least, all of those who were favoured by Mrs. Masham's patronage—gathered to see the pretty spectacle, whilst a special train from London brought down the band and numbers of fashionable people, all ready to be critical or enthusiastic or discriminatingly admiring as the case might be.

The day was all that could be wished. The sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers seemed to put on their brightest colours; the trees had on their heavy summer foliage, but the grass had not yet lost its verdure.

Everything that art could do to enhance the beauties of nature had been thought of and arranged for. The whole thing passed off without a hitch of any sort. The actors performed their parts to admiration. Guinivere looked lovely, and won all hearts. All the fashionable ladies were asking who she was, and why Mrs. Masham did not produce her in London. Beatrice also had her share of admiration, and was made much of by her own friends of the Willington set, who kept somewhat apart from the London folks, and enjoyed themselves together. Beatrice joined them when all was over—the acting that is—and she had changed

her shepherd's tunic for her own dress. But Guinivere walked about the grounds in her pastoral dress, on Lord Woodmayne's arm, and was introduced to so many fine people by him, and heard so many honeyed compliments, and received so many solicitations to come and act in a similar play for this or that fine lady later on in the season, that her head was fairly in a whirl of intoxicated vanity and delight; and it seemed to her as though a new page of life was opening before her.

Mrs. Masham was enchanted by the success of her party, and by the triumph of her *protégée*. She knew that Lord Woodmayne's attitude towards Guinivere was being openly canvassed; and it was just as much a triumph to her to have secured him—in the eyes of the world—for the girl she had introduced to her set, as though Guinivere had been her own daughter. So she went about with a beaming face; and lost no opportunity of whispering into Guinivere's all too ready ear some little repeated compliment she had heard from Lord this or Lady that. She was already planning in her head some fresh festivity in which she could produce Guinivere in another *rôle*, and was as pleased with the success of her party as a child with a new toy.

Guinivere hardly went near to any of her Willington friends all the day. Now and then if she met one or another in the grounds, she would favour them with a smile and a bow; but she was always in the company of the other set, and seemed to have neither the desire nor the opportunity to leave them.

Yet there were many pairs of eyes that followed her as she moved gracefully about—eyes that had watched her with unceasing attention when she had been going through her part in the play.

Roger Howel was one who seemed curiously absorbed in watching her that day, and Arnold Leslie was another.

Roger's face wore a curious expression, half pitying, half stern. He looked like a man who is taking in a number of facts, and making a study of them. His face had changed a little during the past weeks; but it was still a strong and resolute and courageous face. He had resumed his visits to the Larches, which had been temporarily suspended, and nobody guessed at the interview which had passed between him and Guinivere in the summer-house. It was an episode of which the girl cared neither to think nor to speak, and which Roger would willingly have forgotten if he could.

Arnold Leslie's eyes as they followed Guinivere about wore an altogether different look—a look of admiration and tenderness that told a tale of its own. He had seen her constantly through this summer, and when none of her fashionable friends were by, she was willing enough to give to him the best of her attention, and to let him sit beside her and speak of all that was in his heart.

She had always liked Arnold. Indeed he attracted her in reality in a way that nobody else had ever done. Until she had indulged in dreams of ambition and self-glorification, she had thought that perhaps—well, that she might do worse than reward Arnold for his fidelity. She was always very sweet and gentle to him; and even with her fashionable friends about her she had a smile for him when he approached. Arnold was different from some of the others; he was very refined in aspect, and would never speak a word that was not perfectly respectful and agreeable to her ears. She even let him take exclusive possession of her for a few moments, and he took advantage of them to say—

"I hardly ever see you now, Guinivere?"

She smiled sweetly and answered gently—

"You see I have been so busy—helping Mrs. Masham with her visitors. But some leave to-morrow, and I shall be freer."

"I have often walked in the meadows by the river where you used to come," said Arnold, "hoping to see you; but I have always been disappointed."

She laughed and blushed, and answered half tenderly, half gaily—

"I will come to-morrow morning then. I am generally free till mid-day. I should like to see the dear old place again in its summer dress."

(*To be continued.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER X.

For more than a year Azim Bey continued to be sulky on the subject of the mission-school, although in everything else he was a pattern pupil. His intended career as a public benefactor seemed destined to end abruptly with Charlie Egerton's appearance in the Yehudis' parlour, and Cecil could not be wholly sorry for this, since political feeling in the city was not in a state to make house-to-house visitation either safe or pleasant. Matters were going rather badly in the *pashalik* just now. Two or three scanty harvests had been followed by famine, and the general distress was increased by the fact that the Pasha, who was much in want of money, had chosen this singularly inopportune moment for imposing a duty on the importation of foreign corn, a course which was strongly resented. Bands of marauders infested the country districts, and the constant expeditions necessary to keep the main trade-routes open involved an expenditure of men and money which could ill be met. Hussein Bey, the Pasha's disaffected eldest son, who had been "lying low" for some time, had reappeared as the leader of one of these bands, and was doing his best to stir the populace to revolt. His wrongs, in being set aside for his younger brother, who was being brought up as half a Christian, were in everyone's mouth, and many people did not scruple to attribute the misfortunes of the province to the malign influence of the Englishwoman who was scarcely ever absent from Azim Bey's side. The position she enjoyed in the palace was constantly attributed to witchcraft, and there were even those who said that things would never be right in Baghdad until Azim Bey and his governess were—well, disposed of. By degrees matters went from bad to worse. Riotous mobs beset unpopular officials in the streets, and more than one house was attacked and rifled. The Pasha shut himself up in the palace, with a strong guard on duty night and day, and none of the household ventured out without an escort. When Cecil went to the Residency she was attended by a small army of soldiers and cavasses, and even these could scarcely keep back the howling mobs. Still no actual danger touched her personally, and she was inclined to adopt Sir Dugald's consolatory opinion, that the bark of the Baghdadis was always worse than their bite, and that the latter might be considered, in mathematical language, as a negligible quantity, when something came to pass one day which showed her in what a perilous position she and her charge really stood at this time.

After lessons on this particular morning, Azim Bey despatched one of the slave-women to bring some coffee. The negress was longer than usual on her errand, and he waxed impatient, but she reappeared at last, hurrying in with three tiny jewelled cups on a silver tray. One cup was for herself, for it was her duty to taste the beverages supplied to the Bey, the remaining two for him and for Cecil. As the woman set the tray down on the little octagonal table, Azim Bey gave it a slight twist so as to bring the cup which had been nearest to her hand opposite to himself. Her hand was already outstretched to take it, and she paused in surprise and hesitated.

"Taste the coffee, O Salimeh," said the boy authoritatively.

Rather doubtfully, Salimeh stretched her hand across the tray, took the cup which was in front of her young master, and drank off the contents.

"Now drink another," said Azim Bey.

"O my lord, they are for thee and for mademoiselle," remonstrated the woman, with a note of anxiety in her voice which attracted Cecil's attention. "How shall I drink my lord's coffee?"

"Drink it," said Azim Bey shortly, fixing his eyes upon her.

As if fascinated by his gaze, she slowly stretched out her hand and took up another cup, raised it halfway to her lips, and paused.

"Drink it," he repeated, gazing at her, while her dark face grew pale and ghastly-looking with terror, until in a sudden frenzy she dashed the cup to the ground.

"O my lord, pardon thy servant," she sobbed, flinging herself on her knees and grovelling before him. "God has made my lord very wise. There is death in the cup."

"Drink the other," said Azim Bey, unmoved.

His voice had been so calm throughout that it was only now that Cecil realised that she had barely escaped taking a prominent part in a tremendous tragedy. She interposed hastily.

"Bey, you cannot mean to make her drink it if it is poisoned? It will kill her."

"She would have killed you and me, mademoiselle. Get up and drink it, thou granddaughter of a dog," he added to the wretched woman, who was weeping and howling at his feet.

"But it is not for you to punish her," remonstrated Cecil. "She may have been terrified into doing it. It ought to be inquired into."

"It shall be," said Azim Bey grimly, and he summoned Masûd from the door. With the poisoned cup held to her lips, Salimeh confessed that she had been bribed to leave the tray of coffee on the ledge of a window which looked into the harem enclosure, and to turn her back for a moment. She had held in her hand the cup she intended for herself, so as to make things safe, but she could only guess what had been done to the other two. It took longer to find out who had been the other party to the dreadful transaction, but after a lengthy cross-examination she confessed that it was Zubeydeh Kalfa, the Um-ul-Pasha's head-slave. When this conclusion was reached, Azim Bey turned a meaning glance on Cecil.

"This case must go before my father, mademoiselle," he said, "it is too much for me to deal with. No doubt he would much prefer that I should settle it for myself and not involve him in trouble with my grandmother, but it is too serious. An example must be made. Take the woman away, O Masûd, and keep her safely until the Pasha can give thee orders about her."

"Upon my head be it, O my lord," responded Masûd with a grin, and dragged away the miserable Salimeh, shrieking and praying for mercy.

"Did you know beforehand that the coffee was poisoned, Bey?" was the first question Cecil asked her pupil when they were alone.

"We in Turkey learn to expect such incidents in times like these, mademoiselle," said the boy, with lofty, almost *blasé* condescension, "and I have long been looking out for some token of the kind from my grandmother or my brother, but I knew no more about this attempt before it was made than you did."

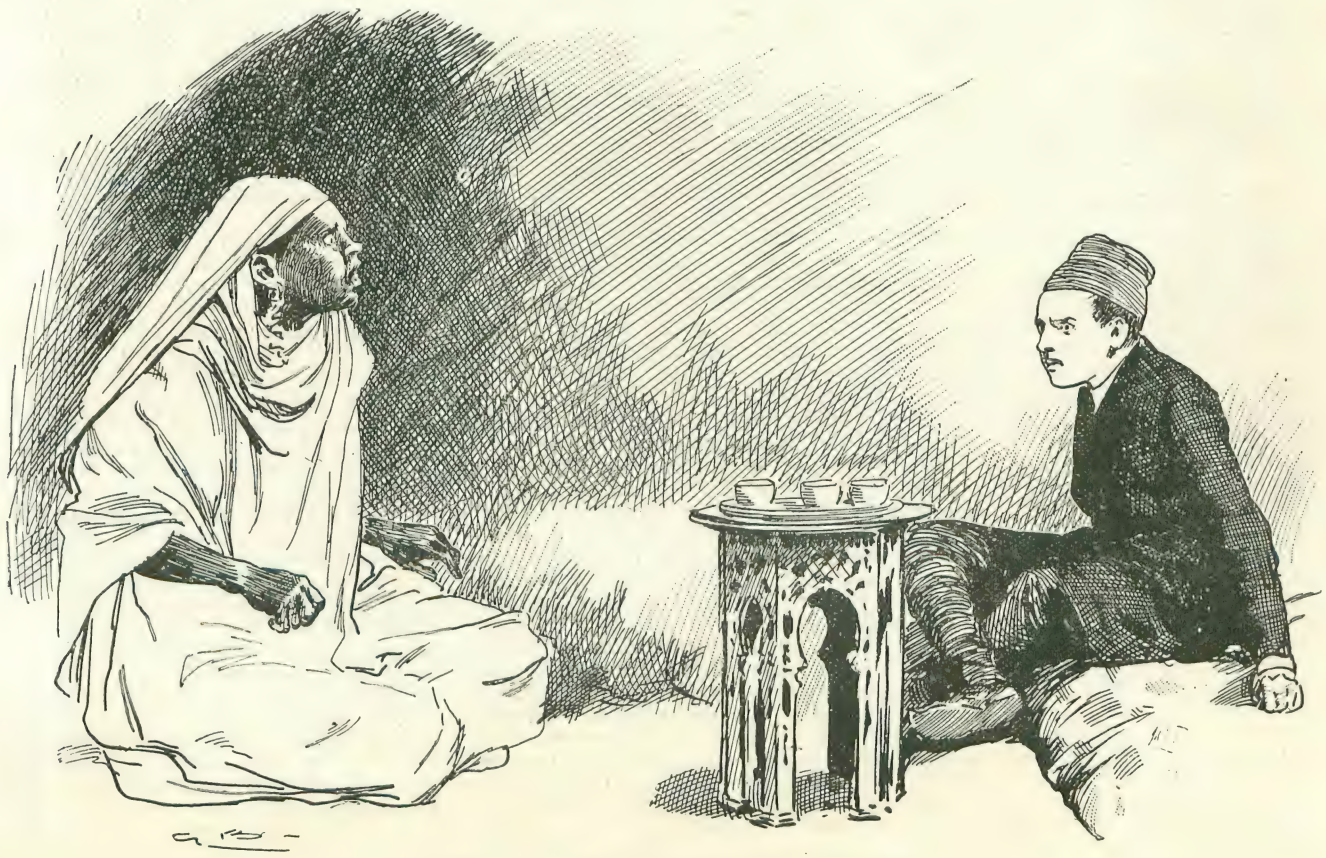
"Then how did you discover it?" asked Cecil, with natural curiosity.

"Perhaps, mademoiselle, you may not have observed that I am of a somewhat suspicious nature? Any unnecessary action or unusual occurrence sets me to reflect upon the reason for its happening. Apply this to our experience to-day. I send the villainous Salimeh for coffee. She is much longer than she need be in bringing it, and returns to the room hastily, and with an air of disturbance. My suspicions are aroused, but I say nothing, knowing that no one looks so foolish as the person who imagines perpetually that plots are being directed against him. I merely turn the tray partly round, secure that the would-be murderess will not murder herself. Her very first movement confirms my suspicions, and if any further assurance is wanted, it is supplied by her later behaviour. There you have the whole thing."

"It is very dreadful," said Cecil, with a shudder; "but you will ask his Excellency to deal gently with her, Bey?"

"Gently, mademoiselle?" and a smile broke over Azim Bey's solemn countenance. "Is she to have liberty to murder us successfully another time? Besides, an example is necessary, and she is the only culprit that can be reached. Zubeydeh Kalfa may possibly be seized, but to defend herself she would implicate her employers, and then the matter could not be hushed up."

"But this is not justice, Bey," remonstrated Cecil.



"'DRINK THE OTHER,' SAID AZIM BEY, UNMOVED."

"No, mademoiselle, it is policy," said Azim Bey, unabashed.

And the dictates of policy were followed in the investigation which succeeded. No one who heard of the matter doubted for an instant that the Um-ul-Pasha had planned the murder of her younger grandson in the interests of Hussein Bey, but all Ahmed Khémi Pasha's efforts were directed to prevent the slightest whispers being breathed against his mother. He guarded with the utmost loyalty the good name which she had perilled so rashly, and succeeded in preventing any open utterance of the truth. Zubeydeh Kalfa was got rid of by being married to a former pipe-bearer of the Pasha's, who was going to live in Mosul, a town which has a Pasha of its own, and where gossip concerning the Palace harem at Baghdad would therefore be at a discount. Salimeh disappeared. Cecil was left in doubt as to her fate, and could never discover what had become of her. All that Azim Bey would say when questioned was that she had gone to a far country, but whether she had been put to death, or disposed of in the same way that Zubeydeh Kalfa had been, Cecil never knew. Masûd and the women-servants who had seen and heard what had happened received handsome presents to induce them to keep the matter quiet, and Cecil was astonished by the gift of a gold watch of abnormal size, with a richly jewelled case and a massive chain. Its value was considerable, and she exhibited it at the Residency with surprise and delight, until Lady Haigh told her that it was intended as a bribe to make her hold her tongue. She was horrified at this, and wished to return it to the Pasha at once, but Lady Haigh objected.

"You don't intend to publish abroad your belief that the Um-ul-Pasha tried to poison you and Azim Bey, I suppose?" she said; "so why not keep the watch if you are going to earn it?"

"But the Pasha will think that I am silent on account of his having given it to me," said Cecil.

"Of course he will, my dear; and if you give it back, he will take it as a sign that it is not valuable enough, and he will go on piling up his bribes, but he will never understand your scruples. Orientals don't indulge in such luxuries, and why should you not let the poor man have the happy feeling that your silence is secure, since it is so after all?"

Cecil was silenced, but not convinced, and put the watch by, for her pleasure in it was spoilt. Presently she had to encounter another argument from Charlie Egerton, to whom the news of the attempted murder had filtered through the gossip of the servants and the streets. He was horrified to learn the danger she had been in, and urgently desirous that she should at once quit the Palace and take refuge at the Residency. To his great concern, Cecil refused to do anything of the kind. It was true that she had felt nervous and unstrung for a few days after the shock of the sudden danger and escape, but since then she had pulled herself together and looked the situation boldly in the face. She was ashamed of the hasty impulse which had seized her to seek refuge in flight, and determined to remain at the post of duty. Hence, when Charlie attacked her, he found her armed at all points.

"It isn't right," he said vehemently. "You are in constant danger. They may catch you off your guard at any moment, and there you are, alone in that great place, with traitors all round you."

"I am not afraid," said Cecil. "Don't you know that 'each man's immortal till his work is done'? My work certainly lies at the Palace, and while I can, I hope to do it."

"That would be a poor consolation if you and your work both ended together," said Charlie bitterly, too much in earnest to pick his phrases.

"Why?" said Cecil. "We know that I shan't die so long as there is any work at all left for me to do, so that if I am killed it must mean that my work is done."

"I can't see it as you do," said Charlie, conscious that this was not what he meant at all; "and I have no wish to, either. You are wrought up and overstrained just now. I see that you are taking your life in your hand, and going into fearful danger quite needlessly."

"But it's not needlessly," said Cecil; "it's my duty. Why, suppose that cholera, or the plague, broke out here, would you shut yourself up and refuse to go among the people? I know you wouldn't. You would work night and day, and never think of the danger."

"That's different," said Charlie. "It would be my business to do it. A fellow would be a cad not to. But I wouldn't let you do it, as you know. It's a very different thing going into danger oneself, and seeing you go."

"But you will have to submit to it, Charlie," said Lady Haigh's voice. "Cecil, my dear, I want you," and Charlie's chance of breaking down Cecil's resolution was gone.

In his desperation, when Cecil was about to return to the palace, he applied to Sir Dugald and was politely snubbed for his pains. Certainly, Sir Dugald admitted, he was bound to afford protection to all British subjects, but he could not force any of them to avail themselves of it, and he pointed out the painful absurdity of the situation which would be caused by any attempt to detain Cecil at the Residency against her will. Such an argument had little effect upon Charlie, but Sir Dugald's *bête noire* was the fear of being made to look absurd, and he really felt that this consideration settled the matter. Charlie poured out his woes, as usual, to Lady Haigh, who attempted to console him by the reflection that the Um-ul-Pasha was not likely to make another effort at poisoning just yet, since her intended victims would be on their guard, to which he replied that she would probably be counting on this very confidence as to her intentions, and thus be emboldened to renew her attack.

Public opinion in the little courtyard which formed Cecil's world during six days out of every seven, agreed with Lady Haigh rather than with Charlie. It was the general feeling that although no public reference had been made to the Um-ul-Pasha's share in the conspiracy, yet that the danger of detection had approached sufficiently near to give her a very good fright, and that she would make no further attempt on her grandson's life for the present. The Pasha's prevailing fear was lest more violent means might now be employed, and some band of brigands subsidised to effect the desired object. His Excellency was between two fires. On one side were the Hajar Arabs, the tribesmen of Azim Bey's dead mother, who had espoused the boy's cause with characteristic and troublesome ardour, and threatened to murder the Pasha if he allowed any harm to come to him, and on the other the rest of the powerful Arab tribes of the neighbourhood, who had no special interest in Hussein Bey, but adopted his cause on account of its not being that of the Hajar. With these were the majority of the Baghdadis, some because of a natural instinct for opposing the powers that be, others because they sincerely attributed to Azim Bey and the Englishwoman the misfortune of the time.

On account of this danger from brigands and from the disaffected Arabs, the Pasha forbade his son ever to go beyond the city walls, except in company with himself and his large escort. This prohibition fell hardly upon Azim Bey, who found his daily rides much curtailed and his weekly hunting-parties almost entirely stopped, but Cecil held sole command in their own courtyard, and would not permit any evasion of his Excellency's orders. Her pupil felt it very dull, and at last, when he grew thoroughly tired of rambles confined to the garden, began to ask again about the Yehudis and their work. Hearing that the yearly prize-giving at the schools was again approaching, he became much interested, and when Cecil hinted that he might possibly be invited to preside at the ceremony, his excitement rose to fever heat. An announcement that the children had been taught to sing an Arabic version of "God save the Queen," so arranged as to refer to the Sultan instead of to her most gracious Majesty, and an elaborate letter in Turkish from Dr. Yehudi, adorned with many flourishes, both literary and calligraphical, and requesting the honour of his presence, decided him to go, were it only with the view of encouraging loyalty in the rising generation. Even in this exalted state of mind, however, he exacted a solemn promise from both Cecil and Dr. Yehudi that Dr. Egerton should not be invited. This once settled, he bent himself to the task of obtaining his father's permission to go—a formality which the deluded Cecil had imagined to have been complied with long before.

After all, the Pasha was not very difficult to coax into consent, for he was specially anxious to stand well with England just then, and he had a vague idea that there were a good many people there who took an utterly incomprehensible interest in such an

unimportant and far-off object as the Jewish mission-school at Baghdad. But although he was willing that England should know of his tolerant behaviour, he was particularly anxious that the news of it should not spread in Baghdad, lest the mob should seek revenge at once against the Christians and against Azim Bey by burning down the mission-house, in which case his Excellency would have to make good the damage. For this reason, Azim Bey was informed, to his great chagrin, that he must go quite privately to the prize-giving, without any pomp and circumstance whatever, for fear of exciting the populace. Not a word was to be breathed of the matter to anyone but the parties immediately concerned; there was to be no military escort, no long train of servants, only the two nurses and the donkey-boys to attend upon Cecil and himself, and Masûd to give an air of respectability to the outing. All were to wear their plainest clothes, even the donkeys were not to be decked with their state trappings, and the route was strictly to be limited to unfrequented streets. Was there ever such a poor and mean imitation of the gorgeous pageant Azim Bey had proposed to himself? Still, it was a great thing to get out of the palace for a day, and the anticipated delights of playing lord paramount at the prize-giving consoled the boy under his disappointment.

The ride from the palace to the mission-house was undertaken in the quietest part of the day when there were few people in the streets, and it passed without any hostile manifestation or even any recognition of the riders. This fact delighted Cecil, but her pupil seemed to be a little piqued. He had been looking forward to an exciting and perilous transit, and this was rather tame in contrast, but his grievance was forgotten when the mission-house courtyard was safely reached, and he found that the buildings were decorated with flags, and that all the school-children were drawn up in line to receive him. When once he had dismounted, he drew himself up with an exact imitation of his father's rather pompous stride on state occasions, greeted Dr. and Mrs. Yehudi and Mr. and Mrs. Schad with great urbanity, and passed on to the house with them between the lines of children, bowing graciously right and left in his progress, as Cecil had told him was the custom of royalty in England. At the examination which followed he sat gravely in his chair and made sage remarks on what he heard, while the musical drill delighted him excessively. He distributed the prizes without the least shyness or awkwardness, and consoled the less fortunate children with sweets, a form of comfort which appealed very strongly to himself. He was an interested spectator of the games which followed, and of the feast to which the children at length sat down, and only consented to tear himself away at Cecil's repeated entreaties, assuring his hosts that he had enjoyed himself extremely and would have liked to remain until night

Cecil was not so happy, for all the latter part of the time she had been on thorns lest anything should happen to prevent their getting safely back through the city. With all her haste it was the cool of the day when they emerged from the gate of the mission-house, a time at which the streets were at their fullest. She dared not order her cavalcade to quicken their pace, for fear of attracting attention, but her precaution was in vain, for her pupil was recognised as they passed through a crowd collected at the street corner, and they were soon followed by a number of ill-conditioned men and boys making uncomplimentary remarks in Arabic. Azim Bey waxed exceedingly wroth at this, and wanted to order Masûd and the donkey-boys to charge the crowd, but Cecil succeeded in restraining him. She could not, however, keep him from exchanging defiances with his ragged escort, a proceeding which improved the temper of neither.

"I will have your heads cut off! You shall be impaled upon the walls!" shrieked the little fellow at last, and the crowd replied by derisive laughter and ominous threats directed against himself and the foreign woman, heaping special abuse on Cecil.

"These people not good, mademoiselle," said Um Yusuf, coming to her mistress's bridle-rein. "Someone from the harem has told them who we are, and they will kill us. We should get away from them. See, there is a house with door open. We may find shelter there."

Cecil repeated what Um Yusuf had said to her pupil, and Azim Bey, somewhat frightened now, consented to adopt the plan proposed. The donkeys' heads were quickly turned in the direction of the house, and before the astonished owners realised what was happening, the party were all inside the courtyard and the door shut and fastened.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JERSEY.—Of bad tempers there are several varieties. There is the violent, impetuous, and unreflecting. This form of the moral disease is the easiest to cure, and should be tamed by the mother in infancy and very early childhood. This description of temper is often hereditary. The sulky temper is very trying, and more so than the hasty, to others. It is the worst characteristic in a person's nature, because ill-feeling is indulged in at leisure and in cold blood. A touchy disposition, imagining affronts and suspecting unkind motives, is more objectionable still. "Charity thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked, beareth all things, believeth all things" (when apologies are made by the peace-makers). But the grace of God obtained through prayer will make the effort to correct all these unlovely characteristics successful. Of course they are susceptible of ultimate cure. To wrong those who are innocent of unkindness in thought or word, by your unworthy suspicions, is a grievous sin, so beware of indulgence in "thinking evil," and of listening to the evil speaking of mischief-makers.

LUCKY CAROLINE, A. S., DAHLIA.—Peroxide of hydrogen from any chemist at a cheap rate per ounce. It is said to be destructive of the hair. At any rate, if used, it turns it to a lighter colour, so that the trouble is not so evident, and ultimately it turns white and falls out. We cannot say whether this be true, but the application of a little every day would be harmless.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—Very good writing for your age.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We advise you to send your story to the editor of some magazine "on approbation," or else join the "Amateur Guild," Secretary, Miss M. Adamson, Oaklands, Lansdown Road, Tunbridge Wells.

MURIEL, A. M.—If your music master tells you he thinks you play very well for your age, why do you not answer your questioners by quoting his opinion?

RHODA CAREY.—We recommend you to apply to the Secretary of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W. (Mr. William Sly, Secretary). There is also a charitable society for the benefit of dressmakers and milliners at the same house in Sackville Street. There is also a society called "The Thimble League," for supplying poor women with employment. The central depot is at 28, Fulham Road, S.W., the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Robertson Aikman, at 7, Queen's Gate, S.W. When you ceased to be able to act as cook, of course your mistress had to supply your place with another servant. Of course, with her private charities, we have no business to say anything; God is her judge. You were not an old family servant, and had no claim upon her. Had you been twenty years or upwards in her service, you might naturally have looked for some gratuity on leaving.

A. JONES.—The maid should precede the visitors up the stairs, or on showing them out, of course, or how could she open the door in time to let them out or in, or announce them on entering the drawing-room? She should stop at the foot of the stairs and say, "What name, please, ma'am?" On which you should give your name distinctly, and let her go first upstairs. No, do not send up a card.

EDDELSIE.—1. A "dog day" is one of the days when Sirius, or "the Dog Star," rises and sets with the sun. The "dog days" begin at the latter end of July, and end at the beginning of September.—2. We never heard of such a battle; but it would be called "drawn," as neither side won it, of course.

FLORRIE P.—"Vermin" is a word used chiefly in the plural, and is applied to rats, mice, worms, earwigs, grubs, flies, bed-intruders, and the like. But rabbits would be called vermin in Australia, very probably. The term was applied anciently to larger animals which were noxious. Holland calls the crocodile vermin.

ROSA DARTLE.—The name "Ardath" will not be found in any geographical work nor atlas, and so we may presume it refers to the mere name of "the field" in which Esdras "sat among the flowers." Whether called after the owner's name, or whether an old one by which the piece of pasture-land was known, we have no means of ascertaining. Marie Corelli fancied the name and adopted it for her book, perhaps from the fact of its origin being obscure. ("The book of") *Ardath* was written by her only, so far as we have ever heard. It is no part of the *Apocrypha*, nor of the inspired writings. It is gratifying to hear of your warm appreciation of our paper.

H. I. P.—The name "Don Quixote" is pronounced as written—"Quix-ote"; and the French word, "*massage*," as "mass-aash," the final "e" being mute. It is not always possible to give the correct pronunciation of French words by the use of English letters. It should be taught orally.

M. R.—Dijims are used as hangings or curtains, and can be obtained at all the large shops where furniture coverings are sold.

ARALIA.—We suppose you mean *Aralia spinosa*, called in America, "Angelica tree," of which Pursh says, that the berries, when infused in spirits or wine, are of remarkable use in relieving rheumatic pains. Its pungency has also been found to relieve toothache. Another member of this ivy family is the famous Chinese *Ginseng*, which is considered by them to be a cure for every disease under the sun. It would require a good soil. We fancy that yours is in too exposed a position.

A LOYAL GIRL must sound the "h" in hotel, of course.

C. O. B.—1. "*Tandem fit surculus arbor*," means, "At length the sprig becomes a tree." It is the motto of the Douglas and Burnet families.—2. March 17th, 1878, was a Sunday; April 13th, 1880, was a Tuesday.

W. HASTINGS.—"The burial of Moses" is a poem by C. L. Alexander.

TRIED RECIPES FOR JANUARY.

Cintra Cakes.—Roll out half a pound of very light puff paste; if not making this paste for other things it is a convenience to buy a small quantity ready-made from a baker's. Line some patty pans with crust, it should be quite a quarter of an inch thick. Drop into the centre of each a teaspoonful of the following mixture, and bake the cakes in a very brisk oven for fifteen minutes. Let them cool on an upturned sieve. Filling:—

Two ounces of butter beaten to a cream with two ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of ground almonds, a drop or two of almond essence, the yolks and whites of two eggs, beaten separately, and a few sultana raisins or strips of thinly-shred candied peel.

Household Cheesecakes.—Quarter of a pound of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, and two ounces of stale sponge cake crumbs; a few drops of almond essence or half a glass of brandy, or the rind and juice of half a fresh lemon.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs one at a time, stir in the crumbs, the flavouring, etc., and fill patty pans that have been lined with very light, short, or flaky pastry. Bake about twenty-five minutes.

Breakfast Sausages.—Nothing is more tempting than a well-browned savoury sausage, but as roasting or baking proves often a wasteful process, and in unpractised hands, a very unsatisfactory one, a better plan will be found to be that of boiling the sausages in water overnight, for about ten minutes, first pricking the skins, leave them in the saucepan until the morning, when drain them, and lay on a grid, and either bake or broil them until brown all over alike, which they will very quickly be. The boiling swells them out, and also ensures their being cooked through, and renders them much easier of digestion

A Tasty Supper Dish.—Butter an enamelled plate, cover it with a crust half-an-inch thick, made with boiled potatoes mashed to a smooth paste with milk and an egg. The edges should be crimped as for an open pastry tart, and brushed over with beaten egg. Set the plate in a sharp oven for a few minutes to brown the crust, then fill the centre with a brown mince of any meat which has been cut small and simmered in thick gravy or sauce.

Broiled Steak (*Bifteck aux Pommes*).—Fine juicy rump steak, three quarters of an inch thick, cut into neat squares about three inches across; lay them in a *marinade* of salad oil (two or three tablespoonfuls), a spoonful of tarragon vinegar, teaspoonful of salt, and half one of pepper. Turn the steaks about in this at intervals, letting them lie for a couple of hours, then drain lightly, lay on a gridiron, and broil over a clear hot fire, turning frequently. Ten minutes broiling should be amply sufficient. Have ready some crisp fried potato chips to make a mound in the middle of a hot dish; lay the steaks around this and pour a little tomato gravy between them. Serve very hot and without delay.

A Yorkshire Tea-Cake.—One or two eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, ground rice and flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, and rub a teaspoonful of baking-powder into the flour. Mix all together with the beaten eggs and pour the mixture on two buttered plates. Bake to a light brown, then spread one cake with a nice jam or jelly and cover with the other one, sprinkling castor sugar over.

Good Beef-Essence for the Sick.—Cut one pound of steak or gravy beef into small bits, place in a jar and add a whole carrot and a pinch of salt. Close the jar as securely as possible with a tied down cloth, and set it in a saucepan of boiling water; boil for eight or ten hours, renewing the water frequently. This will produce about a tumblerful of what is veritably beef-juice or essence. One tablespoonful at a time is sufficient for an adult and a teaspoonful for a child. A grape or a tamarind should be given afterwards if found needful.

Apple Chutney, Home-made.—Boil a pint of brown vinegar with half a pound of brown sugar and a pound and a half of apples (weighed after being pared and cored) that are juicy and of good flavour. When these are reduced to a pulp turn them into a pan, and when cool add a quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, an ounce of salt, half an ounce of ground mustard-seed, quarter of an ounce of ginger, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a single clove of garlic; these latter should be pounded together. The mixture should be stirred daily for a week, then bottled, tied down with a bladder and kept in a dry, cool place.

Plain Tea-Cakes.—Two pounds of flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter rubbed into the flour, one egg, a morsel of German yeast the size of a walnut mixed with warm milk till dissolved, and sufficient milk to make the whole into a soft dough. Leave to rise in a warm place for a couple of hours, then shape into round cakes, brush over with melted butter and bake in brisk oven for half an hour. Butter while hot.

Sugar Puffs.—The same puff paste if rolled only half an inch thick, then cut into very small squares, the squares laid on a greased baking sheet, and baked in a quick oven to a crisp brown, then glazed over with white or pink sugar icing, and sprinkled with dried cocoanut or ground pistachio nuts, makes another variety of very pretty sweets for afternoon tea.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Mix three ounces of fine cake or bread crumbs with two ounces of butter, two ounces of castor sugar, and three ounces of desiccated cocoanut, previously soaked in boiling milk. Add the yolks and whites (beaten separately) of two fresh eggs, and half a pint of boiling milk with a pinch of salt. Pour into a buttered pie-dish, place an edge of pastry round and bake in gentle oven until firmly set.

Lemon Tart.—Line a tartlet dish with light short paste, rolled to the thickness of half-a-crown. Spread over with a mixture made with half a cup of sugar, the grated rind and juice of a whole lemon, an ounce of sultana raisins, a tablespoonful of sago, and an ounce of butter with half a teacupful of water, all these boiled together for five minutes. Cover the tart with an upper crust and bake for half-an-hour in a brisk oven. Brush over with water or milk, and sprinkle liberally with castor sugar and return to the oven for a moment or two. Serve hot.

An Excellent Recipe for Baking Powder.—Equal quantities of tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, say half a pound of each, four ounces of pounded lump sugar, a tablespoonful of dry salt, and half a pound of corn or rice-flour. The ingredients should be thoroughly dried before mixing them together, then they should be rubbed through a sieve and bottled for use.

This quantity can be made at home for a very small cost, and in a dry place will keep for a good length of time.

Some people use cream of tartar in place of half the quantity of tartaric acid; this does not make a lighter powder, but is perhaps rather more wholesome.

While no egg or custard powder is equal to the genuine article when that is good and fresh, yet the substitutes need not be despised when winter prices put fresh eggs out of the question for many cooking purposes.

A pinch of salt will help to make the whites of eggs whisk more easily.

A lump of sugar should be added to green vegetables when boiling, and a lump may also be put into soups and sauces to the great improvement of their flavour.

Sugar should be added to custard after it has boiled, not before. For custards that are baked in the oven, boiled milk should always be used.

Surprise Sausages.—Divide each sausage in half and remove the skins, roll in mashed potato, then dip in beaten egg and coat with bread raspings. Fry in boiling fat until crisp and brown, and garnish the dish with fried parsley.

Serve these very hot on a fancy paper *d'oyley*. Although these demand a little patience and trouble, they prove a delicious and dainty breakfast relish.

A Bachelor's Stew of Veal.—A small stewpan with well-fitting lid is needed for this, also a slice of veal about an inch thick.

Dissolve a small lump of beef dripping in a frying-pan and brown the veal on both sides.

Dredge with flour, pepper and salt; lay some strips of fat bacon at the bottom of the stewpan, then place the veal upon that, also a few rounds of carrot, a small onion, and a small cupful of chopped celery with two shalots. A few peas or French beans may also be added if liked. A little sauce or ketchup should be added to a teacupful of boiling water and poured over all. Cover very closely and simmer for two hours in a moderate oven. Place the veal on a hot dish and garnish with the vegetables. Clear the gravy from fat.

L. H. YATES.

VOL. XVII.—No. 835.] DECEMBER 28, 1895. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PATIENT GENEVIEVE.

A TRANSCRIPTION.

BY J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "West Dene Manor," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

AUTUMN had now arrived. The sun rose later and shone less brightly; the warbling of birds sounded not from the leafless trees and bushes; and the flowers had vanished before the cold boisterous wind. Genevieve sat at the door of her cave, her eyes full of tears, and her heart oppressed with anxiety.

"Mother," said Schmerzenreich, "is it because God no longer loves us that he makes all the leaves and flowers wither?"

"No, my child," said Genevieve. "He always loves us. All things on earth are subject to change, but the love of God never changes. Winter is now at hand, and soon we shall once more have spring and everything will again be beautiful.

"But I am afraid the earth is going to be entirely destroyed," said Schmerzenreich very sadly.

"You may believe me, dear child," said Genevieve, "the same thing happens every year. You should be glad when winter begins because then you know that spring is very near."

She was now constantly occupied in collecting beech and hazel nuts, sloes, haws, and

All rights reserved.] "IT WAS GENEVIEVE CLAD IN HER ROBE OF SHEEPSKIN."

all fruits and berries which were eatable for food in the winter, and her little son helped her as much as he could. But her want of proper clothing made her very anxious, as the one garment which she had already worn for such a long time was almost worn out.

One day she set to work to try to stitch the ragged fragments together with pointed thorns and fibres of grass, but without success. "Ah!" she sobbed, "what would I not give now for a needle and a few skeins of thread!"

"Mother," said Schmerzenreich, who was sitting by her, "do you remember when I asked you why it was that the doe sheds her hair, and you said that it is because in summer God gives her a light reddish-brown coat, and in winter he changes it for a grey one of a warm kind. God is sure to give you also a warm dress. Are not you dearer to Him than the doe?"

His mother kissed the little boy and said, "You are right, dear child; I will rest satisfied that He who clothes the beasts and the flowers of the field will provide raiment for me also."

Some days afterwards she told the child to keep close to the cave, and, taking a strong bough and a gourd of milk, she went farther than usual into the forest to procure an additional store of fruit. At the foot of a steep hill she sat down to rest and drink some milk. Suddenly a wolf appeared, dragging a sheep by the neck, and at first he glared so fiercely at Genevieve that she trembled. But, soon recovering her presence of mind, she dealt the wolf such a violent blow with the branch which she carried, that he let go the sheep and actually ran away howling. Genevieve knelt down by the sheep and tried to revive it with a little milk, but it was already dead. Then she discovered that it was one of her own sheep, for it was branded with her husband's mark. "I must be close to my home," she thought. "Suppose I were to return there with my child! But no! I am bound by my promise to those two men who saved my life, and I will not break my word but trust in God. He will deliver me in His own way if He so pleases. It would be better to suffer misery than to endure a reproachful conscience."

She determined to turn this incident to her advantage. She searched for a sharp shell, with which she flayed off the thick, woolly sheepskin, after which she washed it clean in the brook, dried the fleece in the sun, fashioned it into a sort of dress and put it on.

It was late when Genevieve came home, and Schmerzenreich ran out to meet her.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I have been longing so to see you. But what is this that you have got on? Your dress is just like mine; where did you get it?"

"It is a present from our good God," said Genevieve.

The boy was delighted and skipped about for joy.

"I told you," said he, "that God would be sure to give you a warm new dress for the winter, and oh! how happy I am that I was right. How beautifully curled it is, and what a lovely white—just like the white clouds in the spring. It is easy to see that this is a gift from Heaven."

The severe weather obliged Genevieve and her little son to keep almost entirely inside their cave; but on fine days they would go a little way into the valley, and then Genevieve would teach the boy to admire the wintry scene, trying to make the best of everything for his sake.

"See," she would say, "though all other trees are bare, God has left the evergreen firs their leaves that they may shelter the beasts of the forest. Even in winter the birds have their subsistence, for the rough juniper bears its fresh blue-berries; and the running brook never freezes, so that they are always supplied with drink. God is very kind and bountiful to all His creatures."

But she was not without sorrows. Her little boy would go to sleep early on the dark, cold, long winter nights, and Genevieve would feel very lonely and sad.

"Ah," she would sometimes think, "if I had but a little lamp, what a blessing it would be. And how happy I should be if I had a good book or even a spindle and some flax." But she never failed to be comforted by the thought of God, and to gain fresh cheerfulness and strength by casting all her care upon Him.

The changing seasons succeeded one another until the seventh winter arrived of Genevieve's life in the wilderness. The cold was exceptionally severe; the walls of the cave were sheeted with ice, and the bitter wind blew quantities of snow through the door. Genevieve became so ill that at last she prepared to die.

And what in the meantime had become of her husband Count Siegfried? When first he had heard the story of her fate, his grief and despair had been so terrible, that, but for the letter which Bertha gave him in which Genevieve desired him to pardon her murderer, he would have caused a fearful vengeance to be executed upon Golo, whom he however suffered to live, a prisoner in the very dungeon which Genevieve had been obliged to occupy. Faithfully did the Count endeavour to fulfil all the requests contained in his wife's letter; but he was broken-hearted, and had it not been for old friends and brothers-in-arms who dwelt near him, and insisted with a soldier's rough sympathy that he should join their hunting parties, he would have become a perfect recluse.

One day when Count Siegfried was following the chase, he missed wounding a doe which he pursued on horseback through thorns and bushes, and over rocky cliffs, until at last it took shelter in Genevieve's cabin where it had so long been accustomed to dwell. The Count dismounted from his horse and looked into the cavern, where he beheld in a gloomy corner an emaciated human form, which rose and came forth into the daylight. It was Genevieve, clad in her robe of sheepskin, her arms and feet bare, and her long golden hair flowing over her shoulders. She knew Count Siegfried at once, but he did not recognise her until she spoke, and then the amazement and joy of their meeting was greater than can be described. And to add a crowning joy to the Count's delight in finding the beloved wife whom he had so long mourned as dead, his little son came presently into the cave. The child, whose dark curling hair, and well-formed nose, and lofty brow, were a perfect miniature of his own, came and looked fearlessly into his father's face, and Count Siegfried was charmed at beholding him.

But after the first joy of this happy meeting was over, the Count was grieved to notice how wretched was the attire of both Genevieve and his son, and how miserable was their cold dwelling. Genevieve, however, checked his lamentations for the sufferings she had endured.

"Say not a word more, dear Siegfried," she cried, "God has provided me with many pleasures even in this desert. Even palaces are not exempt from sorrow. Have you suffered less than I? Let us forget our sorrows. Look at your little boy. The simple food he has enjoyed, and God's beautiful fresh air have given him health and strength. Be therefore of good cheer, and thank God for all that He sends us in His great wisdom and love."

He was greatly affected by the story of her life in the wilderness. "Is it not wonderful," he said, "that a dumb animal should have been my guide to this secluded dwelling when there was no human tongue to tell me that my dear wife and child were so near me, and yet in such distress and necessity? Ah!" he concluded in a tone of the deepest feeling and reverence, "how easily and yet how wondrously dost Thou, most wise and merciful Lord, devise help for us in our worst need! How faithful should our trust remain in Thee, dark and hopeless though our fate may seem to human eyes!"

The Count then sounded on his hunting-horn a call to his followers, and caused a fire to be lighted. He also despatched messengers to his castle to bring warm clothing for Genevieve that should be suitable to her rank, and he sent directions that a litter should be brought in which she might be conveyed home.

The faithful retainers were overjoyed to hear that the Countess was living, and they were delighted with the beautiful little boy, whose quaint and intelligent remarks amused them very much.

"So this is a fire!" he said, as he stood by its genial blaze, "I never knew it could be such a beautiful thing, and, if I had ever seen it before, I would have prayed our good God to give us some. Don't you think mother, that we should have been very glad of a little of it this winter?"

At dinner he was very much pleased with the beautiful red and golden streaked apples, and could with difficulty prevail on himself to eat anything so pretty. When he saw a drinking glass he examined it with great wonder, and would hardly dare to touch it, handling it—when at last he did take it up—as if it were something very delicate and precious.

"Why, it does not melt after all," he cried in great astonishment. "Is it not made of ice then?" When he was told what it really was, he was quite as much surprised. "Oh!" he said, "what a number of beautiful things there are that I had never even heard of."

The banquet was scarcely ended when the messengers arrived from the castle, and Genevieve, first kneeling alone in prayer in the cavern which had so long been her only shelter, prepared to return with a joyous and thankful heart to the home whence she had been driven in misery. As soon as the cavalcade emerged from the forest, it was met by crowds of people who, on hearing tidings of Genevieve, had at once cast aside their business or pleasure and hastened in order to greet her with tears of joy and loud huzzahs. Among these crowds were two men who threw themselves at Genevieve's feet and begged forgiveness of her for the silence they had maintained with regard to her fate.

"But ah, gracious Countess," said they, "we deemed it impossible that you could have escaped death from wild beasts even if cold and hunger did not cause you to perish. Truly we thought that you and your child were dead."

Genevieve desired them to rise, saying, "Ah, it is to you to whom, after God, I owe my own life and that of my child. You were hired to kill us, but you listened in the end more to God than to man, and I am sure that you do not repent of the pity you then bestowed upon me?"

"Ah," they replied, "we thought then that we did a brave deed in sparing your lives; but now we understand that our duty should have led us to risk our own lives to take you in safety to your father and mother."

Count Siegfried spoke a few words to them of forgiveness, and they then followed the procession.

"You see, now," said Heinz, "how right I was when I said one should never be afraid to act rightly however dangerous it may appear

to do so. Sooner or later a good action is sure to meet with reward."

So these two men, who had tried to act rightly according to the little knowledge they possessed, were made happy by receiving gratitude as well as forgiveness; but the wretched Golo, who had deliberately chosen to do evil instead of good, met, although his life was spared at the request of Genevieve, with a terrible fate. The terrors of a bad conscience preyed so fearfully upon the mind he had only used to plan wickedness, that his reason gave way in his despair, and the legend tells us that he at last desired that his miserable life might be put an end to.

The doe had a stall assigned to her in the castle stables, but she was also allowed to roam at her pleasure all about the grounds and the court, and for many years she continued to be a living lesson of the help dumb animals may be to those who never treat them with unkindness or neglect.

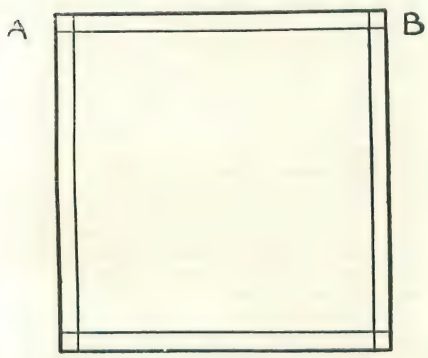
Genevieve lived a life of great happiness with her husband and her son. Her joyful meeting with her aged father and mother, who had so long mourned her as an innocent murdered victim of injustice and cruelty, must be imagined rather than told. Good Bishop Hildorf shared their joy in this meeting.

"Ah!" he was wont to say in after years, "whenever God intends to specially fit any one of us for His higher service, He always tries our hearts in the furnace of sorrow."

And often also he would think to himself, "Genevieve's griefs and sufferings have worked a more blessed result amongst my flock than any sermons of mine could ever have done."

[THE END.]

THE CRIMEAN NIGHTCAP.



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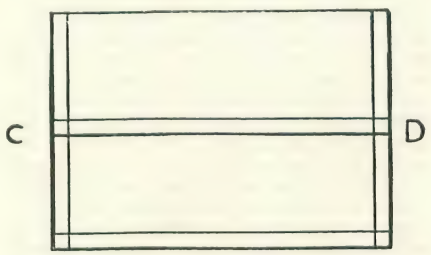

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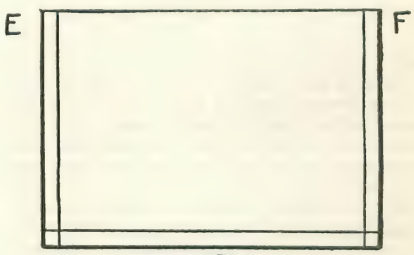

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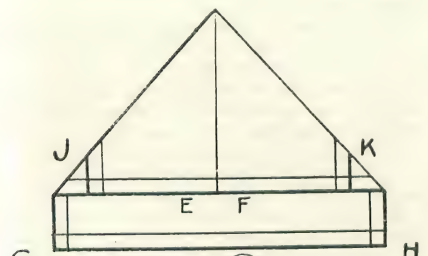

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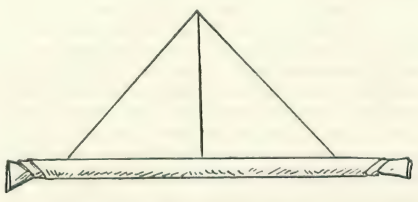


FIG (5)

FIG (6)

FIG (7)

WHY Crimean? I know not, except that tradition says the officers found the need and comfort of them during the Crimean war, but for the truth of this I cannot vouch. However, whether Crimean, Franco-German, or Chino-Japanese, it is a very comfortable nightcap, made in a minute, and the material is at everyone's disposal, for the only thing required is one pocket-handkerchief! A gentleman's full-sized is the best, but for a child a lady's would do.

Spread out the *mouchoir* (Fig. 1), and take the corners A and B, fold them one-third over (Fig. 2) C and D, then turn the handkerchief carefully over (Fig. 3), take the corners E and F, fold them towards the centre (Fig. 4). Now take hold of the corners G and H, and roll them up to J K, and you have Fig. 5, put it on, tying it under the chin (Fig. 6), and the back will be found remarkably well-fitting (Fig. 7). They are capital when travelling by night, or indeed at any time when repose and quiet are needed.

"COUSIN LIL."

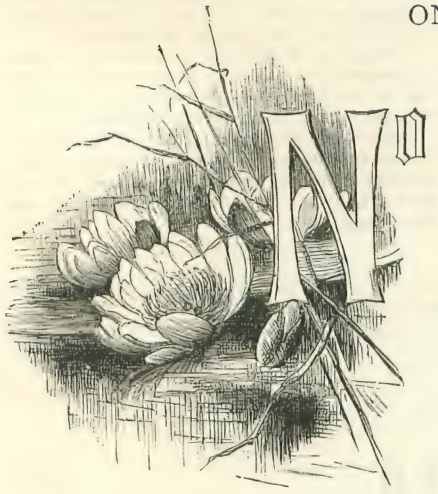
OUR HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND.

OUR well-off and charitable girls who three years ago subscribed between them £13 10s. 11d., in order that old readers who had become too poor, through no fault of their own, might have the magazine sent to them monthly free of charge, would be delighted to read the letters of gratitude sent to the Editor on their behalf. Out of this sum we have spent £9 14s. 10d., leaving a balance of £3 16s. 1d. Unfortunately this sum is not enough to send to twenty girls, as we have been doing, so please will the favoured girls of the earth send us a little more money, for with this new volume we are only helping half the number of our pensioners. One girl writes in gratitude for the past, but sadly ends her letter by "Now that it has gone it is like an old friend departed." Another says, "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has not arrived for this month. I hope you are still going to continue to send it to me, for I am still in low water, and could not afford to buy it. After having had it for such a long time, I should miss it very much. When I was better off I had them bound, and hope some time to be able to have these you have given to me bound to correspond."

Of course there are many sad letters with touching accounts of poverty which we are bound to treat as private and confidential, but they are all full of loving admiration for the magazine. So, dear well-to-do readers, join our "Help-One-Another Fund," and address your subscriptions to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.



name but Lily would have been fit for you!"

Wilfrid Locksley's tone was emphatic, and it called up a blush on the cheek of the fair young girl who walked by his side. Her eyes were as clear and bright as the morning, and there was a purity and freshness about her that justified his remark.

But it was a remark that was, perhaps, hardly justified by an acquaintanceship of only a week's standing, and if her mother had heard it the frown upon her brow would have been even darker than it was.

"Robert!" she said, turning to her husband, who still sat at the breakfast-table absorbed in his newspaper, "just come here a moment, will you?"

"What is it, my dear?" he asked without raising his eyes from the sheet.

"Something that grieves me very much," she said.

Mr. Francis was by her side in a moment, and followed the direction of her hand as it pointed towards the open window.

"Well, what of that?" he said, as his eyes rested proudly on his daughter's slender figure.

"What of that?" she repeated rather bitterly, "that is what men always say until it is too late! Do you wish Lily's heart to be carried off by such a man as Mr. Locksley?"

"Nonsense, my dear!" said Mr. Francis, rather more sharply than was his wont. "I believe that women think of nothing but match-making from morning to night. Lily is quite wise enough to take care of herself, and I am not at all afraid of her heart. I suppose you will be saying next that I ought not to have allowed him to come here."

"I think it would have been more prudent certainly," said Mrs. Francis.

Her husband turned on his heel impatiently, but thinking better of it after a minute he went back and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't judge him too hardly," he said. "I should not like to see my son like him in all things, of course; but I daresay he is not so black as he is painted. He is the son of my oldest friend, and for that reason, if for no other, I am bound to befriend him."

Mrs. Francis looked far from satisfied, but she said no more. She was vexed that Wilfrid Locksley should have come into their neighbourhood for the hunting, and vexed that he should have had a fall from his horse when near their park gates; but she was even more vexed with her husband for bringing him in to be nursed and tended. Such nonsense, when there was an excellent hospital only two miles off.

In vain Mr. Francis had asked her how she should feel if Charley fell off his horse at the gate of a friend of theirs and was not kindly received?

Charley was a dear good boy, she said, and it would be a privilege to anyone to nurse him, and, therefore, the two cases were entirely different.

Mr. Francis did not dispute with her, he knew his wife too well; but he quietly held to his point. He had a strong feeling for the son of his old friend, even though he was personally unknown to him; and the fact that he was said to have gambled away half his property already, only made him the more glad of an opportunity of administering a little good advice.

Wilfrid listened to the good advice respectfully, and stifled his yawns meanwhile; but he drank in all Lily's remarks with an avidity that he took no pains to conceal. For the first time in his life he was thrown into intimate relations with a girl whose goodness none could doubt; her beauty pleased him, her sweetness and sympathy soothed him, and her ignorance of the world and its ways awed him into something very much unlike his usual self.

Lily Francis had often heard young Locksley spoken of in terms of reprobation; people had spoken before her of his gambling and racing, and his bad companions, and though the words conveyed but a vague idea to her mind, they had made an impression upon her which caused her to shudder at his name.

But now she was suddenly brought face to face with him, and she found him quite unlike what she had pictured him. There was a power and a freedom about him that interested her strangely, a wild air of daring and strength that she had never met with before, and which made her think of the corsairs and bandits of her favourite books. If she had been a girl of a different mould she would have fallen in love with him out of hand, but Lily Francis had been brought up to believe that she had a mission in life, and she felt that it would be a far more interesting mission to lead this daring stranger to forsake the error of his ways, than to teach Tommy Jones the catechism. A more experienced woman would have looked upon such an enterprise as well-nigh hopeless, but Lily possessed to perfection the courage that is born of ignorance, and she set about her task with as ardent a conviction of success as that which inflamed the breast of Joan of Arc or any other champion of a desperate cause.

It gave her no surprise that Wilfrid Locksley listened reverently to her words, though his friends would have as readily believed that a wild beast would allow itself to be led by a silken string; she did not even pride herself on the subdued tones of his voice nor the softened expression of his face, for they were no more than she had expected.

But Wilfrid, for his part, felt an utter amazement that he could find no words to express.

"I don't know why I listen to you!" he said one day when Lily had been giving him her views on his mode of life in very plain terms. "You seem so pure somehow, so different from anybody I have ever met, that I ought to be ashamed to talk to you about myself, and yet I can't help talking to you."

"Perhaps it is because I sympathise with you," said Lily.

"Do you sympathise with me?" he cried eagerly. "A white little soul like you! I'm not fit to kiss the dust off your feet."

"Nothing can be done without sympathy," said Lily.

"That's true!" he said, looking at her with awestruck eyes. "How do you learn things like that? I wish I had known you sooner; I might have been a different fellow then; I've never had anyone to sympathise with me, though there have been plenty to preach to me. If I had had a mother or a sister to love me in spite of everything, I might have kept straight; but there has been no one to hold out a hand to me, no one till I met you!"

His words ended in a sort of sob, and he turned away and began to pull the roses from a bush near by with a shaking hand; he was weak yet from the effects of his fall, and unwonted emotion such as this was too much for him.

Lily looked at him compassionately. "It is never too late to begin again," she said.

It was the kind of platitude that may be found in every copybook, but Wilfrid heard it as though it had been a message of life from the dead.

"Do you mean that?" he said.

"Yes, I do," said Lily, "there is strength that we may all have for the asking, and you may have it as well as another, it will enable you to cast off the old life and begin afresh."

"Lily!" called her mother's voice at that moment, and Lily was obliged to go.

"Who says there are no angels!" said Wilfrid to himself, as he watched the sunlight fall on the retreating figure of the girl with her white dress and golden hair. "She's an angel on earth, God bless her! and if there is still a chance for me it is because I have known her."

"What would you say if I told you I wanted to turn over a new leaf?" he said, the next time he saw her alone.

The boldness of his ordinary manner was replaced by an awkward shyness that sat strangely upon him, but it seemed only natural to Lily that he should be humble before her.

"I should feel that my interest in you had not been all in vain," she said.

A light dawned in his eyes. "Why are you so good to me?" he said. "No one else cares a straw what becomes of me. I will show you that I am not quite unworthy of your trust in me. This place seems like a harbour where I am safe from temptation, but as soon as I get out in the open sea again the winds will be down on me from all quarters at once. I've had two letters already from fellows who want me to go to the races with them next week, and I know what will happen if I do!"

"But you won't go?" said Lily anxiously.

"No, no," he said, "don't be afraid. I've broken with that for good and all; you have shown me a better way of life, and I'll not go back now. Only remember one thing," he paused a moment and looked at her solemnly, "you first taught me to have faith in God and man, and if I lose my trust in you I shall be lost."

It was an awful responsibility, but Lily did not shrink from it. "I will not fail you," she said, and Locksley looked at her with an adoration that left no room for doubt.

"I am glad Mr. Locksley is going to-morrow," said Mrs. Francis to her daughter next day.

"I don't think he has given much trouble," said Lily, "and he really seems to be improved by his stay here."

"We will hope he is," said Mrs. Francis severely, "there was need for it I am sure."

Wilfrid's entrance put a sudden stop to the conversation, and Mrs. Francis turned towards him with a smile.

"We are going to drive over to the bazaar at the Selminster Townhall this afternoon," she said, "will you come with us?"

"Bazaars are not much in my line," said Wilfrid, "I think I had rather take a quiet stroll here."

"Do come with us," said Lily, a few minutes later, when her mother had been called out of the room, "it is so seldom that we have anything going on, and Selminster is such a pretty old place."

"If you want me to go, I will go," said Wilfrid, "but I don't care to have anything going on. For once in my life I enjoy being perfectly quiet, and I want no other pleasure than to walk about the village with you and hear your praises sung by the people."

Her mother's return prevented Lily from making any reply, but though Mrs. Francis did not know the cause of the blush on her daughter's cheek, she felt more than ever thankful that their visitor's time of departure was so near at hand.

Selminster was certainly a very pretty old place, and it looked its best on this summer afternoon when the streets were gay with flags and arches. The neighbouring magnate of the county had opened the bazaar, and as he was a person of much importance the people had all turned out to do him honour.

A band was playing when they entered the hall and the scene was certainly very picturesque, for the stalls were gaily decorated, and the ladies who sold from them were dressed in fanciful costumes.

"Oh, isn't this lovely!" exclaimed Lily.

Her eyes were sparkling, and there was an excitement in her manner that made her seem very different from the quiet and holy maiden of Wilfrid's adoration.

He smiled rather grimly as she looked up at him. "It is very well done, no doubt," he said, "but I don't care much for this kind of thing."

"Don't you?" said Lily, rather sobered by his tone, "I am sorry for that. It makes me so happy to think of the poor patients in the hospital who will reap the benefit of all this."

Wilfrid's face cleared. What a brute he had been to doubt her! Of course it was only her sweet kindness that made her so appreciative, and he was beginning a heartfelt apology when Lily was accosted by a gay young lady of her acquaintance.

"You must come and help at my stall a little while!" she cried, "I have been dying for you all day;" and so saying she bore off her prize in triumph.

Left alone in the crowd Wilfrid had nothing to do but to watch what was going on, and though he did not feel jealous of the attentions that were paid to Lily he passed a very bad half-hour all the same.

If he had seen any other girl behaving as she was doing he would have thought nothing of it, for she was perfectly ladylike in manner and speech; but he had learnt to think of her as something apart from everyday life altogether, and it gave him an almost unbearable shock to find her dethroned from her pedestal. But the afternoon would soon be over happily, and when he saw her again safe in the seclusion of her own home, he should know that this was only a bad dream.

His thoughts were interrupted by a gay voice at his elbow. "Now, Mr. Locksley! You have bought nothing all the afternoon, you must really give us half-a-crown."

He could hardly believe that it was Lily's voice that met his ear, but as he turned with a start he saw her beside him, accompanied by the same dashing young lady who had carried her off to her stall.

"I shall be very happy to give you half-a-crown," he said, taking a coin from his pocket as he spoke. "May I ask what you want it for?"

"It is my friend, Miss Archdale, who wants it; let me introduce you."

Locksley bowed politely, and Miss Archdale immediately poured out a flood of chatter of a kind to which he was well accustomed, but which he had somehow never expected to hear in Lily's company.

"Is it to you that I am to give my half-crown?" he said, without caring to answer her lively remarks.

"Yes, it is for this raffle that we are getting up. We have had several already, they are such fun! I haven't won anything, I always have bad luck; but Lily has got the loveliest little tea-service you ever saw! But what do you think Colonel Templeton said to me just now! I really must tell you. I asked him to take a chance and he said, 'Thank you, but I don't approve of raffles.' Did you ever hear anything so foolish? One can stand those sort of speeches from a clergyman, because of course they are paid to make them, but from anyone else it's simply sickening!"

A look came over Locksley's face while she spoke that she did not in the least comprehend, and as she finished he turned towards Lily and said abruptly—

"Do you approve of them?"

"I think they are quite justifiable," said Lily, "it is for a good object, you know."

"Very well," said Locksley, "there is my half-crown. Will you tell Mrs. Francis that I am walking back? The air of this room is rather too hot for me."

"What a bear!" said Miss Archdale, looking after him with some disgust, "he did not so much as bow to me! However, we must hurry on, or we shall not get this card filled up."

Wilfrid meanwhile was walking home at the top of his speed, his face white with anger and his mind full of thoughts that might have been summed up in the sentence, "Why was I such a fool as to believe that she was not a hypocrite and a humbug like the rest?"

Was she a hypocrite? Let all those whose practice is perfectly consistent with their profession answer the question!

When Mr. Francis returned home that evening, he found a note on his writing-table informing him that his guest had been suddenly obliged to return to London, and was sorry not to be able to thank him in person for all his kindness during the past fortnight.

"Locksley's gone!" he said, as he came into the drawing-room before dinner. "Did you know anything of it?"

"No," said Mrs. Francis with some displeasure in her tone, "but I am not surprised. I did not expect gratitude from such a man."

"You are severe, my dear!" said Mr. Francis, while Lily interposed eagerly, "I think you are unjust to him, mamma; he was most grateful, I am sure, for all the advice I gave him."

Mrs. Francis cast a look at her husband as much as to say, "I told you so!" and he was glad to drop the subject.

Lily's time hung rather heavily upon her hands after Locksley's departure. There had been a flattery in the whole of his bearing towards her that was very delightful, and she found it dull work to go back to her usual round of duties. But she felt a calm certainty that her work had not been in vain; she should hear of great results, and when Wilfrid was respected and admired by all who knew him she should have the proud delight of feeling that he owed it all to her.

She had a secret hope that he would write to her for further advice and encouragement, but days and weeks passed on and nothing was heard of him, till one day her father gave a loud exclamation as he took up the newspaper.

"My dear Robert! what is it?" asked Mrs. Francis, as she stopped in her task of pouring out the tea.

"Why, that poor wretched Locksley has committed suicide!"

Both ladies gave a start and a cry of dismay, and Mr. Francis threw down the paper.

"There, read it for yourselves," he said, "I can't stand it!" and he went out of the room and banged his study door after him.

Lily felt inexpressibly shocked, but she took up the paper and read the paragraph through.

Wilfrid's losses on the turf had been enormous, and despairing and miserable he had shot himself through the head!

"The way the dear child bears it is marvellous!" said Mrs. Francis to her husband that evening, "I really hope that her heart was not much touched after all. But what an escape she has had!"

"She has indeed!" said Mr. Francis, "and sorry as I am for the poor fellow, I see now that you were right in saying we ought not to receive him. When once that kind of thing gets ingrained in a man, it's all up with him."

Lily was rather quieter than usual for the next day or two. It was very painful to think of such a fate befalling a man who had so lately been under their roof; but still she had the consolation of feeling that she had done her duty and used the opportunity that had been given her; if he had not chosen to profit by it that was not her fault.

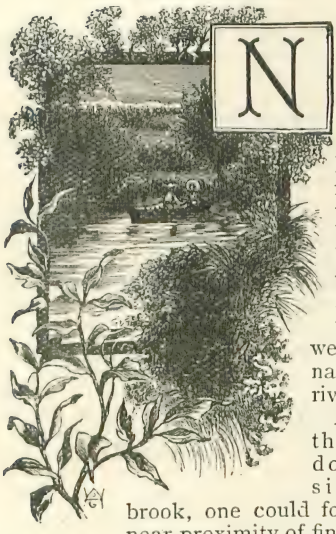
By the time Sunday came she had quite recovered her spirits and walked to church with her father and mother dressed in spotless white, and with the calm sweet expression that poor Locksley in his foolishness had thought angelic. She received the curtseys of the school-children and the admiring smiles of the villagers as graciously as ever; nor did she flinch nor turn a shade paler when the clergyman's voice uttered the solemn words, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea!"

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A RIVER-SIDE TRYST.



NOT more than half a mile from the Larches ran a wide babbling brook, which sometimes went by the name of the river.

Away in the meadows beside the brook, one could forget the near proximity of fine houses and fashionable people, of the railway, the rising villas and shops, and the comparative nearness of the great metropolis. The place was still as rural and lonely as it had been fifty years before. The meadows were tenanted by drowsy cattle, beside the river banks grew the tall meadow-sweet and wild hemlock. The little warblers sang in the willows and alders that fringed the banks, and on summer evenings village maidens and their swains wandered here, exchanging in their own fashion vows of love and constancy.

These meadows and the river banks had always been a favourite resort of the girls of the Larches, when tired of the limits of their own garden. A secluded foot-path led from their shrubbery right down to the water-side meadows, and it had been a common practice with Guinivere at one time to wander here alone or with Beatrice, and often their solitude had been invaded by other friends—Kitty Kane perhaps, or Arnold Leslie, or Roger Howel—but this more seldom, for he was the newer friend—who would enjoy the sylvan rusticity of the place likewise and in their company.

But this summer had been too full of other excitements for Guinivere to think of the river or its solitude. Last summer she and Arnold had met not unfrequently here, by what she regarded as accident, and they had walked and talked together, and drawn near in intimacy and sympathy. It was during these walks and talks that Guinivere had come to feel that he possessed a charm which always exercised itself over her when they were together, and it was this charm which had made itself felt yesterday, when she had promised to come there again to meet him.

She hardly knew why she had made the promise. She was half afraid that harm would come of it, and yet she wanted to go. She had felt sometimes as though she were throwing away the substance for what might only prove to be the shadow. This was only at very rare moments, it is true, but the qualm had presented itself from time to time, when she had heard the light and trifling way in which those about her spoke on subjects which she had been brought up to consider sacred and serious. Now and then it had occurred to her to ask, "Suppose he should mean nothing after all by this? Suppose it is just his way of amusing himself whilst he is here?" She would repel the unwelcome suggestion with scorn, and look in her glass for a refutation of the distasteful thought. Nevertheless she recognised a difference in essence between Lord Woodmayne and a man like Arnold Leslie, and she was not willing to lose the friendship of the one, at any rate before she was sure of the other.

Little as she might be aware of it, her desire was to keep as many slaves and lovers as possible around her, and to take her choice when she was quite certain of herself. She did not think of herself as a heartless coquette—indeed perhaps she was not exactly one. But self had become her absorbing idol, and day by day she was more and more bent on selfish pleasures and selfish ends. So that it seemed to her natural and right to act for her own best interest in all things, without pausing to consider how her conduct would affect others.

There is always a sense of flatness after a long-expected event has taken place. Perhaps it was with the fear that the morrow would be rather a tame and colourless day that Guinivere had so easily suggested a tryst beside the stream. Perhaps she was conscious of a qualm of repulsion against all the adulation and honeyed flattery she had received, and was desirous of shaking it off at least for a time, and returning to the purer atmosphere in which she had lived until she had been taken up by the fashionable ones of the world.

So at least hoped and believed the young man in the well-cut but rough grey knickerbocker suit, who was leaning against a pollarded willow, and looking absently into the dimpling water.

He was engaged in finding and making excuses in his heart for a great deal that he had heard and seen with pain yesterday.

He had been absent some little time from Willington until he came for a few days' holiday, urged by Kitty, who wanted him to see the pastoral play of which all were talking, and he had been altogether unprepared for the dazzling triumph which Guinivere had had. Also he had been perplexed and pained by much in her manner and aspect, which seemed to him the growth of some unnatural element, that was foreign to her truer nature.

"They have been turning her head. They have been taking advantage of her. They have been poisoning her girlish innocence and purity by their worldly ways and words. But it cannot be her desire to be the idol of a fashionable mob! She was made for better things, and I think she must know it. So beautiful and sweet and tender. Oh no! she may have been dazzled, but surely she is not yet spoiled! I have not much to offer but my love, and a home which I will toil day and night to make worthy of her. Yet surely she may be willing to come to me! I had not meant to speak until my burdens were all paid off—till things were as I see my way to make them. But surely if her heart is sick—as I think it must sometimes be—with the hollow show and the tinsel and glitter, she may be willing to be my helpmeet in the task I have set myself, which will be so greatly sweetened by her presence! Oh, I will hope! I may hope for that at least! How ready she was to say she would meet me here! She has not forgotten old days any more than I have done!"

Arnold woke from his reverie to find that she had come. She did not appear to have seen him. She had seated herself upon a fallen tree trunk some fifty paces away, and was looking musingly at the water which almost lapped her feet.

She was dressed in a long plain white dress, and her hair was knotted carelessly behind instead of being elaborately dressed in some fashionable style. She had thrown off her white hat, which lay at her feet, for the sunshine was veiled and tender to-day, and a soft breeze was blowing to temper the heat.

He made a quick step forward.

"Guinivere!" he said and advanced with outstretched hands.

She looked up at him with a smile, but did not give her hand, treating him with the intimacy which had crept into their relations as a natural thing. But he possessed himself of her left hand, and held it between both of his, whilst his eyes rested upon her face with a tender yearning gaze, which had something very wistful in its expression.

Guinivere looked rather past than at him. She felt the homage of his spirit, and it thrilled her strangely. Yet there was almost more of bitterness than sweetness in her mind, and all in a moment she wished she had not come, for there was something in Arnold's silence and in the strong, nervous clasp of his fingers which told her that this interview would not be what she had planned. That it would not be just a pleasant dreamy talk like those of old, where she could receive all with tender grace, and give just as much or as little as she chose, but that things would be said that she did not wish yet to hear, and that she might be called upon for a definite decision—just the very thing in all the world that she had no wish to be driven to make!

"Guinivere," he said again, "do you know what I am here to say to you?"

She rallied herself and looked up at him. Surely her newly-acquired *savoir faire* and *sang froid* were not going to desert her in presence of this youth, whom her new friends would label as a "country bumpkin!"

"To say? Why, something pretty and amusing, I hope! I want some entertaining I can tell you, for everything seems so flat to-day. Tell me, how did you like the play yesterday, Arnold? Everybody said it was charming. But one never knows if they are sincere. I think you always were to be trusted. So give me the benefit of your opinion. What did you think about it?"

"I'm afraid I am the worst person you could go to for an opinion, for I never saw the play at all!"

"Oh, Arnold! how can you say so? Why, I saw you there myself, staring as hard as anybody, and with such a solemn face!"

"Yes, I was there," he answered gravely, "and I was looking on all the time; but I never saw the play. I do not even know what it was about. I only saw you, Guinivere!"

She tried to give him one of her arch, coquettish smiles, but somehow she could not raise her eyes quite as far as his. She did not wish to meet their direct gaze.

"I declare you have paid me the prettiest compliment of all the company! You are getting on, Arnold!"

"I am only telling you the simple truth," he answered quietly; "I think I saw nothing and nobody but you all that long afternoon. But, Guinivere, may I say it? a great deal that I saw made me very sorrowful."

Her eyes kindled and then softened, and then suddenly sought his face.

"What do you mean, Arnold?" she said.

"I think you know what I mean, Guinivere."

Then there was silence between them.

"How can I help it if people admire me?" she broke out at last; "I did not make myself. I cannot help it if I am pretty. You have told me so yourself, Arnold—at least if not in words by implication. Why should not other people do the same?"

"I should like to feel that nobody in the world had the right to tell you that truth, Guinivere, but myself," said Arnold standing in front of her and looking down with eyes full of tenderness.

But she did not look at him. She made a petulant movement, and pulled to pieces a cluster of meadow-sweet she had plucked as she sat.

"That would be dreadfully dull!" she said, trying to speak playfully, but not succeeding. "What a selfish creature you are, Arnold, to want to spoil my pleasure like that!"

"Is praise of your beauty and all those compliments that were showered on you yesterday a source of great pleasure?" he asked.

"Of course it is," answered Guinivere. "I should have thought that even you must know that girls like to be admired. Of course we know that men rise far above all thoughts of vanity. They never trouble to desire such silly pleasures."

But her merriment was forced. She felt as though she were making a great mess of the whole thing. Arnold did not smile. His face was growing pained and perplexed. She felt it without looking at him. Why had she lost the power of enslaving him, and bringing him to her feet with a glance or a soft word? He was very much in earnest, she knew. He had come to make a serious declaration, of that she was aware with the quick intuition of her sex; but she was resolved not to permit him to come to the point. She could not make up her mind either to accept or to refuse him, but she did not wish to lose him!

"Never mind about men," he said, "I think I know our weaknesses and follies as well as need be. But tell me, Guinivere, does a true-hearted woman desire to be praised and admired by all the world, or is it enough for her to be fair in the eyes of the one who loves her best, and who would lay his all at her feet to win her?"

Guinivere felt a thrill of anger run through her. She was not going to be pressed like this. What would Mrs. Masham say if she were to come home engaged to the estimable young gentleman-farmer, Arnold Leslie! No! no! the thought of the lamentations and astonishment such a thing would arouse was intolerable! She must not dream of such a thing for a moment! He had no business to speak so! What a silly creature she had been to meet him like this at all!

She broke suddenly into a laugh from which the wonted sweetness had fled.

"I don't know about your ideal women or your nun-like saints. I only know I should think it very poor fun to be admired only by one person in the world! I know it's the fashion with some girls to talk in that silly sentimental way, but I don't believe they mean it, or else they don't know what they are talking about! Of course, poor things, if they have never seen anything of life, if they don't know what it is to be admired, they may say such things and mean them too. But not if they have lived life as it really is. Not if they know what success really can be!"

Guinivere stood suddenly up in her proud young beauty. Memory of yesterday's triumph was strong within her. Had she not had all the world at her feet? Had not innumerable doors been opened to her? glimpses of dazzling possibilities for the future, even if Lord Woodmayne——

But she did not finish that train of thought. Vain and frivolous as she had become of late, maidenly reserve had not died within her. In her heart of hearts she was cherishing certain dreams and hopes; but she kept them in the background of her own thoughts, and checked herself when she found her imagination playing too freely about them.

Arnold looked into her eyes, and into his had crept a very different expression from the one with which he had first regarded her.

"Guinivere," he said, "do you know why I asked you to meet me here to-day?"

Perhaps he had forgotten that it was she who had given the promise; though certainly it was in response to an implied desire on his part.

"Oh," she answered with an assumed carelessness, though her heart was beating fast, and she was in anything but a tranquil frame of mind, "I suppose it was for the sake of old times. We used to have nice talks out here once. But to-day it has not been a great success, has it? I think we are both a little out of sorts. Or perhaps it is my fault, after yesterday. You know people always say everybody is cross the day after a ball. I think it is very much the same with us to-day. Suppose we go home now, and another time we will finish our talk. I'm not in the humour for it now somehow."

But Arnold did not respond. He stood before her straight and tall with a certain dignity of command about him that she had never noted before in his aspect.

"Wait a few moments longer, Guinivere," he said, "I came to ask you a question out here, and I cannot be satisfied to go away without an answer. It will only cost you one word to give me that answer. And I think you know what my question is. Guinivere, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A hot flush rose to Guinivere's cheek, an unreasoning impulse of anger in her heart.

"Did ever mortal man propose in such a fashion to a girl like me," was her thought. "If I had been a frightful old maid, and he was doing me a favour in taking me, he could not have said less. Oh why did I come! How horrid it has all been! Everything is horrid now, except the things that happen at Mrs. Masham's! Accept Arnold Leslie! Go back to the Beeches to tell of my engagement! No thank you! And yet why did he insist on speaking? If I were in a different temper I believe I could like him now better than all the rest put together!"

But Guinivere had lost command of herself. The petting and adulation of weeks had had a deteriorating effect upon her, as it always has. She had no longer the same control of herself as formerly. She was like a spoilt child. The impulse of the moment was paramount with her, and moreover her pride had been increased as well as her vanity, and pride and vanity both rose in arms to hold her back from a surrender of herself to a life of quiet lowliness and seclusion, and the companionship for life of one who would give her none of that flattery and adulation which seemed to her just now a far sweeter thing than true and earnest love.

All this had flashed like lightning through her mind. It was only a few seconds before she spoke.

"Your wife indeed! your wife! A pretty sort of life I should lead as your wife! No thank you, Arnold Leslie! I have better things in store for myself! I will not be your wife!"

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

So far as I see this winter, black gowns are more in favour than ever, and are to be seen everywhere on women and girls in all classes of society. The materials are equally of fine and coarse weaving, and both mohair and alpaca seem to remain the rage. The present season has brought us back both wincey and rep, and these old-fashioned materials are handsome and effective when made up into dresses. But the material which ranks above all the rest for skirts and jackets, for out-of-door winter use, is Irish frieze, which is now brought for the first time into vogue as a fashionable thing. It looks very well indeed when made into jackets, especially when in light hues. The darker shades are not nearly so effective, nor so rough-looking. There is one kind in a pale shade of green with black knots on the surface which is extremely handsome. But looking back to a time when the fashionable world had not taken up Irish frieze, and when I had a costume made of it—I mean of the real thing—I find that the modern material is different in many ways. It is far less rough, and thick, and it is improved in its alteration. The out-of-door jackets, made of the same material as the skirts, are in all shapes, generally double-breasted, and fitted at the back, the seams being double-stitched and wide. They are lined with bright colours; but when made up by a tailor the skirts are not lined, and consequently they are not stiffened. If the dressmaker make your gown, it is both lined and stiffened, and much wider and more "modish" than the tailor's ideas of fashion.

The cutting of the skirt is exactly the same. They fit snugly over the hips, and flare widely at the hem, while they are well stiffened and lined with silk in a manner that makes them rather heavy to wear. But in winter weather one minds the weight less than in summer, and there is a general impression amongst women that a dress cannot be warm unless it be heavy. There has been a very strong effort to bring in the trimmed skirt, but so far as one can see, it has been successful in a very minor degree. Some of the richer skirts are opened at the seams for the admission of panels, and in others the seams are trimmed-up with some flat *passementerie* or braiding; but for our ordinary garb we are not required to wear anything but the plainest of skirts.

The winter colours are of the brightest kind, and the *chéné* ribbon completely rules us everywhere—in millinery, and in the ubiquitous neck-ribbon—while in our gowns black satin ribbons are more used than ever as bows, ties, and sashes. I think that blue is perhaps the foremost hue, and it appears in lovely shades of "royal," "sea," and "sapphire," with a very fine new blue, called in some of the West-End shops "Worcester." These are all made in very fine-face cloths and velvets, as well as some beautiful shades of cedar-green, grass-green, and chartreuse. Rose-colour and a bright yellow are the favourite hues for the decoration of evening blouses and dresses; and one of the very new shades is a reddish-yellow called "rosewood." Olive-green, leaf-green, and bottle-green are the dark shades of that colour principally used for cloaks and jackets, while claret, Burgundy, and slate-colour are in favour for long cloaks with fur-linings. I mentioned, I think, last month the extreme popularity of black serges this winter, and those with rather a coarse rib are preferred. No "navy blues" are to be seen just now, nor do I notice those ugly green and brown serges which made their first appearance in our midst last winter.

Jackets and capes appear almost equally popular so far as the season has yet advanced. The capes are longer than those of last summer, but all the jackets have undergone a shortening process since last winter, much to their improvement, and increase in smartness. The cape we have illustrated this month is made of a fine "wood-brown" cloth, with braiding in black and gold on it. It is trimmed with fur, and the waistcoat in front, which is covered with braiding, has three fur tails depending from the front like tassels. One of the new "Dutch bonnets" is worn with it, which is in wood-brown velvet with deep red feathers and velvet bows. The new capes are cut flat in the back, and the sleeves hang like wings at the sides. I have said "sleeves," but they are really only the sides of the cape, which hang over with increased fulness when the back is tied in tightly at the waist. The pelisse appears most generally in a very costly shape, and is chiefly affected by great ladies as an evening wrap. It has great

DRESS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

THREE NEW HATS

drawbacks for walking purposes, and for a really everyday garment is too clumsy even in cloth. They do not commend themselves to English girls either, as they lack that smart and well-set-up appearance which they like, and which has caused our tailor-made garments to be copied by every nation in the world.

The "toque" is quite the established favourite for this winter, and there is no doubt that its extreme becomingness to women of every age is a great recommendation. Fur and velvet are the chief materials, and the soft full crown is the most liked. Steel and imitation jewel buttons are seen on them, and these ornaments both for hats and bonnets are most elaborate and handsome. The jewels best imitated are the diamonds and the pearls, and some of the buttons simulating these two stones are most expensive.

The bodices for handsome winter dresses for afternoon teas and formal receptions are very handsomely trimmed with sequin nets, all hues being found in them, the greens and blues being peculiarly pretty. The whole bodice is covered with these nets, which are drawn quite plainly over them, or else left with the "pouch front," and a slightly full back with a handsome sash at the waist. The sequined braids for trimming dresses must also be noticed, as they form one of the handsomest and most effective of our winter trimmings, and in their bright hues they enliven a black or dark dress charmingly and match with the sequined bodice. Fur trimmings are also much used with them, and so is ribbon to match the colour.

I have thought it well to give a selection of evening blouses of a simple kind, as the season is likely to be both festive and lively; and nearly all of us require something of this kind to brighten-up our frocks. The lowest figure represented wears a blouse of black net, with silver half-moons scattered over it. It has a yoke of white net, muslin or *chiffon*, and bracers or *brételles* of black satin ribbon. This could be made-up on any old black silk bodice, and is not at all difficult to manage. The next one, on the right, is of white "accordion pleated" gauze, or muslin, the yoke being trimmed with jet or narrow lace, or is made entirely of one of the new black and white laces, which have been introduced this year for these trimmings. The trimming is of satin ribbon in any hue that may suit the wearer. The top blouse is made of a *chêné* flowered silk, in pale blue; the trimmings of it are very narrow, finely-gathered black lace, the buttons being pearl and diamonds, which serve to brighten it up. We are quite as much attached to the blouse as ever, and this winter they are singularly pretty. The new material, which is called either "satin plush" or velvet, is a great addition to our materials for making them, and an improvement on velveteen.

The hats shown in our illustration of "Three new hats," take in, I think, nearly all the principal styles we are wearing, of a simple kind; and from them the method of trimming them all can be seen. The large hat is of beaver, with a velvet lining. It is white in colour, with black velvet, and black feathers, and black satin ribbon bows. The pretty velvet muff, which is selected for the paper pattern, is fully shown here, with its two fur tails, and large bow of satin ribbon at the top. The side of it is illustrated lower down. The French "sailor hat," at the back, is of dark blue felt, with trimmings of white lace, blue feathers, and blue velvet; and the hat with a waved brim, has fur or jet to line the fronts and black and white feathers, white lace being used for the band round the crown. There are some very pretty felt hats, with high crowns, and two or three quill feathers at the side, which are displayed in some of the larger West-end shops, for travelling, cycling, and ordinary rough wear, and there is a "Tam o'Shanter" to be seen in fleecy camel's-hair cloth, and much trimmed with velvet and small bunches of flowers. The best hats for cycling seem to be those of a sailor shape, in felt or velvet.

The velvet muff is one of the pretty shapes introduced this winter. The inner part, or the true muff foundation, is shown in the first round (in the illustration). This is made of black satin, wadded, and finished neatly. Then comes the velvet which is lined with black silk, and the front gathered down the centre, to make the sides appear like two flounces, as they are shown in our illustration, "Three new hats." This also shows the black satin bows, and the two fur tails, which form the trimming of it. The flounce is one yard in length, and fourteen inches wide at its widest part. It is cut on the bias, and so is the silk lining which goes throughout it. About one yard of velvet, and one yard of silk, both cut bias, would

A VELVET MUFF.
(*Paper pattern.*)

CAPE WITH BRAIDED FRONT AND REVERS.

be about enough, or three widths of fourteen inches. One yard of satin would be required for the muff, two fur tails, and two yards of wide satin ribbon for the bow. The pattern is in three pieces, muff, lining, and velvet flounce.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Nightgown, drawers, and Senorita underbodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, Senorita jacket, bodice fastened under the arm, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, under petticoat, cross-over blouse, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

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QUESTIONS.

261. Who was Ezekiel? When did he receive his divine commission to prophecy?

262. On what river was a place assigned to Ezekiel, and how far distant from Babylon? With how many prophets was Ezekiel contemporary?

263. Give the names of the false prophets—both in Babylon and Jerusalem—who prophecied the speedy return to Jerusalem, and the downfall of Babylon?

264. Give the answers of Jeremiah in Jerusalem, and of Ezekiel in Babylon, to these false predictions?

265. What is the chief characteristic of Ezekiel's writings? Whose do they resemble in this respect, both in the Old and New Testament?

266. What two phrases are constantly used by Ezekiel; the one denoting himself, the other an epithet of Deity.

267. Give the recorded prayers of Ezekiel and Daniel.

268. What were the three great miracles recorded in Daniel?

269. What are the chief predictions given in Chapter ix?

270. Where is high testimony borne to the character, for holiness and wisdom, of Daniel by a contemporary?

Odds and Ends.

How to prevent bread from becoming stale is one of the greatest difficulties before the housewife. In Swiss and German farmhouses where the baking takes place not more than once a fortnight, such a thing as stale or sour bread is quite unknown. The method used for keeping it sweet could easily be adopted in England. An empty flour sack is well sprinkled with flour; the loaves are then packed into it, care being taken to let only the top crusts touch one another. Some loaves of course must lie bottom to bottom, but flour is thickly sprinkled between them. When the sack is full it is tied tightly at the top and hung up in an airy place, not against the wall, but so that it can swing. The day before a loaf is wanted, it is taken out of the sack, the flour brushed off, and placed in the cellar for a night. By this means bread remains sweet and eatable for three or four weeks. For small families a bag well floured would answer the purpose equally as well as the sack.

The King of Portugal, who recently visited this country, has twelve names, some of them compound ones. As for his titles they are reminiscent of the ancient glories of his nation, being bestowed upon the Braganza family when Portuguese seamen were the first navigators of the world. First, he is the King of Portugal and Algarves, then Prince of Africa and Lord of the Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, India, and many other places.

The first woman to obtain a diploma to practice as a veterinary surgeon is Miss Edith Oakey, who has taken her degree at the Veterinary College, Toronto. She is now practising in Ohio in a rich grazing district, where she is perfecting herself in her special work—the diseases of milch cows. Her success has been phenomenal, and she has been obliged to employ three men to relieve her of much of the manual labour.

Last summer an English lady, with her young son and daughter, travelled on donkey-back from Corunna in Spain over the mountains of Galicia, through Asturia and Navarre to the French frontier, accompanied only by a donkey-driver. Before she started she was warned by the Spanish authorities that her undertaking was one of extreme danger, but the little party reached their destination without mishap or hindrance.

"Kneel, sir, kneel," cried a lord-in-waiting to a county mayor, who had been given an audience by George III. for the purpose of reading an address. But the mayor went on reading quite calmly. "Kneel, sir, kneel," again cried the lord-in-waiting. "I can't," said the mayor, stopping his reading and turning to the angry courtier, "don't you see that I have got a wooden leg?"

Mourning takes odd forms in some countries, but none more curious than at Sitka in India, where, when a woman loses her husband, she mourns him by painting the upper part of her face a deep jet black.

Lions and tigers differ from the majority of savage animals in that music has not the least effect upon them. But a naturalist who has been making a series of experiments at the Zoological Gardens in London, has discovered that they are greatly affected by the smell of lavender-water, and that under its influence they become quite quiet and docile.

A new fashion in fancy work, and one that is likely to become very popular, has been introduced. Instead of the designs that have been in vogue for so many years, of leaves and flowers, it is now possible to buy linen, stamped with designs after various kinds of china. Delft china can be most successfully imitated, and its effect is most charming.

As an instance of the peculiarities of great men, it is curious to learn that Haydn could not compose well, or to his own satisfaction, unless he had first put on his best suit of clothes and had powdered his hair. Even then ideas and subjects failed him unless he was also wearing a diamond ring presented to him by Frederick II., King of Prussia.

The tomb, commonly reputed to contain the remains of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, the latter of whom was murdered, according to Machiavelli in his story of Florence, during the Pozzi conspiracy in 1478, was opened a short time ago. Inside the tomb two coffins were found, one on the top of the other, the first being shorter than the other and in a much better state of preservation. On the upper coffin was written in ink this inscription: "Giuliano di Pietro di Cosimo de' Medici," and upon its being opened a skeleton was found on the skull of which were two deep cuts; another cut was found upon one of the legs, thus proving that legend for once had a true foundation. The Lorenzo was Lorenzo the Magnificent so famous in Italian history. The conspiracy which succeeded only in killing his brother Giuliano, was likewise directed against him. The assassins were to have killed both brothers, who shared the princely rule of Florence between them, during service in the cathedral, but Lorenzo escaped, greatly enhancing his reputation by the courage and coolness he displayed. This was in 1478, and four hundred years afterwards Giuliano's skeleton still bears the evidence of the crime suggested by Pope Sixtus IV. Lorenzo was one of the most zealous promoters of the art of printing, and established the first printing-press in Florence.

Talleyrand, like most diplomatists, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on being able to adjust his mode of address on any occasion to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking. As an illustration of this, it was said that, on one occasion, when he had a party of distinguished men to dinner, and was inviting them to partake of some beef, he varied his formula to suit the rank of the respective guests. To a prince of the blood: "May I have the honour of sending your royal highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to send you a little beef?" To a marquis: "Marquis, may I send you some beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount, pray have a little beef?" To a baron: "Baron, do you take beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Monsieur, some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?" This exhausted the verbal possibilities of the situation. But there was yet another person present of even lower social rank than the private secretary. Talleyrand was quite equal to the occasion. Fixing his humble guest with his eye, he did not speak, but merely held up the carving knife and raised his eyebrows.

The nose is one of the most distinctive signs of temperament. Coleridge used to say that "perhaps snuff was the final cause of the human nose," and that, "perhaps the human nose was the final cause of the human race." A "Roman" nose, well arched in the centre, or near the forehead, indicates that its owner is born to command; the "Grecian" nose, or the aquiline, shows refinement and delicacy, combined with self-control and a strong will. The straight nose denotes a temperament between the two extremes—an equal power to act, and an equal power to suffer. The *rétroussé* nose, so favoured in fiction, tells of a happy disposition, and of a love of self, combined with consideration for others. Those who have a keen sense of humour generally possess a very "turned-up" nose.

"To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and more pleasing than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded, and habits of undissembled courtesy are formed."—*Fordyce.*

Whether we really enjoy any lot in life depends upon the disposition we carry into it. The kind of eyes with which we see, the kind of temper with which we act, will make much of little or little of much.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the people of the house discovered the identity of their uninvited guests, the welcome which they offered them was the reverse of warm. All Azim Bey's threats and promises could not induce them to allow him and his attendants to remain in the shelter of the courtyard until a messenger could be despatched to the palace and return with a military escort; indeed, they could scarcely be restrained from thrusting them out again to the mob, who were clamouring at the gate. It was some time before largely increased offers could win them over to consent to a compromise, namely, to let the whole party out by a back door leading into an unfrequented street, from which, through many twists and turnings, the palace might be reached.

"But we cannot all go together," said Azim Bey, "or they will recognise us again. We must separate."

"Never!" cried Cecil resolutely.

"Oh, you and I will keep together, mademoiselle. What I mean is, that we must not leave the house again as a large party. The two nurses will mount our donkeys and go with the servants. You and I will depart by ourselves."

"Not unless you are disguised," said Cecil. "For you to go in that dress would simply be to let yourself be murdered."

"The disguise will not be difficult," he cried, tearing off his long black coat and unbuckling his little sword. "Now if the good people of this house will give us in exchange for these an old *abba* and *keffiyeh*, I shall be unrecognisable. As for you, mademoiselle, no one could know you. You look just like any Baghdadi lady in a sheet and yellow slippers."

The owners of the house could not resist the advantageous offer made them, and Cecil, seeing in the bold stroke proposed their only chance, allowed it to be accepted. A ragged old cloak, with the orthodox brown and white stripes, and a torn head-handkerchief, fastened round the brow by a rope of twisted wool, which kept it well down over the face, made Azim Bey a most realistic-looking little Arab, and Cecil felt that it was very unlikely that he would be recognised in his disguise. The mob in front of the house had become quieter by this time, and old Ayesha, the Bey's nurse, proposed that she and her fellow-servants should leave the house by the front door a few minutes after he and Cecil had stolen out at the back, thus leading the crowd to believe that the two most important members of the party were still in the house. Cecil objected to this as sending the servants into unnecessary danger, but Um Yusuf assured her that without herself and the Bey they would in all probability be able to pass through the streets in safety, and she allowed herself to be overruled.

"Go with the women, O Masûd," said Azim Bey to the faithful negro, who was following them to the back door.

"God forbid, O my lord!" said Masûd stolidly. "Am I not here to attend upon my lord and mademoiselle, and shall I leave them?"

"Go thy way, O Masûd!" cried Azim

"CECIL WAS CLINGING, HALF-UNCONSCIOUS, TO HIS LEFT ARM."

Bey impatiently. "Thou art as well known in Baghdad as the tower of the Lady Zubeydeh (upon whom be peace) itself, and shall we be slain for the sake of thy black face?"

"My lord is very wise, and his servant will obey him," returned Masûd, and marched back to the other servants.

The door was cautiously opened, and Cecil, clasping the hand of her little pupil, and holding her sheet in the proper way so as to hide all but her eyes, quickly found herself in a narrow lane behind the house. The way had been explained to them, and they started off briskly, scarcely speaking. Azim Bey found this adventure exciting enough to satisfy even his bold aspirations, and Cecil was afraid to begin a conversation, lest her foreign accents should attract the notice of anyone in the houses on either side. Presently the lane led them into a quiet street, where little knots of people were standing talking and others were going about their business in a leisurely kind of way, and mingling with these they passed on unnoticed. Next they had to go through one of the bazaars, where business was pretty well over for the day, and where groups of disappointed buyers and unsuccessful salesmen were discussing the crops and abusing the Pasha. Still they were unrecognised, but when they were nearly through the bazaar they came upon a blind beggar, who was sitting on the ground with his hand held out asking for alms. Before Cecil could stop him, Azim Bey took a coin from his pocket and threw it to him. It was a gold piece, and the beggar called down blessings on his head as he picked it up. But others had noticed it also, and a crowd of beggars seemed to start up from the very ground as they thronged from their various stations and niches, exhibiting their sores and deformities, and demanding charity rather than entreating it.

"*Voici une foule de gens qui vont nous suivre de nouveau, mademoiselle,*" said Azim Bey, as the shop-keepers and their gossips, attracted by the hubbub, joined the crowd and tried to get a glimpse of these generous strangers. At the sound of the unfamiliar tongue they started and looked curiously at the pair, and a quick buzz went round among them. Cecil grasped her pupil's hand and dragged him on, once more feeling ready to shake him for his foolishness, but it was evident that the men around had understood who they were, for they closed up as if to hustle them. Intent only on escaping, Cecil led her charge down the first turning they reached, and they hurried on breathlessly, through narrow echoing alleys, with houses almost meeting overhead, while behind them came the sound of many feet. The lanes afforded great facilities for eluding a foe, and Cecil and Azim Bey turned and doubled until they were tired. At last they came out on an open space with a well in it, and found their enemies awaiting them, a motley crowd of rough-looking men, with a sprinkling of impish boys and witchlike old women. A yell arose from the crowd as soon as the fugitives were seen, and Cecil turned and fled once more, dragging the boy with her. For a few moments they ran back along the way they had come (no easy task, as anyone who has tried to run in loose slippers along a back alley of Baghdad, unpaved and uneven, will confess), then found themselves at a place where two ways met, hesitated, chose one at random, and came face to face with a detachment of their pursuers.

They were doubly pursued now, as they turned back and took the other path, and stones and pieces of rubbish began to hurtle through the air. Suddenly Cecil reeled against the wall and loosed her hold of her pupil's hand.

"Go on, Bey," she gasped, "I am spent. I can't go any further, but you may get away. Run on a little—creep into some house and hide. Oh, go, go!" as the yells of the enemy approached.

"I shall not go," returned the boy stoutly, pulling out a jewelled dagger about three inches long. "I am going to fight for you, mademoiselle, and if they kill you they shall kill me too."

"Come on again, then," panted Cecil, spurred forward by the fear of causing the death of her gallant little pupil, and she struggled on a few steps further. Then a stone struck her on the shoulder, and she tottered and clutched at Azim Bey for support.

"I can't go on," she murmured, and the crowd behind, catching a glimpse of her and guessing her exhausted condition, set up a triumphant yell. Goaded on by the sound, she and her pupil made a last dash round a corner into another lane, where they came face to face with Charlie Egerton, who was walking serenely along, cigar in mouth.

"Miss Anstruther!" he gasped, and away went the cigar, and Charlie caught Cecil as she swayed to and fro.

"They are hunting us, monsieur!" cried Azim Bey in great excitement. "They wish to massacre us! Take care of mademoiselle. As for me, I am going to attack that rabble there."

"Don't let him go," sobbed Cecil feebly, as the boy unsheathed his dagger anew and started out against the foe, and Charlie grasped the situation.

"Nonsense, Bey; put up that penknife of yours, or keep it until we get to close quarters. Hang on to my coat and come with me."

To hear his highly-prized dagger called a penknife mortified Azim Bey excessively, and his dignity was also wounded by the familiar tone, but he pocketed his pride and obeyed, holding on to Charlie's coat on one side while the wearer supported Cecil along with as much tenderness as was compatible with extreme haste. The mob had rushed round the corner by this time, expecting to find an easy prey, but the change in the aspect of affairs rather staggered them, and they followed on in sullen silence for a little while, until their courage revived on realising that Charlie was alone and apparently unarmed. Once more the stones began to fly. One struck Charlie on the head, and Cecil received a blow on the ankle which nearly threw her to the ground.

"Brutes!" muttered Charlie savagely, casting a hasty glance around in search of some place of refuge. None was visible, and he turned to Azim Bey, and said in his most reassuring tones, "This is warm work, Bey; rather too much of a good thing, in fact. Now suppose you see whether you can get Miss Anstruther on a little, while I try some practice with my revolver?"

"Don't keep him back with me; send him on," said Cecil. "Do you remember who he is?"

"Dear me! I forgot that I had Ahmed Khémi Pasha's son to look after," said Charlie. "Well, Bey, run on, and make for the Residency as fast as you can."

"I will not!" cried Azim Bey indignantly. "My father is Pasha, and I am a gentleman. Shall I leave a lady to perish? No! I will rather shed the last drop of my blood."

"That's a brave little chap!" said Charlie. "Now let Miss Anstruther lean upon your shoulder for a minute;" and he drew a revolver from his pocket, and turning, presented it at the foremost of the mob, who were by this time unpleasantly near. The front rank recoiled precipitately, and Charlie seized the opportunity.

"Take my arm again, Miss Anstruther. Hold on tight, Bey. We have not much further to go now."

They got on a little way, Cecil stumbling along with clenched teeth and brow drawn with pain, then the mob began to press on them again, and Charlie fired over their heads. This daunted them a little, but they quickly came on anew, headed by a ferocious-looking ruffian who got near enough to make a snatch at Azim Bey. The boy struck out valiantly with his dagger, and Charlie turned and shot through the wrist the man who had seized him. This excited the pursuers to fury, and Charlie was obliged to walk backwards, threatening the crowd with his revolver, and doing his best to support Cecil at the same time. Happily the lane was so narrow that he was able to foil all attempts at passing him, for if these had succeeded the mob could easily have surrounded and annihilated the three fugitives, but they had a wholesome fear of the revolver in a spot where only two could comfortably walk abreast.

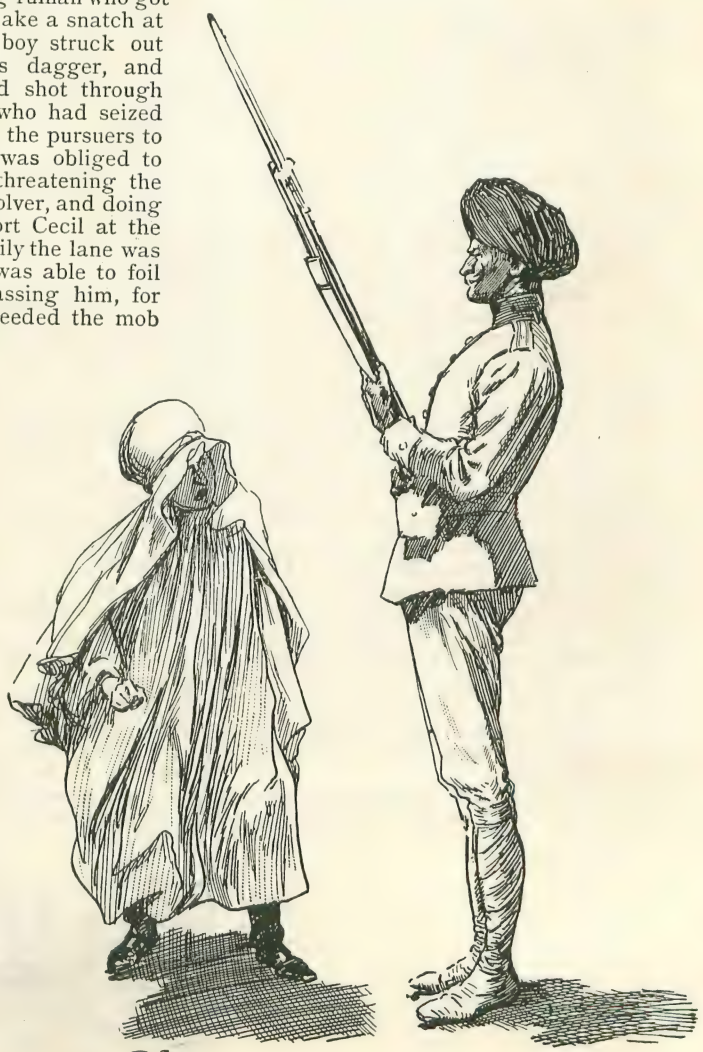
"Four shots more," said Charlie, half audibly, after a short experience of the difficulties of his present mode of progression, "and the Residency is still—— We shall never reach it at this rate. Here, Bey, you run on until you come to the Residency, and tell them to have the gate open and to call out the guard. Run your hardest, and tell them we are in for a row."

"I will not run," said Azim Bey. "I am not a coward. Do you run on, monsieur, and leave me to defend mademoiselle."

Charlie stamped with impatience, and his revolver went off without his intending it. He turned to the Bey with a very ugly look on his face, and uttered words which it took long for the Pasha's son to forgive or forget.

"Look here, small boy," he said, "you will obey orders, if you please. Do you think I would bother myself with you if I didn't care more for Miss Anstruther's finger-tip than for the whole of your wretched little body? I might have been able to defend her alone, but you are endangering us both. I tell you what, if you don't go, I'll put a bullet through your head, and have no more trouble with you. The only good you can do is to run on and give my message, and fetch help. If you don't, mademoiselle's death will lie at your door."

Away went Azim Bey, in a tumult of rage, indignation and disgust, hard to imagine and impossible to describe. Charlie heard him running off, and calculated mentally how long he would be in reaching the Residency, and how long in returning with help. Almost at



"'SLAVE!' CRIED THE BOY IN A FRENZY."

the same moment, he found that he was deciding, half mechanically, on which of the leaders of the mob he should bestow his last three shots. He had some more cartridges with him, but he could not load with one hand, and Cecil was clinging, half-unconscious, to his left arm. Moreover, if the crowd saw him stop to load, they would be upon him instantly.

Meanwhile, Azim Bey, rushing on, had found that the lane led into the street in which the Residency stood. Running up to the gate, he was stopped by the Sepoy sentry, who refused absolutely to allow him to enter. Here was a blow.

"Slave!" cried the boy, in a frenzy, "dost thou refuse me admittance? Thou knowest not that I am Azim Bey, the Pasha-Governor's son?"

To this the sentry, seeing only a small boy in a high state of excitement, with worn and ragged clothes splashed and mud-bespattered, replied merely by the Eastern equivalent of "Tell that to the marines," coupled with a little good advice as to civility of language, and continued to bar the passage. Azim Bey turned pale.

"I must get in!" he cried. "The men of the city are murdering Mdlle. Antaza. Show me the Balio Bey, your officer, the Mother of Teeth—anyone—they will know me and send help."

But the sentry still smiled in grim incredulity, not unmixed with anger at the boy's disrespectful reference to Lady Haigh, and Azim Bey threw himself on the ground and cast dust upon his head, and wept and stormed in his despair. The more he cursed, the more the sentry laughed, until the noise attracted the attention of Captain Rossiter, an Engineer officer who was making the Residency his head-quarters during a series of surveys which he was carrying out for the Indian Government within the borders of the *pashalik*, and who had lately been present at a *fête* at the Palace, where Azim Bey had seen him. He happened to be crossing the court-yard, and hearing the din, came to see what was the matter. To him Azim Bey rushed, and clinging to his hand, told his tale of woe, while the tears poured down his grimy little face. The tale was very incoherent, and moreover, it was related in a strange mixture of tongues, but Captain Rossiter understood enough of it to send him flying madly out into the street and down the lane, with as many of the Sepoys as he could collect at his heels, Azim Bey staggering after them, almost too much exhausted to walk.

They arrived at the scene of action in the nick of time, to find Charlie, his last shot fired, standing at bay in an angle of the wall, with the fainting Cecil all in a heap on the ground behind him, while he was doing his best to defend himself with the butt-end of the revolver. The arrival of the reinforcements turned the scale. The mob fled before the onslaught of the hated Hindus, and Charlie and Captain Rossiter lifted Cecil up, and half-carried her the rest of the way between them. Azim Bey, picked up on the return journey, was hoisted on the shoulders of one of the men, and they retraced their steps, to find that they must force their way through a large and angry crowd which had gathered in the street, and was hurling defiances at the Residency. All eyes were turned on them as they emerged from the lane, and a moment's hesitation would have been fatal. A yell of execration went up, a hundred hands were grasping missiles and were about to hurl them, but Captain Rossiter said something quickly to Charlie, and gave a sharp order. The Sepoys closed round, the two Englishmen caught up Cecil and carried her across the street at a run, and before the mob had guessed what was going to be done, they were parted as though by a wedge, the gate of the Residency was gained, and their intended victims were out of reach, the stones and potsherds which they threw clattering on the stout doors as these were shut fast, and barred and bolted from within.

"Sharp work!" said Captain Rossiter to Charlie, wiping his face. "I say, I must go and report to the chief. You and Lady Haigh will look after Miss Anstruther, I suppose? She looks pretty bad."

He went off to Sir Dugald's office at once, and told him what had happened. Sir Dugald received the news with a look of weary resignation most piteous to behold. His whole diplomatic life was a struggle against the occurrence of what are euphemistically called "complications," and here was one brewing literally at his very door. He finished the sentence he was writing, folded his papers and locked them up in a drawer, carefully restoring the key to its place on his watch-chain, but as he walked across the courtyard with Captain Rossiter, his perturbation made itself audible in disjointed mutterings.

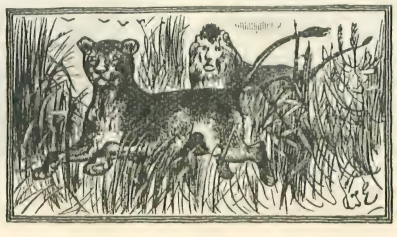
"Why couldn't they have taken refuge anywhere rather than here? That fellow Egerton is bound to bring trouble wherever he goes. On my word, it's 'heads I win, tails you lose,' with a vengeance. If the mob attack us, blood won't wash it out, and if we fire on them we shall have a blood-feud with all the Arabs in the country. Bringing that child here, too, as if to proclaim that we support Ahmed Khémi in all his wretched grinding oppression. We shall be identified with him in the Baghdadi mind for years. Subadar, turn out the guard."

The last sentence was addressed to the Sepoy officer, who was eagerly awaiting the order, and the soldiers marched down to the gate, where was gathered a crowd of clerks, servants, interpreters, cavasses, and the other motley hangers-on of a consulate in the East, besides a number of people from outside who considered themselves "under protection," and always sought the Residency in haste at the first sign of a riot. These were all listening, pale with fear, to the repeated crashes as the mob amused themselves by throwing stones at the gate, but they made way with grateful confidence for Sir Dugald as he advanced, his face absolutely impassive once more, and examined the bars and bolts.

"So long as they are content with this," he said to Captain Rossiter, "we are all right. It's an insult to the flag, of course, but an apology will set it right. But if they get tired of throwing stones and making no impression, we must still try and keep them off without coming absolutely to blows. I will leave you in charge of the gate, Rossiter, but there must be no firing with ball except in the very last resort. Ah, listen to those mad idiots outside! They are trying to provoke the Sepoys. Send the men back to fetch sand-bags or anything that will strengthen the gate. Either keep them busy or keep them out of hearing."

Tired of throwing stones without result, the mob were now resorting to hard words. One man after another stood up at a safe distance and howled insults at the Sepoys, their families and their whole ancestry, and any particularly telling phrase was caught up and echoed by the crowd. Sir Dugald's brow was furrowed with anxiety as he slowly retraced his steps from the gate, for these Sepoys were fresh from India, full of memories of annual conflicts with Moslems at the Hûli and the Moharram, and he could not tell how long they would stand the provocation they were receiving. From the river-terrace he now sent off a messenger to the palace, informing the Pasha of the situation, and begging him to send a sufficient force of soldiers to secure his son's safety and to enable him to return home, either by land or water. And meanwhile he lamented that this "complication" should have happened, as was only natural, at a time when the gun-boat was away down the river.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR PUZZLE POEM: "MIDNIGHT IN HARDANGER."

SOLUTION.

MIDNIGHT-*in*-HARDANGER
S *on*-N-E T
ITIS the midnight hour NO mantle FALLS
upon-THIS-SILE NT north urn L and O fours
THE SKIESRCL ear THEBRA*s* N mount A-*in*-T-*?ower* S
AG A-*in*-S TTHERE D D ends KY-*on*-LY THECALLS
OF sea-gull TOHIS mat EOR wild-duck BR awls
SO UND-*on*-THE EAR HARD anger S water cow ERS
AND rest S *upon*-T-H E fringe OFL and WHERE bow ERS
OF guelder-roses H angle IKEGOLDEN balls
AHVI king NAES WHATMAGIC *o'er*-M-E steels
2 CL OTHEMYST rug G L-*in*-G S OULWITHSTRANGEFULPCE
thin-E ISA rest cur E merci FULAND S-*wee* T
FO R-*in*-T HISMI D-*high* TCL ear MYTROUBLESCE as E
A L O V EO F O T herd AYSHER shelf REVEALS
TO kiss MY brow ANDMAKEMYJOY can plate

MIDNIGHT IN HARDANGER.

SONNET.

It is the midnight hour. No mantle falls
Upon this silent Northern land of ours,
The skies are clear, the brazen mountain towers
Against the reddened sky. Only the calls
Of sea-gull to his mate, or wild-duck brawls
Sound on the ear. Hardanger's water cowers
And rests upon the fringe of land where bowers
Of guelder-roses hang like golden balls.

Ah, Vikingnäes! what magic o'er me steals
To clothe my struggling soul with strangeful peace?
Thine is a rest-cure merciful and sweet
For in this midnight clear my troubles cease—
A love of other days herself reveals
To kiss my brow and make my joy complete!

PRIZE WINNERS

One Guinea.

Elizabeth Yarwood, 110, Bramhall Lane, Stockport.
Rev. John Chambers, Woodhead Vicarage, Manchester.

Eight Shillings Each.

Flossy Edwards, 31, Moat Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
Helen M. Kingsbury, Torfield House, Hastings.
Margaret McLeish, Tower Hill Manse, Wooler, R. S. O.
Mrs. L. M. Nott, 54, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor Street, South Shields.
Elizabeth Russell, Abbey House, Ledbury.
May D. Stephens, Parlors Hall, Bridgnorth.
C. H. Walker, c/o Mrs. Martin, The Avenue, Linthorpe, Middlesboro'.

Special Mention.

Mary I. Chislett, Margaret A. Todd, Florence Whitlock (*equal with 2nd prize winners*).

Very Highly Commended.

Emma Brett, Susan Cable, J. A. Center, J. S. Clemens, Mabel Collard, Jessie E. Edmonston, Annie Edwards, Jane T. Ewen, A. W. Glover, Carline V. Leggett, W. B. McMaster, K. Musgrave, L. Pentelow, Caroline E. Thurgar.

Highly Commended.

Margaret Archdale, S. Ballard, Rev. S. Bell, Marion H. Cahusac, Hannah F. Corke, James Day, R. L. Gales, Mrs. Grubbe, Henry Hayward, M. F. Johnson, Annie C. Lewis, H. Sydney Lewis, Emma Linnell, Ellen May, K. L. Morgan, Elsie Nickerson, Mildred Richardson, Marian Ridge, Fanny Shepard, William Smith, M. Grace Tabor, Ellen E. Thomas, Ellen Thurtell.

Honourable Mention.

Mary Atkins, Mary Bannister, M. Bolingbroke, Kate Campsall, Wilfred T. Campsall, M. D. Child, M. E. Clarke, Alice M. Cooke, James M. Crebbin, Mabel W. Crebbin, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Leonard Duncan, Dorothy M. Fox, Herbert V. French, John J. Giraud, Eleanor Harris, G. Hislop, Wm. Hughes, Ethel B. Hutchinson, Eleanor M. Jolby, Elizabeth A. Lord, Evaline M. McCready, Louise M. McCready, Amy Maccabe, L. Menges, F. Miller, Robert Morris, Chas. A. Murton, Rev. V. Odom, Hannah E. Powell, Beatrice Rafford, Lucy Richardson, Alexandrina A. Robertson, Ann Jane Rogers, Eleanor M. Shaw, Hester Shepherd, Annie B. Shoberl, Dorothy W. Shoberl, Clara Smith, Gertrude Smith, Annie Stevens, Frances H. Webb-Gillman, Henry Whiting, Mrs. Wyatt, Oliver Yeoman.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

For a wonder, not a perfect solution was to be found in the whole pile. This was as it should be, for so much perfection was becoming wearisome, not to say irritating.

Had we objected to "Midnight in Hardanger Fiord" as a title, a much larger number of solutions would have been consigned to oblivion, but the beautiful land (and sea) scape naturally suggested the addition, and we acquiesced. At the same time we hardly think that such a charming sonnet would have been evolved by a poet who was spending "the midnight hour" *in* Hardanger—or any other—fiord, to say nothing of the rarity of such aquatic performances on the part of our esteemed editor and author.

Concerning the first line, many columns might be written. It was often given correctly but it was much more often presented in prosaic and unimaginative shapes.

"It is twelve o'clock," was a very common beginning, and throw what inflection into the statement you like, it somehow fails to arouse interest—unless, indeed, it be taken as heralding the near approach of lunch time. Convert the statement into "It is the midnight hour," pause judiciously between the "is" and "the," and what a world of possibilities opens up before you!

There is the difference between prose and poetry.

One competitor abbreviated the "It is" into 'Tis. ("'Tis midnight. No dark mantle falls") in order to make his reading of the line "a perfect iambic tetrameter."

It was really very kind of him to take so much trouble, but sonnets are not improved by the introduction of "iambic tetrameters."

The best of the incorrect first lines was—"It is the dead of night. No mantle falls," while of those introducing an adjective to make up the proper number of "feet" the most acceptable was "It is midnight. No sombre mantle falls."

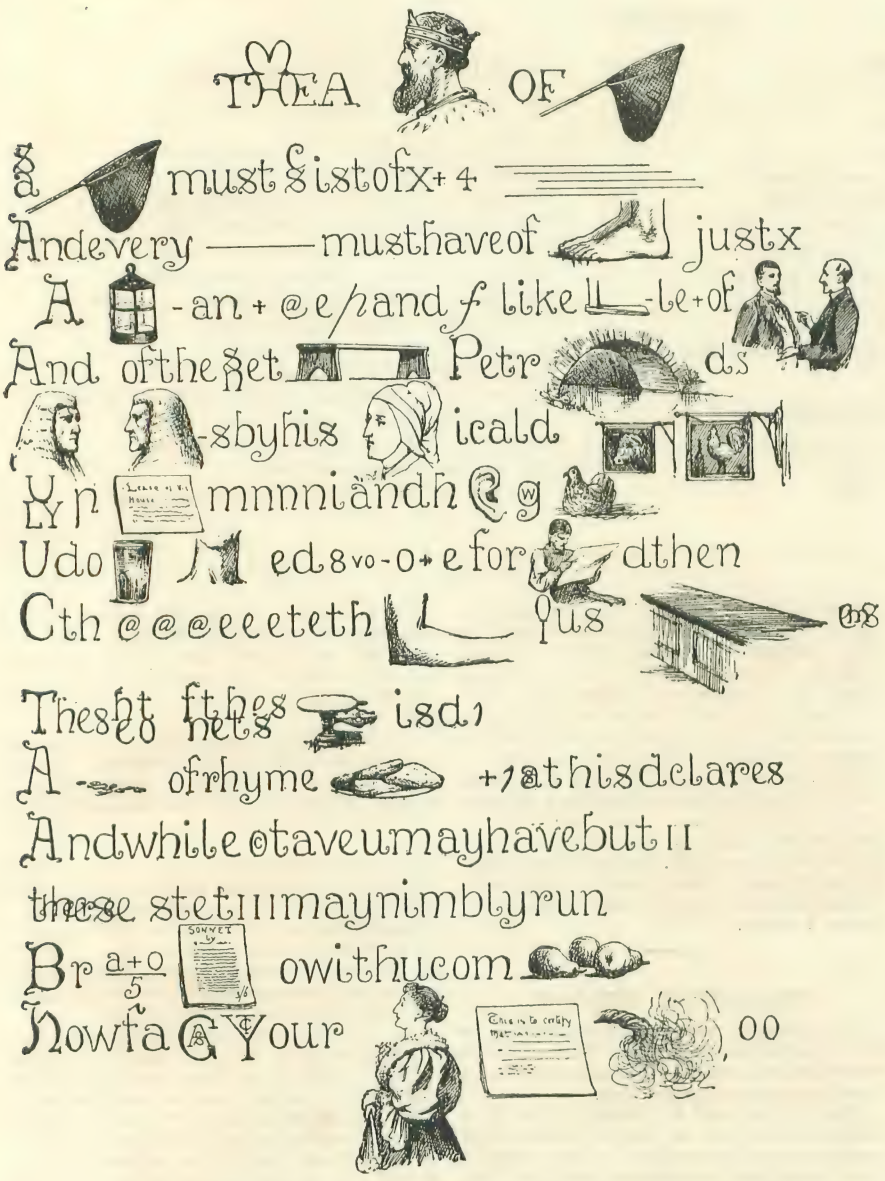
In line 2 "on" for "upon" was continually used with disastrous effect, curtailing the length by a foot, an error which generally reappeared in line 7. "Shadow" for "water" in line 6 was a common mistake; but "carex" in the same connection, given by one competitor only, commended itself to our judgment for a reason which is worth discovering.

As to the *guelder-roses* in line 8 we should not like to assert that ten solvers identified them. Clustered and clustering berries were the favourite readings, and we much preferred them to "whortleberries" and "rowan berries," neither of which seemed to be an intelligent rendering of the picture. Except in the face of absolute absurdities, we were not very strict at this point, for the guelder-roses were just a little obscure.

"Vikingnaes" is the name of a headland by Hardanger, and Naze, as the English equivalent, was quite allowable. Many solvers translated the "naes" into "knows," which was unfortunate. "On" for "o'er" in the same line was not acceptable, for an obvious reason. In the next line "strangeful" often became strange full, and as the former is merely a poetic creation, we could not object. Rest-cure with the hyphen was not too common, but the alternative, "Thine is a rest, cure merciful and sweet," is clumsy. One competitor turned the *cur* into *purr*, making "Thine is a rest—pure, merciful, and sweet." Judging by the expression of the animal the "purr" must have been of a peculiarly ingratiafing character! The last three lines gave no trouble.

One large blot and one broken rule cost two competitors a prize each. The omission of an "h" in the ninth line of two solutions from Forfar is also responsible for a like calamity. Alas!

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be Feb. 15, 1896; from Abroad, March 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JANET.—You may describe only one day, so you should take the most interesting one. The work will be examined irrespective of the age of the competitor.

CONSTANT READER, BESSIE, MAUDE and OTHERS.—Three pages only, not three sheets, which would mean six pages. One side of each sheet should have no writing on at all.

OLIVER.—"Roland" and "Oliver" were the two most famous of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne. The expression means, to "give tit for tat," or to give another as good a "drubbing," as you have received.

F. O. B.—1. Sometimes birds pick out their feathers from sheer dulness and want of something to play with. Give yours a piece of cuttlefish to sharpen its beak, and a little chickweed or groundsel, which will divert its attention from its own feathers. 2. Your handwriting is not yet formed.—3. We are glad you appreciate every successive volume, and think each severally an improvement on its predecessor.

MAGGIE M.—We think it is always unwise to seek temptation. It is hard enough to resist it when it comes to seek you!

BLUEBELL.—1. You had better damp your hair a little before curling it, and it will keep the curl longer. But we cannot give you any very satisfactory advice, as most people seem to complain of the effect of moist and rainy weather on artificial curls.—2. Both the occupations you name are overcrowded. Suppose you apply to the honorary secretary of the Swedish School of Weaving, Miss Clive Bayley, 4, Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C. Gardening and horticulture and dairy-work are both worth your consideration. Or perhaps the Lady Guide Association, at 352, Strand, W.C., might offer some work or suggestions.

A. E. F.—Find a quiet time, sit down, and think over your own conduct in this matter. Be honest and faithful with yourself, and you will soon come to a decision, asking God's help to "see yourself as others see you," and as He does.

A WOULD-BE COMMUNICANT.—Whatever helps you to lead the Christ-life, and to follow in His steps, is sure to be good. There are few Christians who do not suffer from doubts and useless queries into the origin of things. But we can all cultivate the childlike spirit, and leave all these difficulties to God, Who will deal with them, and with us, in His own good time and perfect way.

HELVETIE.—"Curfew shall not ring to-night," is from a poem by Rosa Hardwicke Thorpe. It is found in many books of Recitations.

ETHELINDA.—August 25th, 1867, was a Sunday.

ALLAN.—We scarcely venture to speak with absolute certainty as to the earliest clock still in existence in this country; but in the year 1851, a communication was made to the Antiquarian Society by a Captain Smith, stating that, at Dover Castle, there was a clock which bore the date 1348. It seems, however, that an English made clock is still in existence in an old chapel of the north transept of Wells Cathedral, removed thither from the Abbey of Glastonbury when the monastery was dissolved. It was made by a monk, Peter Lightfoot, in 1335, or (according to others) 1340, for, and at the expense of his superior, Adam de Sodbury, subsequently Abbot of Glastonbury, 1322. The clock made for the palace of Charles V. of France, by De Vick, has been credited with being the most ancient clock of which the construction is known. But that at Dover Castle is (or was) thirty years older. The Lord Chief Justice Coke speaks of one set up in the thirteenth century in Westminster Hall, procured out of a fine levied on one of his predecessors in that seat, from which, perhaps, E. Beckett Denison says (in *Clocks and Locks*) "the appropriate inscription '*Discite justitiam monitè*' was copied, on the sun-dial on a house now facing the Hall."

KIRK.—Apply to the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, at 28, Berners Street, W.

F. RICKWOOD and MONA.—The Royal Homes for Ladies are at Wandsworth Common. Hon. Sec. Mrs. Ed. Jacobs, 8, Altenberg Gardens, Clapham Common. Applicants must be over fifty, and must possess an income of not less than £20 per annum, nor more than £50. Each lady has a separate room, and is supplied with coals, gas, attendance and medical advice.

V. V.—We believe that there is a method of drying flowers in hot sand, and we think you could try that way, if you cannot press them.

VERA.—"R. S. V. P." means, "Answer, if you please." In full it is *Repondez s'il vous plaît*.

A BARBADIAN RUSTIC must not lose sight of the faith, that God is a Father to us. Happiness and content can be cultivated, and we owe a duty to ourselves and others, to avoid useless worrying and anxiety. Do your very best, and leave the result in higher hands.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVII.—NO. 836.] JANUARY 4, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"NOT IN VAIN."

BY MARIAN FINDLAY, Author of "Her Promise," "Stranger Than Fiction," etc.

"CARLYLE LEANT BACK AND SURVEYED HER WITH A LOOK OF LAZY CONTENT."

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CHAPTER I.

IT is just five weeks since our wedding-day, Edward; how quickly the time has passed."

"Has it, dear? then I hope it has been a happy time to you;" and Edward Carlyle crossed the room, and stood beside his wife at the open French window of their pretty morning-room, which overlooked a garden, not very extensive, but sweet and bright in its lovely spring dress.

"So happy, Edward, that I think I never knew before what happiness really meant, and yet Uncle and Aunt Hammond were very kind to me in their way, only it was not quite my way, that was all."

"No, you were too gentle and quiet a little lady to suit your aunt's tastes, and I fancy she was disappointed when her cherished hopes of turning you into a fashionable young lady of society had all to crumble into dust."

"Poor auntie, it was a great grievance with her that the gay life she would have had me lead did not suit me. I could not endure it, it was all so false and hollow, and I grew to hate the shams, the meaningless smiles, and empty speeches, till I used to wonder if there were anyone true in the whole world, and then—then, dear, I met you." And Helen Carlyle turned her face, sweet and glowing, to meet her husband's tender glance.

"My own dear wife, I would I were a better man for your sweet sake."

"Nay, nay, I would not have you better, dear, you are so good, so wise and clever. I often wonder how you came to want to marry a little ignoramus like me. I——" but her words were stopped by a kiss.

"Helen, I shall not allow you to call my wife names, that is a privilege I shall accord to no one."

Helen's fair face flushed, she had scarcely as yet become accustomed to the dear new name of "wife." "I wish though that I were clever, dear, for your sake," she said shyly, laying her hot face against his sleeve; "but I am, at any rate, 'not yet so old but I may learn.'"

"'Nor bred so dull but you can learn,' eh, sweetheart?" said her husband continuing the quotation.

"But happiest of all is that my spirit commits itself to yours to be directed as from my lord, my governor, my king," she concluded, a whole wealth of love in the low tender voice.

"My darling, I am not worthy of so much affection, I would that I were," and the lines on Carlyle's dark face deepened as he turned aside from his wife's loving eyes. "Come," he said lightly, a moment later, "let us go into the garden, it is wrong to waste this lovely evening indoors." Together they passed down the low stone steps and into the pretty garden, where a rustic seat beneath a budding hawthorn tree was already a favourite nook with them both.

"It seems impossible that I have only known you a little more than six months," Helen said presently, after a brief silence.

"Does it, dear? Well, there's an old saying, 'Happy is the wooing that's not long a-doing;' so, if this holds good we ought indeed to be joyful, for your wooing was certainly a brief one, scarcely five months from the day I first met you at your uncle's literary *soirée* to our wedding day."

"Yes, and I remember I was quite awe-struck, when I was told that such a clever literary man was to take me in to supper the evening of the *soirée*. I kept wondering what he would be like, if he would talk to me in a very learned manner, and if so, how I should answer him."

Carlyle laughed. "I didn't turn out to be so very terrible after all, did I? Indeed, if my memory serves me rightly, I believe we got on remarkably well together, and you certainly didn't give me the impression of being an awe-struck maiden." Helen rose laughing, pulled down a bough of pink blossom and hid her face in the cool fragrant mass.

Carlyle leant back and surveyed her with a look of lazy content upon his handsome face. "Mrs. Carlyle," he said presently, "do you know that you are very pretty?"

"Indeed, my lord, you have often told me so."

Helen laughed, dropping him a saucy curtsy.

"The rays of sunshine on your brown locks give them quite a golden tinge; your dress is very becoming, too, that soft, pale, pink stuff suits you well. Is it a new gown?"

"Oh, Edward. How like a man. You have seen me in this gown half a dozen times at the very least, and then you ask if it is new. Ah, here comes Jane with the letters; are there any for me, I wonder? only one from Aunt Hammond. What news has she for me?"

Carlyle took his letters from the servant's tray, and frowned as he tore them open; the frown deepened as he read, then with an impatient exclamation thrust them in his pocket. Helen looked up from her aunt's letter.

"What is it, dear, has something vexed you?" she questioned.

"Yes, it is most annoying; my publisher wishes to see me at once, and I shall be compelled to leave for London early to-morrow, and be absent, most likely, a couple of days. I shall hate to leave you, my darling, but it cannot be helped, business must be attended to."

"Oh, Edward, how I shall miss you," Helen cried in dismay. "Cannot the business be arranged by letter?"

"No, dear, it is absolutely necessary that we should have a personal interview. You must get Miss Grady to come and stay with you till my return." Carlyle continued. "I am glad you have a friend so near."

"Yes, and Norah is such a dear girl, we were always the best of friends when we were at school together. We were both orphans, you see, and that fact seemed to draw us together, and so, when we left school, I to go to my uncle's home in London, and she to come here to be a welcome inmate of her brother's house, we still kept up the old friendship, and corresponded most regularly, though we but rarely met."

"It is, indeed, fortunate that you have some friends in this sleepy little place, it will make you less lonely when I am busy or absent. Miss Grady is a charming girl, and her brother a real good fellow."

"And is not his wife a dear little woman? And those children, I scarcely know whether to call them cherubs or imps, they look simply angelic, but in reality, they are the veriest little rogues. Their father quite won my heart by the way in which he spoke of you, he thinks you wonderfully clever."

Carlyle laughed.

"Discerning man, Dr. Grady, evidently."

"Now, Edward, don't be sarcastic; but do you know I felt quite ashamed when he was talking of you, to think that I have never read any of your books, and that I know really nothing of my own husband's work."

"I have not written much in the way of books, dear; my work is chiefly lectures, reviews and journalistic articles generally, nothing at all likely to interest a lady."

"Anything you had written would be of the greatest interest to me."

"A very sweet reply, little wife; nevertheless, I assure you I am right, so don't ask to see any of my scribblings, for I am a veritable Bluebeard in this matter, you will find."

"But, Edward, I should so love to read what you have written, and——"

"But my darling will not wish it when I say that I particularly desire her not to do so. Helen, you have married a queer fellow, full of faults, whose only redeeming quality is his love for you, that at least is deep and true."

"Yes, dear, I know it is," and Helen crept closely to her husband's side. But she could not help feeling a little natural curiosity, and a touch of rebellion at her husband's dislike to her seeing his work, which certainly appeared foolish and unreasonable on his part; she, however, wisely resolved not to argue further, and began to make inquiries about his forthcoming journey.

"To-morrow is Friday, and you will not be back, you say, till Monday or Tuesday; oh, how dull I shall be without you, dear! You will be away on Sunday, too, and I shall have to go to church alone; it will be quite an ordeal for me, as, being our first Sunday at home, I shall be stared at most unmercifully."

"Don't go then; I am not much of a believer in church-going myself; I don't see the good of that sort of thing;" then adding hastily and half apologetically, as in reply to Helen's surprised and pained glance: "You see, dear, my father was a very strict man, and always insisted upon my regular attendance at church, and thus I had so much of it thrust upon me in my youth, that at length it grew to be irksome, and when I grew older, and, I fear, more headstrong, I shook off the paternal authority, and so came about the rupture between my poor old father and myself. He had set his heart upon my going into the church, but I—— well, I had other views, and so, as we could not agree, we parted, and I have never seen him since the day, more than a dozen years ago, when I, a foolish lad of twenty, left his roof, vowing never to return to it."

"Oh, Edward; your poor old father, and he had no wife and no other children left to cheer and comfort his old age?"

"No, I was an only child; my mother died soon after my birth. I have often thought if she had lived things might have been very different. As it is, I fear I disappointed my father terribly."

Carlyle's face clouded, and he sighed heavily. Helen saw that the subject had awakened sad memories in her husband's mind, so, with ready tact hastened to suggest that they should return to the house and have some music, which she well knew would best dispel his gloomy thoughts.

Softly she played to him, first some of his favourite Chopin's weird music, then changing into Mendelssohn's exquisite "songs without words," choosing the solemn andantes and tender adagios, her fingers lingering on the notes with loving, caressing touch. As she played on the deep lines round Carlyle's brow relaxed and his eyes softened. Through the open window came the perfume of the hawthorn and budding lilac, borne in on the soft spring breeze. The song of the birds was hushed; golden rays from the setting sun touched the young green leaves, and cast gleams of mellow light upon the meadows beyond, giving a glorious beauty to even the modest daisy and humble buttercup which abounded there.

It was a sweet, restful scene. Discontent had no dwelling in it; shadow and storm no abiding place. And as Helen closed the piano and came to her husband's side, she felt her eyes grow dim, so touched she was by the perfect beauty and harmony of all around her, and her heart was lifted up in gratitude to Him from whom cometh all good things.

(To be continued.)

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

From the painting by DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

A NEW YEAR'S HEALTH SERMON.

By "MEDICUS."

THERE is nothing certain in this life save the unexpected. When I wrote my last paper I was in fine form, and as hard as flint, not to put too fine a point on it. I almost rejoiced in my strength. Two weeks after I was down with laryngitis or inflammation of the organ of voice, and even now I have little more voice than a church mouse. I cannot sing over my violin anyhow. One should never boast of one's strength. My readers will observe that I am inclined to be melancholic. Yes, and perhaps a trifle hysterical too, simply to this extent, that I could not listen to beautiful music, nor read anything like the story of Dickens's Little Nell without shed—— I mean, you know, without making a baby of myself, and I should hate to do that.

The guitar is the sweetest and saddest of all music. I daren't play mine to-night. Well, open confession is good for the soul, girls. And I'll confess some more, and perhaps you'll like me none the worse for it. When lying ill what worried me more than anything else was the thoughts that I had to miss my monthly health sermon to you.

I am not a vain man—very, very far from that, yet I believe some of you missed your "Medicus." Was it not so? Out of the many, many thousands of subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER there is no doubt thousands who never look at my particular columns, but then there are more who do, and these of course I consider my very choicest of friends. To these I address myself in this first month, of what I trust will be to you all a glad new year.

I daresay many of you are now making good resolutions; you are going to keep a journal; you are going to take greater care of your health; you are going to read more; take more regular exercise, and perhaps the cold tub in the morning, and do this, that, and t'other. Well, if you could only keep up those resolutions, if you would swing the clubs or dumb-bells every morning with regulated motions, and if you were to make the morning sponge baths a well-established institution, you would indeed feel yourself improved in health and strength, and consequently in happiness. As for keeping a journal you may try, but I don't think you will succeed. However, good resolutions are not to be despised, even if they are broken through after a bit. They send us a step or two onwards, anyhow, towards the good. I'm preaching, am I? Well, never mind, but I will tell you of one very good resolve. Try to make somebody or some animal a little happier every day of your life. A kind word or two to a child even does the child good, and it does you good as well. It is a kind of double blessing, you know. But never expect any reward for it either here or hereafter. That were selfishness. Just do good for the mere sake of doing good. But there is another point of view from which this doing little acts of kindness to the human beings or animals you meet or mingle with, and it is a physical one. Many girls are troubled with sleeplessness and restlessness. Well, one of the best soporifics in the world is this. After you have turned in—pardon my sailor language—after you have gone to bed then, just think over the events of the day. "Have I made anyone or any of God's creatures happy to-day? Have I been cross when it would have been better to keep my temper? Have I done my duty to those above me?" Answer these to yourself. I don't think you shall have answered them all ere sleep steals, wave after wave like sea billows, over your senses and wafted you away to the land of dreams.

I am not a Buddhist, girls, but there are some points in their religion which we would do well to follow. While *we* are all too content to remain in *statu quo* as regards our ethics, trusting, as of course we ever ought to trust, to the mercy and clemency of Him who rules over all, the Buddhists are ever striving onwards from good to better, from better to better, and to reach the best. They are never content with themselves. Should not we Christians do the same? But do we? Do we not often harbour spite and spleen and all uncharitableness instead of trying our best to crush these feelings, as the Highland red deer crush the snakes under their feet. Mind you this, that health brings happiness, but that happiness is increased to a marvellous extent, if we but feel that we are striving day after day to make our souls more white. And the very knowledge that we are doing so reacts upon the bodily constitution and helps to strengthen that. Very strange but very true! The more pure in thought and kind in heart one is, the more healthy one will be, if the ordinary physical laws be obeyed. And don't you forget it, please.

By the way, will you let me point out to you one sin that I grieve to say is all too common among young girls, but which is not difficult to avoid. I don't mean to accuse them openly of telling little bits of fibs, but of exaggerating when relating incidents of everyday life. They get carried away and excited as it were, and make mountains out of mole-hills. A crowd for instance they have seen on the street around a woman who has fainted, a crowd of say fifty, is multiplied into hundreds. A hot day is terrific, the thermometer must have stood at 90°; a cold day awful; the cabman who whipped a lazy horse was killing him. Or they go for a drive and it was just too awfully nice for anything. And so on and so forth. This may seem a little matter, but it is indeed a bad habit, and it is most unladylike. Perhaps this will fetch you. Anyhow, I beg and pray of you to strive and fight against this most prevalent and evil habit, and I'm sure you'll conquer.

It is nearly ten o'clock and I am weary—debility, you know, from my recent illness. I will finish this paper to-morrow morning. What a heavenly night it is. The moon is shining, high up in the heavens like a silver shield, and so brightly that the stars are hardly seen and there isn't a breath of wind. I can almost hear the leaves falling down from the linden trees. It is a beautiful world if we didn't try to hurry through it all so fast and be constantly worrying after excitement. Good-night.

A bright and beautiful morning. When I awoke at four to work the stars were still shining bright and near, and the great round moon was slowly declining in the west beyond the beautiful valley of the Thames. It looked almost weird shimmering through my giant poplars. Why should I rise so early? Oh, I can assure you I do not believe in very early rising. Seven o'clock in summer and half-past seven in winter is early enough for anyone over sixteen years of age, and to girls under that age an hour more should be granted. But lying too long in bed softens the muscles and spoils beauty, for if the facial muscles are not strong they hang somewhat and give a flabby appearance to the countenance. Complexion too is injured by lazing in bed of a morning, because the liver is prepared to secrete bile—so important a factor in digestion—and does secrete it, but if the stomach is empty it may be to some extent absorbed and pass into the blood. Hence, yellowness of skin, languor, headaches and I can't tell you what all. I am putting it plainly and simply because I know you hate physiology.

But *I* for the present must work to windward, for my writings during my illness, have drifted far to the lee.

Now what I am going to tell you, is meant to encourage my fair readers not to be afraid of the cold bath. I made an experiment. I had missed my bath for over two weeks. Then I determined to try it, with *no* dash of hot water in it, mind you. The windows that first morning were so hard frozen, you could have written your name on a pane of glass with a hairpin.

I was perspiring through sheer debility; but in I went for it. The shock was rather severe. It was like going out of a cosy room and breathing the ice-dust of a highland snow-storm. But five minutes after I was in a pleasant glow. I have kept it up ever since of course, and mean to, God sparing me, through all the winter, be it ever so wild and icy.

Now pray don't misunderstand me; there are some girls whose hearts are too feeble to admit of their plunging into ice-cold water, or using the sponge bath. They may have a dash of hot water in it. Happy are those, however, who can take it cold. I believe they are sure to get married sooner than the others. They will, if they are careful in diet, exercise (recreative), etc., soon become hale, healthy and happy. In other words they will possess the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

By the way, girls who are unable for some reason, fanciful or real, to do as the wild birds do, and bathe every morning, should adopt the plan of dry rubbing with rough towels. It serves to draw the blood from internal organs, and keep the pores of the skin open. That is a word to the wise.

I have spoken about early rising, now just a sentence or two about going to bed. Grown-up people can do with but little sleep, but young folks must have a good share. The old saying that an hour before midnight is worth two after, is pretty nearly correct. It is not the length of time one sleeps, but the soundness of the slumber that refreshes one, and renews the strength. Some people can sleep more in one hour than others can in three. Because they really are asleep. A dreamful slumber does but little good, and you awake sleepy-eyed, and unrefreshed. I am convinced that the aching back and burning brows that many girls complain of, are brought about by their not retiring early enough. Weakly girls of this stamp should go to bed at nine, and they must have had no excitement for at least half-an-hour before going. No laughing or talking. Before turning in, let them read a short time. This calms the mind and takes the blood from the brain. A little

food may be taken shortly before lying down, a biscuit and a glass of milk, if they have had an early supper; if not, a tumblerful of cold spring water, with a teaspoonful of the effervescing citrate of lithia or potash in it, makes, in many cases, the best soporific that I know of.

Men should take a bottle of real soda-water immediately before lying down. By real soda-water, I mean that which contains fifteen grains of bi-carbonate of soda to each bottle. That is what I do myself when hot and restless after a hard day's work. Speaking from experience, I find this an excellent plan. I have tried spirits, stout, and wine negus, but they only heat the brain. There is nothing like the soda-water. But endeavour to banish all thinking when you lie down. Or you may mentally recite hymns to yourself. I have many favourites which serve the purpose. The Scotch Bibles have all the psalms in metre, and the twenty-third is the most beautiful ever King David wrote. Then there is that sad, wailing hymn beginning—

"How still and peaceful is the grave,
When life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last."

Probably that other lovely hymn, which is really a poetic edition of the Lord's Prayer, will be better known. It commences—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led."

I have travelled much in wilderness and desert too, and in woods and wilds, and I cannot mentally repeat that hymn in bed without imagining myself tramping all alone through some wildery, with His hand to buoy me up.

But I weary you, so I must say, "Good-bye till we meet again in another month."

ON AND OFF A PACK-SADDLE IN CENTRAL JAPAN.

PART III.

THERE was nothing for it now but to scale the precipice, climb the mountain side, and descend into Kirizumi from the north. After crawling along the cliff for some perches, aided by shrubs and saplings which, happily for me, grew close enough to form a kind of parapet, a hunter's trail, or narrow path, was gained, which led eventually to the village.

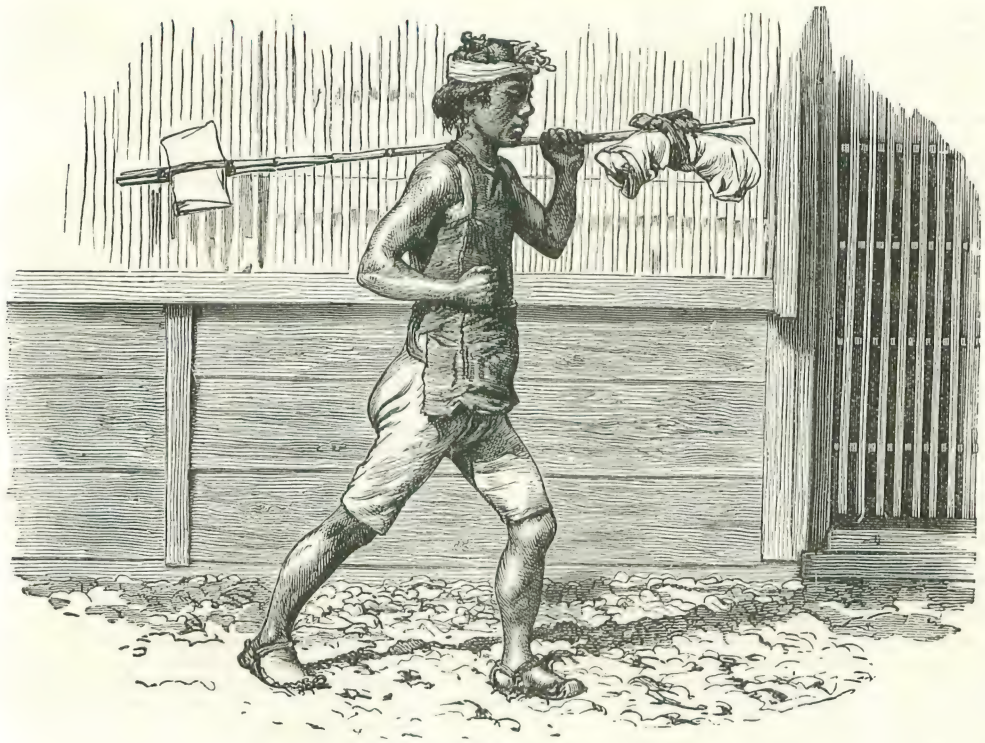
A strange spectacle that pretty village, where every house had been built for the accommodation and pleasure of summer boarders, presented. The previous day the river, swollen by the rains, had burst its bounds and swept through the narrow valley, breaking down bridges, carrying away trees, cutting up paths, and overturning houses. Several of these lay upside down in mid-stream, others tottered and hung sideways over the banks. The wooded heights around, glorious in their autumnal tints, with the remnants of climbing paths still clinging to their shelving sides, rose up even to the shoulders of the adjacent mountains, over all the cloudless sky, clear, shining after rain. It was still mid-day, and the sun's rays brightened the recesses of the ravine, but the air of desolation was oppressing.

Except a few caretakers, the residents had fled for their lives that morning, on foot and in single file, along a narrow trail over the hills and far away, up and on to Karuizawa. Supplies had been cut off and provisions were running short, but I could do no less than order *taberoo* (a meal) for my carriers, one of whom I subsequently discovered was attached to the staff of the hotel to which he had brought me, and had only done his duty as tout perhaps. Their gratitude was overwhelming, though not carried beyond the regulations of custom. It took the form of a psalm of thanksgiving, chanted on their knees, every phrase punctuated by knocking their foreheads on the matting. My friend in Mayebashi had always returned the salutations of her native visitors in kind, but these genuflexions were too much for my stiff knees, and I could only trust to their innate courtesy to excuse my want of manners. The dripping contents of my baskets next claimed attention. As there are no fires attainable in Japanese houses, a brazier of charcoal scarcely deserving the name, these had to be dried in the sun. This necessitated my remaining a day or two, for the sun only shines over that valley for a few hours about noon. I had a handsome bath-house, and a boarding-house containing thirty rooms for my sole use and behoof, both standing high and dry on the rocks, but remembering that earthquakes often followed storms, and conscious of the neighbourhood of an active volcano, Asamayama, I was glad to charter a guide, who also acted as baggage carrier, the second morning and follow the trail of the refugees up hill and down dale, and over a mountain-height, through rich woods, carpeted with a wonderful variety of ferns and grasses, to a pass above Karuizawa. There a magnificent view awaited us. Mountains to right and left, to the south, far as eye could reach, stretched the Kwanto (eight provinces), the richest and most fertile plain in all Japan, a land of corn and silk, rivers of water and "trees of the Lord." Once, more than a thousand years ago, somewhere on these heights, perchance in this very spot, a young prince had stood and looked on this panorama. By the might of his arms and the aid of the divine gods of the land, he had won the country for his father, the Mikado of Western Nippon, away behind Fuziyama and the Hakone Mountain barrier, and remembering the cost at which that aid had been gained, and the fair young wife who had given her life to secure it, he flung his hands towards the heedless mountain-tops, the dwelling-place of the cruel gods, and groaned aloud, *Adzuma! Adzuma!* (My wife! my wife!) And Adzuma has been the name ever since by which this garden-ground of Japan is known in song and story.

To the north, eighteen hundred feet below, notwithstanding its great altitude (3000 feet above sea-level) lay the broad plateau of Karuizawa flanked by smoking Asamayama. Then at the head of the Usui Pass the North Western Railway renewed its interrupted course, broken at Yokogawa by that formidable mountain wall. And to the Railway Hotel we betook us after descending the grass-covered slopes to the town, and finding it waste and void so far as the foreign element was concerned, the summer residents having departed down the Pass at the first break in the storm, the adults on foot and the children in paniers securely tied on pack-horses.

Railway inns are not always desirable residences. The landlord of this was surly; in his youth he had probably been a *samourai*, and still bore himself with the aggressive hostility to all things foreign characteristic of those swaggering two-sworded gentry. A sleeping compartment, narrow and bare, was accorded grudgingly and charged for extortionately. Desiring the usual hot bath I was shown a room specially designed for that purpose. On one side it was open to the station yard, on the other a glass partition fenced it off (like a conservatory) from the general sitting-room thronged with tea-drinkers. A smiling damsel proffered her services as bath-woman, anxious to see what a foreigner looked like when disentangled from the unnecessarily numerous and jealously fastened, buttoned and hooked-up garments of civilisation. She was disappointed, ostentatious ablutions being forbidden by a modest and retiring disposition. Bathing is almost a religious rite in Japan. Anyway, its votaries love to perform it, as the Pharisees of old said their long prayers, where they may be seen of men. The night that followed was disturbed.

GATE OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE.



A JAPANESE POSTMAN.

Asamayama sent out a suggestively unpleasant fiery glow about the near horizon; an earthquake shook and rocked the building, and earthquakes, though of weekly occurrence in Japan, are natural phenomena, to which one never grows accustomed, or submits with tranquillity. Some men in the next compartment drank saké and discussed politics until the midnight train bore them away still quarrelling. I feared every moment they would come to blows and tumble through the paper wall. Servants pulled the screens aside and peeped in at me at unexpected times; and, worst of all, whenever a train came in, the landlord went stark, staring, raving mad apparently. He would rush out, double himself up, and, gesticulating violently, hurl anathemas at the arriving passengers. Subsequently, in Zeukoji, I had reason to believe this was simply another manner of touting and attracting visitors to the house, invitation, not invective, being the subject of the wild Pacan, but as a first experience it was more terrorising than being dragged pick-a-back through an angry flood.

Early in the morning I took the train for Nagano, the farthest point to the north to which my passport gave access, more generally known as Zeukoji, the headquarters of the Monto Sect of Buddhists whose Abbots are Princes in their own right—in short the Canterbury of Buddhistic Japan. The railroads are well built and the carriages commodious, airy, and comfortable. For four hours I could have imagined myself in Switzerland as we skirted Asamayama and then coursed to the northwest, the bare mountain ranges at each side now drawing close, anon folding back and permitting views of the higher ranges behind. The houses here in the very heart of Japan seemed larger and better built than those in the Capital and Yokohama, and much more picturesque with their many gables and high fantastic roofs. The towns we passed were well placed, distinctly prosperous and clean. This mode of travelling is deservedly popular. The carriages quickly filled and the passengers were an unflagging source of interest. Many of the men were in European dress, but the ladies had all gladly discarded corsets and tight bodices, *de rigueur* in fashionable town life, and resumed the national *Kamona*, a dressing-gown sort of wrapper belted round the hips with an *obi* or with stiffly-lined sash tied at the back in a knot the size and shape of a knapsack. The children's costume, like their faces, showed features of both parents. All of them used pieces of tissue paper as pocket-handkerchiefs, and I have no doubt their stockings were shaped with a special receptacle for the great toe, and that, as soon as they reached their journey's end they pulled off their Parisian boots and slipped into sandals or clogs. It was a funny sight to see a gentleman correctly attired in foreign clothes, with a flower in his buttonhole and a dainty kerchief in his breast pocket, draw a square of paper from his bosom and wipe his children's noses all round, then fold the thing carefully and replace it. And quite as amusing to watch the efforts of the country people to tuck their feet up behind them on the narrow seat and sit on their heels.

I stepped off the platform at Zeukoji into the midst of a band of seeming lunatics ranged in two lines across the street, all bent double as if in agony and shrieking in chorus. One of them attacked me on my most vulnerable point, my baggage, and taking possession of it ran off to the inn whose merits he had been extolling. Naturally I followed. The inn fully justified being "put to a tune and sung in the market-place," as the Irish say. It was large, clean, well-kept and well-appointed. A room up six flights of stairs was given to me—a room with glass windows on two sides commanding a magnificent view of the river and plain and distant mountains to the south-east, and the principal street of the town to the west—and a youth told off as special attendant, with a little boy to do the light work. Later on a policeman was added, who undertook the outdoor work.

The typhoon had not extended its ravages so far north, and the loftiness of the building indicating that earthquakes were not a subject of constant apprehension, I made this my

JAPANESE LADIES.

headquarters for a few days, and luxuriated in the brightness and dryness of the atmosphere. There was much to see in the town and more in the neighbourhood. Like Ephesus in the days of St. Paul, Zeukoji possesses a famous temple which influences the arts and manufactures and trade of the town; shrine-making in particular brings "no small gain to the craftsman," every third or fourth house being devoted to the sale of them. Pretty things they are, fashioned mostly of cedar-wood or white pine, and charming little bookcases or cabinets they make when set up in Christian homes.

About half a mile up the main street stands the Gammon or principal gate of the temple, a huge structure as conspicuous and imposing as the *Arc de Triomphe* in Paris, somewhat the same shape and, though constructed of wood, quite as ornate and much more picturesque. An irreverent American journalist describes the ecclesiastical buildings in Japan as huge and indescribably ornamental roofs set on the ground. The supporting walls certainly are low and dwarfed into insignificance by the superincumbent building, their crown and glory, the masterpiece of both architect and artist. May not this be as symbolical as our church-spires, the outcome of the same spiritual thought. A quarter of a mile farther on another *mon*, or gate, is passed, if possible with a higher and more ornamental roof than the first, and the traveller walks on through a long row of booths where little images of the gods, relics, charts of the temple grounds, story-books, and gewgaws of all kinds, are exhibited for sale, together with fruits and sweetmeats. At each side, behind the booths, labyrinths of minor temples, monasteries, and priests' houses, show their fanciful roof-trees above the surrounding walls; then come two magnificent flights of steps leading up to the grounds of the great temple. Surmounting these the eye is attracted at once by the stone lanterns, the finest and largest exhibit of the kind in Japan, intermingled with statues, in stone or bronze, of Amida (Buddhas), conspicuous among them being that of Bindzuru, the Helper of the Sick. Originally one of the "Most Holy Sixteen," Bindzuru, notwithstanding his distinguished piety, was, saith tradition, expelled from their chaste society for having violated his vows by remarking on the beauty of a woman; his usual place is therefore outside the temple-doors. "A woman's exterior," to quote a Buddhist text, "is that of a saint, but her heart is that of a demon." Bindzuru's study of the Scriptures may have been perfunctory, carried on by means of the rotatory library, and have left him in ignorance of this dogma, or he may have been tinged with scepticism, but neither his favour with the gods nor his popularity with mankind suffered in consequence. On the contrary, the thousand-handed Kwaunon, Goddess of Mercy, naturally took him under her special protection and endowed him with miraculous powers of healing, which have been continued like a serial tale, down to the present day in all the numbers of his images. His effigy is always conspicuous for its smoothness and shining brightness, the work of true believers who, at all hours of the day, may be seen using the diseased part of their bodies as a polishing pad, hoping thereby to obtain the healing unction, or, at least, a little relief. Possibly it was in consequence of Bindzuru's lapse that a certain kind of hood called a "hornhider" became obligatory as a woman's head-covering when attending special services in the great temples, horns being as distinctive of the Buddhist demon as the cloven hoof is of ours.

The temple grounds are vast and enclose gardens, burial-grounds for the priests, a museum and exhibition of native industries, and, of course, the various accessories of a temple, such as belfries, treasure-houses, a pavilion for the Rinzo, or "revolving library," and a baptistery—an initiatory rite somewhat resembling our baptism being practised by this sect. The invention of revolving libraries is ascribed to a Chinese priest, who lived in the sixth century of our era, but it is eminently suggestive of American labour-saving contrivances. It is a large book-case of red lacquer on a dark lacquer base and lotus-shaped pedestal, and contains the whole Buddhist Scriptures—6771 volumes. It is a merit to have read this library through, salvation in the life to come, and the "avoidance of all misfortune" in the life that now is being thereby assured; but unfortunately the books are written in Chinese—the Chinese of a thousand years ago—and that has never been a language whose literature could be devoured at the rate of a volume or two per day, like the contents of our English circulating libraries. Few men have leisure for such a course of study in these days. Still fewer in the dark ages fifteen hundred years ago dared tackle those Scriptures. Even the priests had to spend so many hours of the day and night repeating the worshipful name of Buddha, and telling their beads that they had no time for the herculean brain-task, they could only dip into an odd volume now and then. Fu Daishi hit on the passage asserting that salvation is the reward of faith, and ardent desire equivalent to accomplished act. The book-case was in existence then; he inserted a pivot in the pedestal on which the whole structure could be made to revolve by one vigorous push, and wrote an inscription on the base asserting that a "degree of merit, equal to that accruing to him who should have perused the entire canon, will be obtained by those who will cause this library to revolve three times on its axis, and moreover long life, prosperity, and the avoidance of all misfortunes, shall be their reward." For a shilling one can obtain all these blessings if one has faith. It is the cheapest theological course in the world, and the most thorough.

The Monto sect has been called the Protestantism of Japan. It was founded in the thirteenth century by a priest, who became convinced of the futility and vanity of the complicated doctrines and difficult practices of the Buddhism of the time, and abolished most of its rites, and even the celibacy of the priesthood, and taught that piety consisted solely in faith in Buddha's willingness to save.

(To be continued.)

DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS AT WORK AND AT LEISURE.

"Know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules."

"In all true work, were it but true hand labour, there is something of divineness."

Carlyle.

THERE are over a million women and girls in London who wholly or partly gain a living by their own industry; of these, some sixty thousand are dressmakers and milliners, a larger number than is to be found in any other European capital.

It seems next to impossible to gain any accurate knowledge of the character, success, or influence of such large numbers of our fellow-citizens, and still more difficult to discover how they spend their leisure if they are so fortunate as to have any. The subject is, however, well worth looking into if only to see how sixty thousand women and girls, engaged in honest labour in our metropolis, make their mark, for good or for evil, on the remaining portion of the population.

Their ostensible work is to decorate or make seemly the bodies of others of their sex, but they do a great deal more than this, and as far as I have been able to see, our London is a good deal the better for this army of workers.

If we are to investigate this subject, it can only be done by breaking up the numbers into those who work in great London houses with settled incomes and without household cares; those who are in business for themselves in a large way, and in fashionable districts, who have to start with large capital and a grand show of rich and valuable materials to meet the demands of their aristocratic customers; those in a more modest way of business, in all parts of London, who do not disdain to make up ladies' own materials; those who go out to private houses by the day, for half-a-crown or three shillings, out of which omnibus or railway fare must be paid; and lastly, those who do slop work at sweating prices, for example, a dozen fashionable blouses at tenpence a dozen! In this way we shall, at all events, touch the fringe of the subject.

It is necessary to say at starting that a large proportion of these sixty thousand are not born Londoners, although they are counted as such; many are from various parts of the kingdom, and also from France; as a rule they are daughters of farmers, doctors, clergy, solicitors, and tradespeople of all degrees.

To begin with, the life of milliners and dressmakers engaged in the great London houses is an altogether different thing from that which obtained twenty or thirty years ago—the hours are fewer, the food is better and more carefully served, the sleeping-apartments are good, the care bestowed on the workers is almost parental, their health is watched over—in most houses there is an invalid-room and a house-doctor—their leisure is profitably spent, and they do not now lie in bed every spare moment, as they used to do, because they are too tired to sit up.

The gradual development of this improved state of things has naturally had an effect upon the girls themselves; their pleasures and recreations are of a higher class than formerly, there is a greater power of thinking among them, a more earnest desire to make use of every opportunity for improving themselves intellectually, and there is a great deal of earnest practical religion noticeable both in their work and their leisure.

The result of all this is that there is a marked decrease in the percentage of deaths among milliners and dressmakers during the last ten or fifteen years.

It must not be supposed that the whole sixty thousand are equally well off or equally successful; three-sixths, or thirty thousand are working for bare subsistence; two-sixths, or

twenty thousand are earning independence; and one-sixth, or ten thousand, are working and struggling for daily bread at starvation wage. Of this last, thirty on an average die yearly of starvation in addition to those who commit suicide from sheer despair. There are, in fact, as many rungs in the ladder of millinery and dressmaking as in that of church, law, or physic.

A circumstance which speaks well, both for employers and employed, is the many years girl-milliners and dressmakers remain in the same houses of business; several have been employed close upon twenty years, beginning as a rule at a salary of £12 a year, and going on gradually to £50 leaving their mark on each department, till at length by means of skill and character they find themselves in positions of great responsibility; and the advantage of this is that those in authority know exactly the difficulties, temptations and longings of those under them, because they have trodden step by step the same road, a practical knowledge which is priceless and which no stranger could possess. It is the same in the houses of court milliners and dressmakers, where the superintendents of the various departments have been for years in the same positions.

Some of the large business places are like small kingdoms, and in the majority of them, where the milliners and dressmakers are housed and boarded, the laws are almost as strict. All the younger ones must be in by ten o'clock or they are fined—the fines usually going towards forming libraries—no one may sleep out except in case of emergency, and then the head of the firm or housekeeper must be quite satisfied as to the necessity beforehand.

Their quarters are quite apart from the men's, and they dine separately as well; generally they go to meals in parties, half principals and half improvers and apprentices as fairly as possible, indeed, the greatest order reigns throughout the establishments. As a rule the milliners must have learnt their business before entering the large houses in London; they begin at the shapes and are called "improvers." For the first year they get no salaries but are boarded and lodged; the second year they commence with £12 and go on with an increase every year till the salary reaches £50.

They are drafted off to the work-room or show-room according to their ability. The latter position is much coveted, but the girls selected must know how to speak to ladies, have delicate, clever hands, and nice manners, and have been accustomed to the business of the show-room before coming to town.

Other girls are told off to match the ribbons, etc., for all ribbons and laces are bought by the chief milliner of the ribbon and lace departments, the latter having transfer books by which they check off the amounts sold. Fancy crowns, shapes, embroidered laces and similar goods are bought in Paris. Except during sales every bonnet sold is entered in a book with its description and the name and address of the customer.

The head milliner keeps two years' records, and the counting house clerks keep still longer notices, so that it is possible to refer back five years.

The "buyer" purchases what is required in Paris on her own responsibility, and must be very experienced.

Apprentices are received as a rule in the dressmaking departments of some houses by the payment of £30 premium for three years, and £20 for four years, and are instructed in all branches of the trade. There is generally a skirt room and a bodice room, in which all the workers are outdoor hands, that is to say, they sleep, breakfast and sup out. For these girls the various homes in London are exactly what they need when their day's work is over; the food is simple and good, the bed-rooms are clean, the sitting-room comfortable, the company of other girls makes it cheerful, and the home is mothered and kept in order by a good matron.

The workers in these two rooms must have had two years' experience elsewhere before seeking engagement here, and must produce testimony as to character and efficiency. They are paid twelve shillings a week to begin with, and find themselves in everything but tea, which is provided for them in a room specially kept for their use. They are required to be in the work-rooms before a quarter to nine in the morning, otherwise the money for lost time is deducted at the end of the week when the roll is called and wages paid. The day's work is over, as a rule, at seven in the evening.

The skirt and body hands are distinct one from the other; the superintendents arrange the trimmings while the actual work is done by the "hands," in other words, the one side supplies the genius and skill, while the other performs the mechanical work. Naturally the skilled labour is paid best.

The number of out-door hands varies according to the houses in which they are engaged; in some there are as many as a hundred and fifty, in others ninety, in others as few as thirty. I have put the question to many girls: "What do you do if a girl comes among you whose talk and behaviour is what you call fast?"

"She corrects herself generally," is the answer. "She sees we do not like it and that we avoid her. She therefore ceases to be offensive or gives up her situation."

We see that girls in houses of business and in those of fashionable milliners and dressmakers are thoroughly cared for and well taught in their hours of work, and certainly there is nothing left to desire in the rooms provided for them when the day's work is over; they are most comfortable and homelike with their library, piano, and quiet games. Still, this is only a portion of the workers after all. Further down the ladder there are very many good dressmakers and milliners who employ a great number of apprentices and day workers, and who do not object to making up ladies' own materials. Here, instead of paying three pounds for simply making a dress you may get it done for a pound, and in place of paying a couple of pounds for a hat or bonnet you may get it for fifteen shillings or a pound.

Then there are others with little or no capital who live in cheap districts, east, west, north and south of London. These make for small tradespeople and servants, and charge ten shillings for making a dress, and trim a hat for a couple of shillings. These employ from five or six hands and apprentices to ten or twelve according to the season, but they do not live in the house, they come in the morning and go back home at night. As may be supposed, those on the last two rungs of the ladder have not much leisure, being glad to work as long as there is work to be done.

The great drawback to the success of milliners and dressmakers who are in business for themselves is that people do not pay ready money for their dresses and millinery, and are seriously offended if pressed for it; this is a source of much trouble and perplexity to heads of business, whether great or small, for they are bound to meet their bills whatever happens or they could not continue their work, and the pity of it is that in many cases the non-payments are the result of simple thoughtlessness.

We next come to the girls who have to keep a home together, and who go out by the day to private houses as milliners and dressmakers: their lives are hard, they have to leave home early in all weathers and return late at night; their work is close and unceasing, and when all is said and done, there is not much left out of fifteen or at most eighteen shillings a week when the omnibus or railway-fare is paid to and fro. It is a hopeless look-out for the future, they have no leisure whatever except Sunday, it is impossible for them to lay by a penny; they are only thankful if they can be sure of regular work, otherwise how is a roof to be kept over the head of sick mother and brothers and sisters; there is a wide difference between the well-fed, well-cared for girls in large London houses and these.

We must still take another rung of the ladder downwards, where women and girls work all day and half the night and cannot even earn enough to provide bread for themselves and those dependent on them; they have no time for anything but this everlasting stitching; a blouse, a fashionable one, must be made for less than a penny, the workers finding the cotton. It is intolerable that this should be possible in our London; what shall be said of those who take advantage of the necessities of the poor and helpless by forcing them thus to work at starvation prices in order that they may heap up riches for themselves! Sweating is direful in its results to body, soul and spirit. The wonder is that so many stick to honest labour, that so few die of starvation and that suicide is not more frequent among these heroic people.

To work our way back to the upper rungs of the ladder. Girls engaged in London houses, having homes within reasonable distances, are very kind to those who are alone and whose parents are far away in the country: they constantly invite them for the Sunday, a day which would otherwise be very lonely.

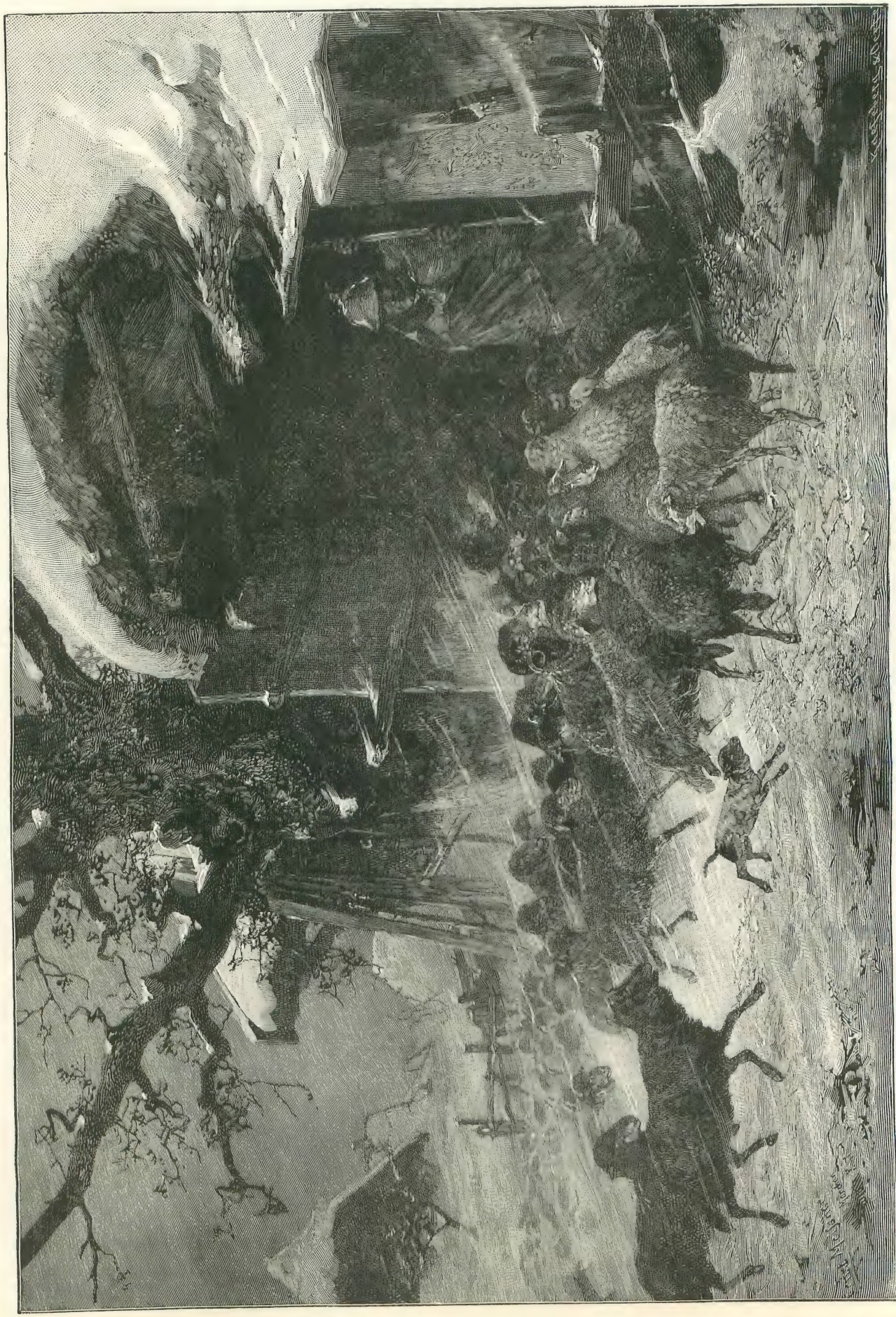
I think it will afford as much pleasure as surprise to hear that when the day's work is over, a large number of milliners and dressmakers, not merely apprentices, but improvers and superintendents and heads of business, may be seen wending their way in all directions; some to girls' clubs, others to Spitalfields and East End to teach, to cut out clothes and tack them together for the poor, ready to be given out to be made; some to cripple children to teach them how to sew, others to meet girls without any of their advantages and try to interest them and make life happier for them, while not a few go to what is known as ragged school work.

A large number of the girls for their own improvement join classes for languages, especially taking up French and German, which is so useful to them in business, or literature or music, and if you were to go into the sitting-rooms of an evening you would find many engaged in reading, or doing pretty work, or making their own dresses; and if you inquire after some whom you miss you will hear that they have gone to some of the good concerts which are rendered so accessible nowadays.

Sunday is by no means an idle day for milliners and dressmakers. They are up early and may be seen at early service; they teach in Sunday-schools, and take a deep interest in the members of their classes; and this Sunday work is not confined to the highest rung of the ladder, but includes every division we have noticed except those whose lives are destroyed by the sweaters, God help them!

Self-help.—Among milliners and dressmakers girls under twenty may by paying £1 a year, girls under twenty-five may by paying £1 5s. a year, girls under thirty may by paying £1 15s. a year obtain 12s. a week in case of sickness or inability to work, and a permanent income after the age of fifty-five by belonging to the Milliners and Dressmakers Provident and Benevolent Institution. Since its establishment in 1849 it has paid out to members nearly £14,000.

Young milliners and dressmakers can thus secure for themselves provision in the future.



"REFUGEES."

REFUGEES.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

BUT yesterday the sweet white violet
'Midst the gnarled oak-roots hopefully peeped forth;
The red buds dreamed that they might soon forget
The lashing storm-winds of the icy north.

The mothers of the flock their lambkins led
Into the fragrant meadow lands to play,
And the broad river down its reedy bed
Flashed, singing of the Spring—but yesterday.

To-day the sleety blast sweeps o'er the plain,
The happy hopes of waking-Spring to mock,
And the grave shepherd gathers home again,
With face of anxious care, his scattered flock.

But yesterday our hopes were also bright,
Or flowery meadows tempted us to stray
From the straight path, to which in sore affright
Some sweeping storm has brought us back to-day.

But oh, sad hearts, o'er which the wild winds sweep,
Love's tender voice is calling through the gloom,
And the Good Shepherd, mindful of His sheep,
Despite the blinding storm will guide ye Home!

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE Sir Dugald was taking his measures of precaution, Cecil had been carried into one of the rooms on the ground floor of the outer court, and laid on the divan. Charlie rushed off to his surgery for bandages, and sent a servant to fetch Lady Haigh, who came at once, breathless and astonished, but capable and resourceful as ever. The first step necessary was to get rid of Azim Bey, who was crouched in a heap on the divan, looking like a little Eastern idol in very reduced circumstances, and to turn him over to the care of Sir Dugald's Indian valet for some necessary personal attention. But the last rush through the yelling mob seemed to have shaken the boy's nerve, for he was trembling and shivering, and his face was whitey-brown with fear. To Lady Haigh he looked exactly like a monkey in mid-winter, but she could not help pitying him as he shrank and cowered at every fresh shout of the mob outside. To her greeting and advice he paid but little heed.

"They are all saying we shall be killed, madame," with a nod in the direction of the knot of frightened servants near the gate, "and if we are to be killed, why trouble about one's appearance? It is destiny?"

"It is your destiny just now to go with Chanda Lal, and have a bath and some clean clothes, if anyone here has any small enough," said Charlie, returning with his bandages. "Now then, young man, off with you," and he evicted the boy summarily from the divan, and impelled him in the right direction with a gentle shove. Charlie was the surgeon now, not by any means the courtier, and he was not accustomed to have his orders disobeyed.

The business of dressing the wounded ankle was a long and painful one, and Cecil fainted again before it was over. Charlie fetched a restorative and administered it, and was leaving the room quietly, with an injunction to Lady Haigh not to allow the patient to be disturbed, when Cecil opened her eyes and half sat up.

"Oh, Dr. Egerton!" she cried, and Charlie came back at once. "You mustn't think me ungrateful," she said brokenly. "I do want to thank you—I can never tell you how much—for coming to our rescue as you did, and for saving us, especially the Bey. How should I ever have faced his father if anything had happened to him?"

"Especially the Bey?" repeated Charlie slowly. "Well, I can't agree with you there, Miss Anstruther, but I'm glad he's all right, if you are pleased. He's not a bad little beggar, and I shouldn't wonder if he turns out rather well after all, now that you have got him in hand." This was a great concession, but Charlie was in an appreciative and magnanimous mood.

"I don't know what would have happened to us if you hadn't been there," pursued Cecil excitedly. "I thought it was all over, I could not move another step, and then we came round that corner, and you were there, and we were saved." There was a hysterical catch in her voice, but she hurried on. "What would they have done to us, do you suppose? I can't help thinking of that money-lender's wife and children, don't you remember? Their house was destroyed, and they were dragged out into the street, and trodden to death—trodden to death—by the crowd. And that was in this very province. They might have done the same to us—think of it!" and she broke into hard, gasping sobs.

"But you are not to think of it," said Charlie authoritatively, his professional instincts aroused. "You will make yourself really ill, perhaps bring on fever. What you are to do is to lie quietly here and rest, and Cousin Elma will sit with you and talk to you."

"But they are at the gate—they may break in at any moment," and Cecil looked round with terrified eyes.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Charlie. "Why, we have the Sepoys and Rossiter, and any number of men to defend the place. Look at Cousin Elma; she isn't a bit frightened, and I know that if she thought there was any real danger she would be seeing what she could do to help in the defence. Now, Miss Anstruther, lie down again and try to go to sleep, and I promise you that if I see any signs of the mob's being likely to get in, I will come and carry

you up to the roof. We can hold out there for any length of time. You can trust me, you know."

"Indeed I can," said Cecil, putting her hand into his.

"Then that is a bargain," said Charlie, retaining the hand; "and now I must go and see whether I can give any help at the gate."

"Good-bye, then," said Cecil. "No, not good-bye, *auf wiedersehen*."

"Yes, *au revoir*," said Charlie, audaciously seizing the opportunity to kiss the hand he held, regardless of the glance of burning indignation which he received from Lady Haigh over Cecil's head. It was at this extremely unpropitious moment that Azim Bey elected to return, fresh from the manipulations of Chanda Lal, and gorgeous in the best raiment of the young son of the Armenian major-domo. He stood transfixed for a moment at the door, astonishment making him dumb, then withdrew behind the curtain, and pounced upon Charlie as he came out.

"How dare you, monsieur?" he cried, flinging himself upon him like a wild cat. "You shall not look at mademoiselle like that. She is my mademoiselle, she is not yours. I will not have you touch her hand, you——" And here followed a string of outrageous epithets in very choice Arabic, a language extremely rich in such words, and lending itself abundantly to purposes of abuse.

"Stop that," said Charlie, giving the boy a shake which sobered him, and putting him down on the divan with no very gentle hand. "You are the Pasha's son, are you? Why, you are as bad as the most foul-mouthed little blackguard in the streets. Don't let me hear any more of such language, and don't talk any nonsense to Miss Anstruther, or I'll —I'll keep her here at the Residency for six months on a medical certificate!"

And Charlie went off whistling to the gate, only to be reminded by Sir Dugald that he was a non-combatant, and ordered to remain in the rear unless matters came to extremities, an order which seemed to him somewhat ludicrously unfair after the events of the day. As for Azim Bey, he shook his small fist after Charlie's retreating form, and then, peeping round the curtain, glared solemnly and ferociously at Cecil. He found her, however, quite unconscious of his gaze, for the exhaustion had returned again after the momentary excitement, and she was lying still with closed eyes. Obeying Lady Haigh's warning finger, Azim Bey tip-toed noiselessly into the room, and took up his post again on the divan, where he seemed inclined to remain. But this did not suit Lady Haigh, for the boy's unchildlike ways always irritated her, and his fixed and solemn gaze now made her feel nervous, and she suggested that he should go up to the house-top and see what was going on. This he was graciously pleased to do, seeing that Charlie was safely out of the way, and for the next half-hour he occupied himself satisfactorily in keeping Lady Haigh acquainted with all the details of the situation. The mob had temporarily turned their attention from the Residency to the shops near, which they were pillaging in search of arms, and Azim Bey's shrill little voice grew excited as he described the scene. But a more important discovery than the damascened sword-blades and old-fashioned matchlocks, which were all that could be obtained from the armourers' shops, and which did not promise to be of much use against an enemy protected by stone walls, was a great beam of wood, which was now dragged up in triumph by the mob, with the evident intention of its being used as a battering-ram.

Things now began to look serious, and Sir Dugald ordered the Sepoys to be posted at the windows commanding the space in front of the gate, whence they might pick off the assailants if they ventured to come to close quarters. The non-combatants now took the place of the Sepoys in bringing bags of earth to strengthen the gate on the inside, and the more warlike among them got out such weapons as they happened to possess, with the intention of giving the enemy a warm reception if they succeeded in forcing their way in. The female portion of the establishment, with a natural instinct of seeking companionship in times of terror, crowded into the room where Lady Haigh was watching over Cecil, and there lamented their hard fate in tones of abject fear. Charlie, on his way to the gate from his surgery, looked in to reassure them, and also to entreat that they would make less noise, but found that they rejected all his comfort. To give them something to do, he allowed them to move Cecil into the inner court, and establish her at the foot of the staircase which led to the roof, so as to be ready to retreat thither in case it was necessary. Aided by the combined exertions of all the women, and also by the encouraging remarks of Azim Bey, the move was effected, but it caused Cecil too much pain for her to be willing to attempt the stairs. In vain did her pupil offer her his place, from whence she might obtain an excellent view of all that was to be seen; the exertion of mounting to the roof was too great, and she dropped down on the cushions which had been placed for her in the corner, where the staircase shielded her from the strong rays of the setting sun.

The men in charge of the battering-ram seemed to have been deterred from using it by the sight of Sir Dugald's preparations, and they were now gathered together at a safe distance from the gate, squabbling noisily over their engine of warfare, and apparently trying each to persuade the other to lead the attack. The main body of the besiegers kept up a desultory shower of stones at the gate, varied by a flight directed at the roof when anyone was visible there, and Sir Dugald sent up orders that the women were to keep well below the parapet, and not to show themselves. Azim Bey was in high glee as he dodged the stones, and did his best to return them to the senders, but Lady Haigh chafed under his father's delay in sending relief.

"It's all very well, my dear," she said to Cecil, "but I shouldn't wonder if this riot came in very opportunely for the Pasha. Here he has the chance of getting rid at once of Azim Bey, who is so unpopular, and whose very existence drives the Arabs to quarrel, and of the Balio Bey, who is always giving him good advice. Ah, you may laugh, but did you ever know anyone to like the person who gave him good advice? Ahmed Khémi Pasha hates Sir Dugald because he knows that if he had done as he advised all along this would not have happened, and what could be a neater way of revenging himself than to let the mob have time to break in and massacre us all? He could punish them afterwards, and so escape all blame."

"But what would he do if Azim Bey were killed?" asked Cecil, with a feeble smile, caused by Lady Haigh's ineradicable suspiciousness.

"Do? Why make it up with Hussein Bey, and so have everything comfortable in the Palace and the city and the whole *pashalik*, of course," replied Lady Haigh promptly.

Cecil was about to remark that in such a case the Pasha would probably find it hard to deal with the Hajar Arabs, who had adopted Azim Bey's cause so zealously; but Lady Haigh was summoned to the roof at this point by a cry of joy from the Bey himself, who called out that there was a squadron of cavalry advancing from each end of the street into which the Residency gate opened. The two bodies were approaching each other, slowly and determinedly, forcing the sullen mob before them as they came. The men who had been squabbling over the battering-ram seemed all at once to determine to unite against this new foe, and turned to oppose them, whereupon a scene began which made Lady Haigh retreat down the stairs into the court in horror, but which caused Azim Bey to clap his hands and shout. The soldiers, with their heavy sabres, mowed down the mob as they advanced, until the few who were left broke their ranks and did their best to shrink close to the walls on either side and slip past the horses. The orders of the troops were evidently to secure the safety of the Residency and its inhabitants first, and to leave the punishment of the insurgents until afterwards, for when once the way was clear they allowed the survivors to escape if they could.

Azim Bey had been cheering on the soldiers from his coign of vantage on the house-top, but he was the first to descend, and was ready to meet them when the gate was opened. His fear and his anger and his excitement had now alike passed away, and he was his usual courteous, grown-up little self, thanking Sir Dugald for his hospitality and protection, and Captain Rossiter and the Sepoys for their timely aid. Notwithstanding his affability, however, he displayed great anxiety to get back to the Palace, and would not hear of allowing Cecil to remain at the Residency even for the night, in spite of Lady Haigh's declaring that she would not permit her to leave it. It was obviously impossible

for her to mount a donkey, and Charlie was firm on this point, although, remembering his encounter with Azim Bey, he kept in the background as much as he could, for fear of getting Cecil into trouble with her pupil and his father. Baghdad could produce a few carriages, but the streets were far too rough and narrow to admit of their use. At last an antiquated litter, borne by two mules, was procured from the Palace, and Cecil was helped into it and made comfortable with cushions. Then the gold-embroidered curtains were drawn, and the procession started, Azim Bey riding in front of the litter on a horse lent by Sir Dugald, while the soldiers formed an escort on either side.

"Do you know, Cousin Elma," said Charlie, as the party at the Residency lingered on the verandah after dinner to discuss the exciting events of the day, "I fancy"—he lowered his voice as he glanced across at Sir Dugald and Captain Rossiter, who were deep in an argument on the probable effects of the battering-ram if it had been used—"I can't help thinking that that small boy has taken it into his head to be jealous."

"It's quite possible, Charlie. My youngest brother was frantically jealous when I was engaged, though you mayn't believe it."

"But that was quite different. He had something to take hold of, but really I can't think what that little wretch has seen—until to-day, at any rate."

"Charlie, Charlie," said Lady Haigh in her most maternal tone, "let me give you one piece of advice. You are perfectly at liberty to think yourself a fool, if you like, but never let yourself imagine that Azim Bey is one. If he ever permits you to think so, that will only show how well he is fooling you."

Charlie had leisure to think over this unpalatable remark in the days that followed, for he and Cecil did not meet again for some time. Cecil's foot was very painful, and the pain, combined with the shock of that eventful day, brought on another attack of fever, which spread mingled anxiety and hope among the European colony at Baghdad. The authorities at the French consulate rejoiced in anticipation of Cecil's final removal from the scene, and were prepared with a candidate of unexceptionable qualifications to supply her place. The Austrian representative, while preserving an appearance of decorous sympathy, had his eye on an elderly relative of his own, who had occupied a position in a princely family, and was well suited, both by character and training, to tread the tortuous paths of domestic diplomacy. A casual remark dropped by the French consul in Azim Bey's hearing enlightened him as to the intrigues that were maturing, and the speculations that were abroad as to the issue of his dear mademoiselle's illness, and threw him into a pitiable state. He passed his time in alternate fits of wild despair and petulant anger, which so affected his father that he sent for his own physician, who was attending the patient, and ordered him on pain of death to effect her recovery, a command which was received by the hapless man of medicine with an impassive, "If God pleases, it shall be as my lord wills." Lady Haigh also was untiring in her care. She came to see Cecil every day, and often sat with her for hours, only to meet, when she left the Palace, the reproaches of Charlie, who invariably accompanied her to the gate, and tried warning, entreaty and menace in vain, to induce her to take him in with her.

"She ought to see an English doctor," he urged. "What can this man know about English constitutions? I have no confidence in him."

"But I have every confidence in him," responded Lady Haigh severely, "and so has Sir Dugald, and so has the Pasha. Why, you know he was trained in Germany. Besides, Cecil herself has expressed no wish for a change of doctors, (and I really can't wonder at it, after your behaviour the last time you saw her), and you know it would be absolutely unprofessional for you to intrude, uninvited, on one of the *hakim bashi's* cases."

"What do I care about professional etiquette in such a case?" cried Charlie. "Besides, if we come to that, she was my patient first. Cousin Elma, let me see her."

"No, indeed," said Lady Haigh resolutely. "You let me in for one *faux pas*, Charlie, when you frightened me into sending you to the Palace before, and that is not a pleasant thing for a woman in my position to have to remember. How it is that we have never had any remonstrance about your invasion of the harem precincts on that occasion I cannot imagine, unless you bribed Masûd heavily. Well, there is not going to be any repetition of that sort of thing. Cecil is getting on perfectly well, and Um Yusuf and old Ayesha and Basimeh Kalfa all nurse her devotedly, so you must be content with that."

And very much against his will, Charlie was obliged to be content with that, and did not even see Cecil when she was better, for as soon as she was convalescent she was sent with Azim Bey and their attendants to the house of Naimeh Khanum, the Pasha's married daughter, at Hillah, to recruit. The journey of fifty miles was performed in great state, under the conduct of a large escort of mounted Bashi Bazouks. Three of the Pasha's own horses, with splendid trappings, were led in the forefront of the procession, and flags and kettle-drums gave it a martial air. The way lay entirely through the desert, and the prospect was always the same, the wide sandy plains being crossed and recrossed by the dry channels of the ancient irrigation canals, now choked and useless, even the drinking water having to be carried in leathern bottles. At night halts were made at the fortified khans on the road, where the terror of the Pasha's name proved sufficient to ensure the provision of all necessaries for the travellers. The journey was taken in easy stages, that Cecil's strength might not be overtasked, and it was not until four days after leaving Baghdad that the palm-groves and mighty rubbish-heaps of Hillah came in sight. Cecil felt her strength and her enthusiasm revive at the prospect. Before her lay the ruins of Babylon! She entreated that they might turn aside to visit them at once, but Um Yusuf proved most unsympathetic, and scornfully refused to communicate her mistress's wish to the leader of the caravan. Who cared about old ruins, haunted by ghouls and jinn, and just at the fever time too? Did Mdlle. Antaza wish to throw her life away? Cecil yielded with a sigh, and the procession passed on through the palm-groves, where the ripening dates hung like bunches of golden grapes, to the house of Said Bey, Naimeh Khanum's husband, who was the military governor of Hillah.

Here Cecil and her pupil passed several quiet weeks. They did little exploring, for Cecil was not strong enough for it, and Azim Bey was deterred by fear of the jinn, but antiquities in abundance were brought to them to purchase by the Jews of the place, who spent their lives in searching for them. Azim Bey passed most of his time in his brother-in-law's company, riding out with him to hunt, and assisting him to review his troops, to the intense amusement of Said Bey, who was a big jolly man, the son of an Irish renegade who had entered the Turkish service, and preserved some of the national characteristics even among his Oriental surroundings. As for Cecil, she resigned herself to a thoroughly Eastern existence as a denizen of the harem, and became better acquainted with the manners and customs of its inhabitants than she had had opportunity to be during her stay in Baghdad. Said Bey's mother was dead, as Naimeh Khanum informed her with evident relief and gratitude to Providence, and the household was therefore under the rule of the young wife, who was now much occupied with a wonderful baby son, of whom Azim Bey was intensely jealous, as he always was of everyone and everything that interfered with the attention he conceived to be due to his imperious little self. The proud mother, who had herself enjoyed for a short time the advantage of a European governess, was eager to consult Cecil as to the best way of educating her boy when he grew older, and many were the anxious discussions they held under the date-palms in the garden or in the evening on the terrace. Naimeh Khanum's lovely face appeared on almost every page of Cecil's sketch-book, only rivalled in popularity by endless studies of the great mounds of Babylon, seen under every possible variety of light and shade, and the English girl felt herself strangely drawn to the Oriental, who looked out from her cage at the unknown world with eager inquisitive eyes. They used to spend hours in conversation, Cecil sketching, Naimeh Khanum busy with her baby, until the warning cry of "Dustoor!" announced the return of Said Bey, and Cecil would wrap her veil round her and retire to the temporary school-room, where her pupil would be waiting to tell her of the day's adventures.

(To be continued.)

SOME MEMORIALS OF HANNAH MORE.

By ROSE BOURDILLON.

In the eastern part of the county of Somersetshire, about thirteen miles from Bristol, stands the village of Wrington, in the midst of a wide and fruitful valley. The scenery around is most pleasing, the surface of the country being very varied, and the views towards the hills, either south or north, most beautiful. The Vale of Wrington is bounded on the south by the Mendip Hills, into which run lovely coombes, and from their summits, covered with heather, magnificent views may be obtained of the country for miles round, and of the Welsh hills beyond the Bristol Channel. On the north of the vale runs a lower range of hills, different in character and largely covered with wood.

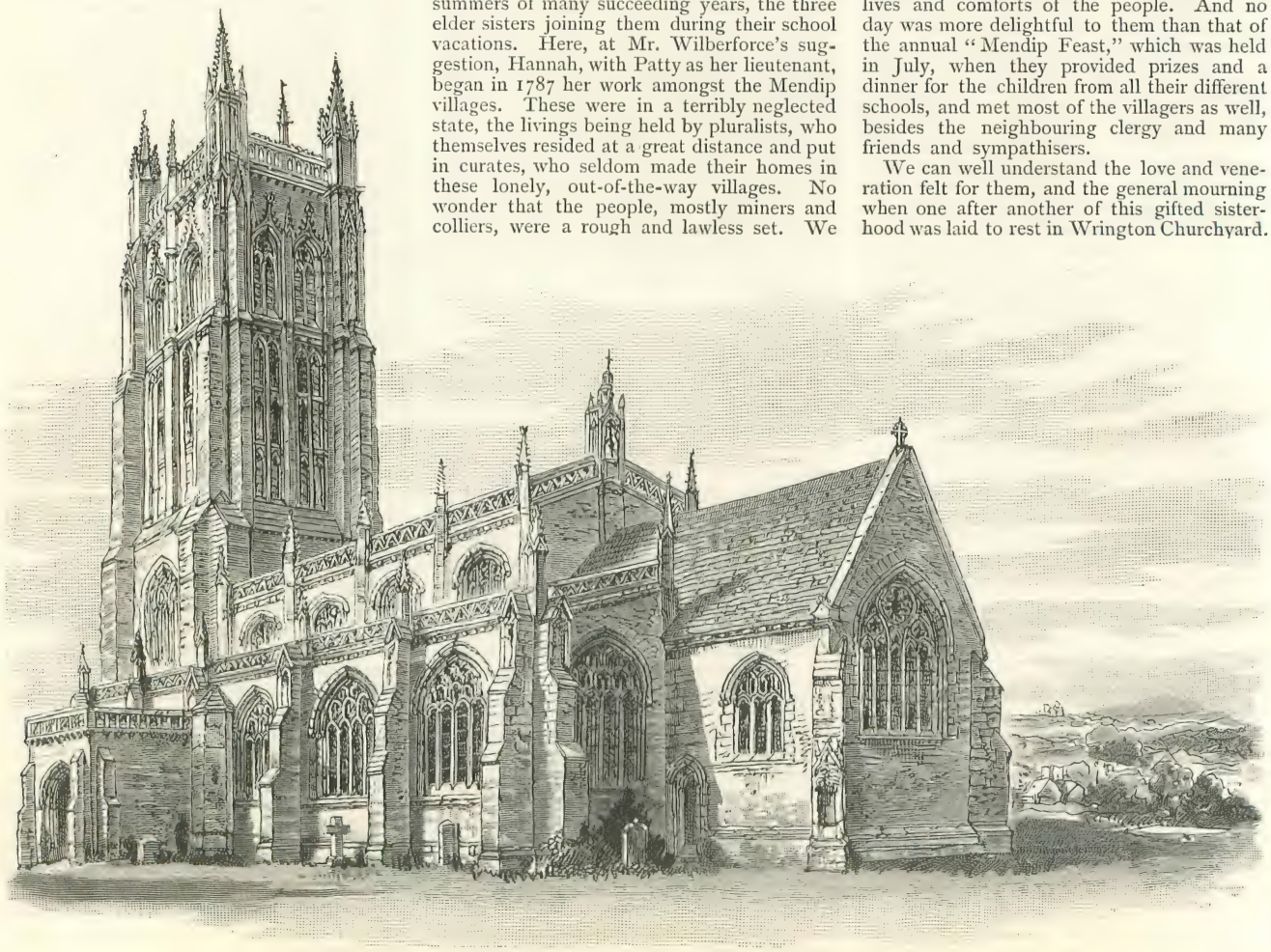
Wrington is a good-sized village, in former days a market-town holding an important fair, but the place where the market-house and stalls once stood is now occupied by the houses forming the north side of the main village street. The village cross and the churchyard cross, as well as the ancient Church-house, no longer survive, and within the last few years the tourist has looked in vain for the house where John Locke, the philosopher, was born. Allowed to fall into hopeless decay, the cottage, situated at the northern entrance to the churchyard, having become an eyesore was at length pulled down, and Wrington can no longer point out the birthplace of one of her celebrities.

But as we enter by that gateway into the churchyard and approach the beautiful church, our thoughts turn to another well-known celebrity, far more closely connected with Wrington, whose memory must ever be held by its inhabitants in gratitude and honour. This is the church in which Hannah More used to worship. And we can well imagine how dearly it was loved by her and her sisters, and how often they gazed on the magnificent tower, rising high in its exquisite proportions, a noted feature in the landscape. It must have seemed to them a symbol of that Strength and Power which alone enabled them to carry out their many arduous works with such marvellous success.

Hannah More's work is too well known to make it necessary to give more than a few details of it here. Everyone has heard how this gifted woman, having moved conspicuously in the best and most intellectual London society during the middle of last century, gave up her life henceforth to bettering the condition, physical and moral, of the people in the villages round about Wrington. In that parish she and her sisters, about the year 1786, had bought a cottage named Cowslip Green, and there she and her younger sister, Patty, spent the summers of many succeeding years, the three elder sisters joining them during their school vacations. Here, at Mr. Wilberforce's suggestion, Hannah, with Patty as her lieutenant, began in 1787 her work amongst the Mendip villages. These were in a terribly neglected state, the livings being held by pluralists, who themselves resided at a great distance and put in curates, who seldom made their homes in these lonely, out-of-the-way villages. No wonder that the people, mostly miners and colliers, were a rough and lawless set. We can scarcely indeed now realise their condition of ignorance and destitution a hundred years ago. With wonderful energy and perseverance, in spite of personal delicacy of health and immense difficulties in the way of prejudice and opposition, these devoted women laboured at establishing schools, training teachers for them, founding women's clothing clubs, and other useful institutions.

In 1802 they moved from Cowslip Green to Barley Wood, a pretty house, which they had built on land that they bought on the hill above Wrington. Here the five sisters made their home together, and for many years it was the centre for their numerous works of love, extending as time went on over an area of eight-and-twenty miles. Not only were the Mendip villages of Shipham, Rowberrow, and Blagdon, with the little town of Axbridge and even distant Wedmore the scene of their untiring labours, but in the valley also, Congresbury and Yatton, as well as the mining village of Nailsea in one direction, and the outlying one of Butcombe in another. All these places were visited in rotation by Hannah and Patty on Sundays, chiefly on horseback, on account of the bad roads, and this involved hard work and great fatigue. But it was their consolation and happiness to witness the improvement in manners and morals, and the great change wrought in the lives and comforts of the people. And no day was more delightful to them than that of the annual "Mendip Feast," which was held in July, when they provided prizes and a dinner for the children from all their different schools, and met most of the villagers as well, besides the neighbouring clergy and many friends and sympathisers.

We can well understand the love and veneration felt for them, and the general mourning when one after another of this gifted sisterhood was laid to rest in Wrington Churchyard.



WRINGTON CHURCH, SOMERSETSHIRE.

Hannah herself long outlived all the others, and, obliged at last to quit Barley Wood, ended her days peacefully at Clifton. Her body was brought to Wrington, and, though she had desired no pomp or show at her burial, so numerous and universal were the spontaneous tokens of mourning and respectful love, and so immense the attendance, as to give it all the appearance of a public funeral.

The spot where she was laid beside her sisters, is in the south-east corner of the churchyard, and is marked by an iron railing, surrounding a large flat stone, on which is the following inscription :—

Beneath are deposited the mortal
Remains of five sisters.
Mary More, Died 18th April, 1813,
Aged 75 years.
Elizabeth More, Died 14th June, 1816,
Aged 76 years.
Sarah More, Died 17th May, 1817,
Aged 74 years.
Martha More, Died 14th September, 1819,
Aged 69 years.
Hannah More, Died 7th September, 1833,
Aged 88 years.
These all died in faith.
Accepted in the Beloved.
Hebrews xi. 13.
Ephesians i. 6.

Within the church we find further memorials of Mrs. More, as Hannah was called in her later years. Over the south door is a white marble slab, put up by public subscription, on which is duly set forth her virtues and those of her sisters, as follows :—

Sacred.
To the memory of
Hannah More.
She was born in the parish of Stapleton,
near Bristol, A.D. 1745;
And died at Clifton, September 7th,
A.D. 1833.

Endowed with great intellectual powers,
And early distinguished by the success
Of her literary labours,
She entered the world under circumstances
Tended to fix her affections on its vanities,
But instructed in the school of Christ
To form a just estimate of the real end of
human existence,
She chose the better part,
And consecrated her time and talents
To the glory of God and the good of her
fellow-creatures,
In a life of practical piety and diffusive
beneficence.
Her numerous writings in support of religion
and order,
At a crisis when both were rudely assailed,
Were equally edifying to readers of all
classes,
At once delighting the wise,
And instructing the ignorant and simple.
In the eighty-ninth year of her age,
Beloved by her friends and venerated by
the public,
She closed her career of usefulness
In humble reliance on the mercies of God
Through faith in the merits of her
Redeemer.
Her mortal remains are deposited in a vault
in this churchyard,
Which also contains those of her four
sisters, who resided with her
At Barley Wood, in this parish, her
favourite abode, and who actively
Co-operated in her unwearied acts of
Christian benevolence.
Mary More, Died 18th April, 1813,
Aged 75 years.
Elizabeth More, Died 14th June, 1816,
Aged 76 years.
Sarah More, Died 17th May, 1817,
Aged 74 years.
Martha More, Died 14th September, 1819,
Aged 69 years.
Hannah More, Died 7th September, 1833,
Aged 88 years.

This monument is erected out of a subscription
For a public memorial to Hannah More,
Of which the greater proportion is devoted
to the erection of a school
In the populous and destitute out-parish of
St. Philip and St. Jacob, Bristol,
To the endowment of whose District-
Church
She bequeathed the residue of her property.

A few years ago a coloured window to their memory was placed on the north side of the chancel, a window with three lights, most appropriately representing Faith, Hope and Charity, with the inscription beneath—

To the memory of Hannah More and her sisters, 1884.

Not only about the church does their memory linger. A club for women exists for Wrington and the neighbouring villages, which had its origin in the Benefit Societies founded by Hannah More. On the hill overshadowing the village stands their much-loved home, Barley Wood, where her room upstairs is still an object of interest to visitors, who can there see the large bell-rope for sounding the big bell, which was to summon help from the village in case of fire. And up at the Grove, a beautiful place on the hill, a mile out of Wrington, there stands in a niche of the wall of the house, opposite another containing the bust of John Locke, one of Hannah More herself. It is presumably taken from her portrait by Pickersgill, and shows us the small-featured face, set in the close cap and the ruffle, so familiar to us.

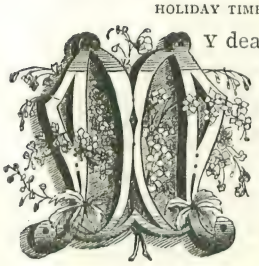
She was indeed a wonderful woman, one of those who has taught us what it is possible for a woman to accomplish, and her most real memorials are the vast change and improvement brought about by her unwearying and devoted labours amongst the people and especially amongst the poor hard-worked, and ignorant women, whose position she did so much to raise and ameliorate.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOLIDAY TIME.



"My dear, you did perfectly right. What else could you have said? The impudence of young men nowadays! You to throw yourself away on a young farmer, forsooth! What was the estimable creature thinking of?"

"He is hardly what you call a farmer," said Guinivere, a little piqued in spite of herself at this contempt of one who had gone far to shake her faith in her newfound beliefs. "He is very well born, and although he looks well after his property himself, yet I should not call him——"

Mrs. Masham laughingly put up her hands to her ears.

"Oh, my dear child, never be argumentative and precise! It is so fatiguing. Besides, when I say farmer, I don't mean a man in a smock frock, with a pitchfork in his hand. It's quite the right thing for a young man with property to farm his own land. It's one of the fashions of the day for gentlemen to live on their estates, and for their wives to play at Ladies Bountiful with the village people. But then they ought to have their town-houses as well, and to live the real life whenever they are disposed. That kind of philanthropic enterprise is all very well for an Arcadian recreation, but for a girl like you to live down in a quiet country village, with the clergyman's wife and daughters, or perhaps the doctor's wife and a neighbouring squiress or so for society! My dear, you would die of *ennui* within a year. It would be too terrible to contemplate. Arnold Leslie is a most estimable youth, and has a certain charm of manner which is greatly to his credit, considering his circumstances. But he is rapidly becoming that impracticable creature—a man of one idea. Oh, how he would bore you were you to be his wife! A man who takes everything with such terrible seriousness is in danger of becoming a fearful bore in his own house."

Guinivere was silent. She had come to Mrs. Masham for sympathy and approval, and she had got both. Yet, somehow, she was not satisfied. The talk she heard that day amongst the guests of the house seemed unaccountably vapid and frivolous. Guinivere could not enter into it with her habitual enjoyment. Something seemed to have come into her life and struck a jarring note amid the soft harmonies to which she had been listening. She looked a little pale, languid, and *distraite*. On the whole this mood suited her, as Mrs. Masham did not fail to point out, it gave to her a new charm; but the girl shrank from hearing herself thus dissected and appraised. She would have liked to escape to her own home, but was claimed by her friend, and petted and made much of by the whole circle. She wondered why she was so much less satisfied than she had been hitherto. Why would the face of Arnold Leslie intrude upon her mental vision, as he had looked when first her eyes met his, and again as she had given him her angry answer to his question and he had turned and left her? Why

did it hurt her so strangely to think about what she had so carelessly thrown away?

"I'm afraid you will have trouble with that young man," Mrs. Masham had said; "I am afraid he will not take no for an answer."

But Guinivere felt certain that he had taken no, and that he would approach her no more as a lover. She said that she was glad. But for all that her heart was heavy within her. Had she thrown away the substance for the shadow? What was it that Lord Woodmayne had to offer her in comparison with the true and fervent love of a heart like Arnold's? She knew that she had thrown him over (after having tacitly encouraged him for a considerable time) in the undefined expectation and hope of being raised to rank and affluence as the wife of Lord Woodmayne. But during the next days she was terribly conscious of the contrast between the two men—the earnest reality of the one, the hollow, polished unreality of the other. Arnold she could have trusted through and through, could have believed his every word, and have known he would never fail her; but as for the other, he was like a sealed book to her. All she could be sure of from him was honeyed words of subtle flattery. As for reckoning upon anything else, or knowing what was in his heart, that was an impossibility. His words were a cloak for his thoughts rather than a means of expressing them. So much she had learned through her introduction to fashionable society. Sometimes the knowledge came upon her with a pang, although at others she strove to drown thought, and was to all appearances as light-hearted and full of enjoyment as before.

Mrs. Masham was too quick-sighted not to observe the slight change that had come over her favourite, and she was full of plans for her benefit, and was not going to let some silly little bit of youthful romance stand in the way of the young beauty's advancement in life. She was really fond of Guinivere and proud of her, and the way in which the society-papers spoke of her promising *protégée* had filled her with delight.

She had all sorts of plans and projects with regard to her next season. She must appear in London, she must be presented at Court, she must have her fling of real gaiety and dissipation, either under her wing or as Lord Woodmayne's young bride. She had great hopes of securing that position for the girl. Lord Woodmayne, to be sure, had never committed himself: he was one of those wary beings who would take care to keep on the right side of the hedge, and never speak a compromising word until the moment came when he asked the fateful question. But he had paid the greatest attentions to Guinivere, attentions which he knew were commented upon openly in his set, and he had never hitherto done anything which could have led society to link his name with that of any woman. Surely he must mean something! At least it should not be *her* fault if nothing came of it. She would do her best to bring them together, and give them opportunities for becoming well acquainted.

So the next thing was that Guinivere received a pressing invitation to go abroad with Mrs. Masham for three months. That lady called upon Mr. Wilberforce to plead with him to grant her this "favour." She had no daughters of her own, she argued pathetically, and his two dear girls had been so much to her, she felt almost like a mother to them. She would not ask for both. That would be selfish. But might she not take Guinivere with her? It was such a lonely thing to travel with only the company of a maid. Mr. Wilberforce was so rich in girls—charming, clever daughters!—he was such a happy man! Could he not take pity, and spare one?—and so forth, and so forth, and Mr. Wilberforce, who was a very kind-hearted man, and who naturally felt grateful to this good lady for the kindness she showed to his children, was not hard to persuade. Neither he nor his wife knew much of the inner life of the Masham house. They knew that the lady was wealthy and fashionable, and that she entertained largely, and moved in a circle above their own; but they had a liking and respect for her. Mr. Wilberforce had confidence in his children. He was proud of Guinivere's great beauty, as was natural in a father, and was perhaps unconsciously a little ambitious for her. If this patronage on the part of Mrs. Masham helped her to make a good marriage, with affection as an essential ingredient, he would not object. He recognised an aptitude in Guinivere for playing the part of a great lady. Perhaps a foreign tour would be a good thing for her. At any rate he could scarcely refuse the application put in the way Mrs. Masham put it; and so Guinivere was presently in all the happy bustle of equipping herself with a dainty travelling outfit, and so enchanted by the thought of all the novelty lying before her, that all other troubles and perplexities were quite laid aside.

Beatrice did not in the least envy her sister's good fortune.

"I should like to go abroad well enough, but not with Mrs. Masham, thank you! just to be lugged from one fashionable place to another, and show off one's set of fine frocks, and then pack them up and go to the next place to make the same show over again! No, thank you! If I went I should want to climb snow-mountains, and take walking tours through all the queer out-of-the-way corners. I don't care for fashionable places. They always look as like as peas, at least in pictures. And fashionable people are always exactly alike."

A twinkle came into Dr. Salisbury's eyes as he heard this summing up. It was given on the last day prior to Guinivere's departure, and was spoken in the garden whilst tea was being drunk there. Dr. Salisbury had come often to the house since Miss Shuttleworth's arrival there. It was supposed that his visits were mainly upon her, as he came at tea-time when she appeared with the little boys, who were greatly attached to her by this time, and behaved in her presence with a propriety and childish courtesy, which was pleasant contrast to their bearish unruliness in moments of excitement which had led to the change in their training.

Mysie cherished a hope that she was the magnet which drew the doctor hither. Mysie had been his patient all through the summer, and had been developing a constant series of symptoms, new and old, which had caused him to be summoned almost every week to see her. He was kind and patient, but he never came unless sent for—professionally that is—and Mysie wondered why.

His visits were the bright spots in her aimless and colourless life, and it was provoking that she could never enjoy the feeling that he would be coming in daily to see her.

"I'm not quite so sure about that, Miss Beatrice," he said, "I think fashionable people have their varieties as well as the rest of the species."

Beatrice did not turn her head to look at him, but said in her brusque, incisive way—

"I dare say your acquaintance with the species is much more exhaustive than mine. I only speak what I have found myself."

"Why are you always so curt and rude to Dr. Salisbury, Beatrice?" said Mysie fretfully when the company had gone, and Guinivere had disappeared into the house to see to some final preparations, for she departed on the morrow. "I don't think it's nice of you at all. I believe that's one reason why he comes so seldom, he thinks——"

"He comes almost every week," said Beatrice sharply, "what more would you have?"

"He comes to see Miss Shuttleworth then. He doesn't come to see us."

"Well, he is welcome to stay away for all I care!" answered Beatrice. "And it's not for you to complain if I do snub him, Mysie. You know that very well!"

"You are so contrary and horrid," fretted Mysie. "I'm sure we never wanted you to be rude to him and drive him away. His visits do me more good than anything. He understands my case so well. And he hardly ever comes unless we send because you are so cross!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" answered Beatrice with frank contempt. "As though any doctor could be such an idiot as that! He doesn't come to see you, Mysie, because you're not really ill, and he is busy. If you were he'd be here every day as sure as it came round. I'm not an admirer of Dr. Salisbury's; but I'll do him the justice to say that he never would neglect a patient who wanted him. Dr. Kane was just the same. He never came unless he was sent for—except when you were really ill."

Mysie began to cry feebly.

"You're all very unkind to me," she sobbed, "you don't know what I have to bear. You all conspire to pretend that I'm pretending. It's very unsisterly and unkind!"

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders. She had heard this sort of thing so often. She was sick and tired of the subject of Mysie's many trifling ailments. She did not even make allowance for the state of jaded nerve into which a human body drifts when its functions are not properly exercised. She was inclined to think that Mysie's ailments were not only nervous in essence, but were actually a sort of sham, whereas the girl did really suffer a good deal in an indefinite way from headache, prostration and palpitation, although she had the remedy in her own hands if she would but consent to make an effort and strive to bring herself back to health by the methods suggested by every doctor who attended her.

But Mysie did not want to be well. That was the key to the whole situation. She thought it interesting to be the invalid of the house, to lie almost always on the sofa, to take her exercise in a chair, and to bear no part in the life of the house.

She began to realise that if Guinivere were to get married, and Gipsy and perhaps Freda to leave home, there would be a number of small duties like Sunday School teaching, helping the stepmother with household matters, and her father with the writing of certain family letters, which might be naturally thrown upon her. Mysie had no desire to make herself useful, and whilst all the family was at home, and Freda had a good deal of morning leisure, whilst Guinivere took her share of that sort of work which consisted in the writing or answering of invitations, or the ordering of the table when there was company, there was never any suggestion made of pressing her into the service.

But if things changed—if there were fewer to divide these tasks—how would it be then? Mysie did not know how idle she had become. She only knew that she hated to be asked to do anything, and that she was not going to get well, and to put herself in the position of a household drudge—not for anybody! She considered it her prerogative to be the drone of the hive, and was sincerely glad that just when Guinivere was going away, Gipsy would be having her holiday from lectures and hospital attendance, and could take upon herself any work that would be wanted from some substitute.

The middle of the week that witnessed Guinivere's departure brought Gipsy home one day, laden with quite a pile of books which she cast down upon the table in the pleasant garden room with a sounding bang as if of relief or disgust.

"There!" she cried aloud, although she believed the room to be empty, "I just feel as though I never wished to open another book again, or think another thought during the whole of my natural life. I wish I could just shut the doors of my brain and forget everything I have ever learnt, and be a child once more! I don't want to think once all through the holidays! If I do they will just be spoiled for me!"

And then Gipsy suddenly stopped short, for she saw that she was not alone. A pair of friendly eyes were looking straight out at her from a rather shadowy corner of the room, and a voice asked kindly—

"Were you speaking to me, my dear?"

"No, Miss Shuttleworth, I didn't even know you were there, coming out of the glare of the sunshine into the shaded room. I thought it was empty. I was speaking just to myself. But I don't much mind if you have heard. I've sometimes thought I would talk it all out with you; for if it goes on much longer, I think I shall go cracked. It's getting more than I can stand!"

"I have seen that you have some trouble on your mind, my dear. If I can help you in any way I shall be very glad. We have the leisure of the holidays to talk and think—for the little boys are to have shortened lessons, though not absolute holiday—and perhaps if we put our heads together we shall find some way out of the difficulty. I should like to help you if I could."

Then Gipsy came out with her trouble all in a burst. Was there any truth in the faith in which she had been reared? How could she be certain of it, in face of all the contrary teachings she had heard of late? the scientific doubts and difficulties, the critical methods of doubt which she had heard discussed with so much apparent fairness, the thousand and one specious forms of speculation which had floated of late before her confused eyes.

"I don't know what to say about it all," she summed up, "I don't disbelieve—I can't! Faith seems in a way planted too deep for that. I shiver at irreverence and flippancy in sacred things, and yet I am all in a chaos of difficulty and doubt. I don't know what I believe or what I don't believe. I seek and seek and reason and reason—and it all grows darker and darker."

"Of course it does, my love," said Miss Shuttleworth quietly. "Because you are beginning at the wrong end."

"How?" asked Gipsy with wide open eyes.

"You are looking down into your own heart to find faith there. Don't do that any longer. Look up to God and say in your heart—and thank God you still can do—and say, 'Lord I believe—help Thou mine unbelief.' Have you ever done that yet?"

"No," answered Gipsy in a low voice, "I have prayed hardly at all lately. It has seemed no good."

"Then begin again, and begin at the right end. Don't think so much about yourself. Think about the Lord. Think of His promises, of His work for us and in us. Think of the glorious hopes held out to us of the glory to be revealed. You yourself are full of faults—full of doubts and weakness. Never mind. Put all that on one side—lay it down before the Lord. Think that the burden is laid upon Him, in order that you may rise with Him into heavenly places. Our conversation is in heaven—said the Apostle—not shall be, but is. Our citizenship is there, whether we know it or not. Take the Lord at His word, and say in your heart, 'I can do nothing. I am nothing, but Thou hast said that Thou art in us and with us alway. Take me unto Thyself. Lift me up—I cannot lift up myself. Fulfil in me Thine own promise. I take Thee at Thine own word. Make me one with Thee.' Don't keep looking at yourself look at Him; and believe me the rest will follow."

Gipsy's face was very grave and thoughtful.

"You have given me a glimpse of light," she said, "I don't know if I can attain to it, but I will try. At least I will follow your advice. I can see this much in what you say. I have been looking all this time at myself—at my own failures—and I have quite lost heart. Perhaps if I begin at the other end the light will come back by degrees. May I talk with you sometimes of these things?"

"Indeed you may. They are very precious things to me."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERENA is the name of one of the characters in *Sintram*, by De la Motte Fouqué. "There is a tide in the affairs of men" is a quotation from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

PICKLES, A CORNISH GIRL, SIR VISTO, E. R. L. HORACE, BERYL A., MARGARET LOUISA P., LONDON PRIDE, FULHAM, RESURGAM.—We regret to say that we do not see any originality of thought, nor even correctness of rhythm throughout, in the verses you send.

PHYLLIS.—Certainly say were after using the conjunction "if." Yes, the "h" is not mute in the word you name. You may use the articles "a" and "an" with equal grammatical correctness.

NURSE EDITH.—1. January 17th, 1866, was a Wednesday.—2. We do not think it a question of "etiquette" at all. If your mother be not well-off, she is quite right to take in a paying guest, and she is quite a sufficient *chaperone* for her daughters at any time.

JESSIE would only obtain such a position by inquiry at the various photographers or by advertisement.

LACTUS SORTE MEA.—At your age you may expect to become much thinner before you are twenty. We should strongly advise you to avoid all quack nostrums, or what you call "strong remedies," which are likely to destroy your excellent health. Why not leave all these questions and anxieties in God's hands, and cease to worry your poor little head about the future, which is His, not yours!

FOURTEEN.—March 12th, 1881, was a Saturday. December 24th, 1879, was a Wednesday. Yes, yours is an excellent, clear handwriting, but some of your capitals might be improved, and some are too large for beauty.

EVA had better show her wrist to a doctor, or it may become too stiff to be set right, if, as she thinks, there may be a partial dislocation. If a displacement be neglected, rheumatism may set in in the ailing spot.

MAY BLOSSOM.—We regret that your verses are not suitable for publication, though good feeling is shown in them.

M. L. P.—Accept many thanks for the quotation you send us, which, however, we should not care to print.

A PAGE OF PUDDINGS,

EVERY ONE OF WHICH IS TRIED AND TRUE.

The Queen of Puddings.—One teacupful of fine white sugar, two teacupfuls of dry bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of fresh butter, a pint of boiling milk, pinch of salt, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. The grated rind of a fresh lemon should be added to the first-named ingredients, to the which are put first the boiling milk, and, when cool, the yolks of the eggs. Mix well and pour into a shallow buttered fireproof china dish, or an enamelled pie-dish, bake in moderate oven until set firm and a pale brown colour. Spread over the surface a little choice preserve without stones, and heap upon that a *méringue* of the whites of the eggs beaten with a tablespoonful of sugar and same of cream. Return to the oven to slightly colour the top, then remove at once. Good either hot or cold.

Lemon Méringue Pudding.—A quart of boiling milk poured over two teacupfuls of fine breadcrumbs, when well soaked add two ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, two ounces of butter, and lastly the yolks of four eggs with the juice of half the lemon. Bake in gentle oven to a pale brown colour, then cover with a *méringue* sweetened and flavoured with the remaining lemon-juice. This also is good to eat cold.

Orange pudding may be made in the same way.

Newark Pudding.—One cupful of bread-crumbs soaked in a pint of milk, a table-spoonful of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of raisins, the stones removed and cut in two, a few drops of vanilla or almond essence, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Separate the yolks and whites of two eggs; add the yolks to the other ingredients first, then lastly stir in lightly the whites; pour the mixture into a buttered dish and bake in gentle oven one hour.

Winter Raspberry Pudding (most delicious).—Two ounces of butter, two eggs, a pound pot of raspberry jam, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar. Beat the butter and eggs separately, to the butter add the sugar and jam, then the eggs.

Butter a plain mould, sprinkle crumbs all around it and a layer at the bottom, then put in a layer of mixture, then more crumbs and more mixture, until the mould is full. Cover with a buttered paper and bake from three-quarters to one hour in moderate oven. Serve with sweet wine or cream sauce.

Apple Custard Pudding, for eating cold.—Pare, core and slice up four or five good cooking apples, add a little water to them and cook until they will beat up smoothly; sweeten well and flavour. Put them into a buttered pie-dish and carefully pour on the top half a pint of custard made from half a packet of custard powder (sweetened), grate a little nutmeg over, and let the pudding stand in a cool place.

Marmalade Pudding.—Half a pound each of breadcrumbs, beef suet (chopped) and sugar, six ounces of marmalade added. The whole well worked together with three or four well beaten eggs (no other moisture). Boil in a mould for two hours. Best made over-night.

Curates' Puddings.—Put into a saucepan one pint of milk, a few lumps of sugar and a bit of lemon rind, let it nearly boil, remove to cool. Whisk three eggs light, beat into them three spoonfuls of flour, add the sweetened milk by degrees, beat to a smooth batter. Pour into cups, only half filling them, and bake.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Half a pint of milk, quarter of a pound of cocoanut, two table-spoonfuls of cake-crumbs or fine breadcrumbs, two ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Simmer the cocoanut in the milk in a sauce-pan, cream the butter and sugar together. Beat up the eggs, yolks and whites separately. When the cocoanut is tender take the sauce-pan from the fire and stir into it the butter and sugar. Add the yolks of eggs and vanilla, stirring well; and lastly the whites whipped to a stiff froth; stir lightly and thoroughly and pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake half an hour.

Fig Pudding (superior).—Half a pound of fine grated breadcrumbs, half a pound of good figs cut small, quarter of a pound of beef suet chopped fine, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of candied peel shred fine, one ounce of sweet almonds or a little of the essence, half a nutmeg grated.

Mix the dry ingredients well together with a pinch of salt, then moisten the whole with two well whisked eggs and, if wished, a glass of sherry or light wine.

Butter a plain mould or basin, and pour in the mixture, cover the top with a thin paper, tie a cloth tightly over and boil for three hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

Exeter Pudding (choice).—Make a mixture of the following ingredients—six table-spoonfuls of fine bread-crumbs, two table-spoonfuls of fine sago, three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet and three tablespoonfuls of soft sugar. Beat two eggs well, adding half a cup of milk and a little lemon flavouring. Pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly.

Now butter a pudding mould and put in a layer of sponge rusks at the bottom, cover these with a layer of the mixture, next another layer of rusks. On these spread a layer of delicate jam, then a layer of mixture, and so proceed until the mould is full; the top layer must be one of mixture. Bake in the oven for forty minutes or steam for an hour and a half. Serve with sauce made by boiling two or three tablespoonfuls of jam with a little water and straining it.

Nice Chocolate Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of stale sponge cakes or rusks in crumbs, two ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter and a quarter of a pound of mild chocolate, three eggs and three quarters of a pint of milk. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the egg yolks well beaten, dissolve the chocolate in the milk and stir altogether, lastly stir in the whites well beaten to a froth. Bake in a deep round tin or steam in a mould about one hour.

Ginger-Bread Pudding.—Excellent for cold weather. Rub together in a basin eight ounces of breadcrumbs and four ounces of flour with six ounces of suet, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and one teaspoonful each of ground ginger and mixed spice, also half a tea-spoonful of salt. Warm well six ounces of treacle. Beat up one egg with a quarter of a pint of milk and stir well into the warm treacle. Pour over the dry ingredients and mix all well together. Pour into a greased mould leaving a little room to swell. Boil steadily for three hours. A few chopped figs or dates can be added to this pudding by way of change.

Swiss Apple Pudding.—Ingredients: Half a dozen large baking apples and half a pound of finely grated breadcrumbs. Butter a pie-dish and cover the bottom with a layer of crumbs, then a layer of sliced apples; sprinkle over these a large spoonful of moist sugar and a little grated nutmeg and lemon rind. Fill the dish with these alternate layers, letting crumbs form the upper and lower layers. Place little pieces of butter here and there over the top of the pudding, or, if liked, a sprinkling of fine suet crumbs, which is better for children. Pour into the dish half a cupful of water and bake gently in a moderate oven until the apples are tender; about half an hour.

Raisin Pudding.—Into one pound of flour rub a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Grate the rind of a fresh lemon into it, and add eight ounces of finely shred beef suet, also half a pound of good raisins stoned and cut small. A little spice may be added to flavour if liked. Work into a rather stiff paste with an egg and a cupful of milk.

Butter a plain mould and three parts fill it with the mixture, tie over it a buttered paper and steam the pudding for four hours. Serve with a sauce made by mixing one ounce of cornflour with half a pint of water, one ounce of butter, three ounces of sugar, the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Boil to a cream.

Pembleton Pudding.—Take equal quantities (a teacupful) of breadcrumbs, chopped suet, raisins, currants, sugar, a little shred lemon peel and pinch of salt. Mix with two beaten eggs and a little milk. Bake in well-buttered pie-dish until well set. Make a custard with two more eggs, half a pint of milk sweetened and flavoured, and pour on the top, baking until the custard is firm.

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HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEWS FROM KING'S CASTLE.

"WHAT has become of Arnold? We have not seen him for such a time!"

"Arnold has become quite engulfed about his people and his place," answered Kitty Kane, to whom the question was addressed, "we hardly ever see him now, and he writes less and less. Just now he is in trouble of a kind. There is some sort of epidemic illness broken out in and about King's Castle. He has been corresponding with Dr. Salisbury about it, and he went

"RECEIVED BY A GRAVE-LOOKING YOUNG CLERGYMAN."

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over yesterday to see. The symptoms seem to be interesting to the medical mind. Papa was rather excited about it. We shall hear more details by-and-by. But I expect it will keep Arnold very tightly fixed where he is."

Gipsy and Norah both asked questions, but Kitty could not tell them much. News however came later in the week, when Dr. Salisbury and Arnold Leslie both appeared in person at the Larches, primed alike with information and inquiry.

The story they had to tell was interesting to all the party, but in particular to "the doctor and the nurse" as they were sometimes playfully dubbed at home.

A certain piece of waste marsh-land in a neighbouring parish to King's Castle—which was the name both of the house where Arnold lived and the village beyond the park—had been recently drained and reclaimed, and immediately upon the commencement of the work a low malarial fever had broken out in the place, not only attacking the men who worked upon the marsh and their families, but spreading to places in the neighbourhood round.

The work however had been continued, as it was considered to be for the ultimate good of the locality; but the illness had increased and spread, and took many kindred forms, sometimes simulating ague, sometimes typhoid, sometimes the Roman fever of the Campagna, but always running a somewhat similar course, and having certain symptoms of a malarial character.

King's Castle had been about the last place to suffer. Arnold Leslie had taken all the precautions he was able, and had hoped that his people would escape; but the visitor had made its appearance and seemed to be taking revenge for being so long held at bay by making unwonted havoc now.

The resources of the district had been already heavily taxed. Nurses were not to be had. Medical attendance was at a premium, the overworked doctors having scarce time to add new patients to their overcrowded lists; and in something akin to despair Arnold had written to Dr. Kane, who had spared Dr. Salisbury for several days; now doctor and landlord had come down together to see whether help could be procured farther afield.

"I want to know about nurses, Norah," said Arnold. "Are there any at your place likely to be disengaged? It is absolutely necessary that we have one or two efficient nurses, and Mrs. Kane has been so good as to say that she will pay for one. Do you know whether they have any at leisure in your home, and whether they would allow them to come to King's Castle for this kind of work?"

"It is a bad time to apply at the home, because so many of us are away on holiday," answered Norah. "But I will come, Arnold, if you will have me. I do not need a holiday. My work has not been hard. I should like to help you in this trouble. I can start at once. You know we are used to be ready at an hour's notice."

Before Arnold could make reply in words, though the eager light in his eyes was almost answer enough, Gipsy had sprung to her feet.

"Arnold, take me! I will come. If I am not quite a nurse nor quite a doctor, I know enough about the sick and their ways to be of some use. Indeed it would be a great thing for me. It would give me experience and insight. I want to test my own nerve when I am left as it were to my own devices. Ah, let me come! I think I can be helpful. I am so used to the sick, and Norah will teach me where I fail!"

"I'll go too!" cried Freda, "I don't say much about the nursing proper, but I'll make kitchen physic and take it round, and tidy up the houses where the mother is ill, and wash the babies, and keep the children quiet! Oh, Arnold, I should love it! and I'm having holiday too. I've nothing to do. I'm like the unemployed. I shall get into mischief if something doesn't turn up! And think of the copy it would give me. I know our editor would take a paper about the 'mysterious epidemic in King's Castle'! And if he paid me, the money should go to the sufferers? Perhaps if I were very diplomatic he would raise a relief fund and send you down quite a little sum for your sick! Oh, it would be a splendid opportunity for me! Let me go, Arnold! Let us all go! We should be so happy helping, and I think we should be useful too."

Whilst the sisters Grey were speaking, Beatrice's face had flushed from brow to chin, whilst her lips parted as though with the intent to speak the moment she could get in a word; but just as the chance seemed about to come, she caught sight of Dr. Salisbury's eyes fixed full upon her, with something of an expectant light in them, and all in a moment the impulse of speech was checked within her. Her lips closed again, and she sat perfectly silent.

Arnold looked from one sister to the other, his face kindling and flushing. Then he glanced at Mrs. Wilberforce and said—

"What must I say to such an offer? It sounds too good to be true!"

"Oh, I am sure they all mean it," answered the mother with rather a proud look of maternal satisfaction, "and I think they will be useful to you, Arnold."

"There is not the least doubt of that," answered the young man earnestly. "But the offer seems too good to be accepted!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, that's just a young man's idea!" said Mr. Wilberforce, who was at home that afternoon and had heard all. "Take the good of life as well as the evil. That's the true philosophy. If these romantic maidens are yearning to distinguish themselves as the ministering angels of King's Castle, let them go by all means! Boys and girls never know what to do with their holidays! I dare say they will be happier there; and I suppose there is some respectable lodging where they can be taken in and looked after a little? They must not live in an infected house, I think."

Arnold looked quite horrified at the idea.

"If they do come at all, they come to King's Castle—to my house," he said. "I shall take up my abode with my chum, the curate, whom I have put in the lodge at the gates, and they will have the house. That is a matter upon which I will hear no argument. It is the very least that I can do. The house is not large—the habitable part of it I mean, but there are rooms enough for them all. You must see, sir, that that is the right thing to do. I will take care that they are comfortable, and perhaps you will run down some Saturday to see for yourself. I trust and hope that a fortnight will see us through the worst of the epidemic. Dr. Salisbury has kindly promised to come down again before long. Perhaps you will accompany him then."

"Perhaps I will. It would be an inducement to see my little girls again!" he always spoke of his step-daughters as his own children, and they loved him almost as a father. "I am only glad that you have left me one or two of my birds in the nest. When this sort of thing begins, one never knows where it will stop," and he glanced at Beatrice, as though he was almost surprised that she had not volunteered, and in spite of his words his face showed that he would have spared her too, had it been her wish.

Beatrice felt the implied appeal and gave a slight toss to her head.

"I don't think I am cut out for sick nursing in cottages, papa," she said. "It is very nice and estimable, but I should feel like a bull in a china shop. Besides, there is the tennis tournament just coming off. I could not miss that! Why, if I win the cup this year again it will become my own private property! Think of that! You would not have me throw away my chance of a third championship!"

"No, my dear, I would have you do as your heart prompts you," answered her father, and the red glowed in Beatrice's cheek as she turned away slightly biting her lip.

"I wish I could go and help," piped Mysie in her plaintive little voice. "I should like above everything to help to nurse the sick. But I am afraid I should be of no use. Is there anything I could do, Dr. Salisbury? Could I be the least bit of use if I were to go with them?"

"Not unless you could cure yourself first," he answered with one of his gravely direct looks. "I believe that every woman has a gift more or less developed for sick nursing, but the first requirement is physical fitness, and the control of her own nerves."

Mysie shook her head pathetically.

"Ah!" she said with a little sigh that savoured of a certain self-satisfaction, "then I am afraid I should never do."

"Not as you are at present, certainly," said Dr. Salisbury with a little edge upon his voice.

Mr. Wilberforce heard it, and looked at his daughter.

"Mysie wants rousing, I think," he

said to himself; "I hope the child is not growing into a selfish fine lady with nerves. I have never had the heart to urge her; but I fear there may be a danger. I must speak to Salisbury."

But now there was no time for thoughts of this sort. All the household was in more or less of a commotion, getting ready the volunteers for their self-imposed task. Norah was used to sudden summonses, and had her nurse's kit all packed up ready, so that she could give her time to helping her sisters. Mrs. Wilberforce hurried to her well-stored housekeeper's cupboards, and soon had an ample hamper of tinned soups, bottled jellies, essence of meat, and such-like valuable sick-room dainties packed up and corded. Beatrice ran up and downstairs on errands, helped her sisters with her habitual energy, and talked in a way the while, that made Gipsy exclaim—

"I declare, Beatrice, I believe you would rather be going with us now, than staying for your tournament."

"Oh, should I?" laughed Beatrice with hot cheeks. "Much you know about it, Miss Gipsy!"

Gipsy smiled, and nodded her head.

"I don't quite know what's come to you, Trix," she said meditatively, "but there's something in the back of your head that you keep to yourself."

"Well, I hope we've all got something in our poor heads that we keep to ourselves!" cried the girl dancing off, but she would not give Gipsy any real answer to her question.

Miss Shuttleworth found Gipsy alone in her room a little time before the start was made.

"My dear," she said gently, "you are going to do a noble work; and I think that perhaps in the doing of it you may see more clearly through some of your difficulties of which you have spoken. Nothing, I think, brings so clearly before us the impotence of man and of man's systems and philosophies, and the everlasting consolation of the Gospel of our Lord, than a battle with sickness and death. You will better understand the inner meaning of that struggle as you see it yonder, than in the wards of a hospital. Remember always, and through all, to look up. Remember that disease and death came into the world through sin, and fight them as you fight your worst enemies. Yet see, even in the darkest hour, the light shed on the path of the dying by Him who trod the dark valley before us, and took the sting from death. Always look to Him, thinking what He has done, and what He has promised to those who look to Him, and the cloud will never be black above you. The light will reach you through it."

Gipsy turned, and gave her a hearty kiss.

"I will try," she answered earnestly. "Thank you for caring about me, and helping me."

It was a curious interesting journey for the sisters, taken in the slowly fading light of an August evening.

The distance to King's Castle was not very great, but the train-service was slow, and there was one change to be encountered, and a quarter of an hour's waiting in the station. Also there was not a station very near to the village of King's Castle, and they had to drive five miles in an old-fashioned carriage drawn by a young farm-horse, who was not very quick in his paces, for Arnold allowed himself no luxuries as yet, and there was no fly in the place. He had telegraphed to his friend, the curate, what was to be done, and his friend had acted accordingly. But it was very dimly that the girls saw the country through which they were being driven, as they were taken leisurely along to their destination.

They turned from the road at last, and through some gates into a park, and Freda looked out curiously, and cried—

"Why, it is quite a grand place, Arnold! I see deer's horns, I am sure, down in that misty hollow, and there is not a house in sight anywhere! I had no idea you were such a grand person! There is something so magnificent about a park of one's own!"

"It is not really very large," answered Arnold. "You will see the lights of the house directly. The trees shut it out with their heavy foliage. There! you can see them now. I hope they will have things ready for you; but I have only two servants, and they were not expecting ladies down."

"I am sure it will all be delightful!" cried Freda. "It is a most charming experience. I shall draw the house; I am sure it is a delightful one. I shall enjoy myself thoroughly, I know. Oh, I declare! there is a great terrace, with moonlight shining on it, and a piece of water! Oh, Arnold! you never told us one half of what King's Castle was like! I feel like the Queen of Sheba!"

Amid the laughter that the last words evoked the carriage drew up at the door, and the party alighted to find themselves received by a grave-looking young clergyman, whom Arnold introduced as "my friend, Mr. Hammond." The old hall of the house was brightly lighted, and its panelled walls and vaulted roof filled Freda with renewed joy and admiration. The furniture was plainly very old, heavy carved-oak chairs and settles, the decoration being confined to trophies of arms and heads of stags, or other wild game. There was no carpet upon the oak floor nor upon the shallow wide stairs. It was a house of many possibilities, but it needed a considerable outlay made upon it before it could be considered furnished.

All the rooms partook more or less of the character of the hall. Furniture there was in abundance, but it was all old, and in some cases faded and torn and soiled with the accumulated grime of several centuries. Had it been winter-time, glowing fires of logs would have done much to brighten the large rooms; but in summer-time they looked a little chill and bare, at least upon an evening like this, when everything had been hastily got ready for unexpected guests. Still it was all very interesting and entertaining, and Freda was enchanted by everything, and kept the whole party alive with her questions and sallies.

Mr. Hammond spoke of the sickness, and gave many details as to the exact state of things the girls would find upon the morrow when they began their work. He did not think the epidemic was actually infectious so long as ordinary precautions were taken. Norah and Gipsy smiled at the words, they had all the confidence of their respective professions against the danger of infection, and gave that matter no heed. They were glad to hear all they could as to the state of the people and the names of the persons most in need of help; and after having made notes of such points as they desired, and partaken with good appetite of the excellent country fare provided for them, they were glad to retire to the quaint old bed-rooms upstairs, and to make arrangements for the night, being quite resolved upon a good one, in respect of the campaign that lay before them.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE EFFECTS OF FAITHLESSNESS.—"As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit-bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart if you meet it with poison."—*Ruskin.*

THE SNOWFLAKE.

Heaven-born, to earth descending,
With countless others blending,
Then gone: O man, in me
Behold thy destiny.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.—The great German author, Goethe, has left on record his estimate of the value of the Scriptures. "It is a belief in the Bible," he says, "the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it capital safely invested and richly productive of interest."

NOT QUITE SATISFIED.—Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied are the benefactors of the world.

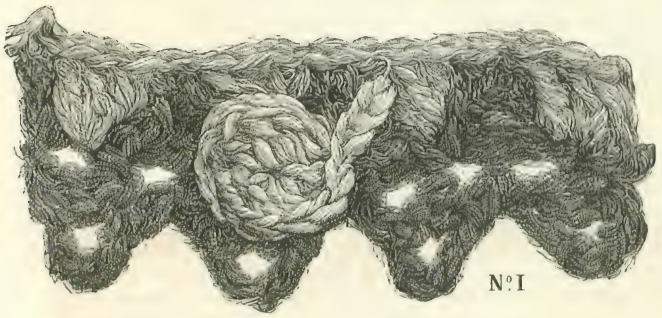
THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—For one who deplores her own follies, you will find a hundred who prefer to deplore their neighbours'.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Were men as good as they think they are,
And women as sweet as they seem,
We'd seldom sigh for some distant star,
Or of Paradise vainly dream.

GREATNESS AND SIMPLICITY.—All simple people are not great, but all great people are simple.

ORNAMENTING: WOOL CROCHET DESIGNS.



My Aunt Dorothy was as poor as a church mouse, yet I never saw a prettier little home than hers. And it all came of her using up all sorts of odds and ends which other people would throw away.

I specially remember her little parlour, with its rows of book-shelves neatly ornamented with strips of wool work crochet, which she used to work with much ease and skill out of any odds and ends of wool she had in her drawer; and I can now see my little elderly aunt nailing these up with ornamental-headed nails. She had a happy knack in arranging colours, and generally managed to make her odds and ends into bright little patterns. A few of them I put down here, in case they may be "a new idea" to some girl who wishes to make home look bright, but does not quite know how, having very little pocket-money to help her.

No. 1. Do the maroon part first thus—Four chain: put a long stitch into the first of the 4 chain: 1 chain, a long into same hole: 2 chain; 1 long in the same hole. * Reverse work: 4 chain: one long into the hole made by the two chain of the previous row: 1 chain, 1 long into the same hole; 2 chain, 1 long into the same hole as before. Reverse work and repeat *

Next do the grey part thus—make three long stitches into the hollow of each point in the maroon—all along one side.

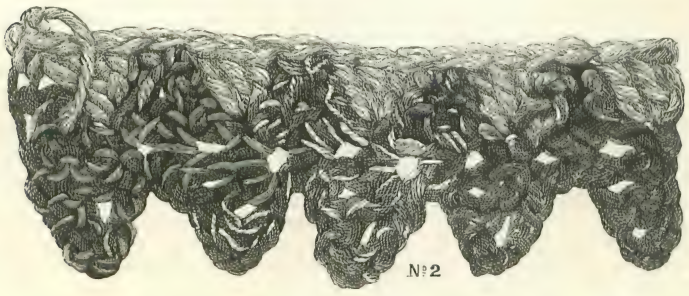
Golden rosettes can be added according to taste made separately: 1 chain: 3 chain: 7 long stitches into the first chain stitch; join to form a circle; make three chain and end off.

Note.—If 7 long stitches do not lie flat, make 8 or 9 instead, as some people crochet so much tighter than others.

No. 2 is worked just like No. 1, except that a thread of some other colour, either silk or wool (see pattern), can be added. Brown or russet green with gold go very well together. This pattern can be made to use up all sorts of odds and ends of wool. A thread of scarlet Shetland, or other wool split in half can be mixed with the wool you are working, as in the pattern.

No. 3 is also worked the same as No. 1. It is worked with brown and yellow wool combined.

No. 4 is also worked with a mixture of colours, thus—1 chain: 2 chain: 2 long stitches into first chain: reverse 2 chain: 2 long stitches into the top of the 2 chain: reverse: and repeat till you have done as much as you require.



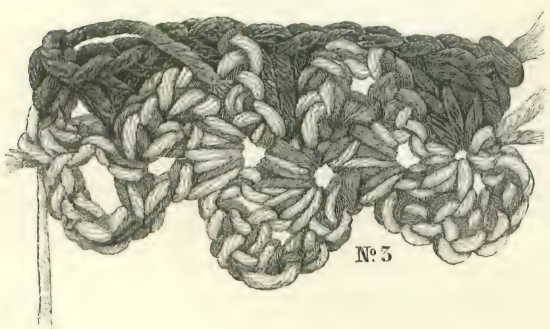
Maroon edging is simply this. Make double stitch into the first point: 3 chain and catch into first hollow: 3 chain, and catch into next point, etc., to end.

No. 5. The grey part is worked like the brown and gold of No. 4. The scarlet edges can be added on one side or both sides according to taste.

The scarlet on one side is 3 long stitches into each hollow: the other side 4 long stitches into each hollow and then caught into the grey with a double stitch. The blue zigzag is 3 chain, and catch into one side of the grey: 3 chain caught into the other side of the grey.

No. 6 is worked the same as the maroon part of No. 1. It makes a nice edging to a *couvrepied*, or baby's blanket crocheted; or in stripes for an antimacassar.

It can also be used as an edging to a shawl as I have placed it joining the shawl pattern No. 7.

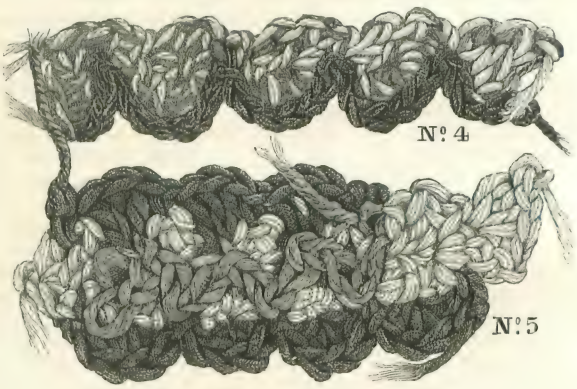


No. 7. This pattern must be worked up and down with no right or wrong side. It makes a beautifully warm shawl, having no holes in it, as crochet shawls generally have. It is a most easy pattern when once learnt—being simply this. Instead of putting three long stitches into the same hole as is usually done, make a short stitch for the first of the three.

Rules. Make a chain of crochet the length you want your shawl or comforter to be.

Reverse work: make 2 chain, 2 long into the last chain of the row of chain.

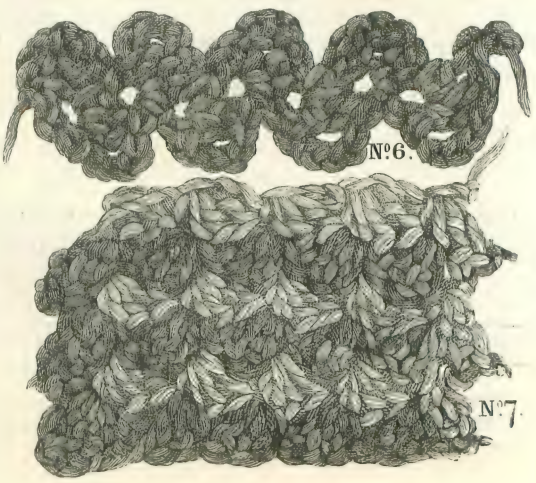
Miss two of the chain: and put a short stitch into the next chain. The short stitch is peculiar and is made thus. Do *not* put your thread round your needle, but putting your needle through the chain stitch next to the two chain stitches you have missed, pull the thread through that stitch, but not through the loop on your needle; pull the thread through the thread you have pulled through and also through the stitch on your needle. When this stitch is done you will see that it looks like 2 chain instead of a long stitch, and this draws the work a little tight so as to alter the look of the usual stitch entirely.



After making this chain-stitch make 2 long stitches into the same stitch as you put the last stitch into.

Repeat from "Miss two of the chain" and go on the same to the end of the row.

* Reverse work: 2 chain: 2 long stitches into the "short peculiar stitch." Make a "short peculiar stitch," and two long stitches into the next "short peculiar stitch" of the previous row: 2 long stitches into the same "short peculiar stitch."



Repeat to the end of the row. Reverse work and repeat from *

This pattern can be worked in Berlin, or Shetland, or fingering wool. The latter shows the pattern much the best (see pattern), as being stiffer the wool sticks out in squares, whereas in Berlin or Shetland it lies quite flat.

It can be worked all in one colour (dove looks very pretty), or in red and grey each alternate row. This pattern is very thick and warm, and is equally suitable for shawls, *couvrepieds*, comforters, baby blankets, etc. It can be edged with fringe, or a pattern like No. 6.

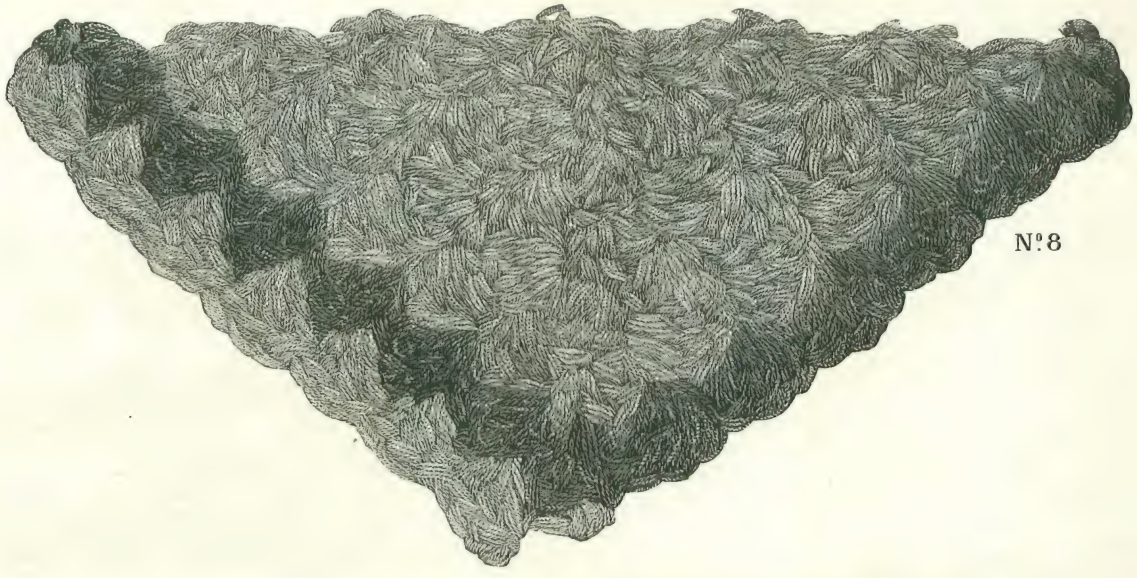
No. 8 is the same stitch as No. 7 worked up and down, beginning at the centre thus—1 chain, 3 chain, and make a long stitch into the first chain stitch.

Reverse work, 3 chain,* 2 long stitches into the top of the long stitch in the previous row. Make a "short peculiar stitch" into the next chain: 2 long into same chain-stitch.

Repeat four times more.

Reverse work, and repeat from 3 chain *; only when you come to the 3 clump of stitches which forms the centre for the peak of the shawl put one "short peculiar stitch" and 2 long stitches into its centre stitch, and one "short peculiar stitch" and 2 long stitches into the "peculiar stitch" *next to it.* This exactly makes the enlargement needed for the peak at the back of the shawl.

After making the first and second rows this is perfectly easy.



No. 8

WOMANLY WEAPONS.

PART II.

NEEDLES.

PERHAPS the most important of our "weapons" is after all the needle; its name is given to comprehend every kind of sewing, be it in the loveliest embroidery our "curious needle paints the flowers," in the fashioning of the homely garment, or even in the thrifty patch or cunning darn, that "the busy needle plies its task," all are needlework.

If we go back to very remote ages, we cannot affirm with any certainty what kind of needles were used by women in their work, but Pliny distinctly states that the needle was used by the Phrygians for embroidering robes, and learned authorities state positively that the Jews, who derived their skill in such work from the Egyptians, used the needle for the rich embroidery in gold and silver of the splendidly ornamented hangings of their tabernacle, which are described in the book of Exodus. We have also in the book of Psalms distinct reference to this little implement; there David says, "They shall be brought in raiment of needlework." The Greeks embroidered figures upon cloth with the needle, and in such high estimation did they hold the art, that they attributed its invention to sacred origin, saying that Minerva had taught it to mortals. We have but slight information repecting needlework in the middle ages; but sufficient is to be found to show that women were engaged in working tapestry with the needle from the earliest epochs of the French monarchy. Gregory of Tours at the close of the 6th century, describing the rejoicings of the people, which followed the profession of Christianity by Clovis and his people, speaks of the churches and streets being adorned with embroidered hangings; and also in the consecration of the Church of St. Denis, he says there were tapestries embroidered with gold and pearls.

It was not until three centuries later that the art of making tapestry by the loom was introduced, and even then the needle was quite as much used in embroidering cloths for churches. In our own land our Anglo-Saxon women were celebrated for the delicacy and beauty of their needlework. Ingulphus mentions some hangings ornamented with golden birds in needlework and a veil or curtain on which was represented in embroidery the destruction of Troy. We know but little of how needles were made in those early days, or what they were like; much rougher, coarser, and ruder than the elegant and highly finished ones of our own days; they were no doubt in primitive times merely thorns of shrubs, plants and trees, then perhaps made of bone and later of bronze, and of brass. There is a story told of the early part of the 15th century, which shows that needles were then in use for the making of garments; it relates that, when the worst suspicions of King Henry IV. as to the conduct of his son, Prince Hal, had been infused into the king's mind, the prince regained his father's favour by appearing before him and offering the king his dagger, that he might if he pleased take his life on the spot; on this occasion, it seems, the prince was apparelled in a gown of blue satin, full of small eyelet holes, at every hole the needle hanging by a silken thread with which it was sewed. In an old book I have found a description of the furniture of a lady's workbox in the 15th century. The writer says: "Ladies had also elegant etuis, etc.; amongst their articles of toilette was always a workbox, well furnished, and as the writing-case was ordinarily united with it, it was under this name that the whole of these utensils were comprised." In the inventory of Gabrielle d'Estrées the workbox is thus designated: "Une escriptoire couvérte de maroquin du Levant, dorée et argentée ferrée d'argent, dans laquelle se sont trouvez une bourse, quatre eschevaulx de fil blanc, trois petitz pelotons de mesmes fil, douze mousles a faire rescul, neuf esguilles, le tout de cuyvre; six autres mousles et sept esguilles de fer-blanc, et trois eschevaulx de soye blanche."

Shakespeare in several of his plays refers to the needle, or neeld as he spells it, as a womanly resource in many a scene of life's drama; thus in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Helena to Hermia says:—

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created, both one flower,
Both on one sample, sitting on one cushion."

And of another heroine he says:—

"Or when she would with sharp neeld wound,
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it."

It was certainly as late as the reign of Queen Mary that the manufacture of needles, similar to those at present in use, was introduced into England.

John Hall, in his *History of Inventors and Institutors of Famous Arts*, says, "Fine Spanish needles were first made in England in the reign of Queen Mary, by a negro in Cheapside, who refused to communicate his

art, but in the 8th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign Elias Corous (or Krause), a German, made it known."

Another authority tells us they were first made in England by a native of India in 1545, but the art was lost at his death. It was, however, recovered by Christopher Greening in 1560, who was settled with his three children, Elizabeth, John, and Thomas, by Mr. Damar, ancestor of the present Lord Milton, at Long Crendon in Bucks, where the manufacture has since been carried on to the present day.

The needle manufacture was also, shortly after, established in London, and the reputation which the Whitechapel needles long enjoyed points to the particular locality. Since that time the special home of the needle manufacture seems to be Redditch in Worcestershire, though, I believe, there are factories both in Gloucestershire and in Birmingham.

The wire for making needles is not made in the needle factories, but is brought to them ready prepared, mostly from Sheffield and its neighbourhood. And here it may amuse if I quote John Evelyn's quaint account of the process of wire-drawing at some brass-mills "set up in the parish of Wootton in Surrey," in his time, "for the casting, hammering into plates, cutting and drawing into wyre: 1st, they drew the wyre by men sitting harnessed in certain slings, taking hold of the brass thongs fitted to the holes, with pincers fastened to a girdle which went about them; and then, with stretching forth their feet against a stump, they shot their bodies from it, closing with the plate again; but afterwards this was quite left off, and the effect performed by an Ingenio brought out of Sweden; which I suppose they still continue."

Unless special attention has been given to such subjects one can form but little idea of the detail of the processes necessary before the beautifully finished needle of the present day finds its place in a lady's needle-case.

The manufacture differs considerably, and in many particulars from pin-making, for, whereas the pin is now made and completed in one machine, the needle passes through a great many processes in which the hand performs a prominent part. "The hand of the cunning workman" is necessary to a very great degree in connection with the machinery. First we have to remember that needles are made from steel wire, the majority of pins are of brass, though some very delightful steel pins are made, which will be found excellent for use in very dainty needle-work.

The steel wire then is delivered in coils at the needle-mill; these are cut up by a workman with a huge pair of shears into pieces of the right length for two needles. These pieces of wire as they are cut from the coil are, however, slightly crooked, and, by a process which requires both care and skill, they must be straightened. This is done by placing the wires in two iron rings, heating them in an oven and rubbing and rolling them with a curved iron bar until they are perfectly straight. An experienced workman can tell when they are so by the touch and tone of the wires.

Next, the wires have to be pointed at both ends; this is done by a machine which receives the needles between, as it were, bands of india-rubber, and rotates them against a mill driven at high speed till they are pointed. They are now made over to the stamper, whose work is with the other end of the needle, to fashion the head and pierce the eye. This is done by means of two dies, the lower one fixed in a stone or wooden block, the upper one works up and down moved by the foot of the workman in a stirrup. He takes a certain number of needles in his left hand, and, with his right, lays them one by one on the lower die, dropping the upper one down upon it. This process he repeats at the rate of six thousand an hour, stamping two needles each time.

This stamping shapes the head and the tiny groove beneath the eye, but does not beat the eye quite through, a thin film of steel is left, which has to be punched out by the eyer. This part of the work is done by a boy, or often by a woman, who dexterously places the needles the right way up into the bed of the machine (which exactly corresponds with the lower die before used, only it has holes to allow the two little films to pass through), and pulls down by a handle two little studs which pass through the eyes. These studs or points stick rather firmly in the eyes, but an ingenious little three-fingered hand snatches them off in time for the operation to be repeated.

It is hardly necessary to say how delicately these machines must be made and adjusted, and how great must be the skill necessary to keep them in repair and order, so as to secure the beautiful finish of the needles now produced.

Now the filer begins his work: several girls assist him by threading the needles on fine wires, when the burr of metal, which was spread out round the head of both needles by the blow of the die or stamp, has to be filed away. Thus far the needles have been in pairs, now they are gently parted, and the needle, though only through about half the process of manufacture, is really made. But it must be hardened, tempered, and scoured—hardened as all steel articles are, by being heated to a certain degree then suddenly plunged into a cold liquid: needles being generally dropped into oil.

Simple as this process appears, it requires skill, care, and judgment on the part of the "hardener." After this "tempering," heating again to a certain degree to give toughness to the needle is done by the same workman, and now the needle is ready to endure the rough process of scouring, the dirtiest of all the processes which the needle has to pass through.

The hardener's fire has covered the needles with a dark coat which must be scrubbed away. To do this, hempen cloth, called hurden, is cut into strips and laid in a wooden trough, the needles placed lengthwise inside it, and oil and powdered quartz with some soft soap poured in upon them. The edges of the cloth are now closed together, some larger pieces rolled round outside, the whole wound round and round with string from end to end, the ends closed up, and these rolls are laid on a sort of table with boarded sides; a heavy block of wood worked by machinery works on the top of all, turning the rolls over and pressing them together so that each needle helps to polish its fellow.

This process goes on for several days; the needles being opened and inspected from time to time, and finer grit being put in until the last time, when what is called polishing putty is put in to finish the process. The needles are then taken out, boiled clean, and thoroughly dried by scouring in warm sawdust. After careful sorting, all defective ones being removed, the needles are passed through another process to ensure perfect smoothness of the eyes; the chief method in use is that of "drilling." The heads of the needles being passed through a gas flame are slightly softened, and a slender tool passed through the eye removes any roughness which might be left, and which would cause the needle to cut or fray the thread. Now the needles have to be "finished" by being polished. A workman sitting before a revolving cylinder covered with buff leather, takes the needles in his hands and holds them on the wheel until they are perfectly polished; another workman then holds the points delicately against a stone mill, grinding the slender points to the required angle, after which they are rubbed between two soft pieces of leather to remove any damp or stains and then wrapped up to be packed in hot store-rooms. They are then put into the neat little packets we are so familiar with, ready for the markets.

Thus then are made these indispensable weapons of our woman's work, and surely enough has been said to show the amount of labour and care needed for their perfect production, and to ensure for them a due appreciation by every lover of her needle.

Our English needles are deservedly esteemed the best in the world, and find their way to the very remotest regions. We hear of their being sometimes put to strange uses; as where a recent traveller relates that the Tartar women brought their babies to her, with their caps stuck full of English needles, which they reckoned a mighty charm against all kinds of sickness! The little Kashmir children too, in their far-away mountain homes, now use our needles in embroidering the beautiful Kashmir rugs; they hold their needle exactly the contrary way to what we do, drawing the thread through away from them instead of towards them.

The account I have given of needle-making speaks only of sewing-needles, but there are many other kinds of needles made in a similar manner, each one varying with the special use for which it is designed; thus, sail-makers' and packers' needles form a special branch of manufacture, and there are also sack-makers' needles, technically called "loopers;" besides upholsterers' needles, carpet, drugget and bookbinders' needles, and some others; then, surgeons' needles are very important; and for our own work-tables, besides the many varieties and sizes of ordinary sewing needles, there are special makes for darning, embroidery, crewel, wool and tambour work, etc.; also knitting-pins, crochet hooks, and netting needles, each carefully prepared for its own part in woman's manifold work. Recently an ingenious invention has produced a needle made expressly for the blind and the defective, or short-sighted, for whom it provides a great boon, viz.: a needle which they can thread themselves, by merely holding the thread stretched between the finger and thumb, and passing the side of the eye of the needle along it, until an opening in this is found, into which the thread easily slips.

Sewing machine needles pass through many of the same processes as sewing needles, but machinery is used to a much greater extent in their manufacture in order to ensure the accuracy necessary.

Hundreds of women and girls find employment in our needle factories, some as we have seen in the actual manufacture, and many more in folding and making up the neat little envelopes, papers and boxes, in which the needles are so daintily wrapped.

The needle-making trade has long been invested with considerable importance, and though perhaps less prominent than some others, there still exists a Needle-maker's Company amongst the guilds of the City of London. From it, I believe, is derived the name of Threadneedle Street, or Threeneedle Street, which has its origin from three needles, the sign of the shield of the Needlemakers' Company. This Company formerly had its own hall, now however no longer in existence.

For the details of the manufacture of needles as at present practised, I am indebted to the kind courtesy of Messrs. Kirby, Beard, & Co., who have obligingly given me every information and rendered such explanations as were necessary to the uninitiated in these matters.

MARY B. MORRIS.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "STORM ON A NORWEGIAN FJORD."

SOLUTION.

STORM-*on*-ANORW E giant FJORD
AFOETI DA I RANDTHENA M-*high* TY B-*last*
FORCE case men TSCLOSEANDG AZE-*through*-window pan E
THESTRUGGLING trees R c'ouch *in*-G-2 M-A-*in* T-A-*in*
THEIRHOLD *on*-ear-TH WHOSE leaves R-*up* WARD cast
T O T earth E rocks THE billows RACEAMASSED
AF lash OF blind NESS cannon ADES camp A IG N
THE slices OFTHE he AVE ns DSCEN-D-*in* R-A-*in*
AND shivering seagulls HIDE A W A Y A G HAST
A-*little* barque ISSEENWITH sail UN furled
i TD i SAP pears ANDTHEN mount S-*on*-T HE wave
THAT 1st IS G-L-*in* TEDBYTHESUNSB R-*high* trays
SOMUSTWEP ass *in* T-H IS DREAR-*under*-WORLD
under-LIFES-WIERD ANDRO UG HH EW N arch ITRAVE
2 G A-*in*-A T length THEPEACEOF brig HTERDAYS

STORM ON A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

A fœtid air, and then a mighty blast!
Force casements close, and gaze through window-pane.
The struggling trees are crouching to maintain
Their hold on earth; whose leaves are upward cast.
To tear the rocks the billows race amassed.
A flash of blindness—cannonade's campaign—
The sluices of the heavens descend in rain,
And shivering sea-gulls hide away aghast!

A little bark is seen with sail unfurled.
It disappears—and then mounts on the wave
That first is glinted by the sun's bright rays.
So must we pass, in this drear underworld,
Under life's weird and rough-hewn architrave
To gain at length the peace of brighter days!

PRIZE WINNERS.

One Guinea Each.

Miss M. A. C. Crabb, 49, Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill, London.
Leonard Duncan, Bromborough, Birkenhead.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Rev. S. Bell, 16, Thorncliffe Road, Brixton Hill, London.
Charles H. Candy, 14, Beaumont Terrace, Dover.
Edith Carpenter, 14, Napier Road, Luton, Beds.
J. A. Center, 25, Ardmillan Terrace, Edinburgh.
J. J. Coulthard, 8, Pyrland Road, Mildmay Park, London.
Miss F. Miller, 104, Brecknock Road, Camden Road, London.

Special Mention.

Miss E. E. Grundy and Mrs. Lena Hopewell (*equal with 1st prize winners*).
Miss A. C. Sharp and Violet C. Todd (*equal with 2nd prize winners*).

Very Highly Commended.

Edith Ashworth, Mary Atkins, Mrs. Garforth, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Hugh Townshend, Sydney Walford, Miss G. M. Wittington.

Highly Commended.

John Adams, Margaret Archdale, Ethelwyn Berry, Marian H. Cahusac, Maude Cook, Alice M. Cooke, James M. Crebbin, Emma Fox, Henry Hayward, Mary Hughes, Elizabeth Lang, Emma Linnell, Annie C. Lewis, Mabel J. Lewis, H. Sydney Lewis, Jessie Morten, Rev. V. Odom, Ellen M. Price, Ida Rafford, Mildred Richardson, Alexandrina Robertson, Herbert E. Scott, Ethel Spencer, John R. Whyberd, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Honourable Mention.

Annie E. Atkinson, Laura E. Batterbury, Ethel L. Bayley, Mary Bolingbroke, Margaret Burland, Rev. J. Chambers, Mary Chislett, Annie G. Coleman, Elizabeth A. Collins, Maude G. Collins, Francis W. Cotsell, Lewis Damon, Rose A. Davis, James Day, Upfield Green, Anna Hood, Mrs. E. Howard, Mrs. F. S. Jackson, Edith B. Jowett, Elizabeth A. Lord, A. J. McMaster, Annie Manderson, Chas. A. Murton, Sarah Osmond, Maude Parker, B. Pearson, Beatrice Rafford, Miss M. E. Reed, Mary I. Richards, Lucy Richardson, Mrs. E. Sarll, Janet Scott, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Miss M. Silver, Miss A. Speight, May D. Stephens, Ellen C. Tarrant, Mona Taylor, "Tempest," Ellen E. Thomas, A. Trussler, Frances H. Webb-Gillman, Florence Whitby, Florence Whitlock, G. S. Wilkins.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

The chief lesson to be learned from this puzzle is that a plus sign minus the down stroke becomes a minus sign. Taken by itself the importance and interest of the fact are not particularly obvious, but when we state that the minus sign in line 7 ought to have been a plus sign, we know that there will be rejoicing in hundreds of happy English homes. And why? Simply because hundreds of ingenious solvers guessed the true solution and suggested the necessary alteration in fear and trembling.

For the comfort of the minority who did not allow the possibility of a mistake to enter into their calculations we may say that in adjudication we ignored the word altogether. Where there is an actual error in a puzzle this seems to be the only fair thing to do, though it is a little hard upon those who cleverly overcome the extra difficulty.

About the puzzle generally there is not much to say. In line 3 *suff'ring* was in a few solutions substituted for "crouching." This beautiful rendering is obtained by reading *sofa* instead of "couch" and converting the *sofa* into *suffer*. Could anything be more horrible!

For "shivering" in line 8 many adjectives were suggested, most of them inferior as an interpretation of the picture. In the following line more than half the solvers failed to notice the smallness of the initial "a" and not one in twenty observed that the ship was barque rigged. The latter point was only taken into consideration in the award of the prizes, the competition being so close that every trifle had to be taken into account.

The prepositions in lines 12 and 13 gave a good deal of trouble; in the former *lower* does not fully express the position of the word drear, and *nether* is even more objectionable. *Beneath* and *below* at the beginning of line 13 were both admissible. *Wierd* in the same line was correctly altered to "weird" in ninety per cent. of the solutions. Would that we might assume that only ten per cent. of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are indifferent spellers.

"IN PART."

By RUTH S. TYLER-COVE.

I TAKE Thee as Thou art;
All that I do not see,
Or cannot understand,
Or only know in part,
Thou wilt make clear to me,
Leading by Thine own hand.

My mind is not as Thine;
Thy thoughts so lofty are,
That my poor simple soul
Can only grasp a line
Sometimes, with all my care;
But Thou dost know the whole.

Only, my Lord, I pray,
Whatever doubts arise,
Be Thyself close to me;
That, feeling Thee, I may
See all things with Thine eyes
And lose myself in Thee.

ROMANTIC LEGENDS OF SISTERS.

NUMEROUS stories, founded on the heroism and self-denying love of sisters, have long been current in many parts of the country, and form an interesting chapter in the history of our legendary romance.

Thus, in the south aisle of the nave of Beverley Minster is a monument known as the "Maiden Tomb," which tradition says marks the resting-place of two maiden sisters who devoted their days to good works; and, amidst other acts of charity, gave two of the common pastures to the town. In Ingledew's "Ballads of Yorkshire" there are some lines descriptive of the strange appearance and disappearance of these holy maids, telling how

"The snows have melted, the fields are green,
The cuckoo singeth aloud;
The flowers are budding, the sunny sheen
Beams bright through the parted cloud,
And maidens are gathering the sweet-breathed may,
But these gentle sisters, ah, where are *they?*"

It seems that, at times, they were favoured "with glorious visions" to encourage them in their saintly life, and when at last their work was done, by tender hands

"Side by side, in the chapel fair
Are the sainted maidens laid;
With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair,
They look not like the dead;
Fifty summers have come and passed away,
But their loveliness knoweth no decay."

A similar legend is told of the "nine maidens" of the Glen of Ogilvy, a romantic spot in the Vale of Strathmore. The story goes that, far away back in the distant past, the Glen of Ogilvy was the chosen residence of St. Donivald and his nine daughters. According to tradition, they lived in this glen "as in a hermitage, working the ground with their own hands, and eating but once a day, and then but barley bread and water." On the death of St. Donivald, after a long life of incessant toil, the sisters removed to Abernethy, and dying there they were buried at the foot of a large oak much frequented by pilgrims till the Reformation. Ballad lore describes them as possessed of rare beauty, and thus commemorates them—

"Nine maidens were they spotless fair,
With silver skins, bright golden hair,
Blue-eyed, vermillion-cheeked, nowhere
Their match in Glen of Ogilvy."

After describing their many virtues and life of self-denial, the ballad relates how at their death many sorrowing pilgrims came from England "the oak to kiss, whose branches grand" wave o'er their grave, for—

"Nine maidens fair in life were they,
Nine maidens fair in death's last fray;
Nine maidens fair in fame alway,
The maids of Glen of Ogilvy."

They were canonised as the "nine maidens," and many churches were dedicated to them throughout Scotland. One of these churches was that of Strathmartine, near Dundee, with which is connected the famous tradition of the "Nine Maidens of Pitempan," who are said to have been devoured by a huge dragon or serpent at the nine maiden well in that parish. It may be added that within the castle grounds at Glamis is the nine maiden well, which is still an object of superstitious awe and reverence.

In some cases, on the other hand, such legendary stories perpetuate the memory of certain sisters whose lives were far from being worthy of imitation. In the parish of Gwendron, Cornwall, are nine "Moor Stones," which are popularly known in the neighbourhood as the "nine maids or virgin sisters." These perpendicular blocks of granite have evidently been placed with much labour in their present position; and there are various tales current to account for their having been so situated. One tradition says they indicate the graves of nine sisters, and according to another they are metamorphosed maidens who, it is said, were in all probability changed into stone for some wicked profanation of the Sabbath day. These monuments of impiety, with their melancholy history, are scattered more or less over Cornwall. In the parish of Burian, for instance, are the dancing-stones, commonly designated "the Merry Maidens," and at no great distance from them are two granite pillars named the "Pipers." One Sabbath evening, some of the frivolous and thoughtless maidens of the neighbouring village, instead of attending vespers, strayed into the fields, when two evil spirits, assuming the guise of pipers, began to play some dance tunes. The young people at once yielded to the temptation; and forgetting the holy day commenced dancing. The excitement increased with the exercise, and ere long the music and dancing became extremely wild; when, lo! a flash of lightning from the clear sky transfixed them all—the tempters and the tempted—and there in stone they stand. But it must not be supposed that the same explanation is always to be accepted as the solution of such monuments, for occasionally, says an old local authority, Davies Gilbert, they were probably set up in memory of "the spiritual sisters of some religious house, and not so many maids turned into stone for dancing on the Sabbath day." Whilst speaking of Cornish legends, we may quote another called "The Two Unknown Sisters." It appears that, years ago, one day two "ancient sisters" visited a Cornish village, but none could discover their race or name. To quote the words of an old ballad:—

"Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had marks of loftier days,
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They withered slowly in the glen."

In course of time one of the sisters died, to the intense grief and sorrow of the other. Sympathy was of no avail; and day by day the lonely survivor passed the long hours in weeping until, at last, death took compassion on her. Referring to the same ballad, this pathetic incident is thus described—

"One died; the other's sunken eye
Gush'd, till the fount of tears was dry;
A wild and wasting thought had she,
'I shall have none to weep for me.'
They found her silent at the last,
Bent in the shape wherein she pass'd;
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivelled hand."

"THERE IS SWEET MUSIC HERE THAT SOFTER FALLS
THAN PETALS FROM BLOWN ROSES ON THE GRASS."—*Tennyson.*

Among other legends connected with stones may be mentioned the "Spinster's Rock," in the neighbourhood of Dogamarsh Bridge, Devon. According to one account, it is reported to have been raised on its present elevation by a father and his three sons, who brought the stones from the loftiest wilds of Dartmoor. But another tradition ascribes its erection to the "three spinning sisters," or spinsters, who accomplished the feat one morning before breakfast. In the latter explanation, Mr. Rowe would detect an allusion to the three Fatal Sisters, the terrible Valkyrias of the Norse Mythology, whose office it was with "abhorred shears to slit the thin-spun life; to weave the warp and weave the woof, the winding sheet" of many a hero's race. The undulations, again, in the chalk cliffs between Seaford and Beachy Head, in Sussex, are known as the "Seven Sisters," a number which it may be noted frequently occurs in the boundary lists of Saxon Charters as "Seven Oaks," "Seven Thorns." And we may compare, also, the remarkably large and handsome clump of seven elm trees, planted in a circular form, at Page Green, Tottenham, in the centre of which there formerly stood a walnut tree, and supposed to be between five and six hundred years old. According to one tradition, a martyr had been burnt on the spot where these trees afterwards stood, but this would seem to be pure conjecture. Another account of these old time-honoured trees tells us that there was a connecting link between the walnut tree and the seven sisters by which it was surrounded. There were seven elms planted by seven sisters respectively; the tree planted by the smallest of the sisters was always irregular and stunted in growth. There was an eighth sister who planted an elm in the midst of the other seven, and the legend relates that it withered and died when she died, and that then a walnut tree grew in its place.

But, turning to the romantic stories of the generosity and self-denying acts of sisters, we are reminded of a pretty legend told of the building of Linton Church, which is situated on a little knoll of fine compact sand, without any admixture of stone or pebbles, and widely different from the soil of the neighbouring heights. The sand has, however, hardened into stone, yet the particles, it is said, "are so coherent, that the sides of newly opened graves appear smooth as a wall, and this to a depth of fifteen feet." This strange and singular phenomenon is thus accounted for by the local tradition. Many years ago, runs the legend, a young man killed a priest in this place, and was condemned to death for murder and sacrilege. His doom seemed inevitable, but by the intercession of his two sisters—who were fondly attached to their brother—his life was granted him on condition that they should sift as much sand as would form a mound on which to build a church. The task was readily and cheerfully undertaken by the sisters, and in process of time the church was built, although, it is added, one of the sisters died immediately after her brother's liberation, either from the effects of past fatigue, or overpowering joy. The villagers, we are informed, still point to the sandy knoll in confirmation of its truth, and actually show the visitor a hollow place as that from which the sand was taken.

Church-building legends of this kind are far from uncommon, and under a variety of forms are found in different parts of the country. Thus, the churches of Putney and Fulham, which stand opposite each other on the banks of the Thames, are, in accordance with a commonly received story, said to have been built by the individual manual labour of two sisters. The enterprise was no lazy matter, as they possessed but one tool between them. They surmounted, however, this difficulty, by agreeing to work, and to rest alternately for an hour. Their mode of procedure was to fling the tool across the river; and, so when the hour of work arrived for the lady of Putney, she called out to her sister—"Put it high," whilst the watch-word of the Fulham lady was—"Heave it full home." Monotonous as their labour was, in time their perseverance was crowned with success, and the two churches were completed. In the same way the parish churches of Albrighton and Donington, Shropshire, owe their existence, it is said, to the labours of two sisters. These churches, writes Miss Jackson, in her "Shropshire Folk-lore," stand curiously near together on the high banks overhanging one of the picturesque dingles, containing a pretty sheet of water, which are common in that part of the country. The two churches are of different styles and dates, but legend tells us they were built by two sisters in a spirit of rivalry, and that this is the reason why Donington church is so far from any village, and so much in one corner of the parish. And an amusing legend represents Ormskirk church, Lancashire, as having been erected at the cost of two maiden sisters, named Orm, who being unable to make up their mind as to whether it should have a tower or a spire, accommodated their differences by giving it both. But Roby discredits the story, and remarks that each of the sisters might have had her way by building a tower, and surmounting it by a spire. A similar legend was, in years gone by, connected with the churches of Owthorne and Withernsea, Yorkshire, known in the locality as the "Sister churches." A legend current in the neighbourhood tells us that they were originally built by two sisters who at first maintained that a single church would be sufficient for the spiritual needs of the adjoining manors; but they afterwards quarrelled as to the respective merits of a tower or spire; the result being that each sister finally built her own church. York Cathedral, too, has its sister legend; the five lancets in the north aisle being generally termed "The Five Sisters." According to Gents' *York Cathedral*, there is a tradition that five maiden sisters were at the expense of these lights, and the painted glass in them, representing a kind of embroidery or needlework, might have originated this story. But another story is to the effect that four young orphans agreed to fill the lancets with memorial glass, in patterns taken from their embroidery frames, which they had long laid aside for sorrow, in remembrance of a dead sister. Here, the story adds, they are reported to have knelt and prayed until, one by one, they passed away, and were laid in a common grave. Hence these lancets have been popularly designated the Five Sisters.

Occasionally these sister legends commemorate scenes of a tragic character enacted in bygone days. There is a spot, for instance, on the road from Winchester to Andover called by the name of "The Three Maids." A local legend informs us that three sisters poisoned their father, and were for that crime buried alive up to their necks. Travellers passing by were ordered not to feed them; but one compassionate person as he rode along, threw the core of an apple to one of them, on which she managed to subsist for three days. The most astonishing part of the story remains to be told, for from the graves of the three sisters there grew groups of firs. In this way their memories have been perpetuated. The peasantry in the neighbourhood for the most part accredit the story, connected with which there is no doubt a certain amount of truth.

In the village of Ballybunnion, situated within a few miles of Kerry Head, Ireland, is a cavern which is known by the peasantry as the "Cave of the Seven Sisters." The scenery all around is of the wildest description, frowning rugged cliffs rising abruptly out of the water to the height of over one hundred feet, perforated with numerous caves into which the ocean rushes with fearful fury in winter. On the brink of one of the precipices formed by these cliffs are the remains of a castle said, in days of old, to have been inhabited by a gallant chieftain, the father of seven beautiful daughters. In an unlucky hour an attachment sprang up between the seven fair maidens and the captain and his six brothers belonging to a private ship, which had been captured after a stubborn and desperate resistance. Yielding to their protestations, the seven sisters agreed to fly with them to Denmark. Everything was arranged for the voyage, and one stormy night in winter was chosen for the attempt. Not a single star shone in the sky, the wind with terrific violence came sweeping from the ocean, and the waves roared against the rocky caverns. Escaping from the battlement by means of a rope-ladder they discovered to their horror on reaching the ground that they were surrounded by armed men. Not a word was uttered, but on being conducted within the fortress, they found themselves in the presence of their injured father, whose anger at his daughters falling in love with men whom he considered enemies to his country was unbounded, and admitted of no mercy. One by one they were brought to the edge of the precipice, and were hurled into the foaming flood. What the fate of their lovers was the legend does not say. Since that fearful night the old castle has crumbled into ruins. The chieftain sleeps in an unknown grave, his vengeance forgotten—but the cruel fate of his daughters is remembered, the cave unto this day being denominated the "Cave of the Seven Sisters." According to another version of the same piece of legendary lore, one of the northern sea-kings invaded Ballybunnion, and invested the chieftain Bunnion in his castle. The garrison was slain, and the chieftain rather than that his nine daughters should fall into the hands of the victor, flung them one after another into the abyss. From this occurrence the cave has been designated "the Cave of the Nine."

Legends of this kind might be multiplied, being found in the historical romance of most countries, and as it has been pointed out, must be regarded as based on truth, having come down to us from a feudal period, when the acts described were not altogether uncommon.

Then again the rivalry of sisters forms the subject of many a legendary tale, carrying us back to the familiar fairy story of Cinderella, who was made the drudge of the house by her two elder sisters. Denton Hall, for instance, has for very many years past been reported to be tenanted by a spirit, popularly called "Silky," whose history is not without a legend. There is, it appears, some obscure and dark rumour of secrets curiously obtained by a rival sister, and that as a punishment for her treachery and unsisterly conduct, she at times haunts the deserted Hall. But, perhaps, one of the strangest stories in family history, in which two sisters played the leading part, was that associated with Bulgaden Hall, formerly one of the most beautiful seats in the South of Ireland. It seems that George Evans, the youthful master, fell in love with the beautiful daughter of his host, Colonel Stamer. At this period the early wedding-banquet was devoted to wine and feasting—the marriage not taking place till the evening—and, according to custom, sobriety at these bridal feasts was "a positive violation of all good breeding, and the guests would have thought themselves highly dishonoured had the bridegroom escaped scathless from the

wedding-banquet." Accordingly, half-unconscious of passing events, the marriage knot of George Evans was indissolubly tied. As soon as he had recovered from the effects of the bridal feast he discovered, to his extreme horror and dismay, that the bride he had taken was not the woman of his choice—in short, he was the victim of a cheat. He ascertained that the plot emanated from the woman who till then had been the idol of his soul, and that she had substituted her veiled sister Anne for herself at the altar. The result of this unhappy affair was that the young bridegroom left his home and country, unable to reconcile himself to the cruel injustice of which he was the victim. Happily, however, a romance of this kind—which savours more of fiction than real life—is unparalleled.

It only remains to add that on the Continent some of these sister legends have become strangely mixed up with superstition. Thus, near Louvain, are three graves, in which are buried the bodies of three pious sisters. But before their graves three clear springs are said to burst forth, possessing marvellous properties. In order to know whether a woman will recover or die of her malady, it is customary to take a hood belonging to her and lay it on the water. If it sinks no recovery is to be looked for, if it swims the disease is curable. It is, however, necessary to pray fervently and to bring an offering, which must consist of a needle, a thread of yarn, and some corn, all obtained by begging. A Danish legend tells how three pious sisters perished at sea, the waves dispersing their bodies in three separate directions. That of the first came to Tisvilde, where a fountain sprang from her grave; that of the second to a spot where St. Karen's well, named after her, is still shown; and the body of the third sister was in like manner cast on shore, a well likewise springing from her grave.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

"NOT IN VAIN."

By MARIAN FINDLAY, Author of "Her Promise," "Stranger Than Fiction," etc.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER bidding her husband good-bye the following morning, with as woeful a face as though the parting were to be for months instead of days, Helen set out for her friend Norah Grady's home, which lay only about a mile distant from her own. She was greeted on her arrival with shouts of welcome and shrill barks and yelps of delight, which proceeded from a struggling heap upon the grass in front of the pretty, low, white house, and which, after sundry frantic jerks and squirms, finally resolved itself into a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, a chubby mischievous-looking laddie—the Grady twins, commonly known as "the Pickles,"—and a couple of rough-haired Irish terrier puppies, which rivalled their little master in their mischievous proclivities.

Helen responded warmly to the boisterous reception, and then turned to greet a slender delicate-looking lady who now came forward, and who was so youthful in appearance that it was difficult to believe that she was the mother of rollicking Don and dimpled Daisy.

"I thought it must be you, Mrs. Carlyle," she said, smiling. "The children and the dogs give no one else so hearty a welcome. Down, down, Jack and Jill," to the dogs who were jumping wildly round Helen. "Don, dear, don't pull Mrs. Carlyle so, she is not used to such rough little hands, and, Daisy, run in and tell Auntie Norah who is here."

"The top o' the mornin' to ye," cried a merry voice a moment later, as a tall, dark-haired girl came dancing out of the house, Daisy riding triumphantly upon her shoulders.

"Oh, Norah dear, you should not do that," her sister-in-law exclaimed. "Daisy is getting too big and heavy for that sort of thing." To which remark Daisy instantly raised an emphatic and indignant protest.

"You must be wondering what brings me here at such an early hour," Helen said, smiling. "The fact is, my husband has been called away to London on business and will be absent a few days, and my errand is to ask if you will be good enough to spare Norah to me to cheer my loneliness while he is away. Will you come to me till Tuesday, Norah dear?"

"With pleasure, Nell darling. I shall like it above everything, and you will be glad to be rid of me for a few days, won't you, Lily?"

Mrs. Grady slipped her arm round Norah's dainty waist with a loving smile.

"I will gladly spare you to Mrs. Carlyle, dearest; but you know I hate to have you away from me."

"You darling," said the impulsive Irish girl, with a loving embrace.

Just at this moment, Don, who had been listening intently to the conversation for the past few minutes, sat deliberately down upon the grass and commenced to roar in the most ear-splitting manner.

This was too much for tender-hearted Daisy. She instantly nestled beside her beloved brother, sobbing bitterly in sympathy.

"Why, children, what is the matter?" their mother cried. Norah was down beside them in a moment, and then Don, with his tiny arms tightly clasping her neck, sobbed out, "You wants to go and leave us, Auntie Norrie, and you shan't, so there!"

"Why, you little goosie," Norah laughed. "Ah, Don, don't smother me entirely, and Daisy, my pet, don't wipe your tears away upon my gown, you'll find a handkerchief in my pocket, and I don't know but there may be some sweeties there besides."

At this Don raised his head, and soon evinced a lively interest in the paper of sweets which Daisy produced from the depths of "Auntie Norrie's" pocket. Thus peace was once more restored, and at length, after many kisses and good-byes on Norah's part, and many promises that she was not taking the beloved auntie away, "for ever and ever,"—as Don remarked with a sob—on Helen's part, the two were reluctantly allowed to depart, the children accompanying them to the end of the lane, and then standing, with the tear-stains fresh upon their pretty, fair faces, waving chubby, grimy hands, and still grimier pocket-handkerchiefs, till a bend in the road hid them from sight.

The following days passed very pleasantly. Helen and Norah were delighted to thus renew their old friendship, and thoroughly enjoyed the long talks they were able to have about old times.

Doctor Johnson says—"The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy in tracing back at some distant time, those transactions or events through which they have passed together."

And both seemed to realise the truth of this, and many a merry laugh they had over reminiscences of the fun and frolic of their school-days; of mad-cap pranks, in which wild Norah was ever first and foremost. Then the laughter would grow strangely near to tears, as they spoke of some of the friends of youth who had now passed away beyond their ken.

And they would speak in low tender tones of the wonderful dreams and fair aspirations they had had, of the noble resolutions made, the vows exchanged in all the joyous enthusiasm of girlhood.

"How differently," said Helen, with a little quiver in her soft musical voice; "how very differently our lives have turned out to what we planned and arranged they should be."

"Ah, have they not," Norah responded, with a little whimsical laugh. "You were to marry a clergyman, visit the poor, teach in the Sunday-school, play the organ in the church, and make your sweet little self useful in various other ways—rather hum-drum work, eh, Nellie?" with a saucy uplifting of the graceful shoulders. "Failing the clergyman you were to have a Career, be a Musician, a Composer (all with very large capital letters, if you please), or something equally impracticable and very much more indefinite."

"Ah, well, they were foolish dreams, no doubt, but they had their use, and helped to keep us happy and out of mischief, if they did nothing else."

The following afternoon the two were busily engaged in trying over a quantity of new music, which Mr. Carlyle had sent to his wife by the morning's post, when Norah broke off suddenly in the middle of a song, and ran to the window with an exclamation of annoyance.

"What is the matter, Norah?" and Helen turned from the piano in surprise.

"Ah, Nellie, 'tis 'good-bye' to our peace and happiness for the rest of the afternoon, for here comes that wretched little Miss Smith to call upon you, and she never pays a visit of less than an hour or two at the very least," and Norah groaned in comic dismay.

"But who is this Miss Smith?" Helen questioned, "and why does she pay such extraordinarily long calls?"

"She is the gossip and scandal-monger of the village, and the detestation of the neighbourhood generally, and the reason of the terrible length of her visits is that she wishes to be unconventional, original, and unlike other people—this latter she certainly is, fortunately for 'other people,' though perhaps not quite in the way she means; but here comes Jane to announce her, so you will soon see 'Miss Mischief'—as we have named her—for yourself."

"Show the lady in here, Jane," and Helen rose to receive the queer little figure which now came forward.

A vivid green silk dress, a gay Paisley mantle, a tiny rose-bud bonnet perched upon the top of a mass of fluffy hair, of a suspiciously bright golden tint, which accorded ill with the sharp-featured, faded face, while the bright spot of crimson upon her cheeks was far too brilliant to deceive the most casual observer.

"My dear Mrs. Carlyle," exclaimed this extraordinary apparition, skipping lightly across the room, and holding out both hands with effusion. "I am charmed to make your acquaintance, and I hope we may soon become dear friends."

Helen with difficulty repressed a laugh, as she murmured a few kindly words of greeting to Miss Smith, who then turned her attention to Norah, greatly to Helen's relief, as she was thus enabled to recover her composure, which had been a little upset by the absurd appearance of this eccentric lady.

"You are musical, I see," Miss Smith observed presently, with a wave of one of her white cotton gloved hands in the direction of the open piano. "That, my dear lady, will be a link to bring us yet more closely together." Here Norah's eyebrows were raised ever so slightly, and the corners of her mobile mouth twitched.

"I adore music, may I look over this?" going towards the music stand as she spoke.

"Oh, certainly," and Helen drew forward a portfolio containing a quantity of music for her visitor's inspection.

"Does your husband allow you to sing this, Mrs. Carlyle?" the little lady asked presently, in a surprised tone.

Helen glanced at the music. It was: "Oh, Rest in the Lord."

"Certainly he does, it is a great favourite of his," and Helen looked puzzled, while Norah frowned and bit her lip.

"Well, you do surprise me, and I was perfectly astonished to see you at church yesterday, I should have imagined that Mr. Carlyle would not have permitted you to enter such a place."

"But why should he not? I really must confess that I do not understand you in the least, Miss Smith," and the puzzled expression on Helen's face deepened.

"I do not think I am very difficult to understand," and Miss Smith drew herself up stiffly, with a would-be dignified air.

"You must be perfectly well aware, Mrs. Carlyle, that your husband——"

"Oh, Miss Smith," Norah broke in, springing forward, overturning a small table in her haste. "There is a big, big earwig creeping upon your shoulder, close by your neck."

Miss Smith gave a shrill scream of terror.

"Oh, take it off, take it off," she shrieked, her face paling perceptibly beneath the rouge, as she danced excitedly about.

"You must stand still, or I cannot; ah, there! it has fallen to the ground."

"Ugh! the horrid creature, there it is, crush it, pray crush it, Miss Grady."

"No; I will not do that, poor, harmless thing," Norah said quietly, as she lifted the little insect and placed it outside the open window. "There," she continued, "I don't fancy it will trouble you again, Miss Smith," and there was a slight tone of contempt in her clear, young voice.

But Miss Smith's nerves had received a severe shock, and she shortly afterwards rose to take her leave, remarking as she did so—

"I am so pleased to know you, Mrs. Carlyle, and I do hope you will come to see me, that is, of course, if Mr. Carlyle will permit you to do so."

Helen laughed softly.

"What a bear you must imagine my husband to be, Miss Smith, you surely cannot know him well, although he has lived two or three years in your neighbourhood, or you would not have formed so strange an opinion of him."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, my dear Mrs. Carlyle, only I have heard that sometimes atheists do not care to associate with people who hold different and happier views; but no doubt your husband is an exception to all this," she concluded, with a touch of spitefulness in her shrill tones.

The pretty colour faded from Helen's cheeks, and her breath came quickly in short, nervous gasps. Norah saw that she must again interpose if she wished to avoid a scene.

"Miss Smith," she said hastily, "I want to give you a message from my sister, about the clothing club, so I will walk to the gate with you; no, don't trouble to come to the door, Nellie dear, I can open it."

On her return to the house, after lingering a few moments in the flower-scented garden, Norah was startled to see the piteous, strained expression on her friend's erstwhile sunny face.

"Oh, Norah, Norah," she moaned, "it is not true, say it is not true, you have known him longer than I."

Norah took the outstretched, trembling hands into her own close, tender clasp, she could not pretend to misunderstand the question.

"I have known him a longer time than you have, certainly, Helen," she said, "but, dearest, you must surely know him best. I have heard," she went on, after a brief pause, "that he does not think quite as we do about religious matters, but no human being can know the whole truth of another's heart, and what are we, Nellie, that we should dare to judge a fellow-creature?"

"God help me, Norah, if it indeed be true," and Helen gave a great, tearless sob. "What shall I do, oh, what shall I do!"

Lovingly Norah strove to cheer her, while it made her own heart ache to see the look of misery on the white, drawn face.

"Oh, God help me," Helen moaned again and again, clasping her hands closely together, then lower, and with bent head, "and God help him also, for He alone can."

(To be continued.)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAP. XIII.

On the last evening of her stay at Hillah, Cecil became acquainted with an interesting fact concerning Azim Bey which at once touched and amused her. "A marriage had been arranged" for him long ago with Safieh Khanum, the little daughter of the Pasha of Mosul, and the wedding would take place when the bridegroom reached his eighteenth year.

"My grandmother arranged it," said Naimeh Khanum, playing with the bits of red stuff which were sewn to her baby's cap to keep off the evil eye. "The Pasha is a man of the old school, and a very rigid Mussulman, and the Um-ul-Pasha thinks that Safieh Khanum will keep my brother back from becoming altogether a Frangi."

"But have they never seen one another, poor little things?" asked Cecil. "What a pity that you couldn't have asked the little girl to stay with you while we were here. They might have taken a fancy to each other."

"*Fi donc*, mademoiselle!" laughed Naimeh Khanum. "You don't think that Safieh Khanum's parents would ever have allowed such a thing? Besides, in no case would she be allowed to come near you, or under your influence. They would be afraid of your making her a Christian."

"But Azim Bey is always with me," objected Cecil.

"That is different," said Azim Bey's sister, "he is a boy. They know that there is no danger for him. But what has Islam for a woman?"

"Have you felt this, Khanum?" asked Cecil in surprise.

"How can I help it? I have read your books, I have seen the difference between your life and ours," said Naimeh Khanum. "Our people think justly that there is little need for fear in the case of boys like my brother. They read of Christianity, they see your laws and their results, they think it is all very good. They are also taught our religion and they say: 'It is destiny. I was born a Mussulman. My father and all my ancestors were good Moslems. Why should I change a religion that was good enough for them?' In this way they agree together to dismiss the subject. They have many things to occupy their thoughts, and if in their secret hearts they know that Christianity is better, it does not trouble them themselves, and they say nothing to anyone else. They have all they want, but with us it is different. All the long, long hours—what can we do but think and wish? They should not have educated us, let us read about your beautiful life in Frangistan, if they wished us to remain contented with what satisfied our grandmothers. We are tired of our jewels, and our novels, and our embroidery, tired of making sweetmeats and eating them, we are so tired—you cannot imagine how tired—

of being shut up always in the same rooms, with the same faces round us. We are not like birds or wild animals, to be kept in cages, we have minds and hearts, and we want to be able to go out in the world with our husbands, and enter into all they do."

"But couldn't you do that now—partially at least?" suggested Cecil diffidently, surprised by this passionate outburst from languid-eyed, contented Naimeh Khanum.

"How can we?" she asked. "Our husbands go out into society without us. They meet the Frangi ladies, talk to them, dance with them, and then come home to us, poor ignorant creatures, who cannot talk to them of the things they care for, and don't know how to please them when we are most anxious to do it. Our husbands are the sun to us; we are less than the moon to them."

"But how can anyone help you if you don't help yourselves?" asked Cecil.

"What are we to do?" asked Naimeh Khanum. "They say that our rights are secured to us by law, but what we want is the sole right to our own husbands. With that we might be able to do something, but how dare a woman be anything but submissive when she may find herself divorced, or set aside for another wife, on account of the slightest effort for freedom? We need martyrs in our cause; but who will be the first? How can a woman who loves her husband, slight as her hold is on him, alienate herself from him deliberately?"

"But you cannot fear anything of the kind with Said Bey," said Cecil, losing sight of the general question in this particular case. "He would never set you aside for another wife."

"No, because I am the Pasha's daughter," said Naimeh Khanum. "But he has the right. Suppose my father fell into disgrace, or anything happened to my boy," and she made with a horrified look the sign for averting the evil eye, "who would stand up for me then? Almost everyone has more than one wife; why should I expect my husband to be the exception? There is my father, he is considered a liberal-minded man, of most advanced views, and yet he has just married a fourth wife. It was all arranged when you were ill, so I suppose you did not hear much about it; but she is coming here with him to-morrow. She is Jamileh* Khanum, the daughter of his old friend, Tahir Pasha. Her father is also a reformer, and she has had an English governess, and been brought up entirely *alla Franca*, but she can't refuse to become the fourth wife of a man almost old enough to be her grandfather."

"And what can remedy this?" asked Cecil.

"Only Christianity," said Naimeh Khanum. "They have tried culture and civilisation, but it has done no good. Our men do not care to raise us even to their own level."

"Then why are you not a Christian?" asked Cecil.

"Because I have too much to leave," said Naimeh Khanum, slowly and deliberately. "I cannot give up my husband and child. As it says in one of your books which I have read, I have given hostages to fortune. Listen! there is Said Bey coming in. I must go to meet him. Adieu, mademoiselle."

And she was gone, leaving Cecil to meditate on the unexpected revelation she had received. It was with deep sadness and remorse that she took her way to the room where Azim Bey was waiting for her, for who could say how much she might have helped this struggling soul in all these weeks if she had only known? Poor Naimeh Khanum! she was longing for the temporal blessings of Christianity without thought of the spiritual. They had no further opportunity for conversation, but Cecil did the best she could for her friend. Wrapping up carefully a little New Testament in Arabic which she had received from Dr. Yehudi, she placed it where Naimeh Khanum would be sure to find it, with a prayer that the seeker might be led into the light.

The next day Ahmed Khémi Pasha arrived, accompanied by his bride, and attended by a magnificent retinue. There was only time for a formal interchange of visits between Naimeh Khanum and her new stepmother, for the Pasha was making a progress through his dominions, and it was already late in the year. It would have been equally undesirable for Azim Bey and his governess to return to Baghdad in the Pasha's absence, and to remain at Hillah, tasking the resources of Said Bey for the maintenance of themselves and their attendants, and their cavalcade was accordingly merged in the larger one, they themselves losing their comparative importance, and becoming part of the harem procession under the lead of Jamileh Khanum, who travelled in state at its head in a highly ornamental *takhtrevan*, or mule-litter.

In honour of his marriage, the Pasha had remitted a large proportion of the obnoxious taxes which had contributed so largely to swell the distress of the province, and this had restored much of his popularity. There was also every prospect of a good corn and fruit-harvest, the latter very important to the dwellers in the regions around Baghdad, and as time went on, and this promise was fulfilled, past irritation was forgotten, and the people returned to their usual condition of sleepy contentment. Azim Bey attracted no unfriendly attention, and Cecil went through the tour in safe and undistinguished obscurity. Jamileh Khanum monopolised the attention of the Pasha, and was the undisputed head of her own portion of the assemblage. She was a young lady of some shrewdness and much ambition, and had signalised the short period she had spent at Baghdad by such a violent quarrel with the Um-ul-Pasha, that her husband dared not leave her behind in the palace. With a natural instinct to like everything that the Um-ul-Pasha disliked, she had come prepared to patronise Azim Bey and Mademoiselle Antaza, and she and Cecil got on very well together. England was their great theme of conversation, for Jamileh Khanum cherished a secret hope that she might one day prevail upon the Pasha to take her there upon a visit. With this in view, she was eager to learn from Cecil all she could with regard to English customs and etiquette, although she maintained throughout a lively sense of the difference of position between the great lady and the governess. Cecil found her very amusing, but Azim Bey, who was wont to sit by and look on at the conversations with unwinking black eyes, mistrusted the "little lady mother," as he called his father's youngest wife.

"It is all petting and sweetmeats now, mademoiselle," he said to his governess, "but wait until she has a son of her own."

"But that can make no difference to you, Bey," said Cecil. "You have his Excellency's promise, given to your mother."

"On whom be peace!" said Azim Bey quickly. "But if I were dead, mademoiselle? You have seen already how greatly I am beloved in the harem."

"Don't be so suspicious," said Cecil. "I thought you prided yourself on your strength of mind?"

"So be it, mademoiselle," said the boy. "What is to happen will happen. We shall see."

In spite of these little rubs, however, the journeying life was very pleasant to Cecil, and she even looked forward with a degree of dread to the time when she must exchange the blue wrapper and high boots she wore in riding for the trailing dress and white sheet of the Palace. Everything out here was so entirely new, and she was separated from the troublesome personal questions and problems which had worried her lately at Baghdad. In these the chief factor was Charlie Egerton. She had never seen him since the day of the riot, when he had so suddenly and unwarrantably kissed her hand, but this was by her own wish, for she felt that she did not know how to meet him again. Anger at his presumption, and rage against herself for the display of weakness which had emboldened him to the act, combined to embitter her against him. And yet she could not keep him out of her thoughts. Her mind dwelt on the scene at the Residency so constantly that she became alarmed. What did all this mean? She must get away from Dr. Egerton's disturbing influence, and think the matter out calmly. With this in view, she had acquiesced in hurrying on her departure from Baghdad without seeing him, and she had since taken full advantage of her opportunity for thought.

She had never exactly formulated to herself her views of an ideal lover, but she was vaguely conscious that, allowing for the difference of standpoint, her requirements were much on a level with those of the Seventeenth Century poet who sang the praises of the "not impossible she." And here, as she could

*This name is also spelt Gemila, Djamilé and Jameelie. The last form gives the pronunciation.

not help perceiving, was the real lover—Charlie Egerton, frivolous, unstable, unsuccessful. These were the hard epithets she applied to him, while all the while admitting to herself that she could not help liking him, and that there was something noble and quixotic about his unfortunate efforts to keep other people up to their duty. But here again the softness of her own mood alarmed her, and she proceeded to examine into her feelings with all the systematic thoroughness of a practised student of mental science. After long cogitation, and much analysis of complex emotions into their elements, she came to the conclusion that she was not in love with Charlie. She even assured herself that she despised him a little, and this was obviously an insurmountable bar to love. But the chief drawback to the introspective method of studying mental phenomena is, as the text-books tell us, the danger of the mind's forgetting its own states, or even misinterpreting them, owing to the distracting influence of personal fears and wishes. This Cecil forgot, while assuring herself that her clear duty now was to show Charlie plainly what her feelings were. It would be unkind to allow him to labour any longer under a delusion, and she became at last almost anxious to return to Baghdad, for the sake of undeceiving him.

By the time that this desirable conclusion was reached, the steps of the travellers were really turned homewards. Jamileh Khanum was tired of wandering, and if the truth must be told, was "spoiling for a fight" with the Um-ul-Pasha. Where everyone was anxious to do what she wished, there was no excuse for bad temper, and she felt that her choicest weapons were being wasted, while the enemy was doubtless making the best use of her time by entrenching herself more strongly. Accordingly, the young lady intimated to her husband that the tour had lasted long enough, and the Pasha gave orders for the return. His Excellency's long absence had so far made the heart of the Baghdadis grow fonder that they pressed to meet him and greeted him with acclamations, which were especially pleasing to him as tending to prove that the Balio Bey had been wrong in his dismal prognostications. Even Azim Bey received a special ovation, and the official who had acted as the Pasha's deputy in his absence reported that Sir Dugald Haigh, and the English colony generally, had quite regained their former popularity.

As for Cecil, she felt as though she were returning home, and the sight of the Residency almost brought tears to her eyes. She could scarcely wait until Sunday to get news of her friends, and they on their part gave her the warmest of welcomes when her donkey reached the great gate. Lady Haigh exclaimed on her improved appearance, Sir Dugald paid her a courtly compliment on her looks, and Captain Rossiter and the other young men who were employed at the Consulate in various capacities expressed in their faces as much pleasure and admiration as they dared. But there was something wanting even in this wealth of greeting. Charlie Egerton did not appear, nor add his voice to the chorus. Although Cecil had come back resolved to snub and repress him, for his own good, of course, she could not help feeling that there was undeserved unkindness in this absolute neglect. He must have known that she was coming home, and that he should have chosen this special occasion on which to visit old Isaac Azevedo, or even Dr. Yehudi, showed a callousness which she had not expected in him. It was not until she was closeted with Lady Haigh for a good talk, after morning service, that she heard the reason of Charlie's absence.

NAIMEH KHANUM.

"My dear," cried Lady Haigh, when Cecil had remarked casually that she supposed Dr. Egerton was visiting some of his friends, "Charlie isn't in Baghdad at all. Haven't you heard? He has been sent off on an expedition into the Bakhtiari country, and may be away for months."

"Indeed!" said Cecil. It was all that she could say.

"Yes, indeed. And you never heard about it? Well, I will tell you. You know that there has been a good deal of talk lately about a mysterious epidemic which has sprung up among the Bakhtiaris, and seemed to be spreading along the Gulf? The Indian Government were getting very nervous about it, and Sir Dugald has had a great deal of correspondence with them on the subject. At last it was suggested that a medical commission should visit the district, and try to find out the root of the disease, and see exactly what conditions caused it to spread. The idea was taken up, and it was settled that the commission should consist of a doctor sent by the Shah (the Bakhtiaris are under Persia, you know), and Charlie, representing our government. They know his worth, you see, though they have treated him so badly. And so he started, just a fortnight ago now."

"And of course he was glad to go? It must have been like going back to his old ways again," said Cecil. Lady Haigh turned upon her a look of scorn.

"Charlie has quite given up his old wandering ways," she said, "and no one ought to know that better than you, Cecil. He has settled down into steady work, and gets on splendidly with Sir Dugald. Of course he was glad to get the medical experience involved in this journey—I won't pretend he wasn't. But he was most unwilling to go just when you were coming home, in fact," added Lady Haigh, forgetting her previous laudation of Charlie's steady work, "it was all I could do to keep him from throwing up the whole thing, and he is determined to be back by Christmas."

Lady Haigh might have told much more if she had wished to do so, but she was a discreet woman, and was rarely tempted into obscuring a general effect by excess of detail. Charlie had not accepted the fact of his temporary exile by any means in a spirit of resignation, and his long-suffering cousin had had to endure a good deal before he finally departed. His chief objection to leaving his post had been the possibility that some epidemic might break out in his absence, and sweep away the whole European population of Baghdad, but Lady Haigh pooh-poohed his anxiety, and assured him that the surgeon of the *Nausicaa* was fully competent to fill his place.

"And you know, Charlie," she said, "this appointment will bring you before the public, and may do you a great deal of good. It is a thing after your own heart, and you ought to be grateful for it."

"What I am thinking of, Cousin Elma," he replied solemnly, "is that if

I am away at Christmas, I may lose everything that would make all this any good to me."

"My dear boy, what can you mean?" asked Lady Haigh, revolving various possibilities in her mind. "Oh, I know!" she cried at last. "You mean that Cecil's first two years at Baghdad will be over a day or two before Christmas, and that she can't go on without signing a new agreement?"

"And that before she signs it I am to have my chance," added Charlie.

"Yes, of course," said Lady Haigh hastily. "You have been a very good boy, Charlie, and obeyed me splendidly, but lately I have noticed a sort of I-bide-my-time air about you, which didn't look well. You shall have your chance, certainly, but I wouldn't advise you to be too sure about it."

"I am not," said Charlie, "but I mean to have it."

"Well, my dear boy," went on his cousin soothingly, "travelling as lightly as you do, you will be well able to be back before Christmas, you see. The new agreement need not be signed until Christmas Eve, and if you are not back then it will be your own fault."

"But something might prevent me," he said dolefully; "and only think if I came back and found that she had bound herself for another three years of slavery to that child!"

"You think that you could prevent it if you were here?" asked Lady Haigh, in the tone that she had used once before when casting a doubt on the likelihood of Charlie's success.

"I don't know," he said, humbly enough, "but I almost think, if I had her alone, and could make her listen to me, that I could."

"Well, that you must settle for yourself, of course. I will do my best for you, Charlie. Supposing (but I don't in the least anticipate it), that you are not back by Christmas Eve, I will tell Cecil the state of things before she signs the agreement. It may be that she is more homesick and tired of her work than she seems, and that she will be willing to listen to the proposal, but I can't promise you success. I only say I will do what I can, for you have been very obedient, and behaved very well. That's all I can promise."

"Thank you awfully, Cousin Elma. It's very good of you. Only wouldn't it save you the trouble if I wrote to her now, before I went?"

"What, you haven't had enough of Azim Bey and his suspicions yet?" asked Lady Haigh, and as Charlie shrugged his shoulders in silence, she went on with much animation, "Charlie, I really must have it out with you, though I know it's no good, but I will never refer to it again. Has it ever struck you how very foolish you are? Either by misfortune or by your own fault you have lost most of your chances, and come to be regarded either as a cranky clever fellow or as a pleasant good sort of man, but a most unlucky one. You ought to be thankful if you could get the most commonplace, unsophisticated girl that was ever brought up in a remote country village at home to take you, but no—you must fly high. You fall in love with a girl who is clever *herself and can't* help knowing it, who has had unusual advantages in the way of education, and whose talents command a fair market value. It is to her interest not to marry you, and you will probably get into trouble even if you are merely engaged, and she laughs at you continually. Why don't you give her up?"

"I don't know," said Charlie meditatively. "Because I love her, I suppose, Cousin Elma. I had rather she laughed at me than forgot me, at any rate."

"My dear boy!" said Lady Haigh, and kissed him impulsively. "If only Cecil knew you as you really are!"

But Cecil did not know, and yet she cried herself to sleep when she went back to the Palace that night. It could not have been on account of Charlie's absence, for she had satisfied herself that she did not love him, and it could scarcely have been because he had missed his snubbing, and therefore it must have been, as she said to herself the next morning, that she was tired and excited from seeing so many old friends again.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS AMY MILLER.—We are obliged to you for informing us that you are the successor of Miss de Laval Willis (of the Venner Road), in the direction of the Ever-circulating French Library, at 142, Long Acre, London. We beg our readers who may be inquiring for such a society to apply to you for the present rules, and for membership.

B. A. inquires whether any cause can be assigned necessitating the general use of spectacles amongst the Germans. If we consider the number of hours devoted by scholars of that country to study and to bodily exercise as compared to our own students, some light must be thrown on the question. From the tenth to the nineteenth year of an English boy's life he spends 16,500 hours in study, but he gives 4500 at least to physical exercise. Whereas the German youth is taxing his sight over 20,000 hours of study, while he only devotes 650 to bodily exercise, in healthful sports. No wonder their eyes are over-taxed and their sight early deteriorated, and such deterioration of any organ will sooner or later become hereditary. Perhaps the character of the letters may augment the trouble.

NANETTE.—Perhaps the "Gentlewoman's Employment Club" at 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., might be of use to you. Apply to the Hon. Manager and Secretary, Miss Younghusband. There are dressmaking, plain and fancy work, and church embroidery departments. Also orders are taken for portraits in oils, miniature paintings, and etchings. In the first-named department pupils are taken by the day, month, or year, at certain charges. Boarding accommodation may be had.

I. W.—No, education has not reached the highest point of efficiency in England as compared with the rest of Europe. The palm must be awarded to Germany, for there is no illiterate class in the whole Empire. The system of compulsory education in modern Europe owed its origin to Luther and Melancthon, who laid a scheme of education before the Elector of Saxony, and their views were shortly afterwards carried out throughout the whole of Protestant Germany. It was in the second half of the 16th century that Würtemburg and Saxony promulgated and carried out their regulations. In 1793 Frederick the Great enforced compulsory attendance at school. Moral, as well as intellectual, public training was enforced in ancient Persia.

E. VAUGHAN.—On meeting "a gentleman friend with whom she is intimately acquainted," E. Vaughan inquires "Whose duty it would be to speak first?" Whichever has something to say or news to give.

MISS M. E. EYTON (Leaton, Wrockwardine, Wellington, Salop).—We are most happy to draw our readers' attention to so valuable an institution as the "Colonial Training Home for Girls" at Leaton, Wrockwardine. It could not be under better management. Educated women are often in need of some special preparation when desiring to emigrate and to qualify themselves for positions such as "companion-helps" in the colonies, and at Leaton practical instruction is given in household work, cooking and baking, washing, milking, butter-making, bee and poultry-keeping, plain dressmaking and cutting-out. For board and lodging, if sharing a room, the charge is 10s. a week; with private bedroom, 12s. 6d. Others are trained as simply colonial servants, for girls upwards of twelve years old, at 6s., and those under at 4s. weekly. "Companion-helps" can be placed in Canada or Cape Colony. So far it has been young women of the upper and middle classes that have, for the most part, availed themselves of this institution.

MUSIC.

CLARIBEL.—Gargle with cold water and a little alum to strengthen the throat, and attend to your general health. Perhaps Nature has not gifted you with much voice. Do nothing to darken your eyebrows. A little rosemary might increase their growth.

BETA.—We think you might avail yourself of Mrs. H. Rowson's Society for the loan of Songs and Piano music. Terms to the members of the club, 5s. per annum, and for this they will have twelve pieces and as many songs. Half-term members admitted at half subscriptions. Address, 33, Aldridge Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W.

MEZZO SOPRANO.—Beware of straining your voice to gain higher notes than Nature gave you. We knew a lady who completely lost her voice by so doing. Endeavour by practising the higher notes of your natural compass to strengthen them. Acquired notes are rarely, if ever musical, whether soprano or contralto. The latter, if artificially made, only consist of a very ugly, toneless growl. Discontinue the lessons if your teacher persists in straining your voice.

SAPPHO.—It is quite true that there is a "Musical Academy" for the teaching of birds to sing. We believe it takes about a year and a half to finish their training, which is a tedious business and is effected by means of a hand reed-organ. The young birds are kept in the dark while the organ is played, and at the same time they are fed, in order to associate the tunes with the feeding. And so, when hungry, they call for their food by singing a few notes of the tune played for them, and then they are rewarded by a speedy supply and a removal to a lighter chamber, which of itself induces a bird to sing its natural song or to chirp, if it have none. This "Musical Academy" is at the top of Covent Garden. We do not know the charge made for such training, if they would take yours, but to buy a ready-trained bird would cost you a good sum.

MUSIC.—If your ear be so exceptionally accurate and sensitive, you might make a practical use of it in the vocation of a tuner of piano, harp, organ, drum, or any other instrument. Advertise yourself as such and you may make it pay. A travelling tuner in close country neighbourhoods might find much regular custom.

MISS I. E. KENT (Lay Rectory, L. Abington, Cambs.) wishes for a notice of her "Rover Practising Society," the new term for which commences in October.

ART.

T. D. A.—The "Canvas-backed Ducks' Sketching Club" might suit you, Sec. Miss Shattock, Hillmorton Villa, Sneyd Park, near Bristol. Entrance fee 2s., annual subscription 2s. 6d.

MUGWUMP.—We prefer the use of the real india-rubber to the more modern erasers for pencil-drawings, and crumb of bread for those in chalk. You can cut off the rough soiled edges of the former.

RHODA can obtain instruction in china (and we suppose glass) painting, at a class held at the Lambeth School of Art, Miller's Lane, Upper Kennington Lane. Also at 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., in glass and china painting; address the Messrs. Simpson.

EVELYN.—There is the Wimbledon Art College, designed for young gentlewomen of between 17 and 27 years of age. Hon. Lady Superintendent Miss Bennett, Merton Road, South Wimbledon. There a good training is given, adapted to decoration and remunerative work, under the best supervision.

DESIRÉE.—We have already given notice of the discontinuance of Miss Alice Parnell's Drawing Club. Try that of Miss Adkins, Newton Villa, Faversham, Kent. She will send you a list for subjects for every month in the year, work that may be finished at home in most cases. Subscription 2s. 6d. per annum. Prizes awarded. Should this society not prove what you desire, then there is "The York Road Sketching Club," an institution inaugurated by Miss Harriette Grace, an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Address at 54, York Road, Brighton. Write for rules and prospectus, sending postage. An exhibition of members' sketches will be held in April, 1896. Prizes given of £1 1s. and 10s. 6d.

A. D. L.—There are two art seasons in London, when the majority of exhibitions are held, viz., the late autumn and winter, and that popularly known as "the London season." As you do not name any special exhibition, we give you a list for those in the metropolis. The "British Artists," Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, receive works in March and October, the "Royal Oil Painting Institute" the 8th of October, the "Royal Water Colour Institute" in February, the "Royal Academy" and the "New Gallery" and the "Lady Artists" in March. The "Dudley Gallery" (water colours) on June 1st. Remember that the exhibitors are responsible for all risks in carriage, and that they must be left at the exhibition room unpacked and ready for hanging. So if you can take your pictures yourself, under your own personal charge, it will prove the best plan.

GEORGIE.—Your sister's work shows that she has no idea of the first principles of figure-drawing. She should study anatomy. The arms of her girls are like crooked broomsticks, and no one could stand on their feet. You do not mention her age; because, if a small child, we should say she gave promise of future merit worth cultivation. No money could be made out of first attempts, as yet utterly untrained.

GLADYS.—The article on "Poker-Work" is to be found in one of our volumes, and there is a notice of it in the Number for May 16th, 1891, at page 527, vol. xii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNDEVELOPED.—We laughed a little over your letter, but we were very pitiful too, and we know how hard that discouraged feeling is to bear. But we do not believe that anyone's life is a failure, especially when fully aware of shortcomings as you are. Then, remember that the kingdom of heaven is not far off! The cure is in your own hands, so begin to cultivate all the virtues at once. Let your motto be, "Do the next thing." As a rule no one has to run about looking for her duties, they are usually quite close at hand. Begin by forgetting both your faults and yourself, and this will make all things easy. We need not remind you to ask wisdom of Him who "giveth liberally" to the prayer of faith.

MIKE THE MONKEY.—There are two different kinds of animals called "marmosets." But as you call yourself a "monkey," we gather that it is of the species of monkey so named, otherwise called the "Jacchus," that you inquire. It is a delicate animal, and should be protected from cold and draughts, or it may become consumptive. As to its food, it will eat almost anything, but is specially fond of insects, and it is also a fruit-eater. You would do well to consult the naturalist from whom you procured him, or any other, respecting his food, as you must be supplied with some other articles suitable for him. You will find a difficulty in obtaining a sufficient amount daily of bluebottle and other flies and insects to keep him alive.

THE THREE GRACES.—Opals are found in various parts of the world. There are opal mines in Southern Australia, Hungary, Frankfort, Honduras, Ceylon, and elsewhere. So far, the largest known is to be seen in the Museum, Vienna, which weighs 17 oz., and is estimated as worth £70,000. The notion that some "ill luck" attends on wearing them is rubbish. We thank you for your strong expressions of approval of our paper, and of our answers to our correspondents. The handwriting is neatly formed, and promises well.

HESTER.—We have more than once given recipes for the making of *pot-pourri*. Refer to the indexes.

BERTHA inquires who invented glass. It is believed to be of Phœnician origin. How the discovery was made by them, Pliny the historian says was by accident; the result of observing a fusion of sand and nitre in a fire kindled by some sailors on the sea-shore. The Sidonians and the Hindoos brought the art to great perfection; and the Egyptians proceeded still further, and invented the process of staining it, B.C. 1150, as may be seen exemplified in the ancient beads.

LILY.—1. The *koh-i-noor* was supposed to weigh (originally) 900 carats. It was badly cut, and was reduced then to less than one-third of its original weight. It was cut in 1851, and also in 1852. The present weight is 123 carats, and the value of it £120,664.—2. The State jewels are estimated to be worth £3,000,000. The Queen's crown was made in 1838, and is valued at £112,000, and contains over 3000 of precious stones, amongst them the ruby worn by the Black Prince, presented to him by King Pedro, of Castile, after the battle of Najera, 1367. This is the oldest jewel belonging to the Crown. It was worn by Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt, in his helmet, A.D. 1415.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—There are several "work societies." One is the Soldiers' Friend Work Society, of which there are four secretaries, one of whom is Miss M. Rainsford, Helmsley, Stoughton, Guildford. From her you can obtain all particulars, always sending a stamped envelope. But if you want to join a society in which you compete for prizes, we may name a few, which may or may not be in existence. Those of Miss Perceval, 11, St. George's Road, S.W. Miss Selby, Harwood Lodge, Newbury, Berkshire, and Miss Francis, The Hall, Muswell Hill Road, Highgate, N. These amateur societies often change hands and addresses. For "Early Rising" write to the Secretary, Ballywalter, Gorey, County Wexford.

A HAPPY MOTHER.—We think the following names might prove a good selection for your twin babies—light and dark—Pearl, Crystal, Blanche and Marguerite, for the first-named, and Hyacinth, Ruby, Nerissa, and Rose for the last-named (dark baby). We hope that some of these may be liked.

"WORDS OF COMFORT."

Are you tired and overworked?

Jesus says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Are you in want?

Jesus says: "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive."

Are you afraid?

Jesus said: "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"

Do you love your fellow-creatures?

Jesus said: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Are you in trouble?

Jesus said: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

Does the world hate you?

Jesus said: "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you."

Have you faith when you pray?

Jesus said: "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Are you selfish?

Jesus said: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

Do you believe in Christ Jesus?

Jesus said: "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness."

Are you troubled about worldly matters?

Jesus said: "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you."

Are you a Christian?

Jesus said: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God." "But he that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

Have you great advantages?

Jesus says: "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much of him they will ask the more."

Are you worldly?

Jesus says: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Are you faint-hearted?

Jesus says: "That men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

Do you dread the future?

Jesus said: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Do you work for Christ?

Jesus said: "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."

Are you impatient?

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?

Are you afraid of death?

Jesus said: "If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE TREE-KITTENS.

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AT the close of a sultry day in summer I strolled out into my garden to enjoy a ramble in some shady paths. As I was passing a lime tree whose trunk was surrounded by a perfect thicket of stems and interlacing branches, I heard a plaintive sort of cry which appeared to issue from the depths of the greenery around the tree. Stopping to listen, I heard the sound renewed again and again, and supposing it might be a bird in distress, some fledgling needing help, I called and chirped to encourage the "thing," what ever it might be, to show itself, so that I could render the assistance for which it was appealing.

The cry came from a perfectly dark mass of twigs and branches about eight feet from the ground, so that I could neither see nor capture the creature that had hidden itself there. At length I felt sure the sound must be the cry of a kitten. I therefore began mewing like a mother-cat and, encouraged by that welcome sound I could dimly discern a little furry creature feeling its way down through the branches.

With the help of a stool I reached up and grasped what proved to be a most impish-looking animal with jet black head, body, legs and tail, but light grey-coloured along the back.

It was very thin and mewed piteously, looking up with its pretty blue eyes as if to let me know it was an orphan and needed my pity and protection.

I now heard other voices proceeding from the tree and, being unable to reach high enough, I sought help to rescue the remainder of the family.

Finally, four of these curious kittens were brought to light, all exactly alike, and I should suppose about three weeks old.

They were placed on the lawn and a council of friends decided that, as parentless waifs, they had a strong claim upon our sympathy and ought to be adopted. The next step was to obtain some milk, but how to induce the kittens to drink it was a problem not easily solved. They had no idea of lapping, and when we tried to feed them they kicked and struggled in a most refractory manner.

The feeding process over, they were placed in a hen coop under a deodar on the lawn, and they soon nestled down contentedly in a warm bed of hay and wool. In the evening they were brought into the conservatory lest a stray rat or weasel might attack them in the night, which would have resulted in a tragical ending for our defenceless little kits. After a few weeks the gambols of our tree-kittens (as we always called them) were a great amusement to us; they frolicked amongst the fir-tree branches, ran races in and out, and up the stem of the tree for some considerable height, had mimic battles and wrestling matches, and as in every attitude they showed the exquisite gracefulness of the cat tribe, one could not help watching such happy little athletes.

It was rather curious that they seemed quite to understand that their domain was beneath the deodar, for they seldom strayed far from it unless to creep stealthily, towards evening, across the lawn to visit us in the drawing-room.

We became accustomed to see and hear a purring black imp trying to ingratiate itself with us, putting on its best manners and most coaxing ways in the hope of being taken up into a lap and petted, and very frequently these wiles succeeded, for the kittens were most fascinating little creatures, always happy, and good-tempered and ready for play.

My mongoose was a great puzzle to the small cats; they approached him cautiously, and I had to keep guard lest he might give them a fatal bite. What was my surprise, however, to find that he not only tolerated their advances, but allowed one kitten, bolder than the rest, to go suddenly up to him and in the rudest manner to give him a box on the ear! This so utterly astonished Mungo that ever after he affected entire indifference, as if such ill-bred creatures were beneath his notice.

As time went on I found it very difficult to get my small charges to come in at night; they disappeared each evening and would make no response to my call, so I let them have their own way and left them out. Next morning I always found them purring cheerfully in the sunshine, rolling over and over in happy frolics on the lawn.

I managed to find out that their nightly retreat was a cosy recess in the thick branches of a tree, about three feet from the ground, where they were effectually hidden as well as sheltered from rain and wind. A remembrance of their birthplace seemed to suggest this as a much more pleasant home than the one I had given them in the conservatory. Like all young creatures they would grow from kittenhood into cats, and the sorrowful thing was that, with all my various pets indoors and out, cats could not be tolerated, so in course of time my little waifs were all given away, each transplanted into a good home where it would be a household pet, and so my tree-kittens are now only a memory of the past.

E. B.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEITHER Cecil nor Azim Bey ever referred in words to the approaching termination of the former's engagement. Cecil had never in the slightest degree hesitated in her resolution to bind herself to remain at Baghdad for the further period of three years. The letters from Whitcliffe had of late been so uniformly cheerful in tone with respect to Fitz and Terry, for the expenses of whose education she had now for two years been wholly responsible, that she could not but conquer her longing to see the dear home faces once more, and decide to remain a member of his Excellency's household. Then, too, her little pupil had endeared himself to her, jealous and exacting though he often was, and she could not bear to think of leaving him. Thus her mind was made up, and she had no anticipation of anything that might interfere to prevent the signing of the agreement.

As for Azim Bey, his silence did not arise from lack of interest in the matter. He knew as well as Charlie did when the first agreement lapsed, and throughout the tour from which they had just returned his mind had been busy on the subject. Over and over again, when he seemed merely to be contemplating the beauties of nature, or listening attentively to the morals which Cecil did her best to deduce for him from the various scenes and incidents of their daily life, he was occupied in planning schemes by which his governess's further stay might be ensured. It was clear to him that the cardinal point was that Charlie should be absent from Baghdad when the agreement was signed. Azim Bey's dislike for the surgeon of the Consulate was not a feeling of gradual growth, but had sprung up, fully matured, on the occasion of Charlie's unauthorised intrusion into the harem. With a good deal of natural shrewdness, and a great deal of precocity, stimulated by the unchildlike life he had led, and the books in which he had delighted, the boy had divined Charlie's secret, and marked him at once as an enemy. By catechising Cecil after all her visits to the Residency, he arrived at the knowledge that she always saw Dr. Egerton there, and he remarked that she generally spoke of him with a sigh, but what this sigh meant he could not decide. In any case, he was fully persuaded that it would be far better for mademoiselle to remain with him for the next three years than to marry Dr. Egerton. She was doing so much with her earnings for those brothers of hers (whom Azim Bey regarded with interest not unmingled with contempt, as creatures who existed for little else but to play pranks for his entertainment), that she certainly ought not to leave them in the lurch. He had never given a second thought to his loudly expressed intention of marrying her himself, which indeed had only been uttered in the hope of

shocking his grandmother, and had resigned himself with philosophic indifference to the prospect of the bride who had been chosen for him, but he had some idea that when his education was finished, his father, or rather Jamileh Khanum, might find mademoiselle a suitable husband in some rich Armenian, so that she might continue to live in Baghdad, and he might consult her when he needed advice. In any case, Dr. Egerton, who had unintentionally made himself peculiarly disagreeable to the Bey, was out of the question, and must be got rid of.

It might have been supposed that the simplest plan would have been to appeal to Cecil herself, and secure her promise to stay on in her situation, but such a proceeding was quite contrary to Azim Bey's character and habits. His instinct was to work underground, and he heartily detested anything like plain questions and straightforward answers. "People in love always told lies," was the impression left upon his mind by his French novels, and even if mademoiselle should prove an exception, what good would it do to hear her say that she meant to leave Baghdad? A straightforward answer of that kind could not easily be explained away, whereas if everything were left in a misty, nebulous condition, with nothing determined, and nothing definite said, it ought to prove easy to find opportunities for action and loopholes for interference. That mademoiselle might, quite without her own knowledge, be managed into staying, if only Dr. Egerton did not appear to interrupt the process, he had no doubt, and he began to revolve schemes for delaying his return. It was evident even now that matters must be run very close if Charlie was to be back a week before Christmas, and it seemed to Azim Bey that it ought not to be impossible, considering the absence of roads and the difficulties of obtaining transport in the Bakhtiari country, to make him arrive from ten days to a fortnight late. This was all that would be necessary.

It was easy to see what ought to be done; the difficulty now came in of finding who was to do it. If only the Pasha had been in the secret, private instructions from him to the khan-keepers along the route to delay the progress of the travellers as much as possible, and to the postmasters to show no particular zeal in providing baggage-animals, would have settled everything, but Azim Bey did not wish to call in his father's help. It was doubtful even whether it would have been given, for instructions of this kind, recommending dilatoriness, had an unpleasant knack of becoming public at wrong times, and the Pasha was always anxious not to give undue cause of offence to the Balio Bey. In any case, his Excellency might think his son's desires inexpedient, and interfere to prevent their realisation, and this would be much worse for Azim Bey than merely being thrown on his own resources. Still, he found life very weary and perplexing while he tried to think of the right person to employ as his instrument in effecting his purpose.

Masûd and the rest of the servants he dismissed from his thoughts at once, they were too stolid, and would not make good intriguers. But Azim Bey had not been brought up in an atmosphere of intrigue for nothing; he knew exactly the kind of person who was fitted to undertake what Charlie Egerton called "dirty work," and the consuls, more euphemistically, "secret missions." Not quite for the first time, he began to regret that he had cut himself off so entirely from M. Karalampi, and to think that he might have refused his books without scathing him so fiercely with virtuous indignation. There were plenty of other disreputable Greek and Levantine hangers-on at the Palace who might have been entrusted with the business, but men of this stamp were always ready, if anything led to the failure of their negotiations, to save themselves by splitting upon their employers. M. Karalampi alone, in such a case, never betrayed the interests he represented. He bore the blame of those involved, and the scorn or execration of outsiders, he submitted to have his credentials denied, and his action disavowed, and indemnified himself for it all on the next occasion. Such traits made him invaluable, and had probably contributed to his unusually long and successful career.

When there is mischief to be done, it is seldom that tools are wanting for the accomplishment of it, and when Azim Bey had been thinking of M. Karalampi for some days as a possible helper, he suddenly found himself face to face with him. It was in the early morning, when the boy had gone to pay his usual visit to his father as he dressed. Important despatches had just arrived, however, and the Pasha must not be disturbed in the perusal of them. In a very bad temper, Azim Bey settled himself in the ante-room, where visitors were wont to wait for audience of his Excellency. Only one other person occupied the room at present, and this was M. Karalampi, who saluted Azim Bey respectfully, and then retired to the furthest corner, to intimate that he had no desire to force himself upon him after the rebuff he had received more than a year ago. From his distant seat, however, he watched the boy's face narrowly, and read the varying thoughts which passed through his mind. Pride and eagerness were contending for the mastery, and M. Karalampi watched for the right moment at which to intervene. He had not heard any of the circumstances, but hastily coupling with the deductions he drew from Azim Bey's perturbed face, Charlie's often-repeated intention of returning before Christmas (for he was well up in the gossip of the various consulates), he formed a working hypothesis, and proceeded to put it to the test. Approaching the divan on which Azim Bey was seated, he asked casually after the health of Mademoiselle Antaza, "*cette dame si aimable et si savante*," to whom the Bey was so deeply attached.

If Azim Bey had known that to the list of his employers M. Karalampi had lately added the name of the Um-ul-Pasha, he might have been suspicious, but he was so much relieved to find the conversation brought without his assistance to the very subject he wished to reach, that he answered politely at once that mademoiselle enjoyed the best of health.

"But the Bey Effendi will soon lose mademoiselle, is it not so?" was M. Karalampi's next question.

"What do you mean, monsieur?" asked the boy, startled.

M. Karalampi shrugged his shoulders. "All the world says that she will marry at Christmas the surgeon of the English Consulate," he said.

"But she shall not," cried Azim Bey. "Listen, monsieur; I need your help. He must be delayed in returning. He is not to be killed, nor hurt, because he saved mademoiselle and me in the riot, but simply kept back. Manage this, and I am your friend for life."

To recover his old position in the Bey's confidence was M. Karalampi's great object at this time, and he was also not averse to doing a bad turn to Cecil, but he looked serious and reflective.

"Do I understand you, Bey Effendi?" he asked. "There are to be difficulties among the tribes, you say, and Dr. Egerton is to be detained for the sake of his own personal safety, while he is still at some distance from Baghdad?"

"Yes, that is it," cried Azim Bey; "and no letters must pass."

"That goes without saying," said M. Karalampi, "and it will not be difficult to find a cause of quarrel between the Hajar and their neighbours, the Fazz. But in the Bakhtiari country there are many robbers, and Englishmen are brave. Why should not the caravan be attacked, and Dr. Egerton and the other doctor killed in repelling the thieves? That would get rid of him for ever, and no one could ever know."

Azim Bey turned a little pale. His schemes had not reached the point of plotting murder, but the idea seemed to come so quickly and naturally to M. Karalampi, that he was afraid of appearing timid and cowardly if he told him so. However, a happy thought occurred to him.

"It is no use trying to work through the Bakhtiaris," he said. "They love the English, and might even tell him what we had arranged with them to do. And the Arabs must not kill him, for the Balio Bey would demand blood-money, and my father would be obliged to go to war with my own people to get it paid. No, they must only keep him back, protesting their love to the Pasha and to the English all the time. They will not allow him to go to his death, they must say, and no man can cross the Fazz country safely just then."

"The Bey Effendi is very wise," said M. Karalampi, "and it rejoices me to be able to serve him once more. But I must have some token from him to show to the Hajar sheikhs, or they will laugh at my beard, and I shall come back a fool."

With trembling fingers Azim Bey unfastened the Hajar amulet, which his Arab mother had hung round his neck when he was a baby. "It will bring all

the tribesmen of the Hajar to thy help if thou art in danger, my son," she had assured him, and his kinsmen in the tribe had told him the same thing since.

"Take it," he said, "but give it back to me. No Hajar dares disobey it. But take care not to leave it in the tents, lest Dr. Egerton see it, and perceive whose it is. Mademoiselle must never know of this."

"She never shall," said M. Karalampi, and he departed with his prize. Fortune had favoured him beyond his hopes, and he saw himself, in imagination, restored to his former place in Azim Bey's esteem, and able to manipulate his actions in the interest of his other employers. As for Azim Bey himself, he felt quite satisfied with the arrangement he had made, and returned to his governess with a light heart and an unclouded brow.

Cecil's visits to the Residency that autumn were almost confined to the Sundays. She explained to Lady Haigh that she had arranged a special course of study with her pupil, which must not on any account be interrupted, after the desultory way in which the summer had been spent, and she adhered to this plan with the utmost rigour, never acknowledging, even to herself, that the Residency seemed in some way empty and desolate just now. Sunday by Sunday she said to herself hopefully, "Perhaps he came back last night," but the weeks passed on, and he did not come, and Cecil cried herself to sleep at nights, and assured herself all the time that she did not love him, and that it was only because she was disappointed. Thus the days went by quietly enough until Christmas-week approached. Still Charlie had not returned, although his letters to Lady Haigh announced that he had started upon the homeward journey. They were rather despondent in their tone, for his medical inquiries had occupied a longer time than he had calculated, but they all breathed a spirit of unconquerable determination to be back by the day before Christmas Eve, or die. Even if he had to tramp from Mohammerah to Baghdad, he would do it. But he reckoned without Azim Bey.

Cecil was to spend Christmas at the Residency. From the morning of Christmas Eve to the evening of Christmas Day she was to have her time absolutely to herself, and on Christmas Eve Denarien Bey and other officials were to bring the new agreement and present it for her signature. Azim Bey watched her depart without misgivings. His plans were laid securely, and if they did not come to a satisfactory conclusion, M. Karalampi would pay the penalty. Cecil nodded and kissed her hand to him as she started on her ride to the Residency, and he noticed that her white sheet was fastened with the elaborately wrought and jewelled brooch he had presented to her that morning, in pursuance of what he understood was the correct English custom. He was pleased with the honour shown to his gift, and accepted it as a good omen, so he waved his hand gaily to Cecil, and called out that he would not torment old Ayesha, his nurse, more than he could possibly help while she was away.

Arrived at the Residency, Cecil found Lady Haigh in an extremely perturbed state of mind. Charlie had not returned, and no notice of his approach had been received; moreover, there were rumours of troubles between the Hajar and the Fazz tribes in the very district through which he had to pass. In the course of a few hours Denarien Bey would bring the agreement to be signed, and if Charlie had not returned by that time, she would be obliged to speak to Cecil on his behalf, a prospect which filled her with nervous dread. To add to her perplexities, she had all the Christmas decorations on her hands, as well as all the preparations for the Christmas Day festivities, in which she was handicapped by an undying feud which existed between such of the servants as were Hindus on one side, and Agoop Aga, the major domo, and the natives of the country on the other. With a vague idea of putting off the evil day, she accepted Cecil's offer to see to the decorations and the arrangement of the menu for the morrow's dinner-party, and departed to look to the ways of her household. But this delay was of no avail, for lunch-time arrived, and no Charlie. Denarien Bey was coming at three o'clock, and with beating heart poor Lady Haigh perceived that she must speak to Cecil. There was no time to lose, and after lunch she called the girl into her boudoir, and prepared to make the attempt. She knew that she could not plead Charlie's cause with anything approaching the fervour he himself would have used; nay, she had an uneasy consciousness that if Cecil accepted him she would consider her an arrant fool for giving up her present position for his sake. But she was fond of Charlie, and sympathised with him on account of his patient waiting, and she felt herself bound by her promise to do the best she could for him.

"Cecil, my dear," she said, when she had got Cecil settled at last, after several vain attempts to reason her into a properly serious state of mind; "Denarien Bey will come with the agreement very soon."

"Yes?" said Cecil, springing up from her chair and adjusting the striped scarf which draped a portrait on the wall. "But don't let us talk of business now, Lady Haigh. These two days are my holidays, you know, and I want to enjoy them. This is a new photograph of Sir Dugald, isn't it?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MONSIEUR?"

"Oh, my dear child," entreated Lady Haigh, "do be serious. I have something so very important to say to you. I don't know how to say it, but I promised Charlie, and I wish I hadn't. Do listen to me quietly."

Cecil dropped into a chair, not the one in which she had been sitting before, but a low one in the shade of the curtain, and composed herself to listen, for Lady Haigh's voice sounded as though tears were not far off.

"Poor Charlie has not come back in time," went on the elder lady sadly, "and he was so very anxious to speak to you himself. But I must do it, or you will sign the agreement without knowing. He has been in love with you a long time, Cecil, ever since he has known you, in fact, and he wanted to ask you to marry him on the way up the river, but I wouldn't let him. I promised him that if he would let you alone for the first two years, to give you a fair chance of seeing how you could get on, he should speak to you before you signed the new agreement. Well, he isn't here, so I must speak instead. He is very much in love with you, my dear, though I should think you know that as well as I do, and if you don't, Azim Bey does. He has some money of his own, and Sir Dugald feels now that he can conscientiously put in a good word for him with the Indian Government if there is any question of another appointment, and he is a dear

fellow. There! I know I am not putting things properly, but I don't know how to manage it. He can't bear to think of your slaving, as he calls it, with Azim Bey all day; he wants you to be raised above the necessity of working for your family. He need not stay out here, you know, if it were not that he loves the East so much, he has a good property at home, and he is a generous fellow. I am sure I may say that your little brothers would not suffer from the change. I might talk to you about a good position, and all that sort of thing, but I don't believe it would affect you. All I can say is, Cecil, don't let my blundering way of speaking for him prejudice you against the poor fellow, for he really is head over ears in love with you. Sometimes I think you don't appreciate him properly, but remember, he has waited patiently for two whole years, and only refrained from speaking out of pure consideration for you, lest you should be compromised in your new position. You have never shown him any special encouragement, always laughing at him and teasing him as you do, but he has never wavered, so if you can find it in your heart to say yes, do be kind to the poor boy."

There was a few minutes' silence, while the clock ticked heavily. Lady Haigh glanced nervously at Cecil, sitting in the deep orange shade of the curtain, but could read nothing from her face. At last the girl spoke, slowly and with some hesitation.

"I am glad you have spoken to me, Lady Haigh, for it seems to make it easier—I mean—yes, it is easier—to see the right course than if Dr. Egerton had asked me himself. I think I am bound in honour to consider my duty to my employer, and to go on with my work. The Pasha has acted most kindly and honourably by me, and he wishes me to carry on Azim Bey's education. I can't feel that it would be right, after all the trouble and expense he has had, to throw up my situation for the sake of a—well, of personal feelings. I think the Pasha would have a right to say he didn't think much of Christianity if I treated him in that way, and I have tried not to hide my colours in the Palace. I think it is only right for me to go on as I am."

"But you don't mind my having told you, dear? You are not angry with Charlie? What will you say to him?"

"That is scarcely a fair question, Lady Haigh," said Cecil, pausing with her hand upon the door, but keeping very much in the shade of the curtain; "or did Dr. Egerton depute you to receive his answer as well as to plead his cause?"

"Ah, she shan't get off like that," said Lady Haigh to herself, as the door closed behind her young friend. "Charlie shall have his chance when he comes back, and speak for himself, and I am very much mistaken if he doesn't get a little hope to help him through the next three years."

(To be continued.)

RECIPES FOR FEBRUARY.

STEWED KIDNEY AND MACARONI.—About a pound of ox kidney will be required for this dish. Cut it into slices and fry until a nice brown on both sides. When done sufficiently take out the meat and fry some sliced onion. Place the kidney and onion in a stewpan, mix a dessertspoonful of flour with the remainder of the dripping in the frying-pan, add to that salt, pepper and a pinch of dried sage, a few drops of soy or caramel, and then half a pint of warmed stock; let this boil, then pour over the kidney in the stewpan; then, keeping the stewpan in a corner of the oven or stove, let it simmer gently for at least an hour and a half. Break a quarter of a pound of macaroni into inch lengths, throw the pieces into a saucepan containing boiling salt and water, boil for ten minutes, then drain and arrange in a circle on a dish. Pour the stew into the centre and garnish with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg passed through a sieve.

SAVOURY PUFFS.—Mince half a pound of cold veal freed from skin and gristle, and mix with it three or four ounces of minced ham or lean cooked bacon; season well with pepper, salt, some fine dried herbs and a little freshly grated lemon rind; add to this a little cold gravy or a beaten egg to mix the whole together. Cut some squares of good puff (or very light) pastry, this may be bought from the pastrycook's if not convenient to make at home; cover one half of each square with a little mince, then fold over the other half, trim the edges, then place on a baking tin, and bake in very hot oven for twenty minutes.

NOTTINGHAM STEAK.—A good undercut from the sirloin, or a slice off the rump is best for this. Rub it over first with the following mixture. A spoonful of Worcester sauce, same of salad oil, ditto vinegar, a little brown sugar, some salt and pepper. Rub well on both sides, then let the steak lie in this *marinée* for an hour. Wrap it in buttered paper, and toast or bake carefully for about thirty or forty minutes. Serve with thick brown gravy, in which a few tomatoes have been cooked; flavour with horseradish. It should be carved in thick slices across the steak.

POTATO MOULD.—Take a small quantity of well-mashed potato, season with pepper and salt, a little butter and a spoonful of milk. Press down into a fancy mould or dish which can appear at table, mark in diamonds with a fork, sprinkle a few raspings over and several bits of butter, place the mould in the oven until the surface has become crisp and brown, then serve as it is. This will accompany the first given recipe very suitably, should potatoes be desired as well as the macaroni.

GALANTINE OF RABBIT.—This is a useful way of doing a rabbit for a luncheon or breakfast dish. One or two young rabbits are cut into joints after being well washed. Place in a stewjar with an onion, a stick of celery, a carrot, bunch of herbs and salt and pepper; add water enough to just cover, and then stew gently until the meat will come away from the bones. When done, remove the meat from the bones, and cut it into neat pieces one or two inches square, leaving out all skin, gristle, and bone. Reserve the meat on a dish; strain the liquor through a fine sieve that it may be quite clear, colour it a nice brown and add to it half an ounce of gelatine (previously soaked in cold water), flavour with the juice of half a lemon and a little piquant sauce, boil it slowly until quite clear, then cool it. Arrange the pieces of rabbit, alternating with strips of bacon, slices of hard-boiled egg and minced parsley, in a fluted mould. Add a little liquor by degrees as the mould is being filled. When full place a small piece of wood that will nearly fit the top over all, then put a weight upon it, setting the mould in a cold place to remain until it is solid. When turned out cut into thin slices right down, not across.

AUSTRALIAN STEW OF MUTTON.—Peel and slice two pounds of potatoes, two onions, four carrots, and boil them for a quarter of an hour, then pour away the water. Add enough stock to cover the vegetables, season highly, and simmer for a good hour. Then take the whole or part of a tin of Australian mutton and add it to the vegetables, let it stand and simmer until the meat is hot through. Serve with chopped capers sprinkled over.

TURNIP PURÉE.—Pare thinly four or five large white turnips, cut them into pieces and fry slowly in a stewpan with two ounces of butter. Do not let them brown. When tender add to them a quart of white stock or milk, let all simmer gently for three quarters of an hour. Rub through a strainer, return to the stewpan, add pepper, salt, a pinch of sugar, a grate of nutmeg, and when nearly boiling take off the fire and stir in threepennyworth of cream. Serve very hot, with strips of thin crisp toast.

HADDOCK TOAST (for breakfast).—Take the meat from a cooked smoked haddock, and pound it until smooth (overnight). Next morning put it in a saucepan with some pepper, a few drops of lemon-juice, a little anchovy essence, and a few spoonfuls of thick white sauce or melted butter. Stir this until very hot; have ready some small squares of toasted and buttered bread, pile the haddock lightly on these, sprinkle some chopped parsley over, and serve.

EVERYDAY CHEESECAKES.—Four ounces of cake or fine breadcrumbs. Two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, two eggs, the grated peel and juice of a lemon. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, one at a time; when well mixed, stir in the crumbs, lemon peel, and juice by degrees. Line some patty-pans with puff paste, and half fill with the mixture, then bake to a light brown. A light flakey paste will do equally well for everyday purposes, and is more quickly ready.

BEEF-SKIRTING PUDDING.—One pound and a half of beef-skirting, and half a pound of beef steak are needed, and make a much nicer pudding than beef steak alone. Cut the meat into two-inch squares, dip each piece into seasoned flour. Make a light suet crust, roll out to a third of an inch thickness. Line a greased basin with crust, and fill it with the pieces of meat put in lightly, add a little more seasoning, and half fill with cold water. Cover closely with an upper crust, tie down with a buttered paper, and steam the pudding four hours. Take up when ready to serve; turn out on a hot dish.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

HARD AT WORK.

"It is terribly sad," said Freda, an eager look upon her face, and a certain haste and breathlessness in her aspect. "But it is awfully interesting too. Yes, Arnold, I have come for supplies. I have been round and I know what is wanted. Cook is making things down below. May I go to her?"

"Of course," answered he turning back with her. "I will go with you and see that things are right."

"Thank you," answered Freda gratefully. "Your cook seems a capital woman—not minding who comes and upsets her kitchen and interferes with her; but I do feel a little shy still about giving orders. What a time you must have had, if the sights I have just seen are typical! I don't think I understood before what illness in a village meant."

"What have you seen?" asked Arnold. "I hope it will not be too much for you and your sisters."

Freda gave a little quick decisive shake of her head.

"Too much indeed! As though we could not stand looking on at what hundreds bear and take as a matter of course! We are not made of porcelain, I'm glad to say, Norah and Gipsy and I. Oh, you ought to see Norah at work! She is splendid! I don't care if she is my sister—I will say it. The way she goes into a cottage and takes possession of a sick person, and just knows at a glance what to do and how to do it, and will not let herself be flurried or put about by any number of contrary directions or calls in a dozen different directions at once! We had your list, you know, and we all started together, and we went first to the row of houses where you said help was most needed."

"Did you find things very bad? I meant to have gone with you, but——"

"Yes, yes, but we knew you had been summoned elsewhere. I don't think it mattered. Norah seemed to know exactly what to do, and they recognised her power and authority at once. It seemed to spread like wildfire that a nurse had come; and one after another women and children kept hurrying in, clamouring for her. Gipsy went off in one direction and I in another. But I didn't know what to do when I was confronted by a delirious raving man. I could only run back for Norah; but she said quite quietly, 'I will come when I have done here. Don't get excited, Freda; but feed that baby with some milk, and set things a little straight. The girl will help you if you once begin.' And so she did—though she had looked like an idiot before, and was crouching up in a corner of the room staring at us as though we were apparitions. But when she saw me set to work getting the place more comfortable, she came out of her corner and was quite helpful. We left the room looking civilised, and the girl minding the baby; and then went on to the poor raving man."

"The fever does sometimes run very high; I hope your sister has the medicines that Dr. Salisbury left for such cases?"

"Yes, Gipsy was entrusted with a medicine chest, and they went to work together over him. He was quieter before I came away. I went round into the other houses and got an idea as to what was chiefly wanted. Gipsy came too, by-and-by. She is not as good as Norah with the sick people—for the nursing part, and getting them to mind her; but she seems to know wonderfully well how ill they are, and if they want medicine, or only food. Now I've come back with my list, and I want ever so many things. But I think the hamper mamma sent with us will supply most of our needs, and eggs I suppose you can provide.

They were nearing the house by this time, and soon were in the kitchen and store-room giving directions to the hard-worked but willing cook, and packing a great basket with the many things required. Freda was full of interest and energy, and told stories all the while of the things she had seen and heard. Her faculties of observation and reproduction having been trained by her previous life, she was able to describe graphically the state of things she had found amongst the sick, and the cook, who was a very kind-hearted woman, was fired with the greatest zeal by all she heard, and was ready and willing to work herself to fiddlestrings to meet the pressure of the hour.

"I'll come back and help you when I've time," cried the girl before she left. "I used to be quite a good cook a little while ago, and I don't think I've forgotten all my cunning. I must go and see after some of those poor mites, who have nobody to take care of them; but I'll come back as soon as ever I can and lend a helping hand here. You are a perfect duck of a woman, but I won't have you kill yourself!" and the girl gave Keziah a smile and a nod which completely finished her subjugation.

Arnold was waiting with a little pony cart into which he packed Freda and her precious load. Then he started, leading the pony carefully, for the freight would not bear jolting.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said in his grave earnest way, as they slowly took the short cut across the park. "If you only knew what the need has been, and the difficulty of getting help; and then to find oneself all in a moment with three such allies."

"I'm afraid I'm not much of an ally," answered Freda. "I can fetch and carry and so forth; but to see Norah at a sick bed-side fills me with a sense of utter uselessness and almost shame."

"No, no, don't say that. Women cannot all be nurses. It is a splendid gift; but all cannot have it."

"No, I know. I don't think I have. I never felt any call to it; yet all the same for that, when I look at Norah, I feel a helpless and useless individual."

"Useless! Freda, how can you say so! And I feel that I do not know how to thank you!"

"Well, I'm sure I hope you don't! Why should we ever think of thanking one another for doing those things which we are called upon to do in time of need? We have not come to help you; but the poor people here who have nobody just now to help them. You have given us our chance. We have often said we wished we had one. But we don't go about thanking you. I think we are sent into the world to help one another, and to bear burdens for those who are heavily weighted—when we have none worth speaking of to bear ourselves. That's how I feel about these things. We all want to help our brothers and sisters; and we are just going to work together for a time, whilst the pressing needs last, that's all."

Arnold's eyes lighted as he turned to look at Freda's kindling face, and he answered in a low voice.

"Very good—that shall be all between us. I think it is a very beautiful all."

She gave him a quick bright smile and made a little gesture of assent.

Help had not come a moment too soon for King's Castle. The fever, whatever it was, had got a firm grip upon the place, and it seemed as though it was making up for its length of time in reaching this hamlet by showing itself more virulent and greedy of prey now that it had come.

There was hardly a cottage in the place where some person was not down with it, or with some kindred illness; for the symptoms were not clearly defined, and seemed to take many forms.

The most fortunate thing about the matter was the small size of the village, and the ease with which doctor or nurse could pass from one case to another. King's Castle lay in a little hollow just outside the gates of the park, whilst the outlying cottages were very few in number, and the cases there were not of a serious kind.

Norah's training and method stood her in invaluable stead. She worked upon a system, and never allowed herself to be put about or flurried by calls and summonses and entreaties from a dozen different directions at once. Patients began to know that "Sister," as they generally called her, would come in turn to all, beginning with the worst cases, but that except there was urgent need, would not take cases out of order; so they soon ceased to try and disturb her over her work. Gipsy would go a different round, and acting under doctor's orders—for the overworked practitioner of the neighbourhood, who did not know which way to turn, was thankful for the help of this trained medical lady—would prescribe for the various patients in their

varying stages of the malady, and know exactly when it was needful to send for the authorised doctor, and when she was able to dispense with farther skill than she could give herself.

"It's first-rate practice for me!" she declared to Arnold, when he spoke to her about her hard work, and asked if she could stand it. "It is giving me an insight which is invaluable; and it is teaching me how to cope with responsibility—which is a thing that does not come in our way when we are always working under the eyes of skilled medical men. I think it is awfully nice of Mr. Thring not to mind my doctoring these people. People talk of the jealousy of men doctors towards women: but he is as nice to me as he can be. I've never had so much as a cross look yet."

"Thring is a very good fellow," said Arnold, "and then of course these poor creatures are not valuable patients from a paying point of view. It's doubtful whether he will ever even try to make any charge for his attendance. Some are on his club, and the very poor always expect to be treated for nothing, whether they say as much or not. He is very glad to find a coadjutor who will look after King's Castle for him. He is tremendously pressed in other quarters. He asked me to-day if I knew any more ladies like the three I had brought down to help in other places round!"

Gipsy laughed.

"I'd be very glad to go farther afield when the press here is over. I think it is doing me good to be thrown on my own resources, and taken out of my old groove. One sees life here from a new standpoint. I can't exactly explain what I mean; but in hospital and with all one's associates and associations there, patients seem to become mere 'cases:' here the human element, and the individual identity of each person has so much greater an existence. I don't know if you understand what I mean, but I feel it very much. I think it is doing me good."

Arnold did not perhaps entirely understand; for he knew nothing of the struggle which had been going on within Gipsy's mind and spirit for many months now.

The girl was striving to take the advice given her by Miss Shuttleworth; to think not of herself and her own private perplexities, doubts and troubles; but to look upwards towards Him, whom she had never been able to disavow even in her most unsettled and unhappy hours, although He had seemed to recede from her life and to become shadowy and indistinct.

Of late it had been Gipsy's lot to watch beside more than one dying bed. She had heard the Eternal Word of Life ministered by Mr. Hammond, and by an excellent local preacher (both of whom visited the sick most diligently), to many of her charges who lay at the very gates of death; and it seemed to her then as though the doubts and questions which had once assailed her began to seem trivial now, as though in the presence of the shadow of death, the wisdom and logic of this world shrank into extraordinary insignificance, whilst the Word of Life given by God glowed and illuminated the dark valley with an unspeakable and inexplicable radiance.

She did not speak of these things. But she mused much of them during the long hours of her nights of vigil and watching. Visions would rise before her sometimes of what might perhaps be her own fate—how she might lie stricken with some malignant fever in a far-off land, with none of her own kith and kin about her.

How would it be then with herself? The first time she had asked that question it had been with a shiver almost of horror at the bare thought. Now she could face the thought calmly, for she began to say in her heart, "If the Lord is with me, who shall be against me? If He is there, why need I fear anything?" She had been looking upward, she had been studying not her own heart, but His work of redemption and infinite love. Instead of seeking for faith, as though she could find it by digging after it within her own spirit, she had prayed morning and night, "Help Thou mine unbelief," and the prayer had brought in measure its own answer. Now she began to feel with joy and triumph that her old perplexities and doubts were sinking into insignificance. The more she saw of the mysterious power of the Spirit to uplift the dying soul of man, and make it ready for the passage from time into eternity, the more did she realise and understand that there comes a point when the highest wisdom and intellectual insight of man becomes dwarfed into absolute insignificance, when he must stand aside with bowed head, impotent and abashed, and let the Spirit given by God through Christ enter in and do the work of preparation.

Man can never in his highest intellect comprehend the mystery of an Incarnate God, a Redeemer and Saviour; but faith can apprehend it in a moment; and faith is the gift of God, and can be bestowed by Him on rich or poor, young or old; for He only asks a childlike humility and receptiveness, and He will give it freely.

So Gipsy began to dimly understand these things, and her face grew brighter and her heart lighter with every day that passed, although she was hard pressed and hard worked, and often scarcely knew how to obtain the rest and sleep her young frame required.

As for Freda, she was the sunshine of the party just then. Her work was of a more humble and menial kind than that of either of her sisters, and there were times when Arnold would come to beg her to desist, and let him find a woman who could relieve her of her self-imposed tasks of washing and tending children, and cleaning up sick rooms. But she had always a bright answer ready for him.

"First catch your hare," was her saucy rejoinder on one occasion, when he had found her with quite a crowd of children round her, some wanting washing and dressing, others clamouring to be amused, and some being instructed in small domestic arts of cleanliness and order, which were lamentably wanting in this home, which contained a dozen children all under fourteen, and where the mother was ill in bed, and at no time a person of any energy or method. This house was the trial of the village, both to landlord and clergyman. The man was in regular work, but spent his earnings for the most part at the public-house, and how the wife and children lived at all was a marvel. Only the two eldest boys could earn even a tiny wage, and the mother was always ailing and fretting, and could neither keep her home clean and healthy, nor teach her elder girls how to do it.

Freda had taken this thriftless family under her especial care. Whenever she had a spare moment she went in to see how they were getting on. She had set herself to teach the two elder girls the mysteries of scrubbing and dusting, and the next two children how to tend the tiny ones, of whom there seemed an endless number. The mother was becoming convalescent, and, luckily, no other member of the household had sickened.

"First catch your hare," she laughed, as she stood up and came out into the sunshine. "I have heard of this mythical woman till I don't believe in her bodily presence a bit! Besides, I flatter myself I am working a radical change in King's Castle, which could only be done by example—precept has a way of falling remarkably flat. Now don't look so perplexed and solemn over it, Arnold; why shouldn't I wash the babies and clean windows, and make the children see the difference between clean and dirty? You don't know what fun it can be sometimes! And really the people are better for it. They are beginning to understand that it is more comfortable to be clean and orderly, than dirty and messy. That at least is a triumph, isn't it?"

"King's Castle is a different place," cried Arnold impetuously. "We are all saying that. I don't know whether we shall run back to our old ways, when our three good angels have gone; but now the difference is wonderful."

"Well then, don't you worry your silly head any more, even if I do disgrace myself by my work," cried Freda merrily. "If I like it, and they don't mind, who else need bother over it?"

"I can't help feeling sometimes——" began Arnold, but Freda put her hands over her ears laughing, and he stopped and laughed too, and asked instead—

"Do you know what they call you here?"

"Me? No. Something pretty, I hope!"

"It sounds pretty in my ears, at least," he answered. "They call you 'our own lady,' as distinguished from all others."

"That is very pretty of them," said Freda laughing.

"I hope they will always go on calling you that," said Arnold with sudden vehemence in his tone. Freda went back into the cottage, with hot cheeks and shining eyes.

(To be continued.)

"BUT THE FACE HAD A SAD LOOK."

MY BROTHER CHARLIE.

YES, I can see my brother now,
The bonny lad with eyes of grey,
Where kindliness did ever play;
How broad and high his studious brow!

His thoughts of this and heavenly life
Together blent, for he could see
Where everything was dark to me;
I fretted in a selfish strife.

At twenty-one his spirit grew
So radiant with the warmth of love
That jealous angel-fingers wove
A shroud that was of heavenly hue.

But ere they bore him hence away
From the fair land where he sojourned,
On mother's brow and mine were burned
Such kisses as remain for aye!

Had he but lived he might be dead
On barren wealth this world supplies;
But Charlie—he was spirit-wise,
And followed where his kindred led!

THE GIRL-BRIDES OF HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first "saft" day—as north-country people term the rainy mist that enwraps the hills and shuts in the valleys, soaking and drenching the wanderer abroad—the girls gladly agreed to Penelope's suggestion that they should devote its morning hours to kitchen work, and the afternoon to the making-up of the fine table-linen which Madeleine had brought with her.

The "setting" and baking of bread, and the mixing and baking of cakes was the programme in her mind, and if time permitted they were to try their 'prentice hands on the polishing of tins and utensils; no chance for *ennui* to claim them as its prey in spite of depressing weather. So to the kitchen they repaired as soon as bed-rooms had been put in order; the bright fire in the range looked welcome and inviting now that all without was so chilly.

Penelope directed them where to find the bags of flour and other "dry" stores, and herself brought out the white wooden kneading-trough, the bowls and pastry-board. Big white aprons were donned, and deep linen cuffs; altogether the "preparations betokened very serious business," Alice laughingly declared.

"You are right, there is nothing more serious than bread-baking," the teacher averred. "The first thing we have to do is to 'set' the sponge, when we have weighed the right quantity of flour; to-day we will make up a stone."

"That is fourteen pounds, isn't it?"

"If we remember our tables aright it is; I want you to notice the difference between these two qualities of flour; this one which I keep for pastry and cakes you will see is whiter and drier, also lighter than this other quality called 'households'; that has a slightly yellow tinge and is heavier, also if I lightly squeeze a handful together it keeps its shape a moment, as you see."

"Can you tell by its appearance whether flour is good or indifferent? I don't say bad, because I suppose one could soon detect bad flour," Madeleine asked.

"Appearances go a great way, but one must also judge by the feel of the flour, and not a little by its odour. Stale flour, or that which has been kept in a damp place will smell mouldy or fusty, and it will also be damp to the touch and hold together if pressed at all; but the whitest and driest is not necessarily the best and wholesomest, indeed 'households' is far more nutritious than fine pastry flour, and by its nature it is better adapted for bread-making. New flour, too, never bakes so well as that which has been kept in store awhile, provided that the store cupboard is dry and the bags are kept from the air. But now give me your attention while I set this sponge."

While they watched, Penelope emptied the contents of one bag of flour into the trough, then worked a hollow place in the middle with her fist. The fresh frothing yeast which had been brought in that morning stood near, and taking a breakfastcupful of it she poured this into the hollow place, and with a wooden spoon mixed that with about half as much lukewarm milk and a little flour until a soft batter was formed, then the sponge was pronounced finished, and lightly covered over it was left to work its will for half-an-hour.

"While that is rising let us prepare the mixture for a cake, as that can be both made and baked while the bread is in operation. What kind of cake do you wish to make first? though allow me to suggest that you should choose a simple one for a beginning."

"Something that is not procurable in shops," Alice said quickly, "one gets so tired of the same round of baker's and confectioner's articles."

"Well, I think we can hardly do better for a beginning than take the simple mixture which makes either a plain light cake of the Madeira type, or when baked in shallow tins, small fancy shapes, or rings, may be variously ornamented, filled with creams or preserves, and yield quite a choice for an afternoon tea-table."

The pupils agreed to this with alacrity.

"Supposing then this time we bake our mixture after we have made it in these two round shallow tins, then make a 'jelly-cake' of it: if you will pass me those two white bowls, Madeleine, I will weigh into one six ounces of the finest flour, two ounces of rice-flour, and half an ounce of baking-powder, rubbing these all together. Into the other basin I put two ounces of fresh butter, with three ounces of sugar, and a small pinch of salt, also a drop or two of almond or vanilla flavouring, and then beat until a cream is formed. To the butter I shall add the beaten yolks of these two eggs, and a little milk, then, having the whites beaten to a froth in a separate basin, I shall add them alternately with handfuls of the flour, beating all the time until the whole is mixed in."

Working together, one beating the eggs while another rubbed the flour, and Penelope herself took the butter in hand and mixed the other parts together, the cake rapidly developed; it was poured into the two tins which, previously buttered, stood ready at hand, then the oven received it for its baking and it was time to turn back for the bread.

Penelope was greatly pleased to find the sponge was well-risen and quite ready for use. "I was afraid I had left it rather too long," she said.

"Is it possible, then, for it to rise too much?"

"Most certainly. If either the sponge or the dough are left beyond a certain stage, the fermentation which is engendered by their continued 'rising' turns the dough sour after it is baked. You know what causes the fermentation, do you not?"

"The presence of carbonic acid gas, is it not?"

"Yes; and this up to the right moment serves a useful purpose, past that time it degenerates and the bread is unfit for food,

although its very light appearance deceives many people.

"And now comes the most serious part of our operation, the kneading of the dough. Will you fill me that quart jug with water, Alice, please? As it must be lukewarm you had better add a little boiling water from the kettle to the cold, and I think it is well to mix the salt with the water instead of rubbing it into the flour, one is more sure of having it well incorporated; so I will get you to stir in a teaspoonful. Thank you, that will be about the right quantity of water as nearly as I can judge at present, but it is easy to add a little more if it seems to be required; now I will proceed to make the dough.

"My way, you see, is to stir up the sponge, the water, and as much flour as I can until I feel it is firm enough to take hold of with my hand, then I begin to knead, using both hands, at the same time drawing the dough from the bottom of the pan on the further side towards me, first on the right, then on the left. You see it gradually becomes a ball and begins to look spongy, indeed you can almost see air-bubbles. Only practice will show you exactly the right consistency, as if the dough is too soft the bread will be spongey and full of holes; if, on the contrary, it is too stiff the bread will be dry and will not rise as much as it ought to do."

"Isn't it very tiring?" one of them asked; she admired the vigorous play of Penelope's white wrists and arms, for the latter never paused in her occupation though her tongue was going at the same time.

She smiled for answer.

"It is rather tiring at first, but it is capital exercise, and one knows it must be done; the reward comes when the loaves turn out shapely, well-risen, and cut firm right through. Will one of you look how our cake is behaving in the oven, please?"

Madeleine did so and found it almost ready to be withdrawn, but a few moments more were prescribed by the head-cook, so she returned to the congenial task of watching the kneading.

"There, now I think that will be very unamiable dough if it refuses to rise to-day," she said at last, straightening her back, and rubbing her hands through flour, sprinkling a little lightly over the surface of the springy ball of dough, then covering it with a cloth and setting the pan in a warm corner of the hearth.

"How long will it take to rise? Well, between two and three hours I daresay. When the dough is set in the morning I expect to bake in the early afternoon; but bakers who set their dough overnight would give it longer time, and a rather cooler temperature. But now I am sure that cake is done."

"Done to a turn," Janet said as she drew aside to let them take it out of the oven; "that's one of your own pet teacakes, eh, Miss Pen?"

"And one of yours too, Janet," Penelope answered slily. "I wonder if you'll allow me to use your apricot jelly for its 'filling'; yes? Ah, now we shall have a lovely cake for our tea, girls! I am going to split this in half, and then I shall spread the lower half with jelly a quarter of an inch thick—oh yes, it doesn't do to stint yourself when you are having a good thing, so don't look so shocked Janet! When I have replaced the upper half I shall spread that with jelly also, only very sparingly, then I beat up the white of an egg and icing sugar enough to make a thick cream, and cover the surface of the cake with that, sprinkling the top with shred angelica, sliced candied peel, or any candied fruit I happen to have at hand, then set the cake at the oven door until the icing is firm. This same cake is delicious if filled with the mixture we used for lemon cheese-cakes, then iced and sprinkled with cocoanut or chopped pistachio nuts; but as I said before, it is capable of infinite variations, and your fancy may suggest many to you which I should not think of."

They were about to consider the mysteries of a soup that was to be compounded with vegetable marrows for chief ingredients, having the cake satisfactorily finished, and the bread "off their minds" for the present, when a knock at the door claimed attention.

Opening it, a little fisher-lad with cap in hand came into view; the rain clung to his jersey and matted his curly head, but the face, which was rosy with the stiff uphill climbing against wind and wet, had a sad look about mouth and eyes.

"In trouble, Robbie?" Penelope asked; "is it mother again?"

"Yes, and she be main bad this time, an' Polly too; yer see the boats hevn't come in yet, and she don't sleep o' night watchin' for 'em, and she don't eat nothin', and then this mornin' she fell doon, ah thought she were dead sure, and Polly too, but she come round after a while, an' she went to bed cos' Bibby Flower said she was to, but she kep' wishing Miss Pen would pass by, so I up an' said I'd fetch her. Yer'll come?"

"Of course I will come, Robbie; but you must have something to eat while I get a few things together that I know your mother and Polly will like, and these ladies will perhaps come with me, so between us we will cheer up the poor mother."

Robbie's eyes brightened when a plate of buns was set before him and he was bidden to help himself. Halfway through one he stopped—

"The little 'uns be hungrier nor me. Guess I might leave some for 'em," he said tentatively.

"Eat as many as you want, Robbie. I shall not forget the little ones," Penelope said with a knowing smile. She was used to Robbie's mode of begging, but the basket she had reached down was being rapidly filled with many good things. Janet, at her bidding, took a key and trotted off, returning after a while with a dark dusty bottle, and this was stowed away also, but not before the boy's sharp eyes had seen it.

"For Poll?" he asked eagerly, and nodded with satisfaction when reassured; evidently it was not the first of its kind that Polly had received.

Then they all donned waterproofs, and stoutly shod, trooped off with laden hands, Robbie, warmed and fed, leading the van.

On the way down to the Haven, Madeleine, who had her suspicions, questioned Penelope as to the genuineness of this case.

"It is quite genuine," was the reply; "it is no uncommon thing for many of these families to reach actual starvation if the boats are delayed much beyond the usual time. In this particular cottage you will find there is a sickly girl; they are devoted to her, and she is the last to feel actual want, but sometimes the wolf at the door has no mercy even for her; but they know they need never really lack if they will but let me hear. I have not been so much among them of late, you see."

The cottage which they were bound for was one of the farthest removed; it stood by itself among its patches of potatoes and maize, but though clean, it bore unmistakable signs of the depredations made by the wolf.

The cry of delight from the squad of little children about the door was somewhat subdued by the sight of strangers, but the shrill voice of the invalid inside was all the more pathetic.

"'Tis Miss Pen, mother; I said as she was sure to come!"

The mother took a few steps forward to greet the new-comers, but weakness almost caused her to fall again. Penelope gently led her by the arm and took her back to her chair.

"You've been worrying again, Nancy, and you ought to have sent me word long before," she said, chiding her gently, then poured out some of the wine she had brought and bade her drink. When the cup was emptied, it was refilled, and Alice carried it with some food to the sick girl, who ate and drank ravenously, feasting her eyes the while upon the face and figure of the bearer. Madeleine had set herself to satisfy the wants of the younger band, and very soon the baskets were emptied of their contents, but gladness was showing its face among them again.

"Ah allus said Miss Pen 'ud make it all right," Robbie was heard to say in an undertone, watching while she fanned the fire into life again, and then running at her bidding to fetch in more wood from the stores. Various other things he was to bring with him also that the bare cupboards might be furnished before they left.

"We are baking to-day," she said to Nancy, "so be sure you send Robbie up this evening and he shall bring some loaves back with him;" then with a sly look at Madeleine and Alice she added laughingly, "That will give you the opportunity to put my lesson to a practical test sooner than you thought for, as one or both of you will have to make another baking to-morrow."

Mindful that the bread they had left would be requiring their attention they did not linger in the cottage, nor did they stay on the cliff although the look out to sea was enticing enough in spite of the rain-clouds.

"I could fancy I saw the boats just coming over the horizon line, but these days are deceptive, I won't rouse Nancy's hopes until I am sure," Penelope said, hesitating a little. Turning her head just before they left the last hill, however, her eyes were convinced this time, the specks on the horizon had grown to be substantial enough.

She sent a ringing shout down the cliff which brought not Nancy only but her children and neighbours to the cottage doors; they understood in a moment, and in an incredibly short time the cliff-top was alive with eager faces.

The girls ran on, feeling glad themselves to leave gladness and rejoicing behind; from the windows of the Grey House they could watch the incoming of the boats, themselves unseen. The touch that had brought their kinship with the sorrows and anxieties of real poverty for the first time to these two to whom such kinship had before meant only a name, made them quite enthusiastic for once, and as they chatted over their luncheon Penelope enlightened them on many points.

But she brought them down from the clouds at last with the observation that if their bread went sour this day it would be a calamity for certain folk in the Haven, and so they repaired to the kitchen to find that Janet had not been induced to forget her part of the contract but, on the contrary, had a bright fire and a hot oven ready waiting for them.

Not until the neatly-shaped loaves in their tins were lining the oven shelf did Penelope allow them to attend to aught else, but when the door was closed and the kitchen made straight they went to their sewing and talking, busy tongues keeping time to busy fingers.

When Robbie returned at sunset his basket was supplied with crisp brown loaves, "creditable alike to teacher and scholars," Penelope smilingly declared, but the "scholars" had the grace to disclaim any credit being laid to their door, although they both prophesied that to-morrow's results would alter the case.

L. H. YATES.

(To be continued.)

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

It is not long since the world was mourning the death of Christina Rossetti, the Authoress of "Called to be Saints," and "The Face of the Deep," one of the most eminent of the female poets of the century, whose genius was always used on behalf of truth and right. And now another distinguished poetess, whose great gifts were in like manner consecrated to the service of Christ, has been taken away to swell the band of sweet singers in the paradise of God. The Authoress of "The Burial of Moses," and "There is a Green Hill Far Away," died October 12th, in the palace at Londonderry, amid the loving regrets of her bereaved family and a mourning city.

Mrs. Alexander was the daughter of Major Humphreys, of Miltown House, Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, and was born at Eccles Street, Dublin, in the year 1818. Her education was carefully carried on at home by governesses and private masters. In her early life she showed a great fondness for books, reading everything that came in her way. Poetry was always, as we might suppose, a favourite branch of study. She had an intimate acquaintance with the best authors of our own country, and was also well-versed in foreign literature.

But while there was much of contemplative Mary in her character, she was by no means deficient in the Martha-element. Both qualities seemed to blend harmoniously in her. All her life she was beneficently active. Even in her youthful days it is said she was indefatigable in visiting the sick, cheering the sad and lonely, and carrying food and wine from her father's table to those who needed them. She was often seen reading by the sick bed, and in the house of mourning her sympathy was tenderly manifest. She also taught in the Sunday School; and in these various ways she endeavoured to make her life "beautiful before God," and useful to man; and so developing a kindly benevolent character she was unwittingly qualifying herself for the sphere to which God's providence had destined her, as the wife of a clergyman.

In 1850 Miss Humphreys married the Rev. William Alexander, who had just been appointed to the living of Termonamongan, in the diocese of Derry. Mr. Alexander was a man of distinguished attainments, and like his wife a poet of considerable ability. He had come from Oxford a few years before crowned with honours, and had gained the Newdigate prize for his poem, "By the Waters of Babylon," which reached a higher standard than such poems usually attain. Life in a country parsonage with little that was eventful to break its monotony, seemed to be peculiarly adapted to one of Mrs. Alexander's temperament. She was shy and retiring, loved to commune with nature, loved books, loved as a recreation from these companions of her solitude, to accompany her husband in his pastoral visits. Quietly, unobtrusively, unselfishly, she went about doing good. There was no ostentation in her character, no self-consciousness manifested, no craving after notoriety or applause. She made no boast of her good works and charitable deeds. It was her rule not to let her left hand know what her right hand did, she did good by stealth. She was a true help-meet to her husband, and sustained and sympathised with him in all his labours, literary and pastoral. To the last she kept up the habit of visiting the cottages of the poor. On these occasions she was usually accompanied by a little pet dog who sat quietly at her feet while she read or talked to the inmates.

And here we may mention that she was a great lover of dogs, and in the latter years of her life owned three of different breeds, which frequently accompanied her in her habitual walks. To see how they gambolled about her, wagging their tails, and looking up into her face, and barking in a concert of exuberant joy at their release for this daily exercise, was always a source of interested pleasure to the on-lookers. And it may be noticed as a singular circumstance that when she died there was not one of them left to mourn her. Two of them had died just before herself, and the third, a large collie, had got into the bad habit of snapping at persons, and was therefore parted with as dangerous.

Mrs. Alexander always had an eye for scenery, a great love for the beauties of nature, and she had the good fortune to be always located amid scenes where she was able to gratify this passion to the fullest extent. Termon, Fahan, and Strabane, the successive parishes held by her husband, are all beautifully situated, and one of them, Fahan, on Lough Swilly, in the county of Donegal, is surrounded by the loveliest scenery in the

MRS. ALEXANDER.

kingdom. The mountains, lakes, wooded dells, the golden gorse and the purple heather, the soft pastoral vales running up into the wild hills, and the variegated colouring characteristic of the whole scene, form a *coup d'œil* which may be said to be matchless. In these modern days it may be described as a happy hunting-ground of the tourist, but when Mrs. Alexander lived here its beauties were comparatively unknown, and visitors from the outside world were very rare. There was here everything to captivate the fancy of the poetess, and to provide nutriment for her imagination, and it is impossible to read her poems, many of which were written in this favoured region, without seeing the influence of her surroundings in them all. She might have got every detail in that fine passage in her poem of "Samson," from this locality:—

"The eagle cast a shadow
As he sailed to and fro,
On far Lekiah's limestone cliff,
And on the sward below.
The white clouds flung strange figures
On the corn and the waving grass;
While the blind man ground in his prison house,
Bound with his chains of brass.
But shades and lights more wonderful
Were in that lone dark place;
For the shadow of his own great deeds,
Was on the blind man's face."

What a sweet picture is that which she gives of Lough Swilly, "The Lake of Shadows," in one of her poems—

"Then did a charm of coloured light—
A sudden gleam—the hills suffuse,
They stood transfigured to my sight;
A mass of delicate lilac hues.
The waves beneath ran green and blue,
Rose-tinctured where the last cloud lay;
God's blessed sun had broken thro',
God's light was lovely on the bay."

A competent critic some years ago wrote of her poetry: "It is doubtful if any woman has ever excelled Mrs. Alexander in her own especial branch of poetry. There is a delicacy of expression and depth of religious feeling along with the truest poetic genius, not often to be met with, and one must hope that the writer of 'There is a Green Hill Far Away' may long be spared to give to the Church many more of her beautiful hymns."

As a hymn-writer, Mrs. Alexander has long since gained the *imprimatur* of public acceptance. Not only in this kingdom, but in America and Australia the name of Cecil Frances Alexander has been a household word. She is known wherever the English language is spoken, and everywhere the high quality of her work is recognised. Psalms and hymns have never perhaps been wanting to the Christian Church, from the time when Paul and Silas sung in their dungeon at Philippi, or the days when the martyrs raised their hymns as a death-chant beneath the claw of the lion or the fang of the flame, or later when the Christians of Milan met together to sing the hymns of St. Ambrose in the churches of the city. The Middle Ages, dark and barren as they were, have given us some noble hymns, from the fine hymn of Gregory the Great, translated by Dryden, "Creator Spirit by whose Aid," to the popular compositions of Bernard of Clugny and Bernard of Clairvaux. And from those mediæval times, both in the Greek and Latin Churches, we have some of the noblest chords of popular Christian sentiment in melody. The hymns of Luther stirred the heart of Germany, and it is said did more to bring about the Reformation than even his pulpit discourses. In the dreary period of the Georges, when the spiritual life of this nation seemed sinking into the sleep of death, Watts and Wesley, Cowper and Newton, by their hymns awoke the slumbering peoples and kindled anew the fire of religious truth. And in our own times a holy influence has been shed over our Christian society by the hymns of Keble and Newman, Lyte and James Montgomery, Bonar and Bickersteth, Frances Ridley Havergal and Cecil Frances Alexander. All song is divine, for it is, as one has said, spirit striking on the chords of life; it is the music that wins man, the wanderer, back again to rest and happiness. You may instruct him with song, console him with song, melt him with song, and a little child will lead him. Moral teachers find the charm of song one of the most fitting and successful means for awakening attention and leading to a nobler life. "Give me," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws." By song we open a child's sympathy and awaken its love. Mrs. Alexander's "Hymns for Children" are an illustration of this sentiment.

It is more difficult to speak to children than to adults, more difficult to secure and hold their attention. But in this department of literature she has won a complete triumph. Her hymns were mostly written at first for the benefit of her own children as they were growing up around her, but now, like the light, they have gone forth into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world. A returned missionary from Central Africa tells us he heard them sung by the children of the Mission Schools on the shores of Lake Nyassa, in a language of which their author was entirely ignorant. And at home are they not known everywhere, and wherever they are known, loved? With what delight we have heard a congregation of little ones singing, "We are but little children weak," a hymn which is penetrated from the first line to the last with a practical teaching which cannot but leave a good impression upon the young mind. Her "Hymns for Children" have a short preface by Keble, whose influence is seen in all her poetry, in which he expresses the hope "that they will not only be found useful in the way which she earnestly desires, but will also win a high place for themselves in the estimation of all who know how to value true poetry and primitive devotion." How clearly she sets forth, what our fathers used to call, the plan of salvation in the verse:—

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood."

And the teaching of the Scripture that there is only "One Mediator between God and man," and that "no man cometh unto the Father but by Christ," is reproduced in language equally simple and direct—

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in."

Sweetness and light, to use Matthew Arnold's combination, are characteristic of Mrs. Alexander's writings. Lucidity shines over them all. There is no undercurrent of meaning, no obscure line of thought anywhere. She said what she meant. She spoke direct to the understanding and the heart, and her words went to the heart. And the humblest capacity could comprehend her.

This is true also of her other volume, *Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament*. Amongst the subjects which she treats of in this little book we may mention as specially worthy of study: "Cain and Abel," "Enoch," "The Dove," "Abraham's Sacrifice," "Isaac in the Field," "Esau," "Joseph a Type," "Moses' Choice," "The Night of the Passover," "The Manna in the Wilderness," "The Invitation to Hobab," "Ruth," "King David's Offering," "The Death of David." In this volume is found "The Burial of Moses," which Tennyson much admired. This will show the wide range of subjects handled, and all of them her genius has illuminated. They are treated with a freshness and a grace which at once commend them to our favourable regard. And the language is so clear, and the illustrations so pertinent, that we cannot fail to receive, or at all events to understand, the lesson which she has to teach. Take for instance her first poem on "The Creation." How admirable is the lesson which she draws, and how needful in this age of restless endeavour and impatient hurry to accomplish our desires—

"Slowly He wrought and duly set
All things above, below;
Wilt thou, His creature, chide and fret
If thine advance be slow?
Patience, and zeal, and toil He asks,
Then let thine heart be strong;
Nor weary of thy lowly task,
Because the time is long."

And in the poem on "Enoch," she writes:—

"There's many a household fair to see
By woodland nook, or running river,
Where children climb the parent's knee—
O that those homes like His might be
Filled with God's presence ever!
O that our thoughts so heavenly were,
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,
That all our lives, and toil, and care,
Might only lead us nearer there,
Where He is set in heaven."

How vividly she brings before us that scene in the life of the old patriarch:—

"When the great pastoral prince with love undying
Rose up in anguish from the face of death,
And weighed the silver shekels for its buying
Before the sons of Heth.
Here, when the measure of his days was numbered,
Days few, and evil in this vale of tears;
At Sarah's side the faithful patriarch slumbered
An old man full of years.
Here, holy Isaac, meek of heart and gentle,
And the fair maid who came to him from far;
And the sad sire who knew all throes parental,
And meek-eyed Leah, are."

In what touching and beautiful words does she tell us of those who sleep together in the cave of Machpelah, "the burial place in Ephron's pasture ground"—

"Like roses from the same tree gathered yearly,
And flung together in one vase to keep;
Some, but not all who loved so well, and dearly,
Lie here in quiet sleep."

What solemn, earnest teaching does she draw from the life of the worldling Esau, for those who think

"An age of tears shall wipe away"

The follies of youth!

"Thou wilt not have the same young powers,
The fresh warm heart that loves and glows;
Who ever saw sweet April flowers
Come peeping through December snows?"
"He sought in vain with bitter tears,
That first best blessing back to win;
Beware, beware, lest future years,
Should find no time to shrive thy sin!"

It has always seemed to me that this volume shows an unusual poetic power and a wonderful deftness and skilful treatment of the subjects under consideration. There is too a force of phrase which reminds us of Cowper, and a quaintness of fancy which almost equals George Herbert, while the brightness of pictorial colouring which brings before the reader with a vivid clearness the theme on which she is discoursing reflects something of the splendour of Keats. We see rather than read. We are, as it were, spectators of the events described. This is the attainment of the Arabian standard, "He speaks the best who turns the ear into an eye."

"How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness!"

That line is descriptive of this gifted Christian authoress. All her teaching was the outcome of her own sanctified mind. She had been baptised with the Holy Ghost and with power. She could say of Jesus Christ from her very heart, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." Voices that are not of earth were ever speaking in her soul. The teaching of Jesus, and Paul, and John, and the old Psalmists and Prophets coloured her thoughts and influenced her words. Her mind was steeped in Holy Scripture. There are no hymn-books or compilations of sacred poetry which do not contain some of her pieces. The "Lyra Anglicana," the "Lyra Hibernica Sacra," the "Irish Church Hymnal," "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and other selections are enriched by the metrical fruits of her genius. Full of pious sentiment, clothed in chaste and expressive language, suffused in the glow of Scripture, and reflecting the spirit of the church's teaching, they have imparted tender consolation and high hope to many a reader, young and old, during the last half century.

The following is a complete list of Mrs. Alexander's works:—"Hymns for Little Children," "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional," "Moral Songs," "Narrative Poems for Village Schools," "Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament," "The Baron's Daughter," which has reached a sixth edition, and "The Lord of the Forest and his Vassals," an allegory which has gone into the fifth edition.

WILLIAM COWAN.

THE FINE ARTS.

A FEW PRACTICAL WORDS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

WE all of us have no doubt heard the expression "The Fine Arts," and know that it is applied to those beautiful gifts of our Father in heaven, the gifts of painting, of music, and of sculpture, which add so much to the enjoyment and pleasure of life. And the word "fine" is, I suppose, given to them to denote some particular points of excellence, which other arts do not possess. You know also that the word "art" is used of work requiring some skill, which takes time and thought to acquire. "There is great art in that," we say, implying that it is something beyond common workmanship.

Now it is not of such arts that I would speak to you to-day, but of that fine art of living aright, which is far more difficult than the art of music or painting, for many indeed have learnt these to perfection, who have known but little of the other. And the beautiful thing about the art of living aright is, that everybody can learn it—the plainest, the poorest, the stupidest. No special gifts of wealth, of intellect, or of personal charms

are needed to become accomplished in this art. And God wants us all to learn it. He doesn't care about those special gifts I have just mentioned:

"God does not say, Be beautiful, be wise,
Only Be good, the tender Father cries."

Be good, live aright, all else in the world stands second to this. And in my little paper I would suggest three elements in this fine art which seem to me of great importance; others of course there are, but if we have never learnt these, our life can neither be a blessing to ourselves nor to others.

First, let us take the Art of Serving Others.

A poor woman once said, "We are sent into this world to help one another," and so we are, but the helping is not so simple as at first sight it seems. There is an art in it that has to be learned; and the first thing I would mention is this—a sentence I once read in a letter, "We must serve others as they like to be served." Now don't we need this warning? Don't we help people clumsily sometimes, unhelpfully, just in the way that occurs to us at the moment, without consideration? Among Mary Wilkins' tales there is one about a kind-hearted woman, who, thinking her poor neighbour required a change, carried her off on a visit for enjoyment and kept her for six weeks, while in reality the poor old creature, instead of enjoying herself was miserable, with longings for her cottage home, and the dandelions on her garden path. We must try and notice people—it is quite an art!—and watch what things they like and don't like, and then help them in the way that they like, and not in the way we think they ought to like! Sometimes we may find that we can help them best by doing nothing—then let us do nothing; when the something needs doing, it will be more likely to be a helpful something. But this art of serving requires a very real sympathy and some self-control in ourselves; but then, what a pleasure it will be to be relied upon and loved as a true comforter!

To serve others well, we cannot serve ourselves much. I suppose it is one of the great secrets of happiness to lose ourselves in the interests of other people. If you think of the people you know who seem most contented and glad, are they the pretty ones or the clever ones? Are they not the serving ones? Everybody wants to be happy—you do—well then, here is one of the quickest ways to it. But you must make little of yourself, and not be always thinking what you would like to do or like not to do, else you will miss the way.

Have you read that pretty fairy tale of *Alice in Wonderland*, how she peeped through a tiny keyhole, and saw the loveliest garden, with bright flower-beds and cool fountains? But it was all for tiny fairies, and she cried because she was too big to get in. And it was not until she had taken some fairy-food, and became tiny too, that she was able to pass through the little doorway into the bright garden. Is not that a picture to us how we can enter into happiness by becoming smaller, by making our wishes of little importance compared with other people's wishes, by bringing down this big self of ours to a little self, which doesn't mind not being noticed, and getting its own way, but echoes the beautiful humble words of Christ, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister?"

The second fine art which I want to speak to you about is the Art of Doing Without.

A friend once said to me, in connection with some trouble, "It teaches one to do without," and that simple expression has often recurred to me since. How often we have to "do without" something or other—the sun doesn't shine when we want to go out for the day, or something we expected doesn't come or happen just when we want it to, or we have a bad cold when we particularly wish to be quite well—oh! life is full of doings without! Well, and if it is, let us be brave and contented, and learn the art of keeping up our spirits nevertheless! It is not to be expected that the sun can be always shining, and that our health will be always perfect, and that nobody in the house will ever get upset.

Things do go wrong sometimes, then we must learn to "do without" their going right! And if we learn this art, we shall grow stronger in character. This growing stronger is a difficult thing to realise, for when we have to endure something unpleasant, we naturally feel the reverse of strong—we feel very weak; yet if we try, with God's help, to acquire the habit of thinking quickly, Well, never mind; how much good God has given me! isn't it then that we are finding out the meaning of those words, "My strength is made perfect in weakness?" Truly Jesus Christ had to do without—even without a pillow for His head—yet He was always content. "I come to do Thy will; I am content to do it." May He help us to be content too.

The third art I wish to mention is the Art of Self-Control.

It is interesting to notice that the word self-control is given as the marginal reading of the Revised Version of Gal. v. 23, "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . self-control." May the Spirit of God indeed bring forth this fruit in our lives!

I think we live in an age which is much in need of self-control; more things seem to happen, the world is more noisy and busy, and we need to possess our souls, to control ourselves.

You know that beautiful collect, "We have no power of ourselves to help ourselves." A preacher once pointed out that those words might be also true, leaving out the word "no"—we *have* power to help ourselves, God has given it us; He has given us a will, which He intends us to make use of. Some good people think only of praying and trusting, but we want God to "work in us to will" too, to be self-reliant, courageous, steady. In a word, we must learn the art of self-control.

How often unexpected emergencies arise! (the word "emergency" means "rise out of"). They suddenly spring upon us, as it were, and sometimes how lamentably we become upset by them!

A tram-horse stumbles, and we immediately rush to the door, or somebody cuts his finger, and we are ready to go into hysterics. But God wants us to bring forth the fruit of self-control; be collected, be quiet; if an accident occurs, there is usually something to be done besides being frightened, but how useless we are, if we at once become unnerved. Let us pray for the grace, and practice the art of self-control. And with regard to being easily alarmed, *try to learn this: Be frightened* at nothing but at doing wrong. If God indeed rules the world, and holds the lives of His children in His hand, we need be afraid of nothing else. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you," said the Saviour. What a wonderful truth is that! Nothing! no accident, no poverty, no illness, no misunderstandings—there is no real hurt in any of them—it is only we ourselves can hurt ourselves, for underneath us for ever are "the everlasting arms."

I want to say something about controlling our words. I read in a book once, that there were things which it might be right to think, but wrong to speak. Now that is quite true, though of course only of certain things.

If something pleasant doesn't come about, you can't help feeling disappointed, but you can help bemoaning yourself aloud. "Oh, how miserably disappointed I am!" till everyone who hears you feels as doleful as you.

You can't help feeling a bad headache, but you can help talking about it, till everyone suffers from the pain of too much sympathy.

If someone does something that is not quite nice, you cannot help being aware of it, and having the thought that it was not, but if you go forth and spread it abroad, the "last error" may be "worse than the first."

To conclude, let me give you a hint on controlling thoughts, those wayward things that seem often beyond our control. Some of us hardly exercise sufficiently the power we possess (of course there are exceptions) of diverting our thoughts; we have "power of ourselves" here, more than some of us think, but we don't try. Remember that vigorous, sudden "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Our thoughts want a sharp word sometimes! If we want to get rid of a wrong thought, we should send it away at once, and always at once, then it will gradually cease to come, and eventually disappear altogether.

And with regard to painful thoughts, one of the best remedies is to do something.

In that story you all know, *The Lamplighter*, when the heroine, Gertrude, believes she has lost her lover, and life seems almost too hard to bear, instead of retiring to weep, she busily sets to work to overturn and put in order a large linen cupboard.

"With thy hands go do thy duty,
And thy work shall clear thine eyes."

And so may we learn, little by little, our Fine Art of Living Aright, growing in unselfishness, contentment, and self-control, with the help of Him who lives and works within us by His Spirit, until the day dawn when our eyes shall see the King in His beauty, and the tears of struggle and disappointment shall be wiped away for ever.

L. M. SAUNDERS.

"NOT IN VAIN."

By MARIAN FINDLAY, Author of "Her Promise," "Stranger Than Fiction," etc.

CHAPTER III.

NORAH left her friend in good time the following morning, thinking it would be well for Helen to have a little time to herself before the arrival of her husband, who was expected later in the day.

The morning's dawn had brought hope to Helen. She had tried to persuade herself—and with some success—that the words Miss Smith had uttered were empty and meaningless, and she thought of them like the memory of some unpleasant dream, and almost accused herself of disloyalty to her husband in having for a single instance given credence to them. How he would laugh at her for her foolishness, she thought, and she longed, with almost childish impatience, to hear the tender, manly tones she loved so well, and to feel the strong arms around her again.

She dressed herself with even more than usual care, choosing a pretty gown of soft,

cream-coloured stuff, with dainty ruffles of delicate foamy lace at the throat and wrist, coiled her pretty brown hair high upon her small, well-shaped head, and let a bunch of violets nestle among the lace at her neck.

The hours seemed to go with laggard feet, and Helen wandered from room to room, full of a restless impatience and vague feeling of uneasiness.

At length she heard the well-known footsteps, and flew, with radiant face, to meet her husband, and then, folded in his close embrace, all her doubts and fears took to themselves wings, and once again she was her own bright joyous self.

"Nell, my pet," Carlyle remarked later in the evening, "will you play to me? I should like to hear some of the music I sent: do you like it, dear?"

"I can scarcely say yet, Edward. I have heard so little of it. Norah and I were trying it over yesterday, but were interrupted by a caller."

"Indeed, who was it, anyone I know?"

"Oh, such a curious little creature, a Miss Smith, I suppose you will know her. She knows you, but appears to have formed a strange opinion of you judging from some extraordinary remarks she made."

"What the mischief has that little idiot been saying, I wonder," was Carlyle's mental comment; aloud he said, "Miss Smith is in the habit of making strange remarks about people. I often think she is scarcely responsible for all she says and does. She is generally considered very 'eccentric.' I personally think that is far too mild a term to apply to her."

"Do you really think so; oh, poor thing, then that accounts for her strange speeches, but she gave me a terrible fright when she said that you were an—an Atheist." Helen brought out the last word with an effort, and almost in a whisper.

Carlyle's teeth came down sharply upon his under lip, and his brows contracted.

He muttered something beneath his breath, then, in a tone which he strove to make light and natural: "Oh, she said that, did she, and what did you say, Nellie?"

Helen glanced up quickly, his voice did not ring truly, and she felt startled, while again the strange, chill feeling of anxiety took possession of her, filling her with a great dread of something, though of what she scarcely knew.

Her own face was in shadow, but her husband stood before her with the light full upon him, and she saw his eyes grow dark and troubled.

"I don't think I really believed it for one moment, dearest, but just for a little while a thought came over me, 'what if it were true.' Forgive me, Edward, for the thought," and Helen put out her hands with a pretty, childish gesture of mute entreaty.

Carlyle put them gently aside, the soft, clinging touch unmanned him; he stood, with folded arms, looking down upon the slender, white-robed figure, so inexpressibly dear to him, and his heart ached to think how deeply what he felt he must now say would hurt and grieve his dear one.

"And if it were true, Helen," he said slowly, "what then?"

"Oh, Edward, don't," she cried, it would break my heart."

"Nay, my little wife, not that I hope."

"But it isn't true, dear, so why think of anything so dreadful."

Her husband made no reply, but turned from her imploring gaze and stood by the window, his head bent.

Helen sprang to his side, his silence frightened her.

"Edward," she cried, in tones sharp with anxiety. "What is it, why don't you speak to me?"

"What can I say to you, my dearest?" and the pained look in the dark eyes deepened, while his voice sounded dull and lifeless.

"Say it is not true, deny it, oh, husband, in pity deny it."

"I cannot deny it, it is true."

The words seemed wrung from him, and his breath came heavily.

For an instant Helen stood as if turned to stone, her hands tightly clasped upon her breast, her sweet face pitifully white and troubled. Then, with a little low cry she flung herself into her husband's outstretched arms.

"God help us, oh, God, help us both," she wailed.

"My dear one," and Carlyle held her closely to him. "My little girl, does it hurt you so much?" softly stroking the bowed head as he spoke "Dearest, do not grieve so, I am not worth it, indeed I am not. Come, Nell," and he drew her to the couch, still keeping his arms around her as they sat down. "We must talk this quietly over together, and then, little wife, we will never mention the subject again, but forget all about it as quickly as possible. Listen to me for a moment, dear; it is not my fault that I cannot believe as you do, nor is it for want of trying. Years ago I felt the need of something—I scarcely knew what—to help me along life's rugged road, and I sought to find the God you worship, but I found I was groping blindly for a myth and a phantom, and I——"

"Hush, Edward, oh hush, I cannot bear to hear you say that!"

"Forgive me, dear, I would not willingly grieve you, that you know, nor would I wish to shake your faith. Indeed, you must believe me, Helen, when I say that if I could say your creed with the truth in my heart, there would be no happier man alive than I."

"And why cannot you believe. Oh, Edward, what can I say to you? Would that my love could show you a way to the light, but I can do nothing—nothing."

Great tears gathered and fell heavily upon the clasped hands.

"Don't cry, Nell, my own, don't cry! You make me feel such a brute. Since I found you, my darling," Carlyle went on passionately, "I have known no want. You are my God, sweetheart, and in your love I have my heaven—I desire no other."

"And are you content with this belief of yours?" Helen cried, panting. "Why, in a few short years at most, our life here will be over; are you content to think that our love must then be at an end, that there can be no hereafter for us, but we must be lost to one another for ever?"

Carlyle held her yet more closely to his side as she went on, with flushed face and shining eyes.

"Ah! but my love for you is not like that. Why, to me, life would not be worth living if there were to be nothing beyond it, if there were no hope of again meeting the dear ones from whom death has parted us, and of renewing the sweet old ties which God has severed for a season. If I believed that our love would end with this life, that it would soon all be over, never to be taken up again, our happy twilight talks, our music, the long rambles together, ay, even our merry laughter and jests; I say, if I really and truly believed this I simply could not go on living." Helen's low voice faltered, and she took her husband's hand, holding it tenderly within her own, as though fearing her vehemence might have wounded him.

"My darling, I would willingly give all I possess—except your love—if I could think with you in this matter, but I cannot."

Carlyle bent his head till his lips rested upon his wife's soft hair. Suddenly she looked up.

"I said just now, Edward, that I could do nothing to help you. I forgot—I can pray. My whole life shall be one long, long prayer for you, my dearest, and God must—He will—hear me, ay, and answer me, in His own good time and way."

"My own sweet wife, your prayers can bring me naught but good, even though there be none to hear them. Now, dear," Carlyle added, "you know why I did not wish you to see my writings. I knew it would only trouble you to know my views."

"Then you write upon the subject of Atheism?"

"Chiefly, dear. I do a lot of work for Mansfield, the editor of the "——— Journal," naming a well-known Freethinker's magazine. "You may have heard of it."

Helen had heard of it, she had also heard of the scathing articles it so often contained, and of the bitter and repeated attacks upon Christianity for which it was notorious. Here was a new and unlooked-for trouble.

"Is your literary work our only source of income, Edward?" she asked.

"Yes, Nell, but why do you ask. Is it not sufficient?"

"Oh, yes, more than sufficient. I was not thinking of that."

"What is it then, come, tell me, what is the trouble?"

"I was thinking," she said slowly, "what an ignoble, pitiful use it is to put your talents to. If you cannot believe in Christianity yourself you might at least leave others to be happy in their belief. Even supposing it to be—as you think—a mistake, a myth, this religion of ours; if it makes better, nobler men and purer, holier women, surely it has its use, and therefore should not be discouraged."

"Well, but, Helen—granting for the moment that there may be something in what you say—we have to look at the matter from a practical point of view; it is my living, and I cannot therefore afford, for the sake of a sentimental fancy, to throw my pen aside."

"But, Edward!" Helen pleaded, "think a moment what a terrible, a cruel thing it is to destroy a single human being's belief in God and heaven. It seems to me that you take away the life of their soul, and what can you give in return? Nothing but black despair and a hopeless future. Edward, it is the worst possible kind of murder. I would rather ten thousand times that you killed my body than destroyed my faith."

"My dear child," Carlyle said smiling, "you greatly exaggerate the importance of the whole matter, and, womanlike, are too ready to jump to hasty conclusions."

"No, no Edward, its importance cannot be exaggerated," and Helen raised great earnest eyes to her husband's face.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, then, rising, kissed her lightly on the brow, and crossing the room opened the piano and commenced to play the prelude of Helen's favourite, "To Anthea."

But for once the full rich tones awakened no responsive thrill, and the low, passionate voice failed to reach her heart. She was thinking—thinking deeply. To her tender, devout nature it seemed positively wicked to eat bread earned in such a manner, and possibly at such a terrible cost to others, and her whole being revolted at the thought.

She laid her head wearily upon the softly cushioned couch, and great burning tears trickled slowly down her troubled face.

Presently she was roused by a low tap at the door, and saw her husband turn from the piano to take a telegram from the servant's hand.

"What is it, Edward!" and Helen sprang to her feet as she saw his brows contract and a spasm of pain cross his face as he read.

For answer he held out the message to her: it ran thus—

"Come at once, your father is dying."

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

It is the Unexpected that Happens.

A young German countess belonging to Hanover was a noted unbeliever. She was especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. Before her death she gave orders that her grave was to be covered with a slab of granite, clamped to other stones, and that on the granite slab should be engraved the following words:—

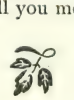
"This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened."

All that human power could do to prevent that grave from being opened was done. But a little seed found lodgment in a crevice of the stones which covered the dead body of the countess and sprouted. The tiny shoot found its way between the stone side and the slab which lay on the top of the grave. It grew by degrees, and at last actually lifted the heavy slab and forced the gravestones apart. Thus the grave was opened after all, and that too without any miracle.

The people of Hanover are said to regard this grave with a kind of awe, feeling as if it were a kind of prophecy of the great Resurrection Day which is yet to come.

The History of Umbrellas.—Umbrellas when first used in this country were heavy, clumsy articles, which did not hold well together. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised to bring them to their present compact and elegant shape. In their early days they usually had long handles, with ribs of whalebone or cane, very rarely of metal, and stretchers of cane. The jointing of the ribs and stretchers to each other was very rough. Oiled silk or cotton, both of which are heavy in substance, and liable to stick together in folds, was used as the covering material. Gingham was soon substituted for the oiled silk, and in 1848 a patent was taken out for the use of alpaca as a covering material. The next great improvement was in 1852, when the invention was introduced of the "paragon" rib, which is formed of a thin strip of steel rolled into a U or trough section. This gives great strength for the weight of metal.

A Christian Duty.—Have you ever considered the Christian duty of being pleasant? Whether you feel happy or worried, whether things are going well or ill with you you have no right, by your words, or even by a doleful countenance, to cast your gloom on others. As a Christian, you have, or ought to have, a light in your heart, and you are commanded to let it shine. You are not only to rejoice, but to impart joy evermore. Have you ever tried, through the duties and trials of one day, "to be a blessing," making your presence a light and joy to all you meet? Try it.



On a Sound Foundation.—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigour or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

No Long-winded Speeches.

We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly:

"England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wangunui. I have done."

A Lucky Find.

A few years ago a gentleman bought a cabinet at a sale-room for 5s. He put it aside unexamined for some time, but after about two years a friend who wanted a cabinet of the kind said he would give 10s. for it. The owner accepted this offer, and took the cabinet out of the corner where it had been standing in order to dust it before sending it home.

He pulled out a drawer and discovered that it was shorter than the hole into which it fitted, and there was a bundle of what at first looked like £5 notes inside. On taking them out he found that there were really two bundles, one containing fourteen £100 notes, and the other twenty-six notes, also of £100 apiece. They proved to have been lost twenty years previously by a gentleman in London, to whose representative the money was restored, the finder being liberally rewarded.

Fifteen Minutes a Day.

An excellent amateur pianoforte-player was recently asked how she had managed to keep up her music. She was over forty, and had brought up a large family. She had never been rich, and she had had more social burdens than fall to the lot of most women.

"How have you ever done it?" said her friend, who had long ago lost the musical skill which she had gained at a great expense, both in time and money.

"I have done it," replied the other, "by practising fifteen minutes a day, whenever I could not get more. Sometimes, for several months together, I have been able to practice two or three hours each day. Now and then I have taken a course of lessons, so as to keep up with the times; but, however busy and burdened I have been, unless actually ill in bed, I have practiced at least fifteen minutes each day. This has tided me over from one period of leisure to another, so that now I have still my one talent at least, as well improved as ever it was, with which to entertain my friends and amuse myself."

Equal to the Occasion.

"If you don't clear out of here in a minute, I'll scald you!" exclaimed the wrathful woman of the house to the persistent pedlar.

"That water on the stove won't be hot for half-an-hour yet," answered the pedlar; "so you had better let me sell you one of these patent automatic tea-kettles that heat water in less than two minutes over a slow fire. If you had one of them I should have been scalded and on my way long before this to sell something to the woman who is attempting to keep house next door."

Gone Before Us.

One by one they fall around us,
Loving friends whose race is run;
Snapt the tender ties that bound us,
Dropping round us one by one.
Thus our cherished circle narrows,
Going as their work is done:
Bidding us who linger follow,
Beck'ning homewards one by one.

A Short Speech.

Perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative assembly was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend with the remark—

"You'd better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at!"

Answer to Double Acrostic I. (p. 102).

1. H i r a M (*a*)
2. O s t i A (*b*)
3. R o d e r i C (*c*)
4. A bracadabr A
5. T h u r g a U
6. I ztaccihuat L (*d*)
7. U m b r i A
8. S e c r e t a r Y

Horatius. Macaulay.

Triple Acrostic 1.

See, o'er the rising ground the southern breeze
Bends boughs and branches of the forest-trees—
What were our English parks, despoil'd of these?
One furnishes our cudgels, bars, or staves;
One takes us proudly o'er the rolling waves;
And one will bear us to our lowly graves.

1. Hapless the man, whose daily life may be
What this expresses! has it chanced that he
Became a misanthrope or devotee?
2. I built my house to live in solitude:
Yet, being with two thousand teeth endued,
I sally forth at eve to seek my food.
3. A Spanish Caliph, whose enlighten'd mind
Prompted him, for the welfare of mankind,
To purchase all the books that he could find
And keep them safe. Then rose the fresh design
Of hindering his Moors from drinking wine
By ev'rywhere uprooting ev'ry vine!

Ximena.

(*a*) King of Tyre, who aided Solomon in the building of the Temple.
(*b*) The seaport of Rome.
(*c*) The last King of the Goths in Spain.
(*d*) One of the two lofty mountains in Mexico: the other is Popocatepetl.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNIE WEST.—We think it unlikely that you can get the pictures of the size you require, but may get them of the size we supplied.

DOLLY.—The position accorded to the Free Press, in naming it the "Fourth Estate" is ascribed to Burke, as may be seen on reference to Carlyle's fifth lecture on "Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History," 1841. The quotation runs thus (from Carlyle): "Burke said there were three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sat a fourth estate, more important than they all."

AMY.—There is an institution for the relief of aged or afflicted domestic servants, by means of pensions and temporary assistance. Apply to The Secretary, Mr. W. Sly, at the office, 32, Sackville Street, W.

ANXIOUS SISTER.—You are quite right in regarding the trade of basket-making as being too full of manufacturers to render it very lucrative. Yet there are special depôts for the sale of such work done by the blind. You are also right in your impression that a typewriting appliance has been invented for their use, and quite capable of being worked without the use of sight. It is contrary to our rules to give trade addresses, but in a case of charity of this kind an exception may be made, and the instrument indicated may be procured from Messrs. Cockburn, Phillips and Montgomery (London). The first attempt of this kind was made by a Mademoiselle Moult, a French school-mistress at Angers, and by means of her clever invention blind persons have been enabled to correspond with their friends.

ANXIOUS ONE AND MARGERY.—Read the article by "Medicus" on the care of the hair. A specialist hair doctor might see the cause of its falling, or a skin doctor. It may have to do with your general state of health. July 8th, 1881, was a Friday. "Anxious One's" writing is still unformed and her spelling bad.

RUFUS.—You would require a grindstone of a size suitable for small work. You had better go to a working lapidary, and see his and his method of working.

LADY APRIL.—Your age entitles you to turn up your hair; and in any case, a girl of 5 feet 8 inches should not wear her hair down her back. It would make her a subject of remark, and look ridiculous.

SNOWDROP.—You would do well to apply to the United Britishwoman's Emigration Association, Hon. Sec. Miss G. Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington, W. The London office is at the Imperial Institute, S.W. Good character and capability for special work are essential in a candidate. "Proper protection on the voyage and adequate reception on arrival" are guaranteed. Loans, also, are made to persons specially well recommended, who will have situations found for them through the colonial correspondents.

M. A. B. AND SHEARCROFT.—Apply to a doctor. It is scarcely delicate to consult anyone else on the treatment of such infirmities, especially when the answers must appear in print.

PUELLA.—There is no rule on this question. You meet with as much talent, good sense, and quickness of perception in persons having dark eyes, as those having grey ones. Really blue eyes are comparatively rare.

TROUBLED MOTHER.—We think you had better send the lad to the Surgical Home for Boys at Banstead. They are received up to the age of twelve years. Of course after the hospital treatment is over, he will need skilled nursing, which you are unable to give, having a large family on your hands, and also, specially good food and country air. Address, L. E. Williams, Esq., 36, Sutherland Avenue, W.

F. C.—Get a manual for the game of lawn tennis. You slope your writing the wrong way.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 839.] JANUARY 25, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"NOT IN VAIN."

By MARIAN FINDLAY, Author of "Her Promise," "Stranger Than Fiction," etc.

All rights reserved.] "'OH, EDWARD,' SHE SAID, 'HOW LONG YOU HAVE BEEN!'"

CHAPTER IV.

"HALLO, Macdonald, you here still? How is my father?"

Carlyle sprang out of the train almost before it came to a standstill at the quiet little country station of Bashbrook, and shook hands heartily with the old servant who came forward to meet him.

"Ech, Master Edward," said the old man, in slow, Scotch accents, "but it's good for sair een to see you once mair."

The weatherbeaten face brightened as he grasped Carlyle's hand, then as suddenly clouded as he went on—

"The master's no better, and wearyin' for the sicht o' you."

Carlyle drew Helen forward.

"This is my wife, Macdonald," he said.

After making some kindly remarks to the old man, Helen was hurried by her husband to the brougham which was waiting for them.

At length, after a long drive through pretty country lanes, during which Carlyle eagerly pointed out the old landmarks, dear and familiar to him from his boyhood, the carriage drew up before a substantial stone mansion, Beaufort Hall, the residence of "Squire" Carlyle.

Leaving Helen in the housekeeper's care Carlyle at once sought his father's room. The meeting between the two was a touching one. A sudden flood of lovelight irradiated the face of the dying man as he clasped his son's hand after the long years of separation, whispering faintly—

"My son—was lost—is found." While the younger man, with bowed head, knelt by his father's bed as he murmured brokenly—

"Father, I have been in the wrong—forgive me."

Let us leave them thus. The reunion is not for strange eyes to gaze upon.

"Is there really no hope of recovery for Mr. Carlyle?" Helen asked when her husband left the room to go to his father. The old housekeeper shook her head slowly and stroked her black satin apron thoughtfully, as she replied—

"No, ma'am, I'm sorely afraid his time has come. Those signs don't come for nothing, I say."

"What signs?" Helen questioned, as she sipped the tea which had been brought to her.

"Why, ma'am, no less than three times last week I heard a dog a-howling all through the blessed night, and I knew it boded no good; and then this morning when I found the clock in my sitting-room had stopped, I made sure that it was the poor dear master's death-warning I'd heard." The old woman shook her head dolefully and sighed heavily.

A wild desire to laugh seized upon Helen. She bit her lip sharply.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Sykes, you had forgotten to wind up your clock," she suggested mildly.

"Oh, no, I hadn't, it was a sign, I know it was; and only last month a big picture fell down in the dining-room, which is a sure and certain sign of a death, as everybody knows. Oh, no indeed, ma'am, there's nc hope for the master, I fear me."

Mrs. Sykes' gloomy prognostications were fated to be fulfilled, for old Mr. Carlyle passed peacefully away the day following his son's arrival.

When the will was read it was found that everything was left "to my beloved and only son, Edward Carlyle," the sole condition being that he continued to reside at Beaufort Hall, the home of his childhood, giving up all literary work.

This Carlyle, of course, consented to do, and so one thorn was removed from Helen's path, and she felt that, though her husband was unhappily himself without religion, he would at least cease now to be a stumbling-block to others, and this thought comforted her much.

Two years passed by quietly and uneventfully enough, and then a new and wonderful happiness came to Helen in the birth of a little daughter.

Many and fervent were the prayers she breathed, sweet and tender were the dreams she dreamed as she knelt by her baby's cot, or hushed it to rest in her arms, her face glowing with an almost sacred happiness, which comes to a woman but once in a lifetime. Yes, the months which followed were full of a deep joy and great thankfulness, even in spite of her weakness, for, after the little one's birth, Helen's strength seemed to flag strangely, and she grew very white and fragile.

"I am quite well, dear, really," she would say in answer to her husband's anxious inquiries; "I am only a little tired. I think I must be getting lazy."

"You want rousing, Nell, my darling. I shall buy you a little phæton and a pair of ponies, and you must learn to drive. Macdonald will be proud to teach you. You would like that, wouldn't you, Nell? You could take that wonderful baby for some famous drives then, you know."

Helen smiled a little wearily. "Yes, dear, I should like that very much when I am a little stronger. The spring weather tires me, but I shall be better when the summer comes."

But the summer came and went, and left her no stronger, though she bravely strove to hide the fact from her husband, and was always bright and cheerful in his presence, laughing at her own weakness, and turning his fears into a joke, till at length he became accustomed to his wife's semi-invalidism, and his anxiety was lulled to rest by her sweet light-heartedness.

During her enforced idleness Helen had much leisure for thought, and many were the hours she spent in earnest prayer for her husband, whose unhappy belief was still her greatest trouble.

The subject was seldom referred to by either of them, and never in any controversial spirit. Helen Carlyle was one who lived her religion. With her it was practice, not theory merely; and the consistent, Christ-like life carries more weight and is more convincing than any mere argument.

So Helen prayed and hoped on, notwithstanding her increasing illness, but the time was fast coming when she could no longer hide her real state from her husband. Coming unexpectedly into his wife's sitting-room one morning, Carlyle was horrified to find her stretched upon the floor, white and speechless, her face drawn with pain. Half frantic with terror he raised her, sending hurriedly for the doctor. It was some time before she could be roused and consciousness restored, and when at last the doctor was able to leave her he found Carlyle anxiously awaiting him, pacing the quaint old hall with quick, impatient strides.

"How is she, doctor, may I see her?"

"Not just yet, I think, Mr. Carlyle. She is conscious now, but you must let her be kept very quiet for a little while."

"It is nothing serious, doctor, merely a fainting-fit, I suppose?"

Dr. Blair glanced up keenly from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "Mr. Carlyle," he said gravely, "I dare not hide from you the fact that your wife is very seriously ill; how she has kept you in ignorance, as she appears to have done, for so long I cannot imagine; she must have been suffering most acutely for some time past. I should like, with your permission," he went on, "to call in Sir James Pagden"—naming a famous physician—"as I do not feel at all satisfied about her."

Carlyle put out his hand and grasped a heavy oaken chair, holding it tightly as if for support, as he said quickly—

"Certainly, call in whomsoever you think fit; but tell me, doctor, what do you think is the matter with my wife? I cannot realise that she is seriously ill, she has always been so bright and cheerful."

"She must have wonderful courage, Mr. Carlyle," the doctor said quietly, and then as briefly as might be he told what he feared for Helen.

Carlyle groaned as he listened, it seemed to him that he had heard his dear one's death-warrant. He turned aside, utterly unmanned, and Dr. Blair, after a hand-clasp of mute sympathy, hurried away.

On his return the following day he was accompanied by Sir James Pagden, and Carlyle waited, with breathless impatience, to hear the great man's verdict.

It was not encouraging. "I am sorry to have to confirm Dr. Blair's opinion, Mr. Carlyle," he said, and there was much sympathy in the low, grave tones, "and to tell you that Mrs. Carlyle is in a very critical condition. I do not say the case is a hopeless one," he added, "but there is no time to lose, we must operate almost immediately, it is her only chance."

"How soon?" the husband questioned, sick at heart.

"To-day is Wednesday, I dare not delay longer than Friday, there has been too much time lost already. I will bring an experienced nurse with me, and rest assured, Mr. Carlyle, that all that is possible shall be done for your wife. I am not without hope, but I make no promises," adding, as he took up his hat, "I will do all I can, but do not forget, my friend, that the issues are in Higher Hands than mine. By God's mercy all may yet be well."

Carlyle stood for a moment as one stunned, and then almost groped his way into the library.

Locking the door he fell upon his knees; he had almost forgotten how to pray, but a great and exceedingly bitter cry went out into the darkness as there in that silent room he wrestled with his grief.

What if he should lose her? His heart beat heavily at the thought, while great drops of moisture stood out upon his forehead. He clenched his hands till the veins upon them stood out like cords.

"Anything but that," he groaned, "oh, anything but that. God—if indeed there be a God—save her, and help me."

Helen's prayers, her love and sweet influence had not been unavailing.

A faint ray of light had lately begun to dawn upon the darkness of her husband's unbelief. A vague, shadowy thought that there might, after all, really be something in the religion which made her so good and happy a creature, and this thought had come to him repeatedly, refusing to be shaken off, till at length he had resolved to once more earnestly set himself to try to find the truth, and God had abundantly blessed his efforts. A new, sweet hope seemed to be born within him as he knelt, filling him with a peace which this world can neither give nor take away.

The doctor's parting words still rang in his ears, not empty and meaningless, as they would

once have been, but full of a blessed significance; and humbly he uttered the words, which have been the prayer of countless storm-tossed souls—"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." He rose from his knees and found a maid waiting for him outside the library door, with a summons from her mistress.

Carlyle hastened to his wife's side.

"Oh, Edward," she cried, "how long you have been, the doctors have been gone almost an hour, and I have so wanted you, dear;" then added gently, "I suppose they have told you all?"

Carlyle took her in his strong arms, wondering as he did so that he had not noticed before how slight and frail she had grown.

"My own sweet one," he said tenderly, "it breaks my heart to think of what you have been suffering; but why did you not tell me, Nell? You were wrong, dearest, to keep me in ignorance."

"I did not want to grieve you one moment sooner than I need, we have been so happy together, dear, you and I."

"And we shall be happier than ever, my darling, when you are well again."

"Ah, but, husband, what if that should never be?" and all Helen's forced composure gave way and great sobs shook her slight frame.

"Hush, Helen, my own, you must, you will get strong again. I feel sure all will yet be well with us." But though the words were confident Carlyle's deep voice trembled and his eyes were dim and misty.

"Listen, my darling," he said presently. "I want to tell you something that I think will make you very happy," and then briefly and simply Edward Carlyle told his wife how her prayers for him had been answered.

She lay and listened, tears of joy and thankfulness raining down the wan cheeks.

Just a softly whispered "Thank God, oh, thank God," and then she turned to her husband, her face radiant with happiness.

"Oh, Edward," she murmured, "how good God has been to me. I have nothing left to wish for—I feel I can say my 'Nunc Dimittis' now."

"No, no, dear heart, not that yet I hope, but rather a 'Te Deum' of praise and gratitude. Henceforth I can say, like Ruth in the old story I read when a lad, 'Thy God shall be my God,' and it is to you, my Nell, that I owe it all."

"Oh, Edward, I have done nothing, I could do nothing except pray for you, and that I have done," she added softly, "with my whole heart and soul."

"'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,' your favourite writer says, but you have done more for me, dear one, than you will ever know.

"Listen to a passage I came across in one of your books the other day. 'When we recall the past and meditate upon the influences which we prize the most, we shall find that they have come to us, not so much from good books—with the one exception—as from good men and women. The Christlike life, unconscious of its power, draws all men to the cross.' I couldn't help thinking of my precious wife, and how true I had found this to be."

So Helen's life had not been lived in vain. Not in vain had been the longing and hoping, the prayers and tears, the loving and the waiting, and, though death came very near to her during the next few weeks, in the end God was merciful, and the precious life was spared. And thus, my readers, we may leave these two, happy in their mutual love, and with a new, close bond between them which lapse of time cannot efface, and which death itself will be powerless to sever.

[THE END.]

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By MRS. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART IV.

LEAVES.

WE have learned in the previous chapters that the roots are the means by which a plant gathers out of the earth the various constituents which are needful to maintain its life.

The leaves have also to do their part in collecting from the air such gases as are required to effect the processes carried on within the substance of the leaf.

The leaf is really the digestive organ of the plant; it feeds, breathes, and gives off in the form of vapour any excess of water not required for its work. For these purposes sunlight and air are necessary.

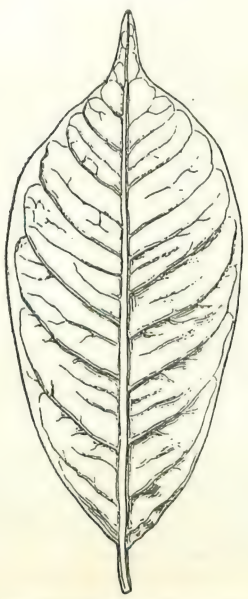


FIG. 1.—NETTED VEINS.

A leaf consists of a stalk, called a petiole, and the flat green part, which we may call the blade.

If we hold a leaf up to the light we see a network of veins, and it is by their help the

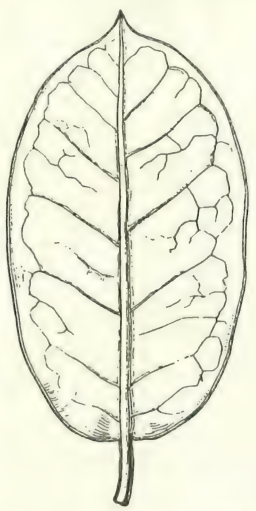


FIG. 2.—SKELETON LEAF.

leaf becomes a broad expansion of tissue, so exposed that it gets the fullest possible benefit from the sunlight and air. This fibrous network gives strength to the leaf, and answers to the bones in animal structure (Fig. 1).

The fibro-vascular bundles, which we see in the stem, go up through the petiole, and branch out in a beautiful and regular manner. We may observe this arrangement very clearly in a skeleton-leaf (Fig. 2); the mid-rib forms a backbone to the whole structure, while the smaller veins tend off to the edge of the leaf, and then overlap so as to form a system of girders supporting the edge, and preventing the wind from tearing the delicate tissues into shreds.

The arrangement of leaf network is called venation, and by a glance at it we can at once see to which of the great divisions in botany a plant belongs. If the fibres are straight and run parallel to each other without being netted, then we know the leaf is that of a plant which begins its life with only one seed-leaf; such are all the species of corn and grass, bulbs, palm-trees, bananas, and others.

The long name applied to this division of plants must be explained, as it is a term we cannot do without, and I must own it looks formidable until we understand its meaning.

The first leaf that comes out of a seed is called a cotyledon, from kotúle, a cavity, or cup. The Greek for one is mónos, so plants with one seed-leaf are called mono-cotyledons.

If we sow a date-stone or a few seeds of Indian corn in moist soil they will grow readily, and afford us nice little specimens of a one-seed leaf-plant (Fig. 3).

If we see that a leaf has netted veins, then

FIG. 3.—MONO-COTYLEDON.

we know its seed produced two leaves at first,* so plants belonging to this great division are called di-cotyledons (Fig. 4).

In order to watch the growth of two-leaved seedlings, we may select a broad-bean, or some of the seeds out of tamarind-jam; either

FIG. 4.—DI-COTYLEDON.

will grow readily in a pot of earth, if it is placed in a sunny window, or near a stove, and kept moist (Fig. 5).

Orange and lemon pips may sometimes be found sprouting within the fruit, and either of these seeds will germinate, and form charming little evergreen plants to brighten a town window-ledge.

Now we need not be afraid of those two long words which are used to describe one-leaved and two-leaved seedlings, since we know their meaning, and it will be interesting when we come across some new plant to see to which division it belongs, because knowing that will mean knowing a great deal besides.

All our English trees (with the exception of the firs, which have many seed-leaves) are di-cotyledons; they increase their stems from the outside, and are therefore called exogens, and most of our plants belong to this division.

FIG. 5.—TAMARIND SEEDLING.

The mono-cotyledons increase from the centre, that is to say, the second leaf grows out of the first, and the third leaf and its stem grow out of the sheath of the second leaf, and so on; and this is the law of their growth, whether they be corn-plants or palm-trees. These sheathing leaves and the straight veins will always enable us to know a one-seed leaf-plant at sight.

The upper surface of a leaf is covered by a thin layer of cells, known as the epidermis (or skin); this does not prevent the light from falling through, and its outer surface is protected by a thickening, known as the cuticle. This is of great use in controlling the escape of moisture, otherwise the leaf would soon shrivel up in a hot sun. In a young seedling leaf the cuticle is not developed, and it can therefore breathe out moisture very rapidly; later on, when the cuticle is formed, it controls the escape of moisture, which can then only exude through the under surface of the leaf.

We can easily peel off a portion of the skin from the under surface of the leaf, and if we place it in a little water between two pieces of glass and look at it in a microscope, we shall see that it consists of an extremely thin layer of cells, with numbers of little openings called stomata (Fig. 6) (from the Greek stoma, a mouth), answering somewhat to the lenticels to be found in young tree stems, only those are solely for the admission of air, while these little mouths are to let in and out not only air, but water, vapour, and oxygen.

These stomata look like little crescent-shaped slits with a curved cell on either side, and as they curve more or less, the little mouths are opened or shut as the plant may require. These little mouths play a very important part in the economy of the leaf,

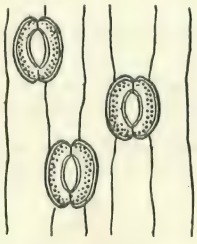


FIG. 6.—STOMATA.

and they exist in immense quantities on its under surface.

It has been calculated that a million stomata exist on a single leaf of the lime tree. When the root has taken up more moisture than is required, then it is the office of these pores, or stomata, in the leaf to give out this extra water in the form of vapour, and we can thus see how the action of leaves must influence climate. If forests are recklessly cut down, the bare country, with no foliage to throw moisture into the air, may become an almost barren desert, and again in marshy places, where the air is too damp, a wise reduction in the number of trees may alter the climate to a healthy condition.

Remarkable results have been obtained by planting the Australian gum tree, *Eucalyptus globulus*; it thrives well in malarious places, and at once produces a marked hygienic change in the air. A Monsieur Gimbert relates that "A farm some twenty miles from Algiers was noted for its pestilential air, and in the spring of 1867, 13,000 eucalyptus trees were planted there, since which time not a single case of fever has occurred.

"The gum-tree grows rapidly and absorbs as much as ten times its weight of water from the soil, and emits camphoraceous antiseptic vapour from its leaves. It is therefore often called the fever-destroying tree."

Experiments have been made to try and find out how much moisture is really given out by leaves. It was found that a sunflower three and a half feet high, with a leaf expanse of over 5000 inches exhaled one pint of liquid in the course of the day.

No wonder therefore that trees tend to make the air damp.

Each stomate leads into air spaces between the cells, and is thus connected with the interior of the leaf.

The oblong cells arranged side by side on the upper surface of a leaf are called palisade tissue, and these contain the green substance called chlorophyllon (from *chloros* green and *phyllon* a leaf), so named, because to this layer of bright green substance we owe all the lovely verdure of the woods.

The net-work of veins, which we see when we hold a leaf up to the bright light, exists beneath the palisade tissue, and next to the net-work is the under surface of the leaf.

The chemical changes which are ever going on in these various layers, require a constant supply of the outer air, and this is secured by the little openings, called stomata, on the under surface of the leaf, which have been already described; these constitute the breathing apparatus of the leaf, for they open and shut, and regulate the supply of air into little air chambers, from which the air passes into the structure of the plant.

Before going any further I must try and explain a little about the wonderful substance called protoplasm.*

If we have ever watched a potter at work, we know he takes a lump of clay, and moulds it according to his purpose, into a garden pot, or a lovely vase; now protoplasm seems to be just such a foundation material from which the Divine Creator causes animal and vegetable forms to proceed. *First material* seems to me to be a term that accurately expresses the meaning of the word protoplasm.

It lines the cell walls of leaves, it is capable of forming fresh cells, it can absorb moisture and other matters, it contracts and expands, it has power of movement as one may readily see when a portion of a leaf is placed in a microscope, so as to show the grains of bright green chlorophyl circulating in the lining of each little cell.

Learned volumes would be needed to explain the nature of protoplasm, so I must be content with these simple facts about its nature, and proceed to the chemical action going on in leaves.

In ordinary atmosphere there is a very small quantity of a gas called carbon-dioxide† (carbon meaning charcoal, and dioxide meaning two parts oxygen). The leaves absorb this gas from the air, and because there is so little of it, each tree needs to spread out an immense amount of foliage, that it may drink in, by its means, all the carbon-dioxide that can possibly be obtained.

When this gas comes in contact with the chlorophyl in a leaf, one part of the oxygen is set free, and returns to the air in a pure condition, thus making it more healthy for us to breathe; then the carbon and the remaining oxygen combine with water in the leaf cells, and form starch, the leaves retain the carbon, to build up their own structure; it enters indeed so largely into the composition of vegetable substance, that in some cases if we could burn one hundred parts of it, fifty parts of the ashes would prove to be carbon or charcoal.

In a rough sort of way we may see for ourselves how much carbon there is in woody fibre, by lighting an ordinary wooden match and letting it burn itself out; the black portion that remains will be a piece of charcoal not very much smaller than the original match.

Of course, in the process of burning, the match has lost the resin, and other organic substances which were stored up in the cells of the wood; all these have passed into the air,

* The Maranta and a few other plants are exceptions to this rule.

* Greek: *protos*, "first"; *plasma*, "anything moulded."

† Sometimes called carbonic-acid gas.

and only the carbon remains. If however, instead of this slow manner of combustion, we had set light to a whole box of matches so that it burnt fiercely, the flame would be strong enough to consume the charcoal, and nothing would then be left but mineral ashes.

When charcoal burners are at work in a forest, we may see them making a stack of wood, which they cover with a thick layer of clay so that the wood may burn away very slowly, then the charcoal will be left in the same way as when we burnt the single match.

As long as the upper sides of leaves are soaking in the sunlight, starch is being formed as I have described; but during the night, the starch thus formed is dissolved, and passing through the leaf fibres finds its way into every part of the plant, either to be used in forming new tissue, or else it is stored up for future use.

The net-work of veins acts as a service of tiny pipes, to convey the liquids up and down the petiole (leaf stalk).

Generally the water given off from the stomata is in the form of vapour; but in some plants drops of water exude from the apex or point of the leaf through the water pores. In *saxifraga crustata* leaves, there are pores round the edges of the leaves, through which water, highly charged with lime and other salts, passes out, and, as it evaporates a white deposit of lime remains which is quite visible in the form of a frosted edging to the leaves.

There is an American plant called the jewel-weed, which shows to perfection this power of distilling drops of water. I will quote a short description of its appearance at night-fall.

"Upon the approach of twilight, each leaf droops as if wilted, and from the notches along the edge, the crystal beads begin to grow until its border is hung full with its gems. It is Aladdin's lantern that you see among a bed of these succulent pale green plants, for the spectacle is like dreamland." *

A very similar effect may be observed if we visit a plant of Lady's-mantle (*Alchemilla vulgaris*) at early morning after a warm dewless night; each leaf will be found beautifully decked with dewdrops at equal distances round the edge of the leaves where the pores exude the moisture with which they are charged.

Nasturtium and *fuchsia* may also be examined for this purpose and will show exudation from their leaf pores.

If a small quantity of wheat is grown in some cocoa fibre, it will illustrate this power of giving off water, for when the little blades are a few inches high, they will be found each morning tipped with a large dewdrop, the result of exudation during the night.

In countries where the sun is intensely hot, if the leaves of trees were to be exposed to its full power, they would probably wither, and vegetation would perish.

Against this danger some trees are enabled to make special provision, by changing the form of their leaves, and their mode of hanging on the branch. In Australia, for instance, where the sun is almost vertical, the acacias and eucalyptus trees, instead of holding their leaves flat or horizontally as trees do in England, so that they may catch every ray of sunlight, avoid the heat as much as possible, by holding them edgeways to the light.

Whilst eucalyptus trees are young, and partially shaded by surrounding vegetation, their leaves are flat and oval, and English seedlings of this tree usually retain such leaves from five to ten years, our climate not being hot enough to require the mature form of leaf which hangs vertically, and is of an entirely different form.

Reference to the plates will show a young shoot of *eucalyptus globulus* and a branch of the older leaves, with their edges only exposed to sunlight (Fig. 7).

The curved sickle-shaped leaves of the eucalyptus afford very little shade to the traveller in Australia for this reason, that only fine intercrossing lines of shadow are seen on the ground. To make this clear, let my readers take a sheet of note-paper out of doors on a sunny day and hold it perfectly flat, so as to expose it to all the sunlight it can receive upon its surface, as if it were a growing beech-leaf, and it will throw a large shadow on the ground. Then hold it edgeways to the sun, and it will form the kind of thin line of shadow that would be cast by a mature eucalyptus leaf.

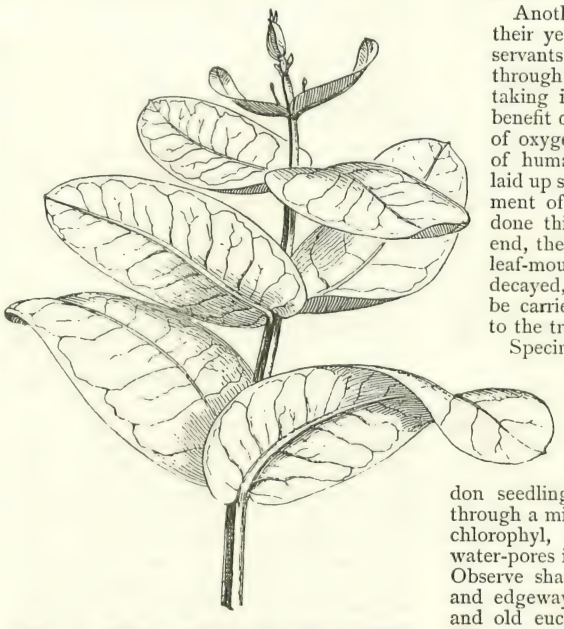


FIG. 7.—YOUNG SHOOT OF EUCALYPTUS.

Preparation for the fall of the leaf begins in spring, when a fine line or ridge may be traced just below the junction of the leaf with the stem. This dark line is in reality a thin layer of cork, which, during the summer months, continues to grow inwards to form a covering in due time for the bare place on the stem that will be left when the leaf falls off, and which is called the leaf-scar.

It is interesting to watch this line, growing more and more visible as the year goes on.

Another curious fact is, that some of the starch which the leaves have been making during the summer, becomes stored up in autumn at the base of the leaf-stalk, so as to afford nourishment to the bud which will arise out of the axil of the leaf. When iodine is applied to it, this starch turns blue, and in this way its presence can be ascertained.

The fall of the leaf appears to take place mainly because the starch has the effect of softening the cells of the leaf-stalk, and as it dries up it loses its hold of the twig, and either the wind or a slight frost will suffice to bring the leaves down to the ground in showers.

Another reason for their fall is, that their year's work is done. Like good servants, they have been hard at work all through the summer and autumn months, taking in stores of nourishment for the benefit of the tree, and giving out volumes of oxygen, so helpful for the maintenance of human life. They have secured and laid up sufficient nutriment for the development of the next year's buds, and having done this, their special office being at an end, they fall beneath the tree to become leaf-mould, which, in its turn when fully decayed, will yield nourishing elements to be carried by the winter and spring rains to the tree roots.

Specimens to be obtained:—Leaves with straight veins, such as grass or corn, hyacinth, narcissus, or any bulbous plants; leaves with netted veins, such as oak, ivy, vine, etc.; monocotyledon seedlings; di-cotyledon seedlings. Leaf-skin to be examined through a microscope, in order to see stomata, chlorophyl, network, and cells. Examine water-pores in leaves when exuding moisture. Observe shadows thrown by leaves held flat and edgeways to the sun. Compare young and old eucalyptus leaves. Observe line of cork below leaf-scars.

* *Sharp Eyes*, by Wm. Hamilton Gibson.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEATRICE.

"THERE! I feel as if I never wished to play another game of tennis in all my life!"

Beatrice flung down her racquet with an impatience and disgust very unlike her ordinary manner, and pulling off her white flannel jacket and her sailor hat, she began fanning herself rather fiercely with the latter, but without appearing to grow the cooler for the process.

"Didn't you win the tournament?" asked Bernie with wide-open eyes.

"Win! Oh, of course I won!" answered Beatrice carelessly. "I could not help myself. There was nobody worth beating amongst the whole crew! I declare I'll never play in another if there's so little fun to be had out of it! I was bored to death the whole time. Amusement indeed! I wonder where the amusement came in to-day! One was grilled and suffocated, and heard nothing but the same vapid compliments the whole time through! As though I didn't know when my strokes were bad or good without being told by half a dozen donkeys who don't know a tennis from a cricket bat!"

"Oh, Beatrice, I should have thought you'd like to be praised and to win—you did last year," remarked Bertie.

"Did I. Perhaps I was younger and foolisher then," answered Beatrice smiling a little in spite of herself. "But

oh, do please give me some tea, Miss Shuttleworth! That's what I've come to the school-room for. I'm just perished with thirst. I shall be in a better temper perhaps when *I've had* something to drink. Ah! that looks good! I hope you have a big tea-pot!"

"Didn't you get any tea there?" asked Bernie. "I thought there were always such fine things at Mrs. Masham's at tournament time!"

"Mrs. Masham is away," remarked Miss Shuttleworth, "perhaps that makes a difference."

"It does make a difference," answered Beatrice. "We get tea and refreshments all the same; but one misses her and the people she has about her. There are always good players from other places when she is at home. There is some fun in the games then. But this tournament has been the rottenest of rotten concerns. I feel quite humiliated at having gone in for it—though I suppose I could hardly have helped myself. I don't know what's the matter with me. I seem to be getting beyond everything. To think that I gave up everything else for this! it's quite disgusting!"

"What did you give up?" asked Bertie with wide-open eyes.

"Oh, I don't know. The chance of being useful for once in a way! I might have gone to Arnold's with the others perhaps if it hadn't been for this!"

"But you're not a nurse or a doctor. What could you have done?" asked the little brothers in a breath.

"Well, Freda isn't either—but she went, and they say she's almost the most useful of the lot."

"Oh, Freda is different," remarked Bertie with a vaguely oracular air. "She is accustomed to do things!"

"And don't you think I am too?"

"Not like Freda. Norah and Gipsy and Freda are the useful ones. I've heard papa and mamma say so."

Beatrice could not restrain a laugh, though there was a little flush in her face.

"And what are the rest of us?" she asked.

Bertie wrinkled his brow.

"I've not heard nobody say that; but I think I know."

"Well—out with it. It may be improving to know!"

"Guinivere's just all for dressing up and having lovers," began Bertie with great gravity. "She's like Cinderella's sisters, and I expect something bad'll happen to her some time. You're nice, but you only play games, and Mysie only lies on the sofa and likes to be ill and have the doctor. I don't think any of you are useful. But you and Guinivere are the other thing—what is it?—ornamental. I don't think Mysie's either. She's only generally cross!"

Beatrice lay back in her chair with her handkerchief to her mouth, and a hot colour in her cheek. Miss Shuttleworth looked up from behind the tea-pot to say—

"If you have finished your tea, you can run out into the garden for a little while; but do not make too much noise."

In a few moments the room was cleared of the small boys, and Beatrice looking across at Miss Shuttleworth observed—

"That was a pretty clear summing-up for a nine-year-old, was it not?"

"Children do sometimes have very clear intuitions about persons and things, although it is not always wise to encourage them to utter them," answered Miss Shuttleworth. "That is one reason why we should be much more careful what we say in presence of children, and how we behave ourselves. We think they do not notice, because they do not appear to do so; but in reality they hear and see a great deal, and form curiously defined, and sometimes curiously accurate judgments, although these judgments have all the crude hardness of youth about them."

Beatrice had had her cup replenished. She was stirring the contents thoughtfully as she spoke.

"What did he say about me? 'You only play games.' I think that has been pretty true. I don't think I have done much but play games ever since I left the school-room."

"Well?" asked Miss Shuttleworth with a smile in her eyes, "and what has been the result upon yourself?"

Beatrice looked up with her habitual frankness.

"Just at this present moment I feel as though I never wished to play another as long as I lived!"

"A very natural result, I should say," answered Miss Shuttleworth with her inward smile, "though you will not always feel just as you do now!"

"I hope not indeed," answered Beatrice quickly. "The puzzle is why I feel it at all. Why do you think it a natural result? It seems very unnatural to me!"

"I think it natural because we are not made for all play and amusement. We are sent into the world for other things as well. To some may fall much more fun and amusement than to others; but so sure as we begin to make it the business of our life, so surely will it pall upon us, and we shall become dissatisfied and restless. You have seen something of life amongst very fine fashionable people, who do make pleasure-seeking the aim and object of life—some amongst them at least. Are there any people in the world more easily and more terribly bored than these? more easily discontented if things are a little flat or monotonous? more hopelessly and restlessly craving after some new sensation, generally only to be disappointed when they have made trial of it?"

Beatrice looked roused and struck.

"You are quite right," she said. "I always do say that Mrs. Masham's fashionable friends seem always to be on the verge of dying of boredom, except just when something very entertaining is going on. I never asked why it was. Can you tell me?"

"I think it is the same feeling in essence, as the one which makes you suddenly feel that you do not care to play any more games. You feel that there is something more in life than just amusement. And really that is the root of the discontent of so many idle people, only they do not know what is the matter with them, and do not go the right way to cure it. You, my dear, who live amongst busy people, do you find them bored and discontented habitually? or do they find life altogether stale and flat?"

"No," answered Beatrice, "at least not those who have things to do. Mysie is always complaining—but then of course she never does anything from morning to night. One never wonders at her being dull."

Miss Shuttleworth smiled kindly.

"We will not pull too many holes in other people, lest we forget to look at home for perhaps very much the same kind of fault. Poor Mysie's great defect is that she has always thought she might do just what was easiest and pleasantest at the moment, without thinking whither this might lead. She has felt weak and ailing——"

"Yes, I see. I see," answered Beatrice quickly. "But then I have done just the same—only I was not weak and ailing, but very strong, and liked playing games and showing off my strength and skill better than anything. It was only doing as I liked best. I only thought of myself. Perhaps if I had been delicate I should have lain on the sofa all day too! I never thought about being sent into the world for anything special. It's rather hard to see what one is here for at all; but I don't think it does one any good only to play games and amuse oneself. Miss Shuttleworth, do you think I could make myself good for anything better?"

"I am not a great believer, my dear, in our power of making ourselves better; but I am very sure that if we are sincere in wishing to improve, and ask in the right spirit for grace and help, we always receive it, and are led step by step along the path we wish to tread."

Beatrice was silent for a moment, her bright face grave and full of thought. Like many a girl in her position, she had been well taught, but was slow to take the lesson home to herself.

"I know what you mean," she burst out suddenly. "I have been careless and thoughtless, but indeed I have a great wish to be better. I don't want to grow up just a selfish pleasure-seeker. I am sure we are made for something better than that. Miss Shuttleworth, so you think I might go to King's Castle to help the others, and to look after them, if I can't help with the sick? I wanted to go from the very first! It was all Dr. Salisbury's fault that I didn't!"

"How could that be, Beatrice?"

"Oh, I can't explain! I felt as though he expected it, and that made me just determine that I wouldn't. I know it sounds stupid; but I can't help it. He always makes me want to do just the other thing. He spoke to me to-day. He has been over again. He says the girls are working splendidly, and not sparing themselves in the least. He as good as told me I ought to go there; not to help with the sick—he thinks me far too useless and frivolous for

that—but to look after them, and take care of them at home, and see that they get food and rest. And I was just horrid! I put my nose in the air, and said I had other things to do than fuss after my step-sisters! Think of my calling them step-sisters after all these years! And I talked about the tennis club and my engagements! Oh, how I did hate myself all the time! But I couldn't help doing it all the same! But, Miss Shuttleworth, I made up my mind then and there that I'd go off to King's Castle to-morrow morning if papa will let me. I hate the club and the tennis! I feel as though it had made a selfish, useless thing of me! I'd go to-night if I could. Only, please, Miss Shuttleworth, if Dr. Salisbury comes here whilst I'm gone, don't let him know anything about me and King's Castle!"

"My dear, how can I help it, if your mother or sisters should name it?" and at that question Beatrice could not but laugh, her cheeks growing hot at the same time.

"I suppose I'm a great donkey," she said, "but I just hate for Dr. Salisbury to think that anything he said made any difference!"

Mr. Wilberforce was only too willing to let Beatrice go to help her sisters. Perhaps he had felt sometimes a little regret that his three daughters should be all content to take life so easily, whilst the other three girls were beginning to face the battle of life for themselves even now. There was no reason why his own children should attempt any sort of remunerative work. They were provided for, and he would not have wished to see them swelling the ranks of the workers in the world's hive, who depended on their efforts for their daily bread; but he did not desire to see them altogether drones, and this request from Beatrice seemed to him a natural and a becoming one under the circumstances.

It was the first time that Beatrice had paid a visit from home without Guinivere; and it felt rather strange to be alone in the railway carriage, even though this could hardly be called a visit, and she was going to join her three sisters. But the sight of Arnold's familiar face at the carriage window when the train drew up, took away all sense of strangeness, and the welcome she received made her heart glad.

"You are a capital girl, Beatrice! I should never have dared ask or think of such a thing; but I am convinced your sisters want somebody to take care of them. I believe my two servants do what they can, but I know things aren't done as they should be, and I don't believe that any of them get sleep enough, unless perhaps Freda, who is not so much with the sick. Norah says it does not hurt her. She can stand a good spell at a time. But I don't think it's good for them, yet I don't know how to stop it. The need is very great, and they are just splendid the way they work!"

"I only wish I had come before to help!" cried Beatrice. "It was only that horrid old stupid tournament that kept me; and it just served me right; for I never played in such a stupid thing in all my life. I never had to play up once the whole time. It was like fighting a lot of children or beginners! And I might have been here doing something sensible and helpful all the time! I can't be disgusted enough with myself!"

"Why, but, Beatrice, nobody ever thought of such a thing! It isn't at all in your line, you know."

"But why shouldn't it be? Why should nobody think I can be a bit useful? I'm the strongest of the whole half-dozen. I'm never ill; I never take anything. I'm just the one of the whole lot who ought to be useful; and I've spent my life playing games! Oh, I could shake myself for it! But I mean to work now. You see if I don't!"

Beatrice was as good as her word. She threw herself into her self-imposed tasks with all the force of character and enthusiasm of interest which made her so successful in whatever she had taken up before. Her perfect physical training stood her in most excellent stead now, and sometimes almost seemed to take the place of skilled training. For she could lift a patient with a gentleness and ease that surprised Norah, and immensely lightened her labours, whilst something in her bright face and arch smile and gay address took the people's hearts by storm, and "Miss Beatrice" became almost more popular amongst them even than her predecessors.

For Beatrice would not be kept away from the sick. She soon found that the only real way of lightening her sisters' burdens was to share their tasks. Another active helper, who was ready to turn her hand to anything, and came with full strength and unimpaired energy to the task made all the difference to the overworked nurses. They got through the daily round now with ease. They could be sure of their night's rest undisturbed. They had not to rise at unduly early hours to get through the day's tasks. Beatrice took them on her mind from the first, and looked after them all in a way that seemed surprising in her, although she did it so naturally and brightly that it soon became familiar and pleasant; but she went with them to the homes of the sick also, and was eager to learn all that any sister could teach her. She was the idol of the little boys, whom she turned out of the cottages neck and crop, and instructed in the mysteries of cricket upon the village green, so that they played happily there from morning to night (supplied with bats and balls of a kind that seemed most superior to them), to the great relief of the sick ones at home; and as the little girls were almost as much interested in the never-ending matches as their brothers, the village was wonderfully quieter, and the sick throve apace.

Indeed the fever seemed now fairly on the wane. The majority of the cases were recovering. Many of the patients were now convalescent, and others mending slowly.

There were still a few anxious and critical cases that kept the nurses to their post, but these were the exception rather than the rule, and fresh cases were becoming rare.

"I brought the luck down with me," Beatrice would say with a laugh; and it almost seemed as though her words were true, although she had come in for a fortnight of some of the hardest work.

She was out on the village green one hot Saturday afternoon. It had been pretty well settled by this time that the "Sisters of mercy" as they were sometimes called could now be spared, and they were to leave some time during the next week. Beatrice had been hard at work in the cottages, but the day was close and oppressive, and a qualm of sick dizziness had driven her out into the open air. She had gone to look after the boys, and had delighted them by taking a bat, and showing them a more scientific way of handling it, when again the sensation of giddiness came over her, and she thought she would go home and lie down.

"I believe for once in my life I have got a headache!" she said to herself, with a smile. "I never remember having such a thing in my life before. It isn't very pleasant; but I shall be proud of my unique experience afterwards no doubt!"

She nodded to the boys gaily enough and turned to walk home, but her steps were curiously uncertain, and the light seemed to dance and dazzle in a most unaccountable way. Almost instinctively she looked round as though for some support, and the next minute she felt her hands grasped, and a voice which she knew—but which was the last in the world she expected to hear in this place and at this time—said quietly—

"Take my arm, Miss Beatrice, I will get you home safely."

There was a mist before her eyes, and she dashed her hand across them impatiently.

"Dr. Salisbury!" she exclaimed, and then drawing herself up she said with a touch of the old defiance—

"I don't want any help, thank you. I have only got a headache."

"I hope so," he answered. "But I will take you home. I fear it may be a touch of the fever as well."

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

It has become really one of the pleasant sight-seeing expeditions of London to go into Hyde Park in the early hours of the morning and see the lady cyclers, who are many in number just at that time, and of various grades of proficiency. Some old and experienced riders are accompanied by others just entering on the exercise; and not a few of these are conducted by a man who runs by the side of their several machines, to help and to safeguard the aspirants from falls or accidents; a very wise thing too, for after one or two falls some women get entirely demoralised, and decline to have anything further to do with such a dangerous, and sometimes painful pastime. So I advise everyone to avoid falls, and do her best to escape them; not only for this reason, but also because their effect is so bad otherwise, for they shake the whole frame.

It seems as if English women were peculiarly gifted with cleverness in adopting exactly the right costume for out-of-door pastimes of all kinds, and for years English tailors have led the way in riding-habits and tailor-made gowns. This is still the case as regards bicycling, and that is really what I wanted to mention, though I have been obliged to say several things first to help others with well-won experience. With regard to the dress for cycling, I think it cannot be too plain, or too neat and trim. There must be no ribbons to fly about, and no big hats to blow off. The best hats for the cycle are the "tam o' shanter" (for those to whom it is becoming), but better still the small close hat of boat-shape, or slightly high in the crown like a Tyrol point, with a wide ribbon round the crown. A small "toque" of velvet, fur, or felt is also suitable, and I see on brighter days that the sailor or the French sailor holds its own amongst young girls. The dress worn is absolutely tailor-made in its trim neatness, in cloth or serge generally, but frieze for warmer gowns, black, brown, or dark blue being the colours most liked. The skirts are short, generally lined, and the jackets tight-fitting. White gloves are worn by the best-dressed women, and are generally white woollen knitted ones, which possess the advantage that they can be washed often, and so be kept up to the required standard of whiteness, which is considered requisite by Dame Fashion to-day. The little fur necktie is seen everywhere save when replaced by a ruff; and everything worn, I cannot too often say, must be extremely neat, the veil tidy and the hat very well pinned on. I must also remind you about the careful dressing of the hair; you must remember that when mounted on the cycle the rider is at the exact level of the eyes of the lookers-on, and so far more visible than when she is engaged in anything else. I am glad to mention here likewise that I have not seen a single bloomer or knickerbocker dress in Hyde Park, during the two visits which I have paid there for the purpose of studying the dress for the cycle.

ETON JACKET OF CLOTH AND CARACUL, AND CARACUL CAPE.

A few words must also be given to the dress for skating, which is as fashionable a pastime this winter as it was the last, and goes merrily on all day at the Niagara rink quite after the Canadian style. Here too the best-dressed women prefer the trim, neat and tight-fitting to the gay apparel, and attempt at picturesqueness, which was the fashion last winter. The white satin blouse is conspicuous by its absence

from the ice-field. For the rest, the same description will answer for "Niagara," as I have given of the cycling dress in Hyde Park, with this difference that at Niagara a bright silk lining to the tailor-made costume is affected, as this is a good deal shown in the motion of the body when on skates, and this natural touch really does add picturesqueness to the scene. There are the boots, too, to be considered, and they ought to be well-fitting, high, but quite easy to the foot.

The greatest boon of this winter in the dress line is, I think, paisley, velvet, or plushes, which are really the most becoming things we have had for many years. They make charming blouses, and the new long coats, which are sometimes known as "Louis XV." and sometimes as "Prince Ruperts," are very beautiful when made of them, with buttons of imitation stones and any real white lace of which we may be possessed, to make a blouse front. These little coats are now very generally used for the evening, and there is no doubt that for concerts, and other musical entertainments it is far wiser and more sensible to have the throat and neck covered up and the chest protected during the cold winter weather.

Braiding is all the rage this winter, and many out-of-door costumes, capes, and jackets, look very handsome indeed with it as their sole decoration. The novelty of the season consists in the braiding being applied to velvet, which was formerly thought to be an unsuitable material for it. The newest of all in this way appears to be bands of handsome braiding, on which are appliquéd numbers of coloured or black sequins. These bands can very easily be made by the wearer herself. Indeed I hear constantly of girls busily employed in sequin embroidery, which seems to be a fashion of the moment.

Our illustration of an "Eton jacket" of cloth and caracul, and the cape below it, shows the very last ideas, so far as fur-trimmings are concerned, and it is only fair to remark that both need not be of real fur, as the good imitation of fur will answer equally well, and be the wholesomer of the two in wear also, as it is more pervious to the air. The whole costume, skirt and all, may be called of the best style of tailor-made; and the skirt is moderately full, edged with the same fur, and lined, if possible, with a brightly-coloured lining, the same lining being used for that of the skirt. This costume is made of mulberry-coloured cloth, with a ruff, muff, and "toque" of darker-coloured velvet of the same tint. The cape illustrated below, is made either of fur or of sequin embroidery, and can be finished either for out-of-door or in-door use. In sequin embroidery it will serve to transform a plain morning-gown into a stylish evening one, and if imitation-fur be used to make it, can be utilised to furbish-up an old shabby winter-gown that has seen its best days. The band is a very pretty one. It is of velvet or satin, with points of embroidery edged with lace turned down above it.

The newest jacket is, I think, that with the straight and unshaped back, which was introduced from Paris last winter, but which—as the slang expression has it—did not "catch-on;" the cause probably being, that the first introduced were of such costly materials that only rich women could purchase them. They are very youthful-looking, and quite as useful as a jacket can be, with our present huge sleeves. The other gown is a very simple example of a plain costume, the chief novelty being the square buttons.

The evening *fichu* is another of our new

A STRAIGHT-BACKED JACKET, AND A PLAIN FRIEZE WALKING-GOWN.

AN EVENING FICHU, AND A BLOUSE.

ideas for lightening a thick gown; and the blouse next to it is a very pretty one, being made originally of pink *chiffon*, with sleeves of green velvet or the new Paisley plush. The ribbons were of green satin, and the sash of the same.

The paper pattern selected for the present month is that of a pair of drawers of the new style; very short, to the knees only, and cut in a rounded shape up to the side of the leg, where the seven tucks are seen, and through the open holes of the insertion a piece of brightly-hued "baby ribbon" is run; which, on being pulled up, makes the drawers set tightly over the knee, and the ends are tied in a bow at the side. There seems to be a tendency to return to the nearly obsolete drawers as a much-needed outer covering for the "combinations," which, without them, become so speedily soiled, and thus entail that constant washing, which ruins them in every way.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Nightgown, drawers, and Senorita underbodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of either cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, Senorita jacket, bodice fastened under the arm, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, under petticoat, cross-over blouse, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

NEW SHAPE OF NAINSOOK-DRAWERS.
(*Paper pattern.*)

PROSPECTUS PUZZLE: "SWEET SEVENTEEN."

SOLUTION.

SWEET XVII

S-*on*-N ET

THESWEETESTBL O ss O mint HE world I ss H E
OF L O V *in*-G-G race FUL girl hoods GLORIOUS prim E
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T hat sheaf actor *in*-T-H IS world MUSTB
AND as THE church-bells *in*-T-H E IR E CH O-*in*-G chime
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WHEREEVER tender maiden hood dot HD well
THATWE L D *in*-G-hearts *in*-T-R U EST U NI-*on*-BT

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

SONNET.

The sweetest blossom in the world is she
  Of loving, graceful girlhood's glorious prime,
  That blushing starts, in early summer-time,
To wonder at her life, and wondering see
That she a factor in this world must be;
  And as the church-bells in their echoing chime
  Resound o'er hill and dale through wayside thyme
She metes to all a perfumed symphony.

O music's truth the scented flowers among!
  O helpful life that makes glad pulses swell—
    Of life's full year thou art the very sweet!
O may our birthday find an echoing song
  Wherever tender maidenhood doth dwell,
    That welding hearts in truest union beat!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Twelve Shillings Each.

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Owing to the success of the Competition and the consequent length of the award, we have no space for a Report.

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QUESTIONS.

271. What is known of the personality and family relations of Hosea? At what period did he live, and what is the meaning of his name? Mention some of his contemporaries.

272. Show from indications that the sphere of Hosea's ministry was the northern kingdom of Israel? What was the condition of the nation during his lifetime?

273. What four remarkable quotations from Hosea occur in the New Testament?

274. Of what parentage and tribe was the prophet Joel? To what time did he belong, and what is the meaning of his name?

275. What are the three special and chief prophecies in the book of Joel?

276. Cite the two quotations from this prophet made by St. Peter and St. Paul respectively.

277. What is the meaning of the name "Amos?" What occupation did Amos follow? Use his own words.

278. With what other prophet was Amos contemporaneous? To whom was he specially sent?

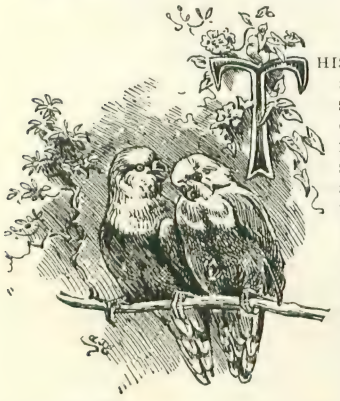
279. Where was Tekoa? and where is it elsewhere mentioned in the Bible? Relate the history of the place so far as known.

280. How was the prophetic character of Amos established by the words of St. Stephen, the first Martyr, and by the Apostle St. James?

A PICTURE IN MONOTONE

By E. C. VANSITTART.

"An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words—so short to speak—
But whose echo is endless!
The world is wide—these things are small—
They may be nothing—but they are all!"



THIS is not a love-story, indeed it is not "a story" at all, but merely the outline of a woman's uneventful life, the like of which is being daily consummated in our midst, and is best described by the term "colourless," for lack of the trifling services or kindly words which lie within the power of all, and which do so much in their fulfilment to brighten and cheer these lonely ones of earth.

Ruth St. John (the world knew her as Miss St. John) was such an one; she was "no longer young," as people say, being forty or thereabouts—perhaps the most trying age, when youth with its spring and buoyancy lies behind, a dusty stretch of road in front—old enough to have lived through the bitterest sorrows and losses life holds—yet not old enough to have reached the calm of the aged, who, sitting with folded hands in the sunset, look back across the past as it lies transfigured by the light from the further shore, on whose brink their feet are standing.

How shall I describe her? A quiet, fragile-looking woman of middle height, whose soft brown hair was streaked with silver, possessed of no beauty, though the peaceful serenity of her blue eyes, and the extreme sweetness of the look round the mouth were perhaps more winning than actual perfection of features or of colouring, while that refinement which is the outcome of innate good breeding allied to gentle birth, distinguished her every movement. She spoke in the low tones peculiar to those who live much alone, as if the habitual silence round them had taught them to lower their own voices. Gentleness was her chief characteristic, and yet when injustice demanded redress, or an act of cruelty had been perpetrated, the soft eyes could flash, and the sweet mouth grow so stern that offenders quailed, and though no one would have been more surprised than herself to have been told so, her very presence was a restraining influence. The voice of slander grew dumb before this quiet, unobtrusive woman, and certain subjects freely discussed on other occasions, were dropped by tacit consent when she appeared.

"It is strange Miss St. John should never have married," was a remark often made. Was it strange? Hers had been the old, old story of a hundred women's lives in the past, as it is the secret of hundreds in the present. She had grown up the eldest daughter in a country vicarage, and after a happy, sunny childhood, had given her heart to her father's curate; no word of love had as yet passed between them, but they understood each other, and the future seemed very fair till, when Ruth St. John reached her twenty-third year, the sorrow of her life fell upon her in the sudden death of her well-nigh idolised mother. When the first crushing weight of that blow passed, life itself had changed for Ruth. Could she—she asked herself—leave her desolate father alone? Could she forsake her young brothers and her little sister who was just entering girlhood? Could she be happy knowing them to be lonely, when, by staying at home, she could do something to fill her mother's place? On her knees, in the night-watches, she fought out her battle and came forth victorious, self was put aside once for all, and the great renunciation then begun was to be the key-note of her future life. No explanation took place, only on Ruth's part there was a quiet withdrawal: she wished to save the man she loved the pain of a refusal. Piqued, hurt, angry at what he termed her "fickleness," his eyes blinded by wounded pride, he did not wait to consider, nor attempt to come to an understanding, but, resigning his curacy, left for London. Their lives drifted apart, and she lost sight of him entirely. Long afterwards, she heard of him as married and rector of a large parish in a manufacturing town. So her dream ended.

Years passed on—"the best years" of her life—and change after change took place: her sister died after a long illness, during which Ruth nursed her devotedly, her brothers went out into the world, and finally her father, too, was laid to rest, and she had to leave the dear old vicarage where all her youth had been spent, where she had known her highest joys and deepest sorrows; had to bid farewell to the garden where almost every flower and shrub had been planted by her hands, the familiar rooms in which shadowy forms still seemed to linger. What that uprooting cost her no one ever knew! At thirty-five years of age she found herself alone in the world, for of her brothers only one remained, he was married and settled in India, and she had no other relatives. Without being wealthy she was left comfortably off; and since she could no longer live on in the old neighbourhood she decided to settle in London, or rather in one of the suburbs, so as to have at least a semblance of the country left, for she was well-connected and had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and it seemed to her she would be less lonely in the great centre of thought and activity. So it came that she established herself in one of those villa-residences with which the outskirts of London teem.

Bravely this gentle, shrinking woman, whose nature was made to cling and to be taken care of, but whom Providence had decreed should stand alone, faced her loneliness. She had always loved pretty things and refinement, and there was something pathetic in the way she now strove to beautify her surroundings and to brighten her rooms with flowers and plants (many of which were cuttings from those in the old vicarage garden), bits of rare china, choice photographs, books, and treasures of various kinds. "It is not entirely selfish, I hope," she would say, "for it will give others pleasure, too." Many relics of the past were there: her father's easy-chair stood in the corner, her mother's work-table occupied one window, her sister's canary sang in another; against the walls hung the pictured likenesses of her beloved ones. "I like to have their dear faces round me," she was wont to say; "to shut them up out of sight is as if they no longer belonged to us."

At first she had a considerable number of visitors; her losses were recent and inspired pity, but little by little they dropped off. "Really, if people will live so much out of the way, they cannot expect one to call upon them often," or, "It takes a whole afternoon to go to Miss St. John and back; I cannot possibly afford the time," were the excuses made. In that great world of London, Ruth St. John was but a unit swallowed up in a crowd of other units; she had neither strength nor inclination to keep pace with the rate at which life was lived by those who would fain keep "in society," and so she dropped out of the race. Too humble-minded to assert her own position, there grew to be something wistfully apologetic in her manner when she did pay her visits, as if she were afraid of obtruding herself, and very touching was her gratitude for the smallest attention. Yet her mind was highly cultured, as those could not fail to discover who took the trouble to know her; those years of close companionship with her father, who was both a scholar and a scientist, besides sharing her brother's studies, had taught her more and given her a wider range of knowledge than falls to the lot of most women, but she had too lowly an estimate of her own powers ever to come forward or to take the lead in conversation, and it was only accidentally that at times she betrayed her superiority of intellect.

People sought her often as the confidante of their troubles. "Miss St. John is such a good listener," they were apt to remark. Yes, because her wondrous power of sympathy attracted sympathy, and because her sweet selfless nature led her to respond so fully. Of herself she rarely spoke, perhaps because those who were so ready to pour out their own grievances had no leisure left to "listen," or did not think it necessary seeing there was nothing sad or gloomy about Ruth; her blue eyes were always serene, her smile ready, and no one cared enough to observe if a shadow lurked in their depths, or if the curve round the lips was intensified—the only outward and visible signs that she had had to battle against the overpowering sense of loneliness that sometimes swept over her. On one occasion, when a young girl had been complaining loudly of the exactions she had to submit to from the invalid aunt with whom she lived, she had been startled by the ring of pain in Ruth's voice, as she laid a hand upon her shoulder, saying:

"Ah, dear child! do not speak like that; be thankful there is someone who wants you; may you never know what it is to be no longer necessary to anyone."

And once, only once, she had been heard to say: "I have never been able to get accustomed to the feeling of desolation on finding no one to greet me when I come in, and of remembering there is no one for whom I need hurry home." But her dark hours were fought out alone and in silence, to the world she ever showed a brave face.

Yet hers was a full, rich life: a Sunday-school class, a district, coal and clothing clubs, mothers' meetings, and many other such works of mercy filled up her days; and the vicar of the parish, whose invalid wife was unable to help him, used laughingly to call Miss St. John his "third curate." Always delicate, it was astonishing what she got through, astonishing, too, how much she

managed to accomplish with her limited income. She had always specially loved children, and her happiest hours were those she spent at a little cottage hospital she had established for sick children: when she left their bedsides there was a light on her face not of this world.

But, at last, a day came when she was no longer seen in her familiar haunts. She had caught cold one foggy, November evening as she came out from a visit to a sick child; her chest had always been delicate, and now serious mischief threatened. After the sharpness of the attack was over, she did not get back her strength nor lose her cough. One by one she had to give up her cherished occupations and resign herself to an indoor existence. In the dark days of that long winter Ruth St. John went through the Gethsemane of her life; while she had been able to go about, brightening other lives, the weight of desolation had not pressed so heavily, but now came the test; enforced inactivity to this woman, who had never spared herself, was the bitterest of trials. It was the last and hardest fight, but as she had come victoriously through all that had gone before, so she triumphed in this, only blaming herself for ever having repined. For days at a time she saw no one, the vicar was her most frequent visitor; he had long recognised the beauty of that selfless life, and on going home, used to say to his wife: "I do not think she will get over it. The world will be a poorer place without her. If there were a few more like her how different it would be."

She was spared acute suffering, but gradually grew weaker, till one Easter morning when her faithful maid went into her room, she found her spirit had fled; alone she had faced life, alone she met death; no warm human hand clasped hers as she walked down to the brink of the river, no loved human voice spoke tender words as earth faded from her sight; yet she was not alone, for One who had lighted for her the loneliness of life, was with her, illuminating the dark valley, and those who saw the look of rapturous surprise on her white face as she lay there, never forgot it.

"Have you heard of Miss St. John's death?"

"No, poor thing, how sad! but hers was a lonely life."

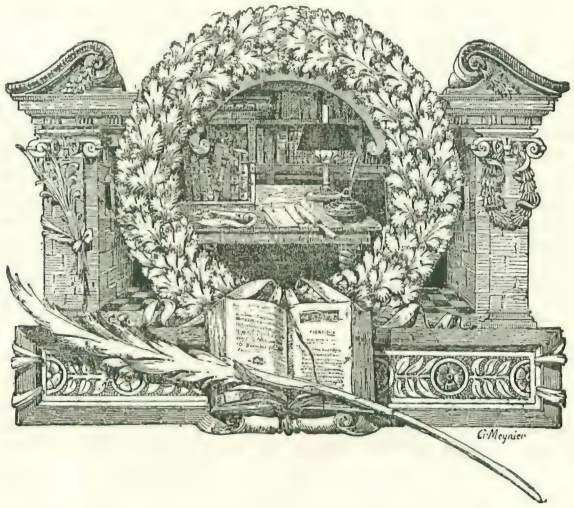
Such, and like remarks were made as the news became known! did it strike any that they might have helped to make that life less lonely? was it remorse that prompted the sending of exquisite wreaths and crosses of fresh flowers, which literally covered the coffin? Who can tell? But a bitter cry went up from the children's hearts in the little hospital when they were told they would never see her gentle face, nor feel the touch of her soft hands again, and round the open grave pressed a crowd of poorly-dressed men and women, all of whom had tried to put on some semblance of mourning, if only a bit of ragged crape round their sleeves; with tear-dimmed eyes they looked on the grave.

"Ah!" said one, "we shall never see her like again! I'll never forget how when my Johnny well-nigh died of the fever last spring, she came every day to watch beside him, and brought him jelly and broth, and how she sent him to the sea afterwards to get strong."

"And she paid my rent all last winter, else I'd have had to go to the workhouse," said an old woman in trembling tones.

"And she got me my place at the vicarage, bless her!" exclaimed a youth. But one—a girl, whose pale face and sunken eyes, told their own tale, holding a puny baby in her arms, lingered after all the others had left; bitter tears dropped on the new-made grave, as she knelt beside it: "She saved my life," she murmured; "when everyone else turned from me, and I would have put an end to myself in my misery, she came to me, she who was as pure as the snow from Heaven! She didn't shrink from me, but helped me in my sore trouble; yes, and she stood godmother to you, baby," as her tears fell upon the child's face. "She was my best, my only friend, but I'll try and live as she would have had me, and perhaps she'll see me from heaven still."

Many a lonely invalid, many a struggling worker missed the bright letters full of sympathy and tenderness, which had been penned so regularly from that quiet room; even indifferent people found a strange blank had suddenly crept into their lives, as they missed the many little offices, which had passed unobserved, the ever-ready ear, the never-failing welcome, the quick response to every appeal for help, and some wished regretfully they had done more for her who had done so much for others; the very memory of whom now seemed to leave "in their hearts a sound as of angelic music, a light as of purple wings," but beyond the blue skies in the Paradise of the Blessed, Ruth St. John was enjoying the "exceeding great reward," which awaits all who tender the "cups of cold water" to Christ's "little ones" on earth.



HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

BUT Christmas Eve passed on, the new agreement was brought and signed, and still Charlie did not come. The other young men looked at one another and laughed when they found that he had not appeared, and one or two betrayed symptoms of an inclination to take his place and monopolize Cecil. But they had no chance, as they were ready to acknowledge ruefully at night, for even if Miss Anstruther had been willing to let herself be monopolized, Lady Haigh would not have allowed it. She was very particular in keeping the conversation general in the drawing-room that evening, and in checking any tendency towards confidential talks. Captain Rossiter did once by a bold stroke succeed in getting Cecil to linger at the piano, trying over the accompaniment of a new song which had just reached him from England, but before he could guide the conversation round to anything more interesting than key-notes and sharps, Lady Haigh moved over to a chair close to the instrument, and the rest of the company followed.

Cecil did not sleep much that night. She had made definitely the momentous decision which had been confronting her for so long, and had signed away her liberty for three years more, but it was not the thought of this that kept her awake. She had heard Charlie Egerton's love declared, though not by himself, and the recollection made her heart beat fast. Even if (and she was not quite so sure about this as she had been a little while ago), even if she did not love him, she could not but feel touched both by his affection and his constancy. But why had he not come back? Why, after declaring so openly his intention

of returning, had he lingered until after she had bound herself to remain in Baghdad? What had detained him? Had anything happened to involve him in one of the border disputes which were continually occurring between the Arab tribes, or had the spell of the old wandering life regained its power over him? If it really were the latter, Cecil felt that he might as well spare himself the trouble of coming back at all, so far as she was concerned. Ever since she had first met him, she had deliberately thrown her influence into the scale against his nomadic tastes, trying to induce him to settle down steadily, and do his best, by persistent attention to duty, to counteract the effects of his earlier erratic proceedings. It was a pity, she had felt sometimes, that a man whose nature revelled in the unusual and the unconventional should be guided so strenuously into the beaten track, where another, with natural gifts of a far less remarkable order, would have filled his place with much more satisfaction to himself and to his superiors.

But it was all for Charlie's own good. It must be to his advantage to be held back from sacrificing all his prospects to the impulse of a moment, and Lady Haigh had been unremitting in impressing upon Cecil that whereas an eccentric, harum-scarum genius might do a great deal in the way of contributions to inexact science, the Indian Government, and indeed all governments, preferred the steady man who could be trusted to keep in the line marked out for him. Almost unconsciously, Cecil had been setting this as a kind of test for Charlie in her own mind, watching, with an interest which she believed was wholly ethical and impersonal, his two years' struggle to stick to his work and avoid quarrelling with Sir Dugald. Hence she had come to the rather one-sided conclusion that she would certainly have no more to do with him if his efforts failed, while she discreetly left a blank as to what was to happen if they were crowned with success. But in any case, if he could forget all that he had said, and the importance of haste, at such a time as this, and linger among the Bakhtiaris or the Hajar, it would be evident that his love was as little to be depended upon as his persistence in any walk of life had formerly been.

It was not wounded pride which actuated Cecil as she reasoned out this conclusion with herself, nor was it lack of sympathy with Charlie in the trials and worries of his uninteresting post at Baghdad. It was simply that she felt the lack of stability in his character, and the need there was for correcting it, and that she had a traitor on her own side to crush, in the shape of the unreasoning attraction towards Eastern and simpler modes of life which sometimes possessed herself. With Charlie this feeling was a passion, but in her it came only very occasionally into collision with her habitual fixedness of purpose and invariable caution. Still, the very knowledge of the existence of this tendency in herself made her harder on Charlie, and more determined to guide him in the safe middle path of daily duty steadily performed—just as we are all prone to correct with greater willingness the faults we perceive in ourselves which are at variance with our general character—and she felt, as she reviewed her conduct and advice mentally that night, that she could not reproach herself with what she had done. But she had now something else to consider, namely, what she was going to do, although the circumstances seemed so uncertain that she felt herself justified in leaving the matter open. Suppose Charlie had been unavoidably detained after all, and that he returned within the next few days, would he speak to her still, now that his speaking would come too late? She could not doubt for a moment that he would, but when he did, what would he say? Yes, and what would she say? These questions ran in her mind all night, in spite of the wise procrastination she had exercised in deciding to leave the question uncertain.

"I really wish," she said pettishly to herself, when she saw in the morning her pale face and tired eyes reflected in the glass. "I really wish now that he would stay away until to-morrow, so that I could get back to the Palace and be safe with Azim Bey without having to go through all this." And so much worried and perturbed did she feel at the moment that she believed she meant what she said.

The morning passed quietly. The party from the Residency rode over to the mission-house to join in the English service in the room which served Dr. Yehudi as a church, and which was decorated with palm-branches and quaint devices arranged by the school-children, who mustered afterwards to receive good advice and sweetmeats from Sir Dugald, and presents from Lady Haigh and Cecil. Then the horses were brought up again, and the visitors rode home, refusing to tax the scanty resources of the mission party by staying to lunch. At the Residency the meal was despatched in haste, for all the members of the British colony in Baghdad were expected to join in the Christmas dinner that evening, and such a prospect necessitated a good deal of preparation. Sir Dugald retired to his office to escape from the bustle, and such of his subordinates as did not follow his example found themselves impressed into Lady Haigh's service for the purpose of moving furniture, hanging up draperies, and otherwise altering the appearance of the principal rooms. Cecil undertook the decoration of the dinner-table, much to the indignation of the Indian butler, who considered that he knew far more about dinner-parties than the Miss Sahiba, and Lady Haigh superintended everything, driving white-clothed servants before her in agitated troops.

It was in the midst of all this turmoil that Charlie came home. Lady Haigh heard him ride into the courtyard, and flew to greet him.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she cried, as he dismounted and came to meet her, "why didn't you come before? You are too late."

"She has signed the agreement, then?" he asked quickly. Lady Haigh nodded, and he went on. "I thought as much. Thanks to that abominable child, I believe, for you know his mother was one of the Hajar, I have been detained in their tents for a week. They persisted that they were at war with the Fazz, and that I could not go on except at the risk of my life, and they kept me a regular prisoner. Twice I tried to get away, and each time they brought me back. Yesterday I managed to get hold of my revolvers, which they had hidden away, and we very nearly had a great fight. I threatened to shoot them all if they would not let me go, and at last they consented to disgorge the horses and my things, and my boy Hanna and I came on at once. We parted company this morning. He was to come on gently with the luggage, while I rode hard, and now it is too late after all."

"My poor dear boy!" cried Lady Haigh, the tears rising in her sympathetic eyes. "I did my best for you, really, but you see I could not plead as you would have done, could I? But you shall speak to her yourself. Leave it to me, and I will make an opportunity for you, only it must be when there is no one about, that people may not begin to talk."

"Thank you, Cousin Elma. It's something like a condemned criminal's last interview with his friends, to give me one talk with her before three years' separation."

"You were always inclined to be discontented, Charlie," said Lady Haigh reprovingly. "Be thankful for what you can get, and now go and make yourself respectable."

He laughed, and betook himself in the direction of his own quarters. Cecil, at work in the dining-room, heard his steps on the floor of the verandah, and went on with her task of piling up crystallised fruits on the dessert-dishes with trembling fingers. Perhaps he would not see her as he passed. But he did. A casual glance into the room showed him that she was standing there, and he went no further. An insane impulse seized her to run away when he came in, but she stood her ground, though looking and feeling miserably guilty. Charlie caught both her hands in his, and stood gazing into her flushed face with a look before which her eyes fell. Then, almost before Farideh, the slipshod handmaiden who was supposed to be assisting in the festive preparations, had time to profit by the little distraction to the extent of surreptitiously conveying an apricot to her mouth, he recollected himself, and loosing his hold of Cecil's hands, asked eagerly—

"You will let me speak to you in private some time or other?"

"Yes," faltered Cecil, and he went out, while she, suddenly discovering Farideh's part in the little scene which had just been enacted, taxed her with her guilt, and proceeded to give her a severe scolding in somewhat imperfect Arabic, though her lips would quiver with a smile in the sternest passages.

(To be continued.)

Odds and Ends.

THE worth and value of paper pulp is not generally known. If it is mixed with plaster of Paris, Portland cement, or glue, it forms a paste that will stop cracks in wood or metal more effectually than anything else. It must always be kept in a bottle, closely stoppered, to prevent its moisture evaporating. When it is needed for use, it should be made of the consistency of gruel by the addition of hot water, then, if plaster of Paris be added, it becomes pasty in consistence. This applied to a leak in a water- or gas-pipe has an instant effect, whilst, mixed with fine sawdust and boiled for several hours, it makes a splendid filling for cracks in the boards of floors. It should be laid in the crack and left until almost dry, then covered with paraffin and smoothed down with a hot iron.

IT is a rather curious fact that many of the luxuries and extravagances of modern times have their origin in New York. The latest craze in that American city is perfumed butter, which is made into pats and stamped with a floral design, and is then wrapped in a thin cloth and placed in a flat dish filled with violets, roses or carnations, or any other scented flower. Another layer of flowers is then placed on the top, so that the butter is really imbedded in blossoms. The dish is put upon ice, where it is left for several hours; the butter being highly perfumed when it is brought to table. There seems to be little object in this waste of flowers, as fresh butter is sufficiently delicious to need no accompaniment in the way of scent.

"IF we listen to our self-love, we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell upon its hindrances, and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, still indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power, and give, if we had but wealth, and be, if we had no temptations. We shall be for ever querulously pleading our unloving temper and unfruitful life; and fancying ourselves injured beings, virtually frowning at the dear Providence that loves us, and chafing with a self-torture which invites no pity. If we yield ourselves unto God, and sincerely accept our lot as assigned by Him, we shall count up its contents, and disregard its omissions; and be it as feeble as a cripple's, and as narrow as a child's, shall find in it resources of good surpassing our best economy, and sacred claims that may keep awake our highest will."—*James Martineau.*

A YOUNG French woman, Mdlle Jeanne Benaben is one of the most remarkable women in Europe. She is only eighteen years of age, yet two years ago she was made Bachelor of Arts of one of the most famous colleges in France, afterwards becoming a Professor of Philosophy in a college for women at Lyons. Now she is a Licentiate in Philosophy, one of the most important degrees of the Sorbonne, coming out of a supremely difficult examination, third on a list of two hundred candidates.

KING GEORGE III. was born at a house in St. James's Square, London, which is still standing at the back of Norfolk House, the town mansion of the Duke of Norfolk, and parallel with it. It is a small building, of the Hanoverian style, little more than a cottage, and for many years has been used as a stable and house for servants. The present stable-yard was once the garden which ran down to, and fronted the Square.

"THE wish to succeed is an element in every undertaking, without which achievement is impossible. The ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity, the driving-wheel of industry, the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives energy to the individual, enthusiasm to the many, push to the nation. It makes the difference between people who move as a stream and people who stand like a pool."

NEGROS are remarkable for their readiness of repartee and wit. For many years the janitor of an American college was a negro who was the butt of the students, yet rarely was vanquished in a verbal encounter. One day he was superintending the burning of some turf upon one of the college lawns, when a newly-arrived student passing by, called out "Well, Sam, that is almost as black as you are." "Yes, sah," replied Sam, "and next spring it will be 'most as green as you are now."

THE present rage for cycling is not confined to the middle classes alone, and the adoption of the exercise or pastime by royalty and wealthy people has naturally led to many costly improvements, both in the appearance and running powers of bicycles. But it has been reserved for a cycling club in Milan to set the fashion in the way of extravagance. This club has had a machine made for presentation to the Queen of Italy, with spokes and wheels of pure gold. It sounds a little ostentatious, and it is more than probable that the Queen would find an ordinary steel bicycle much more serviceable.

TWO hundred years ago certain English counties had the privilege given them by Parliament of coining money, the post of Master of the Mint being considered one of great honour. In the reign of Edward the Confessor there were seven mint-masters in the City of Chester alone, who each paid seven pounds yearly to the Crown in return for their appointment, as long as the mints they superintended were at work. In the reign of William III. six cities were accorded the privilege of coining their own money, Chester being one of them. But the system did not work satisfactorily, and at length one huge establishment was formed in London where all coins of the realm are manufactured under the most vigorous government inspection, and submitted to most difficult tests by a body of experts.

THE famous district of the Landes, in that portion of France bordering the Bay of Biscay, once an arid and sterile region of sand dunes covered with coarse grass, has been changed into a prosperous tract of country by the planting of pine-trees. The shepherds of the Landes, those curious solitary creatures, who spend their lives upon stilts, and their leisure in knitting, are now practically things of the past, for where their flocks once fed, charcoal-kilns, saw-mills and turpentine works cover the sandy ground, busily engaged in turning the pine forests to good account in many different ways. The Landes were once a favourite theme for the geographer, but the district as a geographical term exists no longer.

THERE are two ladies in Paris who devote themselves to promoting the welfare of cats. One of them goes round a certain quarter of the city every day feeding one hundred of the animals which live in cellars, whilst in an outhouse at her own home she nurses all the sick and injured cats that she can rescue from the streets and unkind owners. The other lady makes the cats in the Palais de Justice, in the Prefecture of Police, at the College of the Sorbonne, and in the Central Market, her especial care. At the Palais de Justice there are thirty cats, which, when anything prevents their benefactress coming at her usual hour for feeding them, go out into the courtyard to meet her, and wait there until she arrives. At first the policemen on duty scoffed at the kindly lady, but they soon became interested, and now eagerly help her to feed her large feline family. The lady declares that apart from the good she has done to the cats, she has awakened a spirit of humanity in the police force.

A D'OYLEY is one of the commonplaces of housekeeping, but there are few people who know the quaint origin of the word itself. In the reign of William the Conqueror, one of his knights, named Robert D'Oyley, was granted an estate at Hook-Norton in Oxfordshire on a very curious condition. In return for these lands he had to "make tender of a linen table-cloth worth three English shillings" every year at the feast of St. Michael to his king. As they were exclusively used by the royal family, the ladies of the D'Oyley household took especial pains in embroidering these linen cloths, then known as "quitrent cloths," and as a consequence these annual tributes under the feudal system became in time a collection of needlework of great artistic beauty and merit. They were only used on state occasions at the Conqueror's table, and were called "D'Oyley's Linen;" hence the term "d'oyley," for fine linen cloths.

"'THERE is nothing,' says Plato, 'so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth.' For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive."

Joseph Addison.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARY TURNER.—There is The Working Ladies' Guild, at 251, Brompton Road, S.W.; also The Governess's Benevolent Institution. This society gives temporary assistance, has an annuity fund, a provident fund, purchased by members on Government security, a savings bank, a home for governesses during the intervals between their engagements, and an asylum for the aged; besides a system of registration, entirely free of expense to the members. Address the Secretary, 32, Sackville Street, W.

BEE.—We must refer you to all our answers to the inquiry you make.

MARTHA and WINTON.—There is a girls' club called Society for the Encouragement of Regular Reading, of which the President is Miss Garrett, Bucklands Hall, Cavendish, R.S.O,, Suffolk. The entrance-fee is 6d., the half-yearly subscription 1s. 6d., and a retiring-fee 6d. Terms begin on January 1st and July 1st.

CLARIBEL.—There is a Training College for Women Teachers at Cambridge; also St. George's Training College in Edinburgh. You could obtain all particulars from Miss M. R. Walker, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh, the Principal; and at Cambridge from the Principal, Miss E. P. Hughes. State what you desire to both these ladies, and ask the terms of each college.

NERISSA.—There is a Girls' Club for Teaching Shorthand. Address Miss Patti Vincent, Simplemarsh, Addlestone, Surrey. We believe that Pitman's Shorthand is the method adopted. As we have had no notice of the discontinuance of this society's work, we offer it to your notice.

THELMA.—You might obtain training in home and foreign missionary work at the Deaconess' Institute, 1, Blackburn Terrace, Liverpool. Those who enter contribute from 10s. to a guinea weekly, but those wholly without means are received free. Of course there must be a limit to the number received, but if there be a vacancy, and you have good testimonials and good health, you would probably be received.

A SAILOR-GIRL, and WOULD-BE GARDENER.—For town-gardening and florists' work, you should apply to Miss Yates, 62, Lower Sloane Street, S.W., for admission as an apprentice to the Women's London Gardening Association. The Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent, would, probably, be too expensive for you. There bee-keeping, dairy-work, and poultry-farming are also taught, and diplomas are granted.

TROUBLED ONE and JANET.—There are few, if any, ills from which we suffer, whether mental or physical, for which some form of hospital or training-home does not exist. And so, for those children who suffer from so grave a defect as stammering, there are masters and also special schools provided. Of course your boy would prove ineligible as a candidate for the Ministry, the Navy, Army, and Medical professions, unless completely cured of stammering. Amongst other places where cures may be effected, there is an institution at Brampton Park, Huntingdonshire. Address the Principal.

DAISY.—*Sick-Nursing at Home*, by one of our own writers, would give you practical advice and good recipes, price 1s. 3d. (170, Strand, W.C.).

ESSEX.—You write one of the worst hands we ever read, and we can only decipher your surname. You must alter it if you would be a nurse. We have not got vol. i., but you may procure the early numbers of the Magazine in shops. Page 454 is in that for July 17th, 1880, No. 29.

JESSIE LANDON.—Write for the price of the book to the publishers, "Scientific Press," 428, Strand, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDECISION.—We cannot possibly give you advice, being a perfect stranger to us; but we can give you this much information, *i.e.* that situations in the Indian Civil Service, which is free to all naturally-born British subjects, are the best paid of all provided by the Civil Service of the Crown. Of course, as a competitor, your moral character and education must bear the strictest investigation; and your constitution and general health be pronounced such as will bear the climate of India, and your person must be free from physical defects. A "writership" in India rises to be worth from £500 to £800 per annum. On first arrival, the salary and allowances amount, in Bengal, to £400; in Bombay to £324, and in Madras, to £300; and the promotion and consequent increase of salary is very rapid. At least, we may say it has hitherto been so.

TRISTES.—We cannot do more than recommend you to drop the matter entirely, for in such cases "the least said, the soonest mended." As we have only partial information it is impossible to advise you further.

VINCIT VERITAS.—Your sex does not by any means preclude your corresponding with us. Doubtless, confirmation is required by the (established) Church of England, but not re-baptism of course. State your wishes to the rector of your parish, or incumbent of the church you attend. No doubt he will not refuse to admit you as a communicant (being an adult) previously to the holding of the next service of confirmation by the bishop, as it will be so long before it takes place. Probably your clergyman will ask you a few questions as to your faith.

SOUTHERN CROSS.—The cure of nervous exhaustion is a matter of time. A pure air, great quiet, and good, easily-digested food are great assistants of course; and if very severe study be the cause, it must be given up entirely, and every thought which is either distressing or perplexing must be kept from the sufferer.

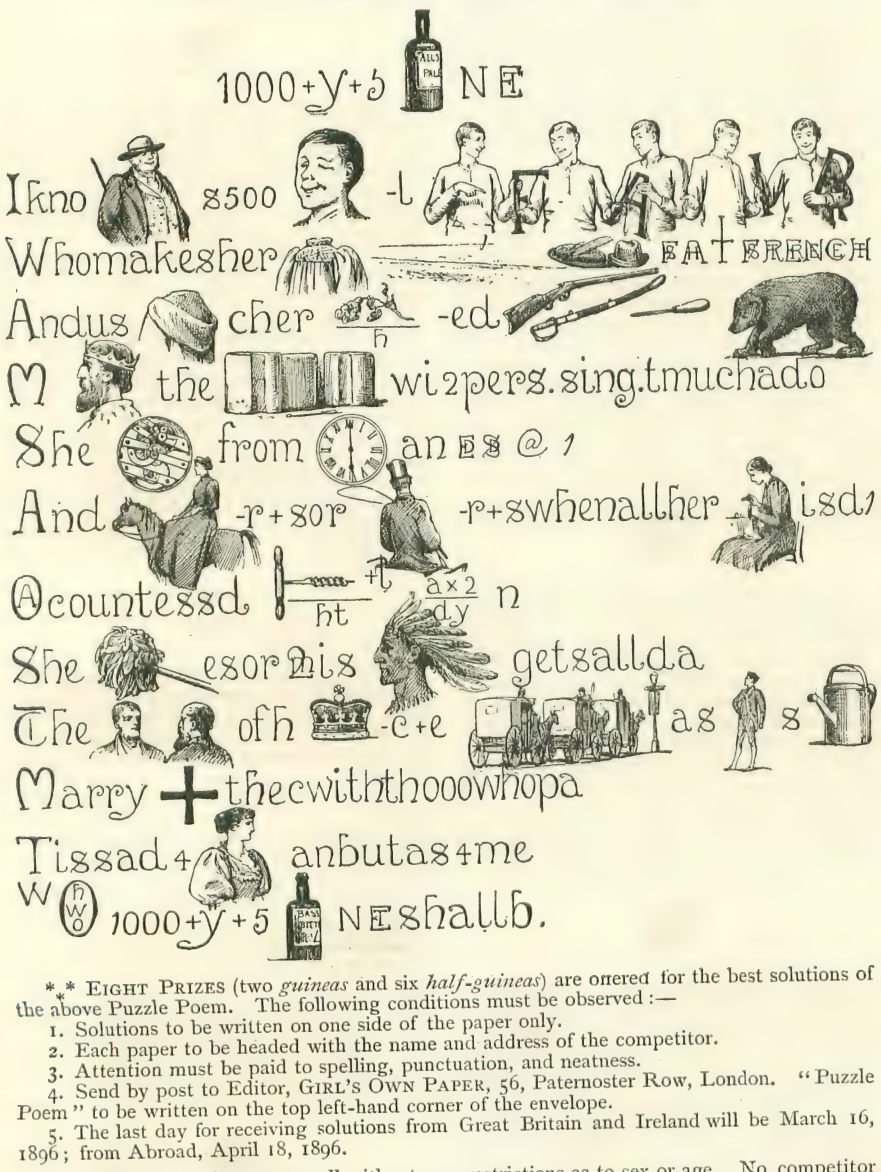
KITTEN and F. G. S.—We never give the letters of our correspondents to any one, nor ever betray their confidences to their friends or families, and no one has ever asked us for their letters.

"TWO P.YS."—The cap of the Blue-coat boys is so very small it is of no use; and we suppose that it is for this reason that they do not think it worth while to wear it.

NORA.—There is a charming "Home of Rest" at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. Cubicle rooms at 15s. 6d. and dormitories at 11s. per week (without subscriber's letter). Reduced railway fares. Treasurer, E. H. Liddell, Esq., Kitnocks, Botley.

J. E. AND OTHERS.—We do not give trade addresses. There are gold and silversmiths, and also money-changers, in whose windows you may see coins, and where, if good specimens, they may be purchased.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be March 16, 1896; from Abroad, April 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

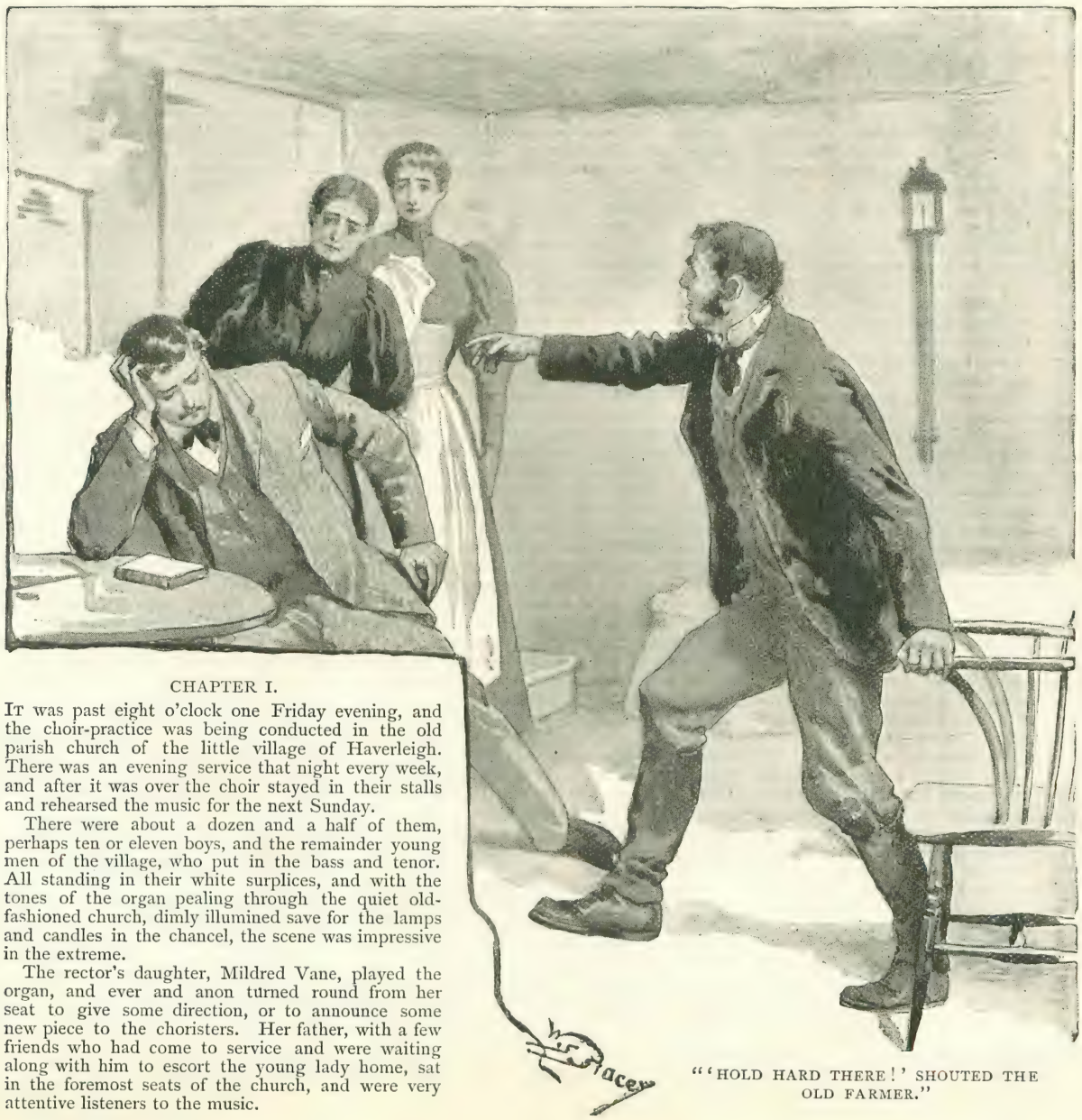
A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

VOL. XVII.—No. 840.] FEBRUARY 1, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LOVE OUT OF TUNE.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The Troubadours," etc.



"'HOLD HARD THERE!' SHOUTED THE OLD FARMER."

CHAPTER I.

IT was past eight o'clock one Friday evening, and the choir-practice was being conducted in the old parish church of the little village of Haverleigh. There was an evening service that night every week, and after it was over the choir stayed in their stalls and rehearsed the music for the next Sunday.

There were about a dozen and a half of them, perhaps ten or eleven boys, and the remainder young men of the village, who put in the bass and tenor. All standing in their white surplices, and with the tones of the organ pealing through the quiet old-fashioned church, dimly illumined save for the lamps and candles in the chancel, the scene was impressive in the extreme.

The rector's daughter, Mildred Vane, played the organ, and ever and anon turned round from her seat to give some direction, or to announce some new piece to the choristers. Her father, with a few friends who had come to service and were waiting along with him to escort the young lady home, sat in the foremost seats of the church, and were very attentive listeners to the music.

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Of all the voices which pealed forth harmoniously that evening, the voice of Reginald Horton, the son of a wealthy farmer in the parish, sounded sweetest and most melodious, and certainly echoed sweetest in the ears of Mildred Vane, who frequently declared that the choir could not exist without Reginald Horton's kind and ungrudging assistance. On this particular evening there was a solo in the anthem, which was taken from Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, "He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need," and as Reginald's voice rang out in the declamation of these beautiful tones, everybody who listened seemed visibly affected and impressed by the beauty of his singing.

Miss Vane would evidently have paid him even greater compliment than she did, had she dared do so without awakening jealousy in the minds of the other choristers. But after the practice was over, when the choir had retired to take off their surplices, there was a hurried consultation between her and her father, as the result of which, when Reginald Horton was leaving the church the rector walked up to him, and said—

"We are having a musical party at the Rectory on Monday, Mr. Horton. Will you do us the pleasure of being present, and of bringing some music with you? My daughter tells me that you play even better than you sing. If such be the case, you must be a prodigy indeed."

"Yes, father," said Miss Vane, joining in the conversation, "and Mr. Horton is so kind as to hide his talents in the choir, when he might far more effectively display them on the organ-stool. But my father shall judge for himself, shall he not, Mr. Horton," she added turning to Reginald, "on Monday evening?"

Reginald murmured out some words indicating his pleasure in accepting the invitation.

"Among the music you bring," said Miss Vane as she was bidding him good-bye, "please bring some of Beethoven's sonatas. I love Beethoven. I worship his genius."

It is not very often that there is any intimate social intercourse in country parishes between the families of the rector or vicar and those of the farmers. But Reginald Horton, who had been to a large public school and had recently come to reside at home, had mixed with very different companions to the majority of farmers' sons, and indeed would scarcely have been recognised as such by his ordinary tastes, habits, and conversation. He had come home after completing his course at school, and his father did not propose sending him to the university. He was, therefore, doing what many young men foolishly do at his age, and at the precise interval of life at which he had now arrived—idling away his time without any definite object before him. Despite his father's urgent remonstrances, he could never be prevailed upon to take up farming, or to manifest the slightest interest in it. In default of such an occupation, he knew not what to do. At school he had manifested a marked genius for music. All the reports home were full of his prodigies of piano-playing. The music-master had pronounced him a musical phenomenon, and it was perfectly plain that his proficiency must have been something extraordinary, if his parents had had the knowledge of the art to appreciate the accounts of his performances which came from school, and the pieces which he played.

It was a long time before his father could be prevailed upon to purchase a piano for the lad to practise on—in fact he only did so when Reginald, now a young man of nineteen or twenty, came to reside permanently at home. Then at last the tones of a piano rang through the house, to the secret mortification of Mr. Horton senior, to the pride and jubilation of Mrs. Horton, and to the unspeakable interest of cousin Phyllis—the latter young lady being the orphan niece of Mrs. Horton—who had been brought up at the farm with Reginald like sister and brother, and saw with secret admiration the wonderful talents manifested by her brilliant cousin, though she confessed to herself she would sooner have seen him developing a genius for farming.

The party at the Rectory was a very brilliant affair. A great many of the squirearchy were there and the families of the neighbouring clergy. Lady after lady selecting the choicest *morceau* from her music-roll sat down to perform it, and vocalist after vocalist essayed to sing. Commendable appreciation greeted the efforts of the various musical amateurs, but when Reginald Horton sat down at the piano, and ran his fingers over the ivory keys, a general hush of rapt attention swept over the company; even old Miss Lumley, the gossip of the county, ceased her garrulous tongue, and everyone from the host downwards sat spellbound at this second Rubinstein who had suddenly appeared in a quiet country drawing-room.

At the conclusion of the piece, the genuine enthusiasm of the visitors broke forth in loud exclamations of delight and compliment. But dearer to Reginald's ears were the words of Miss Vane, because he justly esteemed her the best judge among all in the room.

"Such playing," she said to him, "it has never been my lot to hear off the concert platform. I heard Rubinstein play that very piece in London, when I was last there; and believe me, Mr. Horton," she added impulsively, "I liked your interpretation the better of the two."

Subsequently, Reginald and Miss Vane played a duet together, which likewise received the encomiums of the company. But congratulation awoke to fever height again, when Reginald played a solo. It was generally confessed that the rector's musical party was one of the greatest social successes which had been for some time past in the neighbourhood; and all owing to the superb playing of Reginald Horton, who again and again delighted the company with brilliant selections of the choicest music.

When he was going away and the guests were dispersing, Miss Vane asked him if he could come round any evening to the Rectory and try over some duets with her. There was no forwardness in the request. It was the outcome of genuine musical enthusiasm. Besides she was two or three years older than Reginald, and looked upon him in some sense as her *protégé*. What a very great difference does a year or two make in the relation of youth and maiden, when the surplus is on the side of the lady! A girl who has the advantage of a few years—even one or two—is apt to assume a sort of motherly position towards a youth in whom she is interested. She thinks nothing serious can ever come because he is so young. Time often tells a different story.

Reginald went to the Rectory two or three times a week now to practise duets, or to take part in trios and quartetts with other musical friends of Miss Vane. Sometimes he was alone with her; sometimes there were others in the party.

It was on one of the former occasions that Miss Vane, without knowing why, led the conversation away from music to life.

"Music," said Miss Vane, "is a beautiful thing. But as papa said in his sermon on Sunday, 'Pleasure is one thing; life is another.' So I suppose he would have said in regard to music, 'Music is one thing, life another,' as if they were two things opposed. Heigho! I wish life were so constituted that it might be passed in music. I wish music and life were the same thing."

"My very ideas," replied Reginald. "I am never so happy as when at the piano. I feel my real life begin when I am before its keys."

"I like to hear such an opinion in the country," replied Miss Vane. "I thought it was only in London that such views could be entertained. People are so accustomed hereabouts to think that unless one is severely practical, engaged in unremitting farming, or whatever it may be, that he is wasting his time. As they say, Reginald Horton," she added, after a moment's pause—"that you are doing."

"I know that is the way they speak," he said. "But how foolish of them! Are there not other fields of human energy besides bare, blank agriculture? And is not music one of the noblest of them? I have often thought, Miss Vane, of devoting my life to music."

"There," said Mildred ecstatically, lifting her eyes and clasping her hands, "there spoke your best impulse. Who would sacrifice the sublime thoughts of Beethoven for the most recondite knowledge of the rotation of crops? Who would not prefer to pass his existence amid a sea of sweet sound for evermore, rather than to ride about the fields exhorting his labourers to dig up turnips?"

They both laughed at the allusion.

"It is a serious thought with me," said Reginald, "and has been for a very long time. It would be all the more serious, all the more deep-seated in my purpose, if I thought, Miss Vane, it commanded your approval."

Mildred looked at him closely. It was not the first soft speech he had made to her lately. Music is a wonderful cementer of acquaintanceship. It quickly weaves it into friendship. It often welds it into love. They were really in love with one another without knowing it.

"I should be the first to extol so noble an idea," replied Mildred. "What? Beethoven, Schumann, Rubinstein, Schubert; are their lives not higher and of a loftier ideal than anything which prosaic life can yield us?"

At this moment Mr. Vane, who passed his time between his own study and the drawing-room during these musical *réunions*, entered the room, and the conversation was abruptly ended for the present.

Reginald pondered over it deeply on his way home. He saw in the prospect of distinguished musical success, of enrolling his name side by side with those of Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, something more than the mere glory and delight of music. For he saw in it the hand of Mildred Vane. Her father would scarcely consent to ally her with a farmer's son, and indeed in such a life as that of a farmer's wife her fanciful and imaginative mind would never acquiesce. But a distinguished musician of European renown—the lion of society—fêted and flattered on every side—with such a man Mildred's life could very naturally be passed, and no happier world could she live in.

Full of these thoughts he arrived home, and finding his father still up resolved to break the matter to him forthwith, if only to feel his way towards the achievement of his purpose.

"I have been thinking, father," said Reginald drawing up a chair to the fire, "that I am wasting my time sadly day after day."

"There you are right, lad," replied Mr. Horton, looking round on his wife and niece as much as to say, "Did not I tell you that he would come to his senses at last?"

"And I have been thinking—I have been thinking," continued Reginald, "that I should like to take up some definite line of life."

"Good again!" ejaculated the old man nodding his head.

"I should like to take up——"

"Well, what is it, lad? Is it trade? is it surveying? or is it," he added earnestly, "is it farming?"

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep."

"It is music," replied his son.

"Hold hard there!" shouted the old farmer, springing from his seat. "Don't say that, you graceless, thankless fellow. Why, I'd sooner batter the piano to pieces than that it should lead you such a dance as that."

"Be calm, Richard, be calm," cried Mrs. Horton. "Reginald doesn't mean what he says."

"Yes, I do, mother," replied Reginald.

"Aye! and if that's what you get in your head with going to the parson's so much of an evening, why, the sooner you stop going there and anywhere else the better," exclaimed Mr. Horton now thoroughly roused to anger.

It was a stormy scene. Reginald would have almost drawn back had he foreseen what passions such an idea would arouse in his father's breast. But his *amour propre* became engaged in the discussion, and he went to bed that night fully determined, all obstacles to the contrary, to carry out the aim he had set before him.

Nothing more was said for a few days, during which time he employed himself chiefly in correspondence with the music-master of his late school, and in asking his advice as to the best method of pursuing his studies under finishing masters, and then finally bringing himself before the public. Miss Vane was the confidante of his plans, from whom, however, he carefully hid the fact of his father's strenuous opposition to the scheme. Had she known of that, in justice to her, it must be said, that she never would have encouraged Reginald so strongly.

Reginald had another confidante in his own home, and that was his cousin Phyllis Bray.

As he was sitting at the window in the twilight one evening, and either sighing or sobbing she knew not which, Phyllis stole to his side and said, "Reginald, what is the matter? Or rather I will not ask you, for I know it all. Uncle will not give you the money which you must have to start yourself in London. But I will give it you, Reginald. I have some money, you know, of my own, and you shall have it all if need be. Tell me how much do you require—a hundred pounds, two hundred pounds? Take whatever you like."

"You have always been to me," replied Reginald much affected, "more like a good, kind sister than a cousin. I feel your kindness all the more too, because I know you would sooner see me taking up father's farm and conducting it as he has done before me. And yet you are so good, Phyllis, that you will willingly enter into such a scheme as the one I propose, because you know it pleases me."

"I wish," she said, "to see you happy, and if I can to make you so. How much money will you require?"

At first Reginald would not hear of accepting her offer, but at last after referring to the music-master's letters he found that one hundred and fifty pounds would be about enough to give him a year's finishing lessons in London under the best masters and to usher him into the great musical world.

"A hundred and fifty pounds, Phyllis," said Reginald, "I will take. And you shall have it again, my dear, when I become rich and famous."

"Do not speak of paying it back," said Phyllis. "Take it, Reginald, and use it to the best purpose. And when you are away let me hear from you, and if you want any more let me know."

It was with some compunction that Reginald Horton accepted the generous girl's gift. But his mind was thoroughly made up. He shrunk from applying again to his father, and he knew that in no long time he could return to Phyllis her opportune loan, as he persisted in regarding it.

Things gradually fell into shape, as week after week proceeded. He had made complete arrangements in London, and the evening came at last when he was to sleep for the last time under his paternal roof, previous to launching out into the unknown world of art and rivalry in London.

After tea he went round to the Rectory, where he had never ceased to be a visitor during all the long weeks of perplexity and restlessness which preceded the fixing of his departure. Miss Vane was made cognisant of all his plans and schemes, of every step in the transaction, and if Phyllis at the farm assisted her cousin with the valuable help of her money, Miss Vane at the Rectory showered on him her sympathy, her encouragement, her predictions of the highest and greatest success.

Things had moved rapidly with these two young people during the last few weeks, when one was endeavouring to realise an ideal which had constantly and seriously been set before him by the other. Mildred felt much more than an interest now in Reginald, and would have shrunk from calling him her *protégé*. Both their lives, she felt in a strange way, were united together now. Her imagination had formed a dream; Reginald was turning the dream into reality.

The following conversation on the last night of Reginald's stay in Haverleigh may show how they stood to one another in point of their affections.

Mr. Vane had been summoned to see a dying man at some distance from the Rectory, and Reginald and Mildred were completely alone in the drawing-room, sitting at the piano together, having played their last duet.

"It is the last duet I shall play with you for a long time, Mildred," said Reginald (they called one another by their Christian names now). "But one day I shall begin again."

"Yes, one day," exclaimed Mildred, clasping her hands, "one day I shall see you a second Mozart, a wonder among men. Oh! I know I shall. And then perhaps, Reginald, you will be too great a man to play duets with so unworthy a companion of your art as I am."

"Too great a man!" replied Reginald rapturously. "Why, it is greatness I aspire to for this very reason—that it may make me worthier of you. Oh! I long to be worthy of you. My art were nothing without you."

"You must not talk like this," said Mildred Vane. "Or if you talk like it," she said laying her hand caressingly on his arm, "for I will not forbid you this last evening—but if you talk like this now, you must go into life to-morrow with much sterner and more practical aims. You must think only of your art. You must forget all about me."

"Forget you?" exclaimed Reginald. "Never! So far from my art being my exclusive thought, it will always be shared by you. You will swim among all the notes that float before my brain. You will peep from every clef. You will appear on every stave. Your image—Mildred, Mildred! you are music yourself. Without you, music would be worthless. Oh! let me never think that I shall have to resign the memory of you, in my new life that I am about to undertake, for I could not, I could not do it." And placing his arm round her waist he imprinted a kiss upon her beautiful forehead.

"Well," said Mildred after a while, "let us not think of the dreadful time when you will be away, but of the joy of seeing you again. When you come home again, you will have made a name for yourself."

"Yes, and for yourself also, Mildred," whispered Reginald, "if you will have it. Oh tell me this, if I make a name, will you share it with me?"

"Will—I—share—your name with you?" said Mildred slowly.

"Yes! That is what I ask," said her lover. "You know now what it means. And if you will," he added, "it will give me courage and confidence to face and battle with the cold world, such as otherwise I could not have."

Mildred blushed deeply. She looked at Reginald, and hiding her face on his arm she whispered, "I will share it with you, when you come again."

How long the raptures of the two lovers might have lasted we cannot say, but the noise of Mr. Vane's footsteps in the hall awoke them from their reveries, and announced to Reginald that it was time to depart. The rector gave him his blessing, Mildred pressed his hand and looked eloquently at her lover, and Reginald left the Rectory, filled with deep emotion.

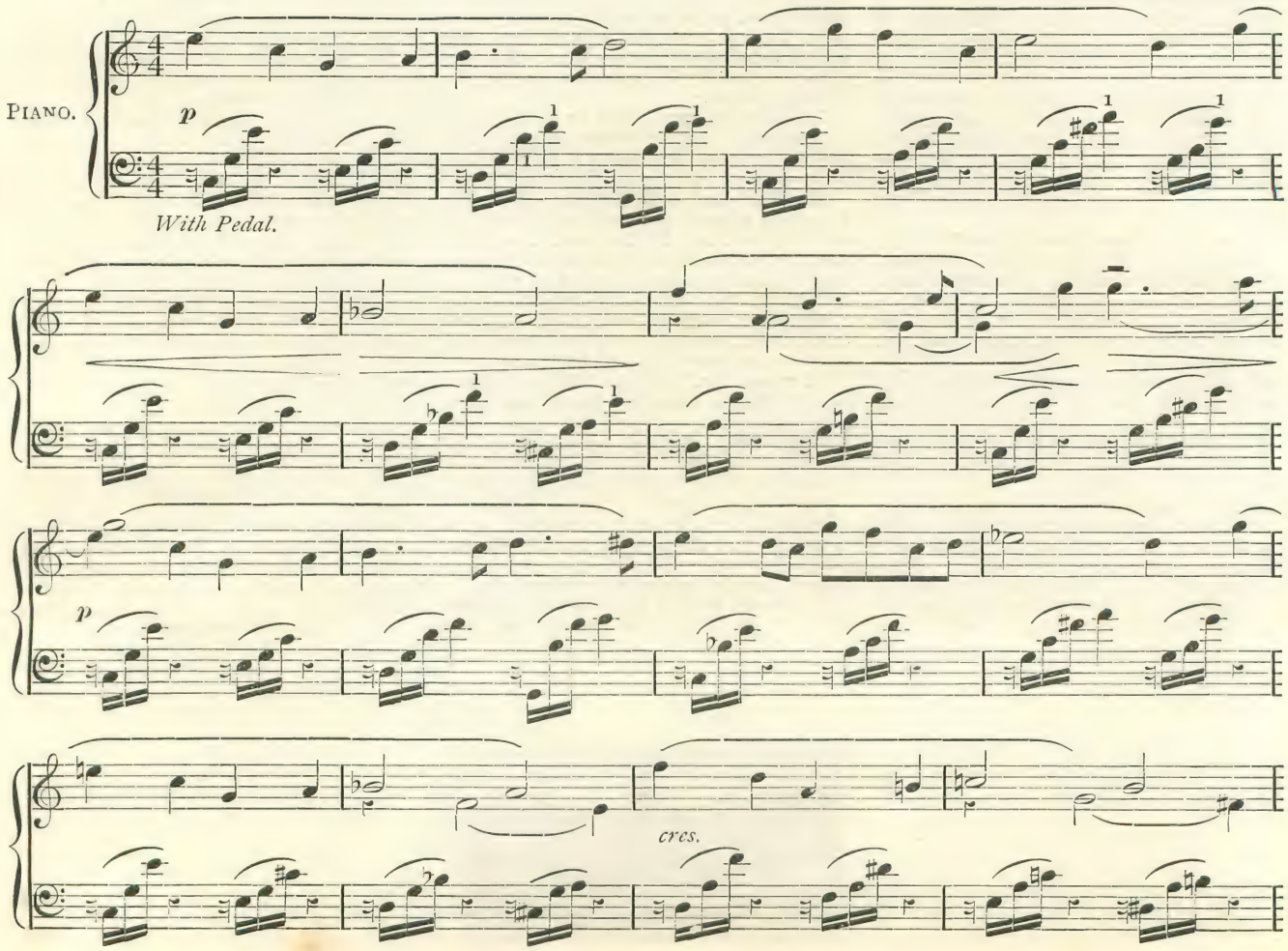
On his arrival home another scene awaited him. His father seemed bowed down with grief and vexation; his mother shared the like feelings; and Phyllis alone kept up the semblance of spirits in the house. The evening passed wearily over. No interest was manifested by either of his parents in his proposed journey and prolonged absence of possibly a year or more, and not a single good wish for his success was uttered by either. Reginald was heartily glad when the evening was done.

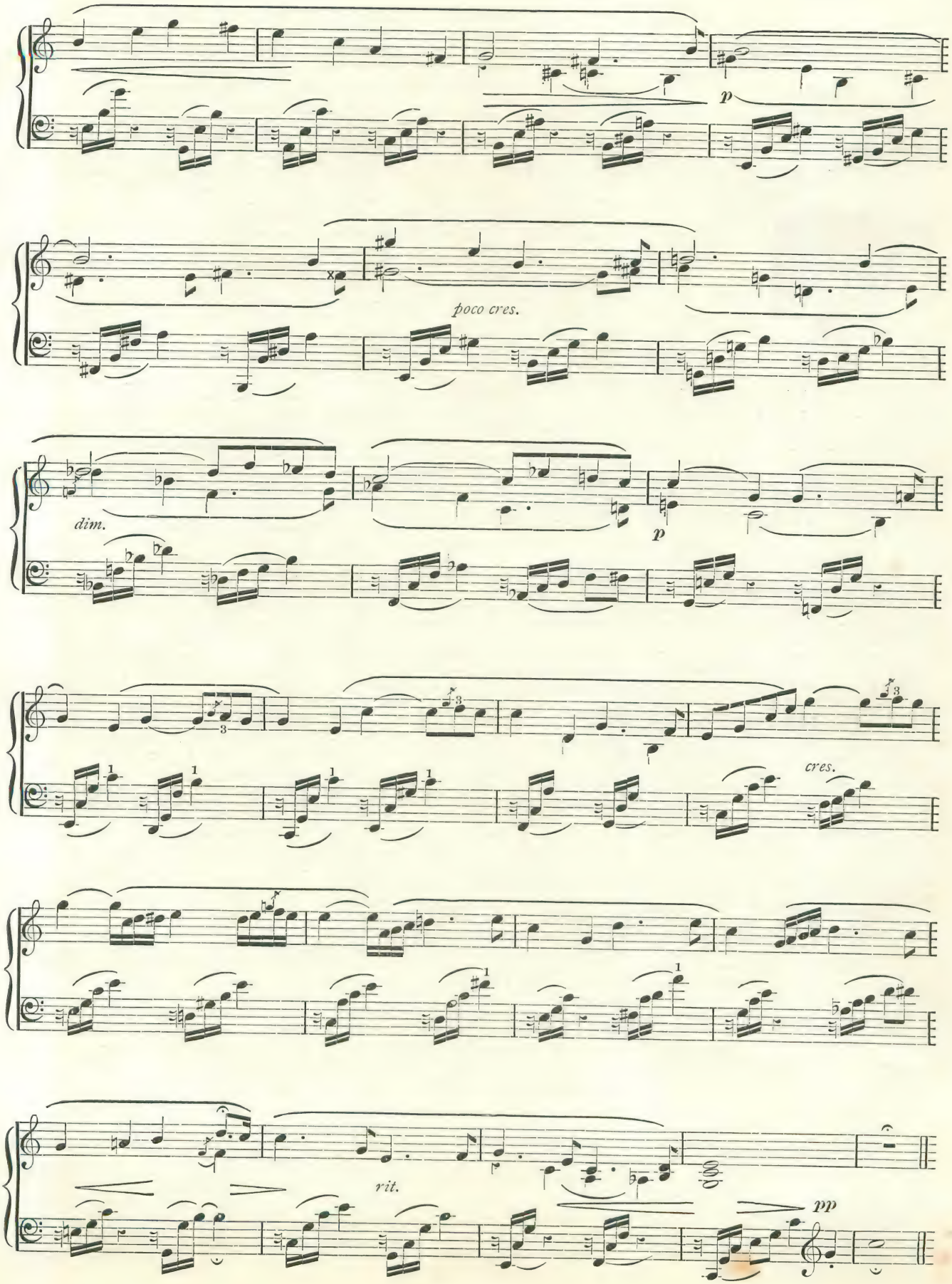
Next morning at six o'clock one of Mr. Horton's village carts stood outside the farm, ready harnessed to start. Reginald's luggage was piled in it by a couple of the farm labourers. He bade good-bye to Phyllis, shook hands with his father who turned away his head, embraced his mother who was sobbing, and the next moment was rattling over the roads to catch the morning express to London.

(*To be continued.*)

ALBUMBLATT.

E. HUMPERDINCK.
Composer of *Hänsel and Gretel.*

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HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

INVALIDS.

WELL, you see, as my husband always says, whenever Beatrice does anything she does it with her whole strength—even to being ill," said Mrs. Wilberforce, with a little smile on her face, although there were lines of anxiety round her eyes and mouth. "It has been a very sharp attack, and for some days we were very anxious—especially those of us who had never seen this sort of fever before—Norah and Gipsy were most consoling all through. They had seen so much of it that the symptoms did not alarm them as they did us; but I am thankful to say all danger is at an end now. Recovery may be tedious; but Dr. Salisbury says it has fairly set in, though we see little but an intense prostration which seems strange in so active a girl as Beatrice, poor child!"

"And the doctors are sure there is no infection? Infection as we ordinarily understand the word?" and Mrs. Masham gathered her flowing draperies unconsciously a little more closely round her. "It seemed to me that it was a great risk to bring her back here, with three little children and a delicate sister in the house."

"It was the only thing to do," answered Mrs. Wilberforce simply. "It was only such a fortunate coincidence that Dr. Salisbury went down that Saturday, and saw in a moment what was going to happen. It would never have done for her to stay at King's Castle, in that half dismantled house, far away from everything and everybody. He and Norah brought her straight back home, though the journey was something of a risk; but the less risk of the two. Gipsy and Freda followed on the Monday—their work there being practically at an end. Oh, they have been good kind girls all through, though I, their mother, say it! Of course we had a nurse, for they were pretty well fagged out; but it was the greatest comfort to have them in and out; and they were quite seasoned so we feared nothing for them. The children were kept quite away of course. Miss Shuttleworth is a treasure on these occasions, and they are perfectly good with her. We do not fear infection in a house like this. It is more the conditions of the place which make persons catch it, if you know what I mean. It is not infectious like scarlet fever or measles."

"I hope not indeed! But you will let me keep Guinivere with me, I hope, until all risk is at an end. I should be grieved beyond measure for her to be exposed to any danger of illness. Sometimes a girl's looks are ruined for ever by a bad illness when she is just in the bloom of her first womanhood. She would have come with me to-day, but I would not let her. It would never do for her to ruin all her brilliant prospects by a risky step."

"If you are kind enough to wish to keep her, I am sure we shall be grateful," answered Mrs. Wilberforce simply. "It would be a dull house for her to come to, after her delightful experiences with you. When Beatrice is better it will be a great pleasure for the sisters to meet; but at present she can notice nothing, and we have to keep her very quiet. And perhaps for the present you would rather that my girls kept away? I don't think they would bring any infection to you; but still they have been working amongst the fever, and I should not like anybody to be made nervous."

"Well, perhaps we had better keep on the safe side," answered Mrs. Masham, who had herself remained all the while very near to the open window, and was enveloped in a heavy atmosphere of perfume. "I am not as nervous as some people, or I should not be here. Still there is no use in running risks. I do admire the courage of your girls. I said all along that it was a splendid thing to do. Guinivere got an impression that it was Dr. Salisbury's doing in some way that Beatrice went at all. She is inclined to be very angry with him about it."

"Dr. Salisbury saw that the others were doing too much, and I believe he did say something to Beatrice about going down to look after *them* a little; but he did not think of her as going amongst the sick. He says that she was far more susceptible to infection, leading her open-air life, than my girls who are always coming into contact with sickness, and are used to close atmosphere and the sight and odour of sick-rooms. Even Freda going about as she does in omnibuses and trains and into all sorts of crowded places has a certain amount of inoculation—if that is the right word. But Beatrice has never been ill before, has had none of the childish ailments even, and was always out of doors. There was more risk for her really than for the others—only we did not know it—and of course when she was once there she would go into the thick of it—it is her nature!"

"Well, it was very brave of her. I think all the girls have been very brave. They ought to be made much of like Florence Nightingale and all those sort of people. Well, I'm very glad to hear so good an account of dear Beatrice. Guinivere will be able to settle down now, I hope; for she has been quite in a fever herself ever since the news came, so that I was obliged to travel home quicker than I intended. However, that is no matter. It is very comfortable at home, and we will soon have a little gaiety to cheer us up, when all anxiety is at an end. Oh, here comes Dr. Salisbury. I should like to hear his own report before I go. Dear me! how the man has aged! His face has surely grown thinner and sharper since I saw it last! He is really a very striking looking man! But he looks much older—as though something was on his mind."

"Does he?" queried Mrs. Wilberforce. "I have not noticed. I see him every day—sometimes two or three times a day. I think he was anxious about Beatrice, he came so often. Indeed this is his second visit to-day—although he said she was certainly better this morning."

Mrs. Masham stepped out of the window and greeted the doctor with effusion. He answered her quietly and gravely, but seemed absent and preoccupied, and as soon as he was able, asked leave to go up to his patient, and Mrs. Wilberforce excused herself to go with him.

"I will just wait and hear the last report of our dear Beatrice," said Mrs. Masham. "I see Mysie out there in the garden. I will sit with her till he comes down."

Mysie was looking more the invalid than ever, wrapped up in many shawls and lying on her bamboo couch in a warm sheltered spot. Her face was pinched and small, and the fretful droop about her lips more pronounced than ever. She brightened up a little at sight of Mrs. Masham, and that lady talked with her habitual volubility and geniality the whole time, not giving Mysie much opportunity for speaking herself, but amusing her on the whole very well, and taking her out of herself for the time being.

Mysie was not a special favourite with Mrs. Masham, who thought her a poor-spirited little girl, who was making a great mistake in drifting into invalid ways for insufficient cause; but she was a kindhearted woman and she always liked to talk if she could find a listener, and so the minutes sped quickly by till Dr. Salisbury was seen coming out of the house again.

Mysie flushed and kindled and moved her hands nervously. She was all self-consciousness and excitement in a moment, as Mrs. Masham's quick eyes instantly detected.

"Are you expecting the doctor yourself, Mysie?" she asked.

"He ought to come to see me," answered Mysie quickly. "I am not at all well, and he has not been near me for three whole days. I can't think why he is so careless about me. I am sure

I need him as much as Beatrice!" and then her face suddenly fell, for it was plain that Dr. Salisbury was not coming her way. He had shaken hands with Mrs. Wilberforce and was walking rapidly down the drive, his tall figure just appearing here and there for a moment between the trunks of the trees.

"Oh, he'll come another day," said Mrs. Masham rising. "I dare say he's very busy. Now I must just hear the last report before I go back to Guinivere," and the lady rustled away over the lawn towards Mrs. Wilberforce, leaving Mysie to a fit of solitary brooding which ended in a burst of tears.

Half an hour later, Miss Shuttleworth on coming into the garden for a little fresh air, found Mysie dissolved in disconsolate weeping, sobbing feebly in a way which made the governess ask quickly—

"Is there bad news of Beatrice, my dear?"

Then Mysie suddenly flashed out—

"Beatrice, Beatrice! it's always Beatrice! Nobody thinks of anyone else. Nobody cares how ill I am. Nobody has a thought for me or so much as a question. I've been very poorly all the week. I believe I've got the fever coming too. But nobody cares one bit, and Dr. Salisbury comes and goes time after time and never so much as looks at me, or remembers that I'm here at all. Oh, it's very hard, it's very unkind of everybody. If I get ill and die perhaps they'll be sorry then—when it's too late!" and Mysie sobbed afresh at the pathos of her own decease and the unavailing regrets of hard-hearted relatives, whilst Miss Shuttleworth restrained the smile which hovered round her lips, for she saw that Mysie's condition was one which merited sincere compassion, and required careful handling.

"My dear child," she said, "I am sure nobody willingly neglects you; but you know when there is serious illness in the house, the first thought must be for that, and lesser ailments do not get quite the same attention. But you have everything that you need, I think. I am sure no neglect is meant."

"It's very hard to see such a fuss made over Beatrice, when I am really so much more to be pitied."

"Why are you to be pitied so much?"

"Why, because I'm always ill. Beatrice never was before, and yet everybody thinks of her and pities her. But I never hear anybody pity me!"

The tears burst out anew, and Miss Shuttleworth sat looking very grave and thoughtful. She saw that poor Mysie, for want of better occupation for her idle mind had been indulging in a silly idea that she was in love with Dr. Salisbury—and possibly that he was in love with her. Miss Shuttleworth had had much experience with girls, and knew that there was nothing like idleness and self-absorption to put this sort of silly fancy into an empty head, and she also knew that unless checked, and checked in a judicious way, it might lead to very pernicious consequences. But it was not a matter to be commented upon too openly. Mysie was perhaps hardly aware how things were with her, nor whither her thoughts were tending.

"You see, Mysie," she said after a pause, "Dr. Salisbury has told you already what you ought to do to increase your strength, and if you won't do it—why, there is no more for him to say. If he saw you making an effort and going on from step to step, I have no doubt he would give you every encouragement, and the best advice. But who can expect a busy doctor and a clever one to interest himself in a case of nervous ailment, when the patient has set herself against making any effort to recover? Naturally he feels disgusted and keeps away. I'm sure I should if I were a doctor."

Mysie looked as though a sudden and quite new idea had been put before her. Her surprise actually dried her tears and gave a look of interest to her face, as she said slowly—

"Do you really think that? Would he—I mean would people—care more—if—if—well, if I were to try more? I thought they ought to be more sorry for me if——" and there Mysie stopped not quite sure what it was she meant to say, nor how far she was betraying herself too much.

Miss Shuttleworth read her through and through, and knew perfectly that her real idea was that it was interesting to pose as an invalid, and that it gave her a charm especially in the eyes of the doctor. There was something pitiful in the silly shallowness of the notion; but it would not do to combat it too roughly.

"If you began to make efforts, Mysie, if you began to rouse yourself, to be a little helpful at home, to think about being kind to other people, instead of always expecting them to be kind to you, to interest yourself in what goes on, instead of expecting people to be interested in you, you would find life quite a different thing. You would be surprised yourself how the whole world would grow with you, and how it would brighten up. Look what they all say of Beatrice—how bravely she struggled against feeling ill, so that nobody knew anything about it, and she had not really thought about it till the very day she had to give up, and how courageous she was about taking that journey, when she was feeling so terribly ill all the time, but never complained the whole way. And all through she has fought against the fever and done everything in her power to help her nurses and doctor. That is the spirit in which illness should be met. Disease and death came into the world through sin, and though we must take them patiently in one way, as being sometimes sent by God for us to bear, yet we must fight against them with all our might, as being in one aspect enemies of God—enemies that one day He will cast out from the earth altogether, because they are not according to His purpose when He made the world beautiful and sinless. Pain that we have to bear and which God will not take away, we must try and bear patiently, as the cross He has sent us; but we must use every means He has given us to cure ourselves, else we are in danger of making a friend and companion of a thing which is hateful in God's sight, and which when He lived here upon earth He trampled on and overthrew, showing that He looked upon it as a thing repugnant to Him."

"Well," said Mysie after a long pause, "I never thought of it like that before. I don't know that I quite like the idea. It sounds rather heathenish, don't you think?"

Miss Shuttleworth smiled quietly as she answered—

"That is what some other friend said to me once, when I spoke of death being an enemy. She said she always looked upon it as a beautiful friend. When I showed her what God said about it—'the last enemy to be overcome is death,' 'him that hath the power of death, that is the devil,' she was rather surprised. There is a difference between recognising that Christ has taken the sting from death, and made it to the faithful departed the gate of everlasting life, and speaking as though death was a thing of God and rather to be sought than shunned. But I did not come to preach you a sermon, my dear, only to show you that there is a very serious side even to such a small matter as using all the means God has given us for preserving and regaining that most precious gift of good health."

Mysie was silent a long time, and then asked with almost disappointing irrelevance—

"Miss Shuttleworth, do you think Dr. Salisbury can be in love with Beatrice?"

"My dear Mysie, I never thought of such a thing, and I am sure Beatrice has not either. And you had better put all such idle and foolish thoughts out of your head. Love is much too beautiful and sacred a thing to be spoken of in a light and trifling way."

"But he comes so often, and stays so long, and seems so very much interested. I can't help wondering about it. I should have thought Beatrice the very last person he would ever think about."

"Beatrice has been very ill, and Dr. Salisbury had to watch the case closely. That is quite enough to account for it."

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps. I'm sure no doctor would ever care for a great robust hoyden like Beatrice. Doctors always like sick people best, don't they? I mean they are most interested in them?"

"Professionally perhaps," answered Miss Shuttleworth, who felt as though metaphorically she would like to shake some of the nonsense out of Mysie's silly head. "But of all men in the world I should think a doctor was the one who would most want a healthy and cheerful wife to welcome him home. After living all day amongst the sick, the last thing he would want would be an ailing wife at his own fireside."

"Do you really think that?" asked Mysie opening her eyes very wide.

(To be continued.)

ON AND OFF A PACK-SADDLE IN CENTRAL JAPAN.

PART IV.

JAPANESE LADY.

THE wealth and influence of the Monto sect have enabled it to rear unusually large and imposing edifices. These are generally styled Hongwanji, "Monastery of the Real Vow," in commemoration of the vow made by Amida that he would not accept Buddha-ship unless salvation was made attainable for all who should sincerely desire to be born into his kingdom and express this desire by calling earnestly upon his name. The Hongwanjis are always among the chief sights of any town possessing them, that in Zeukoji is simply the central idea, pride and glory of the district. Built of wood, of course, with a magnificent double roof crowning and overhanging the massive time-darkened beams of which the walls are composed, the huge porch and transverse beams overhead adorned with beautiful carvings and great pillars (of wood) dashed with whitewash, according to the invariable custom of the Monto sect, upholding the dimly-seen, handsomely decorated ceiling, it impresses even the most careless. After the tawdry, relic-crowded, hideous idol-crammed temples of the Jado sect, for which Nikko and Tokio are notorious, the bareness of the great hall was solemnising. The central area of the floor is matted, with a wooden aisle running at each side and in front of the chancel, from which it is separated by a low railing. Handsomely carved screens partly concealed the side chapels, the altar was gorgeous with its vessels of fabulous antiquity and priceless value; behind, indistinct in the dim light, were paintings on Kakemono even more precious.

A curious echo which my footsteps apparently called forth in walking along the aisle, caused me to look round suddenly. It was the "clang of the wooden shoon" of twelve or fifteen children of both sexes, who, on beholding the full face and unblackened teeth * of the queer-looking biped whose feet were leather-bound and seemingly toeless, whom they were pursuing, fell back as terror-stricken as if the reputed horn were also in sight; but courtesy is due even to demons, they remembered, and one and all at once performed the usual reverence solemnly and somewhat automatically. Fortunately the word for sweetmeats was in my possession, also a few copper coins. While establishing friendly relations by their means a policeman came on the scene who advertised himself as being able to "spik Angleesh good."

"Where are you going yesterday?" he inquired magisterially. "How shall you be to-morrow? You are have, eh!—passenger paper? How you are name yourself?"

I answered these queries to the best of my ability and produced my passport, pointing to the surname inscribed therein; my pronunciation of the latter struck him as incorrect from a phonetic point of view, and therefore suspicious.

"You require an inter-peter," he said. "You shall have me, eh? I can inter-repeat you, I, myself, shall charge you."

And he was as good as his word, despite my remonstrances, constituting himself my guardian there and then, accompanying me in my circuit of the temple, and, doubtless, imparting much useful information which, however, was incomprehensible, his knowledge of English being superior to mine, and finally escorting me to the hotel, where his appearance created some apprehension at first. Afterwards the establishment became familiarised to it. He kept up a close surveillance on my movements, marched into my room at all hours when he had a few minutes' leisure, sought to conduct all negotiations for me, and demanded night and morning an account of my doings and intentions. Moreover, he admonished the hotel people and 'ricksha men to treat me fairly. And whenever I went on an excursion in the neighbourhood wrote a missive recommending me to the best offices of all with whom I should be brought in contact.

After nightfall I returned to the temple in the expectation of finding the stone lanterns illuminated.

This is only done on great occasions, such as the Japanese Hallowe'en, when the souls of the departed saints are understood to revisit earth and to desire light on their path. My inter-repeater's habit of replying in the polite affirmative ("There is") to all questions was misleading. I found the stone lanterns white and dim and ghost-like in the gloom, but public worship was being conducted in the

COLOSSAL BRONZE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

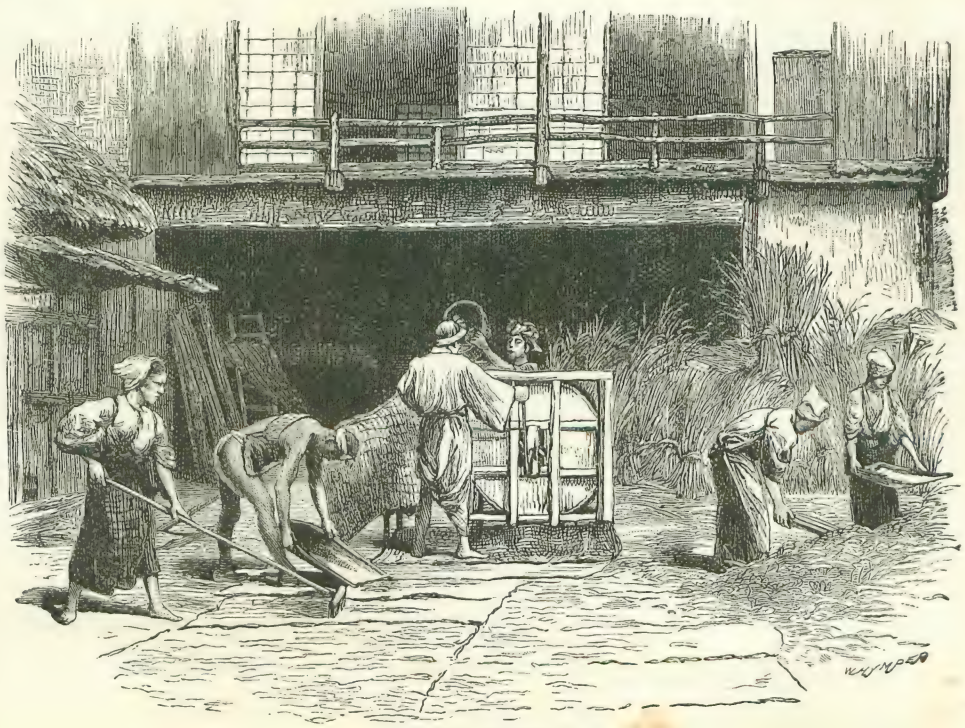
* All respectable women in the interior blacken their teeth.

JAPANESE PRIEST.

temple and that was a sight worth seeing. The great hall was in semi-darkness, but alive with fervent worshippers prone on the matting whispering the invocation to Buddha and knocking their foreheads against the floor. Within the chancel rails the lamps burned duskily, revealing the handsome, yellow, richly embroidered robes of the priests, walking in procession round and round the altar chaunting the service. Every moment a bell was rung, and three of their number dropping out of the procession prostrated themselves before the table with its sacred vessels and emblems and knocked their heads nine times, until all had performed this ceremony. Strangely familiar seemed the chaunt, and procession, and "dim religious light," and gorgeous stoles and robes, only the kow-towing kept one awake to the fact that the scene was laid in the far, far East. That, and the English of my policeman, who had pounced on me on arrival and taken me in charge.

Perhaps nothing in connection with the two religions of Japan, Shinto and Buddhist, is more surprising to a foreigner than the amity in which they exist side by side and rear their temples and shrines. Zeukoji was wholly Buddhist, but the mountains all round were covered with temples, "houses made with hands," for the resting-places of the Shinto divinities, the old gods of the land, when it should please them to come down to earth on a little picnic, or shrines to mark a spot, where, in the bygone days, they had revealed themselves to mortal eyes. These are invariably charmingly situated, above all things the great gods delighting in sublime and wide prospects, and well repay the explorer the time and strength spent in climbing. Somewhere at the back of the precipitous range which rose directly from the grounds of the Hongwanji like a wall, a sacred village surrounding a peculiarly holy temple nestled, I had heard, on the shoulder of another and higher range, quite out of the world, little known, and as yet unvisited by foreigners. The temptation to explore it was irresistible. On a pack-horse as a matter of course I intended to travel, but "Peter" (his given name ran into nine syllables before reaching the honorific "Sen," to which he was entitled by courtesy, and it was convenient to fall back on an abbreviated form of the designation, self-given, on first introduction), "my interpreter," laid an embargo on the horse; the ground was too sacred to be trodden under foot by a quadruped. A jinricksha with two or three pullers I might have, or a *kago* (or palanquin) with four bearers, the latter would be the more expensive and the more honourable conveyance. Now the Japanese *kago* is of two kinds, and I had had experience of both. The one is a wicker hamper with the sides cut away, and the other a sort of wooden coffin with sliding boards at each side. In neither can a medium-sized foreigner find room for his head and legs in connection with his body unless he is capable of turning his lower limbs into a spring mattress and lying back on them, using his heels as a bolster.

I chose the jinricki. While squatting on the floor arranging preliminaries with the headman of the ricksha clan of coolies, a card was brought in which had gone the round of the hundred and odd tea houses in Zeukoji. It bore the printed legend, "So-and-so, Boston, U.S.A." and in pencil, "Is there anyone in this town who can speak English?" English was my mother tongue, but as a medium of communion with the natives it had not proved distinctly useful. Peter invariably listened to it with doubt expressed in open lines on his countenance. Where the chaste diction of Boston had failed to open a door of intercourse there was little hope that my vocal powers would avail. Possibly So-and-so required an equal acquaintance with Japanese; the few words I could utter in that language though understood by intelligent natives, were



JAPANESE FARMYARD.

rather above the heads of ordinary folks, and, anyhow, had not enough of them for my own use, and could not afford to place any at the service of an utter stranger. A gentleman with a disappointed and disgusted air, accompanied by a guide, whose expression was despondent almost to the depths of despair, passed the house an hour later on their way to the railway station. "So-and-so" indubitably and his paid interpreter.

Morning is the best time for travelling. Shortly after sunrise next day, followed by two men dragging a jinricksha, I was climbing up a mountain path almost as steep and leaf-shaded as the famous "Beanstalk" of the nursery tale. Progress was slow, interrupted by the politeness of the coolies who had been charged to treat the "Great One" with becoming veneration, and always plumped down on the road when addressed, jumped up to bow, and sat down again to reply to her observations, in accordance with the rules of etiquette. Like the "Jack" whose name is associated with the beanstalk, at the top we found ourselves, not in the sky as might have been expected, but in a fair and smiling country not unlike the land we had left two thousand feet below, a circular valley, with a depression in the centre suggestive of an extinct volcano, every yard of which was under cultivation. Pleasant homesteads dotted the sides of the surrounding hills, and little temples stood here and there in their cedar groves. One large, gaunt, apparently rock-hewn shrine upreared its sharp profile against the blue sky on a mountain peak to the south, but it was not towards it our course was bent. Skirting one side of the vale we hurried westward to the farther hill-tops, then up, and on, and up, and up again, commanding as we journeyed on wonderful views of the hills and plains to the north, with the rivers winding through them and far, far away, a gleam of silver sunlight on the Northern Sea. At last the farthest range was reached and surmounted, and behold! a vast plateau, bare of trees owing to its great elevation (over six thousand feet above sea-level), but covered with grass and wild flowers and thickets of low shrubs, and level as far as the naked eye could see. In the centre a huge *Torii* or "Sacred Portal," indicated the sanctity of the ground. The *Torii* may be described as two Latin crosses set up side by side, with their transverse beams touching and a second beam shaped like the keel of a boat overlying them. It always marks the entrance to holy places, and in some locations ranks as an object of special veneration. I was requested to dismount from the 'ricksha and walk when we drew near, humbly and on foot only might it be passed. Chu-In was not in sight, nothing but the great plain, although here was its "Portal." Some miles still lay between gate and temple and the sun was high overhead. Resuming my seat we hurried on, dropped over the edge of the plateau, ran down a valley where the trees grew in wondrous luxuriance, and gained the shoulder of another mountain range. And now it was the south country, a land of corn and fruits and flowers, of which glimpses were caught over the hill-tops. Presently, crowning the slope and nestling under a group of bare, jagged peaks, Chu-In was descried, a village like the towns of the sons of Levi in old Judea, for all the inhabitants were of the priestly order seemingly. Before each door as well as at the entrance to the street of the village stood a *Torii*. In the gardens shrines and images were as plentiful as trees. Each house had the high, many-gabled, ornamental roof so pleasant in the sight of the gods, and so quaintly picturesque in the eyes of artists; and there at the head of the street, elevated on a stone platform and to be reached only by climbing a steep, steep flight of steps, rose the mother temple with half a dozen baby temples and shrines clinging to her skirts, behind and at each side groves of those "trees of the Lord," as Isaiah calls them, the stately crytomerias.

Peter had furnished the 'ricksha pullers with a letter addressed, probably, in royal style, "to all whom it may concern." Remembering that to show hospitality has been the prerogative of dignitaries of the church from all ages, I drove up to the priestly residence nearest the temple, took off my shoes and bowed myself into the presence of a benevolent-looking little man with a bald head, who may have been astounded at my appearance but was too courteous to show it. The coolies on bended knees presented the note of introduction, and after glancing at it the old gentleman went down on his knees and gave me welcome; then he rose up and pronounced a blessing and bursting out into the kitchen blew the fire into a red glare and boiled the kettle, made the tea with his own hands and carried in the tray. Then he made a speech. His tones were liquid and musical, unlike the Japanese of the lowlands—if indeed his words were Japanese at all. His gestures indicated that he was placing himself and his house, and everything he possessed, at my service, and perhaps he had commenced with his knowledge of Sanscrit or that older and more sacred tongue, the language of the sons of heaven brought down to earth by the first Mikado. It was the hour for his private devotions he intimated or his legs were weak,* and unhappily he must depute his daughter to take his place and show me over the Holy Places. If the Buddhist belief in Metempsychosis be founded on experience that young lady must, in her immediately preceding Karma, have been a female clerk in a British post office. Her manner was never acquired in Japan. She did her duty—showed the Holy Places—but no more, and was grimly indifferent to, or sceptical of their sanctity. Her young brothers and cousins made the round of the minor temples with us, and comported themselves several degrees more abominably than the children of Belial who mocked the Prophet Elisha—they sought to make game of the great gods. In front of each shrine there was a kind of shallow trough covered with a grating, overhanging this a bell-pull. The arrangement was useful both as offertory and oratory. The pilgrim threw in his money, rang the bell to advise the tutelary deity of his presence and attract attention to the offering, and then bowed himself over the grating in the attitude of worship. It was the delight of these scions of priestly houses to rattle pebbles into each trough and ring the adjoining bell and then run away as if they dreaded the anger of the disturbed divinity. If by any means they succeeded in playing this trick while I stood in front of a shrine their joy was exuberant. The enraged deity would think I was the deceiver and visit me, it was fondly hoped, with instant punishment.

Fortunately the main temple was essentially sacred—no unconsecrated Japanese foot dare enter there. Courtesy to the stranger within their gates opened its beautifully gilt and emblazoned doors to me, after my shoes had been removed, and leaving the boys and 'ricksha pullers sprawling on the steps, the latter praying and the former pretending, we passed in. It was "a gem of purest ray serene," in its exquisite cleanliness and brightness, a room such as the Mikado might delight to dwell in rather than a temple in our sense of the word, the floor covered with the whitest matting, ceiling and walls a blaze of colour, crimson, blue, green, and yellow, blended and subdued by the dead gold ground. Cornices and doors, altar-rails and altar, the latter crowded with gorgeous vessels, were marvels of the carver's skill. Behind the altar stood a shrine or large casket, of rare and lovely old lacquer, on each side of which huge figures armed with bows and arrows sat on guard. These were not idols, or objects of worship, but simply representations of attendants. The imperturbable young priestess allowed me to penetrate behind the screens which separated the shrine and its body-guard from the main hall and examine these, and even to touch the sacred vessels of precious metal on the altar. Then with an imperious gesture she stalked out through a side door, past several apartments seemingly for the use of officiating priests when on duty, across a graveyard and along an avenue leading towards the rugged crown of the mountain. I followed, first, however, securing my shoes which the boys before going back to afternoon school had placed upside down in an attitude of devotion on the bottom step.

It is impossible for Japanese to wear peas in their shoes when going on pilgrimage, their foot-gear being a sort of little wooden stool with a loop of string in the middle through which the foot is thrust, and a smaller loop at the end for the great toe. Instead, they strew the paths leading to their holy places with small flints and rough stones, and make them as like the dry beds of mountain torrents as art can copy nature. The more holy the place, the rougher the road thereto. We were now bound, I perceive, for a very high and holy ground indeed, and the old priest had been wise to prefer exercising the rites of his religion at home, where he had a private oratory, or chapel of ease, on the ground floor, softly matted. Stately cedars, two and three hundred years old, lined and shaded the way; little streams ran at each side, rare ferns, especially maiden-hair of abnormal length, growing in luxuriant profusion on the brink, and wild pinks and strange white star-like flowers covered the banks. Nevertheless, it was a toilsome road.

From some queer charts of Chu-In and the neighbouring holy places, purchased in the evening, I gathered that this water had been struck from the rock personally by one of the old gods in ages long past; it and the crags were therefore sacred, and the shrines, erected in commemoration of the event to which it owed its spring, were most holy. Even in these degenerate days miracles were not unknown, effected by the agency of the tutelary deities. When we reached those shrines near the top of the crag, we found their doors and outer gates shut and bolted. Several immense tanks, hewn out of the solid rock, were to be seen brimful of the sacred water, but the gods, like Baal of old, were supposed to be either talking, or on a pursuit, or journeying, or, peradventure, sleeping, if not, eating their evening rice, and their priests and attendants were, one and all, following their example. Not a human being was visible. After knocking vainly on the wooden walls of what looked like a windowless and doorless barn, but which may have been a monastery, my guide turned round, black in the face with indignation that her father's daughter should have had all this trouble for nothing, and plunged down the rocky, slippery path. I crept after her, foot-sore and hungry and disappointed. I had gone on pilgrimage and done penance, fasting according to the severest canons of the church, but no miracle was wrought on my behalf. Only by a miracle could that return tramp have been rendered enjoyable and worthy of remembrance.

(*To be continued.*)

* Sign-language, though expressive, is open to misapprehension.

PERVERTED PIPES.

FOR Fig. 3 we require cherry-wood pipes, which can be bought at a penny each; for Fig. 5, the humble clay at three a penny answers very well, those with comical heads being most effective. Some enamel, bright red for choice, penny a yard ribbon to match,

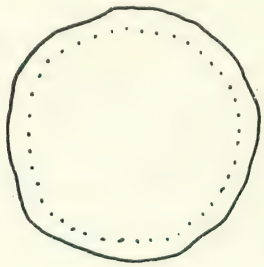


FIG ①

FIG ②

some odd scraps of red velvet, a bit of lining, and some bran and glue are also needed.

Cut a circular piece of lining, two and a half inches in diameter (Fig. 1), make a running near the edge, draw it up bag shape, fill it with bran, and fasten securely; cut a piece of velvet half an inch larger all round, cover the little cushion by gathering or pleating neatly, you will find the extra half inch gives a "stalk" to it, Fig. 2, put some strong glue into the bowl of the pipe, fit the stalk of the cushion close down into it; when you have done two pipes, and they are both dry, cross the stems, taking care the bowls point outwards, fix securely with wire, over which tie a bow of ribbon with loop at back for hanging; stick a few pins into the cushion and you have Fig. 3, which should sell easily for sixpence.

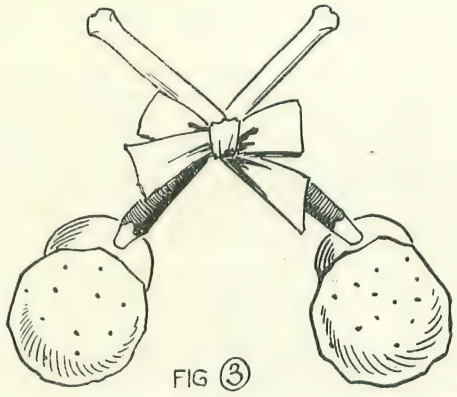


FIG ③

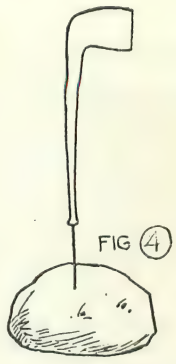


FIG ④

For Fig. 5, take four clay pipes, run a steel knitting-needle up the stem, stick it into a potato (having cut a slice off to make it stand firmly), Fig. 4, and proceed to enamel them; two coats are required; when dry and hard, cross the stems with bowls turning upwards; fix with wire and ribbon bow and loop, put some wax matches in each bowl, and you have Fig. 5. These, too, should sell for sixpence each, and let us hope that in spite of bran, glue, and enamel, our pipes will "draw."

"COUSIN LIL."

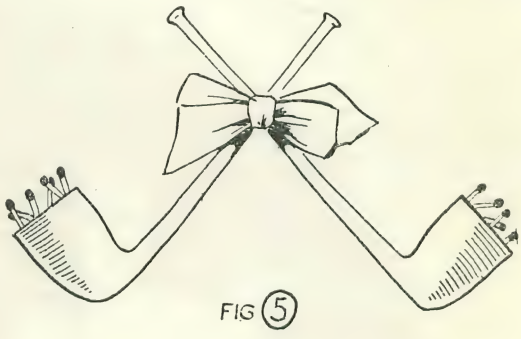


FIG ⑤

VARIETIES.

THE SPINSTERS' PETITION.

Sixteen maidens of Charleston, in the United States, on the 1st of March, 1733, presented a petition to Governor Johnson of South Carolina, entreating His Excellency's influence and interference to prevent widows from re-marrying until the spinsters had been provided with husbands, by fining the offending parties, if no more severe punishment could be inflicted.

The petition urged "The great disadvantage it is to us maids is, that the widows by their forward carriage do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us who ought to have the preference."

WELL SAID.—To be able to say the right thing at the right moment is a great art, and only to be acquired by those who have a natural talent that way. When a careless talker, who was criticising a young lady's father severely, paused a moment to say, "I hope he is no relation of yours, Miss B——?" quick as thought, and in a tone of the utmost nonchalance, she replied, "Only a connection of mother's by marriage."

REMEMBERING WRONGS.—"May I tell," says Dickens, "why it seems to me a good thing to remember a wrong that has been done us? That we may forgive it."

NO GRATUITOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Your account of the concert last night," said the musician, "omitted all mention of the very thing I wanted to see printed. The violin I played, as I was careful to tell your reporter, was a genuine Stradivarius, and one of the best ever made."

"That's all right," said the editor. "When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper, it will cost him half-a-crown a line. Good morning, sir!"

"THOU LIVEST FOR EVER."

I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal
Like the eternal thunder of the deep
Into my ears this truth, "Thou livest for ever."—*Byron.*

POISONOUS PICKLES.—In the manufacture of pickles, as almost every one knows, contamination with copper is specially to be avoided. However, as small quantities of acetate of copper give to pickled vegetables a fine fresh, green, natural colour, such an adulteration is not unfrequently practised. Some of the older cookery books, indeed, actually recommend the use of copper vessels, and even the addition of small pieces of verdigris, to improve the colour of the pickles.

ANSWER TO TRIPLE ACROSTIC I. (p. 255).

1. A l O n E
2. S n A i L
3. H a K e M (*a*)

Ash—Oak—Elm.

WORD PUZZLE.

My first's a word oft lisped by baby lips.
My last makes streams impassable to ships,
Or is the mother of a lowly brood,
Giving to poor blind whelps both life and food.
The same from right to left, or left to right;
When writ in letters, or when judged by sight.
A lady always, though my head lacks sense!
My end no end has, in the present tense.
The first sad parent of the human race,
Exists with me in name, though not in place.
I am a word beloved in many a land,
And noblest men have offered me their hand.
No grander title e'er on earth hath been,
For when you mention me you may address a queen.

(*a*) Hakem, or Al Hakem, from 961 to 976, was Caliph of Spain.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XV. (*Continued.*)

LADY HAIGH was very mysterious that evening. She would not let Cecil go to dress for dinner until she herself could come too, and then she accompanied her to her room, where they found the two maids, Um Yusuf and Marta, gazing in speechless admiration at the contents of a great box they had just unpacked. With tender care they had laid on the bed a lovely evening dress of soft, clinging white stuff, with borders of golden embroidery in a classic pattern, and now they were gently handling a white and gold cloak to match, and a fan of white feathers with a golden mount.

"My Christmas present to you, dear," said Lady Haigh, kissing Cecil. "I flatter myself I know what suits you, and I see my London dressmaker has carried out my directions exactly. Let me see how you look in it."

"Oh, Lady Haigh, you are too good!" gasped Cecil, fingering the delicate fabric with intense delight.

"Nonsense, Cecil! Do you think I didn't know that you decided not to order out a new evening dress from home, because you wanted to send Fitz the money to get a camera with? I'm glad you like it, dear. If you are so very pleased, show it by looking nice in the dress, and by being kind to poor Charlie."

The last sentence was in a lower tone, but Cecil shook with mirth; the idea of being bribed with a new dress to be kind to Charlie seemed so ridiculous. The thought suddenly came to her of the uncontrollable delight with which her little Irish stepmother would have viewed the whole scene, more especially the part which concerned the unexpected rewarding of her kindness to Fitz, and it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from bursting into a peal of laughter. It did not take long to array her in the wonderful white and gold dress, and even the sedate Um Yusuf, as she clasped the folds upon the shoulder with Azim Bey's brooch as a finish, was moved into uttering words of admiration. Lady Haigh and Marta were no whit behind in their praise, and Cecil herself, on looking into the glass, felt that she could scarcely recognise the gorgeous vision there reflected.

Lady Haigh was also arrayed suitably to the greatness of the occasion, and she and Cecil now donned their cloaks in preparation for crossing the court, and rustled down to the great drawing-room, where Sir Dugald was waiting with a long-suffering expression, his subordinates hovering in the background and looking depressed. Lady Haigh cast a last glance around to see that all was right, and then, satisfied that the great room with its fretted ceiling and walls, inlaid with mirrors set in beautiful mosaic of many-coloured marbles and gilded arabesque work, was looking its best, took her place beside Sir Dugald with a sigh of complacency. The guests soon began to arrive, in their most imposing attire, and the assembly became a miniature court. It was not so difficult as usual, Cecil thought, to realise that one was in the city of the Khalifs, now that the splendours of the place were properly revealed by the aid of many wax-lights, and the rooms, at other times empty and silent, were gay with bright costumes and gorgeous Eastern draperies. But when the move into the dining-room was made, the illusion was spoilt, for all was Anglo-Indian, and the punkah, useless to-night, and the silent Hindu servants, though they might at first seem to give an air of Oriental stateliness to the proceedings, were after all as alien to the old Baghdad as to older Babylon. Cecil felt honestly grieved by the modern innovations years had brought, and she had ample time to lament over them, for her neighbour at the table was a stout and bald-headed elderly merchant, who devoted himself to curry and other red-hot compounds with a singleness of purpose which left him no opportunity for conversation. Opposite to her, Charlie was doing the agreeable to the wife of the American consul, a faded, but still energetic lady, who was talking shrilly of Boston. The few Americans in Baghdad had united

"'I'VE LONGED TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR YEARS,' HE BURST OUT AT LAST."

with their English kinsfolk to-night in celebrating the old home festival, and the English would fraternise with them in like manner when Thanksgiving Day came round.

The meal was a long one, for all the usual Christmas fare was *de rigueur*, as were the orthodox Christmas customs, while there were a number of toasts to be drunk at the close; but it was over at last, and the gentlemen were not long in following the ladies into the drawing-room. A number of other people who had only been invited for the reception after the dinner party now came dropping in, and Cecil found herself seized upon by her friend, Mrs. Hagopidan, the lady in whose defence she had broken a lance with Charlie not long after her arrival in Baghdad. Myrta Hagopidan was a vivacious little person, an Armenian by race, a native of British India by birth, and an Englishwoman by aspiration. As school-girls, she and Cecil had adored the same governess, the lady who had been Cecil's form-mistress at the South Central having gone to India to take charge of the Poonah High School, as has been already mentioned, and this bond of union drew them very close together, although Mrs. Hagopidan was pleased to affect the ultra-smart in dress and conversation, and had a weakness for talking about her "frocks," for which, by the way, Worth was sometimes responsible. She came rustling up now, in a magnificent and utterly indescribable costume of various shimmering hues, and demanded that Cecil should take her up to the roof to see the view.

"I've never seen the city by moonlight from here," she said, "and Captain Rossiter has been telling me that it's quite too awfully sweet. Take me up to the best place, for I daren't go roaming about Sir Dugald's house alone without his leave, and I'm much too frightened to ask for it. Put on a shawl or coat or something, for it's quite chilly."

And linking her arm in Cecil's, Mrs. Hagopidan drew her into the cloak-room, whence she extracted a wonderful little wrap of her own, all iridescent brocade and ostrich feathers, and then waited while Cecil hunted for her white and gold cloak. Her little dark face looked so mischievous and arch and winning, framed in the folds of her hood, that Cecil kissed her there and then, at which Mrs. Hagopidan laughed until all her ostrich-feathers nodded wildly.

"Don't!" she cried, pushing Cecil away. "I don't want to make anyone jealous; I'm simply an amiable and kind-hearted friend. There! that's your cloak, isn't it? Put it on, and come along."

They hurried up the steps together, Mrs. Hagopidan continuing to talk incessantly, so that Cecil was nearly exhausted before they had reached the top, and was obliged to stop to laugh.

"Lazy thing!" cried her companion. "You are stopping too soon. Only two or three steps more, and I'm dying to see what is to be seen. Come on. Why, there's someone here!"

A dark figure confronted them as they reached the top of the stairs, and Cecil almost screamed, but she saw immediately who it was.

"Myrta, you wretch!" she cried, "you have brought me here on false pretences."

"Don't excite yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Hagopidan, swiftly descending the stairs to the landing, and sitting down on the lowest step. "I said I was a kind and amiable friend, and I'm going to be. No one shall interrupt you, I promise, and if any one tries to pass, it will be over my body. Now, Dr. Egerton, use your opportunity. Go over to the other side of the roof, and I shan't hear. You may count on me to keep a good look-out."

"I don't like being entrapped, Dr. Egerton," said Cecil. "I think I will ask you to take me back to Lady Haigh."

"I don't think you will," said Charlie quickly, "when you remember how long I have been waiting for this talk with you, and how hard it has been for me to get back here even now. I can trust you not to keep me longer in suspense. Whatever my fate is, at least you will let me know it at once."

This was reasonable enough, and Cecil could not withstand the appeal to her sense of fairness. She walked across to the other side of the roof, and sat down upon the wide parapet, looking at the shadowy garden beneath, and at the river beyond, its broad surface flecked with many wavering lights. Behind was the courtyard, partially illuminated by the beams from the lighted windows of the drawing-room, and further still the town, with its winding, badly-lighted streets, and its ghostly minarets and palm-trees. The strains of music floated up to her, mingled with the more distant sounds of the city, but no human being was visible anywhere, and it seemed as if the world held only herself and Charlie. He was standing beside her, apparently finding some difficulty in framing what he wanted to say.

"I've longed to speak to you for years," he burst out at last, "and now that I have the opportunity I feel ashamed to use it, because I know my speaking to you at all must seem such arrant cheek. I have thought about it pretty often in the last week, and upon my word! I can't think of any conceivable earthly reason why you should marry me, except that I love you."

He stopped, and then went on somewhat more freely.

"Cousin Elma has told you how I wanted to speak to you two years ago, and why I didn't. That's the reason, Cecil. It was because I loved you, and I didn't want to get you into trouble, and I have learned to love you more and more since. I do love you, dear, and I have tried to be a better man for your sake. I can't talk much about that sort of thing, you know, but I do see things more in the way you do than when we first met. But I can't say it as I should like," he broke off despairingly. "Whatever I say seems only to show me more and more how utterly presumptuous I am I know I could never hope that you could care for me as I care for you, because I am such a wretched failure of a fellow, but if you could love me just a little—if you could take me on—well, just as a sort of pupil, you know—but I don't mean that at all. Will you marry me, Cecil?"

"And if I say no?" asked Cecil, looking away over the river.

"Now you are trying me to see what I shall say," he said. "You know, if I said what I feel, it would be that I should throw up this place at once and go off into the desert with the Arabs, and I know that what you would like me to say would be that I should go on here working steadily as if nothing had happened. Well, dear, I will try, but it will be awfully hard."

Cecil was touched to the heart.

"Oh, Charlie, my poor boy!" she cried impulsively, and put her hands into his. He took them doubtfully, not daring to accept the happy omen the action suggested.

"Cecil, is it really—do you mean yes?" he asked with bated breath.

"Yes, I do," said Cecil hurriedly. "I have been a horrid, calculating, conceited wretch. I've looked down on you, and laughed at you, and never thought how much better you were than I was all the time. I wish I was more worthy of you, Charlie."

"You? of me?" he asked. "Cecil, dear, don't laugh at me now. You really mean that you can love me? I don't want you to marry me out of pity, or anything that would make you unhappy. I can stand anything rather than that."

"But I do mean yes," murmured Cecil brokenly.

"But you are crying," he said.

"I'm not," said Cecil. "Well, I suppose I am homesick. No, it's not that. It's because I have been wanting you so much all this time, and you have come back at last."

"Please God, you shall never regret my coming back, dear," he said gently, and drew her head down on his shoulder, where she cried bitterly, to her own great astonishment and his alarm. It was not at first that she could explain to him the mental conflict and strain of the past few months, but she was able to assure him that her tears did not spring from regret for the promise she had just given, and they sat there on the parapet talking for a long time. Engrossed in each other, they did not notice a long line of torch-bearers and horsemen approaching the Residency from the direction of the Palace, and they were struck with surprise when Mrs. Hagopidan appeared suddenly at the top of the steps, and looking studiously the wrong way, cried in a thrilling whisper—

"Dr. Egerton, you must go down at once. Azim Bey is at the door, and Sir Dugald was asking for you. If you don't put in an appearance, there'll be trouble. Do go at once."

"That abominable child!" cried Charlie, and obeyed.

(To be continued.)

HOME-MILLINERY UP TO DATE.

LIKE all other things, the art of millinery, as practiced at home or abroad, has undergone a change, the greatest change of all, to my mind, being that the necessities of those persons of moderate means, and the chief requirements of the home-milliner are provided for in the most popular shops. In earlier days the possibility of making things at home was carefully ignored in the shops, and it was generally inculcated that an educated hand and trained eye were needful to bring the simplest hat or bonnet into existence, and the people who attempted to do things at home were much deterred and depressed by the scorn lavished on their efforts. The worst epithet was, I think, "home-made," and this remains even to-day the final apex of all horrible ideas. Within the last two years we have changed all this, and bonnets and their trimmings can be purchased either together or separately, and so can hats; and, wonder of wonders, the shop-assistants will take much trouble in making you understand exactly how the shape they are selling you should be trimmed, and what you must buy to make it look quite up to date. You can have it trimmed too, if you like, for a stated sum, and, altogether, your path is much easier than it would have been some years ago.

Having said thus much, and having tried to make you comprehend that certain conditions are changed for the better, I now want to explain that the requisites of the "up-to-date" milliner to-day consist not so much in skill as quickness of perception, a good memory, and a certain artistic sense, without which no one would ever be well-dressed, were they millionaires or paupers. The home-milliner is really born, though she may make herself if she be sufficiently clever in other ways; and we all know numbers of people who could never trim a bonnet, make a bow, nor put in a flower, if they tried their hardest. These people will generally be found lacking in all artistic tastes, though they are probably excellent and practical managers in other ways. A bonnet or hat must, in its way, be really a work of art, and have an individuality of its own. It must be made of the best and most expensive materials, and be of the latest and best fashion. I always think we should save much in money and trouble, if we bore in mind Shakespeare's admonition—

"Costly thy habit, as thy purse allows,"

and I want to impress it on your minds, especially in regard to millinery. In this, cheap things should have no place, for they are unprofitable, they soon look shabby, and do not wear half the time they should, to enable us to derive pleasure from our headgear.

The work of the home-milliner is divided into two departments—the new and the old, and she must know how to make the best of both old and new materials. It is here that she will immediately realise the value of the good, as contrasted with the cheap and poor material. Velvet, especially, should be of the best that our means allow; and the same applies to satin, to ribbon, and to flowers.

The only way to avoid a home-made look is, I think, to try to educate your eye. This is only to be done, and ideas are only to be acquired, by seeing what models you can of the best kind, and from them you have to inform yourself on all the questions of "up-to-date" millinery.

The most important points to observe are—

The general style of the new shapes.

With what description of materials they are trimmed;

And what is the general feature of the decoration (*i.e.*, feathers, or flowers).

Is it high or low? If high, how is the height obtained, by feathers, flowers, or bows?

What are the colours, or their combinations?

What are the styles to be avoided? and which are those adopted, or likely to be so, by really nice women? and which, amongst these, are the best and most adaptable to my own particular needs?

To myself personally, the last is often the most difficult question, and the only solution of it is to make your mind up, once and for ever, as to what style of bonnet or hat is really becoming to you. Then proceed to adapt the prevailing styles to it. The chief essential of either a hat or a bonnet is that it should be becoming to the wearer; and, while setting forth her manifest beauties, shall considerably veil her deficiencies. For instance, amongst very simple rules two may be given: first, that a person with a broad face must avoid narrow hats or bonnets, while the face that is thin and narrow will probably find her refuge in rather an excess of trimming, which should not be placed too high above the forehead, but much towards the side or the back.

Certain shapes are very generally becoming. The small princess, the close-fitting *toque*, and what has been known lately as the French sailor hat, which is in reality a sailor, with a brim made to turn over at the edge very slightly; all these are safe, and eminently becoming. They are suitable to both youth and middle age. The hat has a straight brim, which casts no shadow; and the line it produces on the head, if put on as it should be, absolutely straight above the brows, is a becoming one. It seems more so in either felt or straw, than in velvet. Indeed it will be found that hats with smooth surfaces are more generally becoming than those of rough ones, such as beaver, or velvet.

The wide-fronted bonnets of the last season, which are still worn, have proved unexpectedly becoming to many people with broad faces, though not to all; while they do not seem to have suited youthful ones. Wavy lines in the brim are not, I think, at all suitable to middle age, nor, indeed, to anyone over five and twenty. They need the rounded face of youth to match their airy outlines and generally coquettish look.

And now we have discussed the suitability of shapes, let me give a word of advice to all my readers; and this is, that they should not fail in paying a monthly visit to a good hair-dresser's, or if their purses do not allow of that much luxury, to go every three months; but, particularly at the beginning of a season, or when that educated eye, of which I have been talking, informs you of a change of style in hair-dressing. To-day, thanks mainly to the shillings spent at the hair-dresser's, our women and girls in England dress their hair more beautifully and in better taste than in any European country. Even a half-worn bonnet can be made to look new, if the hair beneath it be satin-smooth, and glossy, with good brushing and constant care in dressing it.

The authors of various articles on the subject of "home millinery," as a rule, profess to give rather too much instruction. There are many works on making drawn lace hats, or bonnets; wiring edges, making buckram, wire, and net shapes, and covering bonnets and hats. Now much of this is quite useless to a perfectly unpractised hand. It is rare indeed that a shape of some kind cannot be procured, and one only needs experience and an artistic eye to make something of them. When we are more advanced no doubt we shall aspire higher; but at present, even covering a shape had better be avoided. If you can find one in jet, fancy-straw, or felt, to suit you, do not discourage yourself by aspiring to do too much. I have been a "home milliner" all my life, and I am fairly successful always. But I prefer adaptation to any kind of home-manufactured specimen, and I should not dream of making a shape, though I do adapt them to my needs; and I often find that, turning an old bonnet or hat, and making the front into the back, or the sides into back and front, will suffice to bring them entirely "up to date."

And now we will suppose that you live either in London, or in some large town, and that you decide that you want a new hat. The first thing will be to make up your mind as to its style; either by a search through the columns of one of the leading fashion journals, if you live in the country, or by a walk down Regent Street, New Bond Street, Westbourne Grove, or High Street, Kensington, if you affect any of those localities. Do not gaze idly into the shop-windows, but having made up your mind as to the colour which will go best with your dresses, find the style of hat which will suit you; and go into one of the shops which sell shapes, as well as hats of all kinds; and try on the selected shape. If it be all your fancy painted it, buy it; and tell the saleswoman that you are going to purchase the trimming in the proper department, and have the hat taken there, wherever it is. We will say, for instance, that the pretty hats with double or treble *ruches* of two contrasting hues of silk have captivated you, for example, black and pale blue, with some black and blue wings, and some blue poppies made up of the silks—placed at the back where it slightly turns up over the hair. You will choose a black hat of felt, or even a black straw (if you like it), and you will need the black and blue silk, the centres for the poppies as well as the wings, or you will find in several of the shops the *ruches* and the rest of the trimmings all ready made to put on; and if you doubt your own ability, purchase these by all means. They cost very little more than the materials, and you will not be nervous over your unaccustomed task. If you decide to make the *ruches* yourself, you will need at least a yard and a half of each, the black and the blue, and you must study the method of making the *ruches* carefully, and of putting the silk on the poppy centres.

When your bonnet is fully prepared and trimmings planned you must think about your sewing equipment. Plenty of good pins, black and white, remembering that the effect of trimmings must always be ascertained before the final stitching. Indeed I have many home milliners in my mind who never stitch, unless the bow or trimming be a peculiarly heavy one. A pin or two always suffices. Steel pins are best for pinning velvet, as they make fewer marks. A sharp pair of scissors, and some long milliners' needles; some stout linen thread which is better than either cotton or silk to hold bows together, while it is so strong it does not need so many stitches. Fine black silk for sewing, and fine cotton, and if you are trimming in colour you must match it exactly with a sewing silk.

You will often, no doubt, have heard the expression that a bonnet "looks as if it is blown together," it is so light, so fittingly arranged, and so firm as well. Now the secret of this appearance lies in the quickness with which you act, and with which you make-up your bow or tie the final knots; do not handle any of your materials, and be sure to be speedy; and make your mind up on the instant. A bow pulled to pieces even once, will never look as fresh as one tied (as the doctors say of the healing process) "with the first intention." Velvet is very easily marked, and lace and net, *chiffon* and *tulle*, look limp

and shabby with too frequent handling. Try to learn the art of putting in very few stitches, as well as of making one stitch do the work of a great many. And in putting on all trimmings remember that they must be firm, even though the stitches be few.

The first thing to do with your hat is to put in the head lining. Now this is always made of what is called "sarcenet." Half a yard, if cut on the cross, will make several head-linings. The width is measured from the head-line to the crown of the hat, allowing a quarter-inch hem at the upper side, into which you must run a very narrow China ribbon. Then join-up on the wrong side, and put the lining on the wrong side on the head-line, and tack it to the straw. Then turn up the lining, and when you have trimmed the hat, draw up the ribbon and tie it in a bow.

Lining the brim of a hat is generally an anxious problem to the "home milliner," and how to do it without wrinkles or drawing is really difficult, without previous practice. The velvet is, of course, piece-velvet and is bought on the straight. Lay the hat downwards upon it smoothly, and cut a round, following the line of the hat, but leaving a turning of about half an inch. Secure with a pin here and there, at the edge, and taking it up, put careful tacking-threads in it to hold it in its place. Cut a hole for the crown, leaving a turning also, and slash this downwards towards the brim, so that a faultless fit may be made when you have tacked and trimmed it. Now begin on the edge of the hat, and pin the lining firmly, while you turn up, and stitch (with invisible stitches) the velvet, or silk, round and round the wire which edges the brim.

Piece-velvet for making bows and ends, *rouleaux* and folds, is purchased on the cross. I think, perhaps, that next to putting in a head-lining, or the lining of a brim, the hemming of velvet is the most difficult thing to do. The needle must be very fine, and so must the cotton or silk, and the stitches must on no account be taken through to the right side; and, I think, if you be wise, you will practice first **on** some velvet that has been already in use. The easiest way is to turn the edge down once, and herring-bone the raw edge, taking one stitch through the velvet, and the other through the turned-down part. Do not hurry over your work, for it needs both patience and attention. When the velvet is hemmed, and you want to make it into bows, sew each loop firmly, and do not twist the material more than you can help, as the bow will be too thick. The ends are now generally made into "donkey ears," by turning the bias end of the velvet over to the straight side, and turning in the edges, very neatly, so that you may slip-stitch them together. The stitches must be invisible, of course. For making-up bows, and keeping them upright you can have the assistance of the millinery stiffeners, and wire ribbons, which have been introduced within the last year or so, and which you can obtain by asking at any fancy draper's. The advertisements in most of the leading fashion-papers are generally mines of valuable information, and you can find in them all kinds of new assistants in both millinery and dress-making at home. Just at present the rage seems to be for satin ribbon, and in making-up bows of ribbon, you will find that you must be a spendthrift, not a miser, in its use. A yard goes no distance where a bow is concerned; and a handsome hat-bow will probably take nearly three. A good milliner makes-up her bows without cutting the ribbon, or, indeed, without sewing at all, in order to keep it firm. She uses a long piece of coarse cotton, which she winds round the loops and bows, so as to keep them close and firm. But the present style of hat-bows, as well as those for bonnets, can be made without even this assistance, if you hold them firmly, and tie the final loop over with a strong knot. A bow which barely hangs together is not to be tolerated, either in millinery or where the dress is concerned.

I must now deal with the subject of renovation, and this is where I should advise the "home-milliner" to begin her career, because here she can gain experience, and make no losses, and if she do spoil her first attempts, she need not worry herself with self-reproaches that she has wasted any portion of her small store. The first thing to be done with an old hat, or an old bonnet, is to pick them to pieces, and never to feel discouraged at the sight of them, however faded or depressed they may appear. Brush everything carefully, the hat included; and if it be of straw, look it over carefully, and make your mind up about the shape, and if it be of a sufficiently modern fashion to be worth retaining. Because all kinds of straw hats are now so cheap, that it is sometimes wiser to get a new hat for the old trimming if it be good, than to feel vexed if we look less well than our neighbours. If you make up your mind to retain the hat, and it be a black one, you will find almost any of the shoe glosses, or polishes, or even, I am told, "Berlin black" will freshen it up, and give it all the appearance of youth. If it require new wire at the edge, try to put it on exactly like the old one. You can purchase the covered wire for millinery at any of the fancy draper's.

With a white straw hat, I always feel that I have heavy odds against me. But there is nothing like trying, and if it be very dirty, give it a good washing with warm soap and water, and brush with a nail-brush till quite clean. But before you commence this, you must take off the wire at the edge of course. Dry it after its bath, and see how it looks, and if it need stiffening, make a thin solution of gum arabic and water, and wash it over. Then dry it, and put on the wire at the edge again, and bend it into shape, to suit the most recent ideas.

Now, please, bear in mind that while I wish to show you how to make the best of your old trimming, I must warn you that faded and rusty feathers, or feather trimming, dirty flowers, and dirty ribbons must not be considered fit for use. Feathers can, it is true, be freshened-up and recurled by the aid of a penknife and a little patience; but if in the least rusty or faded, they must be sent off to be re-dyed, and feather trimming *ruches*, unless they can be freshened by the dyer, must not be used at all. Last year's ribbons may usually be refreshed sufficiently so, by dipping them in weak ammonia and water, and pressing, while damp, between the leaves of some blotting paper; or they may, while wet, be plastered on the back of any door, which presents a clean enough surface; if you press and plaster them down well, while wet, they will stick on till dry, and come off quite as smooth and far stiffer than if they were ironed. This is especially the case with satin ribbons. Old velvet can be restored to new beauty with a little fresh butter, or, still better, a piece or two of bacon rind, which you use by passing it very tightly over the surface of the velvet. You will be surprised to see how beautifully the shabby black velvet will be restored to brightness by a little of this treatment.

The following detailed recipe I quote from a well-known source:—

"To clean, freshen, and do up plush and velveteen trimmings. According to their condition the above should be well dipped successively in either two or three baths of benzine, weakened by adding a little water. After this they should be dried thoroughly, but not too quickly, and the pile must be brushed quickly the right way. Before you attempt brushing the pile, however, you must prepare the fabric to bear that treatment. This is done as follows:—Make a strong solution of gum arabic in warm water, and when you take the velveteen or plush out of the last benzine bath and have dried it, brush the back all over with gum solution. This will prevent the pile from being pulled out by the brush, and will also stiffen and restore substance to the fabric. As soon as the gum is dry turn the plush, etc., upon the right side, and brush it with judgment smartly so as to make it stand upright in the proper direction. Unless you apply the gum water you cannot brush it without pulling out the pile and ruining the whole. You must be careful to observe the right direction for the pile to lie in. These directions are particularly useful for the renovation of the cheap half-cotton plushes and velveteens or even velvet pile and velvet."

Another method, which may be tried to advantage when the velvet or velveteen is very greasy, is to heat some sand very hot—the ordinary white house-sand will answer—and sprinkle it over the soiled surface, rubbing it lightly in with a brush. You will be surprised what a difference you will make in the material, and how much it will be improved.

Now that *ruches* are so much worn, it will, perhaps, be well to give a few instructions on the subject of making them. They are generally made in treble box-pleats, that is three pleats one on the other, a set facing each way, then they are held with a firm stitch or two in the centre. A *ruche* for the neck, if of a thick material like satin-ribbon, will need at least three and three-quarter yards of material in length to make a full *ruche*. Chiffon is doubled three or even four times, and it is thus more of an economy to buy the chiffon in the piece, double-width; one yard of this will make a *ruche*. You will not wonder that the made-up *ruches* are expensive, when you know how much material they take to make them, and also that it requires a somewhat skilled hand to make them up.

There are some very bad faults in bonnets and hats, and of these I must mention two or three. The first is to put on too much trimming, especially if you are a small person, because it gives you a top-heavy appearance. An almost worse error is to stint the decorations, and try to make two roses or half-a-dozen violets do the work of two dozen, or one yard of narrow ribbon do the work of a yard and a half of wide. Fancy-headed pins, brooches, and buckles are, all of them, great helps to the home-milliner, and relieve a bonnet or hat of the home-made look. Hats should be tried on before purchasing, to see that they fit comfortably, not on the head, but on the usual style of hair-dressing which you adopt. The same is the case with bonnets, and here care should be taken to avoid buying one too long in the head—I mean from front to back. This is a very bad fault, and it is the cause of the bonnets lifting up in the front when the strings are tied, which you cannot cure, unless you pull the whole bonnet to pieces. The only way to avoid it is to take out the head-lining partially, and try to get at the wire foundation; sometimes you can put a tuck in that to alter the fault.

And, after all, the advice to a home-milliner may be summed up in a very few words, and it is: Be observant of all changes in style, and make up your mind finally what suits your own the best, and keep to that. There is one exception to this, a change in the dressing of the hair, which may necessitate a smaller or a larger bonnet. The veil and its proper putting on, are also of importance, and fashions in veils change a little with every few months, and it is just that little which may spoil the effect of a pretty bonnet or hat. But beware of adopting ugly or remarkable styles in veils; indeed in everything you will find yourself a better-dressed woman, if you keep to a quiet, lady-like, and unobtrusive fashion.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE MANAGER (*Scientific Press*).—We thank you for your intimation of change of address, for the benefit of our readers who inquire for it, with reference to your book *How to Become a Nurse*, 428, Strand, W.C.

MIGNON.—Write to Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W., for all information respecting free scholarships. Admission by exam. demands a fee of £1 1s. This on the admission of the candidate is returned. The fee for admission is £5 5s., and those for instruction £11 11s. per term.

LITTLE QUEEN.—Write direct to the Matron, St. Mary's Day Nursery, Plaistow, for all the information you require.

MISS M. PRYDE.—We are happy to give our readers the new name of your Home for British Artists and others seeking instruction or situations in Paris; and we hope that your Scottish friends will assist you in the purchase of the Caledonian Home, at 152, Rue de la Pompe, Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, Paris. We thank you for the Report, and may observe that your institution is not only a benevolent but a religious one, as Bible-classes are held, and Evangelistic addresses are given by an English clergyman, an Evangelist, or a French pastor, when opportunities are presented. The Home is under the patronage of the British Ambassador and Lady Dufferin.

THE HON. SECRETARY of the Parents' National Education Union was (we hope) thanked for the notice given of this institution in 1894 and the beginning of 1895; and a new list of "Free Lectures" and "Demonstrations" would be acceptable for the benefit of our readers (Hyde Park and Bayswater Branch, and any others).

"AS YOU LIKE IT."—You must refer for your answers to the weekly correspondence columns, for training as a nurse, and the hospitals for children. You will find them under the head of "Educational." You are too young even for a children's hospital if not passed twenty-one. Of course you would be lodged and boarded.

MISS DAVIES.—We have pleasure in apprising our readers of your friend's "Essay Club," and your address at Habberley Villa, Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester.

MOLLY.—You cannot "command a salary" in any private situation or office as a short-hand writer. Competition is great, and money scarce. Could you not get employment as a reporter at public meetings? especially as your father is the editor of a weekly paper.

FULL MOON and DAINTY MONKEY.—Your schoolmaster or mistress should explain all you do not understand in euclid. If they leave you to work out the rules unaided, ask some friend to help you. Write your questions and state all your difficulties, and get a written or spoken answer.

JEANNOTTE.—We recommend you to apply in person at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners in Victoria Street, Westminster, and you will obtain a prospectus and all information you require. Take any certificates you may have to show your qualifications you may already possess. We cannot say decidedly whether your writing will pass or not, as it is peculiar, and some different letters are made exactly similar in form, one to the other. There should be a distinct difference between every letter.

ELIZABETH.—There are classes for book-keeping. You might apply to Miss Toplis, L. C. P., Head Mistress of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, 145, Camden Road, N.W. Ask her advice, and say you live at Leicester.

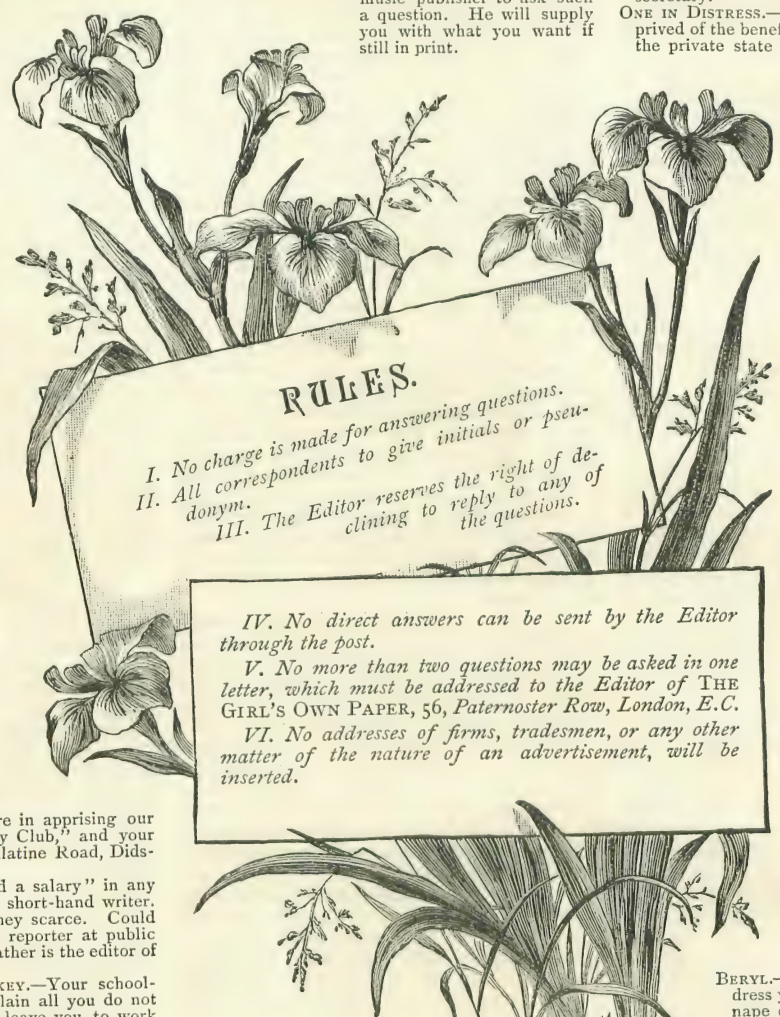
SPIDER.—The University College of North Wales is at Bangor. Women students reside in the College Hostel, Upper Bangor. The charge for board amounts to from 30 to 40 guineas, and the college fees to £10. The Lady Superintendent is Miss Mary Maud. For any further information write to her, and if you send a long stamped envelope, she will no doubt send you a prospectus. There are two other Welsh colleges, one at Cardiff, and the other at Aberystwith, which are equally open to women as to men.

MUSIC.

MARGOT.—If the great composer Gounod may be regarded as an indisputable authority, the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral is the finest church choir in the world. This rarely consists of fewer than 200 trained boys, and some half-dozen first-class adults. Gounod visited St. Paul's when last in London. The choir of Durham has the reputation of following next in superiority.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—There are certainly nine or ten Musical Festivals held in this country annually, or triannually. The former consist of the Gregorian Festival at St. Paul's, and the *Eisteddfod*.

MONA should write to a good music publisher to ask such a question. He will supply you with what you want if still in print.



NITA.—The mediant is the middle note of the perfect 5th formed by the key-note, and the dominant, the inversion of which makes a perfect 4th; therefore the 6th note, or sub-mediant, is rather below the middle of the interval. We are glad you like our paper.

AMY.—We are not indebted altogether for operatic music to Italy, as our own native talent had begun to assert itself before any foreign introductions. For example, in 1600 some such music of a light character was composed by Lawes. The first English opera was *Psyche*, by Locke, 1673; and then followed Purcell, who heads the first seven of our native composers in this department, *i.e.*, Arne, Arnold, Bishop, Balfe, Barnett, Wallace, and Sullivan. Our first native composer of the *Madrigal* was Edwards, then followed Bryde, and then his pupil, Morley, distinguished as "the father" of English Madrigal composers.

ROSALIND.—In reference to a "Music Lending" Society, Mrs. H. Rowson at 33, Aldridge Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W., is the manager of one. Send a stamped envelope for the rules. Your handwriting is too large, and you do not take pains in forming your letters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS JANIE CHARLES (of Stormont, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, London, N.) has sent us the 10th Annual Report of the Santa Claus Society, of which the patronesses are the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and the Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach. Gifts of food, coals, and cast-off clothing, both for adults and children are much desired, as also toys, scrap-books, magazines, and books. This valuable society sends all these things to the hospitals, homes, créches, and the poor in various parishes, in and out of London. Competitions are to be held by the society in doll-dressing, and in cake and sweetmeat making. For the rules apply to the secretary.

ONE IN DISTRESS.—Your scholars will not be deprived of the benefit of your teaching on account of the private state of your own soul. So do not be uneasy about them. Your clergyman has requested you to continue the work so you are right in doing so. As for the slips and falls and inconsistencies of your spiritual life, they are, alas! common to all Christians, and while we pray continually for sanctifying grace, and help in our own earnest endeavours to fight against temptation and our besetting sins, we must ever remember too, that the father in the story of the prodigal, "ran to meet him, while he was yet a great way off," dressed in rags, and "no more worthy to be called his son," for the Blood of Jesus Christ His (our Heavenly Father's) Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

DARK EDITH.—There are at least four societies in London which supply surgical appliances. The Provident Surgical Appliance Society is at 12, Finsbury Circus, E.C. The Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund supplies surgical appliances under £5 (on clerical recommendation), address H. Custance Esq., Mansion House, E.C. The Surgical Aid Society at Salisbury Square, E.C., and the City of London Drugs Society at 35, Finsbury Square, E.C.

DOWNCAST MAIDEN.—As you grow older you will become less shy. Read the article by "Medicus," written not long ago, on "Nervous girls." Try to fix your thoughts exclusively on the business in which you are engaged, and in trying to understand and meet the wishes of those you serve, as a shop assistant, and you will forget whether your face be red or green, after the fanciful colouring of the Bayeux tapestry, of which you may see a copy in the South Kensington Museum.

BERYL.—Wear a frill round your neck and dress your hair with a Greek knot at the nape of the neck. We do not tell the characters of our correspondents by their writing. You write very carefully and well, and your letter shows great neatness.

VERBENA.—All that you can desire to know on the subject of tomatoes has appeared in this magazine. See our monthly part for May, 1895, pages 417 and 443.

"THE DAUGHTER OF A HUNDRED EARLS."—1. We cannot find the recitation you speak of in any of the ordinary Reciters. 2. September 24th, 1878, was a Tuesday. We regret very much about the stamps.

BETTY.—The Windward Islands are so called in distinction from the Leeward Islands, with reference to the "trade winds." They form part of the Lesser Antilles. No; Barbados and Tobago no longer form a portion of this group. They were separated in 1885 and 1889. Four islands in all now belong to it—Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia.

MOSS-ROSEBUD.—See our answer to "Nil Desperandum" on the subject of your story-writing.

ONE IN DOUBT.—When a servant goes away for a holiday she does not receive "board wages." If she remained in her master's house, as care-taker, she could claim them, or she might be permitted to obtain supplies at the tradesmen's (butcher, baker, etc.), employing the usual "pass book."

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HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MEETING BY THE SEA.

"GUINIVERE LAY BACK IN HER EASY-CHAIR SMILING SERENELY."

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"BEATRICE, how delightful to see you again!"

"Vera! Why what a fearful swell you have grown!"

"Most people put it more politely! The right thing is to say, 'How you have improved, my dear!'" and Guinivere dropped a little court curtsey with inimitable grace, and put her hands caressingly on her sister's shoulders. "But it is nice to have the old frank-spoken Beatrice back again to tell home-truths. Did you think me very unfeeling for not coming to see you when you were ill? I did want, but I saw it would make Cousin Arabella miserable. (Mrs. Masham makes me call her Cousin Arabella now.) And then she was so bent on coming to Brighton for the autumn season, and nothing would serve her but I must come too. I didn't quite like that. I wanted to get home. But it seemed the best thing to do; and she promised that you should come down for a change of air as soon as you were strong enough. And that seemed to make up for everything. We shall have a charming time!"

The sisters were standing together in a large and luxurious bed-room in one of those palatial mansions at the Hove end of Brighton, looking out upon the sea. It was October, and a brilliantly fine warm season. The sea sparkled under a cloudless sky, and the salt breeze was most invigorating, as Beatrice already began to feel.

She bore the traces of a long and serious illness upon her. She seemed to have grown, and was very slight and slim. Her hair was cut short, and curled about her head in picturesque confusion; and yet she hardly looked as much like a pretty boy as she had done in old days, for her face had taken a new depth of expression, and there was a look in her eyes that had not been there hitherto. The face had gained power and sweetness in an indescribable way. Guinivere looked long and earnestly at her sister and then said—

"Cousin Arabella will have to change her tune now. She was terrified lest I should take the fever because she said it would ruin my good looks, and she has been pitying you all this while for the same thing. But she will find she is quite wrong. I think you are prettier than ever you were before. I shall have to look closely after my laurels now!" and Guinivere laughed with the gay confidence of one triumphantly assured of her own beauty.

It was an immense pleasure to the sisters to meet and to spend long hours together, recounting everything that had befallen them during the weeks that had elapsed since their parting.

There were several visitors in the house besides these two girls, and so Guinivere was released from any sort of constant companionship of her patroness. She and Beatrice spent their time almost exclusively together, sometimes occupying their luxurious bed-room, where a bright fire was kept burning all the day, and where they could sit at ease and in privacy; sometimes walking to and from along the level promenade in the sunshine—an exercise that was delightful to Beatrice after her long seclusion, and from which she derived great benefit. There was a carriage at their disposal often, and then they would take drives inland and explore the country; but the charm of all was the being together again after such a long separation. They found it immensely interesting and delightful, and every day brought fresh strength and vitality to Beatrice, so that Mrs. Masham beamed upon her, and declared that she was the most satisfactory and agreeable invalid to have that she had ever come across.

"For, remembering poor dear Mysie, and her failure after her illness, I was really half afraid," she remarked, in confidence to the sisters one day. "Sometimes those things run in families; and we all knew that Dr. Salisbury thought your convalescence likely to be slow and tedious. It is so nice to see you making such progress, and trying hard to get better. So different from girls of the present day, who get into such languid, affected ways!"

"Mysie is rousing up though," said Beatrice to Guinivere when they were alone together. "If it only lasts I don't see why she should not be quite reasonably strong before long. I don't quite know when it began. It was whilst I was upstairs. When I came down I was afraid I should be a bother to her, because they would not let me sit up, and you know how it used to be if anybody else wanted the sofa! But you can't think how nice she was about it. She didn't seem to mind a bit. She would get me cushions to make me comfortable, and sit with me all day, and even wait upon me a little. I was quite ashamed. It seemed like being so dreadfully spoiled. First Norah and Gipsy, and when they had to go back to their work, Mysie. I don't think any girl ever had such kind sisters before. And the little boys were simply angelic! They never made a noise or were troublesome, but they brought me flowers and pretty red leaves from the wood, and tried everything they knew to do things for me. It was really worth it all to see how kind everybody was. And now Mrs. Masham has me down here for this delightful holiday and change! I feel quite humble and ashamed when I think of it all. I have never troubled to do anything for anybody; and see what they all do for me!"

Guinivere lay back in her easy chair smiling serenely.

"It is very nice of you to say such things, and of course we are all very grateful to Cousin Arabella for her kindness. All the same I am quite aware that she is hoping for some sort of return for the same, and I think she will receive her reward in due time."

Beatrice looked at her sister in amaze.

"What do you mean, Vera? I do not understand. How can we any of us ever do anything for Mrs. Masham?"

Guinivere's smile was tinged with the anticipation of a coming triumph.

"Well, Beatrice, it is not for me to speak too openly of such things. But I have known all along that Cousin Arabella looks upon me in the light of a speculation. She is fond of me, and likes to have somebody young about her to play a daughter's part; but she wouldn't be as good to me as she is if it were not for the other thing too."

"What other thing?" asked Beatrice in her downright way.

Guinivere smiled lazily, with a touch of indulgent amusement.

"Perhaps you will begin to see for yourself—some time next week, Beatrice, when our other visitors arrive."

"Do you mean Sir John and Lady Reffel, and Lord Woodmayne?"

Guinivere did not reply, but her slightly smiling lips gave an answer. Beatrice looked grave and troubled.

"But, Guinivere; surely you do not *care* so very much for Lord Woodmayne! He is handsome and clever, but so supercilious and haughty, and then he is so old!"

"My dear child, men who have seen something of life are twice as interesting as mere boys. And as for pride—why, I think I rather like that in him. He is immensely rich, and can give me everything I want. The months I have spent with Cousin Arabella have opened my eyes to a number of things. I should never be content now in the old humdrum life. I am made for something quite different. And I should like you to share them too, Beatrice. When I am Lady Woodmayne I can make up a brilliant match for you I am quite sure. You see now what Cousin Arabella feels about all this. She wants to have the credit and prestige of marrying her *débutante* to one of the most wealthy men of the season. She will like to be 'Cousin Arabella' to a viscountess. She will delight to have the free *entrée* to another grand house. Oh, you will see that I shall pay back all my debts with interest."

But Beatrice's face did not clear. She twisted her hands together with a nervous movement.

"But, Vera—don't be cross with me—of course I know it would be a great match and all that; and you would have houses and servants and jewels and horses; but do you really care for him? Would you like to be always with him? Could you feel always happy near him? I don't know how to say it; but I thought everything depended on that—and Lord Woodmayne seems to me—well, not at all a man of that kind. You ought to know better; but I should think he could be a great tyrant. There is something cruel about his mouth, and

in the look of his eyes. Oh, do take care what you do!"

Guinivere flushed a little, but answered quite calmly—

"Of course we can never get quite everything we should like in this world. I am not so foolish as to expect it. I don't pretend Lord Woodmayne is perfect, or that I expect to be perfectly and absolutely happy. If I did I should be one of those silly girls who rush blindfold into marriage and then repent when it's too late. But I think I know very well what I am doing. I like Lord Woodmayne, and I am sure he likes me, and I think we shall suit one another. He can give me everything I want, and I can do things for my family which I should like to do. I can marry you well, Beatrice, for one thing. I have rather set my heart upon that!"

She put out her hand and touched that of her sister with a playful, half-caressing gesture; but Beatrice seemed almost to shrink away.

"Oh, no!" she answered quickly, "not that—not that! Oh, Vera, dearest, don't sell yourself for a title and a fortune! Be sure that you have the substance before you run after the shadow. Oh do be careful—do be careful!"

Guinivere looked at her sister in considerable surprise, and with a touch of offence in her aspect.

"You are very odd to-day, Beatrice. You used not to be so wonderfully serious when we made our airy castles together. What has come over you now? You know we always planned that I was to be a great lady. Why don't you like it now that this wonderful chance has come to me?"

"It seems different when it's so near," answered Beatrice gravely. "As long as it was all make-believe it was quite another matter. I think perhaps being very ill makes the world look different somehow. But be careful, Vera, be careful! And don't think about making up a match for me. I couldn't bear that. I don't want to be grand or rich. I like a man to have work in the world to do. And if ever I were to marry it would have to be because he was all the world to me. I couldn't do it for anything else. I would rather be an old maid all my life!"

Guinivere looked earnestly at her sister, and slightly shrugged her shoulders; though she spoke quite mildly.

"Perhaps you will think a little differently when you have seen more of life. But we won't quarrel, Beatrice. We have always taken different lines, and had our own independent opinions. Your theories sound very nice, but I don't think they always answer the best. Some of the most miserable people I have met lately, who positively detest each other now, are persons who rushed into marriage thinking themselves simply over head and ears in love. Cousin Arabella has seen a good deal of the seamy side of love matches. It doesn't always turn out well."

"Perhaps not," answered Beatrice; and she seemed disinclined to pursue the subject farther.

The next week brought a change of visitors and of conditions. Mrs. Masham called it a "family party" now: and since Beatrice was much stronger, she came downstairs more frequently, and dined late with the others except when they had a dinner-party—which happened about twice in the week, when she begged off and stayed upstairs.

She was able to watch with considerable interest the little drama going on in the house, and though she was not at all sure that she liked Lord Woodmayne, or that he would make at all a kind husband to her sister, he was certainly a fascinating and courtly lover, and she could not wonder that Guinivere should be dazzled by the prospect held out before her eyes. It was perfectly obvious that he intended to make her his wife, although he had not yet committed himself to an open declaration. Guinivere was beautiful enough to grace any sphere in life, and Mrs. Masham took care that nothing should be lacking in the accessories to set her off to the greatest advantage. She had loaded her favourite with gifts, till Beatrice wondered how Guinivere could go on accepting them so much as a matter of course. She did not think their father would approve if he knew. But then he had a masculine ignorance of detail, and would probably suppose that the generous allowance he made his daughter whilst she was visiting her fashionable friends covered all her expenses and provided all her sumptuous toilettes.

Archie and Frank Masham joined the party, and brought an element of life and merriment into it. Sir John Reffel had taken a fancy to Beatrice before, and was pleased to have her in the house. He was a great sportsman, or had been in days of old, and he made a point of taking her out riding with him as often as they could manage it. This was a great pleasure to Beatrice, who had not had much horse-exercise in her life, although she had been well taught, and had ridden a pony in her childhood. There was some good riding to be had over the downs inland, and as her strength returned they made longer excursions, sometimes being out the best hours of the shortening days. Guinivere declined the mount offered her. She had not much nerve, and had not ridden since childhood. She spent her days in the warm scented atmosphere of the house, or in driving out wrapped up in velvet and furs, with Lord Woodmayne almost always in attendance.

Beatrice coming in from the open air flushed with healthy exercise would wonder at the contentment her sister seemed to feel in her monotonous life of luxury. Already Beatrice was beginning to pine for the freer and more healthy atmosphere of home. She was tired of the perpetual chitter-chatter, the endless discussion of persons unknown to her, the sight of a long-drawn-out courtship which neither culminated in an engagement nor was yet ruptured by any quarrel. It seemed to her that her sister was being trifled with, that Lord Woodmayne was behaving badly, that there was something irritating and supercilious in his method of monopolising her sister without obtaining for himself the right to take her from all others.

"He seems to think he is a sort of sultan, and can dilly-dally, and throw the handkerchief just when he pleases. I would not stand it if I were Vera. I would just come away home and leave him to come to his senses or not—just as he chose. I think it's abominable, and Vera ought not to put up with it. I would not—not for a day longer. Oh, if she does not really care for him—and I don't see how she can! I wish she would come away and never think about him any more!"

At last the proud spirit of Beatrice could stand it no longer.

"Vera," she said suddenly one evening as they were brushing out their hair before going to bed. "I can't stand it any longer. I shall write and ask to go home at the end of the week; and oh, I wish you would come with me! I can't bear to see the way things go on! I'm afraid if I stay I shall shock somebody. I had better go before that happens!"

Then in answer to Guinivere's look of surprise the long pent-up flood of her indignation burst forth, and the elder sister was suddenly struck by an aspect of the case which had never occurred to her before, but which brought the hot colour into her face, and stirred up her pride which had been lulled to sleep.

"If you go home, I will go with you," she said, her head held haughtily poised. If Lord Woodmayne cares he can see me again at home. You are quite right. He ought to declare himself if he means anything. The days have gone by so pleasantly that I have not noticed how long it has been. I will go away with you. Perhaps that will bring him to his senses!"

Even Mrs. Masham did not raise any great objection.

"Perhaps it will be best, dear," she said when Guinivere spoke of a return home. "I can't quite make him out: but you know the proverb about absence—it may do him good to see that you just go on the even tenor of your way. I shall miss you sadly; but we shall soon be back again at Beechcroft. I shall spend Christmas there. I rather think I shall get Lord Woodmayne for one of my party. He has no home, and he seems to like being with us. But we must ask whether Beatrice has doctor's leave to return. Perhaps Dr. Salisbury would run down for a night, and give us an opinion."

"Oh, do ask him!" cried Guinivere eagerly, with the familiarity of a child of the house. "Dr. Salisbury is a very interesting and superior man. It would be quite a treat to have him here, if it were only for a night or two."

Mrs. Masham gave her young *protégée* an approving glance.

"An excellent idea," she answered readily. "We will have him down by all means if it is possible, and mind you are very particularly gracious and attentive to him, Guinivere! There is nothing like a little stab of jealousy!"

(To be continued.)

VENETIAN BEADS.

THERE is an instinct in human nature, whether it be hyper-civilised or whether it be still primitive, to which beads appeal as strongly as do gold and fine jewels. The Egyptians used them in lavish decoration of their dead, and modern travellers and traders in Africa are but imitating the example set thousands of years ago by the Phœnicians in using them as current coin in all dealings with the natives. Which of the ancient civilisations discovered the method of manufacturing beads has never been faithfully determined, but as the Egyptians were famous for their manufacture of glass, it is almost certain that the invention belongs to them, being copied by the adventurous Phœnicians. The Romans were great admirers of Egyptian glass, and during the reign of the Cæsars the works at Alexandria were kept busily working to satisfy their love of glitter and personal adornment, it being the fixed idea of the ancients that the sand of this part of the Mediterranean shore was absolutely essential to glass-making. But nearer to Rome was a small island in the Adriatic, which was afterwards to become one of the greatest seats of the manufacture of beads, and which, to-day, has almost regained its old monopoly, lost for a period after the downfall of the Venetian Republic, of which it formed part.

It was in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries—historians do not agree upon the exact date—that bead-making was established at Murano, and through all the years during which Venice exercised her almost imperial sway, the glass manufacture, on this ugly and dirty little island, was one of her glories. The Venetians, with that painstaking, and passion for the beautiful that are to be traced in all they have left behind them—in their palaces, their pictures, their jewels, their lace, in the mystic splendour of their churches—improved upon the models of the Egyptians, evolving colours and combinations of colours, of which they alone held the secret, with the consequence that beads rapidly became as beautiful as finely-cut jewels, and almost as valuable.

Steam, electricity, and the thousand-and-one inventions given by the nineteenth century to all manufactures, have been applied to the making of beads, and to-day the processes followed at Murano differ very little from those pursued in Birmingham, the chief seat of the industry in England. But there is a glamour of history at Murano that is lacking in the great Midland city, for hard by loom the campaniles and domes of Venice, with their bells tolling ceaselessly across the intervening lagoon.

Murano lies near the island cemetery of the Venetians, where the Palladian church of San Michele stands desolate, yet impressive, at one extremity. As the gondola sweeps past the high red walls of this island of the dead, a cloud of blackness, hanging immovable in the clear blue sky, shows where the glass-foundries, working night and day, belch forth a ceaseless stream of smoke from their tall chimneys.

A narrow canal flowing past some squalid houses, the upper storeys of which are raised on pillars of Istrian marble, once cream-coloured but now stained and grimed with the soot of centuries, leads to a broader canal, where the majority of the glass-manufactories are situated.

Some barges laden almost to the water's edge with grapes, whose rich purple bloom was in strange contrast to the murkiness of the Muranese sky and the squalor of the Muranese quays, were moving slowly through the sluggish water, as our gondola glided up to a small doorway set in a modern red-brick wall, behind which is the bead-factory. On the other side of the canal, old palaces, now turned into tenements for fisher-folk and bead-makers, frowned down upon this product of a manufacturing age, their carved stone balconies and decaying hatchments striking inharmonious notes with the electricity, the steam-power, and the human industry incessantly at work around them.

Through the little door we entered a flagged courtyard, from whence ran paths of beaten cinders leading to the various workshops, busy with the hum of countless wheels, and full of merry, chattering work-people.

Our guide first took us to a loft, where the colouring mixture as well as the component parts of the glass were mixed and made. Piles of sacks filled with sand were standing against the walls, whilst round tubs, arranged in two rows down the centre of the floor, contained the materials, that only required fusion by heat to turn them into glass. The colours were marvellous—greens, reds, and yellows of every imaginable shade, their iridescence being the closely-guarded secret of the manufacturer. Having vainly questioned the guide as to the cause of the golden lights in all Venetian glass, and being met and defeated by his sudden ignorance of French—which was rather remarkable, as he had become extremely voluble when he discovered that our Italian was a practically non-existent quantity—we were taken downstairs to a long narrow alley, divided into two equal halves, each one hundred and thirty feet in length, by immense furnaces in which the glass was being melted. The heat from these furnaces was intense, the molten glass standing in the clay tubs, that we had seen above, in their midst, seething and bubbling like liquid fire. It was almost dark in these narrow, ill-lighted alleys, but when the two swarthy glass-blowers thrust long iron bars into the quivering mass, a glow of colour, of red from the furnace and iridescent green from the glass, transformed the place for a moment into fairyland. The men, half-dressed, seemed to be transformed into golden creatures clothed in lurid green; the floor of hard-pressed cinders became crimson, flecked with strange shadows, as the blowers twisted their tubes in the shining mixture. After slowly turning their tubes round and

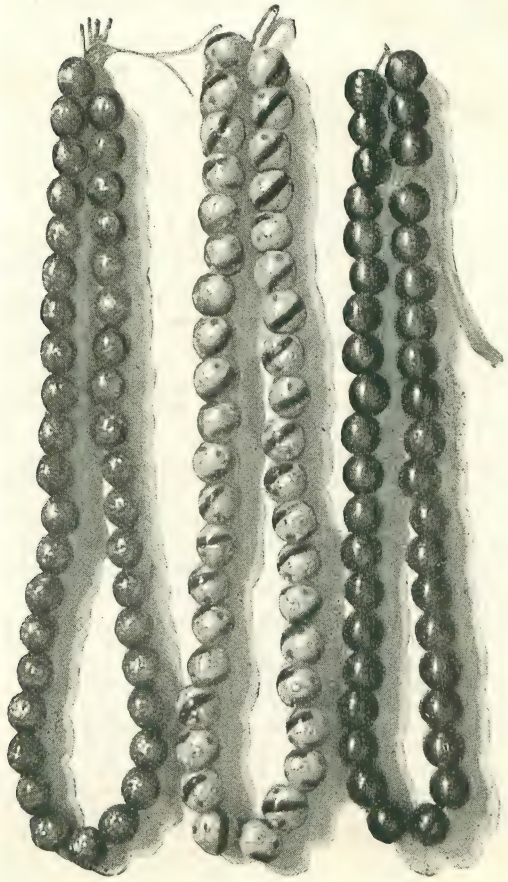
round in the liquid glass they suddenly withdrew them, the molten matter at the end looking like honey upon a spoon. With great skill they manipulated the tubes between their fingers, so that the glass did

not fall. When it was sufficiently cool, they rolled it gently on an iron stand, backwards and forwards, until it was completely round and in the shape of a hollow bulb. This was opened by the insertion of a piece of iron, and the two men placing the two bulbs together whilst they were still hot, they became amalgamated into one in a few moments.

It was at this point that the great interest of bead-manufacture came into play. The two men were standing, each with his tube in his hand, joined to that of his fellow by the soft green glass. Suddenly both ran swiftly in opposite directions down the narrow alleys, the glass stretching out behind them in an ever thinning line, until when the extremities were reached it lay along the ground in one piece, two hundred and sixty feet in length, the centre being of the same thickness as the two ends, and the hole running through the centre also being of the same diameter from end to end. Every six feet there were pieces of metal upon which the glass rested; when it had become perfectly hard and brittle, it was cut at each of these resting-places, and taken away to the next department in trolleys running upon wooden wheels. Here the six-foot lengths were handed over to girls, working at a long row of vibrating cutting-machines on one side of the room. The operator put several of the glass rods into an iron trough slightly raised at one end, and closed at the other by a knife of fine steel and exceptional sharpness. Arranging the rods evenly, she pressed them slightly under the knife with her right hand, then touching a lever with her left, the knife descended, and a shower of beads fell into the waiting sack beneath. The girls worked with incredible swiftness, and from every machine a ceaseless stream of beads were falling, the colour-effect being magical. This was heightened by the picturesque dresses of the workers themselves. On the other side of the room men were busily at work sifting the beads into various sizes, as it is absolutely impossible for the girls to get the rods under the knife in equal lengths at every time of cutting; nor is this necessary. After being sifted, the beads are shaken with bran or sawdust in a machine which removes all dirt and dulness from the glass.

It is in this manner that the ordinary glass beads with square edges are made, but the round bead with smooth edges goes through another process.

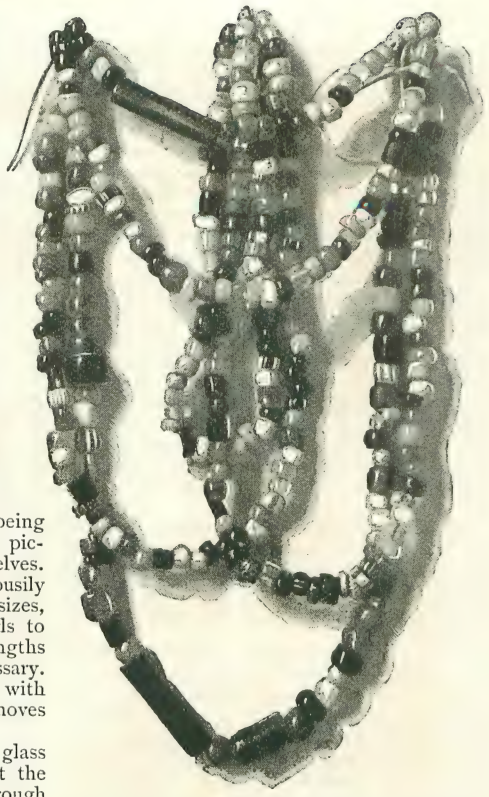
After the beads were taken from the guillotine they were thrown into an iron drum containing wet sand, and were shaken until all the centres of the beads were filled. The drum was then placed in a furnace and turned rapidly round several times; on its being opened, to our surprise the beads were hard and round. It was explained that the glass being softened by the heat was rounded by the motion of the drum, the sand preventing their individual centres closing up, or the beads sticking together. As in the case of the ordinary beads, the round ones were then cleaned by being shaken in bran in an irritating machine which jumped backwards and forwards along a rail. The old method was to put the beads and sawdust in a sack and shake them thoroughly together, but the machine has entirely superseded this, and the effect is certainly incomparably better.



The whole process seems very simple, but its effect upon the visitor is difficult to describe; for the marvellous and varied colouring of the glass is most bewildering; and the cutting-room with its unceasing stream of falling beads glittering in the sunshine with all the hues of the rainbow, must be seen to be appreciated and understood.

One more department remained when we had examined the sifting machines—they are worked upon much the same principle as the winnowing machine used by an English farmer to separate the corn from the straw in place of the flail—and that was the room in which the beads were threaded.

The majority of this work is



done away from the factory, as only a comparatively small portion of the beads are threaded before being sent to the buyer. At every house-door in Murano, women, young and old, even little girls, may be seen sitting with a trough upon their knees—not unlike an English butcher's tray—thrusting several pieces of wire, to which are affixed long threads, into the beads with one hand, whilst with the other they rapidly press them down the needles on to the

threads. Defective beads are quickly removed and thrown away, and a skilful worker will thread many thousands of beads a day, as the wires hold about fifty or sixty at a time, and a woman never uses less than six at a time.

Such is the manner in which ordinary beads, both plain and rounded, are made; but for the manufacture of the real Venetian beads, such as are shown in the illustrations, it was necessary to return to the City of Canals, where that branch is chiefly carried on.

Our gondola, after leaving the cemetery and crossing the intervening stretch of lagoon, entered one of the canals in the back part of the city, and after many twistings and turnings through apparently impassable waterways, we found ourselves under the Bridge of Sighs; a moment later we were in the Grand Canal, dashing through the limpid water towards the railway station, to the accompaniment of unintelligible cries and much gesticulation on the part of our gondolier to others of his craft.

The manufacture of the larger beads does not require the space nor the number of workpeople necessary to the industry at Murano, the actual making being carried on in one room in an old palace on a side canal beyond the Rialto.

It was very strange to see six women seated at a bench, surrounded with the most modern appliances, in a vast room with frescoes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries peeling from the damp and neglected walls and ceiling, whilst rats and mice had eaten large holes between the carved walnut dado and the marble floor. But these children of Venice are too accustomed to the atmosphere of decayed magnificence, in which they are born and reared, to pay the faintest attention to the blotched Cupids on the walls, or perhaps even to note that the frescoed lady on the ceiling, immediately over their heads, was holding a string of beads in her hand, identically similar in design and size to those which they themselves were making with such skill and laborious care. The artist who painted the lady in her frescoed bower, sitting at a table heaped with fruits in golden bowls, and toying with a string of gilded beads, is forgotten, and his work falls daily in large flakes upon the bead-makers below; but the facsimile of the beads which he copied so faithfully, are still made by them in the City of Waters and Palaces.

These women sat at some distance from each other, each in front of a tiny gas jet, that burnt immediately over a raised piece of iron, a screen of tin protecting their faces. Taking a small rod of glass similar to one of those which we had seen carried from the smelting alley to the cutting-room at Murano, the operator held it a few seconds in the gas-flame picking off the heated end with her blower. Putting the other end of the blower in her mouth and keeping the piece of molten glass near the gas, she began to blow very gently. Slowly the piece of glass grew rounder and rounder, until at length it took the shape of a large hollow bead. Then it was put aside, and another was made with equal rapidity. If plain beads are needed, the operation is complete, but the majority of these large hollow glass ones are marked with elaborate patterns made of another coloured glass, and these are made in the following manner, a manner which necessitates not only great technical ability and deftness of touch on the part of the operator, but some little artistic taste.

An iron skewer is placed through the centre of the bead, with which it is lightly rolled up and down a pad of felt. The rods of glass, of the colours required for the pattern, are lying at the worker's side, and having taken a portion of one on to the end of her blow-pipe, as described above, by heating it in the gas-jet, she proceeds to blow it on to the completed bead, rolling it round and round with her left hand, her right manipulating the pipe and describing the pattern as the bead revolves. As the super-work is sometimes composed of glass of as many as six different colours, the delicacy and difficulty of the work can be well imagined. Many of the beads are made of gilded glass, or the well-known Venetian evanturine, studded with small blue knobs in imitation of turquoises. These are blown on to the bead when it is completed.

Some of the thicker and heavier beads, such as those shown in the illustration of old Venetian beads, are run into moulds; the glass of others is grooved in such a manner that the extra pieces super-imposed sink to the same level as the rest of the bead; there are, in short, such an infinite variety that it is only possible to indicate the general method of production.

Despite the many wonders of the process, the most marvellous is the first stage, in which the glass is made into long thin bars. The fact that a rod two hundred and sixty feet in length can be made from a round piece of glass only a few inches in diameter, by merely pulling it out, and that the size, the density, of colouring, and thickness, remain the same throughout, whatever its length—thus, if the mass is pulled forty yards, the rod is thicker, but its measurements at both ends are the same—is as inexplicable as it is wonderful. The Egyptians, however, learnt this fact early in the history of bead-making, for many of their beads are marked with designs of birds, which could not possibly have been placed upon them after their manufacture. The pattern was traced upon the mass before it was made into rods and contracted with the rest of the glass. This is sometimes done at Murano in these days, and yet the small pattern, sometimes infinitesimally small, is as perfect in proportion as the larger design, from which it has been reduced by the operator expanding the glass down the alleys.

The bead-makers of Murano and Venice are copying to-day the legacy of beauty left them by their forefathers, and their industry is one of the most fascinating in all Italy.

FRANK HIRD.

VARIETIES.

ENCORED.

"How did your son do at college last year, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Very well indeed. He did so finely as a freshman that he got an encore."

"A what?"

"An encore. The authorities have requested him to repeat the year."

A SHAMELESS TEA-DRINKER.—Dr. Johnson draws his own portrait as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

ROYAL WIGS.—Queen Elizabeth had no fewer than eighty attires of false hair. It is probable that in this respect she was equalled, if not outdone, by her fair cousin, the Queen of Scots. Mary wore her periwigs to the last, and was executed in an auburn peruke. During her life, she was so much addicted to changing the form and colour of her hair, that on this account many of her portraits are rendered difficult of identification.

ON SUNDAY.—"Sunday is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and meditate."—*Longfellow.*

DEFINITIONS.

Economy.—A pleasure-sifter.
Despair.—Hope gone astray.
Sorrow.—The cost of knowledge.
Strength.—An exponent of will.
Grace—A cultivated naturalness.
Duty—A tax levied by life on every soul.
Mystery—The explanation offered by ignorance concerning the unknown.

MISCHIEVOUS TONGUES.—When we advance a little into life, we find that the tongues of men and women create nearly all the mischief in the world.

THE MAGIC RING.—When Mozart at the age of fourteen played in public on the harpsichord at Naples the audience attributed his power to the magical effect of a ring which he wore, and insisted on its removal from his finger.

BAD TIMES FOR PHYSIOGNOMISTS.—The interesting subject of physiognomy has many students nowadays. In bygone times they would have had to conduct their studies on the sly. By the Act of Parliament 17 George II. c. 5, all persons pretending to have skill in physiognomy were deemed rogues and vagabonds, and were liable to be publicly whipped or sent to the house of correction until next sessions.

NO WONDER HE LAUGHED.

An Irishman on a visit to London, comparing his watch with the clock of St. Paul's, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what tickled him, he answered—

"An' how can I help it? Here is my little watch, made by Paddy O'Flaherty, which cost me three pounds, has beat your big London clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday morning."

THE HISTORY OF PAPER.—The manufacture of paper in Europe was first established by the Moors in Spain. With regard to its early use in England, there is evidence that quite at the beginning of the fourteenth century it was a not uncommon material, particularly for registers and accounts.

A MAGNIFICENT BEDSTEAD.—A bedstead of extraordinary magnificence was sent as a present to a Shah of Persia by one of the Russian Emperors. It was entirely made of crystal, and was accessible by steps of the same material, all worked in imitation of large diamonds, incrusted in a solid frame. On each side there were spouts made to eject scented water, which by its murmuring invited sleep. It was crowned by a large chandelier which spread light around, so as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once.

RECIPES FOR MARCH.

Baked Cod.—A piece of the middle of a large fish is the best for baking, and if liked, it may be stuffed with a veal forcemeat, or it may be plainly baked. Wipe the fish dry after cleansing, and sprinkle it with flour, laying it in a baking tin with small bits of butter or good dripping upon it; bake about half an hour basting it occasionally. Serve with melted butter or shrimp sauce. Or a better way still is to lift the fish on to a dish and to carefully skim the best of the butter into a small saucepan, to which is added a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of half a lemon, and half a teaspoonful of seasoning, letting this boil up once, then pouring it over the fish. Serve boiled or whipped potatoes with codfish.

Stewed Rabbit.—This is much nicer if cooked in an earthenware jar with tight-fitting lid, and narrow bottom, because it allows of very gentle cooking. Pare and wash one carrot, a turnip, a large onion, and small head of celery, cut them up rather small and tie together a bunch of savoury herbs. After skinning and thoroughly washing the rabbit, cut it into joints, and these again into convenient pieces. Put a layer of mixed vegetables at the bottom of the jar, then several pieces of rabbit, each piece having been wiped and rolled in seasoned flour; then another layer of vegetables, and so repeat until the jar is full, or all the materials are used up. On the top place several strips of salt bacon and the bunch of herbs. Add a little more pepper and salt, and sufficient warm water to just cover the meat; replace the lid of the jar, and stand it in a corner of the oven to cook for at least two hours and a half or three hours. If these are prepared overnight, the flavour of the vegetables is imparted to the meat, and the latter is much more savoury. The water however must not be put in until just before it is to be cooked.

Home-made Potted Beef.—A piece of the shin of beef, about three or four pounds, should be placed in an earthenware vessel with just sufficient water to cover it. Stand it in a corner of the oven and let it simmer for some six hours. Then take out the meat into a wooden bowl, and carefully removing every bit of skin and gristle, pound it with a pestle until it is reduced almost to a smooth paste. A tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a pinch of ground mace, and a teaspoonful of bloater-paste, should be added to the meat with a little more of the liquor, and the whole pounded in. When fine enough press down into small pots or shapes and cover the surfaces with dissolved butter. The remaining liquor in the vessel is almost as good as beef tea, and will serve for the latter quite as well, or if previously cooked vegetables be added to it, it makes excellent and nourishing soup.

Braised Beef.—A piece of the "top-side" is best for the purpose. Place it in a covered stewpan or a shallow earthenware one, with sliced vegetables around it and a little bacon or dripping. Cover closely and cook gently for two or three hours. Lift the meat out on to a dish and strain the gravy over it, having carefully removed all the fat.

Sultana Pudding.—Pour a pint of boiling milk on to half a pint of fine white bread-crumbs. Add a tablespoonful of ground rice, an ounce of butter, two ounces of brown sugar, a pinch of salt, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, and four ounces of picked sultanas, and lastly stir in two well-beaten eggs. Pour into a well-buttered shallow dish, and bake for half-an-hour or forty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with powdered sugar sifted over.

Chestnut Soup.—Boil a pound of chestnuts until they are tender, then throw them into cold water. Peel them and put aside all the white part in a basin. In a stewpan dissolve an ounce of butter and slice a small onion into it, let this frizzle until brown; add to it the peeled chestnuts and stir them about to prevent burning. Dredge a tablespoonful of flour over them to absorb the butter, add plenty of pepper and salt, and about a pint of clear stock liquor. Let these boil, stirring all the time. Then pass through a strainer into the tureen rubbing the chestnuts through with a wooden spoon. Have ready also half-a-pint of boiling milk, stir this in at the last.

Ox-tail Soup.—Place an ox-tail cut into joints in a stewpan with an onion, a carrot and savoury herbs; add to it a quart of water and simmer very gently for four or five hours. Then strain off the liquor, skim it carefully and season highly, keeping it hot. The best of the meat may be reserved for potting and a few flakes of the remainder with part of the carrot minced small kept for the soup. Dissolve a tablespoonful of potato flour with a little cold water in the stewpan, pour the strained liquor to this and add the meat and vegetable; let all boil up once, then pour into the tureen with strips of very thin dry toast.

Savoury Meat Pie.—Pare and slice four large potatoes and one Spanish onion, and mince finely one pound of beef steak. Put a layer of potatoes and onion at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a layer of minced beef; fill up the dish with alternate layers. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of seasoning over the top and pour in sufficient warm water to nearly fill the dish, put a cover over and let the pie cook gently for an hour. Take off the dish cover and replace it with one of short pastry, ornament and brush over with milk, then return the pie to the oven until the crust is baked, by which time it will be thoroughly cooked. Serve hot.

Spinach and Poached Eggs.—Spinach is one of our finest spring vegetables, but before it comes in, its place may be taken by turnip or nettle tops. The vegetable must be first boiled until tender in salted water, then thoroughly drained, chopped to get rid of any stringy pieces, seasoned with pepper and salt, and then simmered with an ounce of butter for five minutes longer. Turn on to the middle of a dish and shape it as a mound; upon this arrange poached eggs and surround the base with tiny strips of dry toast or fried potato chips.

Baked Milk is very nourishing and makes a good cold pudding for eating with stewed prunes or figs. Put a pint of milk into an earthenware jar, cover the top with stout white paper and place it in a moderate oven, let it bake very gently for five or six hours; when cold the milk will be found as thick as cream.

Stewed figs, like prunes, will be found much richer if the fruit is soaked for several hours previous to stewing it. It should however be stewed in the same water.

Rhubarb Compôte.—Make a boiling syrup with a quarter of a pound of lump sugar and a wine-glassful of water. Throw into this the rhubarb cut into inch-long pieces, cook until perfectly tender, then lift them out on to a dish. When all the rhubarb is cooked, boil the syrup a little longer to reduce it, then pour it over the fruit. Make a rice mould by creeing whole rice in sweetened milk until it is all absorbed, flavour this with fresh lemon rind and pour into a fancy shape. When cold turn it out and pour the rhubarb compôte all around the base. Use a pretty crystal dish for this.

Orange Marmalade.—A dozen Seville oranges, half a dozen sweet ones and three lemons. Cut these into the finest and thinnest possible slices, taking out the pips but carefully allowing no juice to be lost. Put the fruit into a large lined earthenware pan, and the pips into a basin. To the fruit add water enough to well cover it all, and let the pips also be soaked in water. Let the fruit stand twenty-four hours, then turn it with the water into a preserving pan and let it boil for an hour or more, after which return it to the first vessel for another twenty-four hours' standing. The pips should be strained through a colander and the water drained from them added to the other fruit, as it will be found to be almost a jelly, so much gelatinous matter clinging to the pips which is lost if the latter are thrown away without soaking. The second day the fruit and liquor should be weighed and sugar allowed to it in proportion of a pound of sugar to a pint of fruit and liquor. The latter should be put on to boil in the preserving pan and frequently stirred, as it is very liable to catch at this stage. When the fruit boils put in the sugar, then let the marmalade boil for forty minutes after it starts again, stirring all the time. Pour it into heated jars while hot, and it will be found "set" almost before it is cold.

When a savoury is required, "kidneys *à la* Milanese" make a very nice dish.

Roll four ounces of butter in flour, and fry a golden colour. Add a pint of stock, in which dissolve two ounces of preserved tomatoes, one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one small onion chopped very finely, and a pound of sliced kidney; pepper and salt to taste. Stew this over a slow fire for forty minutes, and add half a tumbler of red wine and a teaspoonful of flour, and stir again for ten or twelve minutes.

L. H. Yates.

MRS. SANGSTER.

THE PALACE WALL.

UPON a lofty mountain stands
The palace of the King,
And workmen out of many lands
Around it work and sing.

They rear the lofty granite halls
And set the portals strong,
And evermore around the walls
They raise a joyous song.

A troop comes up the mountain road,
Great stones the people bear,
Though each is bowed beneath his load,
A merry look they wear.

Although the hill is steep and high
Their hearts are full of glee;
A vision beams on every eye,
The palace that shall be.

"Old man, why stand you on one side,
Thus downcast and alone?
Your face is dark with angry pride,
Your shoulder bears no stone.

"See how the toilers' faces glow
With hope and rapture keen;
Come, join us, and forget your woe."
"My offering was too mean.

"I only brought a little load,
Because my strength was small,
With pain I dragged it up the road,
To build the palace wall.

'But when I looked around and saw,
With sudden grief and pain,
The greater loads that others bore,
I cast it down again."

'Look up and note that empty place,
Plain on the wall to see,
Thy stone must fill that vacant space,
The building waits for thee.

'Take up again thy little stone,
Nor do the palace wrong,
Stand no more weeping here alone,
But join the builders' song."

D. J. S.

"A BIT FANCIFUL, SIR."

BY "MEDICUS."

"FACT is, sir, I wouldn't have called to bother you, knowing that you are a very busy man and all that, but my wife hearing you were in the neighbourhood made me come."

"Yes; well?"

"Well, she is an ardent admirer of your writings, sir; reads all your papers and swears by you."

"Swears?"

"Oh! you know I didn't mean that, exactly, but thoroughly believes in you. Thinks you have six senses to other people's five."

"Indeed, and what may the sixth be?"

"Oh, common sense, of course."

"And now, my dear sir," I said, "as I wouldn't for the world do anything to alter your wife's good opinion of me, tell me how I can be of service."

"Well, my wife is suffering from nervousness, and all that."

"Yes, proceed; what do you mean by 'all that?'"

"Just this. Sometimes she'll eat and sometimes she won't or can't. What's meat to her one day is poison the next. Some nights she sleeps and some nights not. Then for a whole hour at a time she'll be as merry as a post-boy, and maybe after that she'll be as quiet as our old cat, only if I speak kindly she will start crying right away, and the cat don't, sir."

"I see; nervous she *must* be."

"Only a bit fanciful, sir; that's what all the doctors tell her."

"*All* the doctors," I cried. "Now I fear I must back out of it. Professional etiquette forbids my taking up a case that is already under treatment by another medical man?"

"Ah, sir, but she hasn't nary a doctor at present. She is giving them a rest be-like."

I laughed in spite of myself.

"It would be a good thing," I said, "if she would take a little rest herself. And has she had many doctors?"

"A dozen at least, sir. I'm in a good way of business, sir, and do a good trade, and make a fair show in my books. Three carts from my bakery start every——"

"Stop, Mr. Sangster," I interrupted, "we won't go into your business matters, if you please."

"Ah! but, sir, I was going to tell you that for all I turns over, I do be just as poor at the end of the year as I was at the beginning; and all owing to my wife's fancifulness."

"She spends your money over her doctors, eh?"

"So far, that's so. But law, sir, there isn't a new cure nor a new quack pill that comes out that she doesn't go in for. A——'s quack pills, B——'s quackery, and C——'s as well. A, B, C, sir, why, she has a pill for every letter of the alphabet. Then she has visited about every watering-place in this country, both inland and by the sea, to say nothing of the hydros. No wonder I'm pretty poor, sir."

"Any children?"

"One only. A girl of thirteen, and of course she goes everywhere with her mother, which adds considerably to the ex——"

Once more I interrupted him.

"Well, Mr. Sangster, I'll say good-night now because I've letters to write. To-morrow at twelve I'll call and see your wife."

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times, I somehow believe you'll do her a lot of good——"

"There, there—good-night. Be assured I'll do my best."

* * * *

The villa where Mr. Sangster lived was a very pretty one on the outskirts of B——, a garden in front, bay windows, and trellised-roses creeping up the walls to the very roof and even twining round the chimney.

My knock was answered by a pretty young girl who, I rightly concluded, was Mary, the daughter.

Mrs. Sangster, attired in a charming dressing-

gown, was half sitting, half reclining on a couch. The room itself was tastefully furnished. She was delicate-looking and pale, but pretty withal. I noticed this as she extended her left hand to me without getting up. It was the hand nearest me, you know.

"It is so good of you to come and see a poor invalid!"

I made pretence to feel her pulse, though I had no need to. I could *see* an artery in her temple beating, and could mark the force and form of the pulse by that.

The room was stuffy. Goodness knows when that window had been opened last. I got up now, and threw it wide to the very top. A gust of June air came in, laden with the breath of roses, and the music of songbirds. How delightful, how refreshing!

"Oh, doctor, isn't it dangerous?"

I didn't even reply.

I picked up a little Shetland shawl, that I found on a chair, and tucked it round her chest, and under her chin, as if she had been a baby going to be fed."

"Now we can talk," I said, as I took a chair facing her. "Tell me all about it."

I repented very quickly having made that remark, for she started off with such a list of ailments, that, even had they been alphabetically arranged, would have deafened a miller. I have trained myself, however, not to listen to anything that is tiresome, so Mrs. Sangster's pathetic volubility had little effect on me.

I got her quiet at last, and then began to question her as to her habits of life, and her doings from morn till dewy eve. I soon elicited enough to prove to me that she herself was to blame for most of her troubles, not only by letting her mind dwell on purely imaginary evils, but by giving in to them, and disobeying every law of health, while swallowing all sorts of vile medicines that would scare rats away from a farm steading.

It was indeed the neatest case of nervousness that ever I met with.

Somehow I couldn't help blurting out the following brief sentence—

"I'll cure you, Mrs. Sangster, if you'll do all I tell you."

At the same time I did not quite believe I could; for cases of nervousness like these, that last long, are apt to become a kind of monomania.

However, I was going to try, for in my innermost heart I pitied poor Mr. Sangster more even than I did his wife. My treatment might be called heroic, it certainly was radical. I got Mary to bring me all the pills and quackery that her mother was taking. These I confiscated, and presently they found their way into the dust-bin. Then I told Mary to get her mother ready to take a turn with me round the garden, 'gainst I came back.

"I'll smoke a cigarette in the summer-house," I said, "and by the time I am finished you will be ready, Mrs. Sangster."

"Oh, but——" she began.

"*No* but," I answered, and off I marched.

"You must begin," I said, when, some time after, we walked in the garden together, "by believing that you are not an invalid at all. Whenever it occurs to you that you are, you must at once either go for a turn out of doors, do some interesting work within, or read some absorbing story."

"Take a turn in the bath-chair, doctor?"

"Certainly not; but on your feet. That bath-chair I'd burn."

"And must I have no medicine? I shall die."

"Pray," I answered, "do not think me unfeeling. Your ailments are of a nervous character; but that does not mean that they do not exist. My object is to gradually strengthen and tone the nerves, acting on them both through mind and body. But to begin with, you must pay attention to the laws of health."

"Yes, doctor, I'm all attention. I suppose you won't, in my case, order the morning tub that you preach so much about?"

"In your case not for months, at all events," I replied; "but fresh air night and day you must have. A warm bath every second night, a not too soft bed, and plenty of nourishment. No, not any wine. In cases like yours where the nerves are exhausted, they are easily excited, and this does much harm. But—now don't turn pale when I tell you—your heart is weak."

"Oh, I always knew I had heart-disease, though my doctors wouldn't hear of it."

"You have *no* heart-disease. Your heart is simply pale and flabby, more from keeping in the recumbent position so much. The strength of this organ must be restored, and it can only be so by walking-exercise in the open air, and sitting in a chair instead of lolling on a sofa when indoors. You must gradually increase the exercise, and you must get the skin to act either by dry friction with rough towels, or, better still, by a morning bath taken in a warm room and followed by friction. Now," I continued, "about food."

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "talk, because I like to hear you speak, and you have given me hope already."

"Thank God!" I couldn't help saying, "for hope is one of Nature's own remedies for the cure of disease."

"But," she continued, "will you write down all you are saying, and I will read it till I have it by heart."

"Thanks, I will. Well, food is essential and so is sleep. As I wish you to take as much fatty food as possible, or food that will generate fat and nourish the nerves, I think, indeed, I am sure that the Kepler extract of malt with cod liver oil will do much good. Of this you might take a tablespoonful thrice a day after food. Fat is not so difficult to digest as some imagine; good cream is excellent, so is good butter, and the fat of really good bacon for breakfast. I recommend also puddings of various kinds always with an egg in them. There are plenty to choose from, and you may ring the changes on tapioca, rice, cornflour, arrowroot and sago. A nice salad with plenty of pure olive oil will be found most beneficial. But remember that olive oil can only be procured at the best shops. What is usually sold in Florence flasks is cotton oil and nothing else.

"Grapes and all kinds of ripe, sweet, juicy fruits should be taken before breakfast in the morning, also a large glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon in it. Eggs are most valuable in cases like yours. Fish should often take the place of meat, and as to vegetables, greens, tomatoes, potatoes, seakale, are very invigorating. The stomach must not be overloaded, but time should be taken to eat, and enough partaken of to satisfy nature."

"What stimulant do you advise?"

"Indeed, madam, the question is too difficult to answer. I will allow you none at present, though if you are troubled with sleeplessness, two tablespoonfuls—*no more*—of the best brandy may be taken in a cupful of milk an hour before retiring, and you may eat a biscuit with it."

Well, I took my leave, and in a week's time I found my patient so much recovered that I recommended honest Mr. Sangster to send her for six weeks to a bracing seaside hydro that I named, and at which I knew my instructions would be carried out to the letter.

It may interest the reader to know that the medicines I caused to be administered were well-tried ones and nothing new-fangled. They were honest compounds of phosphorus, strychnia, quinine, etc., with the mineral acids and infusion of quassia.

The system was kept gently open more from the use of fruit, etc., than medicine.

* * * *

I think every young, or not quite young, lady may learn a lesson from Mrs. Sangster's case if they are at all subject to nervousness or nervous depression.

In every case, however, the cause or causes must be found out and removed before any permanent good can be expected.

I had a letter from Mr. Sangster not many months ago. As I happened to be touring in my caravan—the well-known "Wanderer"—it followed me all over the country, and was covered with P. O. marks.

"Mrs. Sangster is home again," it began, "and a different woman, thanks to your sixth sense, sir. She has taken to gardening and is never in when she can be out, and heaven bless you, sir, she's got right rid of all her fancifulness, laughs and sings all day and sleeps like a tee-to-tum at night, etc."

Well, reader, I was glad.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TIGHT boots impede the circulation of the blood, and those that are much too loose are apt to make corns. Do not economise in boot-leather or in gloves, it is no real economy in the end. Take care to have boots well-fitting and of good and soft material, with low heels.

IN case of fire in a house, when escaping close all doors and windows behind you, to prevent draught, crawl as close to the floor as you can, and tie a wet cloth or towel over your mouth; you will then have much less chance of suffocation.

IT is a good plan to write one's name in ink on the lining inside one's boots. It saves the servants trouble when you are visiting, and ensures your getting your own back after they are cleaned.

IN some houses heated cupboards are used for storing and airing household linen. Damp sheets should never be put into these under the impression that they will be dry and safe to use when wanted. Damp sheets may be taken out of the cupboard feeling warm and comfortable, but they very soon become cold and dangerous.

DO not let water-taps run all night. Gallons of water are wasted in that way; see that the taps are screwed tight before going to bed.

A GOOD-SIZED pan or basin of water, changed each day, should be placed in every sick room. The water absorbs much injurious matter, and acts favourably in other ways on the patient.

A SIMPLE remedy for moths is to place whole cloves among the clothes, or a piece of cotton-wool, or lint, saturated with oil of cloves.

A LOVE OUT OF TUNE.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The Troubadours," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THREE or four months had passed since the events narrated in the last chapter, and Reginald had been sedulously pursuing his studies at a large conservatoire of music in Bayswater amid alternate vicissitudes of hope and discouragement. He was exceedingly chagrined to find that the masters at that institution did not rate his talents at so high a value as his friends in the country and the music-master at his school. Despite his protestations he was put back to study exercises and *études* of a nature bordering on the elementary, and belonging to a class of music which he imagined he had done with long ago.

This was sufficiently mortifying in itself. But sedulous and unremitting practice in obedience to his instructor's injunctions soon carried him through this preliminary drudgery, and he once more found himself at a point in music which was not unworthy of his powers. He was continually passed over, however, at the monthly concerts of the conservatoire, because in the judgment of the masters he had not sufficient *technique* as yet to justify an appearance in public. With secret heart-burnings he digested his sorrow as best he could, and vowed to make renewed efforts to gain the good opinion of his instructors, so far succeeding in his aim that the director of the conservatoire promised him definitely that he should make his first public appearance at a concert to be given in St. James's Hall in about three months' time

"Nine months' study is little enough," added the director, "to cure the very radical defects under which your style laboured when you came here. Many pupils have spent two or three years before they have made their *début*. But in deference to your earnest representations, I will fix the date of your appearance for the concert mentioned, when you will have been with us just nine months."

This long period of probation was a hard one to bear for a young man of Reginald's ambitious and sensitive temperament. He was extremely solicitous that the folk at home should know nothing of his disappointments—more especially that no whisper of such a thing should be breathed at the Rectory.

His letters home were all bathed in rose colour, as the following extract from one of them will show. It was written before the director had made the friendly announcement about the concert, and yet, as will be seen, it bears no traces of baffled hopes—quite the contrary.

"My dear father," it ran, "you will be pleased to hear that my studies are progressing very favourably at the conservatoire. The professors all agree that I shall be able to start the profession on my own account in a few months' time, when I hope that I shall be able to make a little money——"

"And high time too," interrupted Farmer Horton as the missive was read to him.

"And set up for myself in life——"

"He will never be able to do that," muttered the farmer.

"And hold my own in London with other men who are pursuing the same calling."

"As he held it in the country, I suppose," soliloquised the farmer.

The same post had brought a somewhat similar epistle to the Rectory.

"Dear Mr. Vane," ran the letter, "I know Miss Vane and yourself will be interested in hearing that I am already playing Liszt's most advanced compositions, and received special praise from my master the other day for my performance of "Waldes-rauschen," a favourite piece of Miss Vane's. I am to commence the study of that beautiful Étude of Chopin's in E major, which she has so often played in your drawing-room, and which I shall proceed to study with all the greater delight and enthusiasm, from having so admirable an expositress present to my mind."

"Poor fellow!" commented the rector, who quite missed the point of the last allusion. "It seems a pity, my dear, that he ever took up this music-making at all. Why didn't he stay at home, and help his old father at the farm? I don't think Farmer Horton is in a good way, my dear. That reminds me. I must call and visit him this morning, and see how he is getting on."

Mildred sat playing with her knife on her plate, tapping the china nervously or restlessly; they were at breakfast at the time. She seemed once on the point of speaking, but as the conversation changed soon, she appeared to think better of it and remained silent. The rector shortly afterwards put on his hat, and strode to the farm.

Things had not been prospering with Farmer Horton lately by any means. His health had not been so good as it used to be, and he was unable to superintend the labours of his men with the same vigour which formerly characterised him, or with anything like his former regularity. In order to diminish the expenses of farm labour as much as possible, he had bought a quantity of agricultural machinery, which had the advantage, as he expressed it, "of not eating its head off, and not wanting somebody to be always at its back, to see that it was doing its work." The cost of this machinery was enormous, and people freely said that Farmer Horton was much wealthier than they supposed, or had suddenly grown reckless in his old age, when most of all he ought to have been careful.

It was with these thoughts in his mind that the rector stepped into the farm-house that morning, and found Farmer Horton in very low spirits, and complaining moreover of bad health.

"I am sorry, Mr. Horton," said the rector, "that these ill days seem to have fallen upon you, more particularly as you are getting into years now, and want all the rest of body and ease of mind you can have."

"The truth is, rector," replied the farmer, "that you have hit the nail on the head in speaking of 'ease of mind.' It's my mind that is more sorely troubled than my body. We have had such bad harvests these late years, that no agriculturist can stand against them."

"And yet, outwardly at least, you seem to be prospering, Mr. Horton," replied the rector, "judging by the large quantity of new machinery you have laid in."

"Aye! prospering—prospering, certainly," returned the farmer suspiciously. "Did I tell you, Mr. Vane, that I wasn't prospering? No! I am prospering well enough, but business troubles are business troubles, and when a man has more to do than he is capable of, worry comes to him and won't let him sleep, as is the case with me. It's several nights since I have had a wink of sleep, and the man as can't sleep is not much good, rector, I think you'll admit that."

Mr. Vane sat for some time with the burly invalid, and listened good-naturedly to all his complaints and grumbles. And when the rector had gone, Mrs. Horton and Phyllis came in for their share. But as the good woman said, "It's better that he should complain and get it all out, than that he should sit brooding over his sorrow, with no one to share it with him."

The once hale and hearty Farmer Horton looked quite a changed man now, and each day seemed but to add to his condition. From complaining and grumbling, he dropped into a listless and apathetic state, and would sit for hours at a time, gazing vacantly at the fire, with his hand in Phyllis Bray's, who was the only creature besides his own wife who seemed to enter fully into his feelings, and share his complete sympathies. Nay, more than Mrs. Horton herself, Phyllis seemed to possess the complete confidence of the invalid and to know the art of managing him. It was at her suggestion moreover, that the state of Mr. Horton was carefully kept from Reginald in London. Indeed, there was no positive cause for alarm. The doctor said that his once vigorous patient had many a year of life in him, and that if he could only get the better of what was troubling his mind, he might rally into his pristine health again.

"What is the good," Phyllis remarked to Mrs. Horton, "of distressing Reginald with the troubles of home when he has so many difficulties to bear, and so much to get through in London. Let him once pass from his studies, and start independently on his own account, and then he may hear from time to time some of the worries that are going on at home. But it would be a thousand pities to distract him with them at present."

Phyllis was right when she said that Reginald had his own share of troubles to bear in London, without adding to them unnecessarily. The promise of the director as to his appearance at the grand concert was conditional on his making certain progress before a stated time, and the trial to which he was submitted did not quite satisfy the examiners.

Reginald was in an agony of apprehension, that after all he would not be so far favoured by fortune as to make his long-expected *début* at the grand concert. Some days passed during which he almost worked himself into a fever with his excitement, but at last his apprehensions were mercifully relieved. The director told him that on mature consideration the long-promised *début* should be granted him, and Liszt's "Spinning Song" was the *morceau* which he was expected to perform.

The eventful evening drew nigh, and on the day in question, long before the hour of the concert had arrived, the conservatoire was filled with a wild flutter of excitement, which was communicated from the destined performers of the evening to the whole pupils in the establishment more or less. By half-past seven o'clock carriages and cabs began to drive up to the door of the hall, which was attached to the institution, and before eight o'clock had struck, a large assemblage of the

fashionable world of London, more particularly the *élite* of Bayswater society, had gathered in the building in Porchester Road.

The director was a punctual man, and precisely as eight o'clock struck he raised his *bâton* for the orchestra to begin. One sweep of the violin bows, and the concert had commenced.

Piece after piece was performed in the lengthy and elaborate programme. Soprano singers succeeded tenors, and contraltos followed baritones. Tempests of applause broke out occasionally, when a song was delivered with unusual pathos, or when a silvery and bell-like voice declaimed some pretty and melodious air in rare taste and style. There were violin solos, and orchestral pieces in abundance, but no pianoforte solo as yet. And now it was Reginald's turn to furnish one for the admiration of the company.

For one who has never essayed the feat of stepping on to a public platform and endeavouring to play a piece of music for the critical appreciation of hundreds of onlookers, the task is a formidable one in the extreme. The very appearance of the sea of upturned faces, which lies like some white or carnation-coloured ocean beneath the edge of the platform, is sufficient to disconcert the coolest nerves. Still more liable are the senses to bewilderment, when the youthful artiste beholds the entire audience, as if they were actuated by one predetermined impulse, all suddenly consult the next number of the programme, and having found the information they are in search of, look up again and commence in a sort of subdued whisper to converse with one another, about the figure standing or sitting before them.

Reginald felt all these sensations in tremendous force, owing to his exceedingly sensitive nature, and the further fact that he was altogether country-bred, and had never in his life been in such a large assemblage as the one he saw before him. He scarcely knew how he walked across the platform to the piano. He made a bow—he was sure it was a very awkward one—and this made him feel all the more embarrassed. At length he sat down—very ungracefully—and pausing a moment, while the whole room seemed to be swimming around him, attempted to recollect the opening notes of the piece, in order to make a start.

But to his horror the opening notes had gone clean out of his head. He could not remember one of them. He even forgot the name of the piece itself. He knew not what he had come on the platform to play. He knew not why he was there at all.

The awkward pause continued indefinitely. People began to wonder what was the matter. At length they began to titter. And at length Reginald, suddenly recollecting his scattered thoughts, dashed into the opening bars in fine style, and despite his inauspicious beginning, contrived to progress with freedom and fluency.

Everything seemed to be going well, when turning his head for a moment towards the audience, he was for a second time seized with "concert-fright." His agile fingers refused to move in the midst of a brilliant cascade. His arms seemed to grow powerless all of a sudden. Twice he struck a chord, as if gathering strength for a fresh spring, so to speak, at the continuation of the piece. But no spring could he make. He repeated in a silly manner a portion of the last cadenza, struck a chord again, paused, looked up, ran his fingers through his hair, and eventually rose from the piano, and, amidst a loud burst of laughter from the audience, strode, or rather staggered, wildly from the platform.

"Poor fellow!" said the director, who, amidst the universal merriment, seemed to possess the only kind heart in the company, "he is over-excited. He is so nervous he scarcely knows what he is doing. I am very sorry for him, but he'll do better one day. Next piece!"

Meanwhile Reginald had hurried to his room, and, for the first time since his childhood, he broke out into a tempest of sobs. This to be the end of all his strivings! This to be reported to Miss Vane! This to reach the ears of the people in Haverleigh! He, who was esteemed as the greatest musical genius down in his country home, to fail so miserably the first time he attempted to shine! And Mildred Vane to hear of it! Her faith in his talents to falter!

Such were the thoughts which were coursing through his mind, when a knock came to his bedroom-door. Thinking it was some message or reprimand from the director, he called out, "Come in."

But a servant entered with a telegram. Tearing it open at once, he read the words, "Come home immediately. Your father is dying."

(*To be continued.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WELL, dear?" cried Mrs. Hagopidan, rushing to Cecil's side, as Charlie precipitated himself down the stairs, hurried across the courtyard, and arrived at the gate just in time to take his place behind Sir Dugald as the great doors were thrown open for Azim Bey's entrance, "is it all settled? You are glad now that I brought you here on false pretences? Do tell me, have you enjoyed the hour or so which you have spent in admiring the view?"

"Nonsense, Myrta; we haven't been there as long as that," said Cecil, half-vexed, but for all answer Mrs. Hagopidan drew out a tiny gold watch, and exhibited its face.

"It is undeniably an hour and a quarter since we left the drawing-room," she said, when Cecil, with an embarrassed laugh, had recognised the truth of her statement. "Now do tell me, dear, have you been finding out your fortune from the stars? I can tell you something. Your fate is connected with that of a dark man, and your happiness is threatened by a dark child, do you see? There's a separation somewhere, I am convinced, but of course a happy ending. Don't you think I tell fortunes beautifully?"

"Myrta," said Cecil solemnly, "don't be silly. You know you can't find out things from the stars."

"How do you know? At least you will allow that I have had plenty of time this evening for studying them, haven't I?"

In the meantime, Azim Bey had been received at the great gate of the Residency, and conducted with all due solemnity to a chair placed for him in the large drawing-room. When this had been accomplished, a sense of constraint seemed to fall upon the party assembled, together with a feeling of ignorance as to what was to be done next. Music and conversation had both been interrupted by the unexpected arrival, and the intruder himself seemed as much at a loss as anyone. He scrutinised attentively the faces of those present, bestowed a searching gaze on Charlie, and finally looked disappointed and a little inclined to yawn. It was not until Lady Haigh ventured on a civil inquiry as to the reason of this flattering and unlooked-for visit that he brightened up.

"I want mademoiselle," he answered, becoming animated at once. "Where is she? I came to fetch her. What have you done with her?" and he looked at Charlie again, in a puzzled and suspicious way.

Happily it was just at this moment that Cecil and Mrs. Hagopidan returned to the room, the latter with her arm linked in Cecil's, and at the sight, Azim Bey's face beamed. He rose from his seat and walked, for his innate dignity forbade his running, to meet them.

"Oh, mademoiselle," he cried, "I am so lonely! There have never been two such long days since Baghdad was built. I am desolate without you. I have teased Ayesha, I have had two of the servants beaten, I have been very bad. Now come back."

"Not yet, Bey," said Cecil, somewhat vexed, and yet touched by the eagerness of the little fellow's tone; "I can't break up Lady Haigh's party in the middle of the evening. But you would like to stay, wouldn't you, and see how we keep Christmas in England? You have often asked me about it, you know."

"And if Lady Haigh doesn't mind, we will play some of the old Christmas games," put in Charlie, who was very much vexed, and not at all touched, but wanted to make the best of the matter.

"*You* may play at Christmas games, M. le docteur, if you like," responded Azim Bey, fixing a stony gaze on Charlie, "but mademoiselle shall sit by me and explain them all. She shall not pay your forfeits, your kissing under the mistletoe with you."

"I never suggested she should—in public, at any rate," returned Charlie, almost overcome by the idea of his kissing Cecil under the mistletoe for Azim Bey's edification. "I suppose you

think that such a proceeding would need a good deal of explanation, Bey?"

"Madame," said Azim Bey to Lady Haigh, turning in disgust from Charlie's flippancy, "may I ask that you will have the kindness to let a chair be brought for mademoiselle, that she may sit beside me?"

"Bey! Lady Haigh is standing. I cannot sit down until she does," said Cecil, and her pupil groaned, and requested that a chair might be placed for Lady Haigh on the other side of him. Then, with Charlie as master of the revels, the games began. Urged by an agonised whisper from their leader, "For goodness' sake, you fellows, let us send this child home in a good temper," the other young men threw themselves nobly into the fray, and did their best to induct the bewildered Greek and Armenian guests into the mysteries of blind man's buff and general post. Meanwhile, Azim Bey sat very upright on his chair, demanding from Cecil copious explanations of all that he witnessed, and criticising the players liberally. Mrs. Hagopidan he was at first inclined to admire, but when he found that she was Cecil's friend, he became jealous, and refused to have anything to say to her, at which the lively little lady laughed as an excellent joke. Except for this, however, Azim Bey seemed to enjoy the evening, if no one else did, for it accorded exactly with his tastes and his ideas of pleasure to sit still and look on while others supplied amusement for him. At length the games came to a close, and Lady Haigh carried off Cecil to don her palace dress once more. When she came out of her room, with the great white sheet over her arm, ready to put on, Charlie was on the verandah waiting for her, and Lady Haigh discreetly returned into the room for something she had forgotten.

"I couldn't let you go without one more word," he said. "You must let me give you this, dear."

It was a curiously wrought ring, set with pearls and rubies in a quaint design, which produced the effect of two serpents twining round one another, and Charlie explained that he had bought it in Basra two years ago. He did not mention that he had intended to offer it to her then, had not Lady Haigh's cruel fiat intervened, but Cecil understood what he did not say, and let him put it on her finger. But after a moment she started, and took it off.

"I mustn't wear it yet, Charlie. You know that Azim Bey hasn't heard anything about our engagement, and I shall have to break it to him carefully. I shouldn't like him to find it out for himself, for it would hurt his feelings so dreadfully to think I hadn't told him, and he would notice the ring at once, and guess what it meant. I must choose a favourable time for telling him, and try to bring him round to take it pleasantly. I am afraid he will be rather hard to persuade; he is so fond of me, you know."

"So am I," said Charlie, "and I don't see what that wretched child has to do with it. If only I could have got back yesterday, and saved you from three more years of slavery!"

"Don't be too sure you could have done it," said Cecil. "A duty is a duty, you know, and I have a duty to Azim Bey."

"And so you have to me. But I'm not going to be selfish, Cecil. You've made me happier to-night than I could ever have hoped or deserved to be, and if I couldn't wait ten years for you, if it was necessary, I should be a fool and a brute. Besides, after going through the last two years I know how to be thankful for what I have got. You don't know how bad I felt when any of the other fellows spoke to you."

"Did you?" said Cecil. "Do you know, I should have thought you had taken good care that they shouldn't have the chance."

"What! have I been such a dog in the manger as all that?" cried Charlie, aghast. "Did I worry you, Cecil? But still, you let me do it."

"You see, I took an interest in you," said Cecil calmly. "Lady Haigh commended you to my care in a sort of way."

"Lady Haigh is reluctantly compelled to ask you what time of night you imagine it to be, good people," said a voice from within the room, and the two on the verandah started guiltily.

"She's just ready, Cousin Elma," said Charlie, taking the sheet from Cecil's arm, and offering to help her put it on. But he was not an expert ladiesmaid, and the process took a considerable time—still, even if his face did approach hers more nearly than was absolutely necessary, they were standing in deep shadow, and there was nobody to see.

And Cecil was duly mounted on her donkey, and escorted to the gate by Sir Dugald, and rode back to the Palace with Azim Bey at her side, feeling that she did not dare to look at him lest her eyes should tell their own happy story. For once she felt thankful for the protection of the veil, and drew it closely over her flushed face, wondering that the boy's glances did not penetrate even this defence.

At the Residency, meanwhile, Charlie was pouring out his tale to Lady Haigh, assuring her incoherently that he was at once the happiest and the least deserving man in the whole world, his cousin alternately corroborating and contradicting him. When she had heard all he had to tell, Lady Haigh went away to the office where Sir Dugald was sitting alone, immersed once more in his daily work after the frivolity of the evening, and reading a despatch which had just arrived by special courier. He looked up with puckered brow as his wife came softly in.

"I am overwhelmed with business, Elma," he said, as a gentle hint to her to be brief.

"I know, dear; I won't keep you," she replied, ruthlessly demolishing the barricade of reports and despatch-boxes with which he had fortified himself, and settling herself where she could see his face, "though I'm sure you had better leave it now and get a good night's rest. You would be much fresher in the morning. But that wasn't what I came to tell you. Cecil and Charlie are engaged."

"Pair of fools!" said Sir Dugald, with his eyes on the despatch.

"Dugald!" cried Lady Haigh, with deep reproach in her tones. "I think they are made for one another."

"I think they are made to create trouble for other people," said Sir Dugald. "Now, Elma, I have always regarded you as the most sensible woman of my acquaintance. Look at the matter in a sensible light, and don't talk cant. Can you honestly tell me that you don't think Miss Anstruther, with her position and capabilities, very foolish for throwing herself away on a man like the doctor?"

"'MYRTA,' SAID CECIL SOLEMNLY, 'DON'T BE SILLY.'"

"He is a dear good fellow," said Lady Haigh warmly.

"No doubt, but that's all you can say for him. And look at him. He has *just settled down* well here, and he goes and unsettles himself by this engagement, which is pretty sure to get him into trouble at the palace. Of course it need not, but with his genius for getting into hot water you may be sure it will."

"But would you have had them wait three years more?" asked Lady Haigh.

"Certainly not. It is preposterous that he should think of her at all. I should have some respect for Miss Anstruther's judgment if she had chosen Rossiter. He is a fine fellow, if you like, with some chances of success, and she could have had him for the trouble of holding up a finger."

"But would you have had her hold up a finger to Captain Rossiter when she was in love with Charlie?" inquired Lady Haigh.

"My dear Elma, I don't think you quite see my point," said Sir Dugald, with exceeding mildness. "I consider that it shows a lack of good sense in Miss Anstruther to have fallen in love, as you phrase it, with your cousin at all. To see a girl throwing away her chances is a thing I detest. And now, Elma, I really must prepare the draft of the answer to this despatch." This time Lady Haigh accepted her dismissal, and retired, a little saddened, but by no means convinced.

All unconscious of the unpalatable criticism her engagement had excited, Cecil rose the next morning prepared to take the first favourable opportunity of breaking the news to her pupil, but she was somewhat startled when he himself, in the midst of his lessons, paved the way for the disclosure.

"Mademoiselle," he said suddenly, looking up from the essay he was writing on the character of Peter the Great, "what makes you so happy?"

"Am I any happier than usual, Bey?" asked Cecil, with a start and a blush. Her pupil studied her face curiously and deliberately.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am sure of it. When we were out in the garden an hour ago, you walked as if you wished to dance, and you were all the time singing tunes in a whisper, and just now you sat like this, and looked at the wall and smiled," and Azim Bey supported his chin upon one hand, and pursed up his solemn little face into a ludicrous imitation of Cecil's far-away gaze and the smile that had accompanied it.

"Dear me, Bey, how closely you watch me!" said Cecil uncomfortably, feeling that she was not carrying out her determination of the night before at all in the proper way. "I am afraid you have not been working very hard. How far have you got with Peter?"

"I have finished all but his influence upon the Greek Church, mademoiselle. You looked so happy that I felt I must stop to ask you about it. But I will finish Peter, and then we can have some more talk."

"Don't you think I ought to be happy to be back here after being away for two whole days?" asked Cecil lightly, trying to turn aside the subject with a laugh, but Azim Bey bent upon her a severe gaze from under his black brows, and answered solemnly—

"No, mademoiselle; for I watched your face when you went away, and it was not sad. I am convinced that your happiness has nothing to do with me. Now I will finish my essay."

And having succeeded in making his governess uncomfortable, he applied himself once more to his writing, feeling, no doubt, a certain satisfaction in seeing that she was beginning to look worried and anxious instead of happy. She knew him well in these impracticable moods, when he would exhibit an impish power of detecting the things which he was not meant to see, and delighted in sweeping away conventional disguises, and she feared that he suspected what had taken place, and meant to make her task of telling him about it as difficult as he could. He finished his essay in due time, fastened the pages neatly together, and presented the roll to her with a polite bow, then tidied and closed his desk, all in grim silence, while Cecil waited expectantly for what he would say next. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten the matter, however, for he called to the servants to spread a carpet for him beside the brazier, and to bring some cushions for mademoiselle, and also to replenish the glowing charcoal, for it was a cold day for Baghdad. When his orders had been carried out, he turned to Cecil, and invited her to come down from her desk, and to sit by the brazier a little and warm herself. Pupil and governess generally took a short rest of this kind in the middle of the morning, and Cecil was wont to regard it as a very pleasant time, when bits from the latest magazines and papers which had reached her might be read and discussed, and Azim Bey's critical faculty guided in the right direction.

"Captain Rossiter lent me a new magazine yesterday, which had just been sent him from home," she said, willing to delay her important communication until her pupil was in a more accommodating mood, "and I think you would like to see it, Bey. I will send Um Yusuf for it, if you like."

"Thank you, mademoiselle, but I think I had rather talk to-day instead of reading," replied Azim Bey, and as Cecil took her seat upon the cushions he sat down upon his carpet on the other side of the brazier, and looked at her. He had proposed to talk, but the conversation did not seem to be forthcoming; he only sat still, with his great black eyes fixed upon his governess. Cecil grew nervous, and perceived that she had not succeeded in diverting his mind from the former subject after all. It was foolish to feel perturbed merely on account of this, however, and she resolved to seize the opportunity and say what she had intended.

"You asked me just now why I seemed so happy, Bey, and I will tell you. I am very happy, though I did not know I was showing it so plainly. You have read in books about people's being engaged?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," responded her pupil.

"Well, how would you like it if I told you that I was engaged?"

"I should be deeply interested, mademoiselle," he replied with cold politeness. Cecil sighed. He was evidently determined not to be sympathetic. She must try and begin on another tack.

"You like me to be happy, don't you, Bey? Supposing that there was a very good, nice man, whom I liked very much, and who—well, who thought he liked me very much, and that he wanted me to be engaged to him, and there was no reason why we should not be engaged, what then?"

"And as to yourself, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, supposing of course that I was willing," said Cecil hastily; "I said that. It wouldn't make any difference to you, you know. I should stay with you for the three years more, exactly as I promised, and only go when you didn't want me any longer. Well, Bey, supposing that all this were to happen, there would be no reason why you should mind, would there? I don't see how it would affect you at all."

"I should have him killed," observed Azim Bey calmly.

"Have whom killed?" demanded Cecil, somewhat startled.

"That man, mademoiselle, that wicked, wretched man. I would give all I had to get him killed."

"Nonsense, Bey! We are not in the *Arabian Nights* now."

"No, mademoiselle, but we are in Baghdad."

"I shouldn't have thought you were so silly, Bey. Why should he be killed? He would have done you no harm."

"He would, indeed, mademoiselle. You are my own mademoiselle, and you shall not be thinking of this—this *imaginary* person. If he comes, I will have him killed."

"I thought you cared a little for me, Bey, now that we have been two years together," said Cecil, with deep reproach. "And yet you talk like this of having an innocent person, whom I loved, killed, just because I loved him, and he loved me."

"But that is the very reason, mademoiselle. You would marry him, and go away to your England again, and I want you to stay here in Baghdad, and be always ready when I want to ask you things. When I am married, I shall say to Safieh Khanum, 'If you wish to please me, ask Mdlle. Antaza's advice about everything, and you are sure to be right.' So you see, mademoiselle, I shall always want you, and you must not go away. Why, I heard Masûd telling you how rude I was to him yesterday, and how I teased Ayesha and Basimeh Kalfa, just because you were away."

"But I can't stay with you always," said Cecil, vexed, and yet half-laughing at the tone of pride in which he spoke, "so we must hope you will improve

before I leave you. If I never married at all, I should go home when my five years here were over. When you are married, Safieh Khanum will know very well how to manage things without my advice. Don't you see that it wouldn't do at all for me to be interfering in her household affairs? Besides, Bey, think how selfish you are. You would like me to lose the very thing that is making me so happy just now, because you would have to do without me."

"If anyone comes, and wishes to be engaged to you, mademoiselle, I shall have him killed," repeated Azim Bey doggedly. Cecil lost her temper.

"Very well, Bey; if you are going to behave so foolishly, and talk so childishly of things you know nothing about, I am not going to tell you anything more. You may find things out for yourself, if you like."

And Cecil walked away to her own room, and returned with Charlie's ring shining on her finger, a perpetual defiance and reminder to Azim Bey.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

GRITS.—Yes, there are drawing and sketching societies. You might apply to Miss Parker, Director of the Amateur Artists' Club, Greenwood, Ramsgate, Isle of Thanet, Kent.

PAT.—Not having seen any artistic work of yours, it is impossible to form any idea as to whether you could produce fashion-plates for shops. But if you have obtained lessons in anatomy and free-hand drawing at a school of art and received a certificate for your work, you must be eligible for such an engagement. Whether a vacancy can be obtained, is quite another question.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—See our answer to "Grits." The society we named may suit you; or else that of Miss Sturmey, 4, Fern Bank, Coventry (The Portfolio Sketching Society). These girls' clubs, of an amateur educational character, change hands and addresses, and some are given up, and our readers must make inquiries for themselves, as we are not always apprised of these changes.

HARRIETTE.—We have received no notice of the discontinuance of the Drawing Society of which Miss Marion Evill (26, Collingham Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.) is the Hon. Secretary; but if you wish for a chance of disposing of your work, you would receive assistance from this society. You must send a stamped envelope for the rules.

POLLY.—The first portrait of which we have any historic record, is that of an Egyptian King, Amasis, dating back to 600 years B.C. He sent it to the Greeks at Cyrene, together with an image of Minerva in gold. The portrait was taken full-face and painted on a panel. Paintings of this kind may be seen in the British Museum, and in the Louvre, Paris, in the Egyptian Museum. The oldest English portraits are—one of Chaucer, also painted on a panel, date about 1380, and another, date 1405, of Henry IV. According to the Greeks, the origin of drawing is attributed to a young girl of Licyon, who took the likeness of her lover by tracing the shadow of his profile on a wall with a piece of charcoal.

STUMPS.—Wherever you procure the materials for "bamboo work," you may probably be supplied with the appliances requisite for it; or, at least, you can obtain the trade address for them. We do not give such information. You may write whenever you like, but we cannot tell you how soon our reply will find place.

GIPSY FROM WILD PRAIRIES OF HUNGARY.—You cannot fire your pottery at home unless you build a suitable oven for the purpose, and likewise obtain some lessons in the art from an experienced person.

TAYDONIA.—Procure a manual of instructions in oil or water-colour painting at an artist's colourman's, and hire some coloured plates or good free sketches to copy.

DOLLY.—We believe that Messrs. Werner of Dublin produced the largest photograph of a sitter ever taken, the camera being one specially designed by these artists. The portrait measured 64 inches by 33 inches. There was a panoramic landscape shown in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, held in 1886, 20 feet in length. It represented the city of Sydney, Port Jackson, and the suburbs. It was taken from the cupola of the Garden Palace afterwards destroyed by fire. But a still longer landscape photograph is said to have been produced by a Russian gentleman.

VENA.—What is known amongst the minor arts as "splashing," is done thus:—Secure the ferns on the book with miniature pins, carefully securing every frond; when several are thus arranged, the one underneath will be the uppermost when the work is completed. Lay paper over the sides and borders to secure them from the "splashing." Dip a tooth-brush in sepia and rub it against a small comb that the liquid may drop on the ferns and grounding in small drops. When sufficiently dark in colour, remove the uppermost fern and work again over the space, and give a second application of sepia, and then remove another following the same process; but never remove the last. An instrument is now to be had to supersede the brush and comb originally used, with which, however, good work can be accomplished.

WORK.

IRIS must take specimens of her handiwork to shops where such articles are sold: if approved ask for orders and sell what you can of the examples you have prepared.

E. TURK.—There is the Women's Protective and Provident League; Secretary, Mrs. Anderson, 58, Renfield Street, Glasgow, N.B. Also the Oxford Protective and Provident Working Women's League, Hon. Secretary, Miss Farrant, office, 37, New Inn, Hall Street. Perhaps you could obtain all the information and aid you require on application to one of these institutions.

SEMPSTRESS.—There is a society for the benefit of needlewomen at 10, Bermondsey Square, S.E. This "Institution for Needlewomen" employs respectable women, and sells clothing made by them. Secretary Miss Barlee. To give ready-made articles of clothing rather than unmade materials to indigent persons is so much preferable as an act of benevolence, that this society should be in great request by other charitable societies. It enables the recipients of the wearing apparel to go out to work and pursue bread-earning avocations, and thus the needlewomen and the receivers of such articles are all benefited together.

A. L. W.—There is a society called the Provident and Benevolent Institution for Milliners and Dress-makers, who reside within twelve miles of the General Post Office. This society grants sums of money in cases of illness, and pensions of from £25 to £35.

MISS J. F. CHARLES.—We have much pleasure in drawing attention to your useful institution, the Santa Claus Society, and competitions for Doll-Dressing, Cake, and Sweetmeat-Making. The Institution is a home for sick children from infancy upwards to full age. We recommend our readers to write for the Report for last year and this. Address the Misses Charles, Secretaries, Stormont, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, N.

MOUSIE.—You must endeavour to dispose of the socks and stockings you knit in shops, and obtain orders for so many dozens. We cannot tell you the price of any appliance, but we suppose that you could obtain addresses at a sewing-machine shop.

DAMARIS.—The Provident Milliners' and Dress-makers' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, is for members only within 12 miles of the General Post Office. It offers grants and pensions from £25 to £35. You are not eligible as a member if you reside at a greater distance than that above-named.

J. L.—Perhaps the Thimble League might be of service to you. It supplies poor women with work. Address the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Robertson Aikman, 7, Queen's Gate, S.W. The Central Depôt is at 28, Fulham Road, S.W.

WINNIE C.—There is no specific of universal efficacy which may cure headaches, simply because the causes of the complaint are various. A doctor, who can see you and inquire into your habits, acquaint himself with the circumstances of your life and surroundings, and your hereditary tendencies and complaints, might be able to alleviate them—not a perfect stranger, who is not a medical man.

AN IRISH GIRL.—There is the Irish Association for Promoting the Training and Employment of Women, 21, Kildare Street, Dublin; the Irish Women's Work Society, Secretary, Miss Mathews, Holywood, co. Down; the Institution for Needlewomen, at 10, Bermondsey Square, S.E., Secretary, Miss Barlee; the Working Ladies' Guild, 251, Brompton Road, S.W.; the Y. W. C. A. Employment Agency, 17, Old Cavendish Street, W. For the sale of work, the Ladies' Work Society, 15, Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington, Hon. Secretary, Miss R. Ford, Rock Moor, Yelverton, R. S. O., Devon; the Crystal Palace Ladies' Needlework Society (Fabrics Court), Crystal Palace, S.E., Hon. Secretary, Miss Mercy, Thornhill House, Dulwich Wood Park, S.E.

MAGGIE.—We cannot state any special sum for "the salary of a head milliner near London," as all depends on the class of the shop, the situation, and the means of the employer. It is a matter of private arrangement.

COOKERY.

MARIE LOUISE.—A tomato omelet would require one good-sized tomato, three eggs, a tiny bit of chopped onion, and an ounce and a half of butter. Put the tomato into a basin of boiling water for a few minutes, and then skin it and cut it up into little pieces, mixing with it the chopped up onion. Then take the eggs and beat up the yolks and whites separately, and mix the tomato, onion, and pepper and salt with the yolks. Put the butter into an omelet-pan and let it get quite hot; then stir in quickly the beaten-up whites of the eggs with the yolks, and pour the united mixture into the pan. Cook for about three minutes, stirring all the time, till it be set.

A WOULD-BE COOK.—From your own account, the first failure in your method of cooking French beans seems to have lain in the way they were prepared for cooking. They need the most careful "stringing," and the heads and tails cut off, and then must be cut into three or four thin strips. After this they should be thrown into cold water, and before being put into boiling water they must be drained. Boil fast, till tender, and then drain again and serve with a little butter stirred up in them and some pepper and salt. No wonder they were uneatable if the strings were not taken out.

WINIFRED.—For milk rolls you will require one pound of flour, two ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Place the latter with the flour in a basin; rub in the butter with your hand and add sufficient milk to make it into a firm dough, for which about half a pint would suffice. Having sprinkled the board with flour, lay the dough upon it and cut it into twelve pieces, each to be formed into a roll. Lastly flour a baking-tin, put the rolls into it and place it in the oven for about twenty minutes.

VIENNA.—To make wine without alcohol of small fruits—red or black currants, blackberries, etc.—using sugar and water only, upon every gallon of crushed fruit pour one quart of boiling water. Mix well and allow it to stand for about twenty-four hours. Then strain it off through a coarse linen bag, and to every gallon of the juice (so strained) add three quarts of extra water and two pounds of good brown sugar. Stir all well together till the sugar be dissolved, and put the wine into stone jars or a clean cask, which must be only loosely closed and set in a cool place. Were you to place it in too warm a place or to leave the vessel quite open to the air, the liquor would become sour before long, and if tightly closed or bunged up at first it would in all probability burst the jar or cask. Therefore close the vessel loosely until the fermentation have developed and subsided, when the wine will be fit for bottling, and for use in the course of a twelvemonth.

MARY.—As a flavouring for custards, orange syrup might suit you. To make it, take one pint of orange juice and one pound and a half of castor sugar. Boil together slowly, skim, and bottle when cold, corking securely. A teaspoonful will suffice. If required for a pudding sauce, put two tablespoonfuls to a quarter of a pint of melted butter.

PLUM TREE.—Putting away fruit, especially plums, to serve for winter puddings is very easily done. The proportion used is a quarter of a pound of sugar to the pound of fruit. Large stone or earthenware jars, holding from three to four pounds, are the best to use, and in them you put the fruit with the proper amount of sugar, and stand the jar in a saucepan or deep iron pot of water and let it cook, keeping up the supply of water round it till the plums be quite tender. Keep the jar filled up from another jar as the contents fall, which means, that if you be making four jars of fruit, you will probably use one for filling up the other three. When the fruit is done, pour over the top of each jar some melted mutton suet so as to form a coating of about half an inch thick. This will keep the plums good and sweet all through the winter, and is to be carefully and neatly taken off when required. Of course each jar must be really full to enable you to put the melted suet over the top. This method of preserving fruit is an old-fashioned one, but is wonderfully good. The boiled puddings made from it are better even than of fresh fruit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAUD M. H.—We hope you will see this, as you do not give any pseudonym we are obliged to use it, as we must tell you we do not act as agents in disposing of anything.

WEDDING BELLS.—If you wish to disgrace yourself you may marry without your parents' consent. The number of articles provided in a *trousseau* depends on the amount of money which can be expended upon it.

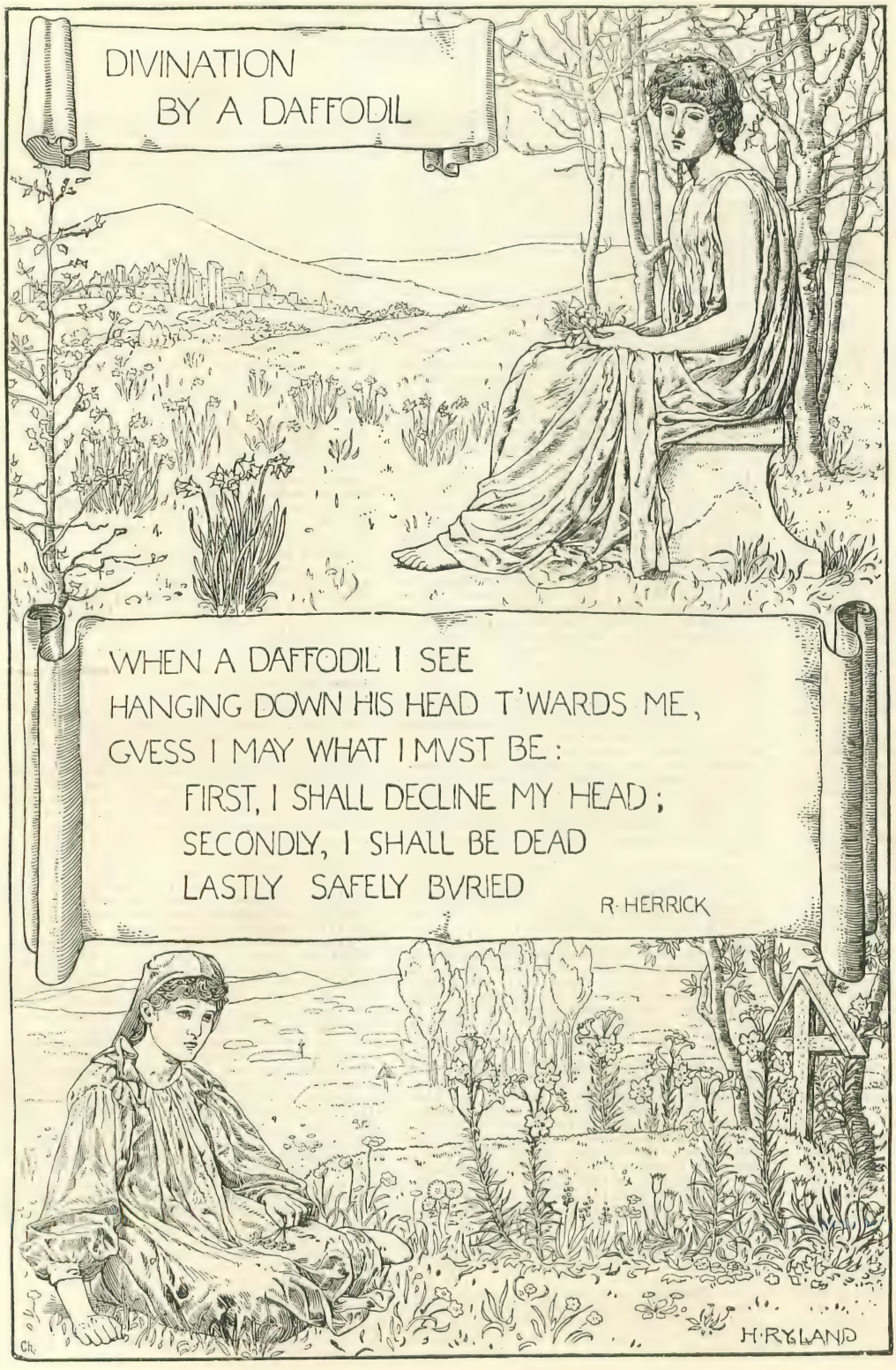
MATILDA should advertise for a situation at the little Welsh town she names, or write and ask some kind advice from the rector. Only one living on the spot could help you.

E. H. SWAN.—There are many homes instituted for the benefit of ladies of small means, and the income they possess will be prescribed. For example, there is a ladies' home at 14, Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace, permanent for elderly gentlewomen who have resided in the parish of Paddington for a period not less than three years, and possessing an income under £50 per annum. There is one also at 5 and 6, Westbourne Grove Terrace, for gentlewomen upwards of 50 years of age, a subscriber's recommendation being required. Another home is to be found at 53, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood. Hon. Sec. Miss Alcock, 22, Somerset Street, and Miss E. D. Simpson, 44 Porchester Street, Hyde Park, W.

INDEPENDENT.—In the case of a wedding at 2 P.M., the guests usually return to the house afterwards, and a kind of afternoon-tea is provided, with sandwiches, ices, and tea and coffee provided at a side-table, the refreshments being handed about.

VIOLET.—A bad complexion is frequently the result of an unhealthy condition of the liver, or a defective circulation; eating without sufficient mastication, and study too soon after meals. Your writing is fairly good.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Old black stains in long-neglected silver may sometimes be removed by rubbing first with a little vinegar, and then dried and rubbed with ordinary plate-powder. Should this fail, take the article to a silversmith's, and consult him.



A. H. M.—Ants and woodlice may be got rid of by means of smoke. Burn tobacco or syringe the rockery with the juice, or with quick-lime water or salt and water. If these methods fail, consult a florist who has a nursery garden, as to the plan which he finds the most successful.

MEG.—The best time to take a bath depends on whether it be a cold or tepid, or a hot or warm one. If the first case take it in the morning before dressing; in the second before going to bed, but your last meal should have been taken two hours at least previously. Never bathe in the sea after a heavy meal. If you breakfast at 8 or 8.30, you had better not go into the water till about 10.30 or 11 o'clock. An egg or a rasher of bacon would not constitute a "heavy meal," yet good time should be allowed for the digestion of food. If disposed to suffer from acidity in the system, be careful how you bathe in any but shallow waters and never alone, as cramp may be apprehended.

BERTHA.—Yes, we have had British giants as tall and taller than the Chinese Chang-tu-Sing, whose height is 8 feet 3 inches. A skeleton, that of one Charles Byrne, is, we have heard, to be seen in the museum of the College of Surgeons, London, which measures an inch taller; and there is one in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, 8 feet 6 inches in height. The celebrated "Irish Giant" Murphy measured 8 feet 10 inches. But these are by no means amongst the tallest on record; even in our own country Dr. Plott, in his *History of Staffordshire*, speaks of one John Middleton, born at Hale, in that county (*temp.* James I.) who had attained the prodigious height of 9 feet 3 inches, his hand measuring 17 inches in length and 8¼ inches in width. We cannot doubt that Dr. Plott had unquestionable evidence and authority in support of this statement.

SEPTIMUS.—A secretaryship is a difficult situation to obtain, and unless you have very influential friends amongst writers or persons holding important government appointments, you have little chance of getting one. You would have to write a smaller and much closer hand. You fill a line with three, and even two words. We should find room for seven words in the same space. Besides this, even a private secretary should be able to write correctly in three or four languages. In large mercantile firms such situations may be found. We should recommend you to complete your studies for passing the L. L. A. examination and procure your diploma.

MYSIE.—Wilhelmina I., Queen of the Netherlands, was born in 1880, and succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, William III., November, 1890. Her mother is a sister of the Duchess of Albany, and both were daughters of Prince George Victor, of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

MERCHANT.—We have answered this question before, but as everyone seems to be inquiring, we will say again that the quotation, "Like ships that pass in the night," is only contained in later editions of Longfellow's *Tales of a Village Inn*, where in "Elizabeth" it will be found.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A LOVE OUT OF TUNE.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The Troubadours," etc.

CHAPTER III.

ON Reginald's arrival at Haverleigh, which he reached at an early hour the next morning, he found the sad news only too true. Mr. Horton had died during the night, and it was to find his father dead, not dying, that Reginald arrived at the farm. The first paroxysm of grief was acute in the extreme, among the other sources of sorrow being the indelible regret that he had not come in time to close his beloved father's eyes. Soon there mixed with his grief all sorts of self-accusing thoughts. Why had he not come back to visit his father occasionally? Why had he gone away at all? Why not have stayed and helped his father, sorely taxed with the management

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of a large farm, and have cast to the winds his wild dreams of art and music? But the vision of Miss Vane came to support him under this accusation; the thought of what he had promised her, of the high ideal he had set before himself of the great object, the supreme happiness which the realisation of that ideal promised to secure him.

"If I had remained at the farm," he said to himself, "Mildred would never have loved me. If I had not loved music, she would never have thought of me. If I had not pledged myself to it as a profession, to win fortune and a name thereby, she would never have pledged herself to me. Despite all, I did the best."

But now was no time for musing. There were many things to be seen to, many things to be done. There was the great grief of the household to be assuaged by his comfort and his influence. There were the preliminaries of the funeral to be arranged; there were the business matters of the farm to be seen into: all these things craved his attention and care. In all of this his Cousin Phyllis was his right hand. He, so unpractical and visionary, found the necessary practical aid in her. He had merely to suggest—she executed his suggestions. And during the three days of acute grief before the funeral came on, he got to rely so much upon her, and to expect her so constantly at his hand to act for him, that he felt for the first time lonely and deserted when he stood at the head of the funeral procession, that wound into the little church, and from thence to the graveyard. Mrs. Horton, overcome with grief, could not be present at the ceremony, and Phyllis stayed at home to keep her company. Reginald had to bear all the publicity of his woe alone.

The rector read the funeral service. The body of Farmer Horton was lowered to its last resting-place, and, when the earth had been filled up over the lifeless clay, wreaths were placed upon it. Among them was a beautiful one of lovely white flowers, twined by the busy hand of Phyllis, who had picked the flowers from her uncle's favourite garden-bed to place them on his grave. This wreath was carried and placed there by Reginald himself. Amongst those sent by friends, there was one from Miss Vane. Reginald saw this with unspeakable delight. He was deeply touched at the expression of her sympathy.

The sad funeral at last was over, and then another melancholy business awaited Reginald: this was the reading of the will.

He found various friends and relations assembled in the large oaken parlour on his return home, among them his father's man of business, from I——, who was provided with a huge array of the ordinary blue papers and parchment employed on such occasions. Mrs. Horton and Phyllis were in the room with the rest.

"Mr. Horton, Mrs. Horton, Miss Bray, and others of you ladies and gentlemen who are here assembled," began the man of business, "the proceedings on which we are about to enter will not detain us long. The late Mr. Horton has left no will——"

A profound sensation passed through the company, and they all looked unconsciously at Reginald and his mother.

"He has left no will," continued the lawyer with a slight cough, as if to delay the announcement of some unpleasant intelligence. "Ahem! —Indeed there was no necessity for his leaving any will, for the goods and chattels he possessed are the property of Mr. Aynscough, of I——, the well-known agricultural agent, who has advanced him sums amounting to fifteen thousand pounds on his farm-stock, his machinery, and even his household furniture. It is unfortunate," added the lawyer with a glance at Mrs. Horton and Reginald, and an affectation of sympathy, which sat very badly on him; "it is unfortunate, Mrs. Horton, that except the clothes you wear, and any little jewellery you may be possessed of, nothing on this farm belongs to you any more, but to Mr. Aynscough."

The sensation that this unexpected announcement made among the assembled company was great in the extreme. But as an examination of the deeds and bills exhibited for public inspection by the lawyer proved everything to be *en règle* and correct as he had described it, there was nothing to do but to disperse, with many expressions of commiseration for Mrs. Horton and Reginald. In a short time—marvellously short! but then poverty is a great clearer away of friendships —the company had separated, the lawyer had gathered up his papers and vanished, promising to call again in a few days, and Reginald, Phyllis, and Mrs. Horton were left alone.

"Alas! mother," said Reginald, "what is to be done? What is to be done? You must come to London with me, you and Phyllis, and I must try and support you by teaching music." Poor fellow, how he wished he could!

"Don't grieve," said Phyllis, turning first to him and then to Mrs. Horton. "Don't grieve, my kind benefactors, who have brought me up like one of yourselves since I was a little child, so that I am indeed one of you. Don't grieve, aunt and cousin. You know I have a little money, which dear uncle has always kept sacredly in the bank for me and my wants whenever I should require it. Though only a few hundred pounds, it may be of use to us all now. Take it! Take it! Do what you like with it. And let us see if by its means we cannot manage to hold up a little, until you, Reginald, become rich and prosperous, and can raise the family up again to the position it once enjoyed."

"Ah, dear Phyllis, you noble girl!" said Mrs. Horton. "You are good, you are noble. I'll take your help, my dear, which is so freely offered, and I hope that Reggie may one day be really able to pay you back."

"Don't speak of such a thing—don't use such a word," said Phyllis. "The money is yours, dear aunt—not mine—or, at least, consider it so. We may take a little farm, we might rent a house with a few acres of land attached. Let us think—let us decide for the best; let us see what is best to be done."

A family consultation took place amid smiles and tears—tears to think of the sad bereavement which made all this necessary; smiles, sad smiles, to welcome the hopes which Phyllis's cheery planning held out to the family.

"A house and a few acres of ground, aunt dear," said Phyllis. "I am sure we could make do with that. It would give us a roof to cover us, and our vegetables, and a place to keep a cow or two. And then the interest on the balance of my money would help to eke out the remainder of our expenses. And Reginald," and she turned as she spoke to the person named, "Reginald will be making money soon, aunt. Will you not, Reginald? And he will be able to assist us."

"I shall regard it as a solemn duty, Phyllis and dear mother," said Reginald, "to make myself succeed, to brace myself for fresh exertions to secure fame and fortune. For thus far, Phyllis, I must tell you," he added with downcast looks, "I have not been so fortunate and successful as I hoped to be."

Phyllis laid her hand on her cousin's arm.

"Do not be cast down," she said; "I have sometimes thought that such might be the case with you; but I have always prayed God to bless and prosper you, and to carry you through the hard ordeal which, I fear, you will have to pass like the rest of ambitious men."

So it was arranged in that family conclave; and without much difficulty a little house was found in the parish which had attached to it about four acres of land. Phyllis pronounced it the very thing; and family business being thus disposed of, Reginald thought himself free to turn his thoughts once more to his beloved Mildred, whom he had not been to see since the day of the funeral. He determined he would pay a visit to the Rectory that very afternoon.

When his mother heard of his intention at dinner, she shook her head. He had noticed ever since his arrival home that both she and Phyllis studiously avoided all allusion to the Vanes, and as he on his part was careful never to touch on the subject unless by accident, there had been almost complete silence observed in relation to Mildred and her father in the little household.

"I fear," said Mrs. Horton that day at dinner when Reginald mentioned his intended visit, "I fear Mildred Vane has turned your head, Reginald. Take care, my dear boy. Take care, love that is only music-deep is not worth very much."

"Music-deep, mother? What do you mean?"

"I mean that such a love goes no deeper than music does. It reaches the head, perhaps, but not the heart. But I will say no more, Reginald dear; I have never spoken to you on this matter before, and do not wish to mention it again."

Reginald was in no very elated frame of mind that afternoon as he took his hat and walked from the farm to the Rectory.

"But the sight of her," he said to himself, "will cheer me, and will make me a man again."

Miss Vane was alone, writing letters. Reginald entered the room. He was clothed in deep mourning. There was something in his attire, perhaps, which cast a gloom on the meeting. At any rate, it was not so cordial, he thought, as he had a right to expect.

"Mildred," he said, clasping her hand, "I come to pay you this one visit—only one—for I am off again to London in a day or two."

"How sorry I am," said Mildred, "that I shall only see you once."

"Well, I could come twice if you wished it, but not more. It is of great importance that I should be in London as speedily as possible. Renewed efforts await me there. Shortly before I came down here, before my dear father died, I appeared—I appeared at a concert, Mildred."

He rather faltered out these words, but he was anxious for her to know that he had progressed thus far on his path to renown.

"Yes," replied Mildred carelessly, "I heard about it from some friends of mine who were there."

Reginald stammered and coloured to the roots of his hair.

"I was nervous—it was my first attempt. I hope they did not criticise my performance very severely."

"Oh, no!" returned Mildred languidly. "They scarcely said a word about it."

"If the truth be told, Mildred," said Reginald, grasping her wrist and speaking with great energy, "I did not achieve a success, but I will do better, I vow it. My powers shall be braced to their utmost vigour; and in a year's time, Mildred—before a year is out—I will be the lion of the London musical world. I came to you this afternoon, dear," he added half-whispering his words, "to tell you that I would not ask you to share the fortunes of an unsuccessful man——"

"That was very thoughtful of you," replied Mildred haughtily.

"But only to share the name and fame of one who is great and renowned. In a year's time I will come to claim your promise——"

"My promise was made to you a year ago—was it not?" inquired Mildred. "I rather fancied you said something of the same kind then—about a year's time or something."

Reginald looked at her a moment dubiously. But no, it was not possible that she was wavering!

"I said that in a year's time," he proceeded, "I should be independent—on my own hands—and that the path to success would be open before me."

"Oh, that was the year!" she said. "And now this other year——"

"This other year is all I ask you to wait. Wait a year, and then, if I do not return to claim you, consider yourself free."

"As I have evidently promised you before," said Mildred, coldly, "I will let it stand precisely as it is at present."

"God bless you for what you have said," replied Reginald, kissing her though she repelled him. "You have given new vigour to my resolution—new energies to my soul. I foresee the radiant future that lies before me."

Soon after this he left the Rectory, and shortly afterwards left the village to return to London, bidding good-bye to his mother and Phyllis, and not staying to superintend the transference of the little homestead to the new home in his uncontrollable eagerness to reach London and renew his studies.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON CONVERSATION.

s physicians discover the health or sickness of a man by looking on his tongue, so our words are true indicators of the quality of our souls," says a great French writer, and there is a vast amount of truth in the observation, for what quality in man gives a greater insight into his character, or a surer indication to his mind, than his conversation? There can be no question as to the desirability of excelling in this, the greatest of all social arts. Wealth is, doubtless, a much coveted quality, rank is the subject of interest to many, talents often prove great blessings, but there is no art so pleasing, no talent so full of zest, no quality of such unbounded influence, of such immense importance, and of such infinite power as that of being able to keep up an agreeable social intercourse.

Those who can talk well invariably awake an interest in the minds of those with whom they converse, they also generally raise the tone of the conversation and draw out others to their best advantage. If they are students, too, they will be attentive listeners, remembering that—

"The lowest genius can afford some light,
And give a hint that had escaped their sight."

People well-versed in the art of conversation, moreover, seem to spread a genial influence over the slowest and dullest assembly. Their presence in a room is like the shining of the sun on a winter's day, dispelling coldness and formality, and bringing with them, by their pleasing narratives, their wit and jollity, their bright descriptions and their vivid colourings, a general atmosphere of ease and gaiety.

The French seem to be a people widely-famed for their art in conversing, the wit, the taste, and the spirit with which they carry on their social intercourse having proved a subject for eulogy by many writers. On visiting France I was astonished to find how much attention is bestowed on this branch of education, and how many of its books and writers are taken up with it in its various branches.

Trusting that "our girls" will be sufficiently interested in this important subject to read with pleasure some remarks culled from eminent English and French authorities concerning it, I proceed to enumerate them under the subjoined headings:—

Silence.

Perhaps it may seem strange to begin an article on speech under the heading "Silence," but it is a well-known saying, that "the best talkers are the best listeners," and the most brilliant conversation in the world would pall and be insipid, if not relieved by what Sydney Smith calls "a few flashes of silence."

There are four kinds of silence: First, the eloquent silence, which serves sometimes to approve and sometimes to condemn. Second, the mocking silence. Third, the silence arising from idleness, timidity, or sheer imbecility, and Fourth, the respectful silence. It is very easy to distinguish these different kinds of silence by the airs and manners of the listener, and if the mocking silence be insolent in the extreme, there is nothing more polite or complimentary than the respectful silence due to the aged, or to one's superiors. It is not only courteous and polite to be sometimes rather a listener than a talker, but it is in many cases very diplomatic.

"Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak though sure with seeming diffidence,"

is a good bit of advice from Pope, and the celebrated Pascal, in his *Pensées*, conjures all "to hold themselves silent as much as possible, so as to have freer and more perfect intercourse with God."

To prove the eloquence that silence sometimes possesses, and its soothing effect even between great friends, I can but quote the well-known story of Tennyson and Carlyle.

It is related of these two celebrities that they spent a whole afternoon sitting opposite each other and smoking, but neither of them uttered a syllable. When Carlyle rose to go, he shook hands heartily with the great poet, and said: "Well, Alfred, my lad, we've had a grand time of it, when shall we meet again?"

Racine, the great French writer and dramatist, was the cause of envy amongst many of his compatriots, by reason of his unbounded influence over the king. On his being asked the cause of his popularity, he replied naively, "I listen patiently to all his Majesty has to say, and I speak very little, except now and then to say a word which will lead the conversation on topics upon which he is well-informed. I habitually make him realise his own merits. Sometimes I am silent for hours together, but I make him think how clever he is himself, and never on any account draw his attention to myself or my qualities."

Polhymnia, the muse of eloquence, is represented with the fore-finger over her mouth, doubtless with the intention of showing to the world at large how important it is to introduce into one's intercourse a discreet admixture of silence!

Egotism.

Of all the faults in conversation, egotism is the most common and the most unendurable. The "I" is always creeping in somehow or other. People are so interested in themselves, that they foolishly imagine it is the same case with everybody else, and, by their continual talk of themselves, their eccentricities, their illnesses, their peculiarities, their talents, and their ideas, generally become most tedious.

Egotism is in some sort an exponent of ignorance, for well-cultured people will care for books, for art, for music, poetry, etc. They will talk on these subjects too, admiring great men and their works, and seldom descending to that foolish adulation of self, so common amongst the vain and frivolous members of society.

I think it is Ruskin who says: "The subject of conversation with *thoughtful* men is IT. With *thoughtless* men it's I."

It is very bad taste to refer too often to scenes in which one has figured, to successes that one has achieved, to meritorious actions that one has done, or in any way to draw attention or remark to one's self, one's qualities, or even one's eccentricities.

"Speech of one's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I know one who was wont to say in scorn—'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself;'" says Bacon; and La Rochefoucauld, who was a hater of egotistical converse, declares that "the reason so few are agreeable in their conversation, is because everyone thinks of what he will say, rather than of what others are saying. One must listen to those that are speaking, if one expects to be listened to one's self," he continues, "and one should always leave others the liberty of making themselves heard, and even to say things that are useless. Nothing can render a person more disliked than selfishness."

Delille, a great French writer, has rendered the egotist for evermore an object of ridicule and contempt in his celebrated poem "L'Egoist." I here give a translation of the first two verses:—

"Look at this vain man,
This tyrant to society,
Always before himself in an extasy;
At all times, under all circumstances,
The '*I*' reigning—the '*I*' vanquishing,
Is in his heart and on his lips.
One speaks of a banquet—he cites *his* table,
Of wine—*his* is the finest in the world,
Of a beautiful house, or charming garden,
He has *his* park and all its surroundings,
Of a country seat—*his* is enchanting,
Of music—*his* is the finest anywhere,
Of a tragic adventure, he counts *his* combats and shows *his* wounds," etc.

Another French writer says on this subject that "you should always avoid mention of yourself, since if it is an eulogium people will regard it as a lie, whilst if you criticise yourself, people will take you at your word, and receive it as an article of faith!"

Politeness.

One of the greatest rules of politeness in conversation, is never to say anything unpleasant, or unamiable, when it can possibly be avoided.

"He that offends not with his tongue, is a perfect man."

One may converse fluently, recount with ease, describe brilliantly, but if politeness be lacking in one's conversation, it will lose all charm.

"Though learned, well-bred, and though well-bred sincere," is advice from Pope; and La Rochefoucauld warns would-be diplomatists, that though they may conserve their own opinions, if reasonable, they may never wound the sentiments of others by those same opinions, nor seem shocked at what they have said.

Whispering in company is very impolite. St. Louis strongly condemned it, particularly at table, lest it should give others occasion to suspect that some evil was spoken of them.

"He that is at table," said he, "and hath something to say that is merry, and pleasant, let him speak it so that all the company may hear it; but if it be a thing of importance, let him keep silent."

Avoid extremes in conversation—they are impolite, for, as a French writer justly remarks: "To be too reserved or to refuse to join in conversation looks like disdain, or want of confidence, and, on the other hand to be always babbling, so as to afford neither leisure nor opportunity for others to speak is a mark of shallowness and levity."

A polite person will never notice the faults, eccentricities, or little weaknesses of those with whom he converses—he will never use low words or slang—he will never be quarrelsome. It is only the vulgarest people who are always at feud.

When one is a guest, one should never put on an air of boredom, or refuse to join in conversation, because it is not quite up to one's standard of excellence. This may make others feel uncomfortable; one should always endeavour to enjoy one's self, and make others do likewise.

It is impolite to ask acquaintances their age or other personal questions—

To make jokes or remarks on persons present.

To be always dragging one's self into notice.

To interrupt people when speaking, or to introduce vulgar topics and anecdotes.

Contradiction is also, in many cases, inadvisable. It was the advice of St. Louis in order to avoid contention, not to contradict any one in discourse unless it were either sinful, or some great prejudice to acquiesce to him; but, should it be necessary to contradict or oppose our own opinion to that of another, we must do it with such mildness and dexterity, as not to exasperate his spirit, for nothing is ever gained by harshness and violence.

Argument.

Argument, like contradiction, ought also to be often guarded against.

"People do not always realise how impolite a thing it is to be always proving themselves in the right thereby showing another that he is in the wrong."

"When next you talk of what you view
Think others see as well as you."

Is a good bit of advice to be remembered in argument. People are often so narrow-minded that they can only see matters from their own point of view instead of taking them in from all sides. An American writer says that "it is wrong to be always in the right," and it certainly is most tiresome.

Satire and Teasing

should also be avoided as much as possible in conversation as they often lead to quarrels and ill-feeling.

Caution and Discretion.

Caution and discretion are of utmost importance in our conversation, and there are few occasions on which we ought to watch ourselves more narrowly.

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue," says the Bible, and it would be well to meditate a little on these solemn words.

Again, "He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his soul, but he that hath no guard on his speech shall meet with evils."

Those who wish to be skilled in diplomacy would do well to learn the following adage by heart:—

"If your lips you'd keep from slips,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*."

"Discretion of speech," says Bacon, "is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably with him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order."

In few things perhaps is caution in speech more necessary than in giving advice; this should only be done by a superior to an inferior, and very delicately even then.

"Be niggards of advice,
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain.
And charitably let the dull be vain."

One should never put down as sure that which is doubtful, and even if one is sure of what one is saying, one should still speak, following Pope's advice, "with seeming diffidence."

It is indiscreet in conversation to speak of religion or devotion in a slight or thoughtless way. If sacred subjects are introduced they should be treated with the utmost attention and reverence. Scoffing at religion is never attractive either in men or women, under any circumstances or at any time.

It is indiscreet to argue with people when they are disinclined, or out of sorts, or out of temper.

"She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.
Distrustful sense with modest *caution* speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes."

Watts says that "we should be swift to hear, but cautious of our tongues lest we betray our ignorance." And, indeed, there are many people who make a lamentable parade of their ignorance by discussing subjects on art, literature, etc., etc., when, in reality, they know nothing whatever about them; they want a little study to give strength to their criticism.

Detraction.

One of the greatest plagues of conversation is detraction, or that act which so many have of finding faults in their neighbours and dilating upon them. Detractors ought to be shunned like poison, as there is no end to the mischief they can do. Some people can never open their mouths unless to blame, grumble, or carp at others.

"He that could deliver the world of detractors, might free it from a great part of the sins of iniquity," cries a learned French divine. "And," he continues, "whosoever robs his neighbour of his good name, besides the sin he commits, is also bound to make reparation, for no man can enter heaven with the goods of another; and, amongst all exterior goods, a good name is best."

David, speaking of detractors, says (Psalm cxxxix.) "They have whet their tongues like serpents." Now, as the serpent's tongue, according to Aristotle, is forked and has two points, so is that of the detractor who, at one stroke, stings and poisons the ear of the hearer and the reputation of him against whom he is speaking.

"Who steals my purse steals trash.
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."

Slander.

Almost worse than Detraction is Slander, for the former generally has a foundation of truth to work upon, whilst the latter is not only mischievous, but untruthful into the bargain. Shakespeare describes the slanderer as having a "dagger in his mouth," and at other times he apostrophises slander as a poisonous viper. Perhaps his most forcible passage against slander, however, appears in *Cymbeline*—

"'Tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world."

Chattering.

How very many people there are in the world who, like Jane Austin's Miss Bates, begin talking the moment they enter a room, and go on without stopping until they leave, giving no one else the chance to say a word. They talk for the sake of talking, and often in a most inconsiderate manner, utterly regardless as to whether the topics chosen are interesting, or the reverse to their listeners.

"A chatterbox can, however, render you a service," says a French writer; "confide to him, under the seal of secrecy, a fact that you wish made public. You can be sure that before the end of the day all the world will know about it."

Chattering, simply for the sake of hearing one's own voice continually, is a sign of shallowness and levity. People afflicted with this mania remind one of the old saying, "Empty vessels make the most sound."

"Many say many things, and, therefore, little credit is to be given them," says Thomas à Kempis, and one of our great writers has observed that "even triviality and imbecility that can sit silent, is preferable to the vapid verbiage of shallow praters."

Questioning.

There is really an art in asking questions skilfully, which should be learned by all. There are three kinds of questions: First, those asked out of prying curiosity. Second, those posed for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and Third, those which are the medium of true kindness and politeness.

There is nothing but abuse to be said about the first-named, and those who, in society, have bad enough taste to ask personal questions, really deserve to be snubbed, or, at any rate, politely silenced, for, in all probability, they only pose their question on purpose to hear disparaging remarks against the person they are quizzing.

The second style of questioning is commendable, though it should be used with discretion.

"By what method have you acquired so much knowledge?" was asked of a Persian philosopher. "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions," answered he.

SCANDAL.

"He that questioneth much," says Bacon, "shall learn much and content much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh. For he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak."

The third style of questioning is not only commendable, but also kind and courteous in the extreme. Many a shy and timid person is by this method diplomatically employed, induced to speak of himself and his exploits, not only to the extreme satisfaction of himself, but very often to the company in general.

Anecdotes in Conversation.

Although conversation can be sometimes aided, and even ornamented by a well-told anecdote or story, it is not advisable to let the occurrence be too frequent, as the professed story-teller, who drags in his anecdotes at all times, and all seasons, irrespective of his company, and whether the topics be grave or gay, is generally rather troublesome.

To repeat stories which are already well-known, is also most tiresome to one's listeners.

In telling a story, one should avoid parenthesis and long-windedness. To use too many circumstances before one comes to the point is very wearisome; but, on the contrary to use none at all is blunt. One should try to arrive at a happy medium.

A story should seldom be introduced unless it is in some way appropriate to the subject on hand, or unless it bears some connection with it.

Some people who have a story to tell, drag it in, in utter disregard to these rules, and are generally smiled at for their pains.

A man once had a funny story of a gun, which he was very fond of relating. As the conversation rarely turned on guns, he used to suddenly stamp his foot under the table and say: "Dear me! what was that noise. It sounded very like the report of a gun, and ah! talking of guns reminds me of a very good story," etc.

A man once talking to a theologian, and wishing to show off his Biblical knowledge, said suddenly—"Who was ever stronger than Samson?"—"Why, you are," answered the theologian, "for you have just dragged him in by the head and shoulders."

Shop.

Amongst a certain class of unthinking people or probably people who are too lazy to think, a kind of rule is laid down, that one must not talk shop; that is to say a man must not talk on subjects, of which he has made a special study, or on which he is an authority. A barrister must not discuss law, an artist, art, a doctor medicine, etc.

Now this is perhaps the most foolish rule that has ever been laid down among the regulations of society, because it forbids a man to speak of subjects that he understands, and forces him into tittle-tattle and small talk. Of course, also conversation is by this rule deprived of any value which it might possess as a medium for imparting instruction, or spreading knowledge. Nothing can be more dreary than spending two or three hours in a company, who insist upon everything in conversation being gagged, except small talk and local gossip.

Unpleasant Subjects.

Some people have a habit of introducing into their conversation most unpleasant and disagreeable subjects. They go into details about their illnesses, the illnesses of their children, and even of their servants; they chat for hours together about their domestic grievances; they bore one to death by a list of their various troubles. I have heard people in society go into most unnecessary and gruesome details of their face-aches, neuralgia, or liver complaints, and whine piteously over the laziness and impertinence of their servants, and the unsatisfactoriness of their friends. Even the most patient listener must sometimes heave a sigh, or suppress a yawn over these tedious details, and they show an immense want of taste and delicacy on the part of the relator.

Affectation.

There is scarcely anything more laughable, or more surely the sign of a shallow mind, than affectation in speech. "Let your speech be meek, frank, open and sincere, without the least admixture of artifices," says a learned French doctor.

There are some men that cannot call a spade a spade, but mix up with the most simple announcement, a quantity of pompous nothings, cloudy nonsense, and big words without a meaning.

Wit and Satire.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed, What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed," and, like this, it is a very adjunct and great ornament to conversation, enlivening the dullest discourse, and giving a touch of brightness to the merest commonplace talk.

Unfortunately wit is often allowed to degenerate into sarcasm, or witty sarcasm, and many a quarrel or life-long separation have been the result of a retort of this description.

An American writer on wit says: "It is very significant that the lower the society, the greater the relish for smart and tart sayings and doings, and," he continues, "it may be seriously doubted whether any person famed for frequent satirically-witty retorts was ever at heart either a lady or a gentleman."

Politeness and wit ought always to go hand in hand; the former gives a piquancy to the latter.

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set,
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

Of course wit is at times in exceedingly bad taste, and thoroughly out of place. "As for wit," says Bacon, "there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick. Generally men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory."

Reflection.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an old saying, and there is a world of wisdom in it, though it is so seldom carried out.

"It is very wise to speak little," says a French writer, "but it is still more so to think before one speaks at all." How many men are there who think after they have spoken, but the word has slipped, and reflection comes too late. One should try to follow the words of Scripture, and keep a door and lock before one's mouth, so that no word may fall therefrom which could offend.

One often regrets having spoken. One seldom regrets having been silent. "How many evils and disorders have been caused by an inconsiderate word, and what long repentance has a thoughtless word occasioned." —*La Rochefoucauld.*

On Conversation in General.

"What is it that first strikes us in the language of a man of education, so that one cannot stand under the same archway without finding him out?" says Coleridge. "It is not the weight or novelty of his remarks. It is not the unusual interest of facts communicated by him. No! It is the unpremeditated and habitual arrangement of his words that finds him out. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in his fragments."

A golden rule of Julius Cæsar is to avoid an unusual word as one would a rock, and it is certain that no man or woman, unless they want to make themselves ridiculous, would have frequent recourse to peculiar words or phrases.

Ungrammatical conversation and slang are two things to be carefully guarded against. The former shows lamentable ignorance, the latter unpardonable vulgarity.

To speak one's own language correctly ought to form a most important branch of education, as there is scarcely anything which tells so terribly against one in society as faults in language.

"Every man or woman of ordinary intelligence by resolutely acquiring information and imparting it in correct language can become a good talker," says an American writer.

Reading aloud well-written works and writing composition, are great aids in forming and giving an ease to one's language.

Gabbling and stuttering should, if possible, be carefully guarded against; one should likewise be careful in pitching one's voice. Speaking too loud is rude, and too low very inconvenient. A happy medium is here to be commended, with a large admixture of distinctness.

"Speak clearly if you speak at all,
Carve every word before you let it fall."
Holmes.

"The happiest conversation is that in which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing expression," says an English writer, and another writer on the same subject says, "Bear continually in mind the fact that in the art of conversation, the secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying. Those please most who offend the least."

The power of Coleridge's conversation has proved a topic for many writers. "You came," said one, "to a man who had travelled in many countries, and in critical times, one to whom all literature and art were absolutely subject. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk in low, equable, but clear and musical tones concerning things human and divine, marshalling all history, harmonising all experiment, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination, but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind that one was almost dazzled. And this he would do without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others; gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the parti-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light."

NOTE UPON "THE FATHER OF THE FOREST AND OTHER POEMS" BY WILLIAM WATSON.

A perusal of Mr. Watson's last little volume confirms one in the opinion that his poetry is literature, beautiful, and therefore destined to last. Let the critics say, "Here is no new note"; "Only a minor poet this." To the first disparagement Mr. Watson replies with proud modesty in his "Apologia."

In regard to the second impeachment, it should be remembered that our greatest poets had their period of poetic minority, and that the first fruits of Mr. Watson's muse are worthy of favourable comparison with the "early poems" of some of the best poets of this century. Indeed it may be boldly claimed for Mr. Watson that from the first, his verse has borne the impress of the dignity, maturity and finish both of ripe experience and decided natural poetic power.

First: We note the rhetorical or eloquent quality of Mr. Watson's work. To adopt Scott's homely characterisation of Byron's poetry, it is "The Big Bow-Wow." We must accept Mr. Watson's statement that he "finds not fashions his numbers." His, then, must be a very capable and obliging muse, for I imagine most poets only get from theirs mere suggestions more or less vague, which they require to hammer and chisel and mould into shape and with final fastidious touches complete. But if we think we see in Mr. Watson's work traces of the refining labour which his big brother Tennyson expended on his periods, still there is a grand swell in Mr. Watson's harmonies, and a great rush in his rhythms which bespeak spontaneity, the eloquence of a pure ideal and a glowing enthusiasm. The opening lines of his pieces at once win your attention, his development of the theme stirs you, and his peroration with its rapture completely captivates you. As an instance of a finely effective closing strain, take these verses of the first poem—

"With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end—

Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star,
Now touching goal, now backward hurled,
Toils the indomitable world."

Second: We next observe the seriousness of Mr. Watson's note—the pensiveness of a pure spirit who is a dear confidant of solitude and silence.

In the "Father of the Forest" the poet addresses to the old Emperor Yew an historical retrospect of persons and events, which the "fantastic sire" has seen "retire into the dusk of alien things." But the yew replies—

"To me more sweet
The vigils of Eternity
And Silence patient at my feet."

In the Hymn to the Sea, a poem of magnificent diction and noble thought, the poet says—

"We, self-amorous mortals, our own multitudinous image
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find it in thee;
Seek it and find it when o'er us the exquisite fabric of Silence
Perilous-turreted hangs, trembles and dulcetly falls."

"Yea, it is we, light perverts, that waver, and shift our allegiance;
We, whom insurgence of blood dooms to be barren and waste!
We, unto Nature imputing our frailties, our fever and tumult:
We, that with dust of our strife sully the hue of her peace.
Thou, with punctual service, fulfillest thy task, being constant;
Thine but to ponder the Law, labour and greatly obey;
Wherefore, with leapings of spirit, thou chantest the chant of the faithful,
Chantest aloud at thy toil, cleansing the Earth of her stain."

Third: The perfect clearness of these verses is another of their recommendations. The sentences are often long, but they have the flow of a fine river, not the puzzling meandering of a maze. A stanza of one sentence might be quoted from the Hymn to the Sea, and also a stanza from, say, Abt Vogler by Browning with the object of simply comparing the grammatical structure of the two, and

showing the greater simplicity and musicalness of Mr. Watson's utterance.

The natives of the land of freedom, of mountain and of flood, of oat-cake and haggis, etc., at once welcome Mr. Watson's poem about Burns. It may almost be said that no new poet or literary personage, however promising or even splendid his claims to recognition may be, can hope for the hearty acceptance of a very authoritative coterie of present-day critics who might be called the Scotch Clique, until he has uttered himself appreciatively about Burns. It is well that Mr. Watson has realised just in time that one thing was wanting to assure to him fame's lasting favour, namely, to produce a tribute to Scotia's national bard. And he really does himself honour by doing honour to Burns. Can anything new be said of Burns? Yea verily. Although the various points of Burns' life and character are as familiar as our own faces and feelings, yet that commanding mountain-mind, that deep disturbed sea of a human heart, must evermore throughout succeeding generations evoke from the gifted and the wise further comments of wonder and admiration.

"A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
That all pursue;
But on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new.

To him the Powers that formed him brave,
Yet weak to breast the fatal wave,
A mighty gift of Hatred gave,
A gift above
All other gifts benefic, save
The gift of Love.

And though thrice statelier names decay,
His own can wither not away
While plighted lass and lad shall stray
Among the broom,
Where evening touches glen and brae
With rosy bloom;

While Hope and Love with Youth abide;
While Age sits at the ingleside;
While yet there have not wholly died
The heroic fires,
The patriot passion, and the pride
In noble sires;

While, plumed for fight, the Soul deplores
The cage that foils the wing that soars;
And while, through adamantine doors,
In dreams flung wide,
We hear resound, on mortal shores,
The immortal tide."

I resist the temptation after perusing Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent analysis of Ruskin's literary style to apply similar methods of dissection to the verses before us. There certainly is scope for the "a e i o u" or verbal tonic sol-fa treatment of Mr. Watson's language. I prefer, however, to leave it to your own naturally musical or skilled ear to discriminate the light and shade and rise and fall, the alliterative sibilants, linguals and other adornments of word melody in these rivers of verse.

WILLIAM PORTEOUS.

ON MIND SHADOWS.

"They brought forth the sick into the streets . . . that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." Acts v. 15.

THERE is virtue in shadows still. This fact was brought home to me the other day, as I returned silently one Sunday evening across the deer-park to my friend's house. I had been at the evening service in a little grey, moss-covered, ivy-grown church. There was nothing very impressive in the small, sleepy, rustic audience, dimly illuminated by a few guttering candles, as they sat listening to the monotonous voice of an aged clergyman reading a somewhat stereotyped sermon. The pews, consisting of narrow wooden knife-boards, were very uncomfortable, and the aroma from the musty, and even mouldy, hymn-books was not pleasant. Nevertheless I was pondering over that service with gratitude, for in the midst of many platitudes, gleaming like a jewel, shone out an idea that was full of power. It was new to me, and as it may be to others, I pass it on.

I do not remember the exact words in which it was expressed, but the idea is this: "That our unconscious influence is the shadow of our minds." What a thought is here! And, though possibly it may be more familiar to my readers than it was at the time to me, it will still bear considering for awhile.

The word "environment," so inseparably coupled with the name of Herbert Spencer, has become almost a cant word; but although everywhere used, both with meaning and without, it is generally confined to its physical side. We talk of surroundings of country, town, and various forms of active life; but environment may be considered purely on its mental side, and in this sense consists of the active and passive influence we exert upon each other. We do not refer at all to the former now, for a shadow is a purely passive phenomenon. We do not try to make shadows, they simply consist in the projection of our images when we walk in the light. But what a power there is in them! Just as when we are gazing upon the form and colour of a flower, we are conscious of a subtle aroma that stamps its individuality upon our brain, long after the particular figure of that flower has passed away; and just as this unseen influence of the flower is more powerful than its gay appearance and graceful form, so we find in life, that the unconscious influence that we spread around and exercise upon one another, unknown to ourselves, so beautifully idealised by the country preacher as the "shadow of our minds," has a more powerful effect than all our active efforts and direct teachings. A child is far more influenced by a parent's ways than by a parent's words; and if we wish it to imbibe some truth, or to follow some line of conduct, we are far more sure to be successful by exhibiting that truth and living that line of conduct, than by merely saying, Do this, or Do that.

Now we are all children—some of a larger growth—it is therefore the same with us. How conscious we are of the subtle mental aroma that others spread around us, or, to keep to our simile, how immediately we are impressed when we step beneath the shadow of a great mind. It is much to hear a good man's words; it is far more to be within the range of the influence of a good man's life.

Shadows have not lost their healing power; and many a one has had seeds of eternal good dropped into their hearts unconsciously, when passing beneath the shadow of some fruitful tree. We often cannot clothe our feelings in words, or define the influence that we thus unconsciously exert one upon another; but one thing is absolutely certain, that every man and that every woman is silently exerting an unseen power, for good or for evil, upon all with whom they come in contact, even for the briefest period.

This shadow can often be felt, even before the substance is seen; just as the aroma of flowers fills the air, even before they are in sight. How often on entering a strange house do we feel at once the spirit that pervades it! A thousand subtle touches tell us that we are within the influence of a great mind. I can call to mind a remarkable instance of a sick man healed by such a shadow.

He was a wild youth, and on one of his shooting excursions he happened, by what we should call "the merest chance," to be the unexpected guest for a few days of a good man. Now he did not care for good men; and if this good man had attempted to exert any influence over him, it would have been absolutely fatal. His host was, however, very busy, and the guest came and left without a word being exchanged, save on the most common-place subjects. Nevertheless, the shadow had done its work, and the sick man was healed; for from that day forth that young man's life was changed, and has borne ever since the indelible stamp of the great shadow under which he had been those few days.

There can be no doubt that two things are required, if our shadows are to do any good. In the first place, they must be shadows of good realities. We cannot make shadows as we can words, different from ourselves. The worst of men can give good precepts, but a bad man cannot cast a good shadow. The first point then is that we should be right ourselves in heart and soul with God, seeking to do His will, and to live earnest and unselfish lives for His glory.

The next point is that a shadow is cast by light. We must not only be the right shape ourselves, but we must be living in the light in order to cast a shadow of real power. All this, let us remember, is purely unconscious work. We do not labour to cast shadows—they are the simple result of a right life in a right light. What a lovely work this is for girls, the flowers of the world! not only to please by their brightness, by their shape, but to leave a lasting impression wherever they pass by the sweetness of their perfume.

It is indeed much more the part of girls to do their work in the world unconsciously; by indirect influence, rather than by direct precepts. If a girl would only follow out the Divine injunction for the production of a healthful mind: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things." She need have no fear but that her shadow, wherever she passes, will do good to all upon whom it falls.

I do not dwell here on that greater shadow spoken of in Holy Writ, the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land, nor of the face that is sitting under this shadow with great delight, that we can best fulfil the verse I quoted. Nor do I touch upon the reverse of the picture. Some shadows, like some scents amongst flowers, are absolutely poisonous; and indeed it must be so, for if a shadow can be so powerful for good, it must be equally powerful for evil.

The conclusion of the whole matter then is this, which the beautiful simile of the country parson impressed so well: that what we *are*, is infinitely more important than what we say, or even than what we do.

A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

CONTENT.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.

THE sunlight shone upon the flower-strewn way,
The summer fields lay smiling 'neath the glow;
All Nature sang the livelong golden day,
And heaven was mirrored in the earth below;
And only I was longing, spirit-pent,
For God's fair messenger, the sweet Content.

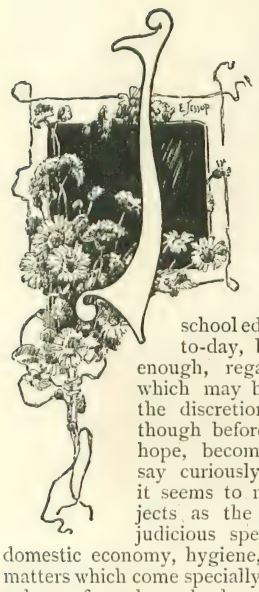
Then Mirth awoke and strove to make me glad,
And bright-eyed Pleasure led me by the hand,
And wealth arose, in purple garment clad,
And Beauty smiled upon the summer land;
But still upon my way I sorrowing went
For God's fair messenger, the sweet Content.

Came Fame, that fickle goddess, to my aid,
And crowned me with a wreath of laurel green,
Then at my feet a deep obeisance made,
And of the realm of Fancy hailed me queen;
And yet I mourned, my soul on thee intent,
For still I found thee not, oh sweet Content!

Across the plain what spirit draweth near,
Bright as an angel from the land above?
Ah, with thy tender smile so fair, so dear,
I know thee well, oh gentle Human Love!
But joy and pain are at thy coming blent,
For thou has brought me not the sweet Content.

With one great flash of gladness, pure and true,
Came God's blest Spirit to my heart one day,
And with a mystic glory, strange and new,
Illumined brightly all the onward way;
And radiant joy with gentle peace is blent,
For thou hast come to me, oh sweet Content.

A WORD TO GIRLS ON THRIFT.



HAVE a class of some five and twenty girls at a well-known provincial High School, and occasionally during the term I have the opportunity of giving them a lecture on certain subjects which are not yet included within the ordinary course of school education, as it exists to-day, but are, curiously enough, regarded as matters which may be properly left to the discretion of the parents, though before long they will, I hope, become compulsory. I say curiously enough, because it seems to me that such subjects as the care of and the judicious spending of money, domestic economy, hygiene, for instance, are matters which come specially within a woman's sphere of work, and whose importance it is difficult to over-rate. Psychology, Greek, and other abstruse studies are very well in their proper place, and those women, who will always be very much in the minority, who have a decided bent for this kind of work, may safely be trusted to follow it up and make opportunities for the acquiring of such knowledge. With the common everyday facts of life and our relation to them, it is otherwise; we are apt to put them aside to await a more convenient season; it would be wiser to prepare ourselves to face them.

Speaking roughly, perhaps half of the girls in my class may have to earn their own living; some may marry, and others have at present good reason to expect to be placed above the trials of poverty, but whatever their eventual individual lot may be, the care of, and the spending of money is pretty sure to occupy the thoughts and the time of them all. To do these judiciously is very desirable, and I think the following hints may perhaps be a little help in that direction. Here is a short *résumé* of my lecture.

"Thrift"—some people say the want of it is chiefly the cause of the misery in which so many of our fellow-creatures in towns and country villages are living to-day. I am afraid the accusation has much truth in it. Without touching on this—the larger and general view of the matter—I intend to confine myself to-day to a very practical side of it, which may be brought home to one or other of you before long, and what I am about to say concerns those of you who may come to have the spending and care of money which you have not had to earn, just as much as others who expect to take up the honourable post of bread-winning when their school-days are over.

We are all, I expect, ready to admit in theory, that if we are possessed of a small capital, about the most foolish thing we could do with it would be to spend fifty pounds of it every year—perhaps less, perhaps more, according to its amount—until our store became exhausted; we should then be left in sorry case. And yet, sad to say, this is what many young people do, and the temptation to do so is one that is easily understood; I have known it myself. The ordinary and sensible plan would be to put it out to interest and keep the capital intact; that the investment should be a judicious one, made under competent advice (if a government investment is not chosen), is a matter of course.

The importance of keeping intact any capital we may possess, lies of course in the obvious misery which would await us in middle life or old age, if we had run through all our means before we had reached these periods of existence, for it is then that we should realise the difficulty, I might almost say impossibility, of making up the loss by earnings of our own, which to a certain extent we might be able to do in our earlier years. I was reading the other day for the first time an article written several years ago for a small publication which bore more or less on the subject on which I am speaking, and I found in it a suggestion so practical, that I think it well worth bringing to your notice. The youngest among you is well acquainted with the aid to thrift offered by the Post Office Savings Bank, which receives, keeps for you in security, and pays you interest on the smallest sums, but the matter I am going to mention has to do with the great Insurance companies, whose security is considered second only to that of government itself.

No one who has attended this school can have failed to acquire sufficient knowledge to be able to follow me when I explain that one or more of these great companies has instituted a system of "endowments," which, when applied to our sex, might aptly be called "self-endowments for women." Just now I have specially in my mind those of you who mean to take up a professional life. I cannot do better than quote the statement which I read in the article alluded to in the authoress's own words.

"One excellent insurance company has a special system of 'endowments,' which deserves to be more widely known. The plan is simplicity itself; by putting aside a certain moderate sum every year, one can secure at the end of a given number of years a lump sum of considerable magnitude in relation to the premium paid. Take, for instance, the case of a young professional woman who wishes to secure £1000 at the end of twenty-five years. She could do this by paying £26 3s. 4d. a year to the association, and at the end of the twenty-five years the £1000 would be handed over to her absolutely. But suppose she were to die before the twenty-five years had expired, her money would not be lost. Her representatives would receive back all that she had paid—except the first premium—together with 2 per cent. compound interest. If she wished to secure £600 twenty-one years hence, she would pay to the insurance company £20 a year for twenty-one years; at the end of that time she would receive her £600. It is hardly necessary to explain that a woman may endow herself with any amount she likes, from £100 to £5000 or more."

I am sure you will all understand the lucid explanation of this matter which I have given as nearly as possible in the writer's own words, and I may add that I wish such opportunities for thrift had been brought to

A ROMAN MARTYR.

my notice in my own young days. You think, and naturally, that to look forward as far as twenty-one or twenty-five years when one is but eighteen or nineteen seems hardly necessary; so many things may happen in the interval. *So they may; but* again they may not; a great many of us find ourselves on the verge of middle age before we have quite realised that youth is past, and often in very much the same circumstances. Time flies so quickly; one loses count of the years, and then perhaps a rude awakening comes in one shape or other—in the failure of physical powers, bereavements, losses—all sorts of reminders sent to warn us that we are but mortal.

Perhaps you may think that after all £1000 would not be of much use at forty or fifty years of age; investments which afford interest sufficient for a woman to live on would be far too risky if the sum represented one's little all. Here both Government and Insurance Companies step in once more—it must be understood, that with reference to these latter, it is only the few great companies with whom it is safe to transact business. At fifty years of age it is quite possible, if you have no one depending on you, to sink such a sum in an annuity, and derive from it an income on which it is possible to live, which will be paid you yearly or half-yearly till you die. From five and a half to six and a half per cent. are about the sums paid respectively by government and the companies; these figures may be verified by a reference to Whitaker's Almanac. The reason why the companies can give higher interest is that many modes of investment are open to them of which government may not avail itself.

Of course one can become an annuitant at any age, but except in exceptional cases, it is generally better to await the approach of middle age before disposing of capital finally. What, therefore, I want especially to impress on you is the importance of thrift in youth. By this means many girls whose parents may die leaving them totally unprovided for can often lay up a store sufficient to enable them to live out the end of their lives on their own savings or earnings, instead of being forced—as so many alas! are—to eat the bread of charity. I need hardly remind girls of your age that every day there are instances of well-to-do and even wealthy families being suddenly brought to beggary by their own fault or that of others. To-day they and their children may be living in the greatest comfort; before the year is out every member of that household may be penniless. Let us therefore do all we can now to avert such a possible calamity; those of us who have good reason to believe that their future seems secure in this respect, can, at all events, help others to form habits of thrift. Some of you may become mistresses of households and may have others under you whom you can influence; try to persuade them to put by a trifle out of every sum of money you pay them; let those who themselves will be receiving money for work done try to influence their companions by example.

Suppose one of you should receive either a small legacy of £20 or say £50; it seems hardly worth while to put by so small a sum, perhaps, when the shops are full of such tempting things, but there is more than one reason why it is very much worth while. When one has a nice little sum in a bank, or elsewhere, there often arises a desire to add to it, then a pleasant addition will be made to it at the year's end in the form of interest, and again the habit of self-denial, of doing without will be formed—a most desirable trait of character to cultivate. Do not be miserly, but use a wise discretion in your outlay; in this way you may either lay up a provision for the future, or if your means permit, may have to give to him that needeth.

I do not wish to lay down any arbitrary rules for the carrying out of these desirable ends; I have only made a few suggestions to show you that thrift is not an impossible thing by any means, nor is it necessary to lay up that talent—money—in a napkin. Seek the advice of competent friends whom you can trust when you have a little capital to invest; in the meantime never forget to provide yourselves with a Post Office Savings Bank book.

"SPAIN."

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN HOME.

DR. SALISBURY came with an alacrity that rather surprised Mrs. Masham, who had been told by Beatrice that she was perfectly sure he was much too busy to dream of such a thing, and that it was quite unnecessary to get leave from a doctor before taking the journey home now that she was quite well and strong again.

The letter however had gone before she knew anything about it, and Dr. Salisbury appeared very quickly in response. He stayed for two nights and then took the sisters under his escort for the return journey, as he had obtained Mr. Wilberforce's consent to do. The father had brought Beatrice down himself, but was glad to be spared making the journey a second time, as he was very busy.

Guinivere had been rather surprised by the ill-success of her little artifice, as suggested by the foolish Mrs. Masham. She had donned her most becoming dress, had put forth all her arts to captivate the doctor, and had been most charming and sweet; yet he had looked at her absently, and had answered in a slightly preoccupied fashion, and was much more interested in asking why it was that Beatrice did not dine at table, than in responding to the advances of his neighbour. There was a little dinner-party in his honour—though he was not aware of it—and Beatrice had as usual begged off, as the long meal and the talk and lights still tried her head. But the doctor did not shine quite as much as his hostess had expected, and though the men pronounced him a very clever and cultivated man, the ladies thought him singularly uninteresting in spite of his distinguished appearance.

Guinivere devoted herself to him the greater part of the evening, stealing from time to time a glance at Lord Woodmayne, who sat solitary with a curious sort of smile upon his thin lips. Once when she met the look in his eyes she quailed a little before it, and felt almost for the first time a qualm of doubt as to the truth of Beatrice's warning. A jealous lover was one thing—but a jealous husband could become a terrible tyrant. She was not altogether sorry when the moment came for bidding him farewell. He held her hand in his rather long, and looked into her face with a gaze which she did not try to meet.

"Good-bye, my dear Miss Wilberforce," he said in his thin clear tones. "Perhaps we may meet again in the future, near or far; but however that may be, you have my sincerest wishes for your happiness and success in life!"

He bowed over her hand almost as though he would have kissed it and stood upon the steps to watch the carriage as it moved off, with a smile upon his face of so curious a kind that Mrs. Masham said to herself with a sudden sinking at heart—

"Dear me! I do hope we have not gone and made a frightful blunder! I generally know how to take a man; but this one is unfathomable! just what all the world says of him!"

Guinivere's heart had sunk within her at the wording of his farewell; and as she sat in the train, being whirled back to the old life and the old routine of home, after these long months of splendid luxury and pleasure-seeking, she felt as though all the flavour and spice of life must have left it for ever, and but for the presence of Dr. Salisbury she could have cried from mortification and despite.

Why had she come away? Why had she allowed herself to be tempted to show independence and pride with such a man as Lord Woodmayne, who must be master or nothing? She had learned so much already of his character, and sometimes she had felt afraid of what she saw. But the fear of losing all those bright prospects which had seemed actually within her reach outweighed every other consideration now, and had the sisters been alone she would have broken into bitter lamentation and recrimination, charging Beatrice with having deliberately set herself to destroy her brilliant prospects in life.

It was additional mortification to Guinivere upon this journey to feel herself the superfluous and neglected member of the party. Dr. Salisbury

was politely attentive when there was any service to be rendered, but his whole thought and solicitude throughout were for Beatrice. Guinivere felt that from first to last, with the keenness of one who is accustomed herself to be first, and knows in a moment when due homage is not rendered. Beatrice did not appear aware of it. She was very quiet all through the journey, and would have done everything for herself had she been allowed. Sometimes there was a touch of petulance in her manner as she was reminded in Dr. Salisbury's rather masterful way that she was not to exert herself, but to leave everything to him. Yet Guinivere felt that there was a subtle charm in being watched over as her sister was, quietly studied and unofficiously cared for. A sudden sense of envy came upon her from time to time as she caught a glance pass between the two, on his part earnest, grave, solicitous, on hers half frightened or shy, yet grateful too and with a vivid charm of its own. It suddenly became borne in upon Guinivere that her sister had won the love of this silent clever man, and that she was just becoming aware of the fact, though scarcely admitting it even to herself.

A strange spasm of something between envy and sisterly pride and gladness shot through Guinivere's heart. She strove to subdue the one, and let the other have due place; but just at that moment it did seem hard that she should be coming home with no news of her own after all these months, to be the witness to Beatrice's love story.

"I never thought that any of the girls would be engaged before me," she said to herself. "Oh, why didn't I manage better? Why didn't I bring him to the point? I always thought I could—and then I found I couldn't! Did he find out that I was trying? and did that set him against me? I might almost as well have had Arnold—whom I do like—if this is to be the end of it!"

There was great rejoicing at the Larches when the two sisters arrived together under Dr. Salisbury's escort. For a while in the pleasure of all the meetings, and in the familiar delights of being once more all together again, Guinivere forgot her chagrin and her anxieties, and enjoyed it all as much as Beatrice, who was beside herself with excitement and happiness.

What a meal that was round the large family table! Dr. Salisbury being the only outsider, and even Baby Tom being admitted, and sitting beside Beatrice, over whom all the little boys were clamouring and quarrelling. Even Mysie was looking bright and cheerful, and had no complaints to make, and Mr. Wilberforce beamed at his unbroken circle from the foot of the table, and gave thanks in his heart that the circle remained yet intact.

It was not dinner, but a more informal travellers' meal, more sociable for the absence of servants. Guinivere told of her travels and Beatrice of her visit and her enjoyment in the walking and riding; and although she was rather tired she did not feel it in the excitement of arrival, and laughed saucily across the table at Dr. Salisbury when he warned her that she would very likely be thankful to stay in bed for a day on the morrow. It was plain to all that her old bright spirits were coming back fast, and that the home atmosphere was favourable to their return. The change of air and bracing up had been just what she needed at the right time, and now the Beatrice of old days was with them again, only with an undefinable change about her aspect which was felt rather than observed.

She was willing however to be taken off upstairs soon after the conclusion of the meal. Gipsy and Freda carried her off to her room, and Freda got her out of her dress and into her dressing-gown, whilst Gipsy stirred up the fire and made the room glow with dancing light; then they sat down for a cosy chat, and Freda suddenly burst out with a piece of news which had evidently been kept especially for such an hour as this.

"Oh, Beatrice, what do you think! I'm not quite sure yet; but I'm as certain as I can be. Did you ever think yourself of it? Did you ever notice anything about Norah and Roger Howel?"

"Do you mean that they like one another?" asked Beatrice. "Oh, I should be glad of that! I was afraid poor Roger was thinking about Guinivere. You know he used to talk so much to her—and she seemed so interested; but she wasn't really. She used to say she got frightfully bored; but when I said why did she pretend to like it so much, she said she couldn't be rude. I thought she might have done something between the two. I always liked Roger, and thought him rather fine; but I knew it was hopeless his thinking about Vera. Oh I should be glad if it were Norah! She would be a splendid wife, and she understands him, and does really care for the things that make up his life."

"Well, we don't know anything yet," said Gipsy. "It's Freda's idea. But really when one sees them together there does seem to be something in it. They are different—if you know what I mean. I don't know how else to say it. And then other people have noticed too. Miss Howel spoke to Freda one day."

All this was very interesting to a household of girls, where as yet marriage had made no inroads. The sisters had grown used to see Guinivere carrying on small flirtations with her many admirers; but they had not thought seriously upon the matter hitherto, for there was never any counting upon Guinivere's fancies. Sometimes it was one and sometimes another, who would be in her good graces. But with Norah they all felt it would be altogether different, and there was a feeling that Norah would understand Roger Howel, and sympathise with him, as perhaps nobody else could do. The young man was getting on well in life, and might be able to think of marriage before very long. In Guinivere's absence he had recommenced the visits which once he had almost dropped, and now he met her with perfect tranquillity and indifference, only marvelling how it was he had ever credited her with qualities so entirely different from those she actually possessed.

But this is anticipating somewhat.

Beatrice's greeting of Miss Shuttleworth was very warm and affectionate. She, like every other member of the household, had grown to be very fond of the quiet woman who now made one of their party. Miss Shuttleworth had come to be the confidante of most of the sisters in their graver moods, and it was to her that Beatrice suddenly said, about a week after her return home—

"Miss Shuttleworth, the puzzle before me now is to find something to do! Can you help me?"

"Is that a new want, Beatrice?" asked the other.

"In a way it is. If things had been as they were before, I should be playing golf, or getting up a girl's football team, or making plans for the skating, and so on. But I'm not to do that sort of thing just yet, for one thing, and for another, I don't feel as though it would be quite enough to satisfy me if I might," she paused, and then added, with a slightly-heightened colour, "Miss Shuttleworth, when I was ill, and used to see people looking so grave, and began to wonder whether I should ever get any better again, I thought about these things a good deal. I don't think I was afraid. I mean I had faith, and knew that He would be with me, and would bring me safe through. It wasn't fear, but it was a terrible regret at having such a frivolous wasted sort of idle life to show. Of course I know that nothing we can do ourselves can save us—or anything. That never came into my mind once. He made the sacrifice, and we just take it. But it did seem so sad that I should have wasted some of the strong bright years of my life in doing nothing but play and amuse myself, without a thought of anything better. I made up my mind that it should not go on. That if I got better I would turn over a new leaf. I want to begin now. But the puzzle is to find anything useful to do."

Miss Shuttleworth smiled kindly, understanding in the rapid speech a great deal that was not actually expressed.

"I haven't got a vocation, like Gipsy or Norah," pursued Beatrice, "nor Freda's sort of talent, and I'm almost ashamed to ask just yet for a district or Sunday-school class. For I've always been such a harum-scarum, and, besides, I may not go out in bad weather in the winter, and I hate being irregular when I begin a thing."

"You are quite right; and it is not every girl, however well-meaning, who is fitted either to teach children or to visit the poor in their homes. I think you have the first qualification, but it may require training. Perhaps I could help you in that through the winter, so as to enable you to offer yourself later on."

"Oh, thank you! that would be splendid, for I do think I should like teaching if I were fit for it. But now, now, now! I don't want to be impatient; but I don't want to be idle. What can I do now, Miss Shuttleworth? I have no particular talents, and don't feel to have any special vocation."

"Perhaps that is a good thing, my dear. A great deal of nonsense is talked in these days about vocations, and many girls fall into grave errors by rushing away from their home-duties, because they *think they have* a vocation for something else. No woman need be idle, nor useless. In your own case you have plenty to keep you occupied, without running away from home, hunting after work, which may not be suitable when you find it. You will not mind my telling you, Beatrice, that your mind would be enlarged and expanded by some systematic study, for you left the schoolroom early, and have not done much since to add to your store of knowledge."

"No, I am afraid I am terribly ignorant. I should like to read more, if somebody would put me in the way of doing so to advantage. But I didn't want everything I do to be just selfish, and for myself. I wanted to help other people too."

"Well, so you can. If you would read with Mysie, it would do her an immense deal of good. She is really trying now to overcome some of her nervous tendencies, and she wants, above everything, to be taken out of herself. If you would take her under your wing, and help her to study with you, it would be excellent. You may not enjoy it so much yourself, for she has not your quick apprehension, and may be a drag upon you, but——"

"Oh, I mustn't mind that!" cried Beatrice eagerly. "Mysie was so good to me when I was getting better, and I'm sure she is trying, and it would be a shame not to help her. Well, that's one thing. If you'll be an angel, and put us in the way of regular sensible reading, and will put us through an examination sometimes, to make sure we're going about it the right way, I really think we might get on. And is there anything else? For reading won't take all day."

"Well, there is one thing, about which every woman should know something, only I don't think that is a sort of learning which you will take to very kindly. I sometimes think Mrs. Wilberforce would be very glad of a little help in housekeeping matters, but——"

Beatrice had made a wry face at first, but now she broke in with quick eagerness—

"Oh, if I could help mamma, I'm sure I ought to be willing to do anything. She has always been so good to us, never made the least difference between us and her own children. I've always thought such things must be hateful; but, perhaps, they're not so bad when one begins. Anyhow, if it is horrid, perhaps I ought to do it all the more, because poor mamma has such a lot of it. I'll certainly ask her. I do want to be useful, and to help her. I can't fancy ever being a housekeeper myself. If ever I had to live alone, I should take a little flat where there is a public dining-room downstairs, like yours, you know, Miss Shuttleworth. But of course it's useful to know how to do things. And with Christmas coming on, I know mamma always gets fearfully busy. I'll see what I can do."

Whatever Beatrice took in hand she did with her whole might, and before long she had found out that even cooking and housekeeping could be interesting, if taken up with a hearty goodwill.

Just before Christmas-time, too, Mrs. Wilberforce and the kitchenmaid happened to be laid up at the same time with a touch of influenza, and whilst Norah came home to nurse her mother, Beatrice threw herself into the breach, so far as housekeeping was concerned, with such energy and goodwill, that nobody in the house was allowed to feel the lack of the natural head, and the preparations for the Christmas festivities went forward with even more activity and merriment than usual.

"Dr. Salisbury wants to see you, Beatrice," shouted Bertie, coming tearing into the kitchen one day, where Beatrice was up to the eyes in preparations for making a great batch of mince-pies. "He says mamma is almost well, and may get up to-day, and have dinner with us quite properly on Christmas Day. But he says he never sees you now, and wants to make sure that you are well and strong."

"Oh, bother the man! Can't he take my word for it?" cried Beatrice with heightened colour, hesitating a moment in reluctance to leave her precious pies.

Bertie dashed out of the kitchen and through the swing-door, crying at the top of his voice—

"She says, 'Oh, bother the man! Can't he take my word for it?'" And then Beatrice, biting her lip with mingled amusement and vexation, had to follow in the wake of her small brother, and met Dr. Salisbury just on the other side of the swing-door, his eyes brimming over with amusement, though whether at the message or at the sight of her bare arms and great white apron, she hardly knew.

"Bertie is not a diplomatist," she said laughing, "but I am so very busy, and cooks don't like to be interrupted, they always have tempers, you know, and I shall claim the same prerogative. Besides, I am not a patient any longer, Dr. Salisbury."

"I am glad of it, although I think we never quite said adieu in that capacity. But I think you have won your emancipation. We will meet simply as friends next time then. Your mother has kindly invited me to eat my Christmas dinner with you here. Shall I be welcome—or ranked as an intruder?"

He still held her hand, and the girl's face grew rosy-red, but she looked up frankly—

"You will be welcome," she answered, and then suddenly fled back to her pies.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Considerate.

Guide in the Alps: "Yonder is where the celebrated Marquis d'Uri lost his life by falling into the chasm."

English Tourist (who is accompanied by his daughter): "Why, no; if I am not mistaken, the scene of that accident is quite two hours' journey from here."

Guide: "You are right, sir; but I thought it was too far for your daughter to travel."

Plodding On.—"The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit, that is the way to wealth, that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds but of pence."—*Charles Buxton.*

About Pears.—The cultivation of the pear extends to the remotest antiquity. Traces of it have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings; it is referred to in the oldest Greek writings, and was a favourite fruit with the Romans.

Scopæ Exercise for Girls.

Young women in search of physical culture are respectfully referred to the following health-giving exercise, as described by a lady of New York:—

"Take the *scopæ* in the hands, which should be held at half-reach reversed grasp, allowing the bushy portion of the *scopæ* to rest upon the floor, and holding firmly to the upper end of the handle. Bend the body slightly forward, give the arms a horizontal movement, lift the *scopæ* slightly, and move one foot before the other. Repeat these movements until the *scopæ* has been brought in contact with every portion of the floor."

P.S.—*Scopæ* is Latin for broom!

He Drew a Wrong Inference.

Rambler: "That Bartlett girl thinks a great deal of me. When I told her I was going round the world, she asked me to be sure and write her from every place I visited."

Wilter: "Yes, she is collecting postage-stamps."

A Watch For a Compass.

All watches are compasses. To use them as such, point the hour-hand to the sun, and the south is just half-way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch.

For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating IV to the sun, and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is eight o'clock, point the hand indicating VIII to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is the south.

Useful Suffering.—"The burden of suffering seems a tombstone hung about our necks, while in reality it is only the weight which is necessary to keep down the diver while he is hunting for pearls."—*Richter.*

Why He Ran.

In the midst of a battle the general saw a man running from a very dangerous situation. "What are you running for?" demanded the general in a stern voice.

"Sure, general," said the man, "I'm running because I can't fly."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER all, the tender care Cecil had shown for her pupil's feelings, almost disregarding Charlie's in comparison with them, was not only without result, but quite unnecessary. Azim Bey had read in her face as she said good-night what had happened, and neither silence nor denials on her part would have had the slightest effect in shaking his belief in his discovery. Consequently her vain attempts to mollify him were regarded with contempt as signs of conscious guilt, and the rupture which concluded them only increased his wrath against Charlie, over whom he had now been forced to quarrel with mademoiselle. He was obliged to do his lessons as usual, but at other times he sat apart and meditated vengeance.

His mind was full of schemes—indeed, the only drawback was their number and variety. He intended fully to get rid of Charlie, and to punish Cecil for engaging herself to him, but as soon as he had settled upon a means of doing this, a new and splendid idea was sure to come into his head, and he would devote himself to working it out, until it, in its turn, was supplanted by a better. There was another difficulty common to all these plans. It seemed absolutely impossible to carry them out, situated as he was, under Cecil's charge and Masûd's guardianship. Even when he had patched up a hollow peace with Cecil, cemented by a mutual understanding that the subject of her engagement was not to be mentioned between them, this difficulty confronted him still, and it was therefore with a joy born of hope and confidence that he found M. Karalampi one day in the Pasha's ante-room. Here was the man who could do what he wanted, and M. Karalampi was astonished to find himself seized upon and dragged into a corner, and adjured in excited whispers to get rid of that wretch, that criminal of an English doctor who had dared to engage himself to Mdlle. Antaza.

M. Karalampi's first feeling, which he was careful to conceal, was one of helpless bewilderment, but of this Azim Bey had no idea. To him, the Greek, backed up by all the help he could easily command, was a *deus ex machina*, who could accomplish his purpose in the twinkling of an eye. M. Karalampi knew better the difficulties of the situation. Murder was out of the question, and so was kidnapping. Either, or an attempt at either, would set the Balio Bey and all the English on the alert, and lead to the discovery of the instigator of the deed, and M. Karalampi was not at all inclined to compromise his position, either with the Pasha or with the foreign consuls, for the sake of Azim Bey. No, whatever was to be done must be done by careful diplomacy and working underground, and for this time would be necessary. But to say so to Azim Bey would mean that the boy would fly off at a tangent to some other person who might be inclined to help him, and this M. Karalampi could not allow. Almost simultaneously two plans formed themselves in his brain, one for getting rid of Charlie, the other for gaining time from Azim Bey, and he put the second into execution at once. Lowering his voice mysteriously, and entreating pardon for casting a doubt on the correctness of the Bey Effendi's information, he ventured to inquire whether he were absolutely certain that it was Dr. Egerton to whom mademoiselle was engaged? The doctor and she had not seen one another for a long time before Christmas, whereas Captain Rossiter was at the Residency all the time. It was known that the Balio Bey thought very highly of him, and it was whispered that he himself thought very highly of mademoiselle: indeed, M. Karalampi had heard it said that he was going to marry her. Was Azim Bey sure that it was not Captain Rossiter to whom she was engaged? Of course M. Karalampi could not guarantee the authenticity of his own information, but it would certainly be very annoying to get rid of the wrong man, and find the evil untouched.

M. Karalampi knew very well the falsity of the suggestion he offered, but it served his present purpose admirably. Azim Bey was struck dumb. He beat his brains to try and find out why he had fixed upon Charlie as the happy man, for he had certainly never been told that he was, but he could find nothing but that early incursion into the harem, and the little scene he had witnessed at the Residency on the day of the riot, to justify his suspicions. Meanwhile, as M. Karalampi pointed out respectfully, these were only proofs that Dr. Egerton was in love with mademoiselle, which no one had ever doubted, while it was undeniable that Captain Rossiter had rushed to her rescue with the utmost eagerness when he heard she was in danger. Azim Bey felt nonplussed. He could only promise that he would do his best to discover the truth—he must be able to do so without much difficulty—and adjure his fellow-conspirator to be in readiness to act the moment he let him know who was to be assailed.

They parted, and Azim Bey set himself to his task, but it was more difficult than he had imagined it would be. Cecil's lips were sealed, at any rate to him, on the subject of her engagement. If he attempted to approach it, she froze instantly, and he could not obtain from her the slightest clue to the mystery, while all his efforts to pump Um Yusuf found her as impenetrable as the grave. It so happened that for a considerable time he met no one who had sufficient interest in, or knowledge of the matter to enlighten him. He felt convinced that he could have got the truth out of either Charlie or Captain Rossiter by means of a few questions, but neither of them came in his way, and though he saw Sir Dugald once or twice, the Balio Bey was not the kind of person to approach on such a quest. Much time was consumed by this delay, and winter had passed, and spring was over all the plains, before the boy's curiosity could be gratified.

It was just at the time when the fruit-trees were in bloom, and the watered

A MARVELLOUS HINDU.

gardens around Baghdad miracles of loveliness, that it entered Lady Haigh's head to give a picnic. Some miles down the Tigris were the ruins of an ancient fort, situated on a bold bluff overhanging the stream, and surrounded by fruit-gardens, in one of which was a flimsy summer-palace, built of wood, and almost in decay. The spot was noted for its fruit-trees, which were supposed to flourish on the site of some ancient battlefield, and Sir Dugald was accustomed to rent the place every spring and summer, as a refuge from the heat and miasma of Baghdad. There was plenty of shooting to be had on the neighbouring plains, and good fishing for anyone that cared for it, so that a week or two at the summer-villa was a coveted treat to the staff at the Consulate. It was not yet time for the great heat which makes the city almost unbearable, but the fruit-blossom was particularly lovely this year, and Lady Haigh was fired with the desire to display Takht Iskandar in all its beauty. She could not have all her friends out to stay with her, especially since the habitable part of the house was now exceedingly limited in extent, but she could at any rate give them a sight of the place, and therefore she sent out invitations for a picnic.

Of course Cecil and Azim Bey were invited. The latter, who was deputed by his father to represent him on the occasion, accepted the charge with huge delight, and kept his attendants hard at work for days beforehand in bringing all his equipments to the highest pitch of perfection. He felt that he was about to perform a public function, and his youthful heart beat high with pride. Cecil's heart beat high also, but not with pride. She would see Charlie, nay, she would certainly, if Lady Haigh could compass it, get one of those long talks with him which were now a distinguishing delight of Sunday evenings at the Residency. In this hope, she put on, under her great white sheet, the newest and prettiest dress she had, one which had just been sent out to her from England, and succeeded in mounting her donkey safely in the unwonted garb. The party from the Residency and most of their guests went down the river to Takht-Iskandar in a steam-launch, but the Pasha preferred the land-journey for his son, and thus Cecil and Azim Bey jogged along soberly on donkey-back, followed by a motley group of servants, and preceded by a running groom.

The way was very pleasant, lying, as it did, across the wide plains of Mesopotamia, now gay with their brief verdure and studded with flowers of every hue. The start was made as soon as it was light, so that it was still quite early in the day when the frowning ruins which the Arabs called Alexander's Throne came into view. Sir Dugald advanced to the gate of the garden to welcome his guests, and Lady Haigh met them at the edge of the great terrace of masonry, with its tanks and fountains, which supplied a site for the picnic in place of the non-existent grass-plot. Here tents had been pitched and carpets spread in the shade of the trees, and everything seemed to promise ease and rest. Azim Bey gave his arm to his hostess to conduct her to her seat, an honour which reflected much glory, but some inconvenience, on Lady Haigh, who was much taller than her youthful cavalier. Sir Dugald followed with Cecil, her pupil looking round sharply to make sure that she had not wandered away in more congenial society. Arrived at the encampment under the trees, the party reclined on gorgeous rugs and listened to the voices and instruments of a band of native musicians, refreshing themselves with sherbet the while. This style of entertainment was quite to the taste of the Orientals among the guests, and the Europeans had learnt by long experience to tolerate it with apparent resignation, so the time passed in great contentment. As for Cecil, she leaned back on her cushions and enjoyed the colour-contrasts afforded by the gay hues of the carpets relieved against the yellow of the stonework and the dark shade of the trees, and by the twisting and crossing of the blossomy boughs against the blue of the sky, and wondered where Charlie could be.

After some time the calm of the party was broken by the arrival of a juggler, a most marvellous Hindu, such an one as Azim Bey had often read of, but had never seen, and the luxurious guests raised themselves and moved a little closer, to be able to see his tricks more easily. This left Cecil rather on the outskirts of the group, and before she could rise to go nearer, a voice said in her ear—

"Come and see the ruins."

With one glance at Azim Bey, deeply absorbed in the juggler's tricks, under Lady Haigh's guardianship, Cecil was up in a moment, scarcely needing the help of Charlie's hand, and he hurried her round the nearest tent, and into the wood. There were no footpaths, but they hastened, laughing guiltily, like two children playing truant, along the banks of earth left between the innumerable little canals by which each row of trees was irrigated, and finally came out on a grassy knoll set with pomegranate trees, which were now gay with scarlet blossoms.

"Now we're safe," said Charlie. "We can take it easy. Do you see where you are? There are the ruins, just in front."

No one, as it happened, had observed Charlie's sudden appearance, and their flight. Even Lady Haigh, with heroic self-restraint, kept her eyes fixed on the juggler, lest she should, by looking round, attract attention to the pair, and the performance went on. When it was over, Lady Haigh invited Azim Bey to come and see a small plantation of English fruit-trees, belonging to several choice varieties, which Sir Dugald had lately imported. He complied with her request, but in the one glance around which he took before accompanying her, he had perceived and realised that his governess had disappeared. His face showed, however, no trace of his having made this discovery. He escorted Lady Haigh from place to place, asked intelligent questions about the foreign trees, promised to recommend his father to try planting some, and kept his eyes open all the time for some trace of the truant. His manner was so natural, he seemed so deeply interested, that Lady Haigh was completely deceived; nay, more, the very thought of the need there was for watchfulness slipped from her mind, and when they returned to the rest of the guests, she entered into conversation with Denarien Bey, who was among them. Azim Bey saw and seized his opportunity. He removed his hand softly from Lady Haigh's arm, and sheltered by her capacious person from the observation of Sir Dugald and Captain Rossiter, edged his way out just as Cecil and Charlie had done, until, when fairly hidden by the tent, he ran off at full speed in the direction of the clue he had discovered as he returned with his hostess from the plantation. It was a little strip of flimsy white stuff, which he had noticed clinging to the rough bark of a gnarled old apple-tree, only that, but he knew it to be a piece of the muslin veil Cecil was wearing, and it showed that she must have passed that way. Azim Bey followed the path she and Charlie had taken through the wood, and came out as they had done on the knoll where the pomegranate-trees grew, but here he was at a loss, for those whom he sought were not there, and Cecil had not been so considerate as to leave another clue for his guidance. He spent some time fruitlessly in following paths that led nowhere, and in losing himself among the trees and the little canals, but at last he came upon an ascending track leading through a dense thicket of fruit-trees and shrubs. As he went on he heard the sound of voices, and he crept cautiously nearer, keeping in the shadow of the bushes, until he was able to see what filled him with rage and longings for vengeance, and made him swear the blackest oaths he could think of in any language.

And yet the picture before him was not an unpleasing one. In the heart of the thicket was a space clear of bushes, but occupied by the ruins of one of the ancient towers of the fortress, partly overgrown with grass. On a mass of fallen masonry sat Cecil in her blue dress, her veil thrown back. Above her were twisted boughs of apple and apricot, covered with bloom, and the thin smooth rods of the almond-tree, with pink and blush-coloured blossoms interspersed with tiny fresh green leaves. The branches bent and swayed in the light breeze, and swept her hair softly, and every wind scattered over her a shower of pink and white petals. But she was not studying the beauties of Nature now. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips parted, her eyelids drooping, and beside her was Charlie Egerton, holding both her hands in his, his eyes passionately devouring her face. They were not talking. It was a moment of supreme content, such as they had not enjoyed for months, and they were too happy to speak. The unseen spectator perceived it all, and gnashed his teeth with rage.

Poor little Azim Bey! He knelt there,

taking in every detail of the scene before him, and cursing one, at least, of the actors in it very heartily. If a loaded pistol had been put into his hand, Charlie might have fared ill, but even Azim Bey did not feel impelled to test his dagger upon him before Cecil's eyes. Therefore he only knelt where he was, peering through the bushes, and listening eagerly when some chance sound disturbed the pair, and they began to talk. Their talk filled him with amazement. It was by no means particularly deep, and it was undeniably disjointed, but the listener carried away with him ideas of love, which differed widely both from those inculcated in his French novels, and those engendered in his precocious little mind by the sensuous atmosphere of the harem in which he had been brought up. It gave him his first glimpse of the gulf which remained fixed between the most thoroughly Europeanised Turk and even an Orientalised Englishman, who, with all his faults and follies, was still the heir of centuries of knightly training and Christian influence. Naimeh Khanum would have rejoiced if she could have known the thoughts which passed through her young brother's mind in that half hour, for she would have hoped that the realisation of the underlying difference would lead him to make efforts to eradicate it altogether. But Azim Bey differed in many respects from his sister. His nature, like those of the men of his nation of whom she had spoken, was inclined to be satisfied with external resemblance to Europeans, and the discovery of the real unlikeness only made him hate all the more the individual through whom it was brought home to him.

"I really must go back to Lady Haigh now," said Cecil at last. "Azim Bey will begin to suspect something."

Charlie's reply was a remark not complimentary to Azim Bey.

"And I haven't seen you really since Christmas," he went on, "not properly, I mean. You keep me alive on very little crumbs of hope, Cecil, and when the time comes for fulfilment you just give me some more crumbs. I did think I should get a good talk with you to-day, but I haven't told you anything of all I wanted to say. Now don't tell me I can say it next Sunday, for you know we get scarcely any time together then."

"Poor boy, why don't you talk faster, and get more into the time?" laughed Cecil, rising from her seat, and sending a little shower of petals falling as the flower-laden boughs brushed her head. "I'm sure you have wasted a good deal of time to-day."

"Because I wanted to look at you, and not to talk," said Charlie, and they both laughed, much to Azim Bey's disgust. Then Cecil's veil caught in something as she rearranged it (it was a most inconvenient garment, that veil, continually catching in things), and Charlie had to disentangle it, a lengthy process which made the onlooker more angry still. Charlie caught Cecil's hand in his once, and kissed it, and Azim Bey made bitter remarks in his own mind on the foolishness of lovers.

"We must come," said Cecil again. "Just think how very embarrassing it would be if Azim Bey took it into his head to come and look for me."

"I don't care," said Charlie. "What does he signify?"

"I don't think you would be able to get much talk if he was here, listening to every word," said Cecil. "Now, Charlie, please don't, *please!* I have just made myself tidy, and I must get my gloves on."

"I'll put them on for you," said Charlie kindly, but the offer was declined with thanks. The pair passed out of the little cleared spot in the woods, so close to Azim Bey that Cecil's dress almost brushed him as she went by, and when they were out of sight, he rose and made a circuit through the grounds, so as to come upon the picnic-party from an opposite direction. Lady Haigh had discovered her charge's absence by this time, and was in dire dismay about him, but his appearance and unruffled demeanour reassured her, for she could not guess that his heart was so full of rage and fury that he could scarcely bring himself to speak civilly to anyone. It was a triumph of Oriental dissimulation which enabled him to keep cool, and no one ever suspected that he had done more than search the grounds for Cecil and had not found her. The rest of the day passed calmly enough, and Azim Bey kept close to Cecil's side, and conversed graciously, and behaved like a civilised and well-brought-up young gentleman, while all the time he was planning vengeance in his mind.

The sun began to approach the horizon at last, and the party, hosts and guests alike, prepared to return to the city. Torches were lighted, the tents hastily taken down and rolled up with the carpets, and while these were being taken on board the steam-launch the donkeys belonging to the Palace party were brought round. Azim Bey was in a great hurry to start, being anxious to prevent long leave-takings. He mounted quickly, although this process was usually a lengthy and dignified one, and waited impatiently for Cecil. So impatient was he, that he started before she was properly mounted, and she would have fallen had not Charlie caught her in his arms. Boiling over with rage, Charlie gave her into Lady Haigh's care, and confronted Azim Bey, who had returned in some alarm.

"You did that on purpose, you little rascal!" cried Charlie, seizing the boy's rein. Azim Bey's face became pale with rage.

"You dare, monsieur? You venture to say that I desired to hurt mademoiselle? Go, you are a pig, a serpent, I despise you! Go, I say!" and he lifted his riding-whip, which Charlie immediately grasped.

"Don't try that sort of thing on with me, young one," he cried. "You'd better not, or I may be tempted to give you a thrashing, which would do you a lot of good."

"How, monsieur, you threaten me?" screamed Azim Bey. "I will remember it, I will remember it well. You and I will meet, and you also shall remember this. Go, dog of an Englishman!" with a vigorous tug at the whip, to which Charlie gave a wrench that broke it between them. Azim Bey flung the fragments in his face, with a torrent of curses.

"Egerton!" said Sir Dugald, stepping between them, "what is the meaning of this?"

"He has insulted me, monsieur," cried Azim Bey, trembling with passion. Sir Dugald cast a scathing glance at Charlie.

"I am sure Dr. Egerton is willing to apologise if he has inadvertently said anything to offend you, Bey," he said. "Egerton, you must certainly see that there is no other course open to you. It is impossible that you could have intended to insult the Bey."

"He shall apologise for it in blood," growled Azim Bey ferociously, while Charlie stood silent, nettled by Sir Dugald's authoritative tone. "He said I meant to hurt mademoiselle. The rest is for him and me to settle alone."

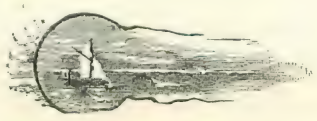
"Oh, Charlie," said Cecil, coming up with anxious eyes, "you did not mean that, I'm sure. You must have known that the Bey would never think of such a thing. You will apologise, won't you? You really ought."

"As you say I ought, I will," said Charlie, turning from the whispered colloquy with a defiant glance at Azim Bey and Sir Dugald. "I regret, Bey, to have wounded your feelings by a hasty accusation which was not justified by facts. I can't say more than that."

"If you have done enough mischief, Egerton, perhaps you will rejoin the rest of the party," said Sir Dugald in a low voice. "Allow me to assist you to mount, Miss Anstruther."

Cecil complied in silence, feeling ready to hate Sir Dugald for his treatment of Charlie, and yet conscious that he had much to try him. Diplomatic complications had arisen out of incidents no more important than this one, and it was hard for her Majesty's consul-general to find his best-laid plans endangered by the imprudence of a hot-headed man in love. And therefore he did his best to pacify Azim Bey, and succeeded so well that the boy talked quite graciously to Cecil as they rode back to the city over the short grass, lighted by the flaring torches of their escort.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

GRISELDA.—The address of the Postal Photographic Club is 94, Cotham Brow, Bristol; the Principal (or Secretary), W. H. Thomas. Competitions are held monthly (or were), and silver and bronze medals awarded annually. But although we give this address, we cannot be certain that the society is still in existence. No notice to the contrary has been received.

From a drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

SAPPHIRE.—If you had a private kiln you might fire your china-paintings at home; but few have this appliance, and it would require experience to employ one, or you would probably destroy your work.

A MONKEY.—1. The pronunciation of the words you name is—"Brach-e-a-no," "O-des-catch-e," "May-er-beer," "Sch-wide-nits," "Lipe-zig."—2. No one could tell you how long it would be before you could paint well, more especially one that had never seen any specimen of your work, nor the amount of time daily given to study and manual practice.

BEGINNER.—Yes, instruction in the Royal Academy is free, but you must submit your work first with a printed form, to be obtained from the Registrar, through the written request of a member, an artist, or person of known respectability, prior to admission, if approved by the council.

MUSIC.

D. M.—We are happy to give notices of Girls' Amateur "Correspondence Clubs," by which means they can be assisted in the musical and artistic, and other branches of their education, as such multitudes cannot afford to obtain professional training. But in music, as in the teaching of languages, we sometimes are requested to give notices of classes which we suspect to be of a professional rather than purely benevolent character, the fees charged being too high for the latter. To this point, especially in regard to music and lessons in harmony, we have to draw special attention, as we do not propose to offer a medium for gratuitous advertisements. We also have to use our own discretion as to the "homes" we recommend, as of course we do not advertise ordinary boarding houses, under the pretext of being charitable "homes."

FLORENCE.—There is no prescribed date for the answers to letters. This must depend on the number of letters received, and the space allowed for correspondence, which varies much, according to the amount of other matter which may crowd them out—very much sometimes. Your having a good voice is practically useless if you have not likewise a good ear. No one would engage you on any terms; and your "talent" must be looked for in some other direction.

LALL.—The reason why the disagreeable noise of tuning is inflicted on the audience by instrumental performers, which might be done prior to their appearance, is simply because of the difference of temperature between the room where they first assemble and that where their public performance takes place. Good amateurs and professionals keep their instruments up to "concert pitch," and a second tuning at the last moment is essential. The moisture generated by the breath of a number of people, as well as of the atmosphere, or of the room itself, or the general dryness of the climate, much affect musical instruments, loosening or tightening pegs, and contracting or slackening strings; and also the parchment of drums and other instruments. So you must be content to listen to discords before you are treated to harmony.

SUNRISE.—1. Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte* have numbers to them. Besides the "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven wrote the "Sonata Pathetique," the Sonata in G minor, also in G major, in A flat, with Funeral March, and many others.—2. As a rule of course the lady should sit on the man's right, that is at the right side of the carriage facing the horses. That is the "place of honour." But you do not say which was holding the reins, as the driver sits on that side (the "off side"), to whichever sex belonging.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. O. M.—The chief difference between the Jewish observance of the seventh day's Sabbath, and the Christian observance of "the Lord's Day" consists in the fact that the Jews kept the Sabbath by a strict abstinence from manual labour, even from the trifling act of "picking up sticks" for fuel; but we Christians observe the Lord's Day as one dedicated to public and special private worship, participation in the Holy Communion of the Lord's Table, to preaching and all holy exercises; laying aside all worldly business for these sacred purposes. Endeavour to make the day a happy one to little children, by telling them interesting yet profitable stories, showing and explaining pictures of sacred history, and forbidding all games of a noisy character. A doll makes no noise.

TRILBY.—The name "Dvorák" is pronounced Dvorshak. This artist is a Bohemian, and was born in 1841, at Mülhausen, on the Moldau. He is the son of an innkeeper, and is said to have first learnt music from the gipsies. But at sixteen he entered the Conservatoire at Prague. The great composer, Brahms, was his first friend, and the "Stabat Mater," produced in London in 1883, under his own direction, was his first great success.

SIXY.—There is a Home of Rest at Felixstowe, open from May to December, at 15s. per week. If "by letter" of recommendation 5s. only. Holiday of three weeks. Also there is one, "The Hawthorns," at Framfield, Sussex, for young persons in business. Apply to Miss Mason. A four weeks' rest, charge 12s. weekly. At Great Yarmouth, Rampart House is open all the year, and at Ipswich there is a home of the Y. M. C. A.; all these on the east coast and several more.

A "MAIDEN ALL FORLORN."—The putty for the "crazy-china" work is got either at a painter's or at an oil-shop, and in order to make it quite soft, you can knead it in your own hands till you can make it flexible. Then lay a coat over the jar which you intend to cover with the pieces of broken china, and press them into it, one by one, carefully leaving the little ridge of putty between them, as this ridge must be gilded with either gold-leaf or gold paint. After you have worked a little, you will gain experience, and will soon manage to arrange the colours and the putty, so as to give the best effect. We have already given instructions for this work (in our last volume), but as you are so far off, and a new subscriber, we repeat some of them to help you.

ZELLA VOSLIN.—As we do not give trade addresses and prices of articles, we cannot inform you either on the subject you desire. We always supply as much information as we can, without breaking our rules, and enough to enable our readers to seek elsewhere for further particulars. We are glad you so much appreciate "Odds and Ends," and the articles by Mrs. de Blaquière, more especially on the vegetable question, and some by Mr. and Mrs. Mason also.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—We do not think that the reports you have heard of the numbers of people annually "lost in London" have been overdrawn. The watch kept on the children could not be too vigilant. Between fifteen and sixteen thousand of them are lost every year in that city alone, although for the most part they are recovered, and about one hundred and twenty adults disappear, of whom no trace is discovered; and, in addition, some fifty dead bodies never identified.

A. H.—The pictures of the "Briar Rose," by Burne Jones, are supposed to be illustrations of the German fairy tale of "Dornröschen," which is very ancient. It was used by Grimm, and you will find it in any volume of his fairy tales.

MAISONETTE.—Goldsmith applies the term "Augustan Age" to the reign of Queen Anne, and the period which immediately preceded it. The Essay is called "The Augustan Age of English Literature."

DALTON.—The "Home Arts and Industries Association," founded November, 1884. Its aim is to teach hand-work to the children of the poorer people by means of classes, taken by members of the Association voluntarily, to revive by this means hand-work, and to keep the people from the great evils of idleness and drink. Sir Walter Besant is the Hon. Treasurer. The Secretaries are Miss Dymes and Mrs. King-Salter, and the Offices and Studios are in the Royal Albert Hall. They hold Exhibitions in London every year.

LEHTE.—"Kate Barlass" was the name applied to Catherine Douglas, one of the "Maids of Honour" of the wife of James I. of Scotland (*née* Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset and goddaughter of John of Gaunt). The king had returned to Scotland from his eighteen years' imprisonment in England, A.D. 1424, and the efforts he made to correct the grave abuses that had grown up during the Regency inspired mortal hatred against him, resulting in a conspiracy to take his life. In ignorance of the plot, he had dismissed his troops and even a body-guard, and having put up in the Dominican Convent at Perth, the king was at supper when the regicides entered the corridor. With great presence of mind Catherine Douglas ran to bolt the door, but the wooden bolt had been purposely removed by Robert Stewart; and then, with the heroism of a martyr, she supplied its place with her own arm. The delay before it was broken, gave time for the king to be lowered into a vault by the queen and other ladies, and when the regicides broke in the king was not to be found. But the same infamous traitor who withdrew the bolt returned with the assassins and showed the trap-door, and descending into the vault attacked the king, who fought bravely, and only fell after he had received twenty-six wounds. It is satisfactory to read that every one of his murderers was brought to justice and executed within a short period. The poem of which this historical circumstance forms the subject, was published in *Ballads and Songs*, by D. G. Rossetti, in 1881, under the name of "The King's Tragedy."

ROSIE.—Apply at some of the great shipping offices (of passenger ships). You will obtain their several addresses at the offices where tickets for passages are sold. They place all their advertisements on large placards outside their doors. Otherwise you will find them in any of the daily papers in the shipping advertisements columns.

VOL. XVII.—No. 843.] FEBRUARY 22, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A THOUGHT.

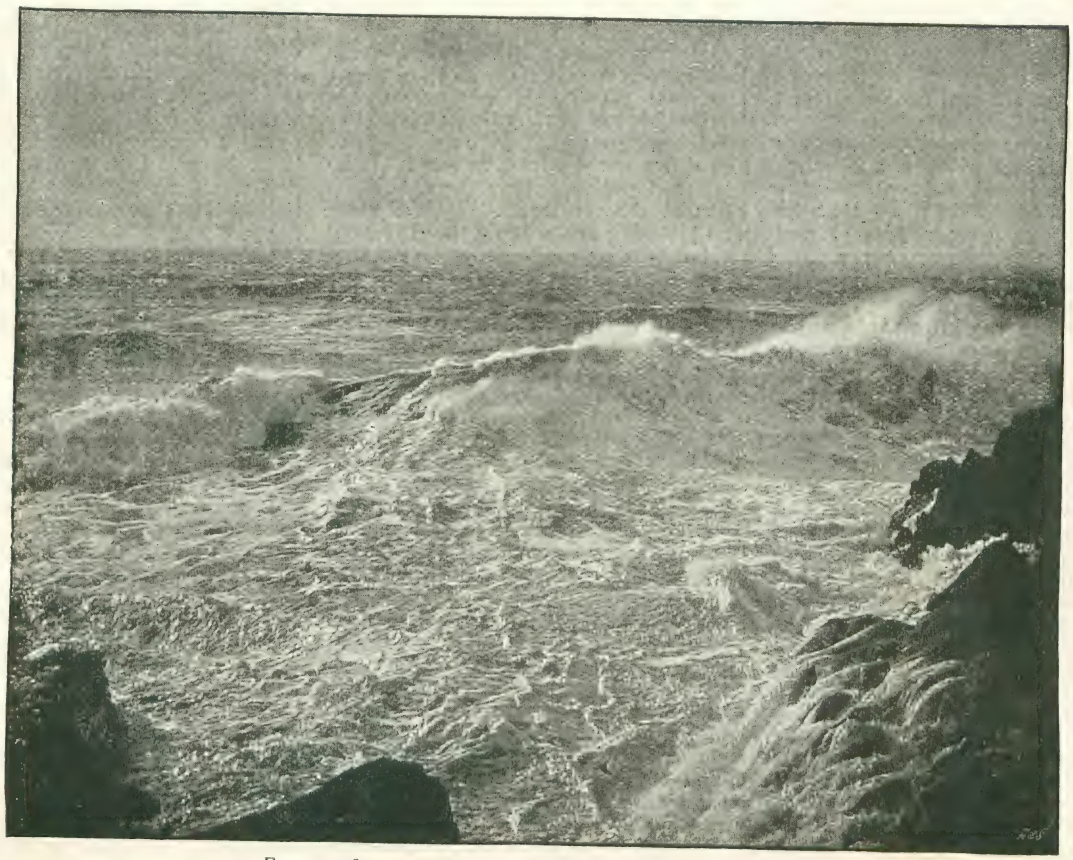
BY ETHEL MORGAN.

I SAT beside the sea at close of day;
I could not think, I could not work or play—
I simply sat and dreamed the time away.

But I have wondered, was it wrong to sit
And let the passing moments by me flit?
One moment less to work, one less for me
To learn the secrets of Eternity.

And yet perchance in restless clamouring fear
We drown the voice we long so much to hear;
The mighty voice of Truth which is so near.

And so we find not what we always seek.
Why not be still and simply let God speak?
It may be in one sunset's golden glow
He'll tell us all things that we want to know.



From a photograph by F. H. Worsley-Benison, Chepstow.

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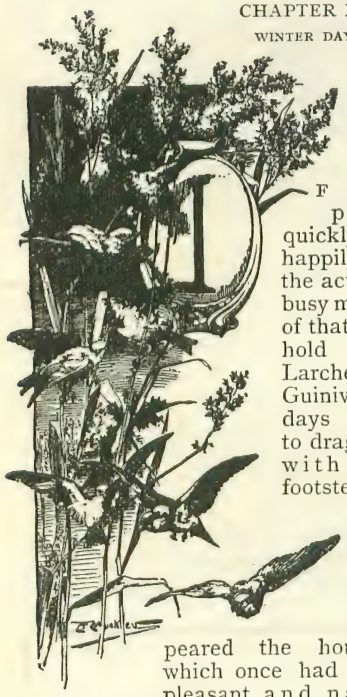
HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

WINTER DAYS.



F time passed quickly and happily with the active and busy members of that household at the Larches, with Guinivere the days seemed to drag along with leaden footsteps.

How flat and tame and colourless appeared the home-life which once had seemed pleasant and natural enough, although not especially exciting or varied. At first Guinivere was made much of, as being almost a stranger at home. She was appealed to on many points, she was listened to with interest and attention when she related stories of her foreign travel and gay doings; and her beautiful clothes and many pretty presents and mementoes were turned over and admired, so that for a while she was kept interested and pleased, and found something a little refreshing even in the purer atmosphere of the house.

But the season was dull and cheerless. There were no pleasant gatherings in the garden. Friends looked in in the afternoon, but nothing went on of any importance. Entertainments for the poor in the school-room did not interest Guinivere. Christmas festivities in the parish bored her greatly. Mrs. Masham's house still remained empty, and that lady wrote to say that she had changed her plans, and would not be at Beechcroft until after Christmas. They would remain on in Brighton a month longer than they had expected to do. She lamented that "her dearest Guinivere" had left them; but she did not invite her back. Perhaps she hardly could do so with Christmas close at hand; but Guinivere's face fell as she read the little scented note, and the next time she was alone with Beatrice she broke out almost fiercely—

"What right had you to interfere between us, and make me throw up everything in a pet? I had the most brilliant chance that a girl in my position could ever hope to have, and you have spoiled everything by your mischief-making!"

Beatrice flushed quickly, but she did not flare out as she would have done in old days. She was learning self-control and patience—two qualities in which she had been very deficient formerly—but she did not affect to misunderstand her sister.

"I am very sorry if you are unhappy, Vera. I am very sorry if I have done any harm. But I do think you were right to come away when you did. I think in your heart you know that it was best. If he cares, such a thing as that *could* not hinder it; but if he does not—oh, was it worth striving after? I don't think so—I don't indeed! And there are so many others who have longed for what you might give to them. Don't throw it all away on a man who does not care!"

An implied compliment always went far to soften Guinivere's heart even now; but she still spoke in an injured way.

"That was all very well long ago; but I am such a stranger here now. Nobody has any room for thoughts of me. I am a nobody. With Mrs. Masham I am somebody. I feel the difference I can tell you. Men are all alike, Beatrice. It's out of sight, out of mind with them—every one of them!"

Guinivere spoke a little bitterly, for she had felt very keenly these last few weeks how small a place she now occupied in the thoughts of some who had been her most devoted slaves in days of yore. She did not consider how she had disillusioned some amongst them, how she had torn the veil from the eyes of those who had long and willingly been blinded to her vanity and shallow ambition. Young and inexperienced men are perhaps rather easily deceived where a very lovely girl is concerned; but if the veil is once taken away from their eyes, they then see with a wonderful clearness, and are not easily deceived again.

It had been so with those who had idealised Guinivere for her grace and beauty. They admired her still, but now saw in her only a very finished woman of the world, with all the ambitions and aims and objects of a woman of the world. The old charm was gone. She no longer attracted them. They had found that what they had been worshipping all this time was not Guinivere herself, but an ideal woman of their own imagining, endowed with certain qualities which they most prized. They had begun to realise that these qualities were still to be found, although not in Guinivere herself; and when she came once more amongst them, the old spell was effectually broken. They gave her admiration of a kind, but not the old homage, not the reverential worship which had been so sweet in old days—and she was woman enough keenly to feel the difference.

Beatrice understood her sister's nature best, despite the very great dissimilarity between them; and perhaps it was this very dissimilarity which made sympathy and affection easy. There was no sense of rivalry between them, and Beatrice was as anxious to see her sister well and happily married as Guinivere could be herself desirous to compass such a step.

After a long pause she suddenly spoke again, with something of an effort, but still with great decision.

"Vera," she said, "I am very sorry about it all. And if it is a bit my fault I should not easily forgive myself. But, indeed—indeed he is not good enough for you. I don't think he is a good man. I am almost sure he would not make you happy. I have been thinking a great deal about you. I should so like to see you married to a good man, who would really love you. Vera, I don't much like talking about these things—it seems rather making them trivial and unwomanly—but don't you notice how often Dr. Salisbury comes now? Once you said something to me about liking him—about his family and so on. I am sure he is a good man, though I used to dislike him. He has been very kind. I think he would make a very nice brother for all of us. Vera, don't you think—if he were to care for you—and everybody does care, because you are so beautiful—don't you think you could forget about the other one—and give him what he wants? I do think he must come for that. He never did before you came back home. I know papa likes him and would be pleased; and I think—indeed I think he would make you happy!"

Guinivere looked at her sister in a sort of amaze and bewilderment; and then suddenly to Beatrice's immense surprise, she threw her arms round her neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, I wish I were like you! I wish I were like you!" she sobbed in passionate gasps; and when Beatrice wonderingly asked—

"Why—what do you mean?" she answered still sobbing—

"Oh, if only I could be young like that—and generous—and unsuspicious! Oh, how I wish I had never seen Mrs. Masham and all her set! How I wish I could be just a happy innocent girl like you!"

"Vera!" cried Beatrice in intense surprise. "What do you mean? I don't understand you!"

Guinivere drew back and dried her eyes, recovering her self-command very quickly. She tried to smile in her usual way as she said—

"No, dear, of course you don't. I am very glad of it. I wish I had not heard and seen quite so much. Somehow it takes all the poetry out of everything to know that people are all talking and reckoning on it beforehand—and oneself too. Never mind. I am rather silly to-day; but sometimes you

make me feel that I wish I had never been away from home, never been 'taken up' by fashionable people and taught their ways. But I think the fault is in myself all the while. I was never like you. But you deserve to be happy, and I think you will be some day; but I don't know whether I shall, and I don't think I deserve it a bit!"

Beatrice was rather bewildered by this outburst, but she had not much time to think about it, for Christmas was close at hand, and she still took the bulk of the housekeeping off her mother's hands.

Christmas-tide itself brought a merry gathering. Norah had some difficulty in getting away, but as there was a little lull in her cases at that juncture, she was able to manage to spend the day at home, and so there was no missing face at the long table when the evening arrived. The children sat up late and dined with their elders for a Christmas treat, and besides Dr. Salisbury, Miss Howel, Roger, and Arnold Leslie partook of Mr. Wilberforce's hospitality.

The table was a goodly sight with its large circle of happy faces and its brilliant decoration of holly and mistletoe. There was no pause in the flow of merry talk. All were at ease and happy, and if any person in that company felt lonely or left out, it was the beautiful and graceful Guinivere.

Nobody but herself perhaps would have noted the fact that fewer observations or questions were addressed to her than to anybody. She had grown to be something of a stranger to those who once had known her so well. Her dress, her style, her slightly lofty and dignified bearing, all seemed to make a gulf between herself and her sisters, and nobody appeared particularly anxious for those *tête-à-tête* talks with her that once there had been such competition after.

Arnold Leslie scarcely looked at her as they sat at table, although they were on different sides and he could see her well. Of old her face had been a magnet for his eyes; now they were turned in quite another direction, and he was one of the most animated talkers, telling Freda and Beatrice all about King's Castle and the people there, giving an immense number of messages to the workers who had so won the hearts of the poor during the time of epidemic sickness, and answering innumerable questions on the part of the girls, who had not seen him for many weeks, and who were eager to hear all the news of their many patients and friends.

At the close of the meal, Beatrice swept off the children to get ready their little play-acting whilst their elders were at dessert. Her disappearance was the signal for a shower of comments and questions about her, did Dr. Salisbury think that she had really recovered entirely from the fever? had it left no permanent trace?—this from Arnold, who had been terribly grieved by the knowledge of the long and serious illness. Then he had much to say of her work at King's Castle, and the enthusiasm she had aroused by her brightness and vitality. Dr. Salisbury sat listening with a look of keen and quiet intentness; and Guinivere was conscious of a sudden pang of self-contempt and envy. Why had she never done anything to win goodwill and admiration?—admiration of qualities quite apart from what mere beauty could arouse. She looked at Norah, at Gipsy, at Freda—they were all workers; they had all shown themselves made of real stuff when the emergency came. They were all of use in the world. Only she and Mysie were drones in the hive, and Mysie was always fretting under the sense of neglect and injustice, although she had been rather better of late.

"But it's too late now," Guinivere said to herself with a touch of bitterness in her heart. "I have lost my chance. I have been passed by everybody. I have made my choice and I must abide by it. I can't get back my old place—that is gone for ever. I must go on as I have begun, and be a fashionable fine lady, and make a marriage of ambition. I am good for nothing else now! Even Arnold has not a thought for me now. I was happier at Mrs. Masham's. I understand her and her ways better than these!"

It said something for Guinivere that she was not angry and jealous at finding herself no longer the person of the first consequence. A short time ago she would have been not only mortified, but exceedingly angry, and would have let her sisters hear of it later. Now her feelings were quite different. She felt like one who has of deliberate choice turned back upon one life, and who has therefore no right to expect a place there any longer. In her heart of hearts she felt that at this Christmas gathering she turned away finally from the things of her youth, and deliberately elected to walk forward upon the dangerous path she had been straying into for some time.

During the playing of the little boys Dr. Salisbury sat between her and Mysie, but she never tried to gain his attention, and answered absently when he spoke to her. Mysie, who had looked bored and tired during the dinner-hour brightened up now, and showed herself in her best colours. She could not help talking about herself rather more than the occasion demanded; but she was at least learning not to be always repining and plaintive.

"We have had a very quiet Christmas this year," said Beatrice to Guinivere as they were going to bed. "But somehow I think it's been quite the nicest that I remember having."

Two days later Guinivere received a letter that made her eyes brighten as she read it, as they had not brightened for many a long day of late. When she had finished she tossed it over to Beatrice, who read as follows—

"MY DEAREST GUINIVERE,

"We are coming home almost at once. The Reffels will come with me, as they have failed in getting the house they want in London, and wish to be near to look about them. I shall bring some more people too. Sir John must not be dull. I mean to give a great ball on twelfth-night, You must come and stop in the house and be my daughter and right hand. I think everything is coming right. You did the very best thing to ensure it. I'll tell you everything when we meet. It has been most amusing to watch him, and to see him try to break his chain—and fail. I can't write any more; but I will tell you everything when we meet. My darling girl, I am longing to have you again. I miss you terribly, but I have tried not to be selfish. Now I shall expect to have you for a time. Your father is so kind I think he won't grudge it. Now good-bye till we meet.

"Your devoted,

"COUSIN ARABELLA."

Beatrice gave the letter back to her sister with a little sigh.

"Are you pleased?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, I am quite pleased. I am very fond of Cousin Arabella. I have missed her very much all this time."

"This is a much warmer letter than the others she has written you," Beatrice remarked after a pause.

Guinivere smiled slightly and answered very composedly—

"Yes, that shows me better than anything else that things are really coming right at last. When I was supposed to be in danger of making a failure after all I was only 'dear Guinivere' and she was 'Your affectionate friend, A. Masham.' Now we are dearest and devoted. And the 'Cousin Arabella' speaks a whole volume. Yes, it is all coming right—I can see that very well."

Beatrice bit her lip and looked earnestly at her sister.

"Oh, Vera, how can you bear it! how can you bear it!"

Guinivere smiled quietly.

"Oh, it is all quite right and proper. Failures must not be treated like successes! It would be unreasonable to expect it! I hope I am not so unreasonable."

"Vera, I can't bear to hear you talk so! Oh, don't begin it again! Don't begin it again! I don't know how you can—when you see through it all!"

"One soon learns to do in Rome as Rome does," answered Guinivere lightly, "and really it's not such a bad way when you get used to it. And I've worked my way up to my position now. I shall soon be able to hold my own with anybody."

Beatrice said no more. She turned away with tears in her eyes. She felt as though the die was cast—as though her sister would never be quite the same to her again. Of old she had laughed with a touch of scorn in seeing Guinivere's tactics, and hearing her talk. Now it seemed a thing more to weep than to laugh over. But she knew that she was helpless to stem the tide, and could only look on helplessly to the end of the drama about to be unfolded.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART V.

BUDS.

YOUNG BEECH.

How we watch for the buds as tokens of the coming spring! We delight to see them daily growing larger, and opening out their leafy treasures to the sun.

The re-clothing of the trees has always an element of wonder about it; the change is truly a resurrection; a few days of warm sunshine and gentle rain, and then the dry, dead-looking branches begin to bud and blossom as if by a miracle.

We may however trace the secret of this sudden change, if we look back to the processes nature was carrying on during the previous summer, and we may learn from her many a useful lesson of foresight and preparation.

If during the summer we lift up the branch of any deciduous tree and search amongst the leaves, we shall find that the buds for the following year are already there waiting to be revealed in due time. When the leaves turn dry and sere, they fall off and leave the buds to be hardened and matured by the rain, snow, and frost of winter.

Certain species of Turkey oak, young beeches, hornbeams in hedges, and other trees, appear to retain their leaves, to some extent, as if to protect the buds until the rising sap in spring loosens their hold upon the branches, and makes them fall off.

The plane tree appears to be an exception to most trees in the curious protection it affords its young buds. If we search for these in the summer or autumn, they are not to be found, for the leaf-stalk is so swollen and hollow at the base as to enclose the bud within it; even when the leaf falls off the bud is covered by a tough outer case coated with resin, and within are many fur-lined scales. When these are removed we see the tiny leaves wrapped in silky coverings, and when the warmth of spring enables them to expand, their under surfaces have such a thick coat of down that the plane is known in some countries as the cotton tree. From its fruit being in the form of hanging circular balls, its name in America is the button-wood. The need of this special protection against cold is shown by the fact that if severe frost returns after the leaves have expanded, they frequently shrivel and perish. Some Japanese maples have the same arrangement of hollow leaf-stalks to contain the buds.

When buds are situated at the end of a branch they are called terminal, and their office is to increase the length of the branch.

When they grow in the axil of a leaf (that is, where the leaf-stalk joins the stem) then they are called axillary, and as they grow out and form fresh stems and leaves, the branch broadens on either side.

Seeing that the branches of a tree thus spring from the buds, it follows that the position of the buds on the stem has much to do with the ultimate shape of the tree.

We are all more or less familiar with the character of ordinary forest trees, the rounded outline of the oak, the slender sprays of the birch, the spreading branches of the beech, but perhaps we may not have remarked how much these variations of form are due to the position of the buds upon the branches. We will suppose that on a winter's day we are looking at the tracery of some elm-branches against the sky; the form of each branch shows that the terminal bud in this tree usually ceases to grow, and allows the lateral shoots to increase in length, and takes its place; this produces short twiggy branches, and a stem which makes a tall tree rather than a wide-spreading one. The horse-chestnut, again, produces its flowers in the terminal buds; this arrests their growth, and side shoots have to grow on instead, thus usually giving height rather than breadth to the tree. We may note the differing outline of the willow, birch and many others where the terminal buds do not cease to grow, but each year continue to add to the breadth as well as the height of the tree.

OAK IN WINTER.

OAK IN SUMMER.

In pine trees the buds are produced at the ends of the branches, and several shoots proceed from one bud.

The spiral arrangement of leaves is well seen in a young coniferous shoot, also in the flower-bud and especially in the fir-cone itself, in which an ever-varying double spiral can be traced.

Loudon remarks, "The perfection of a fir consists in height rather than in lateral expansion, buds are produced very sparingly and nearly always at the extremities of the shoots. Provision is thus made for the upward growth of the tree more than for side expansion."

When we speak of a coniferous shrub having lost its leader, we mean that the terminal bud on the topmost shoot having been broken off, one or more of the lower branches must rise up and take its place, and thus lateral buds in time become terminal and grow upright instead of sideways.

A silver fir, that I have been observing for years past, always bears such a crop of heavy cones on its slender upper branches that the leader is almost invariably broken off by the weight, and the lateral shoots have to take its place, to the great detriment of the central

stem, which is twisted and curved out of shape by the efforts the tree makes to repair its terminal shoot.

In other trees, again, the unfolding of all the buds is nearly simultaneous, but in the fir tribe the bud which terminates the summit of

HORSE CHESTNUT.

the tree and is destined to form its leading shoot and increase its height is developed last; this delay seems a provision of nature for the safety of the most important shoot which the tree can produce, ensuring its height rather than its breadth and the production of timber by the preservation of its permanent trunk rather than by its temporary branches.

If a willow is deprived of the upper part of its stem and made a pollard tree it develops a bushy head of small stems which spring from the other buds thrown out to repair the loss of the central stem. This pollarding is often resorted to in order to obtain wood of the right kind for basket-making, and young ash trees are thus treated, so that slender rods suitable for hop-poles and tool-handles may spring from the lopped stem.

When buds are found growing on any other part of a plant except those just mentioned, they are called adventitious buds. These may be found growing on the edges of the leaves of the marsh tway-blade, they also spring out of the flat surface of the fronds of the viviparous fern.

Underground stems will often send out buds, and they produce the underwood from the stumps of fallen trees.

We are all familiar with the suckers of trees which spring up in our lawns and gravel paths often many yards away from the parent tree; these all arise from active buds on underground stems. Gardeners are always careful to prune away such growths at the base of their wall-fruit-trees, since they rob their valuable peaches, nectarines and apricots of strength and nourishment. These well-named "suckers" spring from the common stock upon which the choice fruit-trees were grafted, as one may see by gathering a leaf from a sucker and comparing it with a peach or nectarine leaf.

On the oak, chestnut, lime, beech and other trees there are sometimes to be found dormant buds in the form of rounded knobs covered with bark and increasing in size with the growth of the tree; these, in the event of other buds perishing will start into active growth and do their part in preserving the life of the tree.

Such woody balls when found on the oak are worth examination, as when divested of their bark they show exquisite structure of woody fibre.

The small bulblets we find in the axils of lily stems, on the cuckoo-flower, on *Dentaria Bulbifera** and on some species of Allium,† are all adventitious buds which drop off in due time and become young plants.

They are in many respects similar to bulbs, and if we cut one in half and compare it with a divided hyacinth we shall see that they both consist of overlapping scales. In the onion these scales are fleshy and succulent, but in most tree buds they are dry, hard membranes.

The pear and magnolia buds are secured against wintry cold by woolly linings to the scales, and in the horse-chestnut they are covered with a kind of resin which renders them impervious to moisture.

It requires a careful use of the microscope to be able to trace all that a bud contains; I will therefore quote the words of a German naturalist who dissected one of these buds gathered in winter and found that it contained sixty flowers. It would be interesting to select a terminal flower bud of this tree; by taking it carefully to pieces one might, with patience and using a powerful lens (or a microscope if one is available), see for ourselves a good deal of what the writer describes:—

"Having removed the outer scales, seventeen in number, cemented together by a gummy substance to render the bud waterproof, I discovered four leaves surrounding a spike of flowers, so clearly visible when magnified, that I not only counted the number of flowers but could discern the pollen on the stamens."

The winter covering of a bud, both the inner and outer scales, are only a temporary protection in order to keep out moisture and keep in warmth, so that as the sun begins to gain power, the gummy covering of the bud melts and yields to the expanding pressure from within, when one after another the sticky scales fall off, showing the young leaves with their soft woolly surfaces; these leaves rapidly unfold and hang droopingly until the midribs gain strength enough to hold them upright.

Evelyn remarks that, "As soon as the leading shoot of the horse-chestnut has come out of the bud, it continues to grow so fast as to be able to form its whole summer's shoot, sometimes eighteen inches long, in about three weeks. After this it grows but little more in length, only thickens, becomes strong and woody, and forms the buds for the next year's shoot."

Buds have always been to me a most interesting subject of study; there is much variety of character in them, and to those who observe them closely they reveal in the autumn and winter what the tree is purposing to do in the following season.

* A wild plant occasionally met with in woods.
† Onion.

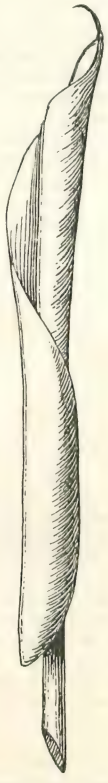
A beech-tree on my lawn bears its nuts only every second or third summer, and in the previous autumn I can always tell whether the squirrels are likely to be well off for food in the coming year, by observing the size and shape of the buds. Those which contain the flowers are round and bulky, whilst the leaf buds are long and slender.

Embryo flowers are disposed in the buds in various ways.* The wood-sorrel is rolled into a spiral, rose-petals are placed one within the other, the pink is folded in five divisions, and others are pleated and fluted into the smallest possible space. Perhaps of all others the bud of the great Oriental poppy is the best example of exquisite packing. Early on a summer's morning you may see its huge green hairy bud at the end of a stem several feet in length, and whilst you are looking, the sepals or calyx leaves suddenly divide and fall off, the mass of vivid scarlet petals crumpled into a thousand folds begins to open out, and before long the glorious flower, which is often as much as seven inches across, holds itself erect in majestic beauty.

Those who possess a tulip-tree will find its opening buds reward examination. The leaves are folded in half and bent double, a pair of stripules enclosing each of the true leaves. One may unpack the entire bud until we come to leaves almost too minute to be discerned.

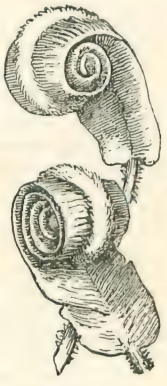
Young sycamore-trees often have buds of large size and brilliant crimson colour; the foldings of their leaves are very intricate, and form an interesting contrast to those of the tulip-tree. Hartstongue fern, arum, and pear leaves afford three very remarkable modes of folding in the bud.

Another point of character in buds is of considerable importance to the horticulturist, namely, the fact that in some cases the value of the flowers produced varies with the position of the buds. For instance, the blossoms



UNFOLDING ARUM LEAF.

PEAR LEAF.



UNFOLDING LEAVES OF HARTSTONGUE FERN.

* This folding is called "estivation."

produced from the crown-bud* of certain chrysanthemums are poor and pale in colour compared with those grown on the side shoots, the latter being therefore retained and fostered, so that from them flowers of the finest description may be obtained.

In cultivating fruit-trees it is found needful not only to prune away redundant branches which bear leaves only, but also where strong woody roots are promoting the growth of leaf-buds, they also have to be pruned, so that the check thus given to the growth of the tree may result in the formation of fibrous roots, which will tend to the production of flower-buds and a resulting crop of fruit.

I have often observed that the transportation of trees leads to their throwing out flowers in the succeeding year. This was notably the case with an avenue of deodars which had overgrown my carriage drive; they received a considerable check in being transplanted, but in the following year their branches were covered with male catkins and some few cones succeeded.

For this reason the removal of fruit trees is not unfrequently resorted to, as a means of inducing fruit-bearing.

So much vigour is stored up in the bud, that it will bear being removed from one tree and inserted in the stem of another, within which it will grow and become a part of the living tree. This is one of the means by which we have obtained such an infinite variety of roses; the buds from choice species being readily made to grow upon strong briar stocks, and thus one may also see roses of several different colours blossoming on the same stem. Choice varieties of fruit-trees are cultivated in the same way by means of buds inserted in the bark.

Having observed how flowers are arranged in the bud, we may go on to dissect incipient leaves and learn how they are placed.† We shall find that the frond of the hartstongue fern is rolled up from the tip, the arum gracefully curled lengthwise. Pear leaves are rolled from side to side towards the middle, and so is the primrose, but the reverse way. Beautiful examples of curled leaves may also be seen in the water-lily and banana.

In grasses the first leaves are equivalent to bud-scales, and protect those which continue to grow from the centre, each one sheathing out of the previous leaf after the manner of monocotyledons.*

The colouring of buds is one of the lovely features of spring. Seen against the blue of the sky, the coral red of the lime, sycamore, and Japanese maple buds, cannot be passed by without notice. The whitebeam has a beauty of its own, for its buds are large and white with downy coverings, giving promise of the future leaves which are so light-coloured underneath, that the effect when they are blown aside by the wind, is curious and beautiful.

The Germans call it *mehl-baum* or meal tree from its whitish downy leaves.

The variegated vine, sometimes seen in green-houses, has exquisite buds of pinkish crimson, with bright yellow stipules. By way of contrast, I once placed some sprays of it in a glass with twigs of purple hazel which are of a deep claret brown; they were not only opposite in colour, but curiously different in habit, the vine holding its bud erect, and the hazel as persistently drooping. These variations lead me again to remark that to a close observer, buds will be found to differ much in character, and to be well worthy of close attention.

I will mention some trees whose buds are specially remarkable for beauty of form whilst unfolding. The mountain ash has very graceful leaves when just emerging from the bud; they show on their upper and under surfaces two distinct tints of green.

The unfolding weigelia buds are extremely pretty in shape, the leaves being pointed and delicately curled.

I need hardly mention the beech; nothing can be more exquisite than a spray of its opening buds with their silky fringed young leaves and crimson stipules. I look forward every spring to the joy of watching the unfolding of these caskets.

A warm shower or two and some sunny days cause them to expand with a rapidity which seems magical, and one almost regrets to find the beauty of the buds in their early stages so quickly passing away. The ash attracts notice by its jet black buds.

I cannot refrain from mentioning another beautiful effect arising from young buds in the case of a *Picea nobilis glauca*, which long name simply means a sea-green silver-fir, standing on our lawn. In the summer its terminal buds are a very pale sea-green, and as they grow and are seen against the dark green of the rest of the foliage the effect is very curious, as though each branch had become tipped with frosted silver.

The soft silky buds of the willow, and especially those of the low growing sallow which are gathered as "palm" for church decoration, are amongst the welcome signs of early spring. The sallow has its male blossoms on one tree, and not far away we shall find the female tree bearing the flowers which will eventually produce the seeds. We may therefore seek for three kinds of buds, those which produce the flowers on each tree, and the others which will clothe the trees with leaves when the blossoms are over.

This chapter shows us how much there is to instruct the student of nature during the winter as well as the summer months.

I have but indicated a very few out of the many lines of study which may be taken up; one could write essay after essay upon the growth of a single hedgerow, but all I can hope to do in simple chapters of this kind is to throw out hints and indications, and trust that my young readers may find their interest sufficiently excited by what they have read, to lead them on to fuller, deeper study of each point touched upon.

Nature is an inexhaustible store-house of wonders, and the further we explore, the more our eyes are opened to see the vistas that lie before us, branching out in various directions.

This special path of botanical study is one that, more or less, can be pursued at intervals, as opportunity may offer through life, and as it adds much pleasure to leisure hours, I specially commend it to my young readers.

Specimens to be obtained and compared with the descriptions in this chapter:—Search for buds in summer; plane-tree buds; Japanese maples; terminal and axillary buds; observe shape and outline of trees; buds of coniferous trees; fir cone; fir tree that has lost its leading shoot; pollard willow, and other trees; buds on marsh tway-blade, and viviparous fern; buds on underground stems; suckers from wall-fruit trees; dormant buds or knobs on tree-stems; bulblets on lily, dentaria and allium; horse-chestnut terminal bud; observe leading shoot of horse-chestnut in early summer; flower and leaf buds on beech; various flower-buds; Oriental poppy; tulip-tree buds; various leaf buds unfolding; colouring of Japanese maple, lime, and sycamore buds; whitebeam; variegated vine; purple hazel; mountain ash; spray of beech buds; ash buds; *Picea nobilis glauca;* willow and sallow, male and female flower buds and leaf buds.

* The uppermost bud of the central shoot.
† Vernation.

* One seed leaf plants.

A LOVE OUT OF TUNE.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The Troubadours," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MONTH after month passed away, and fortune, that fickle goddess, who was so niggardly with her favours to Reginald at first, changed her front completely and seemed to delight in loading him with her prizes.

It was now getting on for a year after the interview with Mildred Vane in the Rectory, and Phyllis and her aunt were sitting in their little domicile one afternoon, whither they had removed and to which they had thoroughly habituated themselves. It was post-time; London letters always came in the afternoon, and letters from Reginald had been so rare of late that they confidently looked to receiving one with greater certainty every day.

In his letters he had said not a word of his successes. In fact he had adopted a different tone altogether, and seemed rather to decry his powers than to extol them as he did at first.

That afternoon, however, a letter did arrive at last—and not only a letter, a budget, a parcel tightly packed with hundreds of cuttings from all sorts of London newspapers.

Phyllis with a joyful cry ran in with the packet to Mrs. Horton.

"At last, aunt, at last!" she said, radiant with smiles. "Only read this—and this—and this."

Here she fell perusing and reading aloud some of the thousand-and-one slips of newspaper criticism, which told how one Mr. Reginald Horton had played with such brilliant success at one or other of the great London concerts. And not only lately, but for months past.

"Oh, aunt, aunt," exclaimed Phyllis, clapping her hands with delight, "and to think that all this has been going on for weeks and months past, and Reginald never to have said a word about it!"

"He meant to give us a surprise," said the old lady. "And he has given us one."

"Or perhaps rather," suggested Phyllis, "he was unwilling to disclose anything about his success, until success was certain. And then only then, he decided to tell us. Oh, happy people that we are to-day! Oh, clever, talented Reginald! How well he deserves his good fortune. And see, aunt, in the post-script——"

Here she handed Mrs. Horton the postscript of the letter to read.

"See, he is coming down to Haverleigh to-morrow. Oh, what good news! Let us make preparations for him at once."

So saying she laid down the letters and the budget of cuttings at once, and began to bustle about to prepare for the expected visit.

It was indeed Reginald's intention to come to Haverleigh on the morrow. The year which he had fixed in his arrangement with Miss

Vane, had almost expired, and he was now bound for Haverleigh, no longer the timid, unsuccessful musical aspirant, but the renowned, the celebrated artiste, whose weekly earnings at concerts and by tours trebly exceeded already the income of the rector himself.

Reginald procured his ticket for Haverleigh the next day, and took his seat in a first-class carriage, where he luxuriously rolled himself up in furs and rugs, and prepared to indulge in delightful contemplations while the train was performing its three hours' journey between Haverleigh and London. Scarcely had he seated himself to his own satisfaction, when another gentleman of about his own age entered the carriage, and in compelling him unavoidably to move afforded the opening for the exchange of a few words and ultimately for the commencement of a conversation.

They chatted together about many things. After a while, the ticket collector having come in at a station to examine the tickets—

"You are going to Haverleigh," remarked the gentleman. "So am I."

"It is strange," replied Reginald, "that we should both be travelling to that little village from great London together. I am a native of Haverleigh, and, if you will excuse me making the remark, sir, I have never seen your face there."

"Ah, you have not been there lately, I suppose?" said the gentleman.

"Not for nearly a year past," replied Reginald. "And again before that I was absent for the greater part of another year."

"That accounts for it, then," remarked the gentleman. "For I have been constantly in Haverleigh during the last year, and even occasionally the year before."

"I am going—in short," pursued the gentleman, in a burst of confidence, "to be married to a Haverleigh lady. Congratulate me on the fact, for I think that the Haverleigh ladies, from what I have seen of them, are the belles not only of the county but of all the centre of England."

At this point of their conversation they exchanged cards.

At last they began to speak of the rector.

"It is to the rector's daughter," remarked the gentleman, "that I am going to be married."

Reginald heard no more. A mist swam before his eyes, and he found himself nervously grasping the arm of the seat on which he was leaning.

The gentleman at that moment turned to look out of the window, and did not observe Reginald's paroxysm of emotion.

When he turned his head to renew the conversation, Reginald was able to ask in a husky voice—

"Do you mean Miss Vane?"

"Yes. Miss Vane—Miss Mildred Vane. Miss Vane, at present," continued the gentleman airily, "but in a few days' time Mrs. Doughty that is to be. But you are unwell, sir. The jolting of this carriage is too much for you. Here, take a draught from my flask."

Poor Reginald had fainted away, overcome with the agony of his disappointed hopes. How he behaved, or what he did for the next few minutes, he never knew, but after a while he found himself clenching his hands tightly in front of him, and saying to himself—

"There is some mistake. It is a plot. I must hear it from her own lips, or I will not believe. I will see her. I will ask her to deny this monstrous falsehood."

His friend was regarding him curiously, but beyond suggesting that the window might be put down, so as to bring the breeze on his face, he made no further observation, till they reached their destination.

There was only one vehicle at the station—a gig—which had evidently been meant for the use of Reginald's travelling companion, who alighted along with him—they two being the only occupants of the station platform. But while that gentleman was busying himself with giving directions about his multifarious luggage which had been shot from the guard's van, Reginald walked towards the gate of the station, and the man in the gig touching his hat said, "The Rectory, sir?"

Impulsively Reginald answered, "Yes," and jumped into the gig. It suited his desperate mood to rush straight to Mildred, and tax her with her infidelity. And here was the opportunity offered him—the very vehicle which had been destined to convey his rival. The coachman cracked his whip. The gig shot out of the station road, and the next instant was rattling down the long country road which led to the village.

"T'other gent," remarked the driver, pointing with his whip to the station platform, "he'll 'ave to take a fly, he will. There's no other traps but this about. It'll be tidy late before 'e gets to 'Averleigh, I fancy, to-day."

The gig dashed along. It rattled down the roads—so familiar to Reginald's eyes—the scenes of his childhood. Yet on what an errand had he come! He seemed like one in a dream! Soon the old ivy-clad church loomed in sight—the houses of the village—and lastly, standing out prominently among them, the Rectory.

The gig dashed through the Rectory gates—up the short avenue—and pulled up, with the horse snorting in a cloud of steam, at the door.

Reginald saw Mildred standing between the curtains of the drawing-room window as he dashed up the avenue. She evidently in the hurry of the moment thought he was their expected guest. She had not recognised him as Reginald Horton. She disappeared from the window again before he reached the door.

Reginald sprang from the gig. The servant, without looking at him very closely, ushered him upstairs to the drawing-room. He entered the room—the door closed behind him—Mildred from the curtains of the window advanced to meet him. He threw back the travelling rug which wrapped his shoulders and half-muffled his visage.

Mildred sprang back with a scream. Reginald Horton stood before her.

"I have come, Mildred," he said, not appearing to notice her consternation and confusion, "to claim the fulfilment of your promise to me. I said I would come before a year was out. The year has not yet expired. I am here."

"I do not understand—I forget—" babbled Mildred in bewilderment. "I did not expect to see you, Reginald."

"Did you not? Then whom did you expect to see, that you ran to me with outstretched arms, and with a cry of delight on your lips, which ended alas! in a scream of terror?"

"I did not expect to see you," she repeated, getting calmer as she partially recovered herself.

"Well, here I stand, Mildred Vane—I who have not forgotten. I have not forgotten. I have fulfilled my part in our mutual contract. I have faced obstacles, I have ridden over difficulties, I have attained success. I have done my part of the covenant. Are you on your side ready to do yours?"

"I cannot," murmured Mildred, growing ghastly white, and muttering to herself, "it is too late—I knew not that you would come."

"'You knew not that I should come,' Mildred? 'You cannot'? Your words reveal the bitter truth which I have already more than guessed, but did not dare believe. You knew not that I should come. But you expected some one else to come. Perjured, faithless girl! Listen to those wheels outside. Already he has arrived. But I have been before him—before him to tax you with your perfidy, to upbraid you for your falseness, and to cast away your love, which is not worthy of me. No! Mildred Vane, think not that I ask for the fulfilment of our engagement from one who is able so lightly to blight her plighted vow, to contradict her most solemn promise. I ask it not—and such a girl I willingly leave. I leave her gladly. I leave her to one who I trust will value at its right worth the priceless possession she is."

So saying he turned on his heel and left the room, brushing past, as he did so, the figure of an entering visitor, who at that moment was coming in at the door. In the visitor he recognised his travelling companion of the train.

It was late that night ere Reginald Horton canopied his head beneath the cover of a roof. He wandered about in the fields and lanes round the village, seeking solitude, and giving way to tempests of emotion and stormy thoughts.

His mother and Phyllis had been expecting his arrival all the afternoon from one hour to the other. They were puzzled to account for his protracted absence. Evening drew on, still no Reginald appeared. Night came. They lighted the candles, and waited with uncontrollable anxiety till it was nearly eleven o'clock.

Eleven struck, and a few moments afterwards a knock came to the cottage door. Mrs. Horton went to open it, and Reginald stood before her as pale as death.

"My son! my dear son!" she said, folding him in her arms, and bursting into a fit of tears.

He was as pale as death when he came in. His hair was wet with rain, and his clothes were wringing wet likewise. Both Mrs. Horton and Phyllis refrained from troubling him with questions. Two or three days, indeed, passed away, and they knew not the cause of all.

At the end of that time Reginald said that he felt the need of a change, and would go away into the neighbouring county for a few weeks, at the expiration of which he would return and tell them what plans he had now for their future and his own.

During his absence Miss Vane was married—to the surprise of the whole parish, for her engagement had been kept mysteriously quiet. It was then that Mrs. Horton guessed the cause of her son's distraction and feverish return.

Six weeks—eight weeks passed away, and Reginald came back to Haverleigh.

"While I have been away, mother," he said, "I have seen a fine farm about fifteen miles from here, which I shall be able to rent and to stock with the money I have amassed in London."

"And are you not going back to London?" inquired his mother.

"The answer to that question," replied Reginald, "depends on Phyllis," and he took her hand as he spoke. "If she will be the mistress of the farm, I will be its master. If she is unwilling, you and she shall manage the farm between you, and once more I will seek fame and fortune in London. Say, Phyllis dear," he added to his sweet and blushing cousin, "say which it shall be? Will you or will you not, my dear."

Phyllis buried her face in his arms.

"I will," she whispered.

"Praised be God!" exclaimed old Mrs. Horton, raising her hands to Heaven, "who has suffered me to see my heart's desire before I die."

[THE END.]

CHILDHOOD.

(From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.)

STAR DRIFT WORK.

THIS is a simple and effective way to decorate shabby furniture, old boxes, and picture frames. Chairs should be treated thus. First scrub them thoroughly all over with strong soda water. When quite dry, lay on smoothly a coat of enamel, but, if the chairs are not entirely free from all moisture whatsoever, the paint will not adhere satisfactorily. Great care must be taken to slash the brush quickly backwards and forwards as a house painter works, then the enamel flows well together and dries with an even surface. It is also important that no drops should be allowed to stray to the edges and dry there, or the work will have the appearance of an old sun-blistered barn door. While the enamel is still wet, sprinkle it lightly with gold-dust, such as is sold by Italian warehousemen in packets at 4½d each. The best way to distribute this gold-dust evenly is to fill a small dry camel's hair brush with the powder and shake it lightly over the wet surface of the enamel. This process, if performed delicately and quickly, is very effective, and entirely dispenses with the common look which spoils most enamelled furniture. Autumn green enamel looks very well with the gold; white, also, is charming, but would soon look tawdry after a few days of fog.

This kind of decoration would appeal especially to a girl who, arriving perhaps at the end of a large family, has to use in her special sanctum the furniture which has stood the storms of all her predecessors. All that is necessary in such a case to procure a pretty room, is the permission of the head of the household and the really modest sum of 1s. 3d.

Many a girl suffers from an antiquated looking-glass which is apparently spending its last years of life in her bedroom. These, though possibly ugly, may be quickly converted into something pleasant to the eye by being painted with enamel and sprinkled with gold as above. If it be a large glass, or is cracked, or is deficient in quicksilver in parts, it might be draped over the offending part with a little cheap silk or real art muslin. And let no one think here that I am advocating dust traps, those horrors of good housekeepers, for frequent shakings and occasional washings of the offending drapery will remove all cause of complaint, or better still, prevent it. Any girl may do this much of a laundry maid's work without difficulty by washing out the drapery in her bedroom basin, rolling it smoothly in a towel, and, when nearly dry, passing a hot iron over it. Neither soda nor starch are required for this very simple operation, as the first would remove too much colour, and the other that softness which is essential to all good drapery. The cheapest Pongee silk, that at 1s. 0½d. the yard, even, washes very well, and, in the opinion of some folk, is more silky after the washing than before. It certainly drapes better.

A Pretty Glove and Handkerchief Box.

Star drift work is novel and pretty applied in the following way:—Take a cigar box in the shape of a double cube, strip all paper off it, detach the lid, and thoroughly scrub the whole thing with soda water as in the case of the chairs and looking-glass. Then paint it all over, inside and out, sprinkling the outside with gold-dust; but on the outside of the lid guide the brush carefully in sprinkling, so that the powder *in falling forms the* word "Gloves." It is preferable (and easier) that the word should be in a flowing round hand. Then, and this, to my thinking, is the chief beauty of the whole performance, fasten the detached lid to the body of the box with ribbon of a colour to suit the paint, or, preferably, with gold braid. This should be affixed by means of fancy brass nails, at a penny the dozen, and the end of the braid which comes on the top of the lid should be brought to a point with three nails, thus—

Two of these hinges are sufficient, but if three be preferred, a longer one may be placed in the middle, the two others, as before, of equal length and situated about an inch from the end. These hinges, especially in the gold braid, give the box an archaic appearance which is highly pleasing. If the braid be a little tarnished, this effect is much enhanced.

A handkerchief box to match would be done the same way, the shape of the box being a shallow square, with "Kerchiefs" written upon it.

Of course, if preferred, the initials of the person for whom the boxes are intended may be substituted for both "Gloves" and "Kerchiefs."

PAMELA BULLOCK.

BARMAIDS AND WAITRESSES IN RESTAURANTS, THEIR WORK AND TEMPTATIONS.

WHILE we are all well acquainted with the conditions under which most of our girl-workers earn their daily bread, we know little of those under which barmaids and waitresses perform their arduous and difficult tasks; this is partly owing to the character of the work itself, and the area in which it is performed.

People who would not hesitate to go into the foulest London slums, if, by so doing, they could render help or expose a wrong, would draw a line at entering public-houses or restaurants, and even if they overcame this objection, and went in with a desire to understand the true condition of the girls who serve in them, they would probably accept their first impression and come away with the idea that such nice-looking, well-dressed, cheerful girls needed none of their help and sympathy, nor any improvement in their condition. We need hardly say that this first impression would be quite wrong.

At all events, be the cause what it may, these girls and their work have not participated in any of the benefits which have been showered upon other classes of girl-bread-winners during the last few years.

Yet of all occupations undertaken by girls for a living, there is none more difficult and dangerous than that of serving at the "bar," and waiting in restaurants, nor any that calls out less the sympathy of outsiders.

Strangely enough all other classes of girl-workers have their friends, advisers and helpers among the good and kind of the "upper ten thousand," as well as their clubs and associations for mental improvement and recreation; these girls, on the contrary, who need them most, are of all bread-winners the most lonely and friendless, and were it not for one or two ladies who devote their lives to their service, I do not know to whom they could turn for sympathy and advice in their many and serious difficulties.

We do not doubt in the very least that work is honourable, but we do see that work differs widely in character; some of it being quite simple and demanding only ordinary industry, time and attention, while other, on the contrary, is so complex, so exhausting, so beset with difficulties, and exposed to temptation, that we wonder sometimes where the honour comes in.

Such is the work of barmaids and waitresses, and the marvel is that girls can be found to do it, yet there are many thousands so engaged, not because they like it, but because they know no other way of gaining a living, not only for themselves, but for those depending on them. Many of them come from the country, having been brought up in country inns kept by their parents; a large number are farmers' daughters, and some have even been governesses, while not a few are the daughters of clergymen and solicitors.

Some of them pathetically said to me, "The lives we live were never meant for girls to endure; we are regarded as mere machines for bringing money to the firms, not as living creatures with feelings that can be hurt and bodies that can be worn-out."

One girl with whom I spoke said with tears in her eyes, "The modest, well-behaved ones among us suffer most; their lives are one long torture."

The condition of barmaids and waitresses varies according to the houses or firms by whom they are engaged, some of whom feed and lodge the girls well, and allow them sufficient leisure for the exercise of mind and body, and still more, by their careful supervision they minimise the temptations to which the girls are exposed. Naturally, these employers form a very small minority. There are certain temperance restaurants in which the girls are fairly fed, paid, and housed, and where they are less exposed to temptation than those engaged in restaurants that sell alcohol.

But there are conditions and serious evils which belong to all houses alike, whether they be licensed houses, temperance restaurants, railway station restaurants, or hotel restaurants, and when we learn what these are, we

shall think it an honour to give the hand of friendship to those girls, who, in the midst of such surroundings, lead good, honest lives, and we thank God there are many such.

We will take the time and wages first. In all cases the hours are too long; twelve to fourteen being the daily average, though often girls are kept working seventeen hours out of the twenty-four. In some of the railway-station restaurants, barmaids on one day begin work at seven in the morning and continue till eight o'clock at night; they go to bed and remain there till midnight, when they rise and continue up till five. This finishes their work until eleven o'clock in the morning, which is the beginning of the second day; they work until eleven at night, and are free to sleep till seven next morning, and so the days repeat themselves.

In many other houses the hours are from nine in the morning till half-past twelve or a quarter to one at night.

Time for dinner thirty minutes, for tea twenty, and for supper the same. This goes on day by day, except from eleven to midnight once a month.

The pay for these long hours of service varies from five to ten shillings a week, subject to a charge of from seven to ninepence a week for breakages.

A barmaid of great experience told me that her shortest day was twelve hours, and frequently it was seventeen; her pay was ten shillings a week, subject to breakage-reduction, which two weeks running had amounted to three shillings and fourpence, and which has never been less than a shilling a week; not that she had broken anything herself, but that each had to pay a share of what is broken in the bar. Another sum which is deducted weekly from her wage is two shillings for washing and getting up her cap, apron, collar, and cuffs. The girls are obliged to dress well and make themselves attractive, and must always have a smiling face and courteous word for every customer.

A speaker at a meeting of waitresses, held a week or two since at St. Andrew's Restaurant, Bride Street, declared that what with stoppages, charges for washing and price of costume, she sometimes had no wages at all at the end of the week. Another said that her total earnings, commission and tips ranged from five to ten shillings a week, though she could not remember the day when they reached the latter sum. A third said, "I reach home at a quarter past eleven, and after the long day's work I frequently find myself positively out of pocket."

Sometimes the girls have no settled wages, but have simply what they make; this arrangement is intended to incite them to be very agreeable, and its effect is to make it still harder for them to lead a respectable life.

A custom obtains in many houses which, in the interest of the girls, should be put a stop to, it is the allowance of tenpence a day in drink; it holds out a premium to drunkenness, and ruins many a life.

Again, the board and lodging of those who live in the house are often so bad that many have to buy food out of their small earnings, and the places they are required to sleep in are frequently less comfortable even than cellars. One girl told me that she slept in a room with eight others, with the spirit-tanks over their heads, and with no locks to the door, and that their house was by no means the worst of its kind. As to locks, she said very few of the sleeping-rooms had fastenings.

It cannot be regarded as a slight evil, that those who are not lodged in the house have to walk home after midnight through some of the worst streets of London, when trains and omnibuses have ceased running.

The following is the experience of a young waitress: "In answer to an advertisement I went to a *café* in the City, wages two shillings a week, tips not guaranteed, with prospective rise to three shillings.

"Another restaurant expected me to run about from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, one hour a day for meals, no time allowed for rest; wages five shillings a week, pay for all breakages, and no tips guaranteed.

"Another large firm sent me a printed circular to fill up, stating name, age, height, and what languages I could speak, together with my photograph, name of previous employers, and two tradesmen's references; wages seven shillings a week." She asks: "Is it possible that a girl can live and keep herself respectably upon such a small wage, putting on one side the hours she has to work for it?"

There are also many evils beside those of long hours and low wages which barmaids and waitresses have to submit to. For example the power of a manager to send a girl adrift at any hour of day or night without funds or belongings, more often than not because she is trying her best to keep a good girl; such a state of things is permissible because they work under short notice agreements.

In one large public-house in the West End of London the girls are bound to give their services free for three months with a promise of good pay at the end of that time, but it is made so uncomfortable for them that they are compelled to leave at the end of the free service period and so the landlord gets his work done for nothing. One of these girls was, as I know, turned out at the end of two months at eleven o'clock at night without home or money. Is it surprising that occasionally one finds paragraphs in the daily papers like the following?*

"Suicide of a young, well-educated French girl, barmaid in a tavern at Notting Hill. She was suddenly dismissed with the words, 'she did not suit,' and being without friends or relatives took carbolic acid."

Another evil which seems inseparable from this particular occupation is that men, in the presence of these girls, think it no crime to use language, jests and oaths that make the ears of all who hear to tingle with shame, and would be a disgrace in the mouths of savages; how much more disgraceful when uttered by men in a Christian land and who in a majority of cases are married men and fathers of families.

It seems to me that this is one of the greatest degradations to which this class of bread-winners is subject. The girls have no redress; for if they resent it or complain of it they are dismissed as unsuited to their position; the consequence is they must bear it or starve.

Sunday is not at all what it should be for them; for example, those on duty are not allowed to make use of the hours in which the houses are closed either for taking fresh air or for going to church, but are in fact prisoners until the time of reopening after church; while those off duty, if they are strangers and friendless, must tramp the streets till eight o'clock or in many cases till midnight, until which time they must not return. For these Sunday, instead of being a blessed and a restful day, is one of extra peril and temptation.

The fact is that the long hours, low wages, weariness of mind and body scarcely permit any opportunity for religious services, and certainly no leisure for development as intellectual beings. Is it wonderful that some of these weary lonely girls yield occasionally to the temptation of drink hoping by it to drown or brighten their lives, they care not which, while others, on the contrary, are so terrified at the curse of drink and so afraid of yielding to it that they take the pledge, and with God's blessing keep it. Barmaids and waitresses suffer extremely from varicose veins and other evils which result from much standing; also they suffer from stiff fingers and injuries to the side from drawing corks and beer; their constitutions are injured from the foul air reeking of spirits and bad tobacco in which they work, and they are subject to alcoholic poisoning.

Is it wonderful that in order, as they hope and believe, to get out of all this they choose an easy living in another and more terrible way so common in our cities?

Few and far between the condition of barmaids and waitresses is extremely good and comfortable; they are well fed and housed, have time to do their own needlework and opportunity of going to church or chapel. Why cannot these benefits be extended to all? Surely it would be so if this special work was looked into as other work has been, and the strong penetrating light of public opinion be brought to bear on it.

If ignorance of the condition under which these girls earn their daily bread has hitherto prevailed let it be so no longer. If we find it impossible to go in and out among them ourselves, let us strengthen the hands of the few who, for the last ten years have devoted their lives and means to bringing something like sunshine and brightness into their lives, who have taught them the meaning of love and sympathy and given them some experience of the blessing of home life. This and much more has been done by the Morley Rooms and its enthusiastic secretary, Miss Charlotte Gough. Go and see her at 14, John Street, Bedford Row, and she will show you how you can take part in improving the condition of these girls.

This house was started by Mr. Samuel Morley and his two sons and daughter. Nine members can live in the house, paying three to four shillings a week for lodging, and eight shillings for board.

Members pay half-a-crown a year, which admits them to the rooms for reading, writing, conversation, and rest. Seven thousand have passed through since the home was opened.

It is impossible to overrate the blessing Miss Charlotte Gough has been to the barmaids and waitresses, who come to her in their need of all kinds, and to many this home on Sundays is a haven of rest and comfort.

I heard a most pathetic story from the lips of one who had been a barmaid, and who had yielded to the temptation of drink, and had sunk very low indeed, so low that there was scarcely a degradation through which she had not passed. Miss Charlotte Gough found her, and would never let her go, working on through all discouragements, and the result is that she is now an honoured and valuable servant, and has been so for some years.

While we have been idle, this devoted woman with a few friends has been working for the good of these girls, both in body and soul, not only here, but wherever they need her. She was their friend and helper in Paris at the Exhibition, where so many barmaids and waitresses were stationed.

Last Tuesday I was invited to spend an hour at 14, John Street, with a large number of these girls, who, like myself, were guests. On arriving I found about sixty, most of them young, good-looking, and neatly but tastefully dressed, as a rule, in black, with white lace about the throat.

What struck me about them was the absence of frivolity and giggling; their manner was quiet and reposeful, and gave one the impression that here in this atmosphere of love and sympathy, they had put off their armour for the moment, though the daily habit of being on guard had left its mark on them. As I looked round I wondered how men could be so base and cruel as to intensify the hardships and temptations which beset their occupation.

* *Daily Telegraph*, October 1, 1895.

Odds and Ends.

THE turnpike road with its toll-bars and toll-houses has for years been practically unknown, yet as an instance of how slowly old institutions pass away, it is interesting to know that there was, until a few months ago, still one turnpike road in existence. This is the Shrewsbury and Holyhead Turnpike, a large part of which however has been thrown open for many years; but the portion of the road which runs across the Island of Anglesey was continued as a turnpike by a special Act of Parliament until last November. With the freeing of this road the 1047 turnpike trusts which traversed England and Wales thirty years ago, and which supported 20,189 miles of road, become a matter of history. No institution was ever more unpopular.

A PIN manufacturer in Connecticut lighted upon a good idea for paving the ground in front of his house. Removing several tons of defective pins from his factory he had them thrown on the roadway, declaring that when these domestic necessaries are pounded down by the traffic he will have the finest pavement in America. In the meantime however the cyclists of the neighbourhood are suffering severely, for as soon as the tyres of their machines touch the strip of roadway strewn with pins, they collapse immediately. As it is a matter of extreme difficulty to discover a pin-prick in a pneumatic tyre, the tyre having to be removed and put in water to ascertain where the air escapes, the cyclists consider that the pin manufacturer adds insult to injury.

"IT is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back upon the years that are past, and to feel that you have lived not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow."—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

THERE is one subject of which never too much can be said, and that is the use of birds in millinery. Far from causing any decrease in the exportation of foreign birds for this purpose, the universal reprobation by all right-thinking people seems rather to tend to its increase. Last year the importation was greater than in any previous years; innumerable quantities of birds having been brought over from Trinidad and Japan. If those who wear birds in their hats or bonnets thought for one moment of the facts which have been constantly put before them—of the brutal manner in which the birds are snared; of their quivering little bodies stretched over cotton forms before they are dead—they would renounce the fashion at once and for all time. It cannot be denied that plumage is of great service in millinery, but that supplied by birds used for food is quite sufficient to meet the demand; and there is no limit to the dyer's powers.

TO the uninitiated it is always a puzzle to know how a bronze or marble statue is made. The natural impression is that the sculptor, armed with mallet and chisel, chips his conception from a huge block of stone after modelling it in clay. Such was the method of Michael Angelo, but to-day another manner prevails. The sculptor having modelled his figure most carefully, a plaster cast is taken. In the meantime, skilled mechanics have prepared a block of marble. The plaster cast is placed beside this block and used as a model, the stone-cutters copying point by point, measuring the cast minutely with square, rule, and callipers. The cutting goes on until a general outline of the statue is attained, when a skilled artisan, specially trained, takes it in hand, making a most faithful copy of the mo lel under the sculptor's personal superintendence and direction. When his work is completed, it only remains for the artist to give the finishing touches, a line here, an indentation there, bringing the statue into nearer realisation with his conception.

IT is a very remarkable fact that the greatest and best cooks have always been men. Cooking is supposed to be essentially the province, in some ranks of life an essential quality, of women; but all the big posts of the cooking world are held by men, and of these, the French and Swiss are most expert. Few women possess the initiatory power of concocting new dishes, or of exercising the startling originality in the kitchen that they use with such marvellous results in the dressmaker's or milliner's work-room. But on the other hand one strong point in the woman-cook's favour is that she is more particular with regard to the cleanliness of her saucepans and cooking utensils than her male rival. Yet all the famous cooks have been men.

"LIFE appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies, when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end."—*Charlotte Brontë.*

A SUGGESTION has been made by a doctor that we should yawn regularly, and that if we yawn and stretch ourselves both before going to bed at night and upon getting up in the morning, we should benefit ourselves greatly. The same authority says that yawning is a healthy function, having a salutary effect on certain tubes in the neck and lungs by exercising all the respiratory muscles.

DURING the past year the French Government has been widening and deepening Calais harbour. In the course of the operations a case of bullets was found close to the spot where the timbers of an old man-of-war, supposed to be a Spanish galleon, were discovered a few years ago. The bullets are of a peculiar pattern, and it is thought were on board the vessel which, fleeing from the pursuit of the English after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, was driven ashore and wrecked in Calais Harbour.

SOME months ago the Royal Homes of Rest for Ladies near Clapham Junction were described in this paper, and some account of the incalculable boon they are to ladies in reduced circumstances was given. It is very pleasant to record that there is now another retreat for those ladies who are stricken with poverty in their old age, for the late Mr. Thomas Buckmaster of Brixton has bequeathed a sum of money for the building and maintenance of a home for ladies in reduced circumstances. This house has been built at Broadstairs, and is known as the Buckmaster Memorial Home. It is large enough for twelve residents, but preference is to be given to those who are ill, and need sea-air, and although the home is open to all denominations, the applicants will be primarily selected from Brixton. The home maintains its inmates free of expense.

A REMARKABLE instance of the intelligence of birds in adapting any materials that come within their reach in the structure of their nests, is a gift recently made to the Natural History Museum at Soletta. This is a bird's nest made entirely of steel. Soletta is a centre of the watch-making industry, and near the workshops there are always a quantity of old watch-springs that have been thrown aside. Last summer a watch-maker found this curious nest in a tree in his courtyard, made by a pair of wagtails entirely of watch-springs, most ingeniously woven together. The man waited until the birds had fledged their brood of young ones and then secured the nest, which is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

THERE are countless stories of the intelligence of elephants, but this one is new. A child at the Zoological Gardens in London in throwing a biscuit to an elephant dropped it between the cage and the barrier in such a place that it was out of the reach both of the child and the elephant. The latter, however, blew the biscuit with his trunk until the child could reach it, and throw it into his mouth. This happened several times; but the sequel shows that the elephant's reasoning powers were not of the strongest. The child had made many futile efforts to throw the biscuit far enough into the cage, and at last a bystander thought he would help him, and taking the biscuit from the child was about to throw it, when the elephant, evidently seriously displeased, struck him a severe blow on the arm with his trunk, clearly not grasping the kind intention.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AZIM BEY was now all eagerness to communicate to his trusted ally, M. Karalampi, the discovery he had made, proving that he had been right all along in fixing upon Charlie as the person whose removal was necessary. But as it happened, he did not succeed in meeting him for some days after the picnic, and by this time the boy's anxiety to get rid of Dr. Egerton had risen almost to fever heat. M. Karalampi was able to pacify him by assuring him that now that the most important point was settled, Charlie should quit Baghdad in a month, a promise which seemed impossible of fulfilment to Azim Bey, who did not know that his agent had been secretly at work all this time. He worked with extreme art and delicacy, conveying to those he wished to influence slight intimations which seemed nothing when taken alone, but which became dangerous indeed when looked at in unison. It was the Pasha at whom he chiefly laboured at first. Ahmed Khémi had hitherto known almost nothing about the doctor of the British Consulate, but for the space of about a month M. Karalampi dinned his name into his patron's ears in season and out of season. Dr. Egerton was a most dangerous man. He was accustomed to disguise himself and go among the people, deceiving even true believers. He was a spy, it was difficult to determine in whose pay, but indubitably a spy. He intrigued with the Armenians, the Jews, the Persians, the missionaries, the Russians, the Greeks. The Balio Bey did not like him, but was forced to tolerate him, knowing, no doubt, that he was employed by persons very high in authority. And so on, and so on, until the harassed Pasha, bewildered by the number and inconsistency of the charges, peremptorily ordered his too zealous agent never to mention the name of that English doctor to him again, on pain of his serious displeasure.

This was just what M. Karalampi had intended, and it closed the first act of the drama. He had gone upon the principle of throwing plenty of mud, and he was quite satisfied as to its powers of sticking, even though he himself had bowed respectfully and promised to obey his Excellency, averring that it was only his zeal for the good of the government that had made him so troublesome. His own work was over for the present, and it was the turn of his confederates. Each of them had only one thing to do, but they were all to be counted upon to do it. At some time or other, in the Pasha's hearing, they were to throw a doubt on Dr. Egerton's honesty, hint at double-dealing on his part, or remark that he had been seen in company with suspected persons. To this last accusation Charlie's inveterate habit of picking up disreputable acquaintances lent a good deal of colour, and this helped to establish the rest. The Pasha was staggered at last. He had silenced Karalampi, but here were all these independent witnesses giving him the very same warning. There must be something in it, and it would be foolish to disregard the testimony of so many unbiassed persons. It might be that Providence was giving him notice of some plot laid against him, while he had been obstinately rejecting the warning. He made up his mind to look into things very carefully in future.

M. Karalampi perceived this, and chuckled as he made ready for the third act of the play. Although his lips were sealed at the Palace, he had not been silent in the city. Not that he ever spoke against the English doctor, nor could any rumours be traced to him—the only thing certain was that Charlie Egerton had become desperately unpopular. The shopkeepers with whom he had been wont to exchange a passing word withdrew into the inmost recesses of their dwellings so as not to be obliged to speak to him, children fled from before him, or were snatched up by their mothers, in dreadful fear of the evil eye. There was one small boy who had once been brought by a still smaller Armenian friend to the Residency, to be treated for a cut finger or some other childish trouble, and who had been much impressed by the well-filled shelves in the surgery. Hitherto it had always been his delight to meet his doctor in the street and salute him with the cry of "O father of bottles, peace be upon thee!" but now he crept guiltily into a corner and hid himself if he saw him coming. This was the hardest thing of all for Charlie to bear, even though the loungers at the coffee-houses, with whom he had been rather a favourite, crowded together and looked at him distrustfully as he passed, muttering "spy!" in ominous voices. The old women in the bazaars, privileged by age and ugliness to have a voice in public, reviled him roundly when they saw him, and then told each other in whispers that he was paid by foreign enemies to bring in new diseases and spread them in the city.

This change in public opinion perplexed Charlie extremely. At first he attributed it to another outburst of anti-English feeling, but this theory was dispelled on his learning from Captain Rossiter that no unpleasantness was displayed towards him. Then he set it down to some temporary crank or fancy of the people's, and thought little more about it until, when he went one evening to call on Isaac Azevedo, the old man told him plainly, though with many apologies, that his visits were a source of danger to the whole Jewish quarter, and asked him not to come again for the present. It was this which first opened his eyes to the possibility of the approach of something more than mere unpleasantness, but it was not really brought home to him until one day when he had been to tea at the Mission-house, and Dr. Yehudi took him aside at parting, and asked him earnestly whether he still carried a revolver, and whether it was ready for use. The danger of the situation became clear to him then, and it was just about the same time that M. Karalampi decided that matters were ripe for the completion of his plan.

Of the steps which led to this end, Cecil saw only one of the last, and she was made aware of it one Sunday, when she arrived at the Residency to find Charlie looking out for her, with a doleful and rather shame-stricken visage. She cast uneasy glances at him every now and then during the morning, but the gloom did not lift, and she waited anxiously for the quiet afternoon time when they were wont to exchange their confidences. As soon as they were together in a shady corner of the deserted drawing-room, Charlie told his story.

"I've been very stupid, Cecil, and got myself into a nice mess."

"Charlie! What do you mean?"

"It's perfectly true. You know I was to dine at the Farajians' on Friday night? They are awfully nice people, and Farajian's brother Ephrem was to be there, the man who has been travelling in the mountains and looking for ruined cities. He was educated by some American missionaries somewhere, and he has picked up an amazing knowledge of antiquities. Well, I went, and found that all the guests were Armenians except myself and Stavro Vogorides, that Greek fellow who hangs about at the Russian Consulate."

"I know. I have seen him with M. Karalampi," said Cecil.

"We talked very pleasantly all dinner-time," Charlie went on, "but at the end someone, I think it was Vogorides, but I can't be sure, started the subject of Armenia. We were all friends, of course, but it struck me even then as rather a risky thing to do, among such excitable people. You know that there's no holding Armenians if you once get them on that subject, and one after another told stories of the most awful atrocities I ever heard. They made my blood run cold. I can't conceive how people who believe that such things have happened, and many of them to relations of their own, can ever speak civilly to a Turk again, or bear to be anywhere near him, except rifle in hand, and I said something of the kind. It seemed to set them off, for they all stood up and drank the toast of 'Free Armenia!' solemnly."

"And you drank it too? Oh, Charlie!" said Cecil anxiously.

"That wasn't all," said Charlie, determined to free his conscience completely, "for I said afterwards that I was sure if they ever did rise English people would help them with arms and men and money, just as we did the Greeks in the War of Independence."

"Oh, Charlie," groaned Cecil again, "how could you?"

"I don't know. I was carried out of myself, I suppose. Well, in some way or other, I can't imagine how, the thing has got to Sir Dugald's ears. He sent for me last night, and gave me such a wigging! Of course I was very silly to say what I did, but he makes out that if the thing got known I should have to leave Baghdad at once. He said it was an unpardonable breach of diplomatic etiquette, an indiscretion he should have considered impossible. He said I ought to consider you, too, and not go imperilling my life and my prospects in the way I did. He also said a good deal more—in fact, I got it pretty hot."

"But what did he mean about imperilling your life?" asked Cecil quickly.

"Oh, I didn't mean to say that, but perhaps after all you had better hear it from me; you won't be so much frightened. It may not have anything to do with it at all, but yesterday, when I was out riding with Rossiter on the other side of the river, a fellow potted at me with a long gun. It may have been only that he wanted something to shoot at, but the people round here do seem to have rather a prejudice against me just now. Anyhow, he missed, and we gave chase, but he got away."

"But who can have told Sir Dugald about the Farajians' dinner-party?" asked Cecil. "The servants?"

"There were none in the room at the time. No, he absolutely declined to tell me—said it was enough for me that he knew. I don't know who it could be."

"It may have been M. Vogorides," mused Cecil. "Charlie, have you ever made an enemy of him or of M. Karalampi?"

"Would you have me make a friend of either of them?" he inquired.

"Well, there is a kind of distant civility you might employ towards them."

"Not towards them, that is just it, any more than towards a snake, except with something between, bars or glass or something of that sort. I cannot stand these Levantines. There is something picturesque and romantic about a Jew, even if he does try to cheat you, and as for the Arabs and Turks, it makes you quite sorry to know the trouble they take to get the better of you, when you see through them all the time. But those Greeks, ugh!"

"That sounds as if you objected to them because they were clever enough to be able to cheat you," said Cecil. "But if this is the way you regard them, no doubt you have hurt M. Vogorides' feelings at some time, and he has tried to revenge himself on you by telling Sir Dugald. But do take care of yourself, Charlie. What should I do if anything happened to you?"

"I think you would do much better without me," broke out Charlie. "I see that I ought never to have asked you to marry me, Cecil, such a heedless fellow as I am, and I also see that I ought to give you up now, instead of worrying you with my misfortunes. I really mean it."

"Happily, the decision doesn't lie with you," said Cecil. "Why, what a fair-weather friend you must think me, Charlie! Have I deserved it? Have I ever seemed worried by your misfortunes? I should have thought I had felt them too much for such a word to be applicable."

"You are an angel," said Charlie, and kissed her.

"I have only this to say," went on Cecil, freeing herself. "You may give me up, if you like, but I decline entirely to give you up. If you wish me to go through life in the ridiculous position of a girl engaged to a man who doesn't consider himself engaged to her, I must bear it, I suppose."

"'I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT DR. EGERTON.'"

"You know I don't," said Charlie, and the conversation after this point became somewhat personal and lacking in coherence, until Charlie tore himself away to go and visit his patients. But Cecil was still anxious and uneasy, and at afternoon tea, finding that Charlie was still absent, she moved boldly across to Sir Dugald, determined to learn the worst.

"To what am I indebted for this unwonted honour?" was the question asked by Sir Dugald's eyebrows as he rose and gave her his chair, but in words he only inquired whether she found the spot shady enough.

"I wanted to speak to you about Dr. Egerton," she said breathlessly, too anxious about Charlie to answer his question politely. Sir Dugald's eyebrows went up.

"Would it be rude to say that I have heard rather too much about Dr. Egerton already lately?" he asked.

"That was just the reason why I wanted to talk to you about him," said Cecil. "Were you in earnest in what you said to him last night?"

"I am not in the habit of playing practical jokes on the officials of this Consulate," said Sir Dugald, rather stiffly. "If you mean to inquire whether Egerton has really endangered his prospects, I can only say that I fully believe he has."

"But it seems such a little thing," urged Cecil, "merely akin to talking politics in society at home."

"Certainly," said Sir Dugald, "in one way. It is as if a member of the government, at some very important crisis, should take the opportunity of declaring, at a dinner-party of opponents, that he differed from his party as to the policy to be pursued, and meant to thwart it in every way he could."

"But Charlie never meant that," said Cecil, aghast.

"Probably not," said Sir Dugald. "It was a momentary indiscretion, but such indiscretions are unpardonable. Support your agents through thick and thin, to the brink of war if necessary, so long as they obey orders and act with common sense, is an excellent rule, but you must get rid of them and disavow their actions the moment you find they are swayed by enthusiasm, or fanaticism, or too much zeal, or anything of the kind."

"But surely you must expect them to be either angels or machines," said Cecil. "Have you no enthusiasms, Sir Dugald?"

"I have preferences, unfortunately, but I do my best to nullify them. When I find myself sympathising with one party, I make it a point to do the other rather more than justice."

"But that is unfair to the first party," objected Cecil. "Why should they suffer because they have your sympathy?"

"I don't know—to show them I am not an angel, I suppose," said Sir Dugald.

"But still," said Cecil, returning to the charge, "I can't quite see why it should be so very wrong and dangerous for Dr. Egerton to have said what he did."

"Simply for this reason, that what he said was calculated to foster in the minds of the Armenians the mischievous delusion that they will be supported, unofficially at any rate, by England if they rebel. News of such a kind spreads like wild-fire, and is likely to make the task of Turkish government more difficult. Now we are here to bolster up Turkey, as these people put ropes round an old house to keep it together in a storm, and Egerton tries to spoil our work."

"But is it right to bolster up Turkey?" asked Cecil doubtfully.

"Oh, if we are coming to questions of

morals, I shall have to take a back seat," said Sir Dugald. "I will only say this, I conscientiously believe that if Turkey fell to-morrow, a far worse tyranny would ensue. You would not remember the Polish horrors, but we heard plenty about them when I was young."

"And Dr. Yehudi has told me of the persecutions of the Jews," murmured Cecil.

"Exactly. So you see what we are doing. We are keeping up a bad state of things for fear of a worse. The Turks are sensible enough not to kick, but we can't expect them to like our helping them, and they don't feel inclined to give us any assistance. They won't make the slightest attempt to whitewash themselves in order to spare our feelings, or make our proceedings look better to the world. We do what we can to put down atrocities, but changes of policy at home and changes of ambassador at Constantinople have succeeded in frittering away most of our moral influence, and we can't descend to brute force. It's inexpedient, and it's ungentlemanly. We are the stronger party, and we can't hit a state weaker than ourselves. Now do you see where the doctor went wrong? He let his feelings carry him away, and said just what came into his head, regardless of all this. His tongue has got him into trouble before, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Cecil, with a sigh. "Isn't it wonderful that he can manage to keep safe when he disguises himself as a native?"

"I am afraid that it shows he has the power of silence, but does not care to exercise it except on great occasions," said Sir Dugald, with a peculiar smile.

"But what do you think he had better do now?" asked Cecil.

"Lie low for a little, I should say. I am thinking of sending him and Da Silva out to Takht-Iskandar for a week or two's shooting. Now that the *Nausicaa* is here, her surgeon can look after the hospital. But I give you fair warning, Miss Anstruther, that if there is any more foolishness on the doctor's part he will have to pack. If you can impress that on him I shall be thankful."

And Sir Dugald gave up his place to Charlie, who was approaching, and went away muttering, "She thinks he can keep quiet when he is disguised, so that the natives don't find him out, does she? I believe they take him for a madman, and so let him go unmolested." But in this he was unjust to Charlie, who, as he himself had once said, seemed to put on a different nature with his Oriental garb.

Cecil returned to the Palace that night feeling nervous and depressed. It seemed as though a foreboding of coming trouble was hanging over her, and she tried in vain to reason herself into the belief that the depression was purely physical, and due to the fact that the weather was hot and thundery. The next day the storm came. It was unusually early in the season for thunder, but the Baghdadis said they had seldom known a more tremendous storm. It began about mid-day, when Cecil and her pupil were taking their usual rest, and Azim Bey was declaring his views on the subject of a book he had been reading. It was nearly time for dinner, but the sky became suddenly dark, and the trembling servants, leaving their work, crept into the lower part of the schoolroom and sat huddled together. Azim Bey was constitutionally timid on some occasions, and he betrayed now such fear as almost paralysed him. He crouched in a corner, shuddering at every fresh flash of lightning, and trembling violently when the thunder crashed, his face ashy white with terror. The wind howled and shrieked around the house, tearing off projecting portions of the ornamentation, and making such a noise that no one could be heard speaking. Cecil caught a glimpse once, by the glare of the lightning, of her pupil's face, and its expression surprised her. Fear was portrayed there, as she expected, but also a tremendous determination. Azim Bey's lips were locked together as if he were defying all the powers of the storm to force him to disclose something he was resolved to keep silent.

The thunder and lightning diminished in intensity at last, the wind ceased to howl, and daylight returned in some measure, but the rain continued to pour down, and the roof was discovered to be letting in water in streams. Azim Bey, whose courage had now returned, roused the servants from their lethargy of terror and set them to work to repair the leaks, finding himself in his element as he sat upon the divan and directed operations. When the roof was made fairly water-tight again, he despatched the servants to bring in the long-delayed dinner, and when the meal was over, requested Cecil politely to bring her photograph-album and tell him about her brothers. Cecil complied, wondering to find him so agreeably disposed. Ordinarily, after such a display of timidity as he had just made, he was wont to swagger and bluster a good deal, in order to remove the impression. But this evening his behaviour was perfect. He was deeply interested, as usual, in the young Anstruthers, and particularly in Fitz's adventures with his latest possession, the camera Cecil had given him, by means of which he had succeeded in sending out to his sister painful and most unflattering portraits of the rest of the family. In after days Cecil looked back to this evening to try whether she could discover in her pupil's manner any signs of compunction for the work he had in hand, but she could remember none. He was cheerfully polite, with the kind of politeness a magnanimous conqueror might show to a prisoner in his power. No youthful Black Prince could have been more courteous than he.

The next morning, however, things were changed. Azim Bey was summoned by a message from his father to attend a grand state ceremony, the investing of Ahmed Khémi Pasha with the insignia of a very exalted order sent direct from Constantinople by the hands of a special functionary. The welcome to be accorded to the envoy of the Padishah, and the formalities of the investiture, would occupy the whole day, and Azim Bey resented strongly the command he received to be present. He grumbled for some time because Cecil could not come with him, and went off at last in a very bad temper, leaving her pleasantly occupied in writing her letters home.

It was Um Yusuf who first scented something wrong. Cecil could never discover whether her silent attendant had suspected that mischief was brewing, and had laid her plans accordingly, but it is certain that she could not be found when Azim Bey desired to speak to her and give her a few directions for her mistress's comfort before he went out, and that she appeared some time after his departure, with the excuse that she had met her cousin in the bazaar, and had been having a talk with her. This she explained volubly in the presence of Basimeh Kalfa and old Ayesha, and then curled herself up on the carpet for her midday nap, but as soon as the other two had dropped off to sleep, she rose, and approaching Cecil with her finger on her lips, laid a note on the table before her. The hand-writing was Lady Haigh's, and Cecil tore the envelope open in alarm. The letter was short.

"My dearest Cecil, come to me *immediately*. Let *nothing* prevent you, if you wish to escape *eternal regret*. Put on your riding-habit under your sheet, and bring *no one* but Um Yusuf."

"You go, Mademoiselle?" asked Um Yusuf in a whisper, as she met Cecil's terrified eyes. Cecil nodded, and rose from her table. They passed on tiptoe between the sleeping women (Um Yusuf had adroitly placed herself in such a position that they could not block the door), and gained their own rooms. Um Yusuf knew nothing but that the note had been placed in her hand by a cavass from the Consulate, with a warning to deliver it secretly and at once, together with an intimation that the man would wait at a certain spot outside the Palace to escort Mdlle. Antaza to the Residency, if she decided to come. More she could not tell, and Cecil hurried into her riding-habit, and arranged the sheet over it. They left the courtyard without remark, for Masûd was in attendance on Azim Bey, and at the great gate the guards knew them and let them pass. They met the cavass at the appointed place, and hastened through the streets to the Residency under his guardianship. At the gate they were met by Mr. da Silva, one of the clerks, who took them to Lady Haigh at once.

"Oh, Lady Haigh, what is it?" gasped Cecil.

"It is a great trouble, dear," said Lady Haigh, taking her in her arms.

"Is it Charlie?"

"Yes, dear; it is Charlie."

(To be continued.)

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR A PRETTY PRESENT.

THE approach of birthdays vexes the minds of many girls upon the question of giving a present to their mothers, which shall combine beauty, utility, and cheapness. To such I would recommend

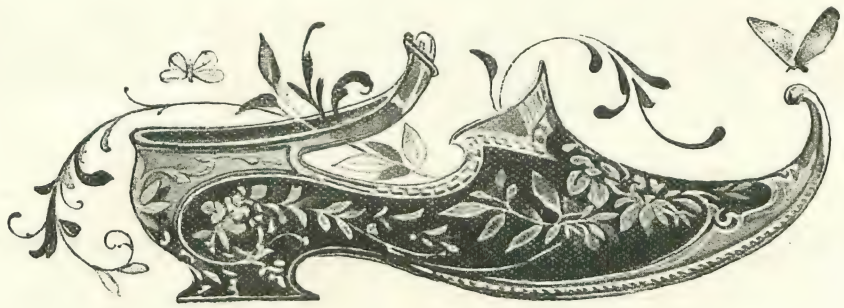
A PRETTY BOOT POCKET.

Most of us have met during our travels with the dark brown variety which, edged with scarlet or blue braid, is certainly useful, but, equally certainly, ugly. Quite a charming pocket can be made with one yard of Liberty canvas at 9½d. and a little silk. The canvas is folded lengthways in three, two thicknesses forming the pocket, and the upper fold the flap. The two under thicknesses are then divided into six equal parts and roughly but strongly stitched together with thick silk of a shade which contrasts well with the canvas. The edge of the flap may then be hemmed or else bound with a strip of Pongee silk such as may be procured for 1s. 0½d. the yard. Then, if you have more time than money, you may embroider any device you choose along the whole length, or a spray in one corner. Or, and this is perhaps easier and quicker, some wholesome motto or short proverb may be worked on fantastically and lightly, giving to the pocket literary as well as artistic value. If, on the contrary, your money be in excess of your time, the canvas may be used as a foundation only, to be delicately draped with soft silk, showing only a little of the canvas.

The model was made in the former way. The body is of green canvas bound with orange-coloured silk along the flap. The divisions are stitched with a whole thread (twelve strands) of filoselle one shade darker than the canvas. Along the pockets are scrawled the words, "You can if you think you can," done in the same filoselle, a little coarse black silk, and a thread of fine Japanese gold all twisted together and sewn on. At the right-hand side is a clump of bulrushes made of wadding covered with some scraps of the orange silk, and on the left side are some oranges made in the same way. The whole thing is done roughly, but the effect is good, chiefly because the colours are pleasing.

A boot pocket so made, whether embroidered or draped, is a pretty ornament for a hall, especially if its hues carry out the scheme of colou· already prevailing therein. It is especially useful to mothers with many boys and girls at home for the holidays. A family of skaters would find such a pocket convenient for the bestowal of their skates when not in use, as, comfortably housed, they would be less liable to rust. In such a case, the names of the different members of the family might be embroidered on it instead of the motto.

PAMELA BULLOCK.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GREEN CARNATION.—You might obtain information by writing to the Matron or Superintendent of the Martha Hans Institute in the Schiffer Strasse, Frankfort, where board and lodging at 3s. daily is provided for English governesses, and at the Victoria Home for British Governesses, 1, Weihburgasse III., Vienna. Write and make sure of obtaining a situation before you go to the expense of the journey; and it would likewise be desirable to write to the resident British chaplain and ask him to do you the great favour of giving his opinion of your incurring the risk of going to find situations. We presume you have good certificates as to efficiency, and first-class testimonials as to character from your clergymen and others, whose addresses are given if references are required.

E. S.—If you wish to be a dispenser of medicine you must apply for information to one of the three institutions we now indicate, *i.e.*, the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., which admits women to its daily lectures and to its exams.; fees £4 4s. The South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road, which likewise admits women to lectures and laboratory; fees for a year's training, £15. Also classes are held for ladies in dispensing and practical pharmacy at the Middlesex College of Chemistry, 40, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W. The Principal is F. Hubert Painter, Esq. Write for the prospectus of either or all of these societies, and enclose large stamped envelopes for them. It would be well to start with some knowledge of botany. Before opening a shop, a three years' apprenticeship to a registered chemist and druggist would be required.

B St. V. VERNON.—There is a children's hospital at Birmingham, Broad Street; at Gloucester, Kingsholm (free for children of the poor); at Liverpool, in Myrtle Street, an Infirmary for Children under 12 years; at Manchester, a general hospital for children at Pendlebury. We do not think any take nurses for training under 21 years; but you can write to the matrons of these and inquire for yourself.

STUDENT.—The university at which most women have matriculated is very naturally the first which admitted them. St. Andrews led the way in 1877, and since then some 6600 and upwards have proved themselves worthy of the advantages conferred on them in that university.

MRS. C. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.—We thank you for your kind letter acknowledging our mention of the Women's London Gardening Association, and note that all communications should be addressed to you. Also that only gentlewomen are received as apprentices. That advice on the management of country gardens is given at reasonable fees; that jams, jellies, bottled fruits, etc., are made on the premises (62 and 64, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.), and by ladies; that you contract for the stocking and care of conservatories, window boxes, and gardens by the month, season, or year; and that, with the exception of hard digging, conveying soil, laying gravel, and training tall creepers, all the orders are executed by ladies. We gladly give information concerning all institutions connected with women's work, and benevolent, amateur, educational, and other societies, on their application for a notice. But unless they themselves send us due advice as to change of administration and change of address, improvement and extension of work, or extinction, it is impossible for us to give "up-to-date information." Such societies abound all over the country as well as in town.

"22 YEARS OF AGE."—*The Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus, is what you require, published by the Religious Tract Society, price 5s. No limit of age advertised for the competition you name.

ARTIST'S MODEL.—We could not take the responsibility of recommending your taking a situation in a foreign school. If you wish to go to Paris, there are two homes the principals of which might give you advice. If you wish to go to any large city in Germany, such as Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, etc., write to the resident British chaplains for information. Your writing is so exceedingly bad it makes the eyes ache to read it, and this may have caused your last letter to have been passed over. You should warn any pupil not to copy it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACK AT SEA.—White straw hats which are much discoloured should be washed first in a warm lather of soap, with a soft brush. Bleach then in a wash of a quarter of an ounce of oxalic-acid powder, with three gallons of boiling water. Hold the hat down with a stick for five minutes. Dry before the fire, and stiffen with a little parchment-size. Be very careful with the oxalic-acid, as it is a strong poison.

BLUE BELL.—Get some walnut-stain, and having removed any splinters and roughness in the boards, brush them over with the stain. Then procure some beeswax and oil at an oil-shop, melt it till of the consistency of thick cream, and rub it over the boards with a stiff hard-brush. But there is danger in melting anything so inflammable; so beware of any of it running over. Melt it in an oven; and watch the (earthenware) vessel. Writing promises well.

ATHOL.—Should write to our publisher as to prices and supply of our own publications. We do not advertise, nor supply those of other societies and firms. Your own librarian could procure any book for you, and previously inform himself of their respective prices. We are sorry to disappoint you, and that we cannot give private answers.

A. W.—The duties of such situations would, of course, vary in each school, so would the amount paid for their services, and the time for the holidays. A "wardrobe-keeper" has the charge of the boys' clothes, mends and sends them to the wash, and generally sees that they are kept tidy and clean. The housekeeper, or matron, in small schools sometimes is "wardrobe-keeper" as well. The duties of a housekeeper are also varied, but in general she is the head of the servants, and looks after and engages them; orders and arranges the meals, and purchases the food as well, unless there be a steward. Her salary would range from £25 to £45, or more, per annum, according to the size of the school.

MEADOW SWEET.—The English language contains a far greater number of words than any other modern language. According to the most-recently published and revised dictionaries—notably that by Dr. Murray (Oxford)—there are no less than 250,000 words. Next in order of fulness comes the German, having 80,000 words; then the French, with 30,000; and Spanish, with 20,000.

HOUSEWIFE.—Much depends on the character of your wall-paper. Dust it lightly with a soft flat brush, or cloth, then try some obscure corner with crumb of bread two days old, and if the paper will bear it, rub the wall gently downwards with the bread (cut from a quartern loaf). If there be any grease-spots you must endeavour to remove them, by making a paste of fullers earth and cold water, laying it on the greasy places, and leaving it till quite dry, when it must be gently brushed off.

A BROTHER OF "THE GIRLS."—A quarter of an ounce of tobacco is contained in an ordinary cigar, and two grains of nicotine. But some of the strong kinds of tobacco contain fourfold the comparative amount. The proportion inhaled by the smoker varies also according to the rapidity of burning; and in the case of a pipe, according likewise to its length, form, and material of which it is made. A cigar is less injurious than a pipe, because most of its narcotising and volatile principle escapes into the air, and is not discharged into the mouth of the smoker, so much of which remains in the bowl of a pipe. It may not be generally known that watercress destroys the "toxic" principle of tobacco, without damaging its other qualities; and thus, were you to moisten it with its juice, the deleterious effects of the tobacco would be destroyed.

COLONIST.—"Cook's Islands" are also known as "Hervey Archipelago." They are seven in number, and are coral islands in the South Pacific. They were discovered by Captain Cook, in 1777; they belong to Great Britain, and there is a Resident paid by the New Zealand Government, and reporting to it, who represents British interests. We regret to be unable to say whether the islands be suitable for colonists or not; but you could inquire at the New Zealand Offices, in Queen Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

A WOULD-BE TRAVELLER.—The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem was opened in September, 1893. It is nearly fifty-five miles in length. Ordinary trains perform the journey in three hours. It was the work of a French Company of engineers. There are said to be 42,000 Jews in Jerusalem, and 100,000 in Palestine altogether, and the number is said to be increasing.

A. B.—The "British Gynæcological Society," about which you inquire, is occupied with surgical studies, specially with the anatomy of the female structure. We believe we are correct in so saying, without making any inquiries as to further details of its work. Your own doctor might tell you more.

ALGOA BAY.—The duties of what is called a "useful maid," are of much the same character as those of a "mother's help," only they are performed in the case of an adult, instead of a child or children. Service in every capacity, as occasion may require, personal attendance, needlework, performing of commissions, waiting at table if need be, dusting, or even the making of her mistress's bed and care of her wardrobe. In fact, to be useful "all round," this homely expression being very significant. Your writing, though legible, is not yet formed.

MARJORIE.—The story of the deadly effects said to result from the effluvium emanating from a certain remarkable upas-tree in Java does not seem to be well-authenticated. In any case, the real upas is the *Antiaris toxicaria*, one drop of the *latex* of which would kill a dog. The *latex* means the specialised juice of a plant, as seen in the "milk" of the dandelion. Upwards of seventy specimens of this tree are under cultivation in the Botanical Gardens of Tjikomoli, but no ill-effects have been reported as occurring to persons from merely remaining in their neighbourhood. The natives poison their arrows with the sap.

W. L. B. (Dublin.)—What are known as "Blue Books" are the official reports, papers and documents printed for the British Government, and laid before both Houses of Parliament. They derived their name from the fact that they are invariably covered in dark-blue paper covers or wrappers. Germany prefers to cover her "Blue Books" in white; Italy, in green; France, in yellow; Spain, in red; and Portugal, like Germany, adopts white. They are of immense use as reference-authorities on all subjects.

MARSH MARIGOLD.—Some words are pronounced differently in poetry and in singing, from when employed in colloquial English. For instance, "wind" is pronounced as "wynde" in poetry, and "often" is pronounced "of-fen" in ordinary conversation, but the "t" is pronounced in singing and dramatic reading.

KETTLE.—We are informed that spirits of salt will get rid of the fur in kettles. It is to be got at any chemist's, and, as it is a strong remedy, great care must be taken with its use. To two ounces of spirits of salt add four ounces of water, and pour this into the kettle, rinsing it round several times, but do not leave it in so long as to eat into the metal. After this the kettle must be rinsed out several times with water, to take out the salts. All the fur will thus be removed, with a little care, we believe.

SMALL-FARMING AMATEUR.—You could not keep more than two sheep, we think, on an acre of ground, but the nature of the grazing must be taken into account.

RHODODENDRON.—When a lady of title inquires whether any of the family be at home, you should reply, "Yes or no, my lady." If she be styled "Honourable," you must only say "Yes, ma'am." Your handwriting is not quite formed, but promises well, and we thank you for your kind letter.

E. M. B.—You will find no sale for your silkworm-silk. It is only purchased in such very large quantities at the silk manufactories.

POPPYHEAD.—We recommend you to show the condition of the leather to the upholsterer who made up the furniture for you. If so recently done he should do something for you for his own credit sake.

OUR HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND.

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the above fund. Anonymous, 1s.; A. G. Lower, 1s. 6d.; Louie McCready, 1s.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; A Well Wisher, 2s. 6d.; A. P., 6s.; Mollie, 5s.; M. S. S., 3s. 6d.

A WORD ABOUT HERR ROSENTHAL THE PIANIST.

HERR ROSENTHAL.
(*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, London.*)

STILL another pianist has come among us, and we have gone to welcome, hear and applaud the new-comer. He has a great reputation; for is he not likened unto Rubinstein? And Rubinstein was our ideal (O for the touch of a vanished hand). Let us then hear his successor. Well, we have taken to our arms Stavenhagen, Paderewski, Sauer, Siloti, etc., and we have room in our heart for Rosenthal. He glided in there through the bars of the Andante of the Appassionata Sonata; he stormed his way there with the thunders of the Paganini-Brahms Variations; scaling the runs of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz he leapt in there; he sang his way in with the Schubert-Liszt Linden-tree.

But is he a Rubinstein?

A perfect technique is the laboriously-gained but indisputable possession of a legion of pianists. And perfect technique is much; it is the expression of high talent; in itself it is, like Mr. Briefless Junior's clerk, "excellent and admirable." But it is only the starting-point for an original individuality, the foundation on which a powerful personality builds. When the pianist has made a faultless technique his own, then comes his opportunity of calling forth and giving forth the soul in his composer and in himself. His hands are equipped for the complete manipulation of his puppets, those "white and black slaves:" it remains for his mind and emotions to make the mechanical live even for a brief hour of glorious life.

To recall Rubinstein is to remember a peculiarly interesting personality. Original, magnetic, intense, emotional, he was visibly played upon and swayed by his own recital, and thus the more deeply moved and electrified his audience. It must be said that Herr Rosenthal does not answer in all respects to this description. Herr Rosenthal sits calm and still, playing for the most part with the placidity and reverence of Hallé (O for the touch of *his* vanished hand). He never manifests the "fine frenzy" of Rubinstein. In fact he is too accurate and reserved to let his whole self go as Rubinstein did. And yet Rosenthal in an immensely difficult show-piece like Liszt's Fantaisie (Auber) can force from the piano orchestral effects. Then the whole key-board is ranged over by the digital hammers, and the end comes with a great crack on the top and bottom of the compass. This is sublime. But it is the sublimity which suggests the ridiculous; and the excited listener laughs as he pictures what seems the appropriate *finale* of the exhibition, namely, that the player should jump and fall bodily upon the keyboard and then roll away into retirement!

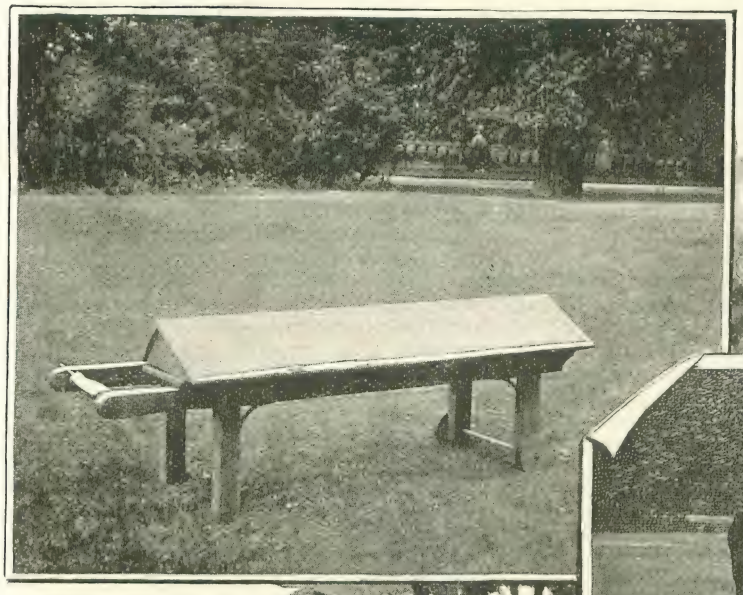
Rosenthal's use of the pedal is a unique feature in his performance. His method and skill in this were most notable in the Linden-tree, when a great volume of sound was so sustained as to produce the effect of a rush of wind in the branches.

Rosenthal commands a refined *piano* quality of expression, and he rippled through one or two lighter pieces with charming delicacy and lightness. But my recollection is that Rubinstein excelled in his magical gradations of light and shade whereby he passed from the very softest to the very loudest in tone.

I would fain hear Rosenthal repeat the recital of the Appassionata Sonata. The lingering, caressing tenderness of the Andante remains in the memory as a perfect interpretation; but I am not so sure that in his rendering of the other movements, Herr Rosenthal realised in all its fulness and depth the composer's meaning. WILLIAM PORTEOUS.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 844.] FEBRUARY 29, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CONVENIENT GARDEN SEAT.



IN most large gardens there are solid rustic seats, suitably placed either for the enjoyment of some distant view, or the near prospect of bright flowers, and we are often glad of these "rests for the weary," and make thankful use of them for awhile, but the wish will often arise that we could move them to the exact spot where we desire to sit. On sunny days we often covet a shady corner, or it may be a little coterie of friends wish to sit together for awhile to enjoy the pleasure of a chat in the fresh air, and then comes the need of a movable garden-seat, and such an one I have been asked to describe.

Reference to the diagrams will show how easily even a child can wheel the seat along on lawn or footpath. Another advantage is its hinged back, which folds over the seat, and preserves it clean and dry, and ready for use at any time.

This kind of garden-seat may be made of common deal or any durable wood, and when it has had two coats of paint it will last for many years, especially if housed under shelter when not required for use during the winter months.

VERAX.

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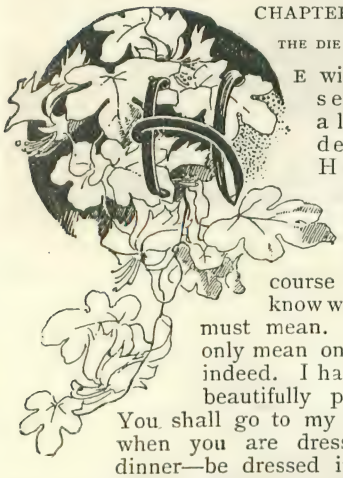
HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DIE CAST.



"He wishes to see you alone, dearest. He has particularly said so. Of course we all know what that must mean. It can only mean one thing indeed. I have it all beautifully planned. You shall go to my boudoir when you are dressed for dinner—be dressed in good time; and I will send him there to you. Oh my dear, my dearest Vera! what a happy woman I shall be if I can see you so brilliantly and happily settled in life!"

Mrs. Masham kissed Guinivere with affectionate effusion, and the girl returned the embrace willingly enough. Guinivere's cheeks were flushed, and her heart was beating tumultuously. She had arrived at Beechcroft two hours ago, and she was to be permitted to make one of the house party for a week or two, and help Mrs. Masham over the fancy ball that was setting the whole neighbourhood in a commotion. But the thought of the ball was not the one paramount in Guinivere's mind. She had something much nearer and more personally exciting to engross her.

Lord Woodmayne had arrived at Beechcroft the previous day, but she had not seen him yet. It appeared that he wished their first meeting to take place privately, and that in itself spoke volumes. Mrs. Masham was in a happy fluster of anticipation; she followed Guinivere to her room, had tea brought to her there, and insisted on having in her own maid to dress the girl's abundant golden hair, and to assist her with her simple toilet.

Guinivere declined to be loaded with jewels or finery. Her own girlish beauty was adornment enough, as perhaps she instinctively felt. Her dress was simple, but very perfect of its kind, and the excitement of anticipation had lent a rich colour to her cheeks, and a peculiar brightness to her eyes.

"You are quite perfect, dearest!" exclaimed Mrs. Masham kissing her with delighted effusion at the door of the little boudoir. "I will send him to you shortly. Don't get nervous. It is all coming beautifully right. What a grand piece of news it will be for the neighbourhood, and for your good father!"

Mrs. Masham nodded and smiled and pushed Guinivere within the room, and then closed the door, whilst the girl walked dreamily forward and stood looking silently into the glowing fire.

This fire gave the main light to the room, though one or two shaded lamps stood in various places. Although it was called the boudoir now, the room had been Mr. Masham's sanctum during his long illness, and had a look of comfortable solidity about it that does not always characterise a lady's boudoir.

The pictures on the walls were portraits in solid frames; the chairs were substantial as well as comfortable, and there were no very large number of feminine trifles lying about; for Mrs. Masham generally gave up this room to any visitor desirous of privacy, and seldom used it herself.

Guinivere had spent many hours here writing scented notes for her hostess, and arranging programmes for the day's entertainment. It was natural to her to sink into the circular chair beside the fire, and see pictures in the glowing coals. But her brain was in a whirl at this moment, though outwardly she was so calm and tranquil. She did not want to be long alone. She did not want to have leisure for silent thought. She had made up her mind—she knew exactly what she was about to do; but she did not want to think about it until the die had been irrevocably cast. She was afraid of herself. She was fearful lest she might not have courage to go through with it if she gave her thoughts too much liberty. She knew how it had been before with her—how nearly she had sometimes been tempted to a step which she would have ceaselessly regretted afterwards. It must not be so now. If she could not get all her heart desired, at least a very great deal was within her grasp. If she hung back at the critical moment and let it escape her she would live in a fever of remorse for weeks and months—perhaps for years. She would hopelessly offend her kind patroness, and close for ever upon herself the gates of the brilliant world into which she had made entrance. No, no—the thing was not to be thought of. Almost all she had ever coveted was now practically at her feet. She would take the good which had so unexpectedly come in her way, and would be happy in spite of those vague misgivings which assailed her from time to time as she pictured her future life.

The door opened, she heard a soft familiar footfall, and the closing of the door behind the intruder of her solitude. She rose from her seat, feeling for a moment a wild beating of her heart, and then she stood quietly with her hand upon the arm of her chair, whilst Lord Woodmayne advanced slowly towards her.

He came forward, scanning her intently all the while with an intensity of gaze before which her own eyes fell. Then he took her hand and held it between both of his whilst he spoke.

"So we meet again—at last," his words were spoken in a very low voice. "Have you a welcome for me, Miss Wilberforce—or may I say Guinivere?—the name which always haunts my thoughts when I think of you."

She attempted no reply. She was trembling despite her desire after composure. Something in the close proximity of this man dominated her and robbed her of the self-control which she had felt on all other occasions when her love had been solicited. Then she had been mistress of herself and of the situation. Then she had felt that everything lay with herself. Now she was perfectly conscious that the positions were reversed. Lord Woodmayne might pose as the humble suitor: but she knew that it was only a courteous fiction on his part, and she feared that he knew only too well the power which rested altogether with him.

"Guinivere, am I to have my answer?" he asked, still holding her hand, and looking her up and down, as though not a single detail of her person escaped him. It was not the look of a lover—and the girl was keenly and rebelliously conscious of this as she raised her eyes for a moment to his. It was the appraising glance of a would-be purchaser, who is making proudly certain that he has chosen well before completing the bargain. This was not how Arnold Leslie had looked at her beside the rippling river, nor even Roger Howel with his ill-timed and rash proposal. Something in the girl's whole nature revolted against it, and words of denial trembled upon her lips; but then as a flood of thought swept over her, revealing in a number of indelible impressions what life would become to her if she threw away this brilliant opportunity, the qualm of conscience and of rebellious maidenhood was stifled and crushed down, and she spoke in a gentle and submissive whisper—

"What answer, Lord Woodmayne? You have not asked me any question?"

"Have I not? I am not so sure of that. I think I have asked a good many. I will ask you one now—a very plain and simple one—for there are rare moments in life when simplicity is best between two human creatures. Guinivere, will you be my wife?"

No word of love—no attempt to promise or to ask for it! Just the bare, plain question, shorn of all accessories. There was no love in his look, only admiration and approval; no love in his voice, only a polished suavity that almost grated on her ears. Guinivere could have sobbed aloud in her keen distress and disappointment. It scarcely seemed possible that this could be all. But he was waiting for an answer—the future of her whole life depended upon her next word. She had gone too far to draw back now; and just lifting her wistful eyes for a moment to his she answered very softly—

"Yes."

Perhaps something in that glance touched his heart, callous and world-

worn as it was. Perhaps he saw the glint of unshed tears in the violet eyes, or caught the vibration of voice which bespoke an unwonted emotion. Or perhaps there was really some spark of love in his heart for the beautiful girl he had resolved to make his wife, and the certainty of possessing her fanned this spark into a sudden glow. Be that as it might, his face certainly changed, and kindled with a look Guinivere had never seen there before; then he put his arm round her and drew her to himself with a gesture that had some real tenderness in it.

"I believe he does care for me after all," thought Guinivere with a little throb of gladness, as she let her lips meet his. "Oh if he will only love me I can be happy—I can be very happy. I will try to make him a good wife. If I have done any wrong, I will atone for it like that!"

It was easy to see the bright side of everything that evening, when the secret seemed to be oozing out everywhere, and the whole house was redolent of congratulation. Before the dinner-hour had passed the whole company was aware of what had taken place, and when the ladies retired to the drawing-room together, Guinivere was so kissed and made much of that she forgot everything in the delights of her brilliant prospects. These were discussed during the whole time till the gentlemen came in, after which she was monopolised by Lord Woodmayne in a fashion which could not but be gratifying.

Mrs. Masham's affection knew no bounds. She followed Guinivere to her room at night to pet and make much of her. She insisted on making her a present of some pearls which she said she was getting too old to wear herself now, and already the girl began to feel the subtle intoxication of a sudden elevation to rank and wealth.

"He has not spoken about the date of the marriage yet?—no of course not. It is too soon. He must talk with your father first of course. But I am sure it will be very soon. He will not want to wait long now. He is a man who has never waited for anything in his life—and he always gets his own way. I should think just after Easter—that will be early in April this year. A capital time; for you can be presented immediately before—unless he prefers for you to wait till afterwards—for of course you must be presented as his wife on the first opportunity—and then a run abroad, just in the best time of the year, and you will get back for the best of the season—and will queen it there and be the star of every drawing-room. It will be charming. I must come and see you in your glory. What a sensation you will make! Everybody will be asking why you were not brought out before! My dear, you don't know what a career of triumph you have before you! I think myself that a young and beautiful married woman when she has rank and riches, holds the most enviable position in all the world—far more really fascinating than that of a young girl. You have made your conquest, and can enjoy the fruits of it at ease. Girls are so much hampered and have to walk so warily. But you can please yourself."

"I think I shall have to please Lord Woodmayne first," answered Guinivere seriously; but all the same her heart was full of exultation at the prospect before her, even though she did feel that there might be thorns and briars in her path.

"To be sure, my dear, that is very prettily spoken. But don't let yourself be a slave. Lord Woodmayne is delightful; but he has it in him to be jealous too. I should keep him well in hand. Don't let him play the tyrant over you."

Guinivere shivered very slightly, and laughed the suggestion away. It pleased her more to hear her hostess chatter on about the glories of her future position than to turn her thoughts towards the domestic side of the picture. Yet Guinivere went to bed that night a proud and satisfied girl. She never for a moment regretted the step she had taken. She was determined to be happy in the attainment of her most ambitious dreams, and it was plain that everybody about her thought her the most fortunate being in creation.

At the Larches the news was received with very varying emotions. Guinivere was not the first to bring it. Lord Woodmayne came in person by his own wish, and solicited an interview with Mr. Wilberforce in which he gave his account of the matter.

To say that Mr. Wilberforce was not gratified would not be true. He was proud of his daughter's unusual beauty, and had been prepared by many hints and prophecies which had reached him during the past year for something rather brilliant and unusual for a girl in her position. He had already made certain inquiries respecting Lord Woodmayne, and had no fault to find with his prospective son-in-law save that he was considerably older than his affianced bride; but if Guinivere did not mind that discrepancy, he did not see why anybody else need do so. He was man-of-the-world enough to know that henceforth his daughter's sphere and his own would lie considerably apart, and that he must not expect to see much of her; and he said as much to Lord Woodmayne, who accepted his proposition courteously, but with evident satisfaction. He had every intention of keeping his wife exclusively in the set in which he himself moved, and had no desire that she should see much of her relatives after she had become his wife. She would have to take up her position and move in a different circle altogether. That was already determined upon; and it was agreeable to find that Mr. Wilberforce took so sensible a view of the matter. It saved him from having to say or even to imply anything that might sound disagreeable.

Fatherly pride helped Mr. Wilberforce to accept the matter with satisfaction as well as a little regret; but the sisters scarcely knew what to make of it all. Mrs. Wilberforce was greatly excited when she came to them with the news, and she shed some natural tears as she spoke of the inevitable separation, and the giving up of one of them so entirely and unconditionally.

"But she will come and see us—we shall go and see her, surely!" cried Mysie with wide-open eyes. "Guinivere would never let her husband keep her away from her own father and sisters! I don't understand what difference it makes whether Lord Woodmayne is a lord or not, or whether he is rich or poor. She is our sister, and sisters always go to each other's houses. I'm sure Guinivere will not let anybody keep her away from us."

"Oh no, not entirely, of course; but we none of us quite know how busy a life a lady of high rank leads, nor how many things crop up to fill her time," answered Mrs. Wilberforce. "Of course it will not be Guinivere's wish; but you know what a proud man Lord Woodmayne is. He never seemed able to make up his mind to know any of the rest of us. It seems strange; but it is the way things go in the world. We must not make it more difficult for Guinivere than it will be of necessity. It will be a great change for her, poor darling. I can't think how she has the courage for it! A solicitor's daughter to become a Viscountess with ever so many thousands a year! Oh, I hope she knows what she is doing! I hope she will be happy. She is beautiful enough for anything; and she has seen something of the life already; but it will be a greater plunge than she knows. I hope Lord Woodmayne will be good to her. I sometimes think marriage is a great lottery with girls in the upper circles, who can know so little of the men they marry. After all, we had none of us seen Lord Woodmayne before last summer. Oh, I hope she knows what she is doing!"

Mrs. Wilberforce fluttered out of the room again, leaving the sisters looking at one another in some doubt and perplexity.

"So she has done it!" exclaimed Beatrice beneath her breath. "I had begun to hope it was all over."

"To hope!" ejaculated Gipsy quickly. "Don't you like Lord Woodmayne then?"

"Not much," answered Beatrice gravely, choosing her words much more carefully than she would have done a short time back. "It may be because I do not know him well. He may be nicer than I have thought. If he is to marry Vera I *must try* to like him if I can. I don't think it is always easy for girls to know what men are like."

"You used to hate Dr. Salisbury once," remarked Mysie, "but I don't think you do now."

"No, he is quite different from what I thought," answered Beatrice, "and I was silly too once, as well. If Vera were engaged to him now I should be quite happy about her. One trusts Dr. Salisbury and knows he would be kind and gentle and manly always. I don't feel at all sure about Lord Woodmayne."

"I think Dr. Salisbury is a good man," said Norah in her simple straightforward way. "That just makes all the difference."

"And," cried Gipsy with a sudden

flush upon her face, "a doctor who is what Norah calls 'a good man'—and we know what she means—is I think generally a *very* good one. For it's awfully hard to go through all that we have to do, and keep our faith pure and unshaken. It means a lot of hard fighting to keep it at all; but if one does get through that—I don't think one would ever lose it again!"

Her sisters looked at her, but made no direct reply. Some intuition told them that Gipsy spoke with a personal meaning, and they half understood her; but it was not a matter to be openly discussed between them now. Nobody could have lived in that house through the winter without being aware that some struggle had been going on in Gipsy's mind. She was so much graver, more thoughtful, more abstracted than of old, and her bright flashes of merriment were fewer and less ready. Hard work and examinations might account for much; but there had been more than could be altogether set down to that score. So they could read between the lines when she spoke now.

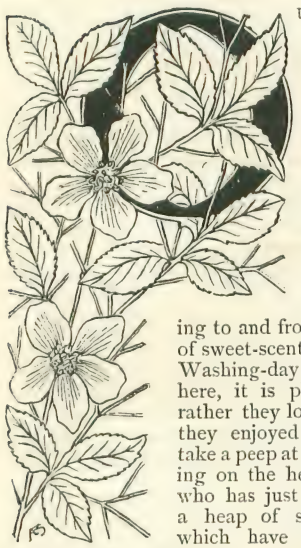
Freda broke the silence by saying with a smile and a sigh—

"I shall make a fine thing out of 'A marriage in high life' or 'The wedding of Viscountess Woodmayne'—only I suppose she won't be Viscountess Woodmayne till she *is* married! how's that, umpire? But somehow I don't quite like the notion of it. I suppose one ought to be glad, and if she likes it we shall. But it seems unnatural somehow. I'd rather have seen her plain Mrs. Salisbury—only I suppose Guinivere could never under any circumstances be accounted plain!" and Freda ended her sentence with a laugh.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL-BRIDES OF HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER V.



OUT in the orchard this bright summer's morning there is a flutter of dazzling white linen, for the laundry department is in full swing, and the girls are busy carrying to and fro their armfuls of sweet-scented garments. Washing-day has no terrors here, it is plain to see; rather they look as though they enjoyed it. Let us take a peep at them, following on the heels of Alice, who has just gathered up a heap of small articles which have been spread out on the grass to whiten.

"Already dry, you see," she says, "oh, how hot it is in the sun this morning, it makes this place seem quite dark in comparison. Is that machine ready for me to turn, Miss Pen?"

"It is ready, but not for you; you must be content to fold and sprinkle your own share first; you would take all the heavy work and leave all the play part to us, you naughty child, go and sit down awhile;" this from the teacher in playful chiding.

The "machine" referred to is a fine specimen of the combined washer and wringer type, and its barrel-tub has been freshly-packed with a quota of the soiled linen, which by magical result of turning a handle for a few minutes' space causes them to come out spotless as new.

It had been Penelope's orignal intent to hire a boy for the turning of this, but after a first trial both her pupils scouted the notion, so eager were they to master every branch and every detail; and really with the will to do, there is no difficulty that is insurmountable.

Two windows in this brick-paved room stand wide open, overlooking the paddock where the cows are feeding; the steam from the boiling copper is carried out by the draught, and in spite of the inevitably vaporous atmosphere and the odour of soap, it is undeniably a pleasant place to linger in.

In the tub there are some things which need a little hand-rubbing to ensure their thorough cleansing; a woman stands there whose acquaintance we have still to make; she is the latest recruit to the company, but not the least important of the number.

Margaret Ferrars is perhaps not exactly a "girl-bride," for she will not see thirty again, but a bride in prospective she certainly is, and it is as a humble learner that she has come to stay for a spell under the roof of the Grey House. Though for many years past she has been a teacher of others, she has come here to learn the simplest domestic arts, with an earnestness and a modest humility that does her infinite credit.

With her Penelope has been a firm friend from the start, and when her own *rôle* as teacher can be dropped, she looks up to Margaret as to an elder and wiser sister, there is perfect understanding between them. Also she has received confidence which very few other people have won from this quiet soul, and the connection thus formed between them is one that passing years will not be likely to weaken.

It is inevitable that with a common bond, and a common purpose to unite them together, their own personal affairs should sometimes form the topics of conversation as they work; indeed it is never for long that the name of "John" is absent from sweet Alice's lips, and "Percy" and "Robert" loom largely important on the horizon before the other two.

Sometimes they come very near to asking Penelope whether their speculations and fancies concerning her have any foundation, but though she takes the keenest interest in all that concerns them, she does not invite the same for herself, and her own reticence holds curiosity in check. Either there is a hidden sore to keep from view, or else the chords have not yet been touched.

It was characteristic of the type of woman Margaret Ferrars represented that in her own particular case she ran counter to most things which would have been naturally expected of her; highly cultivated on the intellectual side, it was plainly a hardship to her to do the manual labour which part of their training required, yet, though it was easy to see how almost repugnant many things were which to one accustomed to domestic life would be accounted trifles and taken as a matter of course, still it was never by a look or word of complaint that such was shown; indeed, only Penelope was keen-sighted enough to detect the difference of shade, but she ascribed to its right source the motive-power that ennobled every duty. All the same, she said to herself, he must be an exceptional man who had attracted such a woman, and drawn her from the path which she had so plainly marked out for herself, and for which she seemed pre-eminently fitted. Something of the same thought was expressed by Alice one day when Margaret had mentioned the name of "Robert."

"Is he a professor?" she asked.

"Oh dear no, only a very ordinary man, with the ordinary man's failings and faults, but"—and a low ripple of satisfaction broke out here, "he needs me, and I am glad of it." Yet she did not quite convince her hearers.

About the middle of the morning Janet comes in bearing a tray; she is greeted with acclamations.

"Lemonade, hurrah! oh, and buttered biscuit! Janet, you are a dear soul; I am sure washing does give one an appetite."

"Or a thirst. I could drink all that lemonade myself, Janet; have you any more in reserve? I don't wonder laundry people have a reputation for beer!"

"Oh, Madeleine!" in a chorus of pretended horror.

"Well, I assure you I have been sympathising with Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' for the last hour; 'water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' Janet, you have my best thanks."

Janet departed, her face rippling over with smiles and cap-ribbons nodding; this was just one of the little offices which she delighted to perform; she owned to herself, though not to her young mistress, that she had quite "taken to" the young ladies, they had brought a new and vital interest into her quiet life.

After the break, work is resumed again with added vigour; it is a point of honour to get all the actual washing done by lunch-time, and the lines are left filled with the heavier things, that can dry while something else occupies the attention of the workers.

The heaviest part comes at the last undoubtedly, when coppers and tubs have to be emptied and cleaned out, for it is a rule that no place is to be left until it has been put into perfect order, and all tools cleaned and restored to their places; a good rule too, but one which only the lady's mind fully appreciates.

Pipes have been laid to carry off the waste water wherever it was possible to lay them, but no pipe has yet been invented that can scrub down a floor, so it is no use grumbling at the inevitable, and indeed no one attempts it, but dividing the labour among them it is not long before the brick floor shows a spotless surface, tubs are reared up on end to dry, the coppers shine again, and the breeze blows in over a cleared and ordered space, the quondam washerwomen having departed to change their dresses, and rest and refresh themselves.

The next order for them is truly to "rest," by reading, writing, or sewing if they choose,

and after lunch is over each retires to her own sanctum for awhile; the extra labour will do no one harm, if a couple of hours be wisely spent in this way. Afterwards there will be clothes to sprinkle and fold away; the "higher branches of laundry work," as Madeleine terms the clear-starching and ironing processes, come to-morrow.

But this done, and the ever-welcome cup of tea despatched, the company divides; two go to finish the thinning-out of the lettuce-beds while Margaret and Penelope set off to the Haven partly to purchase a few household necessaries from the store and partly to investigate a case that calls for the help of the latter at this time. Let us go with them.

Mistress Kirstie Fay gives a solemn nod of recognition to Penelope as the ladies enter her store, and she gravely tenders her hand over the counter; following Penelope's suit Margaret offers her own to be grasped by the other toil-hardened palm, and bears with what composure she can the keen scrutiny of the curious eyes. She has been warned that to make a favourable conquest of Kirstie was to ensure her reception among the Haven folk, for Kirstie rules with a high hand here.

"This is another new face, eh, Miss Pen?" she asks slowly, and one might fancy there is almost a grudge implied in her tone, so zealous a conservative is she.

But Penelope is not disconcerted. "Yes," she says, "Miss Ferrars is a new friend as yet, but one we are all learning to prize very highly, and that is why I have brought her to you, Kirstie; all the Haven must know when a new star shines upon it, and I assure you this is a very bright particular one."

Margaret may smile, but her disclaimers are not listened to; Kirstie lays down the law and with the true touch of grace which no aristocrat could better.

"We aire no' ower-quick at taking in new faces as ye ken, Miss Pen, but gin' it be a frien' ye think muckle o' she maun be frien' o' us too"; then she gave her mind to business.

"Have the herrin' done well for us? No that bad, maybe, but there be many that don't pay their dues, good take or bad; they ken that Kirstie won't hold back when it's the childer that go short, but they ain't so keen to mind if Kirstie goes short hersel' at times."

"Will you tell me, Kirstie, if the Ryans have really tried their best while the 'take' was on; it is useless to go on helping people who will not help themselves, but I know of a good chance for Molly Ryan and perhaps for Katie too, if they could be relied on to use it well."

"Well, Miss Pen, I'll no be saying aught agin the Ryans; Peter did bring me the first bit o' gold as he got in the hairst, but it's true he were not long afore he cam' borrowing it agin, still they hev all the good heart to them, and Molly be right slav'd to do for 'em all; as to Katie I'll no say."

Penelope smiled; the reservation as to Katie Ryan she quite understood, the pretty wayward girl was no favourite here.

Taking leave of Kirstie after relieving her of some of her stock and depositing its equivalent in the coin which the old woman knew how to value, they went on their way to visit the Ryan household.

Peter lounged in the doorway smoking his pipe; he did not see the necessity of removing that though he saluted the ladies respectfully enough and doffed his cap.

"The mither's as usual, mem, an' she'll be main glad to see yer," he replied in response to Penelope's kind query, and led the way into the cottage, which was truly Irish in its lack of order, but a welcome as truly Irish was given to the intruders.

Mistress Ryan sat in the chimney-corner ostensibly occupied in knitting stockings which she said the "childer could never have enough o';" in truth, to judge by the bare feet of the youngsters that ran about, the supply by no means satisfied the demand.

Molly left her wash-tub in the far corner to greet the visitors, but she quickly returned to it again on the plea that there was "no end" still to do.

"Well now, we have got on faster than you, Molly, for all our washing is done, dried and folded," Penelope said merrily; "and we didn't start at six in the morning either," she added, touching what she knew was the point on which Molly prided herself.

"To think now that leddies like you should do washing at all, at all," the older woman put in; "you shouldna', Miss Pen dear, it's no' fit!"

"And wherefore not?" Miss Pen asked quickly; "is it I that am disgraced by washing or that my washing is a disgrace to me?" but this point they passed over.

"It's all very well for Molly there, she expec's to do common work if she be at home or if she be in sarvice, but no' the likes o' you;" and again the head was shaken disapprovingly.

"Now, Mistress Ryan, and you too, Molly, listen to me; I want to tell you once and for all that to me and to the ladies who are with me, there is no such thing as 'common work;' we do everything that has to be done, both in and outside of our house, but we do not look upon any single duty as being of greater honour than another, nor do we feel ourselves less truly ladies after we have done them. I say it is the manner in which a thing is done, not the thing itself which makes it mean or no."

She was listened to attentively enough, but it was evident that they found it difficult to credit her with a practical application of her theory.

Then she turned to Molly particularly.

"Molly, my friend, Miss Ferrars knows of a place which you could fill well if you like, and if you did well it might open the way for Katie also," then she proceeded to give explanations.

Her listeners gravely weighed the matter, looking from one to the other; they did not think it necessary to thank Miss Pen for her offer, but that she did not expect.

"It sounds as if it might suit yer, Molly," the mother said tentatively.

The girl herself was a little more decided.

"I guess it might suit me for a spell, at any rate I'll try it," she said, but though the words sounded ungracious enough, they were not really meant to be so, and after a little talk and a few arrangements settled, the ladies took their leave.

A few yards from the cottage they came upon Katie, but after a swift keen glance of scrutiny she passed them by with a nod.

Margaret Ferrars laughed.

"Really," she said, "it is good for one's pride to come here, I think; do you know I feel I have been so condescended to this afternoon, I am quite humble."

Penelope joined in the laugh, but she said—

"The Haven folk are aristocrats, if pedigree counts for anything, and they are Conservative to an absurd degree, but all the same, they are grand material for a reformer to work upon. I have no fear but that Molly will do us credit, that is if the place 'suits' her, as she says."

"It is well to try and take large views of humanity, I know, but one would hardly expect to learn to do so in a housekeeping-school, yet I believe I have learnt not a little in that way all the same, since being here."

Penelope looked pleased.

"I can show you more yet," she said; "as you yourself say, it is 'learning ever' as long as we live. It would interest you to come with me some afternoon, and listen to old Jamie's criticisms. Jamie depends upon me for his weekly budget of politics and general news, but his way of digesting it is most instructive, you would enjoy it keenly."

Talking together they are not long in climbing the hill, and, as usual, pause for the long backward look over the fair scene below.

"Is it that those few cottages really contain unique specimens of quaint humanity, or is it that we are too blind to the interests of human nature generally that we grow to think most places are so much alike, and people so much the same wherever they live?" Margaret Ferrars said musingly.

"I think I understand what you mean, for it seems to me that it rests with ourselves to find the key if we would unlock any human heart," Penelope replied.

A call from the other girls warned them they must quicken their steps if they would not be late for dinner, and presently the closing door hides them all from our view.

L. H. YATES.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

281. What is the meaning of the name Obadiah, and when is he supposed to have prophesied? What other Obadiah is mentioned in Old Testament history?

282. Into what two parts is the prophecy of Obadiah divided?

283. Where was Jonah born, and what saying in the Gospel history makes the place of importance?

284. Who was Jonah's father? What does the prophet's name mean? When does Jonah first appear as a prophet?

285. Why did Jonah flee to Tarshish when God commanded him to go to Nineveh? and where was Tarshish?

286. Give the references to Jonah made by our Lord.

287. Who was Micah, and of what place was he a native? To whom was he sent?

288. In what words does Micah begin his prophecy? On what occasion and by whom were similar words spoken 150 years previously?

289. How did one of Micah's predictions save the life of Jeremiah?

290. Where does Micah prophecy the birth of the Christ? What epithet does he employ in reference to the place of the Nativity? In what form was this epithet afterwards quoted, and by whom?

ON GIMCRACKS.

IN almost every drawing-room or woman's bedroom that one enters, in a multitude of gay and tempting shop-windows, in every list of wedding-gifts bestowed upon a bride, the tendency is shown of the modern mind to delight in flimsy trifles, popularly believed to be ornaments.

To take the drawing-room first. Does not the average specimen suggest a fancy bazaar, rather than a home to live a useful life in, when we look at its array of rickety little tables, silk draperies, brackets, wall-pockets, screens, photo frames, ornamental crockery, and multiplicity of little pictures on the walls? In the homes of the wealthy, the travelled, and those blessed with naturally good taste, these items are often individually very beautiful things, but their beauty is eclipsed by the crowd of incongruous odds and ends by which they are surrounded; but to the humbler imitator of the fashionable craze quantity, not quality, seems the end for which to strive.

I was once shown into the parlour behind a village shop, which was such a caricature of the modern drawing-room, that I had difficulty in keeping my countenance sober while I conversed with its complacent mistress. It was a good-sized, pleasant room, and with sufficient tidy furniture, but there were gorgeous anti-macassars on every chair, glass vases innumerable, some holding paper flowers, some of a bright-blue colour, with heads of plumy pampas-grass, dyed magenta, green, and orange.

Every available inch on table, whatnot, and piano, was crowded with cheap and hideous trifles, and the pictures and brackets on the walls were beyond description!

It did not look like a room in which the master of the shop could enjoy his well-earned Sunday rest with his little children—indeed, I doubt if the bairns were ever allowed to set foot within its sacred precincts, yet the house was a small one, and what folly it seems to sacrifice the comfort of the home, to the empty glory of impressing an occasional caller with its splendours.

Another objection to these crowds of ornaments is the work they make for mistress and maid.

In the days of our grandmothers, when spinning and sewing, baking and washing, preserving and pickling, were all of necessity done at home, there was no time to waste on fancy dusting, and middle-class parlours were bare and sombre, even to dreariness. We do not wish to return to this style, but to find the happy medium of beauty and utility.

By all means have some pictures—a few really artistic ones, on which the eye can rest with pleasure. In these days of etchings and photographs it is easy to find such, but do not frame the children's school drawings, or ordinary oleographs, unless some special interest is attached to them. We remember one middle-class household in the old days, where the walls were entirely pictureless. The means were small, the family large, and the father said that he knew what good pictures were, and would not spoil the taste of his children by having cheap and inferior ones always before their eyes.

Liberty-silk and art-serge are in many cases a delusion and a snare; they are so inexpensive, and so fresh and pretty at first, but in the sooty atmosphere of our town homes, what faded, dingy, dust-traps they become, before we can bring ourselves to put away some dear Ethel's or Helen's clever handiwork! For this reason china ornaments are most desirable. If kept from breakage they never get faded or shabby, and soap and water make them like new again. Most families have some pretty old china, and very graceful and artistic things can sometimes be picked up at small cost among the legions of crude and tasteless articles at fancy shops.

Flowers, both cut and growing, are some of the best adornments of our rooms. To keep them in order and well-arranged takes a good deal of time, but they are a fresh and living interest, and surely it is better to spend sixpence on a good hyacinth root, than fourpence three-farthings on a trumpery photo frame or a china dog.

In bedrooms, for health's sake, all dust-collectors should be avoided; but we must not banish all pleasant objects for the eye to rest on during our waking hours, or in illness. Here we can have around us those mementoes of happy days, which can be rightly described as "of no value except to the owner;" and here also is the place for those family photographs which always give a common look to sitting-rooms, when displayed in frames on the wall.

In dress for ordinary occasions, there has been a tendency of late years to renounce gimcracks. In spite of rumours to the contrary, the sensible plain skirt continues in favour, in agreeable contrast to the meaningless buttons, bows, fringes and flounces, which bedecked the skirts of fifteen years ago. Dangling eardrops, lockets, and showy bracelets have also disappeared from the persons of well-bred women, and also the long curls, which were not always growing from the head to which they were supposed to belong!

Would it not be well if the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER were to resolve to spend their money on books, and really useful things, instead of buying cheap, frail prettinesses for presents, and also earn a little more precious leisure for self-improvement, and helping the needy, by banishing from the living-rooms one-half of the trifles which now crowd them, and endeavour to induce their friends to join in the crusade against the multiplication of useless gimcracks?

MAUD MORISON.

MY BABY.

By AMY IRVINE.

SHE was such a dear little thing; and I was the proudest mother in the land. All day long I had her in my arms; I could do nothing else but mind my baby. They used to speak to me about it, and tell me my house was not fit to be seen, and it was my duty to attend to it and my husband, and I was angry. I had a little maid, and it was her business to see to the house. Why couldn't they let me alone to enjoy myself with baby? What did I care for the house while I had my treasure to myself?

She was my first. When I looked into her solemn eyes that always seemed to be gazing far away into heaven, I used to feel that God was near, and that my little one would lead me to Him; perhaps she saw Him even then.

"Why can't you put her down?" asked Mrs. Grieves, crossly; "you're for ever mauling at the poor little thing."

"Put her down!" I exclaimed, and I felt the angry blood rise in my cheeks. "Do you think I'm going to leave her crying in her cradle, like some mothers I know?"

"If you mean me, my dear," she said, laughing, "it shows you know just nothing about it. I know as I don't carry 'em about all day long, like you do, and you won't when you've half-a-dozen, neither; but what I mean is, as it isn't good for neither her nor you, and if you knew what the neighbours say about your house, you'd set to and clean it down. It was the tidiest little home in the yard before the child was born, and your husband was that proud of it, he was for ever telling mine how he'd got the best wife in

the world. I'm speaking out plainly, my dear, and no offence is meant; but it's a pity to see your little home going to ruin just for want of a word."

"Going to ruin!" I cried, angrily; "how dare you say my little home's going to ruin? I wish the neighbours would mind their own business, and not gad about meddling with mine." As I spoke I could not help glancing round my kitchen, and my conscience smote me. It was not the sort of place a man likes to come home to after his day's work; and Fred would be in in less than half-an-hour. Fred always was more particular than most men; but he had never said a word, he generally tidied it up himself; and I had always thought that was only fair.

"I must be going," said Mrs. Grieves; "it's time to get the children's tea. I never meant to offend you, Mrs. Dodd; and I'm right down sorry if I have. Good-evening to you."

I was too much put out to return her parting salute. I could have sat down and cried, and the sting of it all was that she was my best neighbour, and would not have hurt my feelings by telling me the unkind gossip about me if she hadn't known that every word they said was true. I clasped my baby to my breast, and she put up her little hand and cooed; and I forgot every bit about settling the kitchen until I heard Fred's step coming up the entry. Then I called Mary Ann from the wash-house, and when Fred came in I was scolding her well for being so slow and lazy, and not having tea ready.

"There, there," said Fred, "don't be hard on the girl, Lizzie; one pair of hands can't be expected to do everything; and Mary Ann's young. Go back and finish the washing, Mary Ann, and I'll get tea."

I was silent and ashamed for a few moments; then I looked up at my husband, and said—

"Fred, sit down and hold baby, and I'll get the tea."

He looked at first as if he could hardly believe it. I had always been so afraid of letting him touch the child, she seemed such a fragile little thing in his great strong arms. While I bestirred myself that night to do the work I had neglected so long, I could not help feeling wretched and ashamed. I kept looking at those other two by the fire, and they made such a pretty picture. Her little soft cheek was pressed to his, and she had put her tiny fingers into his mouth, and was smiling to herself. As for Fred, he looked as if he had hold of the most precious gem on earth, and held her so cautiously, it almost made me laugh.

"God bless her," he muttered, kissing the little fingers as he handed her back to me.

I've often thought over that evening, and wished we had had others like it afterwards. But it's too late now. The next day I was just as wrapped up in my darling baby, and when Mrs. Grieves popped her head in to look at me, and ask me not to harbour ill-feeling against her, I was sitting in the rocking-chair with the child asleep on my knee, and Mary Ann was doing the work or not, just as she pleased.

"If I were you, Mrs. Grieves," said a shrill, unpleasant voice behind her—which I recognised at once as being Mrs. Bing's, the most disagreeable neighbour I had—"I'd never demean myself asking pardon where it wouldn't be granted. We all know Mrs. Dodd, there isn't a prouder woman for miles, though what she's proud about is more than any of us can say. It used to be her house, and look at it now, it's a pig-sty. Just now it's the baby, I suppose, and a more sickly brat hasn't been born in our yard for years."

I started up suddenly, so suddenly that I woke the baby, and I screamed out to Mrs. Bing to come back and repeat that last remark if she dared. I felt great choking sobs rise in my throat, and my heart beat in such thumps, it nearly choked me too. Mrs. Grieves tried to smooth matters, and Mrs. Bing looked rather alarmed, but I would have it out, I could not let such a speech as that pass without knowing what she meant.

"My baby's as fine a one as any in England," I shrieked, "and if anyone says she isn't, they, they're——"

"There, there," said Mrs. Grieves, "don't take on so, my dear. Mrs. Bing never meant to say it, did you, Mrs. Bing?"

Mrs. Bing stood in the doorway, as sulky as ever she could be, then she shrugged her shoulders and went off.

"Baby is all right, isn't she?" I cried, appealing to Mrs. Grieves, who had had so many she knew everything about them.

"I daresay she'll come on all right, if you can get her over her teething," she said. Then she went home, and I fell back in my chair and had a good cry. Oh, how I loved my darling child. How cruel of Mrs. Bing to speak against her like that.

After that I devoted myself to baby more than ever. She was my first, so I was naturally very anxious over every slightest change in her. Such a good child she was. She would lie on my knee hour after hour, and as I sat there nursing her, the hours would slip away, and I would be astonished when I heard Fred come home.

Only once he was cross with me, and that was one night he was late home, and he found the place in such a mess, that he said he was ashamed now ever to ask a neighbour in of an evening, like he had done now and then before baby came. I retorted sharply, and he got up and went to the door, and before I had recovered from my surprise, he was off, down the entry, and for all I knew, in the nearest public-house.

Mrs. Bing looked in, and she said—"So you've drove him away at last, Mrs. Dodd; we expected it long ago, you've no one to thank but yourself if he takes to drink——"

I shut the door in her face, and I heard her laugh outside, but her words stayed with me.

Ah, I was miserable that night, my conscience told me that they all were right, and I, I alone was wrong; but even then I made excuses for myself.

It might be about an hour after that that Fred came home. I think there was never such a good husband as Fred. He came straight to me where I was crying by the fire and kissed me, and he asked me to forgive him, as if he'd been wrong and not I, and he said that he would never forget again, and he knew that now I'd got a child I couldn't possibly keep the place as nice as before. Then he bent over the baby and touched her little hands reverently. Afterwards I knew how fond he was of her, when I understood him better.

I must hurry over the next part; even now I can't bear to think of that dreadful day. I had quarrelled with all the neighbours for their impertinence, and told Mary Ann if ever they came to the door, to say I didn't wish to see them, no matter who it was. I hadn't seen anybody for near a week, and I had no idea there was anything wrong with baby. She had been slightly fretful, but on that last day she slept nearly all the time. She was rolled up in a shawl on my knee, and I had been looking at the dear little face till I felt tears coming into my eyes. Ah, what a dear little thing she was. I thought of how she always liked to sleep with her tiny hand clenched round one of my fingers, and of how she used to wake up with a little coo, and would laugh when I pinched her cheeks together. What nonsense that was of Mrs. Bing's, about her being sickly; well, I was never going to speak to Mrs. Bing or any of them again, and I meant to ask Fred to move into another street. I was thinking of all these things, when suddenly there was a strange movement under the shawl, and when I started forward to see what was the matter, my darling's eyes were rolled up and fixed.

"Mary Ann, Mary Ann!" I screamed, "fetch Mrs. Bing, fetch Mrs. Grieves, anybody, anybody! Oh, what is the matter with baby?"

Mary Ann flew, and in a few minutes Mrs. Grieves came running in. She was stout, and panted. If I had been Mrs. Grieves, I don't believe I'd have come; but fortunately for me, she was a Christian woman, and had a Christian spirit.

"Get her into a warm bath as quick as you can go," she said, and then she set to work, and we did everything we possibly could, while Mary Ann ran for the doctor.

When Fred came home that night they told him that the child had been taken from us.

Never shall I forget his face when he came in and stood beside me where I had thrown myself upon my knees by my baby's cradle. Ah, those little feet that lay so still, those little hands that were so cold. But for Fred I think I should have died; he was the kindest and the best husband to me that anyone could have been. I don't know how I got through the next few days, nobody could persuade me to stir from watching by her. There I sat, and it seemed as if my baby led me almost into heaven, as if through her I found my God. Then we had to take her away to the cemetery, and leave her in that little grave, and when I came home, I thought that it was like the end of everything I cared about, and that it would be impossible to go back to the dreary round of work without her.

Mrs. Bing came to the door the next morning, and she was crying.

"Ah, Mrs. Dodd," she said, "can you ever forgive me? I'm that sorry, I don't know what to do. I'll never say another word against you; but I didn't think she was as bad as that, I never thought you'd really have to bury her."

Something prompted me to put my arms round her neck and kiss her, and from that moment Mrs. Bing and I have been friends. She said she knew she had a temper fit to take the roof off the house, and she wondered her master put up with it. I said I knew I was proud and idle, but I meant to ask God to help me from that day. I knew my baby was a link between me and God, for He had got her safe where neither pain nor trouble could ever touch her, and it seemed as if He must care more for me now when He had my little one there in heaven.

It is years ago now, and I have other little ones to love; but if you came into my little home, I think you would never believe it was once dirty and untidy—in spite of the children's boots—and sometimes they do make a mess. Fred is so proud of them, and just now Mrs. Grieves has come in and said he's been declaring that he's got the best wife of anyone in the yard, and the happiest home. I said he was wrong in one way, for I was sure she was the best woman of the lot of us; but all the same, I can't help feeling something more than glad to think that Fred could say such a thing of me. Dear Fred, thank God for such a husband.

Sometimes when I think of the baby I lost, I seem to see how God took her to lead me to Himself, and when the children are in bed, and Fred and I are sitting over the fire, we talk of her, and then his arm comes round me, and even if the tears are in my eyes, I am glad, for when I lost her I found that treasure which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and I thank God.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

A RECENT writer seems to think it not unlikely that the year 1896 will see a renewed protest against the use of the corset. Unfortunately, there are many women and girls who use it in an unhealthy manner to produce an unnaturally small waist. But this fault in both good sense and artistic beauty is far less frequent than it was; and certainly, as we advance, we do not find our modern women by any means inclined to it. In cycling, I find very few small or ultra-small waists, and very few women would be prepared to run the risk that a tight corset would entail on them. If it be possible to afford it, it seems better to have the corset made for you; for a well-fitting stay may be more expensive; but it wears twice the time of the ready-made purchase, and never loses its shape nor breaks bones, in the perfectly distracting way in which the ordinary corset has of doing. The new "Khiva corset," which can be purchased at most good linendrapers, is an admirable model for a young girl. It reaches to the waist, or a little above it, and leaves nothing to be desired for a slight figure, though it would prove quite unsuitable for those more matured. It seems always a pity to put the young girl into a tight, or very heavy corset, and most needless as well, for her slight proportions do not need constriction, but rather filling-out.

In spite of the fact that the year is not very far advanced, and that fashions may be supposed to be hardly visible, one can see many indications of the future, both in the park, and in those streets of the West End where well-dressed people resort. The most sensible change has come over the length of the dresses that are worn. Many of them are quite three inches, if not four, off the ground, and none touch in any part; the length being the same all round. All the really well-dressed women appear to wear their dresses short; a change that has probably been effected by the use of the same gown both for walking and cycling. The dresses are the same in every other respect, of course, and the jackets are very simply cut with a well-fitted back and double-breasted front, which is so well shaped as to avoid all appearance of bulkiness. Indeed, I find that in many of these new tailor-made jackets for out-of-door use, the seams are heavily boned, if not all round, then certainly in the front. If they button all the way down the front, then the under side of the front is boned. This ensures a fit, and smooths off the wrinkles which are sure to come without this safeguard. I see some "Eton jackets" worn on the cycle, but not many; and the whole effect of a well-dressed "wheelwoman" is a studied and careful sobriety in colour and effect. The

IN THE PARK BEFORE MID-DAY.

gaiters generally match the dress in colour, and so does the hat; and I think I mentioned the white woollen gloves in my last chat on the fashions of the day.

My next gleaning concerns hats and bonnets, the summery hues of which much astonish me. Yet one does feel it a refreshment in the "rounding grey," as the poet phrases it. Roses of all hues are seen in wreaths and bunches on both hats and bonnets; and one of the favourite winter colours is a vivid orange and an equally bright hue of emerald-green. Both are, of course, mixed either with other colours or black, the latter being specially pretty, and generally most becoming. Black gowns are so very generally favoured this winter, that I daresay most women feel the need of a little brightness in their bonnets. All kinds of pretty ornaments are used on the hats and bonnets, from pearl and diamonds to steel and jet; and ostrich tips are much seen likewise. There is some tendency to make the bonnets higher in front, and all the hats are worn tipped over the forehead, not thrown back on the head. White felt is in immense favour for hats, and I notice that many of the white brims are now lined with velvet, or if not lined, are bound with it. The two most favourite flowers of the moment are violets and roses, and velvet flowers do not make any show at all.

The figure in the velvet jacket, with *écru* lace, shows the shape of one of the prettiest new hats in white felt, with violet velvet and tips and pink roses, with their leaves as a *cache-peigne* at the back. These last are very much worn, and form a very pretty finish above the knot of hair. The ruffle for the neck is quite an established fact, and as the weather gets rather warmer it will take the place of the little fur animals which we have worn so long. These ruffs are made of ostrich tips, velvet, silk, and silk and lace. In the Park I saw a very charming one, made of "accordion-pleated" silk in close box-pleats, the colour being two shades of violet, and the whole looking like a wreath of lovely violet poppies. At one of the West End shops I saw a ruff of red velvet, edged with lace, which was tightly box-pleated into a ruff, the velvet being ribbon-velvet, and the box-pleating done at one of the edges, which was then let into a band fitting the neck, and tied in front. The pleating thus hangs downwards, but being so full and of so thick a

BODICE WITH NEW SLEEVES AND FULL FRONT.

VELVET JACKET WITH ÉCRU LACE.

material it forms a ruff quite sufficiently full. The general tendency is to have everything round the neck very high indeed; and there seems no chance of a return to the lower bands for the dresses, or the open necks which were used in France last year. The little lace-muslin collars are still worn as well as the cuffs, and very dainty they look with the winter-gowns of thick material. Cream and *écru* lace is used for these, as well as for fronts of jackets and bodices, and it is still made-up on a foundation of white satin.

The bodice with the new sleeves shows one of the prettiest novelties in that way that has come out for some time. This new over-sleeve is generally made of the material of the dress, lined at the edge with velvet, which turns outwards and over. The under-sleeve may be of a different material and colour, of silk or satin, to contrast with the hue of the gown. They are made separately, and put together at the armhole. The front of the bodice falls in a loose, bag-like shape, and there is a small basque, which is very full at the back. The upper part is of jet *passementerie*, or of *écru* lace, over black or white. The second figure shows one of the new "Etons," to which a short basque has been added.

The winter capes are very smart-looking indeed, and glitter with much jet; black velvet being the most favourite material for the better kind. The linings are quite a feature of them, and are generally of some brocade chosen for its beauty of colour. *Crépon* has become quite a fashionable material for the outside of capes. It has the advantage of being both light and warm; and fur linings are often seen with *crépon* covers. Seal-skin jackets do not seem to be much used, and I think less fur has been seen than usual, so far. But this may be owing to the extreme mildness of the winter, though there have been very cold east and north-east winds.

The Pinafore dress for young girls has come into renewed favour this winter, and I saw a very pretty one the other day, which I thought worth recording for future use. The material was a brown cloth, about the hue of a roasted coffee-bean. The front of the bodice and the shoulder-straps were decorated with rows of gold buttons, very tiny ones being used. The yoke portion and the sleeves were composed of Paisley, or what is also known as Oriental velvet, in shades of brown and rose-pink; and the waistband has an edging of the same. For a young girl there could not be a prettier dress. Black velveteen and coloured cloth are much used together for gowns; and I see that black *crépon* appears to be just as much used as ever, and "Vienna cloth" has taken a new lease of life also.

The paper pattern selected for this month is that of a "nightingale wrap," suitable for wear either for an invalid, or for sitting up in bed. It is made of either flannel, or now more generally of flannelette, which should be chosen of some very pretty colour and pattern, so as to add as much cheeriness and brightness to it as possible. Two yards and three-quarters of thirty-inch (or more) flannelette are requisite to make it, and three yards of inch-wide ribbon to match the flannelette in colour to trim it with, as well as some sewing-silk exactly to match the ribbon in colour.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Nightgown, drawers, and Senorita under-bodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of either cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, Senorita jacket, bodice fastened under the arm, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, under petticoat, cross-over blouse, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

NIGHTINGALE WRAP.
(*Paper pattern.*)

FOLLOWING THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

By HER GRACE, ADELINE, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

A FRIEND of mine who carries on work in East London, once described to me the inmates of a certain Home in which some strange and touching specimens of humanity are to be found. The one she specially mentioned was a child—a malformed and sickly girl, utterly ignorant, and almost a savage. After some time of training, this little creature developed a singular power of loving, and proved gentle and intelligent. One day whilst cleaning the kitchen table, an operation which necessitated her sitting upon it on account of her puny stature, she addressed my friend thus: "Do you think God meant me to be as I am? 'Cos I don't." She little knew what a well-worn problem her words expressed, nor what an interesting and suggestive subject for speculation she herself presented in connection with them. For though her body was a wreck and a ruin, her spirit was rapidly growing to be a fair and glorious thing. In saying this I do not pretend to dispose of her question, but, rather putting it aside, follow me for a moment as I try to realise this curious contrast. Let us suppose that for one day, or even for one hour, we are gifted with an additional faculty, and are capable of seeing persons in their spiritual as well as in their bodily aspects. I cannot but think we should see some strange and surprising things. You might be startled by observing the keen-eyed business man—prompt, rapid, and acute—accompanied by a figure with a dull mask for a face, no token of intelligence visible. Here is a beautiful stately woman, dragging a withered soul, poor and bare, through the world. We might see a tall, slight, fair-haired maiden, famous for her skill at tennis or her step in dancing, followed by a dwarfed and stunted spirit, uncouth or maimed. And over my cripple child, who strives to do her daily task, who loves everyone, and thinks about God, might be bending a radiant figure with shining eyes, of straight and beautiful proportion. If we could see life as it is, something of this sort would meet our eyes. The contrasts would strike us most; but, of course, there would be unities—you would love to gaze upon a noble body married to a noble soul. You would rejoice in the sight of youth, and strength, and beauty, attended by fair and fitting spirits. And you would be sorrowful when you saw the two disjoined. We should ask with real concern, "What has produced the contrast? Why does it exist? What influence dwarfs the soul and stunts the spirit's growth?" And the reply would be: "It is because the self-life has been nourished and cultivated, while the true life, the life of the spirit, has been starved."

Now, I do not desire to impress upon you any ascetic or overstrained view on the subject of abnegation, renunciation, and the like. Far, far from it. But I should like you to consider the possible danger of developing the lower side of our natures at the expense of the higher and diviner elements with which every human being is endowed. And so, before we go further, I would ask you to read this meaning into the little picture I have ventured to set before you.

But I doubt whether any merely negative considerations, warnings, and the like, ever effectually guided anyone into the right path. We require some positive motive power to move us forward. For this reason I have chosen some words as the title of this short paper which, I trust, you may remember and cherish when all recollection of those which I shall utter has passed away. They are these:

"Ever follow that which is good."

It is, like other of St. Paul's counsels, a magnificently comprehensive piece of advice, There is no need to apply any limitations to it. For, like all really fruitful counsels, it points to a state of mind or soul, rather than to a definite course of action. If we form the habit of seeking to imbue ourselves with that which is good in one line of life we shall not, in all probability, be unreceptive to kindred ideas in another. This habit, this persistent desire to seize upon and assimilate the genuine solid and enduring elements of life, is not a very common one. It is, of course, much easier to be swayed by fashion or opinion than to find out what the best thinkers or writers have said on any subject. The word "impressionism" is usually restricted to a certain style of painting, but it is not inapplicable to conversation which seeks to reproduce the gist of reviews rather than of books, and to accomplishments in general which lack adequate genuine study behind them. No real work need ever be selfish, even though it is not actually and immediately intended to benefit others. If we follow that which is good by forming our minds and tastes on the great masterpieces of literature, or by genuine work at languages, art, or music, we are preparing, I fully believe, for an enlarged conception of life, which shall tell (as St. Paul says), not only "among ourselves," but among "all men."

In the spirit of these words then, I would urge upon you the necessity for a thread of purpose running through your lives. Very few people consciously choose vacant or vicious existences; they drift into them. It is absence of purpose rather than an admitted desire for evil that ruins so many lives. We should early cherish a definite and growing purpose, not necessarily to distinguish ourselves in some special line (for that satisfaction is withheld from many), but to find out and pursue the best aim we are capable of, and never to rest satisfied with anything short of it. And to Purpose, which is a word for large and liberal interpretation, we should add the habit of Concentration. As a rule, we are apt to regard "muddle-headedness" as a very pardonable defect. Believe me, it is nothing of the kind. It is a common defect among Englishwomen. They are not concentrated. An order is given, it is imperfectly apprehended; an explanation is made, it is misunderstood. One thing gets confused with another, because the attention was not concentrated on the matter in hand. The habit of attention is one of the most valuable we can form, for it greatly simplifies life both in practical and intellectual matters.

May I add one more such hint? Train yourselves to some measure of Continuity. It has been said, with what truth I cannot determine, that if we could read the diary of any given person for a year, the future of that person could be constructed from it, because almost every one continues on a line of development rather than in a state of spasmodic movement. Modifying this, we may say that the germs of tastes and dispositions are embedded early in a nature, even if they appear late, and so that there is probably a secret formative process at work which has escaped the general eye. But although we oscillate to and fro, from one set of occupations to another which partake of the same nature, there is in most people a lack of continuity which greatly diminishes the usefulness of their lives. I will not enlarge further on this point, but merely ask you to reflect for yourselves on these three habits or dispositions which are valuable in the formation of character. I have assumed, perhaps too hastily, that my hearers have either dispositions for study, for art, music, or language; and it might be urged, or they might themselves protest, that a considerable proportion have no tastes in these directions. I am not disposed, however, to surrender my main contention—viz. that every one (except under special circumstances, which are not under consideration) has a certain store of energy, which may be drawn out on behalf of that which is good, and provided they engage in honest, genuine, wholesome work, the matter, or the manner of it, is of secondary importance. So we will not lay down the law about the development of taste or talent; the chief aim is to raise, form, and ennoble the individual character.

But, while refusing to prescribe in detail concerning matters which we are all capable of settling for ourselves, I should like to say a word or two about the spirit in which all our "doings" should be continued, ended, and begun. We may be very fastidious and very conscientious; we may cultivate a faultless taste, and in all matters intellectual and æsthetic follow unfalteringly that which is good, and yet there may be a flaw which would greatly mar our lives and work. The whole thing is spoiled by the self-regarding spirit. It is like a blight on the best things. Those who live unto themselves are (however little they may be aware of it) turning in a circle, like a squirrel in its cage. Like the squirrel, who doubtless thinks that his wheel represents the universe, they are content to go round and round. Now, how can we emerge into the freer air, and live in the world as God has made it, rather than in the little cage we may have constructed for ourselves? It is so natural to be occupied with oneself: life is immensely important to us when we are young; it may contain such riches, or it may be so barren; surely, it might be urged, we must not miss what we may get, by adopting exaggerated notions of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice? And so, first in one way and then in another, we cultivate self. "I must enjoy myself" is the first article of our creed; the next soon follows, "and that at any cost." There is no definite intentional wrong-doing; it is a stunting process; we adapt ourselves to a small, self-centred existence. The poor squirrel goes of its own accord into the cage, the wheel begins to turn, and it is hard to stop it. Many a self-imprisoned soul has said, "I cannot break the habits of a life now; I must go on as I began," and there is a certain truth in it. But, leaving this melancholy train of thought, how shall we define a contrary mode of existence? We have seen the deadly growth of egotism: its opposite is the free and healthy development of personality. By a wide sympathy with persons of every class, nation, and creed; by a hearty effort

to overcome prejudice, exclusiveness, and self-satisfaction, by a willing acceptance of unwelcome demands, this larger growth is nurtured and strengthened. We must discard the lower personal elements in ambition, and work with a single eye for knowledge, and the legitimate uses of knowledge; we must strive after an enlarged perception of beauty and worth; above all, we must measure the things of Time with the great weights of the Eternal balances. "Ever follow that which is good." This is the true atmosphere for spirit life, but it is on high ground. How shall we live in this mountain region? It is easy to describe it, more difficult to take up our abode there. The fact is, we cannot maintain this attitude unless we are at home, and happily at home, in this upper world. No reasoning about our duty to others, however sound, has really the power to make us fulfil it. No perception of the value and beauty of self-effacement can enable us to accomplish this most difficult task. We must enter into an alliance with spiritual powers if we want to live in the spiritual world. Our whole being must be vivified by the Divine forces if we are rightly to understand, or faithfully to carry out, the simplest of the claims that God makes upon us. If we are not to live unto ourselves we must live unto Him, and through His power acting upon us, for others.

To descend, however, from these reflections, which are perhaps more suited to our times of retirement, let me indulge in a more homely one in their place. You notice that we have to follow that which is good, not that which is "goody-goody." This is an expression with which we are familiar, though we have not perhaps exactly defined it. I should call goody-goodyness not so much the opposite of goodness, as a bad imitation of it. I understand the term to apply to persons who have scratched the surface of the subject of religious sympathies and aims, but never dug deep, or made any roots in the soil itself. They are content with words, and have no concern for the meaning of words—with practices rather than with practice. But we must not be hard on such, for this shallowness may drop off, and they may enter into the meaning of real religion or genuine goodness. As a rule goody-goodyness cannot survive the touch of sacrifice, it betrays its alloy in the fire. It is for this reason that resolutions to enter upon a higher plane of life are very satisfactorily tested by practical methods. It is true that the spirit is above the letter, but I do not know why the letter should not be inspired by the spirit. And so, although I have disclaimed any wish to suggest special modes of service, seeing that all life, rightly understood, should be capable of this definition, still I believe that those who are really in earnest will wish from this time forward to associate themselves with some definite work for others if they have not already done so. Opportunities will be suggested to them, and help and counsel will not be lacking. I should like to think that many noble workers will arise from among all the girls who read this paper. Workers who will begin quietly and unambitiously by helping other girls of their own ages, who have not their advantages of education and position; workers who will strive patiently to understand the poor, and to act consistently and wisely for their best interests; workers who will be teachers because they have been and continue to be learners; workers who know what is in man, and still more (if we dare say so) what is in God; workers who "think clearly, feel deeply, bear fruit well."

I imagine that some are inclined to smile at the idea of being enlisted in the roll of philanthropists. I have no wish to label them but I believe they are worth much, and I want them to be what they are worth.

I suspect that others have tried, have failed, and are discouraged. Circumstances are against them, and they have lost the spring they once had in such matters. May I say to such, "Take heart once more; whatever you can or cannot do, mind you do not forget what you ought to be." The repression of energy sometimes demands greater self-denial than its expression; there are many and varied claims in the Kingdom of God.

And lastly, I speak to some who are happily started in congenial work and are full of enthusiasm for their tasks. Let these cultivate a thoughtful individual interest in each one with whom they have to do; work *en bloc* is rarely of value. If we are Temperance workers let us (while practising personal total abstinence) make a point of embracing large and liberal views of the whole subject. And it is not unimportant to add that we should be careful to maintain happy relations with our fellow-workers; that wise relaxation is as good as wise toil; that routine is likely to impair our freshness, whereas a wholesome variety will assist us as well as those for whom we work.

May God grant that whatever our walk in life may be, we may at least be found among the number of those who humbly strive to be followers of that which is Good.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Is he—is he——?" faltered Cecil.

"Not *dead*, my dear? oh no! how could you imagine that?" cried Lady Haigh, in great excitement, "nor hurt, nor even in danger, I hope, at present. But the horses are ready. Let us start at once, and I will tell you about it as we go along. Mr. da Silva is coming with us."

They left the Residency and rode in single file through the narrow streets of the city, but once outside the gate, Mr. da Silva withdrew to a respectful distance with the cavasses, and Lady Haigh and Cecil were left side by side.

"Now, Lady Haigh, please tell me," cried Cecil, whose brain had been busy conjuring up horrors the whole time.

"You must be brave, my dear child, and thankful—thankful that you are able to see Charlie once more, when it was just a chance that they didn't succeed in keeping you from him."

"Lady Haigh!" Cecil almost screamed, "they haven't put him in prison?"

"No, my dear, no. Your imagination certainly dwells on horrors. Wait a little, and I will tell you it all. You know that for some time Charlie has been very unpopular in the city, and that the *budmashes*, as we should call them in India, have been shouting bad names after him in the streets? Well, it has been a great mystery why this should be, for he got on so very well with the Baghdadis in his first two years here, but now it seems that they have come to regard him in some way as a spy. Of course there has been mischief at work, somebody has been slandering him, but that doesn't make it any better. Naturally I knew all this, but nothing more, and what has happened to-day has been a tremendous shock. Very early this morning Sir Dugald received a letter from the Pasha, brought by Ovannes Effendi. I don't know what was in it, but Denarien Bey called just about the same time, and they were all three closeted together. Then Denarien Bey and the other man went away, and Sir Dugald sent for Charlie. I had no idea that there was anything wrong, or even out of the common, and you may conceive my astonishment when Charlie came rushing to me in a fearful state, and told me that Sir Dugald had ordered him to proceed at once to Bandr Abbas, right away down the Gulf, and remain there until further orders. They have an outbreak of cholera there, and their doctor is down with it, and has telegraphed for help. Of course Charlie didn't mind the cholera, but he was to start to-day, by the steamer leaving this very morning."

"Oh, Lady Haigh, he isn't *gone*?" cried Cecil.

"You may well be astonished, dear. I assure you I laughed at the notion of such a thing. 'My dear boy,' I said to Charlie, 'you have made some mistake. Wait here, and I will go and speak to Sir Dugald.' And I went, Cecil, and it was true. Sir Dugald was very busy, getting ready to go to this wretched investiture, and I couldn't make him tell me all I wanted to know, or else my brain was in such a whirl that it didn't penetrate properly. All that I could make out was that the Pasha had sent to say that Charlie was a spy, and that he couldn't have him in the city any longer, which, of course, is utter nonsense, and that he had better leave as soon as possible, for that the *budmashes* were crying out for his blood. That was true enough, my dear; there was a mob of them in front of the gate, howling out the most dreadful things. I never felt so thunderstruck and so much at a loss in my life. It was as if the world's foundations were shaking, or we were in a transformation scene at a pantomime. There has been absolutely nothing to account for all these extraordinary events, but yet they have happened, and Charlie must go. I begged and entreated Sir Dugald to let him wait for the next steamer, but he

asked me whether I wanted to have his blood upon my head, and said he should see him safely on board before he started for this thing. Well, my dear, I saw that there was no doing anything with Sir Dugald, so I went back to poor Charlie. He was nearly wild, and I can tell you I was not much better, what with getting all his things packed in such a hurry, and everything. He wanted to force his way into the Palace and insist on seeing you, but it would have been throwing his life away to venture into the town, and Sir Dugald absolutely forbade it, and told him he would have him put under arrest if he tried it. Then the poor fellow and I managed to devise a plan. I wasn't going to let him be driven away without saying good-bye to you."

"Oh, thank you, Lady Haigh," murmured Cecil, her eyes wet.

"So I made up my mind what to do," continued Lady Haigh, "I just took the law into my own hands, for I knew it was no use speaking to Sir Dugald, and if he is angry I don't mind."

"But he couldn't help all this," Cecil's sense of justice impelled her to say. "What could he have done?"

"My dear," responded Lady Haigh, in the true Jingo spirit, "he could have torn up the Pasha's letter and sent him back the pieces. He could have said to those two poor wretched Armenians, 'Go and tell your master, if he wants to get rid of Dr. Egerton, to come and turn him out.' And he could have called out the guard and armed the servants, and defended the Residency as long as there were two stones left on one another, and he ought to have done it, rather than get rid of Charlie at the beck of an upstart like Ahmed Khémi."

"THAT FLATTERED HIM."

And Lady Haigh paused for breath, after this tremendous burst of eloquence.

"But the plan?" asked Cecil. "Where are we going now?"

"I was just telling you, dear. As I said, I took the law into my own hands. I saw the captain of the steamer, and I put the whole affair before him. Sometimes, you know, honesty is really the best policy. I said to him, 'Captain Wheen, you are a sailor,'—that flattered him, because of course his voyages are all confined to the river—'and I want your help in a very delicate matter. You may have heard that my cousin, Dr. Egerton, is ordered down to Bandr Abbas, to help with the cholera there. Now he is engaged to the young lady they call Mdlle. Antaza, at the Palace, the Pasha's English governess, and it will break her heart if he goes without saying good-bye to her.' I could see that Captain Wheen was very much touched, but he pretended he wasn't, and said very gruffly, 'I can't delay the sailing of the *Seleucia* for any Pasha or Resident's lady on earth.' I said, 'Captain Wheen, I am sure you know that I would not on any account have you break your rules, or get into trouble with your owners. What I want to say is this. Dr. Egerton was to start to-morrow for a little shooting at Takht-Iskandar, and his things were all sent there early to-day, before we heard of this. Now I ask you, would it be possible for you to stop off Takht-Iskandar, and allow him and his servant to go on shore for an hour or two, to pack up the things and bring them on board? That would give me time to send a note to the Palace, and come out to Takht-Iskandar.' 'I can't do that,' he said; 'you see, if we took to letting passengers go on shore where they liked to fetch more luggage, it would sink the ship at last, besides doubling the length of the voyage, but I can tell you this, ma'am, in confidence, the engines of the *Seleucia* are wonderfully cranky. Now if anything was to go wrong with those engines, and we had to lie-to for an hour or so to set it right, I shouldn't wonder if it was to happen just off Takht-Iskandar, and then of course the doctor might go on shore and fetch his togs. Now there's just that chance, ma'am, and it would never surprise me if it was to happen. Engines are queer things,' and I believe he winked at me. That was all that I could get out of him, but it did all I wanted, so I settled matters with Charlie. He was to make as long a business of his packing as he possibly could, and I was to bring you out to say good-bye to him. I didn't know how to reach you, for I was afraid they wouldn't admit me at the Palace, but I thought a note might get in. So I sent it off, but I don't think it would ever have got to you, if Um Yusuf hadn't met her cousin in the bazaar, and loitered talking to her."

"But why do you think there would have been any difficulty?" asked Cecil.

"My dear, is it possible you don't see that this is all a plot? There is some deep purpose behind these extraordinary events, and the only purpose I can conceive is that of separating you and Charlie. You tell me that Azim Bey dislikes him, and I can quite believe that he is capable of very strong childish jealousy. Mind, I don't think he managed all the details. There is some older and wilier person behind—possibly the Um-ul-Pasha or Jamileh Khanum. At any rate Azim Bey had taken his precautions very carefully, and if he had not been summoned away the note would never have got to you, and Charlie would have gone without your even saying good-bye to him. So, my dear, be thankful."

"Oh, Lady Haigh!" remonstrated Cecil. She could say no more; the blow was too sudden, too dreadful. She rode along in silence, while Lady Haigh poured forth stores of comfortless comfort, and adjured her to be cheerful when she met Charlie. Cheerful! the very word was a mockery. The gloomy unsettled skies and muddy plain seemed to accord better with her mood than did Lady Haigh's philosophy. They were approaching Takht-Iskandar now, and everything looked sad and sodden. All the glory of the white and pink and purple fruit-blossom was gone, and little green fruits alone represented the promise of a month ago. The palace, always flimsy and dilapidated-looking, was sorely battered and damaged by the storm of yesterday, and the trees were beaten down and in many cases stripped of their leaves. The riders approached softly along the sandy road, and paused at the corner of the house, where Mr. da Silva left his horse and went on to reconnoitre. Presently he came back, and helping the two

ladies to dismount, led them in at a side-door which was unfastened, and on through various passages and unfurnished rooms until they reached the dining-room, where Charlie, with his Armenian boy Hanna, was engaged in separating his shooting requisites from those of Mr. da Silva, their possessions having been sent on together.

"Well, Charlie," said Lady Haigh, marching into the room, "doing your guns on this table, are you? Take them away into the smoking-room this instant, Hanna, and finish them there. How long have you been here, Charlie?"

"Hours, Cousin Elma," groaned Charlie, with Cecil's hands locked in his.

"Then you had better go back to the *Seleucia* at once," said Lady Haigh promptly.

"One hour, ten minutes, milady," put in Hanna as he carried off the guns.

"Then you can have half-an-hour, Charlie, not a moment more, and even that is trading on Captain Wheen's kindness in a most shameful way. Mr. da Silva, if you will be so kind as to see that no one interrupts us for half an hour, we shall be eternally grateful to you. We can trust you for that, I think?"

"I am an Englishman, Lady Haigh," replied Mr. da Silva, more in sorrow than in anger, as he withdrew, quite unconscious that he was saying the very thing which, as Lady Haigh remarked afterwards, when she remembered to be cynical, an Englishman would not have said.

"Now, Charlie," said Lady Haigh, when he was gone, "make the most of your time. Never mind me," and she sat down on the divan and composed herself as if for a nap, while Charlie and Cecil wandered to the other end of the room, and enjoyed the luxury of being thoroughly miserable. For some time Cecil could do nothing but cry, with her head on Charlie's shoulder, while he tried to comfort her, but found the situation so devoid of comfort that he failed miserably.

"Ten minutes more," came in a sepulchral voice from the corner where Lady Haigh sat, engrossed now with a tattered copy of the Army and Navy Stores list. Cecil roused herself with a sob.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "what shall I do without you?"

"Look here, my darling," said Charlie energetically, struck with a sudden idea; "just listen to me one moment. I can't bear to leave you here among all these wretches. Will you—could you—marry me at once? If you would, I——"

"Charlie!" was interjected sharply by Lady Haigh.

"I would come back to the Residency, and we could get Dr. Yehudi to marry us. Then you would come with me, and we should not be parted after all."

"I think, young man, you are forgetting that you would have to reckon with Sir Dugald," said Lady Haigh grimly. "I am astonished at your innocence. After knocking about the world for so long, can you really imagine that it is as easy to get married as to order your breakfast at an hotel?"

"Besides, I wouldn't have you venture back into Baghdad for anything," said Cecil.

"Then I will wait at Basra for three weeks, or as long as the regulations require," said Charlie eagerly, "and Cousin Elma will bring you down there. Oh, Cecil, my darling, do say yes."

"Oh, Charlie!" sighed Cecil, but in a moment her face changed and grew firm; "I can't do it; it would be wrong. Why, Charlie, you forget that I am pledged to stay here for more than two years and a half still. I can't leave my post. My duty is here, and yours, I suppose, is at Bandr Abbas. When Azim Bey's education is finished, then I shall be at liberty to leave Baghdad, and then ——"

"Can't you come now, dear?" he pleaded. "I don't want to persuade you if it is really your duty to stay, but I think that Azim Bey's conduct has not been so considerate that you need strain matters on his account. Think of our going home together, Cecil, and seeing all your people again."

"Don't," murmured Cecil brokenly; "you make me so miserable, Charlie. You can't think how I want to see Whitcliffe again, and all of them. But I mustn't go. It isn't right. I can't break my promise. You know you wouldn't respect me yourself if I did such a thing. So I must stay, and you must go. Besides, there is another reason. If you resigned now, and stayed at Basra, and went home afterwards, instead of going to Bandr Abbas, they would say you were afraid of the cholera, and I couldn't bear that anyone should think that of you. No, I have some consideration for you, Charlie dear, though I have got you into such trouble. I was thinking as we came along that it might have been better for you if you had never met me at all."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Charlie. "Never think that again, Cecil. Why, before I met you, I was a regular loafer, just doing a spell of work in one place, and then getting myself sent on somewhere else, and never settling down. But now I have something to work for, something to look forward to. I should have missed the chief good of my life if I had never met you. No, dear, knowing you has done everything for me, and I am as thankful as I can be for it now, and I always shall be. As for this trouble, no doubt it comes because otherwise I should be too happy."

"Your time is nearly up, Cecil," said Lady Haigh. "Don't you want to give Charlie any cautions about taking care of himself at Bandr Abbas?"

"No, I don't think so," said Cecil. "I know he will do his duty wherever he is, and I also know that he will remember me and not let himself be careless about taking proper precautions, and that sort of thing."

"And every evening," said Charlie, "I shall go up to the wind-tower and look in the direction of Baghdad, and imagine that you are standing on the roof of the Palace and looking towards Bandr Abbas."

"When she will probably be having her tea with Azim Bey quietly in the cellar," said Lady Haigh. "Don't be sentimental, Charlie. I detest sentiment."

"When you leave Bandr Abbas, do you think it possible that you will be allowed to come back here?" asked Cecil.

"I'm afraid not," said Charlie. "It's not likely, is it, Cousin Elma? No, I may be sent somewhere else in the Gulf, or to Aden, if Sir Dugald is kind enough to give me a good character, but this business with the Pasha will probably prevent my ever coming back to Baghdad."

"But the mystery may be cleared up, and everything put right," suggested Cecil hopefully. "You would come back if you were asked, Charlie?"

"Rather! I would come back as bottle-washer to a Bengali *babu*, like the doctor they have at Muscat," said Charlie, "but I'm afraid the Persian shore of the Gulf will be my nearest point."

"But, Charlie," said Lady Haigh, "do you really think of taking another post? You have not been home for a long time, and your property must be all going to wrack and ruin. Why not resign when you have seen them through at Bandr Abbas, and go home to look after things a little?"

"I don't want to go home until I can take Cecil," said Charlie. "Besides, she prefers me to have something to do, instead of loafing."

"But if you have land and tenants at home, they ought to be looked after," said Cecil. "I never realised it before."

"What an unworldly young person you are!" said Charlie. "Yes, there's all that, but Aunt Frederica looks after it for me."

"By all means, my dear boy, go home and get the place ready for Cecil, and make acquaintance with her people," said Lady Haigh. "But don't let Frederica choose your carpets and curtains for you. Her taste is atrocious. And now, Cecil, you have had thirty-five minutes, so say good-bye, and come."

"Just one minute more, Cousin Elma," pleaded Charlie.

"Not a second," said Lady Haigh. "Now, Charlie, not another scene of misery, I can't stand it. Say good-bye quickly, my dear boy. If you harrow up Cecil's feelings again, it will be too much for her."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. da Silva's voice at the door, "but the boat is waiting for Dr. Egerton."

"Now, Charlie, my dear boy," said poor Lady Haigh entreatingly, as Charlie still stood with his arms round Cecil. "You will get us all into trouble, you know, and we have really done all we could for you, and Sir Dugald will be so much vexed. Good-bye, my dear boy. Now let her go. Take care of yourself, and don't be rash. No, you are not to come further than this. I will look after Cecil. My dear child, don't faint. I don't know what will happen to us if you do. Charlie, I will *not* have you come any further. Go back, and get on board. Mr. da Silva, please give Miss Anstruther your arm to the door.

Charlie, go back. My dear boy, good-bye. Give Cecil's love to her people."

And Lady Haigh, reiterating her instructions and prohibitions in a voice choked with tears, followed Cecil and Mr. da Silva along the passage, turning suddenly to find that Charlie was following her stealthily, bent on getting another sight of Cecil. She drove him back again with one of her quick bursts of passion, and hurried to the spot where the horses were waiting. She and Mr. da Silva helped Cecil into the saddle, for she was in a numb, dazed condition, and he led her horse through the wood and into the road. Pausing only once, to see the *Seleucia* passing out of sight round a bend in the stream, they rode swiftly back to Baghdad, which looked dull and miserable under the clouded sky, with mud under foot and sodden palm-trees overhead, and a turbid, rapidly flowing river that could not reflect the mean houses on either side.

When Azim Bey returned that night from the ceremony of the investiture, he was surprised to find his courtyard almost in darkness. Going into the school-room he found that the only light came from the glowing charcoal in the brazier, beside which Cecil was crouching, still in her riding-habit. The wind had risen again, and was howling round the house and in the beams of the roof, and the whole scene was one of desolation.

"Are you ill, mademoiselle?" asked Azim Bey, in the most natural tone he could devise, while one of the negresses followed him in, carrying a torch, which shed a flickering light on the darkness. Cecil said nothing, but looked up at him with eyes of such sadness that they haunted him in spite of his efforts to banish the impression.

"I do not understand you, mademoiselle," he said unblushingly, in reply to her unspoken reproof.

"You have driven Dr. Egerton away," she said.

"I ask your pardon, mademoiselle. How was I to know that you had any special interest in the English doctor?"

"But you did know," said Cecil wearily. She had not spirit to contend with her pupil that night.

"But, mademoiselle, that is impossible. You have never told me; you would not even let me approach the subject. How was I to know?"

"How can I tell?" asked Cecil. "I feel sure that you did know, and that all this is your doing. Well, Bey, you have won the victory, I hope you enjoy it. Good-night," and he saw her no more that evening.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR NOVEMBER PUZZLE POEM (page 64).

PRIZE WINNERS.

Fourteen Shillings Each.

Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Wm. Hughes, 32, Heathland Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Daisy Macdonald, The Rectory, Ramelton, Co. Donegal.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Annie E. Atkinson, Martin House, Stokesley, Yorks.
Mrs. L. A. Belling, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcestershire.
Francis W. Cotsell, 3, Talland Street, Hull.
Miss A. C. Carter, Shottery Hall, Stratford-on-Avon.
Elizabeth Lang, 17, rue Bayard, Pau, Basses Pyrenées, France.
Annie C., Mabel J., and H. Sydney Lewis, 21, Deane Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

Very Highly Commended.

Wm. M. Butcher, Rose D. Davis, Leonard Duncan, Clara Finch, Julia A. Hennen, Clara E. Law, Agnes L. Lewis, Ethel C. McMaster, Agnes L. Money, Lilian T. Payne, Mrs. Robertson, Miss A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Amy Shepherd, I. M. Sully, Ellen C. Tarrant, Eleanor Whitcher.

Highly Commended.

Agnes Beale, Edith Bell, Rev. S. Bell, Mary I. Chislett, Nellie Eachus, Amelia M. Leach, Beatrice Rafford, Ida Rafford, Jessie F. Thomas, Violet C. Todd, Mary Viner, John R. Whyberd, Laura M. Woodward, Emily Wright.

Honourable Mention.

Annie A. Arnott, Constance M. Baker, Jessie M. Barrett, Rev. J. Chambers, Alice H. Chater, A. F. Cobb, M. A. C. Crabb, Katherine M. Franklin, Upfield Green, Mrs. Grubbe, M. E. Hancock, Mary Hughes, J. Hunt, Ruby C. Inglis, Lilian Jones-Henry, Mrs. F. Livesey, Annie McClelland, A. Phillips, Hannah E. Powell, Mildred Richardson, W. R. G. Rivington, Janet Scott, Annie B. Shoberl, Violet Shoberl, May D. Stephens, Miss A. Taylor, Ellen Thurtell, Ethel Tomlinson, Hubert Tutte, Gertrude Whicker, Miss G. Wilkins, Minnie Wilkins, Florence Wilton, Helen B. Younger.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

This puzzle, the full solution of which we have no space for printing this month, has proved, for some reason or other, to be one of the least popular of the series. Possibly the difficulties were too obtrusive and deterred many from competing. But apparent difficulties are not always the most formidable, and we have to record that the proportion of good solutions was much larger than usual.

Unhappily the puzzle was marred by a mistake of an extraordinary character. In line 3 the author wrote "cattle," and though he can write really well when he likes, the word looked a good deal more like *castle*. Our hieroglyphist ought to know by this time that things are not always what they seem, but for once he judged by appearances, without question, and the cattle became a castle. Of the solvers, about 80 per cent. adopt *castle*, *stronghold* or *fortress*, but the remainder hang out signs of distress. One competitor actually suggests the real solution, though she does not trace the mistake to its true origin. Another suggests "bullocks," which she obtains from *bulwarks*, a derivation more ingenious than pleasing.

As far as we can see, the line with "castle," or any of its equivalents in it is absolute nonsense, and as we have always so strongly insisted upon reason being brought to bear upon these puzzles, we could not accept it to the detriment of those who rejected it as being senseless. So no one need feel aggrieved; a failure at this point was not counted. As far as it can be avoided, mere guess-work shall have no part in our scheme.

There is not much to be said about the puzzle in general. Why did so many competitors introduce an s at the end of lines 2 and 3? For line 6, "In unrepaired hedgerow. Mend the wrong" found many supporters. The difference, slight as it is, is rhythmically in favour of the author's version. "Amend the wrong" could not be accepted; you do not speak of a boot as being "amended."

The 13th line gave much trouble, but curiously enough the moth seems to have caused it not the q-like g, very few competitors indeed failing to get the "grave."

It is astonishing how few solvers have any idea of indenting lines of poetry properly. As a rule, 2 per cent. do it correctly; another 2 per cent. evince a rudimentary knowledge of the subject; 3 per cent. indent every other line without regard to rhymes, and 93 per cent. make no attempt at all. We do not mind confiding to competitors that the rule is worth knowing, and the careful examination of a few miscellaneous poems might reveal the secret.

Why did J. J. H. leave out half the title? Why did A. L. L. lose her chance of a prize by writing "montrosity"? We can assure L. D. that we always mention our own mistakes—an example, by the way, which is worth following. Any award under eleven shillings ranks as a second prize. The fact that C. A. M. has discovered the mistake is most encouraging; his apprehension of the other point can now be only a matter of time.

J. R. W.—For some unexplained reason, your excellent solution of "London Pride" reached us several weeks too late.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

LONDON PRIDE (*additional*).

No. 1.—E. N. and Mary S. Reid (Otago), *Very Highly Commended.*

No. 2.—Miss L. Plunkett (India), *Highly Commended.*

ENCHANTED MANHOOD.

Very Highly Commended: Susan P. McLennan (Canada).

Honourable Mention: Florence E. Atkinson (California), Harry E. Beven (Ceylon), Mary Ruttonji (India), Florence Stephenson (Cape Town), Frances Wood (India).

AUGUST.

Highly Commended: Clara J. Hardy (Australia).

Honourable Mention: Patience Bowen (India), Anna J. Hood (France), Mrs. M. Hardy (Australia).

MIDNIGHT IN HARDANGER.

Very Highly Commended: Olga Seifert (Barbados).

Highly Commended: Mrs. M. Shilstone (Barbados).

Honourable Mention: Bessie Alexander (Jamaica), Grace Cowley (Manitoba), Polly Lawrance (Barbados), Mary Ruttonji (India).

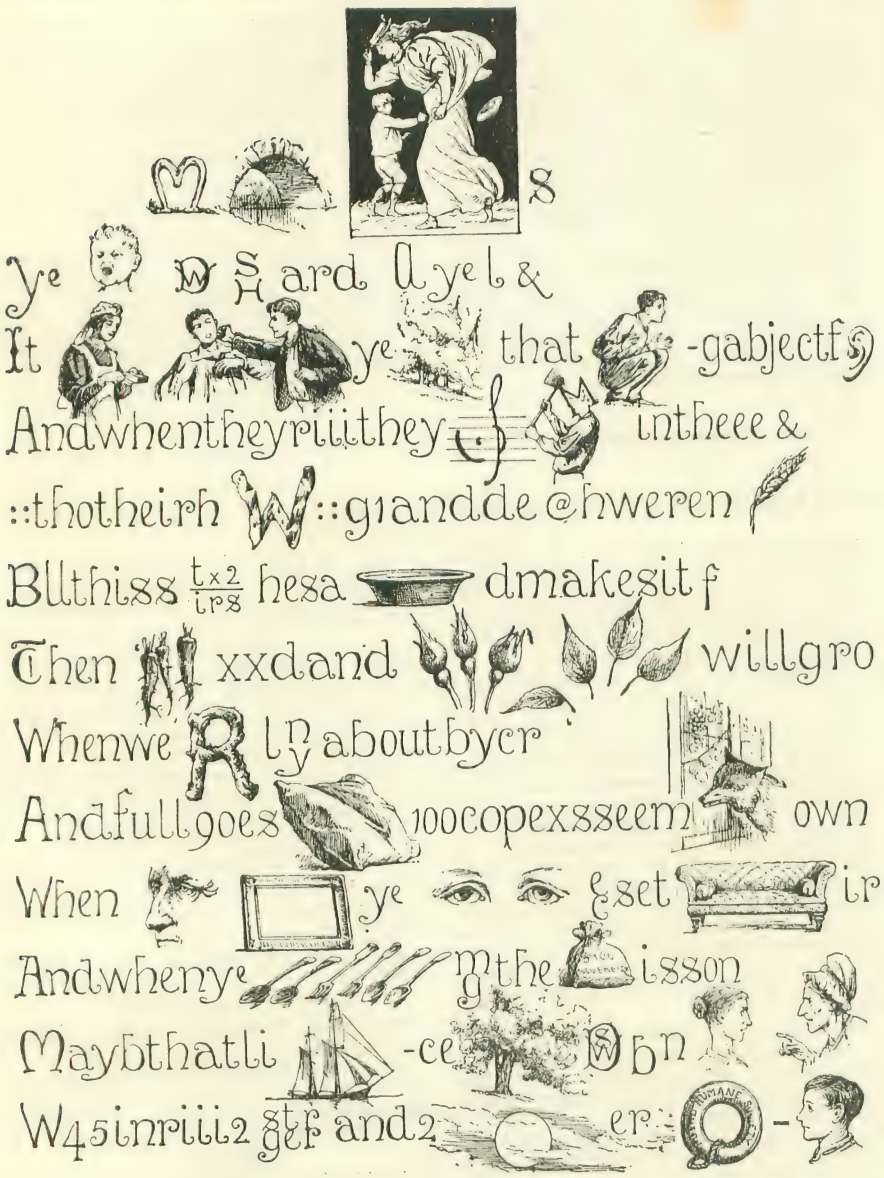
STORM ON A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

Very Highly Commended: Arthur S. Jones (Canada), Polly Lawrance (Barbados), Olga Seifert (Barbados), Helen Shilstone (Barbados).

Highly Commended: Martin Browne (South India), Miss Mackie (Cannes), J. Angus Swan (Constantinople), R. B. Wates (Jamaica).

NOTE.—It should be understood that the standard by which the foreign competition is judged is set by the home competitors. In all the above competitions the prize solutions were better than any received from abroad.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be April 16, 1896; from Abroad, May 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TROUBLED ONE.—Do not imagine that you are debarred from serving your Lord and Master because you are a poor woman, so ordered by His good and wise Providence. You can serve Him by doing good and faithful service to those who employ you; and for this ability to work well, and honestly, you must pray for strength, wisdom, and patience, remembering that slip-slop, scanty work is a common and grievous form of dishonesty. You may serve God by "not answering again" when feeling provoked, and when "suffering wrongfully" you take it "patiently," and "rendering to your Master all honour." You thus show a good example to your fellow-servants, which is a true and practical form of missionary work, by which your heavenly Master is glorified. You can "refrain your lips from lying, and from evil-speaking" of others; and you can always find time to read a few passages from the Scriptures, and to pray daily, night and morning, and induce others to do the same, besides lifting up your heart to God from time to time in prayer and thanksgiving. Thus you can live as a true servant of Christ and a missionary, without leaving the state of life in which He placed you, nor the service by which you earn your daily bread, and obtain the means of helping your family.

AN AUCKLANDER.—Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands group, is associated to a colony of lepers. It is formed by a chain of volcanic mountains, of about forty miles in length and from seven to nine miles in breadth. The name of the French missionary who devoted himself to the lepers was Damien.

A. DE L.—We could not venture to name any climate as being the finest in the world. Quebec has a very great reputation as to statistics of health; but the cold would be dangerous to some. Teneriff and Madeira are held in much repute, yet very unlike the Canadian city. Our own islands of the Channel and the Scillys are all that could be desired for delicate persons; and those of New Zealand—though one is colder than the other—are remarkable for their low death-rate. According to the Colonial Office List, that, whereas the annual mortality from all diseases amongst soldiers stationed in the United Kingdom is 16 per 1000, for more than a quarter of century only 5 per 1000 were registered in the case of troops quartered in New Zealand. Of course in the choice of a climate the individual characteristics, and hereditary and induced diseases and delicacy, would have to be well considered. Then again, the good effects of the most perfect climate would be neutralised by a bad system of drainage.

OLIVE.—You are but one amongst many who are in trouble about the falling of their hair. Washing it continually is certainly injurious, because it removes the waxy glandular secretion at the roots of the hair, which is essential for its protection and nourishment. Owing to the length of, and the trouble given by, a woman's hair, and the time required for drying it, she washes it less frequently than a man does, and this forms one reason, amongst others, for her retaining her hair, when her brother, having, it may be, the same constitution, becomes bald. We recommend a good shampooing once a month, and, if possible, a hot herbal bath, at a first-class hairdresser's (or hair-specialist's). Apply a little rosemary frequently to the roots, and a small amount of some nutriment (in "pomatum") from time to time, and this may bring about an improvement.

CRYSTABEL.—The "Aurora Borealis" is an electrical phenomenon. Dr. Faraday conjectured that the electric equilibrium of the earth is restored by its conveyance of electricity from the Poles to the Equator, for it appears in high southern latitudes as well as in the northern. The Aurora has a powerful influence on the magnetic needle. It has been suggested that, as the principal display takes place at or near the margin of the Polar ice, the electricity may be conveyed by the conducting power of the frozen particles which abound in the air in those latitudes, and which, being rendered fitfully luminous by the passage of the electricity, produce the beautiful arch and the ever-varying flashes of the Aurora. A fuller account may be seen in Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography*.

CURIOSITY.—There is but one "Holy Bible," but of this sacred book there have been various translations. Inquire of some librarian about the book you name.

S. STOCKTON.—Write to the editor of the magazine you name for the information you want. It is not published by us.

WHITE LILY.—You should learn grammar, for your questions show that you cannot speak English. Of course it is not correct to say, "It is no use me staying," you should say, "My staying is of no use"; and when employing the subjunctive mood, you should not say "If I was," but "If I were."

ANXIOUS.—Your best plan is to advertise for the work you want.

Girls' Own Paper. *London.*

HERCULANEUM.

VOL. XVII.—No. 845.] MARCH 7, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BIRD.

THE song of birds is sweet and clear
Through all the woodland free;
There was a bird I used to hear,
Strange things he told to me.

The pavement for the mossy ground,
The close and dusty street
Were his, he lived amid the sound
Of hurrying wheels and feet.

His cage was small, and yet I say
His heart was full of glee,
No bird upon the blossoming spray
Was more content than he.

With cheerful looks his music glad
He oftentimes would raise,
He prized the blessings that he had,
And sang his song of praise.

The wisdom of this bird be mine
Beneath misfortune's stroke,
To count my own delights, nor pine
For those of other folk.

D. J. S.

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"THE SONG OF BIRDS IS SWEET AND CLEAR."

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

GUINIVERE'S TRIUMPH.

"WILL he mind? O will he mind? He must have heard the news before this. Will it keep him away? Or will he feel that he must come to see for himself?"

So spoke Beatrice to herself, as she stood in the midst of the gathering and brilliant throng assembling in Mrs. Masham's stately rooms, her eyes scanning each new costume as though she were taking mental notes the while, whereas her thoughts were really far enough away.

This was the night of Guinivere's triumph, when she was to be presented to Mrs. Masham's world, and to the world of Willington, as the affianced bride of Lord Woodmayne. Dressed in a rich and wonderful dress, as Queen Guinivere, and ever by the side of the Viscount, who was magnificently accoutred as King Arthur, the pair remained at the upper end of the long drawing-room, receiving the attention and admiration of the whole company, the mark for all eyes, and the recipients of innumerable graceful and smoothly turned compliments and congratulations, which were received with composure and dignified cordiality. It seemed to her sisters and friends as though Guinivere had already learned how to play the part of the great lady. She was very gracious and smiling to all who approached her, but she received their overtures as though they were a form of natural homage which was due to her. She accepted her part of queen, and looked it every inch. She was in the hey-day of a brilliant triumph, and all who approached her were made conscious of it.

Beatrice had spoken to her, and been treated to a condescending badinage and air of patronage from Lord Woodmayne, which she had tried hard not to resent. Beatrice was dressed as Portia in her doctor's robes, and very well she looked in them. Gipsy had elected to be her clerk—Nerissa. Norah appeared as an ambulance nurse with the red cross on her arm. Freda wore a Norwegian peasant's dress, which she had seen at some fancy *fête* and had copied; and even Mysie was there, in white robes adorned everywhere with snow-drops, and with a crown of snow-drops on her head.

Dr. Salisbury had been absent from Willington just when Guinivere's engagement had been announced; but he was to return, and he had unwillingly consented to be present at the ball to-night. Mrs. Masham confidently expected him, and Kitty Kane averred that he was back, and was sure to turn up.

Beatrice was all in a quiver of expectation. She had for some time suspected that Dr. Salisbury was becoming attached to her sister, the beautiful Guinivere. She had observed the frequency of his visits since their return from Brighton; visits of friendly intercourse which he had never paid before, except quite occasionally. It was natural to her to suppose that people admired her sister. She had seen the same thing going on ever since Guinivere had emerged from the school-room. She suspected that her sister had refused several offers already, although she had not actually been told as much. Once she would have cared no whit if Dr. Salisbury had been sent away disconsolate; but now she felt keenly sympathetic and sorry. She had come to have a great liking and respect for him. She felt that with him things would go deep, and she feared that had he learned to love Guinivere (as she began to suspect) it would go hard with him to find her affianced to another. She could not have said why the thought of his pain took such forcible hold upon her, but so it was.

Dr. Salisbury wore his scarlet doctor's gown, and entered the room with his customary air of cool self-possession. If he had heard any news of a disquieting kind he certainly gave no sign. But then he was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve. He cast two or three of his keen, searching glances round the rooms, and then came straight over to Beatrice.

"Do you think you are strong enough for this kind of thing?" he asked, taking her hand and looking down into her face with a gentle intentness of scrutiny which Beatrice had learned to know during her long illness. "You are looking pale. I shall take you to a quieter place. Here is an airy little nook. Sit down and rest. You must remember you are not quite your old self yet."

She obeyed him gratefully. She had come to regard his friendly solicitude as one of the pleasant elements of life. Besides in this corner it was impossible to see Guinivere and Lord Woodmayne. Perhaps she might be able to break the news to him gently. Her heart still beat painfully, but she smiled bravely through it all.

"You are very white, child," he said, in a tone which was somehow most wonderfully gentle and protecting. "What is the matter?"

She tried to laugh naturally.

"You have just made that up, Dr. Salisbury!" she said with a touch of her old sauciness, "or else they rouged me with white, for we all had our faces 'done'—Guinivere said we must. I don't quite know why: but it seems the proper thing on these occasions."

"O yes, there is the rouge safe enough, but one can see beneath it, and you *are* white, and I have *not* made it up. But perhaps there is reason enough to excuse it. Now tell me what I am to say to you. Must I congratulate or condole with you? Will you lose a sister?—gain a brother? for all depends upon that."

Then he did know. Beatrice unconsciously clasped her hands together and looked full into his face. It wore its habitual calmness of expression. There was a smile lurking in the grave eyes, but not the smallest look of pain or disappointment. She drew a deep breath as of gladness and relief.

"Who told you?" she asked, without answering his question.

"A good many people, from my landlady downwards; but it was no surprise to anybody, I presume. The wonder has been to most of us why it was not announced before. It has been going on a long time now. Ever since last summer surely."

"They were not engaged till the other day. I don't think I was sure of it till then. Did you think of it before?"

"Why certainly—all of us did, I imagine. And after those two days at Brighton I felt perfectly certain of it. I hope she will be very happy. It is a very brilliant match, and she will grace her position well. I suppose you are all very much pleased about it?"

Thought was rushing tumultuously through Beatrice's brain, and she was chiefly conscious of a great and glad relief. Then it was not as she had thought. He had not suffered disappointment. He had never thought of Guinivere like that. She was sure he would not speak as he had just done only to blind her and to throw her off the scent. He was not that sort of man. He might have admired Guinivere, but he had never dreamed of going beyond that. Suddenly Beatrice was conscious of a strange exultant throb of happiness, and as she raised her eyes to the grave kindly pair bent upon her, an unwonted impulse of confidence came over her. She felt that she could speak to Dr. Salisbury, and that he would understand.

"I do not know if I am glad. I do not know whether I shall lose a sister—I hope not. But I do not think I shall gain a brother. I cannot fancy that Lord Woodmayne will ever be anything to us. Dr. Salisbury, I always fancy that men understand each other as we can never understand them. Do *you* like Lord Woodmayne?"

The simplicity of the question made Dr. Salisbury smile; but he saw that Beatrice was in earnest, and he answered with grave kindliness and directness.

"I know very little of Lord Woodmayne. He lives in a world with which I have little to do, and a man who has been what you might call a spoilt child of fortune, seldom escapes without contracting many habits and opinions which may separate him considerably from his kind. But if you ask whether he will make a good husband, my answer would be that I think he will. Not perhaps a very tender one, or one whom it will be altogether easy to please; but certainly

one who will heap every indulgence upon his wife, and will guard her most jealously from harm. That at least is my impression of the man. Now will you let me take you a little tour of the rooms? I want to present my congratulations to your sister, and to see some of these fine folks nearer at hand. I don't think you ought to dance much to-night, Miss Beatrice, but I think we can enjoy ourselves without that. Shall we come and look round us? Mrs. Masham always does things in first-rate style."

Beatrice rose and went with him contentedly. A peaceful gladness had settled down upon her spirit, and she was happier than she had been for many a long day, though she could hardly have said why.

Meantime in another part of the room another scene was being enacted.

Arnold Leslie was at the ball to-night. He was dressed in a sombre but handsome costume which bore traces of being no mere modern imitation, but a real Spanish dress of the seventeenth century. Freda, who was busy as usual taking notes of the costumes and celebrities present, came upon him standing against the wall, and steadily regarding King Arthur and his queen.

"Are they not a well-matched pair?" she asked. "That is what everybody says of them. She fair, he dark, both so handsome in their respective ways. I hope she will be happy. It seems rather a dangerous plunge to me; but then I am not like Guinivere. I am not made for a great lady. I would much rather be a journalist all my days!"

Arnold was looking down at her. A sudden light had come into his eyes. Freda did not observe it. She was scanning his dress intently and with the air of an expert.

"Where did you get it, Arnold?"

"Out of an old chest at King's Castle. There are two or three of them, but I had never opened them till the other day, when I was wondering whether such things as costumes might be unearthed anywhere on the place. There were several, but this was in the best repair. One of the pictures in the gallery represents a man wearing very much such a dress. I thought it would do, and I wanted to be here to-night."

"To see Guinivere in her triumph? Yes, that was quite right. It is rather splendid, is it not, how she carries her dignities?"

"Not so much that," answered Arnold still bent on his own thoughts and still looking very earnestly at Freda, "as to make quite, quite sure that my own delusion, or dream, or whatever it was, is entirely a thing of the past."

She looked up quickly.

"What do you mean, Arnold?"

He took her hand and placed it upon his arm, and led her away towards a distant conservatory which at this early hour was almost deserted. The band had just begun to tune up and couples were moving towards the ball-room, headed by Guinivere and Lord Woodmayne, but somehow neither Freda nor her companion thought of dancing.

"I want to tell you what I mean, Freda," he said. "That is one reason why I am here to-night. Freda, did you know—or did you ever suspect that a year ago—less than a year ago indeed—I was—or perhaps I ought to say I thought I was—in love with your sister Guinivere?"

She gave him a quick look and dropped her eyes again.

"I—I—think I used to fancy it," she answered gravely.

"I want you to know it," he answered seating himself beside her in a flowery nook well concealed from the eyes of any casual passer-by. "Because before I say to you what I have wanted to say many times of late, I wish you to know everything about me—that there may be no misunderstanding, no explanations afterwards. Freda, we often hear it said of girls that they set up an idol of their own making before their eyes, and that they too often believe they have found this idol, or ideal (the words are often interchangeable) in some man they meet, and marry him with blinded eyes, only to find out too late that he is not the least like the phantom image they held enshrined in their hearts."

"Do you mean you think it will be so with Guinivere?" asked Freda quickly; but he slightly shook his head.

"I do not know. I was not thinking of Guinivere. I think she has found in the main what she has sought. I was thinking of a very common form of error which a woman falls into frequently, and a man also. Men may not do it so often as women—but we are not exempt. I had an ideal of womanhood, which I worshipped once; and I thought, till my eyes were opened, that Guinivere was an incarnation of it."

Freda looked at him and said nothing. He went on slowly.

"You must not think that she tried to deceive me. She was only kind and gentle, as it is her nature to be; but I thought she understood me and was responding to my unspoken thoughts. Gradually I began to have misgivings. I saw things that did not fit in with my ideal; but I was loth to give up my dream. I made excuse. I said that by-and-by all would be changed. At last I put my fate to the touch. Then I found that I had been mistaken. Things were not as I had thought. My ideal did not fade or crumble to dust; but I found that I had been wrong in thinking that Guinivere was the one woman in the world for me. There was keen pain at first, I will not deny it. But wonderfully soon the wound healed. Other things came up. I saw womanhood in other phases. Freda, I am not good at making speeches. I want you to understand, that you do not think me fickle. But the sum of the whole matter is that I love you. When you were at King's Castle I began to see that my ideal woman was not a myth. When I saw you and your sisters at work there I knew that I had not been a mere dreamer. I was almost ashamed at first. I wondered if indeed I were fickle-hearted. But I have waited and tested myself—and I know now that it was not real love—that old feeling I had. It was love for the ideal—not for Guinivere herself. When she showed me that she was not what I thought her—although she may be as good a woman in another way—I found I no longer desired her for my wife and help-meet. Freda, do you understand? It is you whom I want. Will you come to me? Will you be what the people still call you?—the lady *of King's Castle? I* love you, Freda. And in spite of what I have told you just now, I feel as though I had loved you always. Do you understand?—and can you love me in return?"

An hour later Freda and Arnold were still in the conservatory, still in the same flowery nook. Her hand lay in his, and they were talking quietly together oblivious of the gay shifting throng which passed and repassed the glass doors at the farther end.

"I have been bold to-night, Freda," said Arnold, "because of a new piece of good fortune which befell me only a few days ago. I had a legacy left me by a very distant kinsman, who would never have remembered me, I think, had I remained poor and insignificant, but who regarded me at last as the master of King's Castle and therefore worthy of some notice. It is not a great sum, but it will clear off the encumbrances on the land, and furnish the house afresh, and enable me to start clear, as we may call it, with the income derived from the estate. I can afford to marry now better than I could have done even six months ago. King's Castle will be a more comfortable home than you have seen it. We will set to work together to get it into order; and you will come to me, my darling, will you not, before another winter comes?"

The conservatory door opened at this minute, and a number of people poured in. Foremost in the procession came Guinivere, still upon the arm of Lord Woodmayne, smiling, radiant, triumphant, flushed with the intoxication of success.

Arnold and Freda stood up as the stream entered, and Arnold advanced to give his greetings and congratulations to Guinivere, which he had hitherto not done for lack of opportunity. She received them with perfect calmness and grace, without a trace of consciousness. Lord Woodmayne stood by smiling with a slightly supercilious air, and only once opened his lips to speak. That was when Arnold asked for the favour of a dance, when the Viscount interposed to say—

"Pardon me, sir, Miss Wilberforce dances with nobody but myself," and giving his arm once more to Guinivere, he led her slowly away.

Freda bit her lip as Arnold turned once more to her, and said—

"Poor Guinivere! I would not be her for something."

"It is not so very unusual for a lover to——"

"A lover!" Freda repeated almost scornfully, as she slipped her arm into Arnold's. "I fear he is more tyrant than lover. Poor, poor Guinivere! I think she threw away the substance to grasp at the shadow. They call it a great triumph for her to-night. It seems to me a very hollow triumph!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LACE INDUSTRY AND ITS REVIVAL,

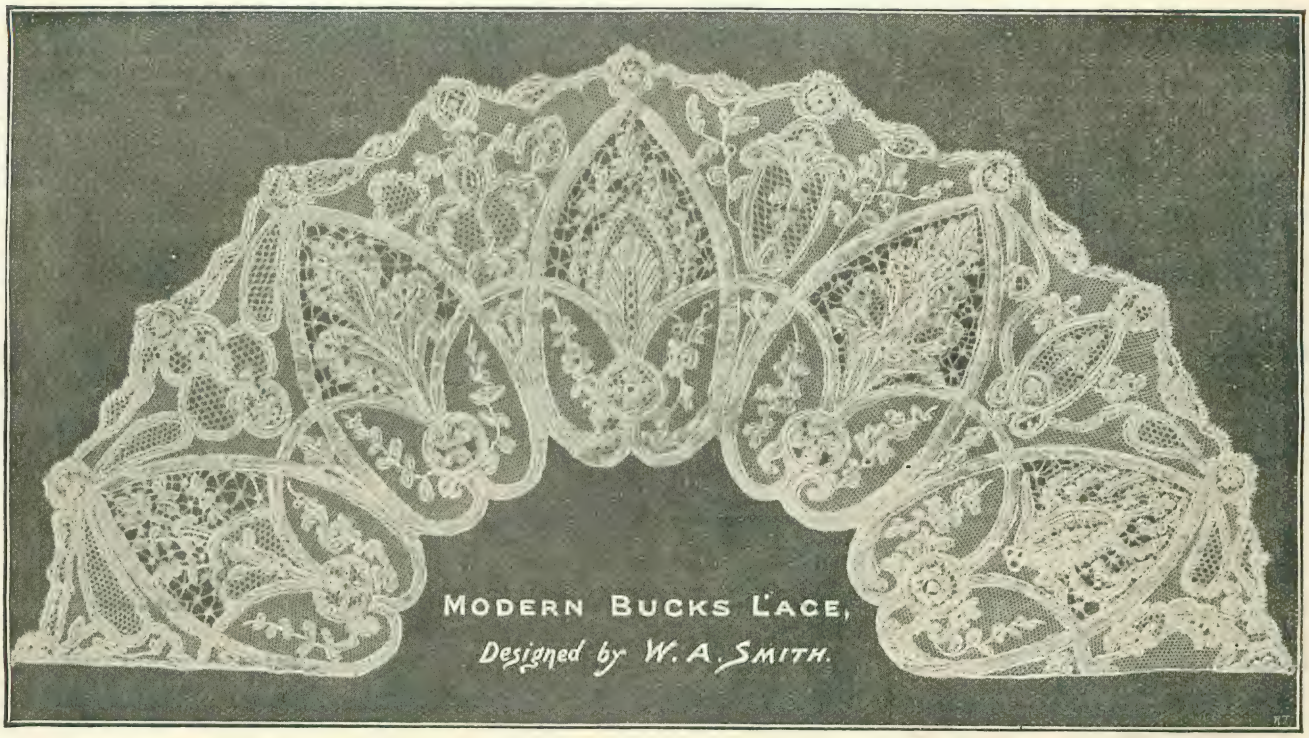
By the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Buckinghamshire.

In responding to a kind request that I should write a short article on Buckinghamshire lace, I cannot refrain from remarking that it seems curious that while so much is being done to better the condition of the English labourer, few attempts are made to encourage cottage industries for women; yet there are various ways in which women could earn two or three shillings a week, and, when one considers that the wages of the men in many places only amount to about twelve or thirteen shillings a week, this would make a considerable addition to the earnings of the household, and with it many little luxuries could be procured.

One of these industries is pillow-lace making. This flourished in several parts of England, such as Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Nottinghamshire. Schools for teaching the art used to be found in nearly every village in these counties, and there are old women living who describe how they used to be sent to them, with their "pillows and stools," as soon as they were five years old. For the first year or two they earned nothing, later a trifle, and eventually, as they became expert, they obtained the full price for their work. Besides lace-making, they were supposed to be taught a certain amount of reading and writing, but their education, in this respect, was hardly up to what an inspector of these days would require to be taught in the lowest standards of the schools in his district.

There is no doubt that to become a successful lacemaker, one can hardly begin too young; otherwise, although the different stitches can be learnt and fine work can be done, the fingers never acquire that suppleness so necessary for quickly manipulating the bobbins, without which good wages cannot be earned, owing to the length of time taken to complete even a short piece. Of course, however, as in everything else, there are some who never attain great proficiency in the art.

The expense of "setting up" a pillow is not great, the pillow itself costing about eighteenpence, the bobbins about sixpence a



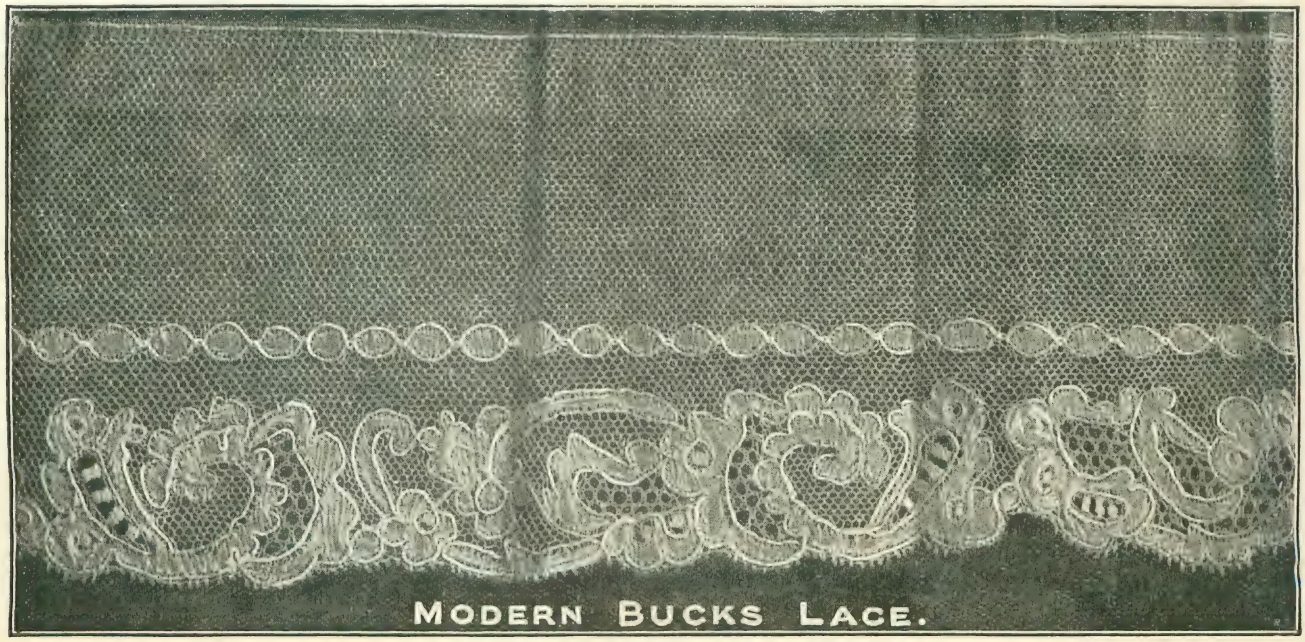
dozen, the thread a mere trifle, and then only a packet of fine pins and a parchment (or "eitch" as the people call it), on which the design is pricked, are required to complete the outfit.

In Buckinghamshire the learner was and is generally started on a pattern called "little bud." This, in spite of being one of the simplest designs made, is extremely puzzling to a beginner until she has got over some of the difficulties of the various intertwinings of the bobbins necessary to make the different stitches. It is wonderful how quickly children usually manage to learn, and how soon they are able to get on alone.

After they have quite mastered that pattern, and can join broken threads and put on fresh bobbins, they are given a rather wider and more complicated one, and this change is repeated until they can do quite wide laces, in which are to be found all the various stitches used in Buckinghamshire lace, such as "cat stitch," "five pin," "clothic," "French work," etc.

Unfortunately the Buckinghamshire workers have done themselves much harm by going in largely for making a kind of Torchon lace, and as this can be so well and cheaply made by machinery, they are unable to obtain a satisfactory market for it. Another great drawback has been that they have got into the habit of using too thick thread, which, combined with poor designs, makes their lace look heavy and coarse. The inability of many of the workers to use fine thread has, probably, been caused by a fault in their early teaching. As children they were allowed to use common strong cotton, not easily broken by a jerk of the bobbins. This got them into the bad habit of handling their bobbins roughly, with the result that when they attempt the finer thread it keeps breaking, and they cannot get on. Then they assure you "that the thread is quite rotten," and the work becomes covered with joins and uneven stitches, owing to their clumsy efforts.

The bad designs appear to have been introduced about thirty to forty years ago. Before that Buckinghamshire lace showed that its origin was principally Flemish, for some of the good specimens might almost be mistaken for Low Country lace. Then it began to imitate Chantilly, and in some cases has degenerated into a mixture of the above



with Maltese and Torchon, all of which styles are sometimes found in one pattern.

Very few of the fine old horn parchments are preserved. If inquired for the answer generally given is: "Oh, I had a lot, but was tidying up the other day, and I threw all my 'eitches' into the fire, because I thought they were just rubbish."

In order to prevent the art of lace-making becoming quite extinct, some small classes have recently been started for children in two or three places in Buckinghamshire. These are well attended, but as a teacher cannot properly instruct more than twelve pupils at one class, there are always two or three children eagerly looking out for a vacancy in it. The little pupils are most painstaking and industrious, some, who have pillows of their own, getting up early in the morning to do some lace-making on their own account before starting for school. Much of their work is really wonderfully creditable considering their age, and that they have only been learning from twelve to eighteen months. A length once finished finds a ready sale, for many kind people are willing to buy a piece made by a little worker of eight or nine, and do not criticise it too severely.

An objection made against teaching pillow-lace is, that the pay earned is so small (from three to five shillings a week), that girls will not find it worth while to go on when they grow up, but will go out to service and forget it. Yet can this be called a drawback? Surely it is better they should go out to service, and as lace-making once learnt is not easily forgotten, they will always be able in later life to earn a little pocket-money for themselves, or to help their husbands if they marry.

Even in this economical age there must be some who are willing to encourage an industry which promotes the welfare of our labourers' homes by giving a few pence more for lace which is handsome. Should they do so, they would find that not only would they benefit the cottagers, but they themselves would not be losers in the long-run, for it is a well-known fact that hand-made goods last nearly twice as long as those made by machinery, and this is especially true of lace. Let us give up buying cheap goods, and help our cottagers to help themselves, and we shall all be able to regard our purchases with more satisfaction.

In conclusion, let me draw your readers' attention to the four illustrations accompanying this article. The first and second of these are good specimens of old patterns, while the third and fourth are entirely new, and recently worked from very beautiful designs, specially prepared and drawn by Mr. W. A. Smith, clearly showing that our people can and will take up new patterns, and work them successfully too, if only anyone can be found with the necessary willingness and ability to design for them as Mr. W. A. Smith has so kindly done.

THE HEALTH IN SPRING-TIME.

By "MEDICUS."

WHERE in all the wide world, or rather in my little corner of it, am I to seek for inspiration to write an article on spring on such a day as this. So dark, so gloomy, so "doure!" Doesn't it make one shudder? And yet when I looked out of my window early this morning, the clouds in the south-east, where soon the sun would rise, were all aglow with his herald rays. Away in the north and west from which the wind is now blowing the sky was blue, and high in air the rooks were whirling, though this is always a sign of storms to come. Yet my guinea-pigs were frisking on the lawn like lambkins on the lea.

Stay, I'll go out to the paddock, and bring in my favourite St. Bernard "Lassie," and right cosily she'll lie on the bear-skin rug before the wigwam fire.

The sparrows come round me in dozens. I have fed them already this morning. I will not be imposed upon even by the wild birds. All day yesterday they were busy relining their nests here, there and everywhere with soft oaten straw and feathers brought from afar. They are determined, they tell me, to keep their little ones warm in cold weather. Now that the trees are all leafless and bare, bar the yews and the stately pines, one can easily see where the sparrows had their nests last summer and spring. In one wisteria tree in front of the house I counted fifteen nests, five in the climbing ivy and many more in the wall plum-tree. This close around my dwelling, but every pine has its nest very high up, even the sycamores have been requisitioned, and the ivy that climbs around the oaks and ashes, and every knot, on any old apple tree that has a hole in it, is or has been occupied by my sparrows.

Whew—ew! How the wind blows to be sure. I gaze upwards at my poplar trees, they are ninety feet high if an inch, but they bend like bundles of fishing-rods before the wintry blast! Were one to fall on my wigwam there would be no more "Medicus" and no more "Lassie." And now it is fairer and brighter though the wind is no less. Here is a proof of its strength. I open my western door—the window is always open—and let the wind blow across the strings of my guitar, while I touch the notes, and music more soft and sweet than that of the Aeolian harp falls on my listening ear.

Well, it is hard to be practical on such a morning as this, but presently I will try to be. Hullo! Here is cock robin at my window again. Three times he has been here before.

"You'd better go, Cockie, the cat's here."

He edges back a little and sings defiance at me.

"What care I for the cat," he says nodding viciously towards my hammock in which the great half-Persian Linton Lowerin is fast asleep.

"Well," I answer, "here is a sugar-coated pill for you; or rather, Cockie, it is a ferruginous tabloid with a little aloin in it. I've no more food for you, so you must have physic."

I place the tabloid on the window ledge, and next moment Cockie has flown away with it. Now I love that bird, and so I repent at once of my folly. Why, there is enough iron and aloin in that tabloid for a grown man, and surely too much for even the sturdiest and cheekiest of robins. But my fears are soon laid at rest. He stations himself on a post and proceeds to dissect it. The sugar tastes nice but the contents, ah! how bitter!

"A bad egg!" he seems to say as he throws it on the grass for some poor unhappy itinerant rat to eat.

Let me count now. Why! in a little time spring will be here. Long before then bud and burgeon will be appearing on hedgerow and tree; the rooks will have their callow young; many other birds will be building, the lark will be soaring and singing, the days getting longer, and sunshine and hope everywhere.

What a happy, happy time is spring! Why, even delicate invalids who were confined to their rooms half the weary winter through, may now show their pale faces amid the greenery of the gardens, stroll slowly up and down the sheltered walks, or bask on rustic seats in the sunshine, drinking in health with every breath of the balmy spring air.

Sunshine? Oh, we don't get half enough of it, and we don't make sufficient use of it when we do get it. The ancient Romans knew nothing about telegraphs and telephones nor electric light, but they knew the value of a light far more wholesome, namely that of the sun. And they used to have sunshine baths in specially arranged rooms, that is the richer and wiser did. But in our busy days we never think of such a thing. We haven't time really, but anyhow, the invalid—you, miss, or your dear mother or auntie who has nothing to do but get well, should be out in every blink of sunshine. Because sunshine and light are tonics of rare value, especially if taken in conjunction with fresh air.

A ray of sunshine on a young girl's face is in reality nature's own pencil, held by nature's own hand and designed to make her beautiful. No girl who wishes to look well can afford to hide her face from the spring sunshine. The sun in summer may blister and burn, but in spring-time it is your dearest friend.

But while the sunshine at this time of the year is all that is desirable, spring winds are often high and cold. The east wind for instance, although bracing to those who can stand it and walk or ride against it, is often very trying to those who are subject to colds, or slight bronchitis. But I do not advise such tender morsels of humanity to keep indoors for all that. Nor to wear thick, heavy clothing. The dress should be warm but light, and of course all wool.

The corset of the invalid should just give support, but never be tightened. If it is worn tight I can assure you that your health will never improve. On a due expansion of the lungs much more depends than most people imagine. The generality of girls don't know how to breathe, or they can't do so owing to the tightness of the corset. Therefore it is

only the upper portion of the chest that has work to do in aërating the blood, and can you wonder if that duty is not always well performed or if that portion of the lungs be delicate? Girls would be better in health and far less liable to catch cold if they would only take the following advice, which is easier to take and of ten times greater utility than the best medicines in the British pharmacopœia.

1. Go early and quietly to bed.

2. See that the room is properly ventilated. Leave the window down unless the breeze is blowing against your side of the house.

3. N.B.—A little fire in the room is salutary if the weather be cold, as it acts like a ventilator and keeps the temperature up.

4. Use a hardish mattress but soft downy pillows. Let the bed-clothes be light but sufficiently cosy, and sleep with the head to the north. If you have any choice in the matter, have the bed so placed that it will not face the window, for too strong a light in the early hours of the morning causes the sleep to be non-refreshing.

5. Get up in spring and summer at 7.30, and endeavour to harden the system and inure it to cold by taking a cold bath, unless it is strictly forbidden by half-a-dozen medical men. You see I don't say *one* doctor, because I know for a fact that not one in twenty use the morning tub themselves. If you can't get the advice of half-a-dozen—and I really hope you can't—just try the bath, gradually reducing it from tepid to cold.

Dry the skin well and rub the upper part of chest and neck beneath the organ of voice till it is red. This will render the voice stronger and lessen the liability to that species of semi-hoarseness to which so many girls and young women are subject.

Even those who do not take a cold bath should sponge the throat and upper chest with ice-cold water.

6. Don't wear chest-protectors, goloshes, nor an india-rubber mackintosh.

7. Invalids on going out to enjoy a walk in the spring air and sunshine should throw a light Shetland-wool wrap round chest and neck. Try to get the real Shetland-wool shawl. This is difficult, but not impossible.

Why, it may be asked, is Shetland wool so valuable. Well, we cannot do better than be guided by nature, I believe. The Shetland Islands are bleak and cold and bare; they are, moreover, exposed to wet winds and drizzling mist and rain. In winter the snow lies deep; and at this time, the sheep, strange to say, will eat not only the mosses and seaweeds they find along the shores but fish itself. Well, they have two coats, one that grows close to the skin to protect and keep it warm, and the other long hair that grows through this.

In spring the thick coat is combed out, leaving the sheepies in their summer array, and this is the true wool of Shetland, though after it is brought to this country it is greatly adulterated. The eider-down quilts one is offered at upholsterers' shops for a pound or two have no affinity to true eider, and in the same way and for the same reason—greed and money-grabbing—half the Shetland wraps in this country haven't a hair of real Shetland wool in their whole composition.

Cold feet.—I am often queried by my readers concerning this troublesome complaint. Well, it is as much a constitutional trouble as a local. The circulation is either naturally weak or is temporarily weakened and the nervous system needs toning up. You never hear a hardy man or woman complaining of cold feet. There are one or two causes of this disagreeable sensation that I may mention here. Too much coddling of the system is one. People who live in warm rooms, wear heavy thick clothing, goloshes, etc., are very subject to cold feet. Perpetual medicine-taking is another common cause. Cordial-drinking, whether in the form of medicine or wines, is apt to deteriorate both heart and bloodvessels, and hence we have cold feet. If the body is worn and thin, cod-liver oil and extract of malt will act like a charm sometimes—I cannot say always. The word "always" isn't in a doctor's dictionary at all. Wear woollen stockings, anyhow; and before going to bed place the feet in cold water for a few minutes and have a bottle of hot water rolled in flannel to keep the extremities warm after circulation has been restored.

Cold feet will often prevent restful slumber, and this cannot be wondered at if we consider that the blood must get chilled in passing through the feet.

Cold feet should never be neglected. The system does need seeing to and the laws of health must be obeyed.

Food in spring-time.—The body needs regeneration whether you have been ill or not, therefore the food should be plainly cooked and of the very best quality. One should not over-eat, but breakfast should be taken as early as possible and dinner about half-past one. If too stout avoid starchy foods, fat and sugar; if lean do just the reverse.

Prevention better than cure.—There are unfortunately on these islands of ours many who are disposed to phthisis or consumption, and to them spring is a trying time indeed. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, who is a student of physiology and hygienics as well as a doctor, gives in his magazine the following advice to those who are inclined to phthisis.

Rule 1.—Pure air for breathing is the first rule for the prevention of consumption.

Rule 2.—Active exercise, outdoor as much as possible, is also essential.

Rule 3.—Uniform climate is also important.

Rule 4.—The dress should sustain uniform warmth.

Rule 5.—The hours of rest should be carefully regulated.

Rule 6.—Outdoor occupation is preventive.

Rule 7.—Amusements should favour muscular development and sustain healthy respiration.

Rule 8.—Cleanliness in the broadest sense is of special moment.

Rule 9.—Every precaution should be taken to avoid colds.

Rule 10.—The diet of consumptive people should be ample, with full proportion of the respiratory foods.

These rules I can heartily endorse.

VARIETIES.

Pomps and Vanities.

A rather gaily-dressed young lady asked her Sunday class, "What is meant by the pomps and vanities of the world?"

The answer was honest, but rather unexpected—"Them flowers in your hat."

An Original Judge.

An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked—

"What is the amount in question?"

"Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel.

"I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."

Sound on its Travels.—An American humorist was asked "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The noise of a dinner-bell, for instance," he says, "travels half a mile in a second, while an invitation to get up in the morning, I have known to be three-quarters of an hour going up two pair of stairs, and then not have strength enough left to be heard."

Wise Living.

The following inscription is over a mantelpiece at Preston Hall in Northumberland. It probably dates from the last century. The first three lines are convex, and the last two concave, while the word "therefore" is placed in a central position—

"Spend the day well, and you will rejoice at night.
No good man can be miserable, nor bad man happy,
Whether rich or poor,
Therefore
May you your days in peace and wisdom spend,
That endless peace may crown your latter end."

Weather-Wise.—A French pastor when asked whether he thought rain might shortly be expected, replied, "To answer your question properly I ought to hear my choir girls sing this morning. It is a very simple matter. I find as a rule that when the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture their vocal chords are relaxed, and they sing rather flatter than the organ. On the other hand, in dry weather they show a tendency to sing too high."

Weighing the Children.

The average weights of children have been made a subject of investigation by M. Guetelet. He gives the results in the following interesting table which shows the weight in pounds at different ages of both boys and girls:—

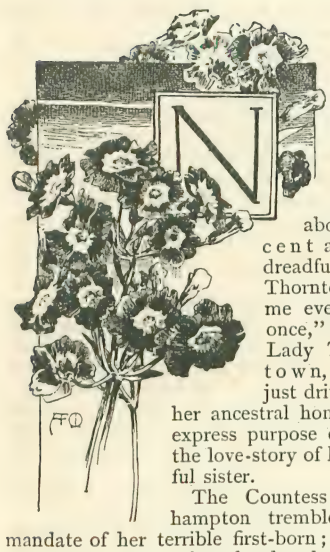
Age.	Boys.	Girls.	Age.	Boys.	Girls.
1	19·8	18·9	9	51·7	46·2
2	24·2	24·2	10	55·4	50·8
3	27·5	27·2	11	59·4	56·1
4	30·8	30·5	12	63·8	63·8
5	34·9	33·6	13	72·8	71·5
6	39·1	36·7	14	81·6	79·8
7	43·3	39·1	15	90·6	88·0
8	47·5	41·8			

Man and Woman.—Man is continually saying to woman, "Why are you not more wise?" Woman is constantly saying to man, "Why are you not more loving?" Unless each is both wise and loving, there can be no real growth.

Pray Without Ceasing.—Prayer is the pitcher that fetcheth water from the brook wherewith to water the herbs; break the pitcher and it will fetch no water, and for want of water the garden will wither.—*Bunyan.*

THROUGH THINGS TEMPORAL.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.



CHAP. I.

"NOW, mamma, what does this cock-and-bull story mean, about Millicent and that dreadful young Thornton? Tell me everything at once," demanded Lady Thistletown, who had just driven over to her ancestral home, for the express purpose of hearing the love-story of her beautiful sister.

The Countess of Roehampton trembled at this mandate of her terrible first-born; she dared not disobey Emma, but she shrank from holding up her beloved Millicent as a target for the Thistletonian scorn.

"It is really nothing to make a fuss about, Emma, nothing at all; but, of course, it has worried your father and me a good deal. And you ought not to say, 'that dreadful young Thornton,' it is most unjust. He is such a nice person; not one of our set, of course, but quite a gentleman in his way; and he has behaved very reasonably about the whole thing."

"Reasonably?" snorted Lady Thistletown; "what a word to apply. But tell me the story, and I will judge for myself."

Her mother felt sure that she would! for from her youth upwards Emma had always judged for herself, and now she judged for Lord Thistletown as well.

"Well, you see, dear Emma, it came about in this way," stammered poor Lady Roehampton. "The Thorntons are artistic people—paint pictures, you know, and things of that sort—and they took the Grange after old Mrs. Woodruffe's death, so as to be able to copy all the pretty views round about. There is only Miss Thornton and her brother; and Millicent set up a great friendship with the sister. You know how dear and sweet Milly always is to people of that kind."

"I should think I do know," snapped out the scornful Emma.

"And so," continued Lady Roehampton, ignoring the interruption, "Millicent and Miss Thornton used to go out sketching together; and after a time—as I understand—the brother began to look over their sketches. And then he helped Millicent, and they used often to meet each other in the village or the park when he had been fishing; and then they went and fell in love with each other. It is very upsetting," concluded the poor lady with a sigh.

"It is very absurd! I can't think why Millicent wants to go wandering about parks and villages," replied Lady Thistletown.

"Poor little Milly! she is so young and so pretty that one must make allowances for her," explained the fond mother, bravely defending her absent lamb.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," retorted the irate Emma, who had left off being young and had never begun to be pretty. But though Millicent's youth and beauty might have nothing to do with her wanderings about parks and villages, it had a great deal to do with the question as to whether these said wanderings were solitary or otherwise; and so Lady Roehampton tried to explain; but her daughter would not listen.

"I have always disapproved of the way in which you let Millicent walk out by herself in country lanes and places," persisted Emma; "and now I find that she was not walking out by herself, but with this dreadful young man. It was terribly vulgar!"

"Millicent could not possibly be vulgar," said Lady Roehampton flushing angrily.

"She evidently could be, and was," persisted Millicent's implacable sister; "and where the pleasure lay I fail to see. I never wanted to walk in a dirty country-lane in my life—not even with Thistletown."

The Countess had not a very keen sense of humour, but she laughed at this; for she felt that the presence of her noble and respected son-in-law would rob the most idyllic pathway of its romance.

"I don't know what you are laughing at, mamma, I am sure. I see nothing funny in the idea of Thistletown's taking a walk. In fact I believe he does so every day on account of his liver."

"But a walk on account of one's liver and a walk on account of one's lover are most diverse forms of exercise, I should imagine," murmured Lady Roehampton still chuckling.

"And what is to be the end of the affair?" asked Lady Thistletown haughtily, feeling that her lord's aristocratic liver and her sister's plebeian lover were not things to be spoken of in the same breath.

"Oh! of course Milly is so sweet and good and reasonable that she quite sees it would never do for her to marry out of her own class; so she has agreed to say good-bye to Mr. Thornton and to think no more about him," said the mother, whose conscience did not altogether agree with her worldly-wisdom in thus sacrificing her daughter's happiness on the shrine of the Moloch which she worshipped; but her ladyship had worshipped Moloch too long and too consistently for nonconformity in this respect to come easy to her; so she stifled her maternal conscience. "He is quite satisfied about it, Milly says; but as far as I can gather, the sister has turned rusty, and is really nasty to dear Millicent."

"If Millicent will make such friends, what can she expect?"

"Still it is very unreasonable of Miss Thornton," said Lady Roehampton. "She could hardly expect Milly to marry her brother, and if he behaves well about the matter I don't see why she should make herself disagreeable. But it is always the way—*bourgeois* men are so very superior to *bourgeoise* women."

"I think it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, and I know I would never mix myself up with such people. But here comes Millicent herself across the lawn."

"Please don't say anything to her about it," cried the anxious mother, knowing that Emma's touch upon a recent wound was by no means possessed of healing properties. And so the burning subject was dropped for a time.

Lady Thistletown was the eldest child of the Earl and Countess of Roehampton, and had always been more feared than loved by her obedient parents. Between her and the only other surviving child, Lady Millicent Carewe, there had intervened several little brothers and sisters who had not outlived their infancy; so that Lady Emma was fifteen years older than her sister, and had been married to Lord Thistletown while Millicent was still in the schoolroom. Naturally Lord and Lady Roehampton doted on their youngest child, who seemed to have inherited all the love which belonged by right to the little brothers and sisters who could not stay to enjoy it; and they doted on her all the more because she was as beautiful and refined as a lovely white flower. Until this *affaire de cœur* with Edmund Thornton, Millicent had never given them a moment's anxiety; and even now she bowed to their superior judgment, and gave up her heart's desire in obedience to the parental decree. But the Roehamptons were no tyrants; and had Millicent but had the courage to convince her parents that her life's happiness was at stake, they would quickly have sacrificed their class prejudices to their darling's wishes. But for all her sweetness Millicent was of the world worldly, and to her the things which are seen and temporal were of more importance than the things which are not seen and eternal.

It would have been impossible for the most affectionate parents to have doted upon Lady Emma Carewe. She was one of those people who seem middle-aged as soon as they can speak; and who begin to make use of the art of conversation, immediately after acquiring it, by setting right their less sensible fellow-creatures. For thirty long and (to them) weary years did the Lady Emma Carewe exercise unstintingly her reforming powers upon the characters of the Earl and Countess of Roehampton, till at last they began to regard their first-born as a "fixture" from which no fairy prince would ever essay to deliver them: then—to their unfeigned joy and surprise—she transferred her beneficent sway to Lord Thistletown, a widowed and neighbouring nobleman whose dulness and decorum were beyond reproach. For five years Emma had reigned supreme at Castle Thistletown. She regretted much that she had no children, or even step-children, to train up in the way they should go, but she kept her hand in (so to speak) by attending to the education of her lord and master; and even the small and sordid soul which nature had allotted to John, Lord Thistletown, he was not permitted to call his own.

But Millicent was wholly different from her sister. She was beautiful, while Emma was plain; she was tall and graceful, while Emma was short and increasingly inclined to "slowly broaden"; and further she lacked that indomitable will which is the heritage only of women under five feet three, whereby they are enabled to drive their taller and weaker sisters to the wall. In short Millicent was amiable and charming, and everything that Emma was not.

In a wooded hollow at the edge of the park Millicent Carewe met Edmund Thornton for the last time, to say good-bye. She was very loving and tearful and very wretched at the thought of parting from her lover; but the idea of trampling on her traditions and casting in her lot with his never entered her head for a moment. Edmund was far too honourable a man even to think of suggesting to Millicent to disobey her own people; but he did ask her if she could not wait until he had made a name for himself as an artist and had a right to claim her. But Lady Millicent said no.

"But, my darling," pleaded Thornton, "suppose I were to work day and night until I became a great painter, wouldn't you marry me then?"

Millicent shook her head. "I am afraid it wouldn't do," she sobbed.

"Wouldn't do?" cried Edmund, with some scorn. "Why wouldn't it do? You see, dear, it isn't as if I were poor and couldn't

"'AND THEN THEY WENT AND FELL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER.'"

afford to give you every comfort and luxury. As I have told you, my father left me a large fortune, and I only paint for the love of it—not because I am obliged to work. I do not ask you to share a life of poverty—though some women can even do that with the men they love, and count the loss of wealth as nothing; but I cannot see why the fact that my father was what the world calls 'a self-made man,' should stand between you and me for ever, if we love each other."

"Oh, please don't be angry with me; it frightens me so when you are angry," said Millicent through her tears. "It seems impossible to make you understand how my people feel about a thing like this!"

"I am glad that it is impossible for me to understand that mere pride of birth can be stronger than love; for I believe that you do love me, Millicent," said Edmund grimly.

"Dearly, dearly; never doubt that I love you, and that it will be impossible for me ever again to love anyone in the same way. Do you know how, when one is quite young, life seems to be an unanswered question? I felt that always till I met you, and then I knew that you were the answer. You seem somehow to be mixed up with everything that is good and beautiful; and the whole world appears to me good and beautiful because you are in it."

"And yet—feeling thus—you can give me up for ever merely because of a difference in rank! I cannot understand it, as you say."

"It is so difficult to explain, but I thought you would see it."

"No, Millicent, I don't see it; and I think I have a right to an explanation."

"But an explanation would make you angry."

"I can't help that; I must have the explanation, notwithstanding."

"Well, what mother says is, that your people are so different from my people, and your way of looking at things so different from ours, that we should never be really happy together; and she says that if I married you my set would drop me, and I should have to live in your world instead of my own. Oh, Edmund, I know it is horrid of me, but I really haven't the courage to face it all."

"And yet you say you love me?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times, yes. And what is more, I shall always love you though I will never marry you. I am not at all brave, Edmund—I never was—but when once I really care for a person I never change. You do not speak; I know you are angry with me."

"No, I am not angry; only bitterly disappointed and wounded to the quick. But I think I do understand a little. If you married me, you would have to give up the fashionable world in which you have hitherto lived and moved and had your being, and that you consider too prodigious a sacrifice for even love to demand. If you seriously think that the lot of a frivolous fine lady is a happier and higher one than the lot of a tender and true woman, then I can only say that you are acting in strict accordance with your convictions if you finally dismiss me and my middle-class affections. I have never pretended to be what I am not; and I do not attempt for an instant to deny that all my relations—my married sisters, for instance, and my only brother—are what your ladyship would describe as 'common.' That is to say, they live in unfashionable London suburbs, and dine early, and fill their bran-new houses with unlovely furniture and ormolu clocks. All this is true; and it is also true that if you married me, you would have to know these people and to learn their habits; for no wife of mine—be she ever so high-born—shall ever come between me and my own people. Therefore, Millicent, if you have not the courage to face this thing, you are right to bid me go; but if you have the courage to stand by my side and let us face the world together, then you shall be loved with a love passing the love of women, and shall lack nothing that wealth or affection can obtain. It rests with you to decide."

"Edmund, forgive me; but I must dwell among my own people," replied her ladyship sorrowfully.

And without another word the man turned on his heel and left her; left her to enjoy that mess of society's pottage for which she had deliberately bartered her woman's birthright of love and happiness.

But though Edmund Thornton might feel angry with Millicent himself, he would not allow his sister to abuse her.

"You can't understand her, you never could," he said, when Maria expressed her surprise at Lady Millicent's decision. "She is surrounded by a hedge of customs and traditions such as a girl brought up as you have been could have no idea of."

"And you regard this hedge of customs and traditions as the divinity which doth hedge a queen," remarked Miss Thornton scornfully.

"Yes, I do," replied her brother. "To me Lady Millicent is, and always will be, a sort of divinity; and I cannot allow even you to lay rough hands on the shrine which I have raised to her in my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Maria. "I know one thing, however, namely, that if I loved a man, a million relations shouldn't prevent me from marrying him, nor a million customs and traditions. I can stand against the stream, I am thankful to say, and I despise people who cannot."

Edmund smiled. "A little brown rock can stand against the stream, and a lovely white water-lily cannot; yet the rock could never despise the water-lily."

"Why not?"

"Because in the scale of creation the water-lily is a whole kingdom higher than the rock, in spite of its mutability."

"Oh, you are absurd. I believe that girl has bewitched you. Now for my part I think her a——"

"Maria, be silent!" said her brother sternly. And when he spoke in that tone Maria always obeyed.

A few days later she said to him, "Edmund, have you heard that the Roehamptons are taking Lady Millicent abroad for the winter?"

"No, I had not heard."

"Well, it is true. Dr. Collins told me. He says Lady Millicent is far from strong, and they are anxious about her. But I expect she will get all right out there, and forget everything that has happened, and fall in love with somebody else."

Edmund was silent.

"And, Edmund, I don't know what you'll say, but I must tell you that I've just promised to marry Dr. Collins."

Edmund didn't say much; but he smiled grimly to himself as he pictured proud Lady Millicent as the sister-in-law of the country practitioner. Yet in spite of his smile his heart was heavy within him as he thought of the perfect life that he and Millicent might have lived together if only she had loved the world less and himself more; and he felt no anger against, but only the tenderest pity for, the girl, who, in her blindness was so passing through things temporal, that the things eternal (of which surely love was one) were in danger of being finally lost to her.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW A GIRL CAN TRAIN FOR A SANITARY INSPECTORSHIP.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

As sanitary inspectorships are now open to women, it may interest some of my readers to learn how a girl desiring such a post can qualify herself for it.

No girl under twenty-one years of age could take this post, nor can she present herself before that age for the examinations which must be passed successfully before she can be awarded the diploma which alone gives her a chance of an inspectorship. It must be remembered that the only diploma recognised by Government is that obtained from the Parkes' Institute, Margaret Street, London. No other certificates or diplomas are in this case of any value.

A girl of the required age, who wishes to be trained, must possess some qualifications likely to make it possible for her to get and keep the appointment of sanitary inspector.

Although nothing very abnormal is needed in the way of physical strength, yet a delicate girl, whose health is uncertain and who becomes easily knocked up, is eminently unsuited for the work.

Besides good health there are other things to be considered. A retentive memory, sharp and cultivated powers of observation are necessary, not only for learning enough to pass her examinations, but for retaining and using profitably what she has learnt.

Another essential is a good manner. The young person who dictates to her elders, speaks snappishly, and is careless how she offends people, will not be suited for this employment at all. As a sanitary inspector, she often has the extremely disagreeable work of finding fault, and discovering deficiencies and nuisances in people's homes; in fact it is her work to be on the look-out for them. She is expected, however, to use moral suasion as much as she can, and with tact, common sense, sympathy, and a pleasant manner, a very great deal can be done, and often the point gained, without threatening or bringing the law into force. Of course the latter is a *dernier ressort*, and necessary when the other means fail.

Granting these capabilities, how is a girl to train? There are two ways, one far and away better than the other.

The one way which should never be taken unless absolutely unavoidable, is to study at home, not attending any lectures at all. A girl living far from London, or any centre where the lectures are held, for example, and

who still desires to present herself for examination, can certainly do so, because the attendance at the lectures and making the visits—to be explained later on—are by no means necessary. But the knowledge imparted in those lectures she must obtain in some way or another, and of course it is possible for her to do so. It is, however, only fair to warn her that she will be heavily handicapped in the race, taken neck to neck with the men and women who have been in London attending lectures and getting all the help, orally and visually, which is given to the student at Parkes' Institute.

However, if she has studied, procuring, needless to say, the books recommended by the Institute, she may be examined at one of the periodical examinations held by the council at various centres. These are in addition to the examinations held in London, and those who live in the country need not in consequence go to town. These examinations are carried out in exactly the same way as those held in London, and no distinction whatever is made in the certificate granted to the successful pupil.

To turn now to the better plan, and the one I should recommend any girl who wishes to go in for this work adopting if possible. Courses of lectures and demonstrations, visits to various places connected with sanitation, and particularly adapted for candidates who intend to present themselves for examination for inspectors of nuisances, are held twice a year in London. Sometimes they are held in the provinces, so that the girl who cannot get to London may find it possible to attend the courses if at all within her reach.

The fee for attending the course of seventeen lectures is one guinea. These lectures are compulsory. By this I do not mean that a student must personally attend all or any of them, but the learning given in them must be possessed by her. It is left to her how to acquire it. It is infinitely better for her to go to all, or as many of the lectures as she possibly can, even if she has read up the subjects, as hearing them spoken of will impress them upon her mind.

Besides these lectures there are others on physics and chemistry, which are most useful and interesting. To attend these lectures and gain the knowledge contained in them is a great advantage to the pupil, but they are not absolutely necessary, so she can dispense with them if she choose to do so, and need not fear that at examination time her omission will place her at a disadvantage with those competitors who have attended both courses.

For the physics and chemistry lectures four shillings extra must be paid.

The course of lectures extends to three months. Each lecture is given at Parkes Institute, Margaret Street, and takes place twice a week, from eight to nine in the evening, so that the lecture lasts about an hour. I say about, as sometimes they are longer. The lectures are given by well-known men. As it may interest my readers to know what some of them are like, I quote verbatim from a syllabus before me of lectures already given :—

"Ventilation, Heating, and Lighting—Sir Douglas Galton, K.C.B., F.R.S.

"*External Ventilation.* — Ventilation of Streets, Courts, and Alleys—Overcrowding on Space—Obstructive Buildings—Width of Streets—Height of Buildings—Model Blocks and Artisans' Dwellings — Ventilation of Rooms from Enclosed Shafts—Back-to-Back Houses — Thorough Ventilation — Angle of Light to Inhabited Rooms—Basements and Cellar Dwellings—Building Acts and Model Bye-Laws of Local Government Board for New Buildings (Open Spaces).

"*Internal Ventilation.* — 'Natural' and 'Artificial'—Means of Ventilation — Air or Cubic Space—Volume of Fresh Air required —Composition of Air—Respiration and Combustion — Consequences of Overcrowding — Simple Tests for Impurities in Air—Warming Inseparable from Ventilation—Open Fires—Special Grates—Stoves—Hot Water—Steam —Hot Air—Lighting."

"Trade Nuisances—Prof. A. Bostock Hill, M.D., D.P.H.

"*Effluvia.*—Influence of, on health : (*a*) of the strong ; (*b*) of the weak.

"Effluvia given off from various Trades—Classification of Trade Nuisances—Methods of Dealing with Them—Powers of Sanitary Authorities, Urban and Rural, in Reference to Trade Nuisances—Bye-Laws to Offensive Trades—The more commonly occurring Offensive Trades, and the methods by which nuisances from them may be obviated."

Then there are lectures on "How to read an Act of Parliament," "What Acts of Parliament it is necessary for an Inspector to Read," "The Law as to Water and Water Supply," "Methods of Inspection," "Dwellings, Movable and Fixed," "Hop- and Fruit-Pickers' Lodgings," "Stable," "Dwellings," "Slaughter-Houses," "Water Supply," "House Drainage," "Sanitary Appliances—Cisterns—Sinks—Baths—Lavatories," etc., etc., etc. This will suffice to show a little of the range of subjects.

After each compulsory lecture, there are visits made to Disinfecting Stations, Dairies, etc., etc. These visits are not obligatory, but still it is a great advantage to the student to make them.

These visits take place the day after the lecture. They are in the daytime, usually starting about two o'clock. Beyond the payment of her own train fare the pupil has no extra expense connected with the visits.

Some of the visits are pleasant and interesting, such as the one to a large dairy company.

Others, interesting as they undoubtedly are cannot be called agreeable. A knacker's yard and sewage farms can hardly be that even to the most enthusiastic learner.

Let us begin with a pleasant visit to the Aylesbury Dairy Company's premises at Bayswater, the following interesting particulars of which are taken from authorised sources :

"The extensive block of buildings erected at St. Petersburgh Place, Bayswater, at a cost of over £70,000, and covering more than an acre of ground, were specially devised for all the purposes of dairying, and for the reception and distribution of milk, and may be taken as a type of what a milk store ought to be. They comprise :—Milk, cream, and butter dairies, constructed in accordance with the Dairy and Milk Shop Regulation Act, and wholly unconnected with any dwelling-house or living-room ; a laboratory, which is maintained under the charge of a resident analytical chemist of considerable note, in order to have the greatest possible control over the quality of the milk, stabling for one hundred and twenty horses, boiler-house containing steam boilers of forty horse-power for providing the steam and boiling water necessary for cleansing all vessels used in the dairy ; workshops for blacksmiths, carpenters and tin-men ; clerks' offices, etc., etc. All portions of these buildings in which milk or its products, cream and butter, are sold or stored, are constructed of impervious materials, glazed bricks, tiles, or cement for walls and ceilings, asphalt, or closely-jointed flagging set in cement for floors, tin for vessels, and marble and slate slabs upon galvanised iron stands for tables and chairs.

"To guard againt the contamination of milk by disease, an elaborate system of precautions has been introduced for many years. These are the inspections and survey of all dairy farms supplying the Company and the regulation of their drainage and water-supply by the District Medical Officers of Health, the enforcement of rigid sanitary precautions in connection with the dairy-farms and the persons employed upon them ; the continuous medical supervision by the local medical officers of the Company of all persons in the employ of the Company, numbering over three hundred, one of the greatest dangers that exists in London being the employment of people in dairies who, from the wretched dwellings in which they live, may at any moment carry infection to the houses they supply in their daily rounds ; and the analysis of the water from farms before contracts for milk are concluded, and periodically afterwards."

As the pupil enters the large vestibule she sees the large churns containing the milk as it comes direct from the country. Each churn is tested separately, and if found to be of the right quality is poured into the large receptacle in which all the milk is mixed together. The contents are then strained and passed by means of tubes into the lower storey where the outgoing churns stand waiting to be filled. The churns are placed under the tubes in which are taps turned on and off as required.

When each churn is filled its contents are ready for distribution among the customers.

The next thing to be viewed is the very perfect process by which these large churns and the little cans used to contain the milk are cleansed. These are scrubbed in large sinks which are in the middle of a big room. When scrubbed and scalded they are turned over steam jets which are let up through the flooring. This secures their perfect purification.

Should a Sanitary Inspector be told to inspect a dairy in accordance with the "Dairy and Milk Shop Act," she would have to see that the walls were impervious to a certain height, that the floor was impervious, all drains be outside the dairy, and the slabs on which the pans of milk and cream stand be stone or slate.

There are also various regulations in the Act which she must see are carried out, such as that no person sleeps in the dairy, etc.

The water-supply in connection with a dairy is of the very greatest importance, therefore the inspector must examine into the position of the cistern and ascertain that it is not in communication with anything insanitary.

As a proof of the necessity for all this investigation as tending to the prevention of disease, I will quote what a well-known authority says *re* the outbreak of typhoid fever in Marylebone (August and September, 1873), which was thought to have been caused by the use of milk supplied by neighbouring farms. No typhoid fever existed in that immediate vicinity at the time, but the company which received the milk from two of these farms, which were supplied with water at this point, at once very properly insisted that the water-carts should for the future be sent a mile further on to be filled with spring water.

"Chilton Grove Farm was one from which it is believed that milk was supplied in Marylebone, and here alone of all the farms doing business with the dairy company whose customers had been attacked, had there been a case of typhoid fever. The farmer had succumbed to the disease shortly before the outbreak in the London parish. The homestead at Chilton Grove was supplied with water from a well twenty feet deep. This was sunk close to the kitchen door, and near to foul drainage from the scullery, the yard, and the pig-styes."

It was also discovered that ordinary sewage passed into a very dirty ditch only a few yards off, from which foul water could not help draining into the neighbouring well.

"There are," continues this writer, "grounds for belief that matter containing specific typhoid poison, during the time that the fever occupied the farmhouse and was prevalent in the neighbourhood, had gained access to the well-water which was used in washing out the milk-cans, and that in this way the milk itself had become infected. This well-water had long been known as unsatisfactory, and another well had been dug in the pasture field several hundred yards away, and the two had been connected by a drain, so that the pump had drawn from both alike."

A visit to a disinfecting station is among those to be paid, Fulham being the one selected.

The students on arrival enter a large covered-in yard where they are met by the proprietor and shown over the place.

The disinfecting machines, made of iron, are called chambers, and these can be drawn forward into the closed-in yard, and their racks, horses, and hooks charged with the clothing, drapery, pillows, etc., to be disinfected. Bedding is placed on a cradle made of thick wire. When fully charged they are run back into the chambers, which are then made air-tight by the closing of great iron doors.

The process of disinfecting is then accomplished. All air is exhausted from the chambers and steam is let in.

When the process is completed those doors of the chambers which open into the air are opened and the disinfected articles are withdrawn.

A sewage farm is among the visits. The students go down to a farm, see the filter-beds, the methods of disposing of sewage and all arrangements for scavenging.

A sanitary inspector must be fully qualified in these matters, and be able when on his work to tell people if they are disposing of the sewage in the proper way.

At water-works the student sees how water is filtered and, if necessary, softened.

The time spent at a knacker's yard is certainly not pleasant, and a girl who gets faint at the sight of blood, had better screw up her courage and determine not to faint, or else stay at home. It may be remarked that considering that women as yet are not made inspectors of meat, that this part of the programme is very unnecessary for her to go through. I do not however agree with this. It is likely that a woman may be appointed inspector of nuisances—in other words a sanitary inspector—in some country district where inspection of meat might well come within the range of her duties.

The object of a visit to a knacker's yard is that the student may gain a knowledge of meat, and be able to discriminate accurately between the flesh of a horse and that of an ox.

At the yard she is shown a horse that has died and one that has been killed, and the difference this fact makes in the flesh, although to an untrained eye there seems no particular distinction.

The student is taught by eye as well as ear the signs of diseased meat, and as most of the signs apply equally to the flesh of horse or meat generally, such knowledge is invaluable.

It is very necessary to know the difference between ox and horse, as the heart of the latter is often passed off as ox, as well as the meat when boned.

At the Parkes Museum, which is maintained by the Institute, a great variety of the best forms of apparatus and appliances relating to domestic comfort and health can be seen, and the library of sanitary literature is at her disposal.

In the library there are a great many valuable works on sanitary science as well as a collection of reports of medical officers of health all over the country; and a reading-room well supplied with the chief sanitary periodicals, both English and foreign.

The Museum is open daily from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and on Mondays to 8 P.M.; the library and reading-room from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

The student can read and study at the library, but she should possess of her own the Public Health Acts, and one book on hygiene or sanitation, such as those written by Dr. Reid, Dr. Whitelegge, etc. Besides attending the lectures and making the visits, a student cannot expect to pass her examinations unless she works hard at the reading-room or at home. At least five or six hours daily should be spent in study and making notes.

The Public Health Acts and bye-laws she must have at her finger ends, so that when doing her work as sanitary inspector she may know exactly the limit of her powers. To take upon herself what she is not entitled to do would cause a great deal of trouble. So that in her work she must be thoroughly well up in all that the law may exact, and which she may be the means of enforcing.

The examination takes place at the end of the course. The examination fee is three guineas, of which half a guinea is remitted, if at the beginning of the course of lectures the candidate has declared her intention of presenting herself for examination.

When the examinations are held in provincial towns, the sum of one guinea extra is charged to each candidate, in order that the expenses of holding an examination out of London may be covered.

Every candidate has to pay her fee to the secretary; ten shillings and sixpence when she makes the application, and the rest at least a week before the examination day.

The examination occupies a part of two days. On the first day it takes three hours, and consists only of the written papers.

On the succeeding day the examination is *vivâ voce*, and possibly one or more questions to be answered in writing. This examination takes a very short time, from five to twenty minutes, according to the knowledge which the pupil shows she possesses. Every help is given to the candidate to reassure her and let her be at her best. She need not fear being flurried, or hurried, or in any way fussed, the aim of the examiner being to discover really what knowledge the candidate possesses, and not to trip her up or puzzle her.

At the end of the *vivâ voce* examination the pupil is told if she has, or has not passed successfully, and if the former case, her diploma is sent to her after about six weeks' time.

The following is among the regulations:—

"Every candidate is required to furnish the board of examiners with satisfactory testimonials as to age and personal character, and to give two weeks' notice previous to presenting himself for examination. He must be able to write legibly, and spell correctly, and possess a fair knowledge of arithmetic, so that he may be able to prepare a report on any subject connected with his duties, creditable to himself, and to the authority employing him.

"Unsuccessful candidates are allowed to present themselves at any other one examination within twelve months, on payment of half fees."

Probably some of my readers may like to know what kind of questions are asked at the examinations, so I will copy a few here from the list of questions which have been already asked, as that will give some idea of what they are like.

"What constitutes a dwelling? Enumerate the various kinds of dwellings. Under what legal restrictions are dwellings occupied?

"State, in detail, what steps you would take, as sanitary inspector, to cause the abatement of the nuisance in connection with—

(*a*) A fish-frying shop;

(*b*) A fat-melting factory.

"Under what conditions can pig-keeping be stopped? Where it cannot be stopped, by what means can it be regulated?

"A room in a common lodging-house is twenty-five feet long, and sixteen feet wide; it has a span roof twelve feet high throughout its centre line, and eight feet high throughout both sides. What is the cubic capacity of the door? How many adults may sleep in it? show by sketch the arrangement of the beds.

"If there is reason to suspect that sewer-gas is escaping into a house, how would you proceed to examine the drain, and to what points would you look?

"What powers exist for abating the pollution of the atmosphere by smoke?"

Now I think I have enumerated all the particulars as to how a girl can study and train herself for the post of sanitary inspector. To go through this course of training needs careful study, perseverance in work and an intelligent way of listening, seeing, and taking notes. As will be seen every help is given to the student, and besides those named, I may say that the lectures are often illustrated by diagrams, lime-light pictures, and all that can possibly assist the student in understanding the subject being studied.

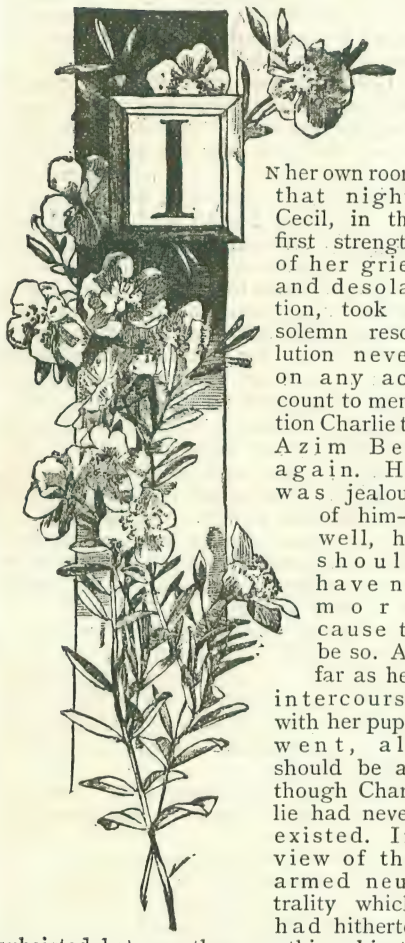
Having passed successfully and obtained a diploma, a girl however is by no means certain of work. True the field is one of the newest, and the chances in favour of her getting employment sooner or later very fair, but to hold out a prospect of absolute certainty of a post would be impossible.

Knowledge however generally turns out of use at some time or another, and a girl who has gone through this course successfully has at least some that must prove itself of value. "A little learning" is said to be a "dangerous thing." So that the pupil who is successful may congratulate herself that what she has learnt is thorough, practical, and can be made most useful in her daily life and intercourse with others, even if she fails in getting a post of sanitary inspector.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XX.



IN her own room that night, Cecil, in the first strength of her grief and desolation, took a solemn resolution never on any account to mention Charlie to Azim Bey again. He was jealous of him—well, he should have no more cause to be so. As far as her intercourse with her pupil went, all should be as though Charlie had never existed. In view of the armed neutrality which had hitherto subsisted between them on this subject, it was not, perhaps, quite clear in what way she could do more than she had already done, but it soothed her feelings to make these resolutions. She would never allude to the matter in conversation with Azim Bey again, no, not if she were dying for a sight of Charlie. Even though all that had happened was to be ascribed to his malevolent interposition, she would never degrade herself and Charlie so far as to seek his help in setting things right, or even to recur to the part he had played in the events which had just occurred. After all, she had come to Baghdad to teach Azim Bey, and not to find a husband for herself, and it might be that her pupil considered himself justified in objecting to her interesting herself in such extraneous matters. At any rate, he should not have to complain of this again. She would devote herself more earnestly than ever to his education, but he should never be so far honoured as to have Charlie's name mentioned in his hearing.

The plan seemed to work beautifully. Cecil laboured long the next morning in removing from her face the traces left by her tears and by an almost sleepless night, and appeared in the schoolroom as if the events of the day before had never occurred. Azim Bey understood the situation perfectly, and accepted it. He was very gracious, and he could afford to be so, for he had gained all he wanted. Nothing could well have been more delightful than his behaviour—it might almost be called chivalrous. If Cecil had not had the memory of yesterday to warn her, she might have been tempted to imagine that her young barbarian was becoming a gentleman, but her eyes were opened now, and she could only wonder, without being convinced.

The days passed on. Sir Dugald received a telegram from Bandr Abbas to say that Charlie had reached that place safely, and found an extraordinary amount of work awaiting him. After that there came a long unbroken silence. From the Indian newspapers, and through official channels, they heard occasionally that the epidemic was running its course, and that the two surgeons were working heroically among the sick and dying, but there did not come one single message from Charlie himself. Cecil was astonished, but she never thought of blaming him. Possibly he would not write to her lest the letter should convey infection, and he was certainly overwhelmed with work, very likely with insufficient leisure even for needed rest. In this belief she bestowed all the more pains on her own letters, doing her best, by means of their fulness and tenderness, to bridge over the distance which separated her from her lover, so far as this could be done from one side only.

At last Sir Dugald received another telegram, which said that before resigning his position under Government, Charlie was making a tour of inspection, in company with a high medical official, of the British settlements in the Gulf. The cholera had been stamped out at Bandr Abbas, and when this tour was over, Charlie was going home. The telegram concluded with these words, "Letters all missed," which seemed to shed a little light on the mystery of the sender's long silence. No doubt he had written, but in some way or other all his letters had gone astray. It was strange, however, that even after this none arrived. Sir Dugald expressed it as his opinion that Charlie must go about looking for pumps in which to post his letters, under the impression that they were pillar-boxes, but Lady Haigh and Cecil held firmly to the belief that, moving about as he was from place to place, he was too busy to write. In vain did Sir Dugald, who had assumed quite a paternal authority over Cecil since their confidential talk on the Sunday preceding Charlie's departure, urge her to bring her lover to a sense of his undeserved blessings by suspending her own letters for a time; she felt that this was impossible. The long journal-letters supplied the place to her of the Sunday afternoon talks which she had been accustomed to enjoy. A third telegram informed them that Charlie was going home, and gave his English address very clearly. "Letters still gone wrong," it said again, and Cecil triumphed over Sir Dugald, although he told her that she was only saving Charlie's character as a lover at the expense of his common sense.

The news of Dr. Egerton's resignation of his post was now public property, and people began to perceive merits which they had hitherto ignored in the way he had performed his duties. His colleague at Bandr Abbas and the rest of the English community there were loud in their praises of his behaviour during the epidemic, and this caused his former adventurous journeys, undertaken for the purpose of investigating the diffusion of the disease, to be brought to mind. Even the fact of his having been instrumental in checking the spread of a cholera epidemic in his former post, a success which had been followed, as he had told Cecil bitterly long before, by his enforced resignation, was recalled, and one or two very hard things were said of the superior who had insisted on his removal. In fact, he was the hero of the hour among a certain set in India, chiefly consisting, it is to be feared, of those who had been disappointed and passed over, like himself, but numbering in their ranks some few who could command a hearing in the Press. The remarks of the Indian papers were balm to the souls of Cecil and Lady Haigh, and they read with avidity all that was said in Charlie's praise, though Lady Haigh once remarked sadly—

"It all comes too late, Cecil. A little of this encouragement and appreciation, bestowed three years ago, would have saved this 'valuable public servant,' whose loss they deplore so feelingly, to the public service, for he would have stayed in India, and persevered in trying for a better post, instead of taking this as a forlorn hope."

"And then we might never have met!" said Cecil. "Well, Lady Haigh, I am sorry if you are."

To which no answer could be made, and Lady Haigh ceased her lamentations. But time was passing on, and still there came no news from Charlie, with the exception of one telegram, announcing his safe arrival in England. Things were becoming more and more mysterious. Why should four telegrams alone, all addressed to Sir Dugald, arrive out of all the missives which it was tolerably certain Charlie had sent off? Cecil felt sure that he could never have received her letters without answering them; what, then, had become of the answers? It was not until Christmas-time that the mystery was solved. Cecil was at the Residency as usual, and when the mail came in she looked eagerly to see whether there were any letters for her. Again she was disappointed; there was only one, and

this was a bulky epistle from her step-mother. The appearance of the letter was characteristic of the writer. The many closely-written sheets were stuffed into a thin envelope much too small for them, and this had naturally resented such treatment by giving way, in consequence of which it had been "found open, and officially sealed." The direction was blotted and irregular, and had evidently been written in a violent hurry, and the stamp, which was upside down, was of double the proper value. Cecil laughed at the appearance of the envelope, and mentally pictured little Mrs. Anstruther writing in feverish haste to catch the mail, and scrambling the letter into the post just in time. As usual, the first page was dated about a fortnight earlier than the last, and Cecil hurried on to the end. Here at last was the news for which she had been longing.

"Oh, my dear Cecil," wrote Mrs. Anstruther, "we have had such a delightful surprise. Your friend Dr. Egerton came to see us yesterday, and we talked about you for hours and hours. Your father and I are greatly pleased with him, and the little children love him already. He is staying at the Imperial Hotel, and his aunt is there too, but she has not her health here, and I don't think this place suits her. They seem very well off, and Fitz says that one of the boys at the school told him that Dr. Egerton has really an immensity of money, for it has been accumulating for him ever since he has been in the East. But, dear childie, why don't you write to him? Indeed, indeed, I think you are not treating him well. He says he has never had one single line from you, though he has written to you every week. It is not kind of you, and we were so greatly astonished to hear it that we couldn't think of any excuses for you. Sure the poor boy" — these four words were scratched out, for Mrs. Anstruther flattered herself that both her literary style and her accent were extremely English—"Poor Dr. Egerton is deeply in love with you, but he said himself he could not understand it. Indeed he was in a great state lest something had happened to you, but we were able to reassure him about that——"

Cecil read thus far, and then looked up with a horrified face.

"Lady Haigh!" she gasped, "every one of my letters has missed, as well as Charlie's. What can it be?"

"Impossible, my dear!" cried Lady Haigh briskly. "You must have mistaken what he says. Is his letter from home?"

"It isn't from him even now," said Cecil. "It's from Mrs. Anstruther. There must have been some dreadful mistake, and what can we do?"

"I think this concerns you rather than myself, Miss Anstruther," said Sir Dugald, coming into the room. "I hope I haven't read much of it, but I really did not see at first that the letter which I was desired under fearful penalties to deliver to you was on the same sheet as my own."

He held out a letter in Charlie's writing, which Cecil almost snatched from his hand. As he said, the first page was occupied by an earnest request to him to give the letter into Miss Anstruther's own hands, as the writer could not help thinking that there had been foul play hitherto with regard to their correspondence. The other three pages contained the letter proper, closely written, and overflowing with passionate anxiety.

"My darling," Charlie concluded, "I am certain there must be something wrong, or you would never have left me without a line all these months. I heard from Da Silva the other day that that fellow Karalampi had been at the Residency a good deal lately, and I should not wonder if he had something to do with it. I do entreat you not on any account to trust him in the very smallest matter. The man is capable of anything. I am consumed with anxiety about you. I was talking yesterday about going out at once to see you and find out what was the matter, but your father said I should only bring you into trouble, and entreated me not to think of such a thing. Dearest, you know I would do anything rather than get you into trouble, but if I can be of the very smallest help or use to you, let me have a wire, and I will start at an hour's notice. Only write, my darling, or I shall go mad."

Cecil dropped the letter with a groan which attracted the attention of Sir Dugald, who had considerately been discussing his own letters with Lady Haigh while she read it.

"Anything wrong, Miss Anstruther?" he asked kindly.

"Our letters!" groaned Cecil, "his and mine. Neither of us has ever received one of them, and we have both written once a week."

"This is serious indeed," said Sir Dugald. "About sixty letters altogether, and spread over more than six months! Well, it is quite evident what has happened, though I confess I should scarcely have thought the game worth the candle in this case. They have been tampering with the mail bags again."

"Tampering, who?" cried Cecil.

"Interested parties, I presume," said Sir Dugald drily. "Some post-office clerk who is learning English and likes to study it by means of other people's letters, possibly, but I should scarcely think so. It's an old trick, and they have tried it several times here, but not just lately."

"But can you get the letters back?" asked Cecil.

"Scarcely, I'm afraid. They would be much too compromising to be allowed to remain in the thief's possession. No, but we may be able to stop the robberies in future. I will communicate with Constantinople at once, and set the Embassy to work. Shall we make the abstraction of your love-letters a *casus belli*, Miss Anstruther?"

"It isn't a laughing matter to me," said Cecil dolefully.

"No, nor to poor Egerton either," said Sir Dugald. "It was a most happy thing that he thought of writing to you under cover to me, or we might never have found out how the trick was worked. You see they have simply suppressed all Egerton's letters to you, and all yours directed to him. Your home letters have arrived as usual, have they not? I thought so. Well, suppose you set Egerton's mind at rest by telegraphing him a Christmas message at once. I think I can guarantee that it won't go astray from here."

Cecil accepted gratefully Sir Dugald's suggestion, and dispatched a sufficiently lengthy message. This done, she had leisure to think over the strange fate of her letters. She could not doubt that their disappearance had been arranged by the same hand that had contrived Charlie's removal from Baghdad, and yet it seemed scarcely likely that Azim Bey would have thought of such a thing. Charlie's suggestion as to M. Karalampi she scouted at once, for what motive could he have for abstracting her letters, even though he had an old grudge against her, and no liking for Charlie? But M. Karalampi was destined to be brought to her mind once again that evening, when she went to have tea with Mrs. Hagopidan, of whom she had seen but little of late.

"So I hear you have set up another admirer, Cecil?" said the hostess, when she had inquired and heard the latest news from Whitcliffe.

"I don't know what you mean, Myrta," said Cecil, laughing.

"My dear girl, you must have noticed that M. Karalampi does you the honour to admire you. Of course it's impossible that you could have the bad taste not to admire him."

"I think you forget that I am engaged," said Cecil in her stateliest manner.

"Not at all, dear, nor does he. He only thinks that it is a merciful dispensation of Providence which has removed Dr. Egerton from Baghdad, and left the way clear for him. They didn't love each other, those two. Really, Cecil, I could have danced at times to see Dr. Egerton freeze him with a look, and to behold the murderous glances M. Karalampi bestowed upon him behind his back. He daren't have looked at you then—it would have been as much as his life was worth, but now he has a fair field. How do you like him, dear?"

"Myrta, you know that if there is a person I detest, it's that man. I wish you would not make up these things about him. I don't like it."

"But I am perfectly in earnest, I assure you, much more so than he is. Of course he only intends a flirtation, just to pass the time, for he has a wife somewhere. Some people say he has a wife in a good many places, but no doubt that is merely scandal. But seriously, Cecil, the creature has the conceit to believe that now that Dr. Egerton is safely out of the way, his own charms will prove irresistible. I believe he has a bet with young Vogorides on the subject. His sister, Arghiro, let something drop about it when she was here yesterday, and I thought I would give you warning."

"Thank you, Myrta. I don't think

M. Karalampi will make any more bets about me."

"But you won't make a scene, Cecil?"

"I don't think I am likely to want the world to know how M. Karalampi thinks of me," said Cecil, as she rose to go, and her hostess could learn no more from her. Nor, to her great disappointment, did she ever succeed in finding out the exact results of her warning. Whether Cecil snubbed M. Karalampi in public, or administered a few home-truths to him in private, Mrs. Hagopidan never knew, but M. Karalampi's visits to the Residency became once more few and far between, and Arghiro Vogorides let slip that her brother had won his bet, but could not get the money paid. That was all, and Cecil went on her way satisfied, and unconscious that her own name was added, deeply underlined, to the long list in M. Karalampi's black books. In this list there were to be found already all the names of those from whom he had received slights, or against whom he had conceived a grudge, and also of some of those whom he had injured, and therefore found it impossible to forgive. In which category the Pasha's name appeared, it would be difficult to say, possibly in all three, but both that of the Um-ul-Pasha and that of Azim Bey might have been found in the first. Most of M. Karalampi's employers were in his black books, and it was one of the chief beauties of his peculiar method of working that he was able to play them off one against another, and to punish them all in the course of business.

The account against Azim Bey was allowed to stand over for awhile just now. By way of making himself agreeable to all parties, M. Karalampi had done what the Bey wanted, and succeeded in banishing Charlie from Baghdad. He had even improved upon his instructions by arranging for the abstraction of the letters, a master-stroke which delighted Azim Bey when it was communicated to him, but now he returned to his former employers, whose interests were by no means identical with those of Cecil's pupil. The Um-ul-Pasha was once more embarked on a plot in favour of her eldest grandson, but this time M. Karalampi held the threads in his own hands, and the result was a work of art. The old vulgar methods of secret assassination, which had been attempted in vain two years before, were decisively dropped, and M. Karalampi luxuriated in the employment of moral suasion alone. He could set strings in motion at Constantinople which would insure the Pasha's ruin if needful, and it was on this fact that he relied. At the proper moment the question would be put before him, and he must choose between disgrace and dishonour. Unless he broke his promise to Azim Bey's dead mother, and made the outlawed Hussein Bey his heir, the intriguers who surrounded the Padishah would bring about his downfall. In either case M. Karalampi would be happy and victorious. Already he was gloating in anticipation over the thought of his triumph, already he imagined himself fingering the reward of his unrighteousness, when a single unlooked-for event dashed all his plans to the ground.

After spending some time comparatively quietly in the hills, Hussein Bey had recommenced his *raids into the* low country, and his exactions from travellers. Attacking one day a rich caravan which had crossed the mountains in safety from Persia, he met with an unexpected resistance, which was speedily accounted for by the arrival of a body of the Pasha's troops, who had been on the march from one town to another, and to whom the merchants had sent a swift messenger imploring help. The robber band was hopelessly outnumbered by the combined forces of the troops and the armed servants of the travellers, and a short conflict ended in the death of Hussein Bey and the utter defeat of his followers. In this way Ahmed Khémi Pasha was freed from the son who had for so long been a thorn in his side, and the Bey's mother and grandmother and their fellow-plotters were left without an object for their schemes. All their arrangements were useless, and they recognised this fact after a good deal of mutual recrimination on the subject of the delay which had occurred. It was undeniable that Hussein Bey's death had been so utterly unexpected, that the wisest head could not have arranged the *dénoûment* of the plot in time, and nothing more could be done.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

ADA.—We are pleased to hear that you like our duet "Be Strong," and that your music teacher considers our "breathing exercises" so useful. If your mother approves of your going to see the lonely old lady, to read to her, and you can walk so far alone safely, by all means take advantage of an opportunity placed in your way for doing an act of kindness.

DOVER CLIFFS.—1. The abbreviation "op." means opera.—2. Why not continue your studies in the college to which you now belong. It would, we think, be unwise to make a change.

"A CONTRALTO."—Two and a half octaves is a very fair compass for the voice. If "A Contralto" can take "chest notes" as high as "A sharp," above "F in alt.," she must have the most remarkable voice ever known, in fact it would be quite unnatural; and we will venture to say that some mistake has been made.

ETHEL MILNE.—We recommend you to play slowly and ascertain for yourself which fingers fall naturally on the several notes, and pencil the fingering of any difficult passage. There was a question of some new method of fingering some little time ago. Inquire whether any new instruction book has been published.

A. L.—You need not come up to London for your exams. in music. There are local representatives of the examiners of the Royal Academy of Music who reside in different parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. For their several addresses apply to Mr. F. W. Renaut, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

J. LEWIS.—There is a branch of the Harrow School of Music at South Hampstead, which is not at any great distance from you. The Director is Mr. J. Farmer of Balliol College, Oxon; and the Principals, Mesdames Fox and Frost. Address, 3, Broadhurst Gardens. For terms and further particulars, apply for prospectus. Art classes are also held at the same school; Secretary, Mr. A. Taylor. Entrance fee five shillings, to be paid in advance.

PERPLEXED.—To write accompaniments to songs, you should learn harmony, or you will make serious mistakes.

COOKERY.

BUSY BEE.—The recipe for oat-cake is as follows:—Take half a pound of oat-meal dried, and rub into it an ounce of butter, make it into a stiff paste with cold water, roll out very thinly indeed, and bake quite crisp on a girdle, if you have one, if not, put the cakes on a hot stove. When a little brown on the under side, take them off and place on a hanger before the fire to brown the other side; keep in a dry place. When wanted for use warm in the oven for a few minutes before serving; eat spread with butter. Oat-cake can also be baked in a quick oven, taking care not to burn it.

ENQUIRER.—The recipe was probably Sir Henry Thompson's: Tartaric acid, two ounces; bicarbonate of soda, three ounces; arrowroot, three ounces. Mix thoroughly, place in a wide-mouthed cork-bottle, and keep perfectly dry.

QUEENIE.—To make almond paste, blanch twelve bitter and seven ounces of sweet almonds, pound them to a fine paste; then add to them ten ounces of sifted loaf sugar, a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, and the whites of eight eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; stir to a smooth paste and spread over your cake.

M. P.—We do not know of the publishing of any cookery book in monthly parts at present.

SALAMANDA.—Cider vinegar is made by fermenting the juice of good apples which require no sugar; or it is made from cider which has become too sour to drink, or from any poor cider.

H. G.—To make Genoa cake, well "cream" half a pound of butter, add to it half a pound of sugar, and "cream" it again; then add ten ounces of flour, three ounces of candied peel, six ounces of sultanas, and the grated rind of one lemon, mixing carefully. Next add five eggs, one by one, beating each well in. When all are thoroughly mixed, add two ounces of almonds, and one ounce of pistachio kernels, cut in strips, and last of all one teaspoonful of "baking powder." Put the mixture into a shallow tin, and bake for one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

CORISANDE EVELYN.—1. The *Girls' Own Cookery Book*, published at our office, price 1s., might suit you.—2. March 12th, 1873, was a Wednesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WELL-WISHER.—We have already explained that as the construction of one language differs from that of another, and some employ more words to express an idea than would be required by another, the translation made from one into another cannot be absolutely literal as to words though perfectly so as to the sense. Therefore the extra words wanted in English to express the real sense of the original are put in italics.

"GEORGE ELIOT."—Considering the sentiments you express your *nom de plume* is little appropriate. We do not answer the description of questions which you have asked. The "decline" which you apprehend does not exist.

SARCASM.—Your verses need much revision. Count the feet in all the severally corresponding lines, and observe where the fall of the beat or emphasis is laid in them. It should not fall at one time on the first, and in the corresponding line on the second syllable. Besides, there are no new ideas in the verses. They have been expressed in rhyme and prose by multitudes of verse-writers past calculation. But we can, at least, endorse the views you have expressed.

M. E. and H.—1. In the "Language of Flowers," the pansy, as we are told by Shakespeare (in *Hamlet*), means "thoughts." The colours of the carnation varies its signification. The yellow means "disdain"; the striped, "refusal," and the deep red, "Alas, for my poor heart!" A white rose, "I am worthy of you"; a yellow one, "decrease of love" or "jealousy," and mignonette, "Your qualities surpass your charms."—2. Use a little glycerine.

HOG (or FLOG).—William Hickling Prescott, American historian, was born in May, 1796, and died Jan. 28th, 1859. He published four histories, that of *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, in 1838; of *The Conquest of Mexico*, 1843; of *The Conquest of Peru*, 1847, and of *The Reign of Philip II. of Spain*, 1855-59, so writing up to the year of his death. At any librarian's you may probably obtain further particulars.

BROKEN-HEARTED should ask her cool or sulky lover what is on his mind, and whether he be in any trouble.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE best paste for scrap-books is made with corn-flour, but not too thick.

***

CHEESE maccaroni is decidedly improved by a few slices of tomato on the top, just under the grated cheese.

***

A FIRST-RATE ointment for rheumatism is made of ten parts of salicylic acid, ten parts of lanolin and one hundred parts of lard. Rub a little well into the part affected.

***

OATMEAL-PORRIDGE is one of the most indigestible things in the world if not boiled long enough. It should be boiled and stirred at least one hour.

***

ARNICA is valuable for some people's skins in case of great fatigue or a bruise, but produces erysipelas in others. In any case the application should not be covered, but left open to the air.

***

IN case of persons fainting in church, or in any other crowded building where it is difficult to get them out, place the head down between the knees, so as to get the head below the heart; this assists the blood to run back to the brain, where it is needed.

***

NEVER allow paraffin to be poured on a lighted fire. This is sometimes done to make a fire burn quicker, but it is a most dangerous thing to do, and several lives have been sacrificed in consequence. It is also unsafe for the chimney, which the sudden flare-up may set alight.

***

WHEN making a meat-pie, be sure and make a hole in the middle of the pastry on the top. In the case of veal-pie, it is especially necessary to let the gases of the meat escape, otherwise it is apt to poison the eaters. A case of death arose from this cause lately. It is also well to cook the meat a little in the oven first, while making the pastry.

***

IT is a pretty fancy, and in some respects very useful, to have the bedroom-candlesticks and the metal cover of the match-boxes painted alike, with some design or flower to distinguish them from those of other rooms—it saves confusion and trouble. Every match-box should be enclosed in one of the metal cases provided in each packet of a dozen purchased, and they can be easily painted.

***

MAKING soap-bubbles is a great amusement to children and will keep them employed a whole afternoon. Prepare, beforehand, a mixture of curd soap cut into small pieces and boiled three or four minutes in a pint of water, when cool add an ounce of glycerine, put it in a tightly corked bottle and keep some hours before using. The bubbles made with this preparation are very brilliant in colour.

AN American doctor says: "The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It is good for many other purposes—obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known of diseases of the throat."

***

IN putting up muslin curtains, do not use curtain-rings, but turn the finished edge over the front of the rod to the depth of several inches, and pin with small pins just under the rod. This is much prettier and simpler than the ordinary way, with rings, and it obviates the use of deep fringe or cornice-moulding along the top. A long curtain, or piece of material bordered on each edge, can be put over the whole length of the rod in the same way, and gathered up in the centre with a tassel or ribbon, and the ends hanging down loose at each corner.

***

NEVER bake a joint instead of roasting it before an open fire, if you can possibly help it. Medical opinions are very decided as to the injurious effect upon one's health and digestion when meat is baked in a closed oven, and the gases are not allowed freely to escape. Ovens can be ventilated, but few cooks will give themselves the trouble to attend to it, and, even if they do, meat is not so wholesome baked as it is if roasted in the old-fashioned way.

***

WHEN arranging winter clothes, remember that two or three layers of thin woollen porous material is warmer and healthier than one thick heavy garment, and it has the advantage of being able to leave off one on a warmer day. When visiting or sitting in church, always have a warm wrap to put on when you go out, rather than one heavy coat that must be worn all the time.

***

FOR the sting of a bee or wasp, if no other remedy is near, cut an onion in half and rub it on the place, then extract the sting if you can. If, unfortunately, you should swallow a wasp with some fruit, as sometimes happens, eat a raw onion or two immediately, which will prevent the throat swelling and closing.

***

TO make very nutritious soup for an invalid, do not make the stock only of one kind of meat, but of several together, and be very careful to take off every particle of fat when the stock is cold before using it.

***

TEA should always be made with freshly-boiled cold water, not water that has boiled before.

LAVENDER, though pleasant to place with linen, should not be put with anything woollen, as it is apt to harbour moth.

***

HALF a quince cut up is a great improvement in the flavour of apples in a tart, and can be bought for a penny each.

***

BEFORE using flour for pastry or puddings, put it for a few minutes in the oven to dry. This makes it lighter and more digestible.

***

PARSLEY may be preserved for the winter by hanging it up to dry, or drying it in a cool oven. Put it into a paper bag or glass bottle, and keep it in a dry cupboard till wanted.

***

HOT-WATER bottles are apt to make the skin of the feet tender. Loose woollen socks are better for those who suffer from cold feet at night. The warmth often induces sleep.

***

PEOPLE may often be enabled to bear severe pain if their hands or feet are placed in thoroughly warm water, the heat of which should be kept up by repeated additions of hot water.

***

A LITTLE ammonia in a pail of moderately-warm water is the best thing for cleaning windows; then a final polish with a soft leather. They should not be cleaned when the sun is on them.

***

FOR faceache or toothache an outward application of moist heat is a great relief, but not dry heat. If you have earache do not sleep on that side of your face, it sends the blood to the ear, where it should not be.

***

BE very careful not to wear highly-coloured stockings or socks. A serious case came under our notice lately, which nearly ended fatally where these had been worn. The skin of the leg was slightly broken and blood-poisoning was the result. Brightly-coloured gloves should also be avoided.

***

SAVOURY rice is a very nice dish made by boiling a cupful of Carolina rice in milk till well done. Then add a little more milk, two well-beaten eggs with a little salt and pepper. Pour into a shallow dish, sprinkle grated cheese (Parmesan is the best for the purpose) over the top and bake till brown.

***

NEVER put on underclothes out of a drawer that are not well aired, however dry they may feel; and when visiting it is well to test the sheets of the bed you are to sleep in by putting a hand-glass between them. If it comes out cloudy and misty do not risk sleeping in them, but sleep between the blankets.

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COUNTRY *VERSUS* TOWN-LIFE FOR SMALL INCOMES.

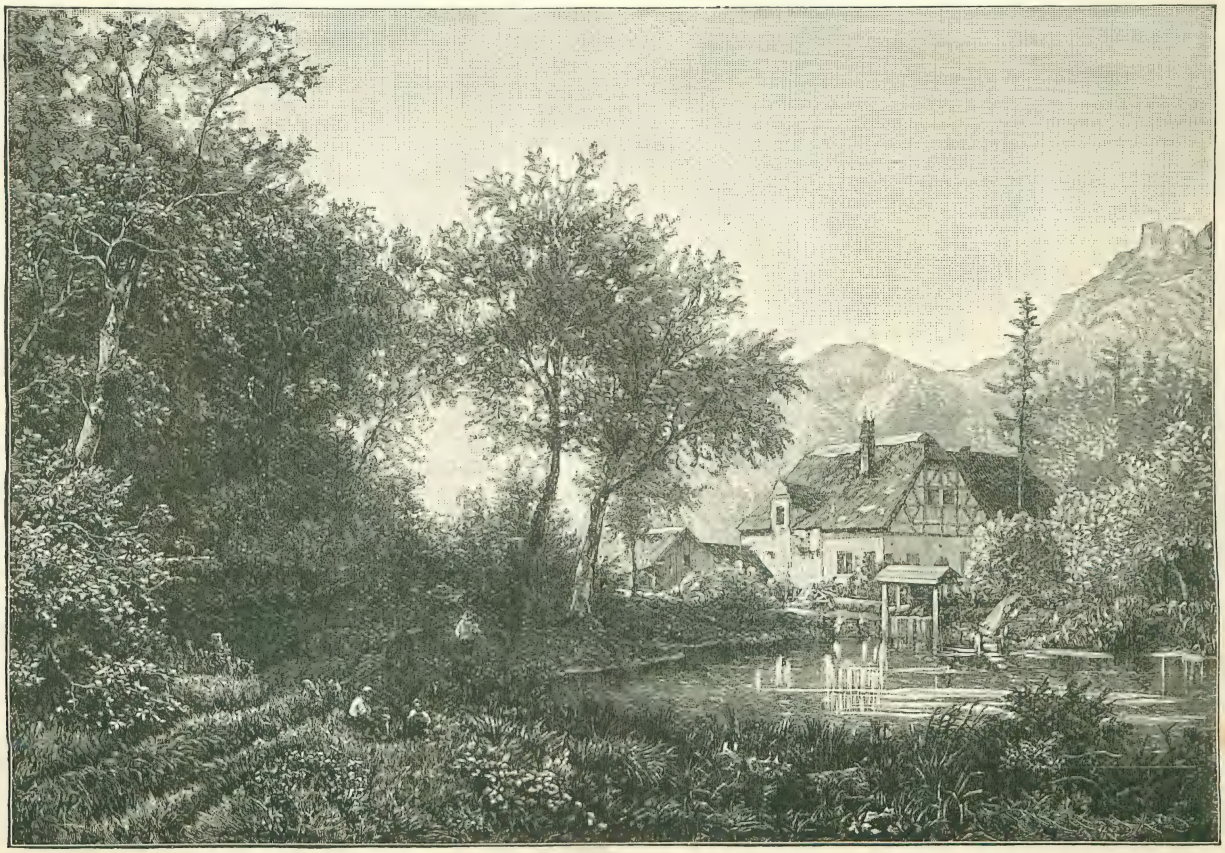
BY MARY G. DALLINGTON.

A SHORT time back a paper appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER called "How we live in London on a pound a Week," setting forth the life of a mother and daughter who were residing in the East End of London. I cannot think that it is better to live in a city when in straitened circumstances, as I fear that many would find themselves broken down in health and be far worse off at the end of a few years. As to the selfishness of a country-life that would depend much on the natural disposition of the individual; even there we may find many ways of helping our poorer neighbours, if we are so inclined, and after seven years' experience I feel impelled to set forth some of the advantages of the other side.

During this time our household expenses (dress only excepted) have never exceeded £70 a year, for which we three have many comforts and even a few luxuries, besides having enough for a friend who is willing to put up with simple fare for a short time for the sake of the pure air and lovely scenery that surrounds us.

"We" are two sisters and a cousin, who had all been "out in the world" since early life. Seven years ago, B. had a small legacy and some good old-fashioned furniture left her by a lady to whom she had been companion for some years. On one of the rare occasions of our all meeting together, the wild idea, as our friends called it, struck us, "Why should we not join our slender incomes, take a cottage in the country, and make a little home for ourselves?" After being at the beck and call of old ladies and children for so long, surely it would be worth while to do a little more menial work for part of the day to be able to call the rest our own.

The great difficulty was to find a small house in a good neighbourhood, but by advertising our want, we at last heard of a suitable one in a village in the south of England, within a mile of a small country town, and a little over



"DOWN BY THE RIVER."

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that to the railway station; rent, £12 a year, landlord paying rates and taxes. For this we have a sitting-room, light and airy, measuring thirteen feet by thirteen feet six inches, looking over a tiny lawn and flower border across the main road to a large orchard, whose wealth of blossoms in the spring and fruit in autumn is pleasanter to our eyes than bricks and mortar, where the birds sing all day in nesting-time, coming to our window to be fed in the cold weather.

The kitchen measures about the same; over these are two bedrooms with fireplaces and good windows, and one, large but not lofty, in the roof; we have, besides, a light cellar under the front room, scullery and wood-house, while behind is a large garden, part of which is wired off for fowls, in the rest we grow, with a little help in rough digging, a great part of our vegetables, besides strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and rhubarb. Fruit being plentiful in our district, we often have apples and other kinds given us, or can buy them very cheaply.

C. has a morning engagement in the town, so is excused from much domestic work, taking her share of gardening and needlework in the latter part of the day. We have a homely neighbour who is willing, for a small sum, to do all the actual scrubbing required; the kitchen, a boarded one, is covered with linoleum supplemented by a few mats, so is easily kept clean, especially as all our cooking is done with oil-stoves, which saves labour and keeps the room nicer.

The heavy part of the washing is put out, but we wash many small things at home with sunlight soap, the irons being heated on a small oil stove, which we also use to boil the kettle or saucepan when the larger one (with two burners and an oven) is not wanted.

Washing, by-the-bye, is not mentioned in the paper I alluded to, nor is any allowance made for it.

I do not give recipes for cheap dishes, as so much has been already written on the subject; anyone with common sense and one of the little manuals sold at the cooking classes now held in every small town or village, could easily select what would suit her own household, remembering that where meat is to be economised, it must be with such vegetables as peas, beans or lentils, the cabbage tribe affording little nutriment, although valuable for its anti-scorbutic properties. With us nothing is wasted, all scraps, vegetable-parings, etc., going towards a warm breakfast for the fowls.

I do not think it possible to apportion out the income exactly, as one's needs vary from time to time, but the following fixed rules may help others.

Always pay ready money for everything.

Let there be no waste whatever.

Buy nothing that can be done without.

On this rule or what I call "The art of doing without," I could write at some length, when I think of the money I see spent by people who plead poverty at every turn, on useless things, either for dress or the house, because they are cheap, pretty, or the fashion; things that nine times out of ten are thrown aside in a few days. Then as to fancy work, unless we get an order from a friend and so make a little towards our personal expenses, we never do it, the materials cost too much and the time devoted to it can be much better employed; when we really have no work for the house or ourselves, we can generally find something with which to make a garment to give away.

I have deducted the small allowance we take for dress; it is such a tiny one that I know many would think it impossible to manage with, but except perhaps boots, clothes last fresh twice as long in the country as in town, and we are fortunate in having well-to-do friends, who remember us when turning out their wardrobes, besides an occasional present of gloves, and we do all our own dressmaking and millinery, in this way saving much, as we use up for linings, etc., odds and ends that a professional dressmaker would despise.

We have plenty of books and papers lent us, and sometimes subscribe to the railway bookstall for the winter months, this is one of our luxuries.

In these days of influenza the doctor cannot always be dispensed with, but then he does not charge for visits to a £12 cottage at the same rate as he would to an £80 house, and yet has time to stop for a chat.

Ours being a well-organised parish, there are many ways in which an energetic woman can help, and we seldom find time hang heavy on our hands.

Winter of course is the dullest part of the year, but even then there is the weekly glee-meeting, an occasional concert or social evening, where all the native talent is brought into requisition, the vicarage working-party, or a course of lectures (technical education) on cookery, nursing, dressmaking or gardening.

There is a general friendliness in the country and time to think of others, that contrasts favourably with the hurry of city life; quaint old-world customs and superstitions linger long, that would delight a folk-lore student; even the dress of the older inhabitants differs much from that worn by our poorer neighbours in large towns. Old men in smock frocks and red neck-handkerchiefs touch their hats and wish you a "Good-night, ma'am," as you come home in the gloaming, while from villages more remote than ours, middle-aged women, on shopping bent, or bringing their eggs and butter to market, come dressed in the old-fashioned short linsey or full print skirt, shawl folded cornerwise, and large black bonnet, cotton sun-bonnets being worn while at work.

I cannot help thinking that our lovely sunsets would compensate many for the loss of the much vaunted "electric lights," and a brisk walk over the breezy common, or a stroll through the lanes in search of primroses or blackberries, for any of the sights to be seen "down by the river."

It is sometimes possible to meet with cottages at as low a rent as ours, with a field or two attached, where anyone, so inclined, could try poultry farming on a small scale, but these are invariably farther from a station, so as ours is a healthy, weather-tight little dwelling, we feel we might "go farther" and perhaps "fare worse."

Let not my readers be deterred from living in the country by the idea that life there is monotonous; plenty to do is the best cure for *ennui*, and the constant changes that Dame Nature is carrying on around us are a never-failing source of pleasure, in fact to quote the verse engraven on a jug that was sent us as a Christmas present:—

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Follow the straight line thou shalt see,
The curved line ever follow thee."

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WEDDING BELLS.

"JUST the way of the world, my dear—one marriage makes many," said Mr. Wilberforce with a smile and a sigh to his wife, when it became known that Freda and Arnold had plighted their troth.

"I am sure I am very pleased about it," said the mother with tears in her eyes. "Arnold is a man one can give one's daughter to without a doubt or a fear. But I suppose it always seems sudden to a mother. I have looked on Freda as little more than a child still, in spite of her growing independence. She is the youngest of my trio of girls. If it had been Norah I suppose it would have come as less of a surprise!"

"I doubt it, my dear," smiled Mr. Wilberforce. "I think one always receives the news with surprise, even though one may have thought oneself prepared—as I did in Guinivere's case." He paused awhile and then gave a quick half impatient sigh, adding with a touch of anxious misgiving in his voice, "I wish I were as certain of her happiness and welfare as you are of Freda's. It is a very brilliant match—far more brilliant than anything I could have anticipated for a daughter of mine. I am not blind to that aspect of the case. Yet all the same I sometimes wish she had married more into our own sphere. It is a risk to take such a plunge as she will have to do. And I feel as though it were giving up a daughter more than is usually the case when she is married."

"It all seems so hurried too," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "In my young days engagements sometimes lasted for three and four years—and nobody thought much of it. This is to be less than three months. I do not like quite such a rush. There seems no time for thought."

"The fashion of the day, my dear," said Mr. Wilberforce. "Young people are always in a hurry now to grasp at their happiness. They have to take it in great draughts, not in leisurely sips. Whether they enjoy their pleasures as we used to do, by grasping at them in such haste, I do not know—I have my doubts. But in this case I think the

hurry is more on Lord Woodmayne's side. I believe Guinivere would have been content to wait considerably longer; but he has made a point from the first of a very speedy marriage. If he had had his way it would have been all over in six weeks; but I stood out for a little longer than that."

"There would not have been time to get the trousseau ready—leaving all other considerations out of the question," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "It is all a great rush now. There is so much to think of with an outfit such as Guinivere will want for her future position. It is well for me that Mrs. Masham undertakes the supervision of it, for I should be quite at a loss."

"Mrs. Masham has taken the superintendence of everything, I think," remarked Mr. Wilberforce with a grave smile, "from first to last. Well, well, I hope it will all turn out for the best. Guinivere is old enough to know her own mind, and she has seen something of fashionable life. Things will not be as strange to her as they would to Norah or Mysie. She will grace her position well. Of that there is no doubt. I trust it will be for her happiness, poor girl. At least she is happy enough in anticipation."

This was true—at any rate in the main. There was little time for thought or quiet musing. Before the engagement had been announced to the world more than a fortnight, the wedding-day was already fixed for a date early in April, and there was so much to do and to think of in preparation for that event, that the whole household seemed plunged into a whirl of excitement and bustle.

From all quarters wedding presents came pouring in. The girls' pleasant garden parlour was quickly given up to the unpacking and laying out of these costly and interesting treasures. It took Beatrice quite an appreciable part of her time to open boxes, unpack their contents, and put them out in due order, keeping a list for her sister, who had hardly time for writing those little scented notes of thanks, which became one of her main duties in the evening for some time to come.

Her days were otherwise occupied—chiefly in London with Mrs. Masham. Guinivere's own little fortune was dipped into to assist in this matter of the trousseau, and her father was liberal to her according to his means. He was resolved that his daughter should enter upon her new life properly equipped, and he was not disposed to be parsimonious on his side, when Lord Woodmayne showed himself exceedingly munificent in the matter of settlements.

Indeed this prospective marriage had brought him a considerable access of business, for his future son-in-law entrusted him with a considerable amount of work to do for him, having recently lost the family solicitor he had been wont to employ; and he had a number of applications about the same time from new clients of rank and station, and could not but fancy that he owed them more or less directly to Lord Woodmayne's good offices.

Guinivere therefore had *carte blanche* up to a certain point, and she lived in an enchanting whirl of business dear to the heart of Mrs. Masham. They drove from shop to shop, and establishment to establishment, collecting about them such quantities of costly and delicate apparel that Guinivere sometimes wondered if she should ever be able to wear half the things Mrs. Masham insisted upon her buying.

Very often they were joined for an hour or two by Lord Woodmayne who desired more voice in the matter of his betrothed's outfit than most men care for. He seldom appeared without either bringing with him some costly trinket to be transferred to Guinivere's keeping, or else bestowing upon her in the course of their peregrinations a magnificent gift in the shape of fur-lined paletot, brocaded opera wrap of extra beauty, or some addition to her now overflowing jewel box.

To Guinivere it was like living in the midst of a fairy tale.

When not engaged in these fascinating expeditions, she was almost always being taken under Mrs. Masham's wing from one fashionable house to another; Lord Woodmayne frequently in attendance, or else turning up to meet her at this place or that, and showing the quiet pride and gratification in her which was an unfailing source of subtle flattery. It sometimes seemed a little strange to her that she never took these expeditions in company with her own relatives, but the circumstances of the case seemed explanation sufficient.

She had no mother of her own. Her step-mother was of very retiring habits and had never visited amidst gay people. Her father was far too much occupied, and she had been Mrs. Masham's *protégée* all along, and had been introduced by her from the first. Besides what time was there to think about these things? Soon a fresh excitement arose in the furnishing and plenishing of a fascinating house in Park Lane which Lord Woodmayne had bought. It was to be made ready for them on their return from their bridal trip, and she had *carte blanche* in the matter of the furnishing and adornment of the place, and found this occupation almost more entrancing than the selection of her wardrobe had been.

At home on her return in the evening, she was always eagerly hailed, and had to examine and admire the numerous presents which were sure to have arrived since she started out in the earlier hours of the day. How could she help being immensely happy and elated? It was human nature to enjoy this triumph, and Guinivere was very human indeed.

She was able to take the news of Freda's engagement with much kindness and pleasure, although the girl (knowing all that she did) could not but fear that Guinivere would be scarcely pleased to hear of it. But Guinivere was far too well satisfied with her own prospects to feel the smallest pang at the defection of her ex-lover. It seemed to her now a very tame, dull thing to be Mrs. Leslie of King's Castle. She felt that she had had a great escape in declining that honour for herself. She was glad that Freda was so happy, and met Arnold with sisterly good-will and an unconscious condescension of manner that would have been amusing had not all by this time accorded to Guinivere a position decidedly in advance of any she had previously occupied.

Beatrice used often to watch her with secret wonder and anxiety, marvelling how she could be so entirely engrossed in the outward show connected with the coming wedding and her new life, and seemingly so little interested in its truer and deeper aspect. She never spoke of her future life save to plan all sorts of gaieties and pleasures. There seemed no room in her thoughts for domestic happiness, only for one long triumph of brilliant dissipation. She appeared to be fond of Lord Woodmayne, yet there was no hungering for his presence. Her eyes never grew dreamy with thoughts of him in his absence, as did Freda's when she was not otherwise occupied. She never thought of penning him those long letters which filled a great part of Freda's leisure, when Arnold was at King's Castle. Beatrice had ample opportunity for studying the ways of engaged sisters, and although Guinivere was by far the most entertaining companion, and her affairs were absorbingly interesting and fascinating; yet she felt that were she to be offered the choice of destinies, she would unhesitatingly take that of Freda, where the chief element was the close and absorbing love which existed between the lovers, who had no brilliant future to look forward to.

Guinivere was very affectionate towards Beatrice at this time, and whenever it was possible was eager to have her company upon the house-furnishing expeditions. Beatrice of course was deeply interested in the Park Lane house, and gave the best of her energies to assisting in the choice of suitable and harmonious draperies and tints.

Lord Woodmayne would gladly have entrusted the whole thing to some well-known firm of art decorators, and have abided by their selection; but the Wilberforce sisters thought this a very dull and uninteresting method, and delighted in choosing everything themselves. Where expense had not to be considered, it was a most fascinating occupation, and as the house was speedily put into the hands of a whole army of workpeople, the place was rapidly transformed in the most wonderful way, and every visit the sisters paid added to their enchantment.

Lord Woodmayne became almost fond of Beatrice in his own peculiar way, and bestowed upon her so many presents that she would fain have declined some of them, had it not been for Guinivere's entreaties not to offend him—as he was very sensitive and it was difficult to know how he would "take things." Beatrice submitted for her sister's sake, for she had an instinct that perhaps in the future it would be a comfort to Guinivere to have one sister who could be frequently with her. Lord Woodmayne hardly noticed the rest of the family, and seemed scarcely aware of their existence; but he himself bid Guinivere ask her

sister to select a bed-room which should be regarded as her own in the Park Lane house, and went so far as to hope that Beatrice would make as frequent use of it as her other engagements would let her.

"It will be charming to have you a great deal here," Guinivere said one day, shortly before the wedding, when the sisters, in the boudoir of the Park Lane house, which was now quite finished, were sipping tea out of egg-shell china as they sat beside the sunny south window that opened upon a little balcony. The servants were now mustering in the house, and when Guinivere paid visits there she was already treated as the mistress. "I am so glad that Woodmayne has taken such a fancy to you, for I don't think we shall be what you would call a *tête-à-tête* couple. And if we are not going out in the evening—and sometimes I suppose we may be at home, it will be so nice to be together here. And in the daytime I fancy he will be out a good deal too at his club. Then we can go out by ourselves and have charming drives and shopping expeditions. One wants a kindred soul on these occasions. I have always been used to a lot of people to talk to. It would be very dull to drop suddenly down to one's own company. You will come, Beatrice, will you not? I should like to have you from the very beginning—and I am almost sure Woodmayne will be willing. It is such a mercy, as I say, that he has taken such a fancy to you. I think it is because you are not afraid of him, and most people are—even Mrs. Masham!"

"No, I am not afraid. Why should I be? But surely, Vera, you will not want me from the beginning! You will want to have your home to yourselves just at first. I thought newly-married people were always so much best and happiest alone together."

"Ah, but we shall have had our honeymoon. And we shall not be a sentimental couple, like Arnold and Freda—at least I rather hope not. I think it would be so dull! I shall want to go out and enjoy myself, and I don't care for being alone. I'm not used to it. And I shan't always want Woodmayne, and he wouldn't care for it either. Men and women have different tastes. It will be much more fun being together, just you and I. I think I should get tired of having nobody but Woodmayne about me; and there are times when I feel as though I might be a little afraid of him. He has his moods like all men. But if I have you, that will be charming!"

Beatrice promised to come if possible, when invited; but the conversation left a rather uneasy impression on her mind. It seemed to her a strange and sad thing that Guinivere was already—though half unconsciously—planning to lead a life of her own, independent of her husband, and anticipating more pleasure from her sister's society than from that of the man she was about to swear to love and honour above all others. She did not profess to have much experience in such matters yet, but she felt that marriage ought to mean something altogether different from what Guinivere took it to do. Freda was contemplating her married life with altogether different feelings, and Beatrice knew that the mainspring of her happy anticipation was the knowledge that she and Arnold would be always together. It made her heart ache for Guinivere to contrast the prospects of the two brides, and yet all the world was praising and envying Guinivere, whilst Freda's lot would be looked upon as a very quiet and humdrum one.

But there was little enough time for thought as the wedding-day drew on apace, and preparations crowded one upon the other.

Lord Woodmayne had made one effort to get Mr. Wilberforce to consent that the breakfast should be given at some large hotel, but the father had quietly and firmly refused, and had answered that his daughter should be married and should take her departure from her father's house, and from no other place. Lord Woodmayne, who was a gentleman, if a proud and supercilious specimen, had instantly given way, and had perhaps respected his future father-in-law the more for his independence and firmness; but he had not cared to include any great number of his friends in the list of invited guests.

There were to be nine bridesmaids, of whom Beatrice was the first, and was to walk alone, whilst the others followed in pairs, and the three little boys were to be dressed as pages, in white satin slashed with crimson, and embroidered with silver, and were to carry the sweeping train of the bride.

All the sisters were to be bridesmaids, even Norah, who declared herself too old and staid. Kitty Kane was another, and the others were young girls known to Lord Woodmayne, who stayed with Mrs. Masham for a couple of days before the ceremony, and were very delighted to act in this capacity to the future Viscountess Woodmayne.

Guinivere kept up her spirits all through the busy day of preparation, having a smile for everybody, and receiving most gracefully and gratefully the last little tokens of affection from sisters and intimate friends. The house was all topsy-turvy, and quiet was impossible. It was not till quite late at night that Beatrice could get up to her room, some late boxes of flowers having arrived just when she had thought the house might be closed for the night.

When however, shortly after midnight, she went up to her room, it was to find Guinivere lying half dressed upon the bed, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

Beatrice asked no question. She felt that the source of this grief lay too deep for words, and must not be spoken of even to herself. With tender hands and a full heart she undressed her sister, and laid her down in her own bed, and after kneeling long beside her, holding one trembling hand, her whole soul poured out in prayer, she undressed herself and crept in beside her, Guinivere nestling up to her as though they were children together, and whispering between her long-drawn sobs of exhaustion—

"Go on praying for me, Beatrice! Don't forget me ever. For I shall need it—oh I shall need it! What am I doing? Oh, why have I done it?"

"Dearest, I will! I will!" answered Beatrice tenderly. "And pray for yourself too, darling, that you may be kept from temptation, and may be a true and loving wife. I am sure you can; and I think no life is unhappy where duty takes the first place, and which is hallowed by prayer."

Nothing but the stress of great emotion could have drawn such words as these from Beatrice. Guinivere clung to her still weeping; but the tears gradually ceased, and she sank to sleep in her sister's arms; though Beatrice lay broad awake until daylight, pondering on many things.

Nobody would have guessed on the morrow that such a storm had swept over the head of the bride upon the previous evening. If her face was a little pale, that was but right and becoming. Nothing could have well been more lovely than the picture she presented in her flowing white robes, the description of which filled many columns in the fashionable journals of the day. It was a most brilliant and picturesque wedding, and everything seemed characterised by brightness and happy anticipation. The bride left home without a tear on her face. Her lips only quivered when she kissed Beatrice close to the carriage door, and she whispered lovingly—

"Mind, we shall expect to see you very soon!"

"As soon as ever we return, fair sister," said Lord Woodmayne, bending over her hand and saluting it gallantly, and Beatrice smiled bravely though there were tears in her eyes as she replied—

"Thank you—I will come very gladly if I can."

The carriage drove off amid showers of rice, and Beatrice turned to find the earnest eyes of Dr. Salisbury bent upon her.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE GUEST OF A NIGHT.

PERHAPS we have packed hurriedly, or are forced by stress of weather to stay the night at a friend's house; be the reason what it may we find ourselves minus our usual surroundings; a most necessary button or hook comes off: what are we to do? Here is a very friend in need, ready to supply all we want; for notice, our desirable doll holds in her petticoats black cotton and white, needles, pins of all sizes, and even includes a safety! Not much description is required: a halfpenny doll two inches long, scraps of flannel, white ribbon, lace and a quarter of a yard of coloured ribbon; cut two pieces of flannel four and a half inches by two and a half inches, "pink" out the edges, make a pleat at the top and fasten round the doll's waist (this is not as simple as it sounds); take the white ribbon five inches by three inches, trim it in any way with lace to imitate an infant's robe, leave about three inches of lace at the top, make one box-pleat at the end of ribbon and fix it to the doll; fold the lace about its body, tie the coloured ribbon round as a sash making the ends at the back into a loop for hanging on the looking-glass.

"COUSIN LIL."

"POPPED CORN."

By the Author of "We Wives."

OF all the "parties" given by us as children, perhaps "popped corn" ones were the most popular. They were so new to the little European children, and so suggestive of prairie lands and slavery! An American institution they were, and the chief guest an American product. Yet the ingredient for the entertainment cost only a couple of pence! At any flour store we could procure the dried ears of maize necessary. Cookie was always ready to contribute a wire basket. Mother let us carry off a small quantity of sugar, and thus our preparations were made.

The "party" popped the corn for themselves.

How well I remember the screams of delight as, after holding the yellow seeds over a clear fire, the first one "popped." Such a white, frothy-looking thing it was! and so good to eat. At first. Then our appetite for so insipid a luxury waned, and we rolled the corn in sugar. Sweet popped corn was an improvement. But our interest in that even subsided after a time. Our jaded taste required a savoury. Salt was substituted for sugar, and salted popped corn was declared perfection.

Those children's parties have left a pleasant memory. I would recommend them as a novelty to the English readers of the G. O. P.

The dried Indian corn may be either salted or sugared. Then put into a wire basket, with a cover over it. (An ordinary fry-basket will do, if you use a saucer or plate for a lid.) Now hold over a clear coal-fire or gas-stove till each seed is crowned with its frothy cap.

If sweet, allow the popped corn to get cold before eating. If salted, eat piping hot. A little variety may be introduced by pouring a drop of cochineal on the sugar. Pink pops look so "elegant" side by side with the white corn cobs. Red-Indians and pale-faces we nicknamed them!

But then everyone is not American.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF TEETH.

EVERY girl should brush her teeth night and morning from the time that she is three years old. This is the most effective way of doing it. A tooth-brush should have rather hard bristles, which should not be too closely set. Warm water should be used, with a little salt or borax. Some water should then be taken into the mouth, the brush dipped in the water, and the teeth brushed thoroughly, first on the outsides up and down, and then backwards and forwards, from left to right, and from right to left. Then turn the brush so that the backs of the teeth may be brushed, and finally clean the crowns of the teeth. Do not be afraid of letting children be energetic over brushing their teeth; the practice will make their breath sweet, and keep their teeth sound and good. When the brushing is finished, the mouth must of course be rinsed out with water, and the brush cleaned and put away in an open, not shut up, place, so that it may dry and keep sweet. Tooth-powder is rarely necessary for children unless there is much tendency to formation of tartar, in which case, prepared chalk is as good a thing to use as can be mentioned.

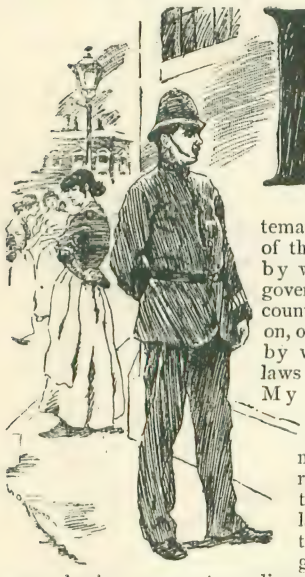
If the gums have a great tendency to bleed, a few drops of tincture of myrrh may be used in the water for brushing the teeth. If iron or acid medicine has to be given to children, it should be taken through a glass tube, and the teeth brushed occasionally with carbonate of soda. Never let children drink fluids too hot or too cold, as anything which causes pain in the teeth is injurious to them.—From *A Book for Every Woman* (Longmans). By JANE H. WALKER, M.D.

POLITICS FOR GIRLS.

By FREDERICK RYLAND, M.A.

PART III.

THE MONARCHY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS—POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.



IN these chatty papers it is of course not intended to attempt any systematic account of the machinery by which the government of the country is carried on, or the process by which new laws are made. My object is rather to bring to the notice of my readers certain particular considerations which a girl of intelligence, having access to ordinary sources of political information, such as newspapers, the conversation of fathers and brothers, school histories of England, and even elementary books about the constitution, is rather likely to overlook.

In my first paper, for instance, I did not lay stress on the legislative functions of Parliament, that is the work it performs in the way of making first laws, because this is tolerably familiar to most of us. But I drew attention to the way in which Parliament, acting on behalf of the nation, watches and controls the executive government, and even in a sense selects the persons who shall actually and effectively wield the power of the State. Nor have I dwelt on the manner in which the House of Commons is elected, the qualification of voters, the arrangement of constituencies, and other details of that kind. These will be found adequately described in many useful books on the constitution, two of which I will venture to recommend to you. One of them is the short and simply-expressed little shilling primer written by Miss Anna Buckland, called *Our National Institutions*, the other is a fuller and more important book—but still far from difficult and abstruse—by the well-known historical writer, Mr. Oscar Browning. It is called *The Citizen, his Rights and Responsibilities*. This well-arranged and well-written book is a marvel of cheapness, as it costs only eighteenpence. Armed with even the smaller of these volumes, a girl could in a few hours know a great deal more about the structure and work of the government of her country than most grown-up men who exercise the franchise or right to vote. In fact it has always seemed to me a scandal, that men grossly ignorant of the very elements of political knowledge, should have a vote at all; and it is to be hoped that some day we in England shall follow the example of America, and insist that our boys and girls shall, all of them, be taught the outlines of the constitution of their country; a kind of information, it would appear, at least as important as the geography of Central Asia, or the history of England in the eleventh century.

The Monarchy.—A doubt may have arisen in the minds of some of my readers. If Parliament really exercises this control over the Government, what power has the Queen?

Most English folk are aware that the Sovereign of this great empire is said to reign, but not to govern. The Crown acts only on the advice of its ministers, that is of the cabinet; and the cabinet is responsible to Parliament, and may at any moment during the session be turned out of office by a vote of the House of Commons. What then does the Crown do? And what is the use of having a king or queen?

Geography-books describe the government of England as a "limited monarchy," and place it in the same class with that of Germany; while they oppose it to those of the United States and of France, which are described as "republics." As a matter of fact our own constitution, in many respects, much more closely resembles that of France than it does that of Germany. In France there is a President, who once elected remains outside of party politics, and rules only through, and by means of, his cabinet. Like the Queen, he must confide the real executive power to the leaders of that party which has the majority in the representative chamber, whether he personally approve of their policy or not. He does not go out of office with the varying fortunes of party warfare. He is elected for a fixed term of years; and he performs certain very dignified, though at first sight not very important functions, as the representative of the whole nation. He is the titular head of the state, and is surrounded with much honour. He keeps a kind of court (though it is not called a court) at the Palace of the Elysée. In fact he is almost an elective king, without power to transmit his office to anybody else.

In what is believed to be a more democratic country than England, *viz.*, the United States of America, the President has in many respects more power than our own Queen. He is much more independent of the representative chamber, and can keep a cabinet in office which is unacceptable to the majority in that chamber. In fact he has some of the powers of a German emperor united with those of an English prime minister.

These examples will show that a Republic cannot, or at any rate does not, manage to get on without having a titular head of the state as well as a head of the cabinet. In what is called a Republic this head is not hereditary, though we must remember that in some kingdoms too the crown has not been hereditary, e.g., in the former kingdom of Poland. He is not called a king and does not wear a crown, as a king or queen does on a few occasions during the reign. He is elected for a term of years, and not for life. But in most other respects he occupies almost exactly the same position as a sovereign.

The truth is people are not all philosophers, and they want a titular head to the state who can represent the unity, the power and the dignity of the country, incarnate so to speak in a single person whom they can raise their hats to and cheer in the streets. What would the vast majority of our countrymen and women think on being shown a group of bald-headed statesmen going into a board room, and being told that they are "the government"—a group of country squires, rich merchants, and successful lawyers, in ordinary costume without special grace of bearing or dignity of association, hot from the squabbles of debate and the intrigues of office? They want somebody with the prestige of immemorial family honour, bound up with the great achievements of the country in the past. They want somebody whose family has come to be looked on as belonging to everybody, whose babies are watched by the millions of English maids and English mothers as they grow up into lads and lassies, men and women, taking part in the social life of the country; whose portraits are in every stationer's shop. The head of a family whose roots are in the dim past of our glorious history and whose tendrils are in the hearts of living men and women, above all the women, is a better head of the state, than a statesman, however patriotic, taken out of the thick of political conflict.

Other Advantages of Monarchy.—With this advantage go others. Dynastic relations with the heads of foreign states still count for a great deal, though for less than they once did. One can imagine a royal uncle brought up in the centre of the political institutions of a free country giving informal and kindly advice over a cigar to an imperial nephew nurtured only in the fear of revolution and ignorance of liberty, where formal representations by professional diplomatists would not be tolerated. It is matter of common notoriety that in the case of Germany, the close family tie between the present Emperor and the English royal family has done a great deal to improve the relations between the governments of the two countries.

The heir to an hereditary crown is more likely to be well fitted for the ceremonial duties of the head of the state than a self-made man not born in the purple. He is so far above others in social and political rank that he can afford to be gracious and easy without any fear of loss of dignity. If a man of any ability he is almost certain to have a wide practical knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men. He has been brought up in the centre of affairs from his childhood; he knows by personal acquaintance kings and emperors, great ministers and generals, and bishops; affairs of state have been a subject of everyday experience.

This leads us to another point. What a permanent under-secretary is to the transitory parliamentary head, such (in reverence be it spoken) is the constitutional sovereign to his prime minister. The Queen carries on the traditions of the supreme office; she remembers the ways of Melbourne, of Peel, and of Palmerston and Beaconsfield. Advice which a new and a young prime minister can hardly care to take from a subordinate he can take from the Queen.

A worried prime-minister can sometimes shelter himself from importunity by hinting, like David Copperfield's Mr. Spenlow, at the inexorable necessity of consulting the wishes of a royal or imperial Mr. Jorkins.

The Queen is the head of Society, with a big S, as well as of government. The very fact that she is both makes it impossible for the "best people," the best educated, the richest, the noblest by birth and rank, to scoff at politics. In great Republics this too often happens. The representatives of wealth and culture and hereditary breeding hang aloof from politics; and leave the arena of civic duty to professional politicians and ignorant demagogues. In the United States which we usually regard as the type of a democratic government, if you speak of a man as a "politician" it is regarded almost as an insult; it is very nearly as bad as calling him a thief. In England the proudest and richest and most gifted regard it as an honour to serve the state in parliament. The duke's son meets

the Radical workman in Parliament; he has to listen to him, he sits on the same committee with him, and he learns not perhaps to agree with him but to understand him, to respect him and possibly to sympathise with him. The Radical workman realises that his fellow M.P., the Marquis of Broadacres, is not a bloated aristocrat, but a capable man of business with startlingly democratic views on one or two subjects and quite genial manners.

By separating the real and the ceremonial headship of the State, and leaving one to the Prime Minister and the other to the Sovereign, we diminish jealousy, because the prize of supreme power is made less dazzling; we secure continuity of authority during constitutional crises; and we give more time and greater freedom to statesmen. Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury can go to Parliament from Downing Street in a shilling hansom, talking to a private secretary. If the Prime Minister were also the titular and ceremonial head he might have to go in a State carriage with half-a-dozen officials in other carriages. And if there were no ceremonial head the vast majority of the English, Scotch, and Irishmen who have never got beyond Standard IV., and the whole of the three hundred millions of Hindustan would not believe that there was any head of the State at all. The ceremonial aspect of royalty indeed counts for most. It shows the people a concrete reality; a visible, cheerable, gracious person to obey and, if necessary, die for instead of a mere abstraction.

Tommy Atkins will fight with more courage and more cheerfulness for a Little Widow, who has sent kindly messages to the hospital, whose son has perhaps commended him in action, and whose daughter has perhaps pinned a medal on his breast, than for those abstractions which make the hearts of well-educated men and of philosophers and historians burn within them—Patriotism and Civic Virtue.

The Expense of Monarchy.—It is sometimes urged that the cost of monarchy is excessive and that it throws an enormous burden on the tax-payers. The cost of monarchy is no doubt considerable, but it is open to question whether the cost of monarchy is not less than the cost of a presidential election every few years. In the United States the direct cost of electing the President is as far as I can ascertain about £1,000,000 sterling; and we must add to this the tremendous cost of the three months of paralysis to trade which the election causes, as well as the indirect expenses in the way of election literature, railway fares, and so on, which do not find their way into the formal accounts. An English general election costs directly and avowedly about £1,000,000 sterling, indirectly and unavowedly at least as much again; and there is no reason to think that a presidential campaign could be conducted for less money. It is true the election of the President might be left in the hands of the members of the two houses, but this (*a*) would never satisfy thorough-going democrats, and (*b*) would give too much power to Parliament. Suppose a President were elected every four years at a cost of £2,000,000 this would give something like £500,000 a year as the cost of the President, in addition to his official salary.

Now the cost of the English Crown is nominally nearly three-quarters of a million sterling. To be more exact there are:—The "Civil List" of £385,000 a year; Prince of Wales and his family, £86,000; Duchy of Lancaster, £48,000; Duchy of Cornwall, £57,000, and certain dowries, pensions, etc., amounting to less than £190,000 more. Altogether it comes to about £700,000 a year. But there are important items to be set off. In the first place the Crown has surrendered to the nation the income of the "Crown lands," that is the income arising from the private estates of the English royal family. These amount to £420,000. The Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall in the same way are attached to the royal family just as the estates of the Duke of Bedford or the Duke of Westminster are attached to the family of Russell or Grosvenor. Altogether the sums to be set off amounted in 1894 to £525,000. This income does not come out of the pockets of the tax-payers. No doubt it could be confiscated by Parliament if a revolution took place, just as the Duke of Bedford's or the Duke of Westminster's income might be confiscated. But this confiscation would be flagrantly criminal, and might lead to the most serious foreign complications. These deductions leave about £175,000 a year as the cost of monarchy. Even from a pounds, shillings and pence point of view, this is not a costly outlay for a stable government, accepted without a murmur except by an insignificant group of fanatics, the tiny section of theoretical Republicans.

The House of Lords.—What is the use of a second chamber whose decisions may overrule those of the first and representative chamber? What is the advantage in a democratic state of an arrangement by which an irresponsible body may set aside the decisions of the body which exists only that it may represent the wishes of the majority of the people?

In the first place it is often important that reform, however necessary and inevitable, should not occur too suddenly. A long period of discussion is required in order to familiarise men's minds with the changes about to be made, especially when these are large and far-reaching, to enable citizens to thoroughly understand the drift of the new proposals, to become aware of the changes that the new law effects, to become familiar with the traps it lays in the path of the ignorant and careless. Otherwise the new law tends to become a dead-letter, or merely provides practice for lawyers. It takes a long time to accommodate the habits of the people to a new law. Carelessly-drawn Acts of Parliament are even now often passed in a hurry to meet some merely fancied need, or a need already adequately provided for by a forgotten and disused statute. Every such Act is a source of expense and danger to the community.

Thus even if our representative system were absolutely perfect in theory and practice, if it fully and instantly reflected the opinion of the majority of the people of the three kingdoms, there would still be some advantage in having a second chamber to criticise and revise, and sometimes to reject new legislation.

As a matter of fact the majority of the representative house does not by any means necessarily reflect the opinion of the majority of persons qualified to vote. The representative system is far from perfect. Large numbers of persons qualified to vote are never put on the voting lists at all. Of those who get on, many are so apathetic that they will not take the trouble to go to the poll. Many voters have votes in several different constituencies. More important still, the vote of an elector in a small constituency like Newry, with 1800 voters, counts for eight or nine times as much as the vote of an elector in a great constituency like Middlesborough, with its 15,000 voters; each returns only one member to Parliament. Thus one vote is far from having the same value in every constituency. Then again questions of importance are not submitted separately to the electorate, but the main issues (which themselves are often highly complex) are made more difficult by being crossed by a number of minor issues, such as Local Veto, Anti-Vaccination, Anti-Vivisection, Bimetallism, etc., as well as by a host of merely local and personal considerations.

Besides all this, a House of Commons fairly and deliberately elected on a comparatively simple issue five or six, or even three years ago, may often be very much out of harmony with the electorate of to-day. New questions may have cropped up: for instance, a government placed in office to deal with a domestic reform, may find itself confronted with a great crisis in foreign affairs. Or the government may have forfeited all respect by showing gross incapacity.

A majority in the elected house may be a fictitious or composite majority, formed of a number of separate groups, each pursuing its own ends, and caring nothing at all for the ends pursued by the other groups. In such circumstances a government which depends on such a composite majority may come to be in the position of a merchant, who "sells legislative measures to groups, for the votes which are necessary to keep that government in power."

In any of these cases the second chamber may be able to bring about an appeal to the country. It can prevent the misrepresentative majority from having its own way, and from changing the whole structure of government. In a country like England, without a written and fixed constitution, a scratch majority of half-a-dozen members got together by the astuteness of party managers, could, except for the veto of the House of Lords, alter every fundamental law without any further inquiry into its credentials being made.

In the spring of 1895, the government of Lord Rosebery no doubt honestly believed that it represented a majority of the voters of the country. It complained bitterly that one or two of its most important measures, passed in the Commons by a majority of about thirty or forty votes, were thrown out or altered by the House of Lords. Not unnaturally supporters of the government urged that it had been so recently elected (1892), that it must be considered as accurately reflecting the state of public opinion. As long as possible it refused to dissolve Parliament and consult the country. When it was forced to do so, it found itself in a minority of 150. In other words, the majority which supported Lord Rosebery did not represent the opinions of the people as accurately as the non-elective House of Lords did.

The great Liberal thinker, John Stuart Mill, laid great stress on "the evil effect produced upon the mind of any holder of power, whether an individual or an assembly, by the consciousness of having only themselves to consult. A majority in a single assembly, when it has assumed a permanent character, when composed of the same persons habitually acting together, and always assured of victory in their own house, easily becomes despotic and overweening, if released from the necessity of considering whether its acts will be concurred in by another constitutional authority."

Some sort of veto then is required which shall be able to force a government which has a majority of doubtful authority, to appeal to the country. The present arrangement does practically secure this. The House of Lords may make a stand whenever it likes. But it can only resist a House of Commons effectively up to the point when it has been decisively ascertained that the House of Commons has the country behind it. If the House of Lords makes a mistake and resists unnecessarily and unwarrantably, the only result will be to send back a larger majority than ever pledged to the change which the Lords have resisted. And the Lords will have suffered a decided loss of prestige in consequence. Every collision in which the House of Lords loses the battle with the Commons, weakens the power of the Upper House, which therefore avoids unnecessary conflicts.

The business of a really satisfactory upper

LADY THISTLETOWN.

house includes that of revision of the bills brought up from the lower house. This also is performed, though with less thoroughness than might be wished, by the House of Lords.

The Constitution of the House of Lords.—A great deal of fault can easily be found with the construction of the House of Lords. The hereditary principle, though it has something, has not perhaps very much to be said in its favour. Some change is bound to come. But the great advantage of the present House is, that it is an actual existing working wheel in the machinery, a wheel which does its work with fair efficiency, and which on the whole has, and merits, the respect of the majority of thinking men.

A better theoretical constitution for the second chamber can easily be devised; but however well devised, no one can be certain that the new house would work better than the present house. It might be too weak or too strong. It might give way too readily; or resist until danger-point was reached and revolution was imminent.

The great advantage of the present house is its independence. It is on the whole above the possibility of bribery, direct or indirect. Other things equal, it is easier to bribe a man with £100 a year than a millionaire. It is easier to put undue party pressure on a rising barrister or a trades-union official, with a seat in the Commons than on a peer with a rent-roll of scores of thousands. Mr. Smith may be a better man than the Duke of Belgravia, but at any rate he is more accessible, and he is cheaper. A little personal flattery, a little social distinction, a small berth for a poor brother or friend, a second-rate post in a second-rate public office for a son, may be given very easily. And these things mean so much to a poor man. The party screw can be turned on with overpowering force. The peers have no constituencies, and the "Caucus" has no terrors for them.

The hereditary element is weaker in the House of Lords than is generally believed. In 1892 there were about five hundred and sixty members of the house. About one hundred of these had been commoners themselves, raised to the peerage on account of wealth, learning, ability, or actual services to the country. Out of the four hundred and sixty-three who succeeded their fathers in the peerage, between seventy and eighty were peers whose peerages date within the last sixty years, representing the reward of recent success, or recent merit.

Of the peers who succeeded by hereditary title, a large number came from families which have been for generations concerned in public business, men whose fathers and grandfathers have had a large share in moulding the destinies of the country. The elder sons in such families are frequently, if not usually, brought up with a view to a diplomatic or official life. Political knowledge and political tact tend to become hereditary with them, as well as the title.

I have much more to say, but this must suffice. I should like to have pointed out that the English aristocracy has never been a caste, that it has never been cut off by insuperable barriers from the commoners, as the old French and German nobility used to be. I should have liked to say something of some hopeful plan of reform of the upper house; everybody is agreed that some change in its constitution is desirable. But this paper has already run to an excessive length, and I must draw it to a definite close.

THROUGH THINGS TEMPORAL.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

CHAPTER II.

So Lady Millicent Carewe was taken across the sea for the express purpose of forgetting Edmund Thornton. She did not forget him—she was not made of forgetting material; but the edge of her pain wore off in time, and as she would as soon have thought of fighting against the laws of Nature as against the social traditions of her class, she was spared the wear and tear of continual chafing, a thing no mortal can stand for long without a breakdown of some sort. Perhaps her cheek grew a little paler, a little more delicate in its oval outline, while her brown eyes acquired a pensive look which had never been seen in them aforetime; but she soon regained her wonted health and strength, never robust at the best of times, and if her stately manner was even more quiet and reserved than it used to be, it only added to her charm.

"I hope you are not angry with me, my darling," said Lady Roehampton one day.

"Angry, mother? oh, no! how could I be angry with you?"

"I am sure that your father and I influenced you for your own happiness. Of course, Milly dear, we should never forbid you absolutely to do anything on which you had set your heart, but if you set your heart on an undesirable object, it is our duty to point out to you your mistake, though the ultimate decision must always rest with you," continued the Countess, whose conscience was apt to be troublesome when she perceived the lengthening oval of her daughter's cheek, and the sad look in the brown eyes.

"Of course, of course, dear mother; and you know I hate deciding things for myself, I like someone else to make up my mind for me."

"Yes, yes, dear; quite right and proper of you. And, by the way," added her ladyship in that studiously careless tone which always betrays preparation, "have you heard that Miss Thornton is engaged to marry little Dr. Collins? Milford" (Milford was the housekeeper at Carewe Court) "told me in her letter yesterday."

"No, I had not heard; and I am surprised—very much surprised. Dr. Collins is very nice and clever, and all that, but don't you think he is a little—a little—common, mother?"

"Of course he is, darling. He is a dear little man, and I am quite devoted to him, but he never pretends to be a gentleman. His father kept a chemist's shop in the village when first I married and came to Carewe, and then the son became a doctor. All that is quite charming in its way, you know, and I wouldn't say a word against it for the world; in fact I always feel the greatest respect for what are called 'self-made people;' but still, my love, it would be quite impossible, wouldn't it? for you to be sister-in-law to little Dr. Collins."

Millicent's eyes dilated with horror: "Oh, mother, what an idea! I should as soon think of being sister-in-law to Milford. But of course, if—if—things had turned out differently, Edmund would never have let his sister marry such a person as Dr. Collins."

"But, my sweetest, how could he have prevented her, even if he had wished to do so? which I doubt, as there was nothing snobbish about Mr. Thornton, and that would have been a very snobbish thing to do. If the brother had the right to please himself, the sister had the right to please herself also. Therefore, darling, though I can't deny that Mr. Thornton is a charming person in his way, you see it is really best not to be mixed up at all with people of that sort."

And the girl, who under all her amiability was an aristocrat to her finger-tips, saw the force of her mother's reasoning, and in her heart of hearts agreed with it.

But though Lady Millicent Carewe could so far obey the traditions of her class as to shut out of her life Edmund Thornton and his love, she could not go so far as to put anyone else in his place. Lovers loved and lovers rode away again, but Lady Millicent was cold and indifferent alike to all. Her father and mother loved her too well to insist upon anything that was distasteful to her, and were, moreover, only too thankful to keep their adored daughter at home, to be the light of their eyes and the joy of their old age; so beautiful Millicent Carewe seemed destined to be an old maid. But she did not appear unhappy, or even dissatisfied. Hers was one of those calm, unemotional natures that take life easily; and Time seemed willing to "write no wrinkle" on that sweet white brow of hers.

The years rolled on, and the Earl of Roehampton was gathered to his fathers; after the lapse of another decade his countess followed him; and then Lady Millicent reigned alone at Carewe Court as co-heiress of William, sixth and last Earl of Roehampton. By that time she was close upon forty years old, and was a very grand lady indeed. She was the ruling spirit of the neighbourhood, and was treated as a kind of royal personage. If Lady Millicent said a thing, that thing became as

law to all the country-side. She opened bazaars, and instituted guilds, and patronised charities, and superintended parishes, and was in short the reigning queen of her little world. To know her was a pleasure—to be known by her an honour; and she was the most popular as well as the most distinguished woman in the county. From time to time she heard news of the Thorntons from Mrs. Grear, the vicar's wife. Dr. Collins had died some years previously, and his widow still lived in the village. Millicent called upon her once; but her ladyship was received so coldly—or rather rudely—that she decided never again to repeat the experiment; but she learned from Mrs. Grear that Edmund Thornton was married and had several children, who came at intervals to stay with their aunt Mrs. Collins.

"Oh! Lady Millicent," exclaimed the vicar's wife one day; "have you heard of poor Mrs. Collins's trouble?"

"No, indeed: what has happened to her?"

"She has lost all her money, poor thing! at least her brother, Edmund Thornton, has done so for her. He has been speculating, I believe, and has lost all his own fortune and his sister's as well."

"Oh! I am so sorry."

"I knew you would be, you are so sympathetic, dear Lady Millicent. I hear that the rest of the family are so furious with Edmund that they refuse to help him at all; and they are equally furious with Maria for sticking to him."

"That seems rather rough on Mrs. Collins and her brother."

"It does; but of course it was wrong and foolish of him to speculate."

"Of course it was; nevertheless I feel deeply sorry for his wife and children."

"So do I, Lady Millicent; and all the more so because Mrs. Edmund Thornton is a silly, feeble, little thing, who will have no spirit in meeting trouble."

"Who was she before she married?"

"Nobody particular; only a governess whom one of Mr. Thornton's married sisters, Mrs. Gully, was unkind to, and so he married her out of pity. This sister is a terrible woman, I believe, and the poor little governess underwent a martyrdom at her hands. It was chivalrous of Edmund to take pity on the girl and deliver her out of the hands of her tormentor; but people say that his heart was buried years and years ago in some early romance that came to nothing, and so he did not much care whom he married afterwards."

Mrs. Grear knew nothing of the Thornton-Carewe story; it had become ancient history before she came to Carewe.

"Edmund Thornton is a good man," said Lady Millicent gravely, "and it was just like him to take pity on the poor little governess. Did you ever see her, Mrs. Grear?"

"Yes, and she isn't even pretty; a stupid little creature, interested in nothing and nobody but her husband, whom she simply adores. It is a pity to think of a clever man like Mr. Thornton being tied to a nonentity like that! People say that it was because he wasn't happy in his marriage that he tried to divert himself by speculating. And now see what it has led to!"

A sharp pain went through Lady Millicent's heart, and through her conscience also; for the sake of things temporal she had bartered her own life's happiness; perhaps she had a right to do what she would with her own; but had she any right to throw Edmund Thornton's soul into the scale as a make-weight? It was not a pleasant doubt to enter into the mind of a pampered fine lady. As her ladyship was silent, Mrs. Grear continued—

"There are four children—all girls—pretty little things but dreadfully spoilt. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton are now staying with Mrs. Collins, so the vicar and I have asked them all up to dinner to-morrow; we think it is kind to do so just now, as people who are in the midst of money troubles are often so sensitive and touchy!"

"It was very sweet of you and the vicar to think of it; and I am sure that Mr. Thornton, at any rate, will appreciate your kindness!"

"The only thing that bothers me is whether or not we shall invite anyone to meet them. It is, perhaps, not very polite to ask only just themselves as if they were not good enough to meet our other friends; but on the other hand it would be worse to have anyone who would be rude to them. I did ask Mrs. Holland, the banker's wife, telling her who were coming; but she turned up her nose and said she was very sorry to refuse my invitation, but she had rather not meet outsiders, as they always presumed upon it afterwards."

"Disgusting woman! I have always thought Mrs. Holland a most vulgar person, and that loudly-dressed daughter of hers is simply impossible. But if you really want a third element at dinner to-morrow night, I shall be delighted to come in and make up your number. You and the vicar owe me a dinner, you know, Mrs. Grear; you have dined here twice since I dined with you, and 'it doesn't do for the reciprocity to be all on one side,' as the Irishman said!"

"How good you are, dear Lady Millicent! But it won't be at all a suitable evening for you."

"What nonsense! I shall enjoy myself immensely!"

"I expect you will frighten poor little Mrs. Thornton into fits by your grand air."

Lady Millicent laughed.

"I won't be at all terrible, I promise you. I'll clothe myself with humility and with my oldest dinner gown, and will be graciousness itself."

"You are always that, dear Lady Millicent, but you are a little frightening all the same; you are so very regal. Did I tell you what old Dobbs said after you visited him the other day?"

"No."

"He remarked, by way of description, 'Her were the Queen o' Sheba, and no mistake.'"

Lady Millicent laughed, and then added—

"That is not as bad as what Thistletown said of me lately. He told Emma that I was like a church without a heating-apparatus—very orthodox and improving, but bound to give everybody a chill."

"Well, anyhow, that is better than being like a heating-apparatus without a church—which is what a great many people resemble," retorted Mrs. Grear, taking up the cudgels on behalf of her adored Lady Millicent.

"I shall tell Thistletown what you say; it will shock him terribly."

"I don't care; I rather enjoy shocking Lord Thistletown."

"So do I; it is, in fact, 'my favourite occupation' as they say in Confession-albums. But, by the way, don't you think that Thistletown is a very disappointing person?"

"Yes, very."

"My father always used to say that a good old Church-and-State Tory ought to be a combination of crusted port and York Minster. Now, Thistletown always seems aiming at that; but he only succeeds in concocting a feeble and cheap imitation out of a lecture-room and raspberry vinegar. Which isn't the same thing at all, but he is too stupid to see the difference."

"But my husband would see the difference in both respects, I can assure you," said Mrs. Grear laughing.

And there the colloquy ended.

On the evening of the following day Lady Millicent Carewe attended as arranged the little dinner at the vicarage. Mrs. Grear met her in the hall as she would have met a princess.

"It is lovely of your ladyship to come," she whispered. "The vicar says you grow more perfect every day, and this is just like you."

"And my ladyship has put on my shabbiest gown, as I promised," said Lady Millicent; "although it was as gall and wormwood to my maid to see me, like Enid, in 'my worst and meanest dress.' I am as shabby now as she was in her 'faded silk.'"

"Shabby, indeed! You look like a queen, my dear, and always will, whatever you wear."

"The Queen o' Sheba, I suppose." And then they both laughed.

"I saw Mrs. Holland in the village to-day," continued Mrs. Grear, "and I let out that you were coming here to-night. You should just have seen her face! She was simply green with rage at having, through her own folly, missed meeting Lady Millicent Carewe face to face."

"Hateful woman! don't talk about her to me."

And then the two ladies entered the pretty drawing-room.

At that moment it seemed to Edmund Thornton that Time had stood still, and that the past twenty years were a tiresome dream; for the stately woman who held out a gracious hand to him looked very little older and decidedly more beautiful than the girl whom he had parted from in the wooded hollow all those years ago. But if Time had dealt lightly with Millicent, it had done the opposite with Edmund; for the storm and stress of life had "marred his face and marked it ere its time," and he already began to look an old man. Poor little Mrs. Thornton wore an obviously home-made construction of vermilion velveteen, relieved by the cheap white lace wherewith dressing-tables are usually trimmed, and she shook with terror when she was presented to the lovely lady whom everyone treated as a queen. Mrs. Collins was stiff and wretched, and was, moreover, consumed by a crushing dread of being (what she called) "patronised"—as if she were a concert or a fancy-fair, with a list of would-be patronesses at her head.

At first Mrs. Grear feared that her party was going to be a failure: between the Scylla of Mrs. Thornton's terrified humility, and the Charybdis of Mrs. Collins's war with society in general and Lady Millicent in particular, utter wreckage and destruction seemed imminent.

But the vicar's wife had reckoned without her guest. With a tact which had reached the level of a fine art, Lady Millicent first set her fellow-guests at their ease, and then guided the conversation into channels where she knew there would be smooth sailing and no rocks ahead. She made as much effort to please as she had ever done in a London drawing-room, and, consequently, this was the most successful dinner-party the vicarage had ever enshrined. Without being brilliant herself, Millicent Carewe possessed the gift of making other people brilliant: she took the trouble to find out what they were interested in, and to let them talk to her about it, and, consequently, conversation always flowed freely under her benign influence. After dinner, even timid little Mrs. Thornton found heart of grace to confide in Lady Millicent, though in cold blood she would as soon have thought of making a friend of the Monument or the Marble Arch as of an earl's daughter; and she was surprised to find that this great lady, on hearing of their loss of fortune, did not treat it as a crime and shame (as Edmund's sisters had done), but rather as a tiresome accident, such as leaving one's prayer-book in church, or forgetting to bring one's umbrella.

"It is most annoying and provoking for you," said Lady Millicent graciously.

"It is so bad for the children, you see, my lady," explained Mrs. Thornton.

"Very bad; but then it is such a comfort that they are all girls. Boys are always so much more expensive than girls," replied Lady Millicent, who had never inhabited a world where boys were expected to earn their own living.

"I don't know about that," sighed Mrs. Thornton, in whose world both boys and girls were expected to keep themselves, and the heavier burden fell naturally on the weaker sex.

"Have you decided where you will live? I think your husband said at dinner that you intend to leave London."

"We are going to live in Lowton, a little town about five miles from here. Edmund has taken a situation as clerk in Mr. Holland's bank," replied Edmund's wife, blushing as she made the (to her) disgraceful confession.

But in Lady Millicent's aristocratic eyes, a clerkship in a bank and a share in a cotton-mill were socially on a par; so she did not seem at all shocked as Mrs. Gully had been, in whose commercial and mercenary sight a situation in Mr. Holland's bank was the depth of human degradation.

"That will be very nice for you," said her ignorant ladyship. "I sometimes drive into Lowton to do a little shopping; and I can assure you for your comfort that there are some decent shops there and quite an admissible dressmaker, whom I sometimes employ myself just for morning gowns," she continued, oblivious for the moment of the vermilion velveteen and the pitiful tale it told. "It will be pleasant also for you to be near Mrs. Collins."

"Yes, my lady; and it will be a comfort to send the children to her sometimes. Maria is always very fond of children; and, as she has none of her own, she has been like a second mother to mine."

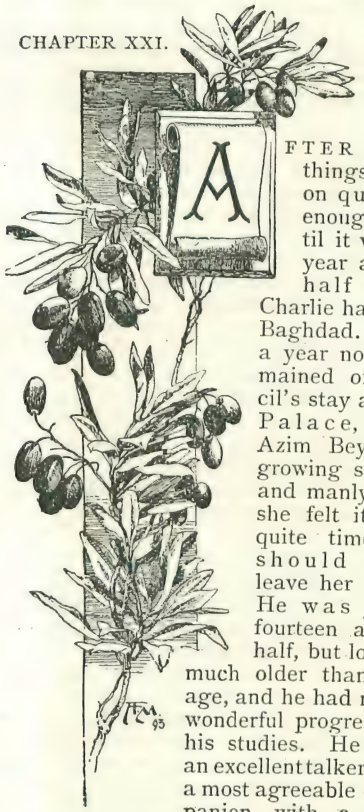
And then Lady Millicent asked all about the said children, and lent a sympathetic ear to long and pointless chronicles anent the same, till little Mrs. Thornton lost her heart once and for ever to the beautiful lady: and her timid soul grew hot within her as she recalled certain blasphemies which she had heard her husband and his people utter against the aristocracy. And Edmund, meanwhile, stood afar off, and wondered how he had ever dared to make love to such a piece of exquisite perfection. The future would have surprised him even more than the past had he but known it; but at present it was hid from his eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.



AFTER this, things went on quietly enough until it was a year and a half since Charlie had left Baghdad. Only a year now remained of Cecil's stay at the Palace, and Azim Bey was growing so tall and manly that she felt it was quite time he should soon leave her care. He was just fourteen and a half, but looked much older than his age, and he had made wonderful progress in his studies. He was an excellent talker, and a most agreeable companion, with a wide theoretical acquaintance with modern political and social problems, and a deep practical knowledge of Eastern ways of settling them. There was something uncanny in such shrewdness in a boy of his age, and fond as Cecil was of him, she could never quite trust him now. The subject of Charlie had never again been mentioned between them, although Cecil sometimes felt curious to know whether her pupil had got over his childish dislike. Since the discovery of the fate of their first six months' letters, she and Charlie had corresponded with more success, owing to the precautions they had adopted. Charlie's letters were addressed to Sir Dugald at the Residency, and Cecil posted hers there after Sir Dugald had written the address. The abstraction of the earlier epistles had been traced to an Armenian post-office clerk who had died in the interval between the discovery of the theft and the investigation subsequently made into it, and although for this reason no punishment could be inflicted, the desires of any who might be anxious to tread in the offender's foot-steps were frustrated. Whatever the suspicions of the would-be thieves might be, they dared not stop a letter addressed by or to the Balio Bey himself.

There were other ways of getting news, notably by means of letters concealed in parcels, or brought by friends from England, and it was by the former means that Cecil received the season's greetings on the occasion of her fourth Christmas in Baghdad. A great box was sent out from Whitcliffe to Mrs. Yehudi, containing presents for the school-children's Christmas-tree, and among the presents was a letter for Cecil, very carefully and cunningly hidden. She tore it open eagerly, wondering why it should be sent with such special care, but found nothing of any unusual importance until she came to the last paragraph, which filled her with a vague dread.

"I don't feel as if I should be able to stay quiet in England all next year. The travel-spirit is coming upon me again, and drawing me Eastward ho! Perhaps it is not only that, but the longing to see someone in Baghdad, that is drawing me—at any rate, if you don't hear from me for a time, you can imagine me anywhere between Beyrout and Karachi, or between Resht and Aden. But perhaps I shall see you, my dearest girl, without your knowing it. I wouldn't get you into trouble for the world, but I would do anything short of that just to see you for a moment. I should feel happier about you, and know that that abominable child had not quite worn you out. Don't look out for me, for it's no good. If I come, you won't know it, but I will tell you about it afterwards, and we will laugh over it together."

What could Charlie be intending to do? Surely he could not mean to try and enter Baghdad again, in the face of the danger he had but just escaped, but what else did his words signify? He must be only joking, trying to make her look out for him, for the foolishness of an attempt to return to the city must be patent even to his mind. There was no need to be alarmed, nor to frighten Lady Haigh, but Cecil did not feel happy until she had written a long letter scolding Charlie for his mad project, and forbidding him to undertake it. Unhappily, before the letter reached England, Charlie had started for the East, but Cecil was not in a position to know this, as will presently appear.

When Hussein Bey died, it seemed as though the Pasha's family troubles were over, for a time at least, and he looked forward hopefully to a year of domestic peace. Now that she had no one for whom to plot, it was probable that his mother would soon tire of maintaining an irreconcilable attitude, and consent to offer terms of accommodation. The only cloud on the horizon was caused by the behaviour of Jamileh Khanum, who had now a little son of her own, a fact which produced exactly the result which Azim Bey had foreseen long ago. For her boy's sake, Jamileh Khanum was frantically jealous of his elder brother, and every sign of favour bestowed by the Pasha on Azim Bey, every expense incurred on his account, furnished her with a text for a passionate attack on her husband. For months she teased him at every available opportunity to procure a French governess for little Najib Bey, but in vain. The Pasha had had some experience of the difficulty of keeping the peace between dependants of different European nationalities, and he had no desire that the tranquillity of the Palace should be disturbed by the mutual jealousies and patriotic squabbles of Mdlle. Antaza and any French lady. Jamileh Khanum might have an English nurse for the baby if she liked, and as soon as he was old enough he might share Azim Bey's lessons with Mdlle. Antaza, but

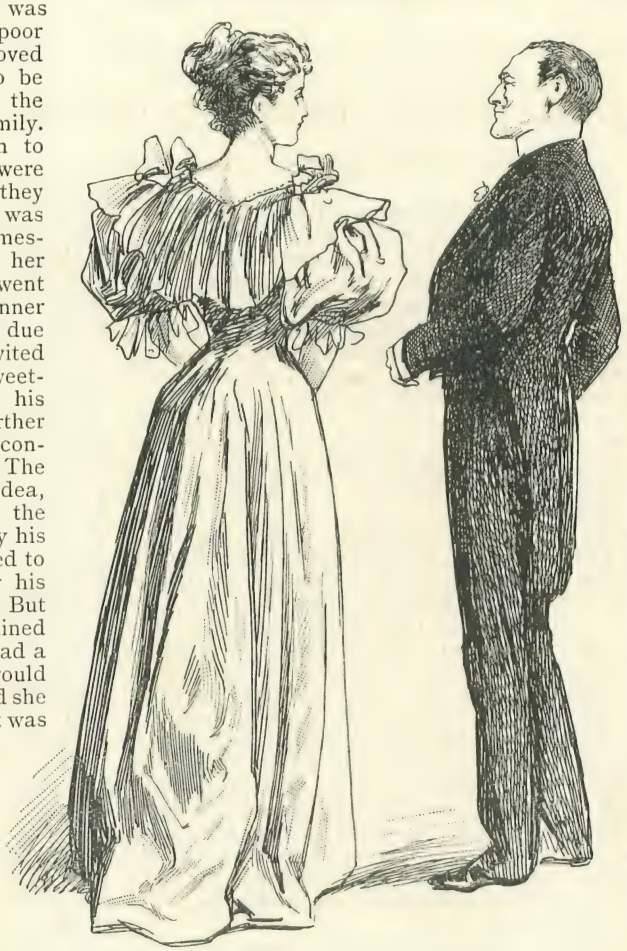
both these offers were scouted by the indignant mother. Her boy to share the instructions of that insolent Englishwoman, in company with the son of that wild Arab creature, (might her bones not rest in peace!) never! Rather should he grow up ignorant, a living monument of his father's parsimony and injustice. She had a good deal more to say on the subject, and was proceeding to say it, when her husband, fortunately for himself, was called away.

Much worried by this fresh piece of trouble, Ahmed Khémi Pasha lent a ready ear to a message which reached him shortly before the great Turkish festival of Moharram Ghün. His mother sent to say that she was now advanced in years, a poor widow bereft of her best-beloved grandson, and she wished to be reconciled at the festival to the surviving members of her family. The Um-ul-Pasha was given to these reconciliations, which were generally as short-lived as they were sudden, but her son was touched by the terms of her message, and prepared to meet her half-way. Accordingly, he went to see her in the most filial manner possible, was received with all due honour and affection, and invited to partake of coffee and sweetmeats. During this repast, his mother electrified him still further by expressing a desire for reconciliation also with Azim Bey. The Pasha caught eagerly at the idea, for he was well aware of the scandal caused in the city by his divided house, and he proposed to fetch his son at once to pay his respects to his grandmother. But the Um-ul-Pasha was not inclined to be in such a hurry. She had a condition to make before she would consent to a reconciliation, and she brought it forward at once. It was nothing less than a plain demand for Mdlle. Antaza's dismissal.

Without giving her son time to express his astonishment or his dismay, the old lady hurried on to give the reasons for her request. The presence of the Frangi woman in the Palace was a direct insult to herself, since she had always opposed her coming; her very position in the household was a scandal, for she was technically in the harem, and yet could visit her European friends when she liked. Moreover, Mdlle. Antaza had conducted herself most insolently towards the Um-ul-Pasha during the whole of her stay in Baghdad, had refused the husband graciously recommended to her, and had calmly ignored the great lady's existence ever since. This sounded so very plausible when the little episode of the attempted poisoning was forgotten, that the Um-ul-Pasha paused to admire her own eloquence, but hurried on again when she perceived that her son was about to speak. She had kept her chief argument until last, and now produced it with obvious pride. To dismiss mademoiselle at once would be a great saving of expense. If she remained a year longer, her five years' engagement would have been fulfilled, and she would become entitled to the bonus promised on its termination, while if she were sent away now for misconduct, this extra sum would be saved.

"But there is no misconduct. What charge have you against her?" asked the Pasha blankly.

"Invent one. There's nothing so easy," replied his mother instantly. "Karalampi—" she perceived her mistake, and hastily altered the form of the sentence. "I know of a person who will arrange everything, and support it by unimpeachable evidence."



"CECIL WAS A LITTLE COMFORTED."

The Pasha sat and pondered the matter deeply, while his mother went on to declare that the Frangi woman had ruined Azim Bey. She had made him into an Englishman, and there was nothing of a Turk left about him. Thus she ran on, with great richness of language and illustration, while the Pasha slowly made up his mind. It was no sentiment of chivalry for a woman fighting the battle of life alone in a foreign country that influenced him finally, but rather a prudent feeling of reluctance to part with a valuable dependant as the price of a reconciliation which could not, in all probability, last more than a month. Then there was the matter of economy. To escape the necessity of paying the bonus would certainly be a saving, but would it be possible to get up an accusation of misconduct which could really be sustained? He had a very clear impression, springing from what he knew of the absolute blamelessness of Cecil's behaviour during her life in the harem, that it would not. To bring such an accusation, and then to fail to substantiate it, would be nothing short of ruinous. He thought apprehensively of the Courts, of the impression in England, where he desired to stand well in public opinion, and he thought above all of the Balio Bey. Sir Dugald was certainly given to counselling economy, but it was scarcely to be expected that he would approve this particular way of exercising it, while he would be certain to resent fiercely any charge made against Mdlle. Antaza, an Englishwoman and his wife's friend, and when he was officially angry he could be very terrible indeed. It was this thought which decided the Pasha at last. He could not face the Balio Bey in such a case, with the knowledge of a trumped-up slander on his conscience, and he felt shrewdly that in maintaining his position and carrying on his government Sir Dugald's countenance and approval was of more vital consequence than his mother's. This he told her, as delicately as he could, and then quitted her presence, after a few vain attempts to soften her resentment, which was loud and voluble. Had he guessed what her next step would be, it is possible that he might have yielded abjectly even then, but he departed unconscious of what was in store for him in the immediate future.

It would, indeed, have taken a shrewd observer of human nature to forecast the Um-ul-Pasha's next move. Having failed to secure her end, she wasted no time in negotiations, but threw herself into the arms, figuratively speaking, of Jamileh Khanum, with whom she had been at daggers drawn ever since the young wife had entered the harem. Angry with her husband, and jealous for her boy, Jamileh Khanum displayed no inclination to stand upon ceremony when she saw the prospect of gaining such a powerful ally, and the reconciliation was sealed over the sleeping form of little Najib Bey, upon whom his grandmother lavished all the vituperative epithets that occurred to her, for the sake of averting the evil eye. Before the evening of that day, mother and grandmother had united in a league against Azim Bey. The son of the Hajar woman was to be displaced at any cost, and before another day was over, M. Karalampi had been informed that his services were retained on behalf of this new claimant to the rights of Hussein Bey.

Unfortunately, from the ladies' point of view, the negotiations which had so nearly been crowned with success in the former case had been allowed entirely to fall through, and a change in the Padishah's *entourage* had removed the

persons on whose help M. Karalampi had relied. It was necessary to begin the work all over again, and to set about it in a different way, but M. Karalampi still contrived to keep himself in the background, while all that the distracted Pasha knew was that his mother and his favourite wife were now bosom friends, and that this boded mischief to his elder son. He could act decisively enough, however, when the issue was a clear one, and he took his measures at once. Azim Bey should accompany him on the progress he was about to make through the country inhabited by the Kurdish tribes, in order to keep him out of harm's way, and Jamileh Khanum should come also, that she and the Um-ul-Pasha might not have the opportunity of weaving their plots together in his absence. The plan was no sooner decided upon than it was put into execution. As before, Cecil and Azim Bey, with their attendants, received orders to start first, spending a few days at Said Bey's house at Hillah, where the Pasha's great cavalcade would pick them up.

Cecil heard this news with dismay. It seemed to her that everything depended upon her being at Baghdad, in case Charlie really carried out his foolhardy plan, for if she saw him she might succeed in turning him back at the threshold of his adventure. But Lady Haigh, who knew that the last two summers in Baghdad had tried her very much, was delighted that this one should be passed in the cooler atmosphere of the Kurdish uplands, and commended the Pasha's wisdom. Cecil said nothing to her of the reason she had for wishing to remain in the city. On one side was the possibility of endangering Charlie by attracting attention to him should he really enter the country, on the other the fear of lowering him in Sir Dugald's eyes by revealing the foolishness to which the Balio Bey would grant no quarter. In spite of his kindness, Cecil resented extremely the contemptuous light in which Sir Dugald continued to regard Charlie, and she was resolved not to give him the chance of thinking him more reckless than he was, in case he decided to forego his scheme.

"I suppose it isn't possible for a European traveller to come into the *pashalik* without your knowing it?" she said to Sir Dugald the evening before her departure, with a desire to make everything sure.

"Scarcely," said Sir Dugald. "They seem invariably to begin their wanderings by getting into trouble with the Turks, and then they write to me to help them out. No vice-consul will do for them, however near at hand—it must be the Consul-general or no one."

"But suppose they didn't wish to make themselves prominent, and managed not to get into trouble—in fact came into the country quietly, and did their best to remain unnoticed?"

"Then I should hear of them rather sooner than in the other case," said Sir Dugald. "English travellers who didn't bluster, or bully the natives, would be such a phenomenon that both the Pasha and I should be simply inundated with full, true and particular accounts of them. It would be evident to the Turkish mind that they were come for no good, and were probably either spies or on the look-out for hidden treasures."

"But if they were in disguise?" suggested Cecil, bringing forward reluctantly her true fear. Sir Dugald laughed heartily.

"That would be the quickest thing of all," he said. "An Englishman trying to pass for a native would be spotted immediately. It's natural, of course, for they are afraid he might try to profane their holy places."

"And if you heard of anyone who was trying to pass as a native, what would you do?" asked Cecil.

"Frighten him out of the country if possible, and if not have him here and reason him out," said Sir Dugald. "In his character as a native he couldn't venture to resist me, and if he dropped it he would be afraid of his life. I can't have idiots coming here and stirring up the fanatics to attempt outrages."

Cecil was a little comforted by the sense of Sir Dugald's power which this conversation gave her, and she left Baghdad cheered by the persuasion that if Charlie did venture into Turkish Arabia, he would be obliged to quit it very quickly, and with no undue courtesy lavished upon him. In the absence of her own persuasive reasoning, she had considerable faith in Sir Dugald's certain use of *force majeure*, and he guessed the real source of her anxiety, and smiled grimly as he promised himself that her confidence in him should be fully justified if it was necessary.

At Hillah Naimeh Khanum received Cecil with open arms. They had not met since Cecil's visit to the place in the summer of the riot, although Azim Bey had ridden over several times with his father for a short stay. In some way or other Naimeh Khanum had obtained an inkling of her brother's hatred for Charlie Egerton and its cause, and in the only long conversation she held with Cecil they talked the matter over. Naimeh Khanum had been speaking of Azim Bey's improvement in appearance and in health, and of the pleasure his progress in his studies gave to the Pasha, and Cecil in return confessed her disappointment with respect to the moral side of his nature.

"But what do you expect?" asked Naimeh Khanum. "Why should he sacrifice his own wishes for your pleasure? What is there in our religion to teach him to deny himself? He is a man, a true believer—what can the happiness of a woman, a Giaour, signify to him?"

"But one might hope," said Cecil, rather hesitatingly, "that some measure of Christian influence might reach him from all he has read, even without direct teaching."

Naimeh Khanum shook her head.

"You forget the strength of the influences at work in the opposite direction," she said. "As it is, you have made my brother wiser, more polished, more European, but his character is unchanged. He will take all you can give him, and wear it like a cloak, covering his Eastern nature with it, but he will remain a Turk underneath all the same. His ideals, his views of women, are the same as my father's, they are not yours. You cannot Europeanise Turkey from the outside."

"And you, Khanum?" asked Cecil, "do you still feel as you did?"

"The same. I have read your book, and its words are good words, but I have too much to give up. But I must not talk to you about this, mademoiselle. My husband found me reading the book, and he would have taken it away, if I had not promised him never to speak about it to anyone, especially to you. Ah, mademoiselle, if your people want to make us good and happy, they must teach the women as well as the men, and begin at the heart with both."

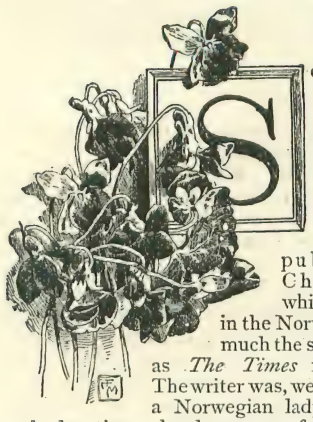
And Cecil could gain no more from her, the rather as they had very little time for private conversation. Azim Bey's lessons were going on just as if they were still at Baghdad, and Said Bey displayed a disposition to keep his wife from having much to say to the Frangi woman. Moreover, there were some English people at Hillah just now, who had come out for the purpose of making excavations among the ruins of Babylon, and had spent much time in measuring and surveying once again the mighty mounds. The work of exploration, carried on throughout the pleasant spring days, was now over for the season, and Professor Howard White and his wife were about to leave Hillah before the summer heat came on, and to return to Baghdad preparatory to sailing for home, but for the moment their path crossed Cecil's on her way to the Kurdish hills.

Mrs. Howard White had lived at Whitcliffe before her marriage, and had been a member of Mr. Anstruther's congregation, and when on a visit to her family just before starting for Babylonia she had met Charlie at St. Barnabas' Vicarage, and all these were reasons which made Cecil very desirous of seeing her. It seemed as though Azim Bey guessed this, for he hung about his governess persistently when Mrs. Howard White came to call, and anything approaching confidential talk was out of the question. But the professor's wife read rightly the entreaty in Cecil's eyes, and an invitation to tea on the last evening of their stay at Hillah gladdened the hearts of both pupil and governess. Azim Bey was eager to inspect Professor Howard White's instruments, of which he had heard wonderful tales from his brother-in-law, and Cecil, counting upon his insatiable curiosity to keep him safely in the study for a time, away from her, was tremblingly anxious for a little private conversation with her hostess. It was just possible that she might be able to set her heart at rest by assuring her that Charlie had given up his foolhardy plan. To know for certain that he was safely at home in England, absorbed in the repairs of his house and the business of his estate, Cecil felt that she would go through fire and water.

(*To be continued.*)

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

THE EXPERIENCES OF A NORWEGIAN IN LONDON.



SOME little time ago a series of letters appeared in *Morgènbladet*, a Norwegian newspaper, published in Christiania, which occupies in the Norwegian Press much the same position as *The Times* in England. The writer was, we understand, a Norwegian lady of culture and education, who, by means of these letters, conveyed to the Press of her native land her impressions of English life.

To see ourselves as others see us is a useful exercise, and it will probably interest our many readers to see the light in which we and our surroundings are regarded by stray visitors from other lands.

In her opening letter the writer describes the impressions produced on her mind by the various sights and sounds of the streets of the Great Metropolis.

"How wonderfully London may be seen from the top of a 'bus! Every morning saw us ascending the comfortable stairs of one of these various coloured monsters, and taking our seats on the top. Then, off we started to enjoy—thanks to the never-failing omnibus—the various sights of London.

"First we drove through endless streets of villas and houses, and then through less populous ones, often driving for a couple of hours at a stretch to arrive at our destination, and during which we changed omnibuses several times.

"There is no great or excessive traffic in the suburbs—more like what we see at home in Christiania, but on all sides the shops seem endless, and contain the greatest variety of goods, the whole effect being that of a market; the shops spreading their goods over part of the pathways—chairs, tables, sofas, mirrors, in fact furniture for a whole room being spread out under the large awnings. Thus we have a complete kitchen with all its pots and pans and saucepans and china all spread out in long low rows, also extending over the pathway.

"In another place we see pretty terraces formed of large flat baskets, filled with vegetables—cauliflowers, cherries, strawberries and pineapples, with a border of golden lemons and oranges, bananas, radishes, asparagus and new potatoes, mountains of white lilies and pink hyacinths, roses and heliotropes. After these marvellous flowers comes the fishmonger with his stores of every imaginable and unimaginable fish displayed on his marble slabs—mussels, oysters and crabs, whilst whole stalls are full of plucked fowl, slices of ham and meat already carved and cut up. In the street a man pushes along a sort of white-painted chest or box, from which he lifts out a steaming saucepan, the sight of which seems to produce a magical effect on the younger members of society, by whom he is immediately surrounded.

"The air is filled with the melodious sounds produced from the ever-present barrel-organs, through which are heard, from time to time, the shrill and penetrating cries which seem the peculiar property of a Punch and Judy show, and which never fail to attract a large and appreciative audience."

* * * *

The writer goes on to describe Trafalgar Square, with which she is much impressed; but what seems to astonish her more than anything else is the crowded streets, filled with "all sorts and conditions of men," and with a still greater and more heterogeneous mass of vehicles, ranging from the coster's cart to the coroneted carriage; through which apparently impassable crowd each driver holds his course with an amazing air of indifference. "It is a perfect miracle," declares the astonished foreigner, "that anyone can escape being run over either in the streets (especially at those agonizing crossings where but for the friendly policeman's aid the timid traveller would become a fixture), or being knocked down on the pathways."

But to continue her narrative in her own words, we next find her at St. Paul's, where she says, "We now left the omnibus and took the steamer up the Thames to Westminster Abbey. We glided along in warm sunshine, past the unique Thames Embankment, which somewhat resembles a quay, a part of the Thames being enclosed in a beautiful frame of granite, whilst facing us stand stately buildings bearing historic names.

"A strange effect is produced by the great Egyptian obelisk, with its ancient hieroglyphics inscribed on it long before the time of Moses, and now placed amongst such incongruous surroundings.

"Before us lay Waterloo Bridge like a beautiful gate, whilst behind it rose the towers of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

"On our steamer a German band played a triumphant march as if joining in the general chorus of praise to England's power and glory.

"It is something to have even seen Westminster Abbey. How small and insignificant does poor ordinary child of man become at the mere sight of anything so sublime!

"We began our wanderings through the Abbey at the Poets' Corner—where they also ended—and thus it should be, for are they not the very soul and heart of the world!

"How many suffering, tried mortals have stood here, and as they read the familiar and beloved names, have felt that life would have been still harder had it not been for the poets' work! And they have gone from tomb to tomb, thanking them—as one would thank a dear friend—for the light and freedom shed by them over their life.

"The sceptre of these men reaches further than that of any of the kings and queens near whom they rest."

* * * *

After thus describing some of the sights of the London streets, she gives some particulars of her visit to some English friends in London. The two things which seem to strike her most in this "truly comfortable home" are, first, the abundant supply of hot water, which she declares seems to an ordinary Norwegian *Husmoder* (mother of the house) simply incredible, but most delightful; and secondly the servants' rooms and furniture.

She admires the trim appearance of the maids in their fresh pink print gowns, white caps and aprons, and the quiet way in which the work of the house is managed, everything done so thoroughly and noiselessly, without any apparent trouble or fuss. The servants' sitting-room and bedrooms are—in her opinion—as pretty and comfortably furnished as if they were meant for their mistresses' use. She is charmed with the profusion of flowers in the window-boxes, and also in the garden at the back of the house, "where, enclosed by ivy-clad walls, the flowering trees and shrubs and gay flower-beds make a perfect bower of fresh beauty, looking at which you can scarcely believe you are only half-an-hour from the heart of London." She adds: "It struck me as wonderful that every evening we should sit at a blazing fire, and look at the garden from that point of view, but that seems to be the way my friends like to enjoy it."

She mentions stories she has heard from her hostess of the demands now frequently made by servants who are "up to date," for time to practice music and drawing and to learn French, and in one case of a lady whose violin would go out of tune in an unaccountable manner, the mystery of which was solved one day, when she found her maid playing on it during her mistress's supposed absence.

"So," she says, "even in England, in these luxurious homes of comfort and wealth, the head of the household has her own trials and troubles; but these are not allowed to appear to the guests, or to interfere in any way with their comfort."

In an article entitled a "Whitsuntide in Kent," she describes some of the beauties of the country close to London.

Going out of town by the S. E. R., she is struck with wonder at the endless sea of roofs of houses by which the train passes. *En route* she describes Woolwich as a "soldier's city," barracks and soldiers seeming to occupy all available space. Passing the house on the common where Gordon was born, she was amazed to find that it bore no distinguishing sign to mark the hero's birthplace.

Passing the Royal Military Academy, she says "the green sward was full of young cadets in their white flannels, playing tennis, and moving with an amount of speed and ease which bore ample testimony to well-developed muscles. It was a real pleasure to watch them, and so the grey-bearded officers seemed to think, as they lounged on the benches smoking their short pipes." We wonder if the grey-bearded officers would recognise the picture!

The wonderful view of London from the top of Shooter's Hill—which has been enshrined in English literature—so little known even to Londoners, naturally attracts her attention, and is described by her in the following words:—

"Far away against the horizon lay a Fata Morgana, a beautiful city—London itself—the Thames with its thousands of shipping, whilst Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's seemed to rise up as a connecting link between the millions of roofs and the sky, whilst last of all the Crystal Palace sparkled in the distance, bathed in rosy light."

She next describes a walk to the neighbouring village of Eltham in the following manner:—

"We took our way through a wood of young oaks and fragrant limes, to visit some old ruins to be found in the neighbourhood. The Palace was built at a very remote period, as a dwelling for the English monarchs, up to Edward the Third's reign, and as recently as Elizabeth's time it was used as a banqueting hall.

"The cuckoo's note echoed through the wood in a charming and familiar manner, but it was too early for the nightingale, whose song I longed to hear. I was struck by the number of churches to be found in the country districts of England; here in about six kilometres we passed three, all of which were grey and venerable, with stained glass windows, and in the churchyards moss-covered tombstones.

"We sauntered down the village street, past an old inn, whose signboard, with The Old Kent Arms painted on it, swung to and fro in the fresh morning air; then through lanes,

sweet with may and privet hedges, and so reached our destination. We crossed the ancient castle bridge, on which are inscribed the arms of Edward the Third, and admired the old moat, with its snow-white swans sailing so gracefully on the water. Behind the moat rose the modern Manor House, in the midst of charming gardens; but the ruins, where were they?

"At the side of the house we perceived the ruins of the ancient castle—but, alas! built in and surrounded by stables and coach-houses.

"A wall was still standing, with a bow window and pillars, from which we were enabled to form some idea of the vast size of the banqueting hall."

* * * *

After this protest against this inartistic treatment of the venerable ruins of Prince John's Palace, she gives her experiences of an English Church service; the reverent, and at the same time bright, manner in which it was conducted affording her much pleasure. In speaking of the Psalms and Hymns, she says:

"How sweetly sounded the grand old hymns and Psalms of David (with which we are all so familiar), when joined to sweet and solemn airs, and which have for successive generations been sung within these same grey walls! As the solemn melody rang through the little country church, it seemed to me as if the voices of all the members of the 'Church Militant' mingled in one full chorus of prayer and praise to the Church's Head and Father of us all."

* * * *

After thus describing the Church services, she next speaks of Whit Monday, and we shall translate the passages in which the Bank Holiday is described by her:—

"The second Whitsun day is kept over here merely as a holiday, not a holy day; and in consequence of this all the trains were overcrowded, and every place near London was positively swarming with people, of whom Kent had a fair share for its own benefit, whilst all the roads were covered with bicyclists like grasshoppers.

"Drags and coaches crowded with outside and inside passengers, all apparently in a most jovial frame of mind, drove along at a rapid pace; followed by vehicles of every description, filled with a motley collection of people, 'business people,' chiefly of every degree and kind, from John Bull himself, fat and thriving, to the thinnest little clerk.

"Shooter's Hill did not escape; groups of these lively holiday-makers flung themselves down on the common, beside the evergreen gorse, with its golden-coloured blossoms, and passed round bottles, whose contents were emptied *con amore*; whilst my friends and I preferred remaining in our garden, with its ivy-clad walls, where we sat and enjoyed our afternoon tea, under an old oak tree, and surrounded by fragrant briar roses.

"The next day all the noisy crowds had vanished, and Shooter's Hill lay quietly and peacefully bathed in the golden sunshine, when I bade farewell to the 'Garden of England,' and retraced my steps to London, on my way back to my own dear country."

VARIETIES.

A Famous Persian Carpet.

What is probably the finest Persian carpet in Europe became British national property a year or two ago, being purchased for the South Kensington Museum. It measures thirty-four feet six inches in length, and seventeen feet six inches in breadth.

The fineness of its texture may be gathered from the fact that there are 380 (hand-tied) knots to the square inch, which gives 33,000,000 knots in the whole carpet.

The design consists of a large central medallion in pale yellow, surrounded by cartouches of various colours, symmetrically disposed on a dark-blue ground, covered with floral tracery. Each of the corners is filled with a section of a large medallion, similar to the one in the centre, surrounded by cartouches. The large border is composed of long and circular panels alternating, with lobed outline, on a brown ground covered with floral work.

At the top of the carpet is a panel bearing an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "I have no refuge in the world other than thy threshold. My head has no protection other than this porchway. The work of the slave of the Holy Place, Maksoud of Kashan, in the year 942" (A.D. 1535).

This wonderful carpet and remarkable work of art, owing to its enormous size, fineness of texture, beauty of colour, and splendour of design, is of the greatest value not only to carpet-manufacturers but to all art amateurs.

What is a Smile?—Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes! I know," said the child, "it's the whisper of a laugh."

The Noble Life.—"Would you be noble? Look to the noble, and follow the noble. Would you teach others to be noble? First learn to be noble yourself."—*Helps.*

The Reward.

You may never sing like David,
You may never preach like Paul;
But if you do your duty
God will crown you after all.

Sowing and Reaping.

Sow an act, reap a habit.
Sow a habit, reap a character.
Sow a character, reap a destiny.

Discover Truth and Then Communicate it.—To discover truth is the best happiness of an individual; to communicate it the greatest blessing she can bestow upon society.

Answer to Word Puzzle.—"MADAM" (p. 283).

Ma. My first's a word oft lisped by baby lips.

Dam. My last makes streams impassable to ships,
Or is the mother of a lowly brood,
Giving to poor blind whelps both life and food.

"Madam." The same from right to left or left to right;
When writ in letters, or when judged by sight.

Mad. A lady always, though my head lacks sense!

Am. My end, no end has, in the present tense.

Adam. The first sad parent of the human race,
Exists with me in name, though not in place.*

Madam. I am a word beloved in many a land,
And noblest men have offered me their hand.
No grander title e'er on earth hath been,
For when you mention me you may address a queen.†

Double Acrostic II.

A great benefactor; the gift that he brought
Into England, now nearly three centuries since,
Has been valued and prized for the good it has wrought,
And is used as a solace by peasant and prince.

1. A monarch, who lived in most barbarous times,
And as "king of himself and his people" was famed;
For his charities, patience, forgiveness of crimes,
As "the Pious" have made him in history named.

Folks talk of the *Victory*, that famous old ship,
Of the gallant *Revenge*, of *Great Harry*, of yore,
But I'll tell of a vessel that made but one trip,
And never was taken to sea any more.
And yet though tradition has thrown a thick haze
O'er that ship and her crew and the course they had run,
Their country's prosperity dates from those days
When her commerce with foreigners thus had begun.

3. A dear little animal, playful and tame,
Which sometimes at home on our table we view;
On your shelves among authors you'll see the same name,
Whose writings are playful and innocent, too.

4. A terrible mountain, that vomits forth fire,
Red-hot stones, molten lava and sulphurous fumes;
Yet, as bachelors often refreshment require,
It is frequently found in the humblest of rooms.

5. Of lovable character, tender and kind,
To his father submissive when death had seemed near;
Yet cruelly cheated, when aged and blind,
By those his affection had rendered so dear.

6. A bulb that is oft in a kitchen employed
To impart to made-dishes a delicate zest;
In France, Italy, Spain, it is greatly enjoyed,
And its flavour is one that the people like best.

7. A beautiful queen, sometimes wears a white veil,
Obscuring her beauty by hiding her face;
And whenever you see it, you'll know without fail
That the pic-nic to-morrow had best not take place.

Ximena.

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* "Adam" does not commence the word, and therefore is not in its appropriate place.

† Queens and Princesses are always addressed as "Madam."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPIRŒA.—The verse-writer whom you quote was evidently not instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. He was a "Sadducee," who did not receive the doctrine of the Resurrection.

LOLLY.—You will find a series of seven articles on "Poultry-Keeping for Girls," as a remunerative occupation, as well as recreation, in vol. x. The first part is at page 10, and plans for the hen-house are illustrated (No. 458).

BROWN DOG should send for the man who put up the electric bells to regulate them if out of order.

NORFOLK DUMPLING.—We do not understand your question. If you wish to answer the questions given in our paper in connection with the Guild of Bible-reading, join the Guild. In any case your answers would not be published in the magazine.

SANTA LUCIA.—You need a doctor for the physical trouble, and the grace of God to enable you to overcome your faulty disposition and bad temper. Pray for the help of the Holy Spirit.

ANXIOUS ONE should be honest with her intended and tell him the state of her feelings, asking him for his own sake as well as hers to release her from her too-hasty promise, taking blame to herself for her rashness and the disappointment he has suffered through her fault.—2. If you drink vinegar you will impoverish your blood and produce dropsy.

ETIQUETTE.—The initial letters "R. S. V. P." represent the French words, "Repondez s'il vous plait" —Answer, if it you please.

MISS COURTNEY.—The initials "P.T.O." represent the words, "Please turn over."

R. F. L.—All that we know of Deborah, prophetess, poet, and judge of Israel, is to be found in Judges, chapters iv. and v.

NINA YEOMANS.—We are much interested in your letter, and sorry we cannot encourage you in your hope of getting musical tuition *au pair* in Germany. If you wished to study the language, it could be done; but whether you taught in school or family, your time would be too much occupied with the duties required of you to allow of the close attention to study that a German music-master expects—and that indeed is necessary—if you are to benefit by his teaching. Beside taking his lessons, you would need steady practice several hours each day; you must be present at other students' lessons; and attend the concerts at the Sing-Akademie. In short, your whole time and energy must be devoted to your work. Would not your aunt allow you a sum sufficient to cover your expenses for a year or two? The Berlin Hochschule is expensive; but at the Leipsic Conservatoire, where excellent tuition could be had, a year's study with board and travelling expenses would cost you about £60. We may tell you, also, that our own English colleges are well thought of at the present day; some of our finest lady-singers have been wholly trained in the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music.

CORNISH MAIDEN.—You inquire "how many miles you should walk in the day?" There is no "ought" in the case. The length of your walk depends on the time that your parents or employers can spare for you, or the neighbourhood in which you live, or the companionship and protection that can be given you. If your home-duties and your education (not nearly completed at fifteen) will allow of your getting an hour's walk or a little longer daily, it would suffice; and ten minutes of exercise with Indian clubs. Singing lessons of half-an-hour's length may be commenced at sixteen, not earlier. A good master relieves his pupils' voice by singing himself, to show how to render a song—the proper emphasis, the method of taking the notes, etc.

ANA.—You say you are "possessed of a fairly good imagination," but you have "a difficulty in expressing your thoughts." In that case you could not be a writer, for two things are essential, *i.e.*, the original ideas, and the power of expressing them, not only in good Saxon English but in what may be described as vivid "word painting" if the book be a novel. In these days, "a fairly good imagination" is not sufficient.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—"Knights of the Shire" are otherwise called "Knights of Parliament," summoned by the king's writ and chosen by the freeholders. They were first summoned by Simon de Montfort, A.D. 1254, and in a more formal manner in January, 1265. There are writs still extant, dating from the 11th year of Edward I., 1283. The knights are still girded with a sword when elected, as the writ prescribes.

A. C. should write to our publisher for any number of this magazine. Your request to have our opinion as to "who is the best publisher," cannot be answered.

VOL. XVII.—No. 847.] MARCH 21, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON AND OFF A PACK-SADDLE IN CENTRAL JAPAN.

PART V.

THE gods require little at the hands of their servitors, a few grains of rice, fresh flowers, a vase of water occasionally satisfy them, but a gladsome air and a smiling countenance their worshippers must bring into their presence. As there are over eight millions of these gods, and Japan is a small country, the spiritual atmosphere is crowded. One never knows what unseen divinity may be facing one at any moment, and it is therefore advisable to look pleasant at all times. My young guide had failed in this act of religion, and her gods had turned away their faces from us it would seem.

If I had been the sun-goddess in person, the good old priest could not have welcomed my reappearance with a more radiant countenance. In the most patriarchal manner he bestirred himself to boil the rice and prepare the hot bath. The kitchen-fireplace was a large square brazier of charcoal ashes sunk in the floor of a nicely-matted room. Together we knelt beside it, for I had brought a tin of soup, a strange comestible in his eyes, and it behoved me to cook it myself. This was done in the tin, a rice-pot and big kettle being, so far as I could see, the only cooking-utensils in the house.

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After the lid had been operated on with a dagger, chop-sticks were produced, but, happily, I had also brought a spoon. If anyone has ever tried to eat soup with the aid of two penholders, they will understand what my difficulty would otherwise have been. Then, with some ceremony, the old gentleman led me to the bath, which was boiling hot, with a blazing wood-fire in a metal receptacle in the side of the tub. It was placed in an outhouse (the private baptistery, perhaps), without door or screen, but I managed to rig up a curtain with the help of some cloaks, and to make my host understand that neither bath-man nor bath-woman would be required as assistant in the ablutionary rites. A friend had told me in Tokio that hospitality was exercised even to the extent of washing not the guest's feet only, but also his or her back, and that, like shampooing, this service was always rendered by a person of the opposite sex, and modesty forbade

PLAY-TIME.

my thinking myself worthy of such distinction. "Early to bed and early to rise," is the practice in the country. The primitive little oil-lamps furnish but semi-light; there is nothing to see, and little to do in the house; and as there are no seats, chairs, stools, or tables, and one must lie on the floor, the appearance of the bed-rugs is welcomed at nightfall. My host laid down mine with his own hands, and then brought a pipe and a pot of tea, and immediately afterwards a square wooden box lined with metal, containing lighted charcoal. These he arranged at the side of my bed, and, after pronouncing a benediction and wishing me a good-night, retired. Before dawn he returned with more tea and stirred up the fire, and seemed surprised to find I had not tried the "soothing weed." Soon afterwards, I heard him performing morning worship in the next room, which was fitted up as an oratory, had a shrine and altar and screens, like a miniature temple, and was beautifully lighted with tall candles, and gay with flowers, fresh gathered. The service was musical, the prayers said in a kind of chant, and a bell rung every moment —or rather a chime of bells—to attract the attention of his tutelary deity. There was not a harsh or dissonant sound, or unpleasant sight, and the worthy man's earnestness and devotion were evident and impressive. He was praying to his god, a great being whom he believed to be able and willing to save from sin and its consequences. I sat down in the passage and lifted my heart to mine, and who can say that both cries did not reach One and the Same Ear.

What a wonderful view of the lower world awaited my outgoing! Clear, and fresh, and pure, shadowless, and without mist or haze; mountain-range beyond range, hill-tops and valleys, highlands and lowlands lay below and stretched north, east, and south in the cool, clear morning light. Not yet had the rising sun gained power enough to cast a shade or draw out the grey breath of the moist earth. Truly it must be in the early morning that the nature-loving Japanese believe the old gods of the land delight to visit the heights and look down on the beautiful world fresh from the baptismal touch of night. Already had the priestly services begun. Fresh flowers, in little bamboo vases, glistened before each shrine in the garden, and lay at the feet of each statue. Thus honoured I found a Madonna and Child in marble, seated under a wooden canopy. In Chinese characters it bore the title "Woman and Son," but the workmanship was European. How it had reached that remote village was a mystery, but the fact that it had been adopted as a Japanese divinity was obvious. Breakfast was enlivened by the boom of the great bell of the temple sounding at short intervals for the delectation of the gods, who love music and dancing, and all things bright and beautiful. A sacred dance was being performed on a stage close by the temple, also for their pleasure, and that of the ricksha pullers, who were with difficulty induced to tear themselves away, and return to the world of secular things. Mine host, overwhelmingly gracious to the last, accepted half a dollar for the night's board and lodging, and twenty cents as an honorarium for the young priestess, and in return bestowed his blessing and a parting gift—a picture-map of the holy places, out of drawing and innocent of perspective, but highly-coloured, and strikingly unlike Nature, and, therefore, distinctly a work of art.

The return to Zeukoji was effected on foot, for the most part. The jinricksha is a comfortable vehicle, but small, and the shafts, between which the foremost puller is stationed, are short. Going down hill it is difficult for a long-legged foreigner to avoid pushing against the coolie's back with his feet. In rough places this push is apt to be jerked into a kick, a severely unwomanly proceeding, and as repugnant to me as it must have been to the man, who wore no clothes worth mentioning save a large basket-work hat, which he preferred to carry balanced on his forehead, rather than utilise as a shield or splash-board.

After Zeukoji and Chu-In, Ikao, with its foreign restaurant and hotels, furnished with bedsteads, tables, and chairs, would be tamely homelike. I had still a few days and about twice as many dollars at command, and having heard that it was possible to branch off from the high road at Karuizawa, cross over the shoulder of the volcano Asamayama by a bridle-path, and reach Kusatzu, a village notorious for its violent hot springs, from which there was a fairly-good mountain-road to Sawatari, another boiling place, and thence to Mayebashi, with a branch to Ikao, I decided to make this *detour*, and spend the spare time and money on the way to, rather than in, the latter watering-place. The railway journey to Karuizawa was effected third-class, and very comfortably, the Post-Office van being assigned me by the guard, unasked. Jinrickshas were procured at the station, and an easy run to Kutsukake, at the base of Asamayama, was quickly made across the breezy plain. No horse or carrier could be procured so late in the day to cross the mountain-passes. The afternoon was spent bargaining and arranging for the next morning's work, and the night passed in a fairly-good hotel, whose name signally resembled a sneeze in sound. At daybreak, once more enthroned on a pack-saddle, I turned my face towards the rosy east and began the ascent of the slope of the volcano, the fire on top, which had glared all night, now veiled in smoke. The path rose directly towards a funny little round-topped hill, perched on the summit of the pass, and ran through scattered groves of pine and larch, with lovely mountain-views east, south, and west, and quaking, steaming Asamayama blocking up the north. From the summit of the ridge the Haruna Mountains, on one of whose many shoulders Ikao is situated, were seen on the right, Shiramsan lifting his glowing head some eight or nine thousand feet towards the sun on the left; and in front, far away below in the depression, where the long spurs reaching out from both ranges met and intersected, lay Kusatsu.

The route then followed a long downward grade over the lava ejected from the volcano, an excellent path so far as dryness goes, but loose and unsubstantial, and giving out a hollow sound when struck by the horse's hoofs or my thick boots. It was followed on foot for the most part, the pack-horse from the first, when I affronted his sense of right by attempting to mount on the left side, thereby proving my foreign extraction, having shown a firm, though courteous, disinclination to carry me. He was consideration itself in his manner, always choosing a safe place and going down on his knees in an attitude of respect before rolling me off. During the ascent the path was often too narrow, and occasionally too dangerous for this performance. The descent, however, made it easy to shake me from my perch, and cause me to come down like an avalanche over his head, to the discomfiture and semi-strangulation of the *bettô*, whose neck frantically clutched *en route* helped to break the fall. It saved time and trouble to walk.

About ten o'clock we reached and traversed a miserably poor-looking village, then, turning away from the lava and *débris*-covered height, continued a gentle descent through a pleasant park-like country to the valley, and after crossing a stony river-bed by means of a rude bridge of wood and fagots arrested our steps at the entrance to the town of Hanewo, and vainly asked for food at the principal tea-house. Not even hard-boiled eggs could be had for love or money, nothing but tea and sweetmeats. Happily I had procured a tin of biscuits in Karuizawa, and one of milk. These were opened with some difficulty, one sharp stone acting as chisel, and another as hammer. The contents formed a satisfying meal, and, having dispatched it quickly and baited the horse with some provender which he had carried on his pack, we commenced the ascent of the opposing slope of Shiramsan, following the tortuous course of a picturesque defile to the head of the pass. There a more open country was attained, and the path continued down hill and up hill, and down hill again, through charmingly-sylvan scenery, for three or four miles, and a last descent stranded us in Kusatsu, on the edge of a pool of ill-smelling sulphur—"Hell," the Japanese call it, the Buddhistic idea of the "lake of fire and brimstone" resembling ours materially. And, straightway, having no cutaneous disease and no desire to acquire one, my urgent impulse was to escape, if not for my life, certainly for the safety of my skin, from Kusatsu.

"Hell" was an oblong space, about one hundred feet by fifty, in the centre of the village, surrounded by railings, outside of which was a roadway bordered by the lodging-houses, most of which were three storeys high, as if to keep in the fumes. From the upper end of this space the boiling water gushed up, and flowed over rocks and through flat troughs laid down to catch the deposit of sulphur. Clouds of steam floated upwards from the unsightly mess, and the air was impregnated with brimstone odours. The water is of a severe but highly-curative nature, with temperature so high that it is necessary to wear some covering, unless the bather's object is to get rid of his offending cuticle once for all. No European would care to enter the public bath, unless sewn up in an ox-hide, which might reduce the process from boiling to stewing, but the Japanese were planted all over the place like mud-squashes, with just their heads above the slimy water. Some sat on the brink, gradually inducting themselves at the rate of an inch per second; while others, who had just emerged in a parboiled condition, stood there cooling, and rubbing themselves down with a kind of white powder. And across the roadway, between the public bath and the lodging-houses, men and women calmly passed, clothed chiefly in diseased cuticle, wooden clogs, and umbrellas!

The lodging-houses looked clean and new, but the idea of spending an evening and night in such a neighbourhood was insupportable. Without removing my boots or entering, I sat down outside the doorway of one, and, flourishing my passport as if it were a royal mandate, appealed to all within hearing, "Sawatari, horse! Jinricksha—Kago, Sawatari! One dollar—two dollar, Sawatari!" The season nearly over, guests few, and business slack, the innkeeper was anxious to detain such a distinguished stranger on his premises. No conveyance was available so late in the day he declared. Kusatsu is famous for its salmon-trout. I ordered some, and then resumed my chaunt, "Sawatari—two dollars! Horse, 'ricksha, Kago—two dollars to Sawatari!" A foreigner howling on a doorstep naturally attracted attention. In the crowd, which soon gathered, there happened to be a man from Sawatari, who had brought over a patient on horseback that day, and decided to spend the night and have a plunge into "Hell" at his expense, but the offer of triple fare for the return-journey was too good to be lightly passed by. He went off to saddle his beast, and I consented to have my boots taken off, and to go in to dinner.

The salmon-trout was excellent, and cooked to perfection (cased in paper and broiled), in

Japanese fashion, and steamed rice formed a suitable accompaniment. A bottle of Yokohama beer added a homelike flavour to the repast, and, much strengthened thereby, I was hoisted on top of the mountain-steed about six o'clock, and started off on a five hours' march to Sawatari. A memorable ride, up one hill and down another, along a valley and across a river, deep in the shade of Shiramsan. Then, as the full moon rose high overhead, and followed, or rather went before us, in our course, flooding hill and dale with rich, clear, mellow light, we climbed another mountain-side, thickly studded with chestnut-trees, to which it owes its name of Kurizaka, and crossing the pass plunged down a narrow defile whose sides were thickly wooded, the mountain-ash and maple shining resplendently and flashing back the moonlight.

By this time I had learned how to sit with least discomfort on a pack-saddle. The mountain-pony was sure-footed and accustomed to carry invalids, the horns of the saddle were wider apart than usual, and a sort of chair-back had been tied on against which I leaned, too tired after walking twenty-three miles, from Kutsukake to Kusatsu, to care whether its last tenant had been a leper, or merely suffering from eczema, but sufficiently at ease to enjoy the glorious views, and drink in the beauty of the night, unutterably bright, and restful, and soul-satisfying. The valley widened as we descended; a foaming white torrent coursed along at the bottom. Presently an extensive view unfolded between the hill-slopes, and directly in front a huge white rock stood forth, like a giant sentinel guarding the peaceful vale. A nearer approach revealed another rock, larger but less prominent, and, just beyond, on a narrow ridge at the head of the valley, Sawatari nestled, still and white and ghostlike in the moonlight. Then came the thought, would it prove to be altogether such another loathsome, ill-smelling, unsightly sulphur-bed as Kusatsu? Well, it was midnight now, and with the morning sun it would be possible to escape to fairer regions if desired. On, therefore, cheerfully, and up the steep street of a village, as clean and sweet, and picturesque as any of those whose gabled sides and high roofs peep out from the folds of the "blue Alsatian mountains!" Then a vigorous knocking on the outside shutters of a silent house, a short parley, and in a moment more a whole family, alert and gracious, were waiting on the late travellers with more than French politeness. The Japanese habit of sleeping in their daily apparel has its advantages under such circumstances, and the neighbourhood of a hot mineral-spring its recommendations. Before the water could be boiled for the customary offering of tea, the bath was ready in a deep tank, sunk in the floor of a nicely-matted room, pipes (of bamboo) from both the boiling and the cold springs, carrying the waters, fresh and fresh, by day and night. Bedding was quickly laid down in a pleasant upper chamber, and the sleep that followed was long and refreshing. The mineral-waters here are highly beneficial in rheumatic affections. After a second bath in the morning I felt renewed in strength and muscle, and ready for a sixteen-mile walk to Ikao, but the quaint prettiness of the village and surrounding hills, detained me there until high noon.

A visit to the cold spring was especially charming. To the eye there was no difference between this and the hot spring, both were foaming over rocky beds, snow-white and cool-looking, and flashing back the sunshine. Later on in Ikao this deceptive white foam led to the scalding of boots and fingers—it was so difficult to realise that the pretty little rivulets tumbling down hill, or running along the gutters of the streets, or sparkling in the gardens, were boiling hot.

Sawatari possessed one carriage and several jinrickis. I engaged the former to carry me and my traps as far as Nakanojo, where the road to Ikao branched off and climbed the Haruna Mountains. "Cart," would be a better name for that springless, heavy-wheeled vehicle than carriage, but it was expeditious. We rattled down a long tortuous gorge, well covered on both sides with trees—many of them festooned with mistletoe—for six miles; then into a wide valley with rice-fields and fresh corn (maize) clusters, and long beds of vegetables. Here the river, previously passed on the way to Kusatsu, was again met with. The carriage (?) was left on the near bank, the driver volunteering to act as luggage-carrier, and the river crossed by means of a primitive ferry-boat without oar or paddle, a rope stretched from shore to shore along which the boatman shuffled hand over hand dragging his craft with him, supplying their place.

Then the arduous ascent began. Ikao, perched on a ledge at the top of a great gash high up on the northern slope of the Haruna Range, distinctly visible five weary miles ahead. The path was rough (the carrier, who acted as guide, having chosen a short cut), and, in spots, precipitous, but green under foot with ferns and grasses and mossy boulders, and overhead with great trees—"the great rock pines like nodding plumes," and gay mountain ash, and tremulous birch. At one side a wild stream rushed down in a series of rapids and little falls, white riband-like waterfalls gleamed now and again through the foliage on the farther bank, and between the giant trunks extensive views opened wider and wider as we mounted of Akagisan to the north, and the Nikko group in the far west with Nantaisan, the "Sacred Mountain," rising, like Saul among his people, "from his shoulders and upwards higher than any." Soon we came upon grey stone Buddhas seated here and there wherever the scenery was prettiest, for the sainted ones dearly love rocks and streams and the boom of falling water; then a long row of them on a ledge overlooking plain and distant hills, a steep flight of steps, and we were in Ikao. Hurrah! Now for bread and butter, new milk, beefsteak, cups and saucers, clean linen, tables, chairs, and a bedstead! Alas! the season was over; the foreigners had all departed, the dairy farm been transported back to the lowlands; butcher, baker, laundryman, all, all, were gone!—"gone glimmering in the mist of things that were." The big hotels, where English was spoken and charged for in the bills, were closed, the speakers vanished. The "Foreign Restaurant" was on the point of following their example, but, luckily for me, kept open for one day longer, though the man in charge had to send down to Mayebashi for bread and meat and milk to satisfy my requirements. Immediately on my establishment in an inn where only Japanese and moderate charges were understood, he rushed in with some steaming coffee, and, having ascertained what I would like for dinner, returned in an hour's time with something quite different, but excellent in its way, and the assurance that "dinner" would be provided to meet my wishes "for breakfast in the morning."

The fare was sumptuous next day, fish and flesh and fowl, tarts and cakes, fruit and after-dinner coffee. But Ikao was a town with shops for the sale of curios in wood and lacquer and rock-crystal, with narrow, dirty streets, and huge hotels, and an immense public bath-house, and soldiers on guard at the entrance, and policemen on duty, and a post-office. And yet Ikao was a desert and a waste place in my eyes because of these very possessions, and an anomaly up there on the mountain heights, where only the sun and air and trees and rocks and waterfalls (and the latter cold), ought to have prominence. There were a few pretty walks in the neighbourhood, notably that up a gorge behind the town, over the mountain and down into a high level valley at its back, where a lake and some red lacquered temples surrounded by splendid cedars, were worth a visit. Ojikoku ("Hill"), close to this gorge, had a certain fascination about its boiling holes and deep mud caldrons. I was glad to see that the way to it was made as difficult of access as possible. It was not in general use as a bathing-place, most, if not all, the houses in that locality having little springs or streams on their premises, or tanks in their yards to catch the water which ran freely, it seemed to me, in rivulets all over the slope. My inn was furnished with private baths, and I took the usual course of three. The bath-room was simply a collection of deep tanks capable of accommodating twenty or more people at a time. The bather undressed in his or her apartment, then walked out on the verandah, along one side of the house, passed through the kitchen, crossed a yard and thus arrived at the so-called "private bath," where immersion could only be accomplished by slow degrees, owing to the heat of the water steaming in the tanks. The return was by the same route and afforded every opportunity for cooling and enjoying an air bath. This was the course I followed with certain mitigations afforded by a cloak and a Japanese robe, which I hired and used as a bathing-dress. Not knowing the word for "hire," I had been obliged to requisition this Kamona, the astonished owner being also speechless, but too polite to interfere with my actions. When the course was finished I restored the garment with thanks, and held out a handful of small coins, saying, "Ikura?" (how much) and he (for no woman's robe would have been long enough) indemnified himself with a couple.

A difficulty presented itself on the second morning when I prepared to leave Ikao. My passport was not forthcoming, the landlord, whose morals had been contaminated by dealings with tricky foreigners, having retained it in his possession instead of restoring it to its rightful owner after it had been inspected by the authorities. Without it I could scarcely pass the guard-house at the end of the town, and certainly would not be allowed to enter Mayebashi. I did not remember the Japanese for "passport," and my limited command of sign language quite failed to affect mine host. Thought-reading was useless, as he declined to consider my mind, and I read in his a firm determination to keep me and my passport in his house as long as possible. No one in Ikao understood English "as she is spoke," but the greater number of Japanese students can read "her" when "writ large," and nearly every family contains one or more students.

Again I appealed to the public from a doorstep. "I want my passport," I wrote in large schoolboy hand on a leaf of my pocket-book, and held the page towards every passer-by, as if it were a tract or a blind man's placard. Everybody regarded it with interest and pretty soon that passport was in my hands, the landlord's own son having been a member of the first group which gathered round and spelled out the inscription. Jinrickshas were then chartered, and a pleasant run down the southern slope and through mulberry groves along the river-side to Mayebashi followed. Thence next day by train to Tokio, where that travel-worn safe conduct, the much frayed and crumpled passport, was sent back to the British Legation for restoration (like a bank-note) to its issuer, the Lord High Minister of the Interior.

S. J. ROWE.

"MY DAILY ROUND."

A Competition for all Girls who Work with Their Hands.

The present competition seems to stand out from all others in its intense reality and significance; for it is not simply a test of superior knowledge on any given subject, but rather a vivid living picture of some hundreds of girls dwelling in all parts of the empire, engaged in every variety of work, and performing their daily round before our eyes, and they have placed the pictures so graphically and minutely before us that, after regarding them with great care, we seem to be quite familiar with every class of work, whether it be that of the tailoress, the weaver, the domestic servant, the teacher, the cow-girl, the turnip-clipper, the nurse, the shop-girl, the dairymaid, or the farm-servant.

The papers, four hundred and eighty in number, are all so good that it has required the greatest care to select for the prizes. Of course they are not all equally grammatical or equally well written, but there is an amount of earnest care bestowed on each quite wonderful, when one thinks of the little leisure these girls have. The tone of the papers is remarkably good.

The characters of the various competitors, all unconsciously, come out strongly in their papers, and it is amusing to notice their little peculiarities cropping up during the one day they have permitted us to see them as they are.

We think our minds may be at rest on one point, viz., that domestic servants will not fall victims to the new disease which a New York physician has been explaining to the world—a sort of mental derangement resulting from early rising, and which has been described as "matutinal mania."

The aspirations of the girls may be seen in the way they spend their small amount of leisure, and their descriptions of life are so fresh and interesting, that it has been determined to give some extracts from the papers in one or two short articles.

As there was some little misunderstanding among the competitors as to whether the papers were to be written on foolscap sheet, or page, the length has not been allowed to disqualify the competitor.

For graphic description of "My Daily Round," for presenting it clearly before the understanding, and for creating an interest in it in those who read it, the following have been selected for prizes and for honourable mention :—

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize, £5 5s.

"Ivy," Tailoress, Gravesend, Kent.

Second Prize, £4 4s.

"Violet," District Nurse, Ambleside, Westmoreland.

Third Prize, £3 3s.

Eliza Hall, Cardboard-Box maker, 2, Brick Street, Derby.

Fourth Prize, £2 2s.

"Violet," Factory-girl, Florence Street, Glasgow, s.s.

Fifth Prize, £1 1s.

Heather, Turnip Clipper, Highlands. (*Please send full name and address to the Editor.*)

Honourable Mention.

1. Mary E. Williams, Apprentice to Artist Photographer, Oswestry, Salop.
2. Clara Trace, Corset-Maker, Eastville, Bristol.
3. Caroline Garrard, General Servant, Chesham, Bucks.
4. Adelaide S. Notton, Dairymaid, Newport.
5. E. E. Whaley, Tie-maker, Peckham.
6. J. T. McCann, Weaver, Glasgow.
7. Rose Fox, Cotton-weaver, Bedford-Leigh.
8. R. A. Cole, Nurse and Superintendent, Shepton-Mallett.
9. Mary Blacklock, Farm Servant, North Tyne.
10. Maude Stocker, General Servant, Cambridge.
11. Elea E. Walrond (Violet), Cheddar Cheese Maker, Beaminster.
12. Jeannie M. Dunlop, Cow-girl, Ayrshire.
13. Bessie Poole, Milliner, Somerset.
14. Annie Stickland, Useful Help, Dorset.
15. S. A. Walkden, Cotton-weaver, Lancashire.
16. Florence Abbott, Cook-General, Kent.
17. Nellie Webster, Servant and Housekeeper, Kerriemuir.
18. Mary Laver, Working Housekeeper, Wellingborough.
19. Sarah Ann Godwin, Shop-girl, Luton.
20. Sarah Alice Everitt, Housemaid, Atherstone.
21. Marian Andrews, Confectioner, Bradford.
22. Sarah Calvert, Dressmaker, Bradford.
23. Elizabeth Renkauff, Dressmaker, Camberwell.
24. Eleanor Dewhurst, Cook-Confectioner, Barrow-in-Furness.
25. Bessie Mary Draper, Cook, Southsea.

Should any of our hand-working girls care to have another competition of this kind we will gladly arrange for it if a few such girls would let us know by letter or post-card.

The Editor.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY (£5 5s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.*

My occupation is that of a tailoress. It is by no means what (if I had had my own way) I should have chosen. It was always my ambition to be a teacher, but Providence willed it otherwise. I have felt inclined at times to be somewhat discontented with "my daily round," but as I grow older I see more and more plainly that my path has been marked out by Him who never makes a mistake, and who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. I am twenty-five years of age, and work at home with my only sister, whom, both working together, I shall have at times, to include. Our united efforts support the home, and we live with our widowed mother, who does the housework and gets our meals. We can make overcoats, jackets, and waistcoats, but our principal work is waistcoats. We have to do as well, what is always a nuisance in the busy time, alterations and repairs. Sometimes during the day a jacket will be sent to have the sleeves shortened, or a vest wanting a new back, or perhaps the buttonholes want reworking. This may not sound much to do, but often it puts the day's work entirely behindhand, and we are unable to finish what we could easily have done had we had no hindrance. Our hours of work are various. We have our busy, very busy, and slack time. During the busy season we reckon to work from half-past six in the morning till half-past seven at night, and when very busy we often work from 5 A.M. till nine or ten at night. We continue very busy from Easter till after Whitsun, about eight weeks, and those eight weeks seem like eight months. Often by the end of the day we get so tired that we can scarcely hold our needle for very weariness. I have often said I should like to count the number of stitches I make during one of those days out of curiosity. Our slack time commences in October and November, but our quietest season is after Christmas, during January, February, and the beginning of March. At this time we have some very quiet weeks indeed, but we have ever proved the truth of the Scripture which says, "The Lord will provide," and then we employ ourselves in making our underclothing and dresses. The payment for our work varies with the kind of vest we have to make, but on an average we are paid about 2s. 3d. each. Our weekly wages are scarcely ever the same, but on reckoning up I find we earn on an average 29s. weekly. We are employed at three shops, and although it is rather a hard push in the summer to satisfy them all, we find it only too easy to do so in the winter. Two of our employers are exceedingly kind to us. One especially. For instance. A few weeks ago, my sister, whilst pressing, burnt a forepart of a vest. She took it at once to the shop (I must say, somewhat in fear and trembling), but our employer was most kind over it. He said he never blamed anyone for an accident, and was only angry when he knew these things to happen through carelessness. This same master has shown us how to improve many little things in connection with the work, which has been most helpful, and I am sure such masters as he lose nothing by their kindness. One of our employers is a man very hard to please. He seldom, if ever, gives encouragement and is a man of very little patience. However, everyone has to take the bitter with the sweet, and I cannot help feeling thankful we have two kind masters to one the contrary. If during the busy season we are unable to do the amount of work required, or one of us should be ill, it is a serious inconvenience and loss to the firm. At that

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without any correction whatever. We hope to print the remaining prize essays next month.—Ed.

time every tailor and tailoress is fully employed, and we have known it to be most difficult to get an extra "hand" during the busy season.

I have said that our principal work is waistcoats, and of these we make many different kinds. There are livery-vests, made of hard fawn or blue cloth, dress-vests for evening wear, clergymen's, made to button to throat with a small stand collar, also double-breasted, bound, ordinary tweed, corduroy, as well as white and fancy vests for summer wear. An ordinary busy day's work to us would be to make four vests, and such a day's work I am going to describe. We are roused one bright summer's morning at six o'clock by mother knocking overhead, and although we would fain slumber on, we must get up at once if we are to finish our day's work in good time. We commence work about half-past six, having to make a bound vest, a fancy black, a grey tweed, and a youth's blue serge. My sister does all the fitting-up, pressing, etc., whilst my work is principally machining and hand-sewing. First of all the four backs are taken from the vests and given to me to machine. This gives me employment for a short time, while the facings are being fitted, welt holes cut, buttonholes marked, and welts baisted on ready to machine. Everybody knows that getting work ready for the machine is a much slower process than the actual machining, and so we get the welts of the vest to be bound ready for binding, so that while I am felling the braid on these by hand, more machining can be got ready.

For an hour and a half we are both hard at work on the pockets, sewing on the welts, pressing open the seams, baisting them ready for stitching, then stitching them across with silk or binding, as the case may be, pressing them again, and then baisting the welts down ready for the pockets to be sewn. They are not all quite as forward as this, however, when we hear what is always a most welcome sound—a call from mother that "breakfast is ready," and we are usually quite ready for it.

During the busy time we never take more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to breakfast, then up to work sharp again, if we are to be finished by half-past seven. Now, feeling better for our meal, we finish our pockets and get the canvases baisted in, and then I can say good-bye to the machine for two hours at least, for I have twenty-four tackings to do, and they take me five minutes each. I get rather tired of sitting by the end of that time, and a bit tired of the tackings too, so I am glad to find that in the meantime the canvases have been pared and stay-taped; also several facings sewn round, and the seam pressed open ready for me to pare. This I can stand to do, being very glad of the change. When this is done the vest to be bound is ready for binding, and now I am sitting again until dinner-time. This takes me nearly an hour to bind, and then comes the buttonholes, all of which I have to work. These I work in the four vests straight off.

There are, as a rule, seven buttonholes in most vests, six for the buttons and one for the watch-chain. Sometimes, however, customers prefer not to have a chain-hole, and I must confess I prefer it too, for when one has a considerable number to work right off, one less is a consideration. I can work a buttonhole in five minutes, but that is my quickest. I have often tried to work them in less time, but have never succeeded. I keep on at these until dinner is ready, about one o'clock. Then we just eat our dinner, wash our hands, and return to work at once. This sounds rather hard, perhaps, that we should have no rest, but when sometimes I begin to think it feels hard, the thought of those days when we have only too much rest comes to me, and then I cannot help feeling thankful that it is necessary to return to work immediately after dinner.

The afternoon is as a rule very quiet, except for a short time just before two o'clock, when we usually have a visitor. This is a friend of ours, a milliner. During her dinner hour she runs in to see us, and her visit, although short, is often a nice little break in the day's routine. I must say, however, that we do not care for many visitors in our workroom. They hinder far more than one would suppose. We have found again and again, that to finish a fixed quantity of work in a day, the whole thought and attention is wanted, and this cannot be given when there are visitors. I am usually sitting all the afternoon. I finish my buttonholes about a quarter to four, and then find that one of the foreparts has been pressed, and the lining baisted in ready for me to fell. All the time I have been at work my sister has by no means been idle. She has had to get the foreparts ready for me to work the buttonholes. The edges of the grey tweed, fancy black and blue serge, have had to be baisted, pressed, double-stitched with silk, and many other little things have had to be done, scarcely worth mentioning perhaps, but which takes more time than one would imagine. And now I am busy *felling the linings in*. These take a quarter of an hour each, and I get about four felled in before tea. This is rather a hurried meal, but a cup of tea greatly refreshes us, and we feel all the better for it.

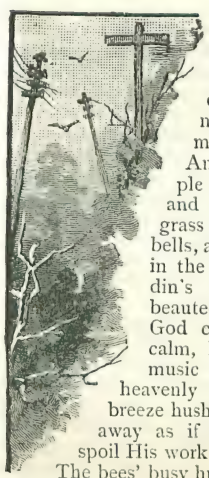
After tea whilst I am finishing the linings, each one of which has been got ready for me, my sister commences baisting in the backs of those that have been filled, then machining them, and getting them in a condition for me to put the finishing touches, as far as the sewing is concerned. I may here mention that none of these vests have collars. It is fashionable sometimes for gentlemen's vests to be made without collars, a fashion which waistcoat makers appreciate. When the buttons are sewn on, and the last stitch put in, my sister presses that one off, and this is done to each until all are at last finished, and we are free to wash, change our dresses, and take our work home. This we are glad to find gives satisfaction, and we get more work out for the next day. Then we sometimes go for a walk, or study our Sunday School lesson, both of us being Sunday School teachers.

Having to work hard all the week does make one appreciate Sunday, and we do indeed realise that it is the best of all the seven. There is one thing in connection with my daily round for which I am very thankful, and that is, that I have not to work alone. My sister and I working together makes our lives so much less monotonous than they otherwise would be, and all through this day that I have been trying to describe we have been conversing together, and sometimes singing. I have often thought that it is very little influence for good that I can exert, my life is so very commonplace, but four lines I have often heard come to my mind with wonderful comfort and they are these—

> The daily round, the common task,
> Can furnish all we ought to ask.
> Room to deny ourselves, a road
> To lead us daily nearer God.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true. "Ivy," Gravesend, Kent.

LITTLE ELIZABETH.



THE western sky was glorious that evening; purple and gold and crimson and yet low, all mingled their colours to make a glorious sunset. And the crimson and purple and gold rays stooped and kissed the trembling grass and the shining bluebells, and touched each ripple in the tiny stream till Aladdin's Palace was not more beauteous. And over it all God cast a mantle of holy calm, like a strain of silent music out of one of His heavenly songs, and the very breeze hushed its sighing and died away as if afraid to breathe and spoil His work.

The bees' busy hum was over for the day and the last bird gave one frightened twitter, and then, as if afraid to be alone, spread his wings and sought a hiding-place in a golden furze bush; and the rabbits and tiny field mice curled up in their nests and slept, and all things were full of peace.

And many a lover turned his eyes for a moment at his sweetheart's whisper to "look at the sky," and gazed and gazed—till he almost forgot the one he loved was by his side; and to many a sorrow-bound heart the sight of God's finger touching all things with glory, brought calm and peace, as it spoke to them of a land of rest and joy.

But there was little of peace and joy to be read there by little Elizabeth. Her mother, dying, had left her, an unwelcome burden to the parish. "Only a Gipsy child" people called her; so there was nothing but drudgery and blows and beggary and glances which spoke of anything but love or peace.

So that glorious sky told of no love as she went on her evening errand, for she did not know what it meant. But she toiled wearily down the grassy path towards the spring, where every tiny green blade sprang up to greet the rosy light, and stood erect, as if to try and see more of the western glory than its fellows. And then Elizabeth sat down to rest.

It was the only time in the day when she could rest, without the terror of being disturbed by angry scoldings or worse—but she dared not stay very long—but to-night she was worn-out from much work and little to eat. So she sat her down and rested her poor thin old face on her little thin hand, and put her sharp elbow, which peered blue and bare through her torn sleeve, on the sunset green turf. And then she gazed and gazed across the grass and the little wood and the tiny rippling stream, away and away to the bars of glory in the sky.

And the little blades of grass each wept a tiny drop of dew as they looked at her wasted young face and her tired expression. And as she gazed, those wonderful bars of light seemed changed, so that she forgot her errand and her mistress. And if you had passed by then, you would have seen a look in her eyes like

that in the eyes of one who sees what is too beautiful to express For the crimson and gold seemed like the gateway of a lovely palace—all of scarlet and blue and purple—and yet of none of these. And presently the great gate swung open as the colours changed and One in white came and stood in the open gateway, and He had a crown of shining gold—and He stretched out His hand and took hers, and Elizabeth went with Him gladly.

And the bars of crimson and gold changed, deeper and deeper, till at last they faded away as all things fair here fade—and the quiet night came in their place, and the blinking stars like angels' eyes looked down on the sleeping grass and the little wood and the village too—and they blinked and blinked again as they saw themselves in the tiny streamlet.

But Elizabeth's eyes still look on and on into the dark, clear night, till at length the crimson and gold came back, but not in the west; and the stars, tired of blinking, shut their eyes as the round-faced sun craned his head up out of the east, and combed his golden locks till they streamed over hill and dale, and over the little hill behind the stream, and fell on the place where Elizabeth lay last night. But she was not there. She had gone through the golden gate, and all that the sun found there was her rags and pail and the thin worn limbs which she had carried so bravely until she laid them down and rested for evermore.

And then by-and-by people gathered round her form as people do, whispering in hushed solemn tones, as if not to wake her. But they need not have feared, for it would need the voice of a greater One to do that.

And they told Elizabeth's mistress that Elizabeth was "dead," for you see they did not know how Elizabeth had gone in through those gates and left death and drudgery behind for ever. REGINALD CALLENDER.

THROUGH THINGS TEMPORAL.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

CHAPTER III.

POOR Mrs. Edmund Thornton did not long survive her husband's change of fortune. Gradually she drooped; and six months after the dinner at the Vicarage she died, leaving her four motherless little girls to the charge of Maria Collins. Then Edmund broke up his home at Lowton and took up his abode with Mrs. Collins at Carewe, walking to his work at the bank and back every day. Often in his walks he used to be overtaken by a handsome carriage and pair, wherein sat a beautifully dressed woman who accorded him a gracious bow; and as Edmund contrasted his foot-sore, care-worn self with the brilliant occupant of the dashing equipage, he smiled grimly, and congratulated the shades of the departed Earl and Countess of Roehampton on the wisdom they had shown during the days of their flesh in opposing the sentimental folly of this beautiful daughter: but underneath this grim pleasantry he felt—as he had felt for twenty years and more—the unhealed smart of an ever-present disappointment, and he knew that his love for Millicent Carewe would last "to the death, and out beyond into the dreams to come." But all his love and his unalterable devotion availed him nothing, so long as he sat at the gate of the air-castle men call Society and was not admitted therein. Now and then Edmund met Lady Millicent in the village or at the Vicarage, and these occasions were red-letter days in the sad-coloured routine of his life; for the charm she exercised over him had increased rather than diminished, and her exquisite culture and refinement—as contrasted with the commonplace mediocrity of the people among whom his lot had always been cast—appealed to his refined sensibilities as irresistibly as it had done when first he met her all those years ago. Lady Millicent called upon Mrs. Collins, and invited her and the children up to the Court; but poor Maria's nature had not been sweetened by "the uses of adversity," and her always vulgar dread of being "patronised" had assumed gigantic proportions since the loss of her money: so she repulsed Lady Millicent's overtures so rudely that her ladyship never ventured to repeat them. Edmund remonstrated feebly; but after his illusage of Maria, supplemented by Maria's goodness to his motherless children, he felt bound to respect Mrs. Collins's wishes in every possible way; therefore his red-letter days were few and far between. Moreover, Mr. Thornton discovered that after a glimpse of the above-mentioned carriage and pair on the Lowton road, the drudgery at the bank seemed more dreary and the little house at Carewe more squalid than ever; which after all was a heavy price to pay for the privilege of taking off his hat once or twice a week to a fine lady. So perhaps the less he saw of her ladyship, the better for his peace of mind. Edmund hated his life at the Lowton Bank. The work was naturally distasteful to a man who had hitherto had enough and to spare of the good things of this life, and had therefore had the time to devote himself to his love of art; but "the most unkindest cut of all" was Mr. Holland's behaviour to him. When the Thorntons lived at the Grange, the Hollands had been to some extent in rivalry with them; and now that his enemy had been delivered into his hand, Mr. Holland was too vulgar-minded a man not to take full advantage of the position: whilst Edmund Thornton was too sensitive not to feel this advantage to the uttermost, and to be cut to the quick by Mr. Holland's well-directed snubs. But the cup of poor Edmund's humiliation was not yet filled to the brim.

"Oh, my dear, have you heard the news about that Thornton man?" asked Lady Thistletown one day, as she was taking tea with her sister at Carewe Court, about two years after Mrs. Edmund Thornton's death.

"No; is there any news?" asked Lady Millicent.

"Yes; Thistletown told me yesterday that this dreadful Thornton has stolen fifty pounds out of Mr. Holland's bank."

"Impossible! I don't believe a word of it."

"Nevertheless, it is true. Mr. Holland told Thistletown himself, when Thistletown called at the bank yesterday. Fifty pounds is gone, and no one could have taken it but that Thornton man, because no one else knew where it was except Mr. Holland and his nephew, and of course they couldn't have done it."

"Why not?"

"Well, Mr. Holland naturally wouldn't steal from himself; and his nephew wouldn't, because he has been brought up by the Hollands and is like their own son."

"I fail to see how being brought up by the Hollands would prevent a man from turning out a rogue, or a cad, or anything else disgusting," said Lady Millicent with fine scorn.

"Oh! Milly, what things you say. However, everyone is certain that that Thornton man must have taken the money, because he is so poor, he must have wanted it badly."

"What nonsense! Really, Emma, I wonder how Thistletown can demean himself by gossiping with such a creature as Mr. Holland, and I wonder still more how you can allow him to repeat such vulgar tales to you."

Lady Thistletown however was not abashed by her sister's magnificence as the rest of the world was, so she continued—

"Well, I believe it, anyhow, and so does Thistletown, and it is all over Lowton. Mr. Holland has very generously decided not to prosecute, but of course he has dismissed the man at a moment's notice."

"I repeat, I refuse even to listen to such low scandal, and I wonder that Thistletown could so far forget himself as to do so. But your husband has always been too fond of gossiping about Lowton, Emma. You should make it

more cheerful for him at the Castle. If you entertained a little more and he had more of the society of his equals he would not be tempted to make all these common confidantes," said Lady Millicent, who could show fight as well as her sister when she chose.

"Perhaps so," snapped Emma. "But about this dreadful Thornton affair; I believe he is a person who once presumed to make love to you, Millicent, but I daresay you have forgotten all about it, it was such ages ago."

"No, I have not forgotten," said Millicent quietly; "though, as you say, it happened centuries ago. I saw his wife once at the Vicarage, not long before her death; and I often see the children in the village and talk to them. They are dear little things."

"Really, Millicent, I wonder how you can notice second-class children like that."

"I am fond of all children, you know, Emma, and I so rarely see any. I often wish that you had had some, as they would have been a great interest in my life, and I should have made a model maiden-aunt," remarked Lady Millicent, who knew well where the shoe pinched at Castle Thistletown, and was as capable as most women of jumping on to the painful spot when the fortunes of war required it.

This arrow entered the gold. Millicent did not often rouse herself; but when she did even Emma felt that it was time to take heed to her ways, so she said more pleasantly—

"Well, of course, Milly, it is very sad for these poor Thornton children, whether the charge against their father is true or not; especially, as you say they have no mother. I should quite like to send them some of the garments from my 'Ladies' Needlework Guild,' but their father might not like it, you know."

"I hardly think he would," said Millicent, smiling in spite of herself, for she knew that the "Ladies' Needlework Guild" was as the very apple of Emma's eye, and if anyone gave to or received from that excellent body of upper-class matrons suitable garments, it was counted to them for righteousness in Lady Thistletown's sight. "Poor little things! I wish I could do something for them, Emma, but I can't, because they live with Mrs. Collins. She is such a disagreeable person that it is impossible to show her any kindness."

"I always did dislike that Mrs. Collins," said Lady Thistletown, treading more cautiously than she had done heretofore, and feeling that after all peace was more comfortable if less glorious than war. "The brother, I remember, was quite nice-looking and gentlemanly, when first they came here, but she was always ugly and *bourgeoise*."

"Wasn't she?" agreed Millicent graciously, being quite willing to sacrifice her pawn on condition that she might keep her knight; and being moreover enough of a woman, underneath her grand manners, to resent Maria's summary treatment of her distinguished self. "And she always had such horrid manners and such a nasty temper. I remember mother used to say that a man can rise to any position socially, but that a woman always sticks in the station to which she is first called."

"Very sensible of mamma!" said Emma cordially. Whereupon the sisters drifted into conversation upon other subjects.

But Lady Millicent did not forget the news which she had pretended to despise. She took the trouble to learn all the details from Mrs. Grear; and her heart ached for her old lover, when she heard what sore straits he was in. Without the slightest grounds for his suspicion, Mr. Holland had decided that Thornton had stolen the missing fifty pounds, and had accordingly dismissed him at a moment's notice; and poor Edmund—who had neither the means nor the spirit to bring an action for libel against his employer—quietly accepted his dismissal, and returned to the cottage at Carewe a broken-hearted man. But even then his troubles were not over. Mrs. Collins was a hard, useful, unornamental, little woman, that reminded one of a hard-worn horse-hair sofa. She seemed made to be sat upon, and yet was harsh and prickly to all who approached her. But even horse-hair wears out at last—and so did Mrs. Collins. Her health had been failing for some time, but no one had taken the trouble to notice it; and she was so prostrated by this fresh misfortune and disgrace that she could not rally from the shock, but died just a fortnight after her brother's dismissal from Mr. Holland's bank. Then one by one the children fell ill, chiefly because there was no one to look after them; and their father, who by this time was almost penniless, was at his wit's end what to do or where to turn for help. As he sat in his squalid and desolate home and looked back on his past life, he realised how the world would congratulate Millicent Carewe on having refused to link her lot with his all those years ago. Since she had said him nay, he had steadily gone down into the valley of failure, whilst she had remained serene and happy in the high places of the earth. And perhaps it was well for her that it had been so. Nevertheless, though his love was too perfect ever to cast a shadow of blame, Edmund Thornton could not help being conscious that with Millicent beside him he would never thus have made havoc of his life; it was her dismissal that had made him first despondent and then reckless. If only Millicent had had the courage to take her life into her own hands twenty years ago, and to declare that her world of fashionable frivolity would be well lost for love, he felt that he could have made a name worthy of her, and would have written himself down in the book of human history as a success and not a failure. But because Millicent bowed her neck to the yoke of rank and fashion, and chose to walk softly and to lie delicately among her own people rather than face the scorn of her little world for making what it would call a *mésalliance*, Edmund Thornton had signally failed in the race, and his failure was Millicent's fault as well as his own. True, it was weak of Thornton to let a woman thus wreck his life—but this did not indemnify the woman for her share in the wreckage. The weakness of the weak brother did not exempt the great Saint from abstaining from meat while the world should stand, if by that meat the weak brother should be caused to offend.

"I really don't know what to do, Lady Millicent," said Mrs. Grear one day with tears in her eyes. "Mr. Thornton's maid-of-all-work, Kate Green, is leaving him to-day, because she says she won't remain in the service of a suspected thief; and for the same reason—absurd though it appears—I can get no one in the village to take her place. As if anyone who had the merest acquaintance with Mr. Thornton could for a moment believe him guilty of anything that was not strictly honourable! I have no patience with anyone for listening to that horrid Mr. Holland's vile accusation, but the people about here are so ignorant."

"Do you mean to say that that poor man is alone in the house with four sick children, and no one to help him to nurse them?" exclaimed Lady Millicent.

"Yes: isn't it dreadful? And, what is worse, I am afraid he has no money," replied Mrs. Grear, fairly crying by this time.

But her ladyship did not cry—she was not of the crying sort; but her eyes were very bright, and there was a red spot on either cheek as she said warmly—

"But this is too terrible! What is the matter with the children? Are they very ill?"

"Only severe colds to begin with; but the poor little things have been so neglected since their aunt's illness and death, that now I fear they are very bad indeed, and they will be worse unless I can get someone to look after them at once. I would gladly go myself, but the vicar is suffering from one of his worst attacks of gout, and can hardly bear me out of his sight; and none of my servants will go on account of this 'suspected thief' nonsense."

"It is nonsense, and worse than nonsense," said Lady Millicent with flashing eyes.

"I know it is; but nonsense or no nonsense, it will be the death of those poor children, and will prevent everybody from offering that desolate man a helping hand."

"Not everybody; it will not prevent me," said her ladyship.

"No; you are always good and kind. But in this case I fear you are powerless, as your servants will object as much as mine to go and nurse the little Thorntons."

"I shall not ask my servants to go and nurse the little Thorntons; I shall go and nurse them myself," said Lady Millicent with her grandest air.

"You, Lady Millicent?" gasped Mrs. Grear, breathless with amazement that this fine lady, who had never done a stroke of work in her life, should suddenly offer to undertake a menial duty, at which even little Kate Green had turned up her plebeian nose.

"Yes, I. I am a very good nurse, I can assure you, Mrs. Grear. I shall drive straight to the cottage, and see for myself if the children are fit to be moved. If they are, I shall bring them back to the Court with me; if not, I shall stay and nurse them at the cottage."

"But, my dearest lady, what will people say?" expostulated Mrs. Grear, in whose sight the conventionalities were as commandments.

"It doesn't matter in the least to me what people will say," answered "the daughter of a hundred earls" with fine scorn.

"But whatever will they think?" persisted Mrs. Grear, who did not approve of mountains being uprooted from their appointed place in order to pursue the Mahomet of the moment.

"I can tell you what they will think if they are wise," cried Lady Millicent: "they will think that Millicent Carewe—who has been a fine lady for forty years—has at last begun to be a woman; and that, having spoilt Edmund Thornton's life twenty years ago, by her pride and cowardice, she has now the courage to try to make amends by her voluntary humiliation. That is what they will think, Mrs. Grear, and they will not be far wrong."

As Edmund Thornton sat in his wretched home, helplessly endeavouring to soothe the sufferings of his poor little children, he felt that life was over for him, and that his heart was broken. He had wrestled with Fate, and Fate had conquered, and what was the use of struggling any more? Kate Green had left him that morning; and the girl's insolent explanation of her reasons for thus forsaking him in his extremity had cut him to the quick. His brother and sisters—to whom he had humbled himself to ask for help—had definitely and finally refused to have anything to do with him and his starving children; and now he was in a sore strait indeed, and knew not which way to turn. But while he sat in dumb misery, feeling that his burden was too heavy to be borne, a radiant vision entered his shabby little parlour, and the voice which had made the only music of his life, said softly—

"Edmund, they say you are in trouble, and I am come to help you."

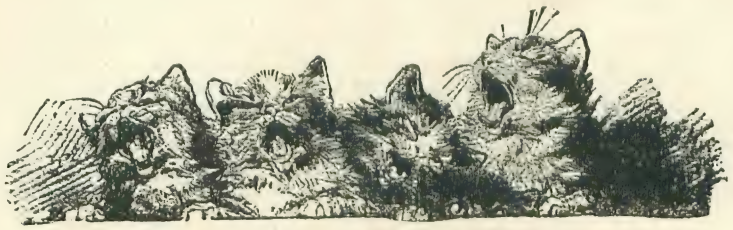
(*To be concluded.*)

THE BLIND GIRL.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

MOTHER! whose memory sweet my dark life fills,
I cannot see the autumn's dying shade
Above the grassy mound where thou art laid,
Nor mark the sunset linger on the hills.
One day, a light will fall
Around the fir-trees tall,
That whisper now their dirges to the wandering wind;
My God has promised me
One day your face to see;
In His great heaven above He knows that I am blind.

O mother, dear! I long to see the birds
That sang so sweetly when you died last spring;
I can but picture every living thing,
And oft my sorrow is too deep for words.
One day, a light will break,
And I shall then awake
And see the glorious landscape, and the birds, and thee,
I know it will be true,
For He is keeping you
Till we all meet together in Eternity.



THE GIRL-BRIDES OF HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER VI.

HARVEST-TIME was scarcely noted by the Haven folk, for with the exception of the rich land found in the Glen at the top of the cliffs, only long stretches of moorland, that afforded but very simple pasturage for sheep, met the eye for miles. Cornfields and crops they thought little about save as they affected the cost of meal and flour. Visitors making their annual pilgrimage in search of health came but rarely to this spot; there was no friendly hostel inviting them to stay, and beyond a few stray artists in quest of the picturesque, its beauties had few worshippers.

But with the autumn and the ingathering of the fruits, when the days themselves seemed to acquire a mellow softness, the wish to share their pleasures came to teacher and pupils alike. With winter their number was to be increased, but while the home character of the place was still their own, each longed that the one she loved best might know and see it.

Madeleine dropped the first hint; "Percy" was going north for the shooting, it was not far out of his road if he might be permitted to call, and she readily obtained the desired permission. After that it became only kind to inquire if the others wished the same invitation to be given, and finding that such was the case Penelope planned a house-party, whose entertainment was to afford a week's holiday from routine work.

Two friends of her father's, ladies whose opinion she valued highly, she invited also, that their presence might afford the balance-weight which so great a preponderance of youth and happiness might necessitate, also that the finger of worldly criticism might find nothing to point at, although of that she usually took little heed.

Naturally the entertainment of so many guests gave rise to serious councils in the commissariat department.

To stock the larders as far as possible that no unnecessary time need be spent upon cooking would be but wise, especially so in this somewhat out-of-the-world place where things were not always to be procured at short notice.

On occasions during her father's lifetime when the Grey House had been filled with guests, a basket of freshly-caught fish had made its appearance from the Haven almost daily, and Penelope had but to speak the word to ensure the same continuance this time: for butcher's meat, however, they must make a special expedition to the nearest market town, as also for other stores, and these shopping excursions proved not the least delightful part of their anticipatory labours.

According to merry Alice's pronouncement everything might be judged delightful, but to each one as she herself chose, was allocated the part she elected to do; this especially in the commissariat, for the preparing and garnishing of the old house from garret to cellar was so essentially delightsome that all must needs have a hand in it.

And truly, when even the most critical eye could search without finding speck or flaw anywhere, when fresh muslins hung at every sparkling window and the ancient furniture shone again with its polish, and at the last, when Silas had been prevailed upon to snip some of his choice blooms, with the faint fragrance and rich colour of flowers scattered here and there, we may trow there were few, if indeed any, pleasanter spots to be found in all England's land than the old house that crowned the Hild.

Margaret, who was the possessor of the coolest hand, had chosen to take charge of the dairy, and to her management was left the butter, cream, milk and eggs that would be required. If the supply failed, she was laughingly told she would be expected to make it up somehow.

Madeleine had bread and cakes in her special care, while to Alice, who had the lightest touch of all, was given over the making of the pastry, which this time would have to be a genuine "batch."

"It must be our very best, of course?" she queried. The query had reference to the variety which they had learned to know came under the one category.

"Certainly, the very best 'puff' paste, and made with butter, not only because the occasion merits it but because we require the pastry to last us the week through, and as you know 'short' or 'flaky' pastry, and that made from dripping or other fats, though excellent enough within twenty-four hours of its making, quickly becomes stale and tasteless, but that made from fresh butter will keep good and be capable of resuscitation with very little trouble. Also, as I think I told you once before, part of your puff-paste may be left in the bowl if covered over with a cloth and set in a cool place, and it will not deteriorate, but rather prove the lighter for keeping thus, and it will supply crusts for fruit tarts later on, and be a double advantage, as freshly-cooked fruit is infinitely preferable to that done several days ago."

"A pound of butter to a pound of flour, or is that too rich?"

"It is decidedly too rich for fruit tarts for which you will need the greater part of your paste; I should advise three-quarters of a pound of butter to one of flour, and the yolk of an egg to be added to the water used to make the ball of 'dough.' If you were making mince-pies or rich cheesecakes it would be another matter."

"And after I have made the flour and water into a rather stiff ball of dough I am to roll it out to half an inch thick, then spread the butter evenly over, fold it up, roll again and wait ten minutes, and so on for six separate times, is that so?"

"Yes, only don't forget that you first lightly rub about two ounces of butter into the flour before you make the dough, also that on the first rolled-out sheet you should squeeze the juice of half a lemon."

"Ah, and that reminds me, I wanted to ask you what it is confectioners use to give the crisp outside to their pastry, I shall be so extra anxious to have mine look well as well as taste good?"

"If when your pastry has almost finished baking you draw it from the oven and brush it quickly over with water and white of egg mixed together, then sprinkle with castor sugar and return it to the oven for a few moments longer, I think you will see the

FAST FRIENDS.

desired effect, but personally I prefer the look of home-made pastry myself."

Left to herself Alice set to work hard and fast, and when her task was achieved it was really a splendid show. Six tempting fruit tarts lay in a row on the larder shelf, while of open tartlets there were three dishes laden, each varied as to their interior composition.

Questioned as to what fruits they might expect to find below the covering crusts, she made their "mouths water," as they said, by her announcement of "peaches, apricots, apples, apple and blackberry, damsons, etc.," but more than this she would not say; what the smaller ones contained they were to guess when the time for testing them arrived.

Madeleine proudly exhibited her loaves white and brown, "crisp, light and truly wholesome," as her teacher pronounced them. As to her cakes they were truly most professional to look at, of their flavour they would be called upon to judge later, but that that also would prove excellent the sniffing noses seemed to warrant.

Penelope herself had given her special attention to a varied production of "home-brewed" concoctions; there was a small store of choice wine down below, but she rightly concluded it was hardly likely to be much drawn upon, therefore she must be ready to show hospitality in milder forms. As a choice little secret of her own she kept two bottles of elderberry wine of Janet's brewing three years past, this would come out when evening hilarity might make its appearance suitable; besides this she had "mild October" for those whose palates might welcome it, but genuine home-brewed cider, and liqueurs manufactured from fruits grown on her own trees would be, she rightly judged, the most generally called for.

Penelope's own guests were the first arrivals; not until evening had fallen and dinner was in progress was "Percy's" knock heard.

A neat little maiden from one of the cottages had been installed as temporary waitress in hall and at table, and in expectation of extra work Janet was happy in knowing that the need of her services would be unquestioned.

Madeleine received her lover in the smaller library, and in their first brief half-hour together he was not backward in noticing that domesticity had by no means made her less attractive, rather that with the development of womanly attributes a softening and mellowing had been added to her other qualities.

As neither of the other two gentlemen were due until the following morning, "Percy," or Mr. Aldis, to use the correct name by which he was introduced to his hostess and company, had a double share of scrutiny given him, as he in turn had greater opportunity of making his own observations.

Well for him he was able to bear the investigation of clear and keen eyes, for though not what a superficial observer would have called physically handsome, there was unmistakable power of brain and will shown in the massive dark head and finely-cut nose.

"A man who will be more generally esteemed than loved, but whose love, once gained, will be a rock of strength to whosoever trusts to it," was Penelope's first judgment in regard to him; after closer acquaintance she added a rider to the effect that his friendship was itself a prize worth gaining. In this opinion Margaret seconded her; needless to say that both of these women proved to be types of their sex entirely strange and foreign to Percy Aldis's hitherto limited range; they did not bear out the characters he had previously assigned to them, because women of such an unusual stamp had not belonged to his world, therefore Madeleine's word-portraits had failed to make them real; now however he was able to satisfy even her exactions with respect to both, for he did not take long to bestow the meed of praise and admiration he felt to be merited.

Alice's "John," or John Brinsley Herschel as his card named him, though of a distinctly homelier type than Madeleine's chosen one, bore in his face the qualities that won for him esteem and affection at first sight; the kind brown eyes, and the strong, well-knit figure gave assurance that timid, gentle Alice, girlish and young even for her years, would have a partner well able to bear the brunt of life's burdens and smooth its path for her tread.

But if curiosity was active to learn and be satisfied regarding these two, it need hardly be said that it betrayed itself doubly when Robert Haldane's turn came to pass under the fire of criticism. In spite of Margaret's protests and assurances that only disappointment awaited them if they expected aught but the most ordinary type, they did look for an individual of a decidedly extraordinary cast.

As she foretold at the first introduction he proved to be distinctly commonplace, there were not even the professorial eyeglasses to give dignity to the nervous face, with its mobile lips and broad forehead. But a closer acquaintance showed that the head, which surmounted a somewhat slight though wiry frame, belonged to one whose intellectual attainments and capacities were indeed far away beyond the ordinary.

If in the commoner subjects belonging to daily life he showed up but badly beside the brilliant "Percy" or even matter-of-fact "John," when it came to an argument or discussion, a question of ethics or a point of philosophy, his views and the graceful eloquence he showed in the expression of them, set him apart and above his fellows at once.

Margaret had never led them to expect this indeed all her attempts at portraiture, on the rare occasions when she could be induced to make any, had been it seemed purposely underdrawn, if not caricatured; but now she took her revenge in enjoyment of their undisguised surprise and admiration. Penelope's opinion was the only one she really cared about; what that was, however, was told in the privacy of strict confidence, and we are not permitted a revelation:

Eager lovers, confident from what they could see that perfection had been already attained, were all anxious that wedding-bells might sound speedily, but only in one case did they prevail and obtain a shortening of the six months' term, which had been the primary agreement. This was the one that concerned Madeleine, and the hastening had a valid excuse in the fact of a diplomatic mission which, if undertaken by Percy Aldis, would mean an exile from England of at least three years' duration; impossible, of course, that such a term could be passed in unrelieved bachelorhood.

Margaret had resolutely set herself to carry out her bond to its last moment, and no consideration could be advanced sufficiently strong to turn her from her purpose, while for youthful Alice even a lengthening out of the natural term might prove more than desirable.

To Madeleine's wedding they were all bidden as honoured guests, and a brief visit was to be made to the Grey House by the bridal pair ere they left England for their new sphere of life; but Margaret, yielding to Penelope's own persuasion, was to be married from the Grey House itself; no near kith or kin had greater claim upon her inmost heart than this friend, who was kin to her very soul, and the Haven folk had given to Margaret Ferrars a place in their regard only second to their own dear Miss Pen.

October would see Madeleine's departure, but Margaret declared she would wait for snowdrops ere she made her bridal posy.

Congratulations and thanks not a few fell to Penelope's portion as a reward for her pains during this bright holiday-week, but I question whether any of them fell with such a truly grateful effect as some spontaneous words dropped by Percy Aldis, when he met her alone the first evening after his arrival.

She had strayed out on to the terrace to watch the play of faint lightning in the sky, and he had followed her. After the exchange of a commonplace remark with regard to it, he said suddenly—

"Miss St. Hild, what have you done to Madeleine?"

The question so unexpectedly put might have implied anything, from reproach to dismay, and Penelope looked her surprise.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that she is not the woman I knew before—clever and capable, one to do honour to, and grace any circle I always knew her to be, but that she could sympathise with and make noble the failings and frailties we cannot help showing sometimes, I never looked for; she used to be a little hard on us men, I thought; what has worked the change?"

Penelope smiled; she understood what he meant.

"I think Madeleine will herself furnish you with an answer to that query, if you give her time," she said.

Shortly afterwards he went indoors again, but to himself he acknowledged that the answer was found without his seeking to know more.

"It was contact, I suspect," he said, for he felt the spell in a dimmer sense in his own mind. But behind him he left a glow, a delicious sense of recompense that made Penelope send forth a thanksgiving to Heaven for the thought that had come to her in the foundation of her school, and for the daily blessing that had crowned its development.

"It has been well worth doing," she said.

And that glow and the glad thankfulness with it remained with her through all the varying shades and circumstances of the years that followed.

Some five years later, the eve of her own wedding, put *finis* to this chapter of her life, but ere she turned the page for the new sheet lying blank before her, she recorded once more her devout thankfulness that in the full tide of her youth and strength she had been able to influence and help onwards a band of women, who, if not great in numbers, had each at least great potentiality in their own sphere and life. Emphatically she had not

". . . given for nought her priceless gift,
Nor spoiled the bread, or spill'd the wine,"

either for herself or these others, but indeed it could be said that

". . . spent with due respective thrift,"

they

"Had made brutes men, and men divine;"

or at least had secured the power of doing so.

LUCY H. YATES.

Odds and Ends.

GOD gives every bird its food, but He does not throw it into the nest.

GREAT things are not done, even by great men, without toil and effort.

"OUR distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them."

"NURTURE your mind with great thoughts, for to believe in the heroic makes heroes."
Lord Beaconsfield.

"IT is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity."—*Ruskin.*

SPEAKING of china, the old willow ware is now very difficult to obtain. But it can always be recognised by the pattern. On the right there should be a mandarin's house; in the foreground a pavilion; in the background an orange tree; and on the right again a peach tree. A fence encloses the mandarin's house; and through the grounds there should be a meandering brook in which there is an island high up on the left-hand side, with a cottage on it. Across the brook there should be a bridge, with three figures standing upon it, the famous willow tree and a gardener's cottage being at either end. Two birds should be flying high over head. The whole design is supposed to represent the love story of a mandarin's daughter, who is one of the figures on the bridge, the other two are her lover and her father the mandarin. There is only a faint reflection of this story in the nursery rhyme—

"Two little birds are flying high,
A little boat just passing by;
A little house across the water,
Where live the Sultan and his daughter;
A weeping willow hanging o'er,
Two little men, if not more;
An apple tree with apples on,
A fence below; that ends my song."

"CULTIVATE the habit of always seeing the best in people, and, more than that, of drawing forth whatever is the best in them."
Cuyler.

"IT is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other."

"THE most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for everyone."

THE most costly throne in the world was the famous Peacock Throne at Delhi, which was so named from the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, with tails expanded. These birds were inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and other stones in such a manner as to give them the appearance of life. The throne itself was of solid gold inlaid with rubies, diamonds and emeralds. Above it was a canopy of gold standing on twelve pillars, ablaze with gems; the fringe of the canopy was bordered with enormous pearls. Two umbrellas, the emblem of Oriental royalty, stood at either side of the throne, with handles of solid gold eight feet in length, and studded with diamonds. Their coverings were of crimson velvet embroidered with pearls. The cost of this magnificent throne was said to be no less than £5,000,000

OPALS are regarded as unlucky by the least superstitious people, but it is not generally known why they are held in especial disfavour above all other precious stones. They were much worn in Venice, and during one of the epidemics of the plague it was noticed that immediately before the death of those who were stricken, any opals they might be wearing upon their fingers would suddenly brighten. The Venetians immediately declared that it was the stones which caused the illness, overlooking the fact that it might be the illness which affected the colour of the stones. Opals are sensitive to the least variation of heat or cold, and the fever that accompanied an attack of the plague being at its height immediately before the death of the victim, caused the colours of the stone to shine with extraordinary brilliancy. Such was the origin of the superstition. If an opal be held to the fire for a few seconds, it will turn almost red, a convincing proof of the fallacy regarding its power to bring ill-luck.

HITHERTO incubators have been regarded solely as a means for hatching chickens. In France, however, a Dr. Tarnier has applied the system to the rearing of weakly babies. At the Maternité Hospital in Paris, a "baby incubator" has been at work for some years with the greatest success. The *couvreuse*, as it is called in France, is a plain wooden box 2 feet 8 inches long and 2 feet 4 inches high and broad. This box is divided into two parts, and has a double wooden covering, the space between the two covers being filled with sawdust in order to prevent the heat escaping. The bottom half of the box is a reservoir filled with water, which is supplied from a patent boiler. The upper part is a warm chamber where a basket or a cradle, sufficiently large to hold two infants, is placed. An opening in the side permits of the cradle being withdrawn whilst a double glass top gives a complete view of the interior, so that the children and the thermometer beside them may be constantly watched. The temperature in this "baby incubator" is usually maintained at 86° Fahrenheit. The trial at the Maternité has proved so successful in rearing weakly children who otherwise would have died, that the *couvreuses* have been distributed in large numbers to other French hospitals. As time has passed many improvements have been made, especially in the way of ventilation, and as the cost is only seven or eight guineas, the invention may recommend itself to the English medical and hospital authorities.

"THE man who is waiting for opportunities is wasting opportunities."

"IT'S a long way up the hill if you think about the hill all the time."

"WHAT we must do let us love to do. It is noble chymistry that turns necessity into pleasure."—*Coleridge.*

"DISCRETION of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order."—*Bacon.*

"THE world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it, but it was he and not it that was wrong."
Thackeray.

"So many Gods, so many creeds;
So many paths that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs."
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."

THE Princess Marie of Orleans, the wife of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, is greatly interested in the work of the fire brigades. She has had her photograph taken in the uniform of the Copenhagen Fire Brigade, with brass helmet and pickaxe, and has presented it to the corps.

ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NOTES ON MUSK.

There are three kinds of musk known in commerce, but the most important and valuable is a Chinese sort imported chiefly from Shanghai. Unfortunately it is adulterated to an enormous extent with dried blood, fragments of leather, leaden pellets, peas, etc., so that often little more than the smell of the original musk remains. When genuine, it fetches as high as 40s. an ounce.

Musk is a product of most enduring odour; indeed its scent is more penetrating and persistent than that of any other known substance. A grain of musk will distinctly scent millions of cubic feet of air without any appreciable loss of weight. It is a secretion of the male musk deer.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MUCH as Cecil was troubled on Charlie's account, her worries were not all to be laid to his charge, for the near approach of the journey seemed to have unsettled Azim Bey, and during his last day of lessons he contrived to test his governess's patience sorely.

"I don't think we need do lessons to-day, mademoiselle," he said that morning.

"Why not?" said Cecil. "Come, Bey, here is this new book on ethics. We will read it together, and I will set you questions on each chapter."

"I am lazy this morning, mademoiselle, I do not want to work. That *fête* yesterday was so unutterably tiresome that I went to sleep. I know I did, because the gold lace on the sleeve of Said Bey's uniform left a mark upon my face. When I was there, I longed to be in this room reading, yet now that my desire is granted, I don't wish to read."

"There is not much in reading only when you care to do it," said Cecil severely. "It will be a useful mental discipline for you to do a good morning's work."

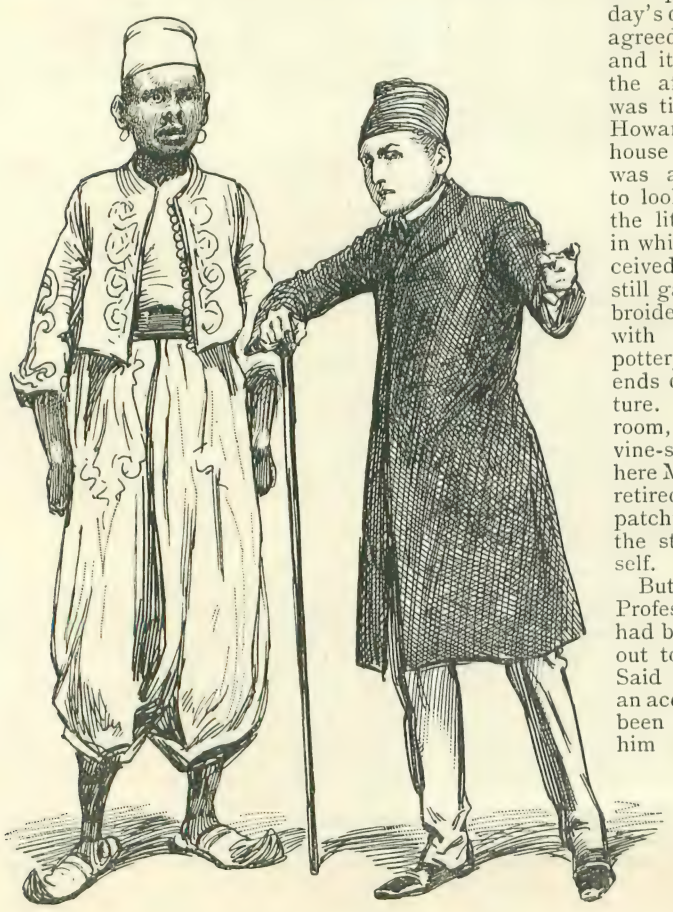
"Do you think that kind of discipline is good, mademoiselle? doing things one does not like, I mean? Because, if it is, one ought to see that other people have plenty of it."

"They will generally have plenty of it without your providing it for them," said Cecil, sighing to think how much discipline of the kind her pupil had provided for her already. "You had much better try to make people happier, and leave such discipline alone, except in your own case."

Azim Bey shook his head. "That would not suit me, mademoiselle. For me, I wish to make people better, and I consider myself peculiarly fitted to see that they undergo the necessary discipline."

"I consider you peculiarly conceited," said Cecil, "and I am afraid a great deal of mental discipline will be needed in your case, Bey. But we are wasting time in this discussion. Let us begin."

Azim Bey took the book, and settled down to a quarter of an hour's steady reading, then looked up, yawned, and showed a disposition to enter on an argument with regard to a point which he and Cecil had often discussed before. Cecil declined rather sharply to begin a fresh controversy, and her pupil returned to his book, only to leave it again in a minute or two. Thus things went on all the morning, affording practical proof that yesterday's dissipation had not agreed with Azim Bey, and it was the same in the afternoon, when it was time to go to the Howard Whites'. The house they had occupied was already beginning to look dismantled, but the little drawing-room in which the hostess received her guests was still gay with native embroideries and decorated with quaint pieces of pottery and odds and ends of Assyrian sculpture. The usual sitting-room, however, was the vine-shaded terrace, and here Mrs. Howard White retired with Cecil, despatching Azim Bey to the study to enjoy himself.



"'KEEP THOSE MEN IN SIGHT!'"

But unfortunately, Professor Howard White had been obliged to ride out to the mounds with Said Bey, on account of an accusation which had been brought against him of desecrating a native cemetery in their vicinity in the course of his observations, and Azim Bey, disdaining the services of the meek Syrian assistant who offered to show him the instruments, came and sat down on the terrace with Cecil and her hostess, and interrupted their talk. It was impossible to speak of Charlie and of Whitcliffe in his presence, and an awkward silence, broken by spasmodic efforts at conversation, fell on the three. It was a relief when one of the servants appeared, and told Mrs. Howard White that there was a man selling European cutlery and needles in the courtyard, asking whether she would like to have him brought in.

"Oh, if you please, madame, let him come in," entreated Azim Bey, his usual vivacity returning. "Mademoiselle lost her scissors yesterday, and I have broken my knife, and I want a new one. May the pedlar come in?"

"Oh, certainly. Bring the man in, Habib," said Mrs. Howard White to the servant, and she moved towards the verandah, where there was a table. Presently the pedlar entered, escorted in by two or three of the servants, and by an assistant of his own, who helped to carry his boxes. The two men were in Armenian costume, with high black caps, which marked them as coming from Persia, and they spoke Arabic with the peculiar Persian intonation. When their boxes were opened, the stock-in-trade displayed was so extensive that Azim Bey went into raptures, and his delight even blinded him to the combination of the two obnoxious nationalities, the hated Persian and the despised Armenian, in the persons of the traders. Not less attracted were Um Yusuf and the rest of the women, and while Azim Bey chatted eagerly to the pedlar's servant over the array of pocket-knives, they gathered round the other box and coveted endless pairs of scissors.

"See, mademoiselle," said Um Yusuf, taking up a fanciful little needlecase in the shape of a butterfly, "this a pretty thing. Why not Azim Bey buy it for Basimeh Kalfa? Look, it open, like this."

"Stay, O my mistress," interrupted the pedlar; "why shouldest thou spoil my wares? Let thy lady hold it, and I will show her how to open it."

Um Yusuf put the case into Cecil's hands, and the vendor raised the flap to show the needles inside. As he did so, his hands met Cecil's with a peculiar pressure. Startled, she looked into his eyes, and in spite of dyed skin, shaven hair and moustache, recognised Charlie in the Armenian pedlar. The shock was overpowering, and she dropped helplessly on the divan, too much astonished even to cry out. A deadly faintness was stealing over her, the figures around seemed to be whirling in a rainbow-coloured mist, but two words from Charlie brought her back to her senses.

"Don't faint," he said sternly, yet in such a low voice that she alone heard it, and she recalled her wandering wits and rose slowly from the seat where she had sunk down. With trembling hands she

turned over the pedlar's stock, and commented on it with lips quivering with agitation. It was a tremendous effort, but she was nerved to it by the sound of Azim Bey's voice at the other end of the verandah.

"You see I remembered what you said, and came as a Christian this time," said Charlie in a hurried whisper, while he held up a pair of scissors for her inspection. Cecil gave him a look of agony. She dared not speak to him, dared not even let him touch her hand again, and it was misery that they should be so close and yet so widely separated. It was almost a relief when Azim Bey came to complete his purchases by buying a pair of scissors for old Ayesha, for even Charlie would not venture to address her when her pupil was so near. Again the thought of his danger made her turn sick and faint, and she sat down on the divan, and listened to the details of the bargaining as if in a dream. At last Azim Bey had chosen all he wanted, the money was paid down, and Mrs. Howard White told the servant to show the pedlar out. Cecil breathed freely once more. She had not heard the words which Azim Bey whispered to the negro lad who was officially known as his slipper-bearer.

"Keep those men in sight, and bring me word of whatever they do. If they leave the town without my hearing of it, it shall be upon *thy head.*"

"Upon my head be it, O my lord," said the boy, and departed, while Cecil, unsuspecting, though sick at heart and racked with anxiety, accompanied her pupil back to the house of Said Bey.

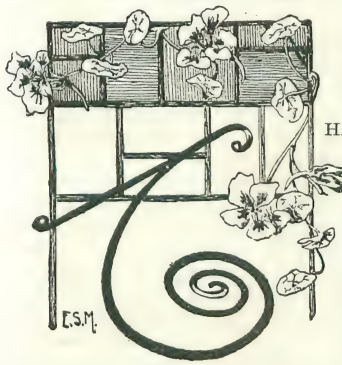
(*To be continued.*)

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLUTTERED DOVECOTE.



"THAT was what Mr. Wilberforce called his house, after one daughter had taken flight, and the wedding of another began to be spoken of as a thing likely to happen in the autumn. It was also coming to be openly recognised that Roger Howel and Norah were mutually attached; although in their case probably a longer engagement would take place. Norah was happy in her work and not desirous of quitting it for the present, whilst Roger's position would be bettered in time, and it would be more prudent that he should wait before taking new ties upon him. At the same time the secret of their mutual attachment was gradually becoming an open one, and another engagement would in all probability be announced before very long.

Gipsy was working away might and main in preparation for that examination which would so far qualify her that the society might perhaps send her out to her field of work, although it was possible that she might be retained for another year's study and practice in England. She had done decidedly brilliantly all through. She had never failed in any examination, and her work in the hospital wards was always favourably commented upon as being thorough and clever.

It was a bright day in May when she came home, flushed with the news, having seen her name in the lists as one who passed well. She was warmly congratulated by her mother and sisters; but despite the natural elation of success, there was a little abstraction and anxiety in her manner. Presently excusing herself she ran upstairs, and knocked at the door of Miss Shuttleworth's room.

"I've passed," she said, coming straight in. "No, don't congratulate me, please. Everybody does that; but I've come to you for good advice. I must present myself before my committee to-morrow—my good Missionary Lady Committee, who have paid for my education, and are reckoning upon me as a medical missionary. I must go and see them about that now; and, oh, Miss Shuttleworth—what am I to tell them about myself?"

"The truth, my dear," answered Miss Shuttleworth with grave directness, "but I thought, I hoped, by a number of little things which I have noted, that you had found solid ground beneath your feet at last."

"So I have," answered Gipsy quickly, with a sudden dilation of the eyes, "I think I began to find it from the moment when I looked away from myself, and my own miserable, petty little shallow thoughts and speculations, and fixed my mind upon God, trying to see His purpose and His doings. Those weeks at King's Castle, and Beatrice's illness taught me a great deal more. I found my faith again—but it is not the old kind of faith—indeed I hope it is a better, and a stronger, and nobler one; but I am not quite so sure whether it will equally approve itself to the ladies whose servant in a sense I am."

"What do you mean, my dear? Can you explain yourself a little more clearly?"

"I will try, for I want your advice. I think you will understand me better, and advise me better than anyone else I know. I don't want to seem to say hard things of any persons—least of all truly good ones; but you know that sometimes the good ones are narrow in their views. They hold certain doctrines which no doubt are right; but they think that everybody else must be wrong—or at least, they give that impression. Now I could not go out amongst ignorant heathen people, and have my hands tied like that."

Miss Shuttleworth smiled slightly, and Gipsy continued with characteristic vehemence—

"I have a great deal more sympathy with everybody than I ever had before. I know what it feels like to doubt everything. I know what it feels like to be narrow and sectarian, because that was rather my way when I was quite young. But now I feel differently. I feel as though every Christian man or woman was a brother, as though I could love all alike, even though I might know, or think, that some were wrong in a good deal they held. Do you think that that feeling is wrong?"

"No, my dear; I think it is the feeling we all of us come to have when we have once grasped the great truth which St. Paul was so anxious to make the Church understand—namely, that the Church is the body of Christ, and that all Christians belong to that body, whether they know it or not. Calling ourselves, either for convenience or through habit by other names, does not really make us less the members of the One Body. Every body has many members, and some may be helpless, paralysed, diseased; yet they belong to the body all the while, and the other members should have patience and feeling for them. If that is how you feel, I think you need have no fear. Are not all Christians charged to love one another?"

Gipsy's face was eagerly thoughtful.

"Ah yes, if you put it like that. I had not quite thought of it under that metaphor. It is a beautiful thought that with all our differences and our weaknesses and want of union, we are one body in Christ. That makes it all easier of comprehension. But does it not show also that we ought to be very loving and gentle with other members that seem to us feeble, or lacking, or even diseased? Is not the great work of the body to become a perfect and healthy one, all the parts acting together in harmony?"

"Indeed yes!" answered Miss Shuttleworth, earnestly, "that is the essence of our Lord's last prayer on earth, when He prayed with His disciples before He suffered. 'I in them, and thou in Me, that they may be made

perfect in one, . . . that the world may know that thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved Me.' And I sometimes think that the world—the heathen world—is waiting, and must wait to know the Lord Christ, till the whole body is made perfect in one, and is manifested in the unity which God has desired."

Gipsy looked very serious; but she said thoughtfully—

"That seems a very long way off yet; but I think I enter into the thought. And if each person was resolved to strive to keep the unity of the faith in the bond of peace, might we not each one of us help to bring that day a little nearer?"

"I think so—I believe so. And you will have many opportunities, I hope, for doing this in your coming life. Go to your ladies and tell them fearlessly all that has happened to you, and let them judge whether you are fit to be sent or not. I think we sometimes judge our brethren too hardly, and make them out more sectarian than they are. Go, and find out for yourself, Gipsy. You are quite right in thinking that you owe them a full explanation of any change that may have come over you. Be brave and keep nothing back. The truth must always be spoken at all cost."

The next day at the same hour Gipsy returned to Miss Shuttleworth with a happy face.

"You are quite right," she said. "It was I who was narrow—not they. You can't think how kind they were! I didn't keep anything back, and at first they looked very grave and troubled; but when it came to the other side of it, they were as kind and sympathetic as possible. They did not mind a bit—at least hardly a bit, and some not at all—that I did not want to go labelled by any particular name. If I went as a Christian woman amongst the heathen women, that was enough; and as for my not being able to look upon other Christians as rivals or enemies—why, that was exactly what they wished, and they seemed only happy that I had learned to see things like that. Oh, I feel so happy and glad; and perhaps rather more so because I am to have another year in England still, as I have passed earlier than was expected. I am to wait till after the hot weather next year, and go out then, and meantime I go on at the hospital and get more practice and experience; and that makes me very glad, for I do feel rather young and inexperienced to leave home for such a long time just yet."

Everybody was very pleased to hear how well Gipsy had got through her examination, and that she was still to remain awhile longer at home. She would be able to see Freda married before she thought of going away, and pay her a visit at King's Castle.

Guinivere was in London now, going here, there and everywhere. Beatrice had fulfilled her promise and had made her a visit, but did not stay very long, as the whirl of gaieties was never-ceasing, and she had neither the inclination nor the apparel for such gay scenes. She would not let Guinivere dress her, and indeed she soon wearied of the ceaseless round of excitement. On the whole, her sister appeared happy in her new life, and Lord Woodmayne was a proud and attentive husband. No friction had arisen between them so far as she could see, but the life seemed to her to be a very hollow and unnatural one, and she wondered that Guinivere enjoyed it so thoroughly.

Beatrice was going through many experiences on her own account just now. A new element had long been finding its way into her life, although she was slow to understand either it or herself.

Yet when upon a bright summer's evening, she was wandering in the garden by herself, she came suddenly face to face with Dr. Salisbury, and he almost as suddenly told her of his love for her, she felt that she had known it for a long time, and that it had made the happiness and sunshine of her life for many months now.

It was a very happy troth-plight made beneath the darkening sky, with the crescent moon hanging like a silver lamp overhead. Not very many words were spoken, but they were not needed. Heart spoke to heart in that language which is more eloquent than that of the lips, and the pauses of silence were filled to overflowing with an unutterable happiness.

Later on when the lovers were talking of the growth of their silent love—as they must always do—Beatrice looked up in his face with a smile and asked—

"When did it begin, Algernon?"

He had just taught her to call him by his name, and rewarded her by a kiss.

"Sometimes I think it began the first moment I saw you," he answered; "but I am not sure that the real beginning was not on the day when you refused to help me, and let me see that you had a temper. It interested me, and piqued my curiosity to know wherein I had offended. What was it all about, Beatrice? You were very slow to forgive me!"

She rested her head against his coat-sleeve with a happy little tremulous laugh.

"Was it really that? How strange! It is like putting a premium on rudeness, don't you think? For I was very rude. It is no use to make excuse, for I was—I used to be quite ashamed of myself sometimes!"

"Then why did you do it?" he asked with an amused smile into her happy, smiling face.

"Ah, why? Perhaps because I felt that you might get too much power over me. Perhaps I was afraid of you without knowing it. Girls can be very contrary creatures, as our old nurse used to say. Though I think men can run us pretty close."

"Perhaps; you will be able to judge of that better by-and-by. But it was the suddenness of the change that interested me. Surely there was some cause for that, Beatrice?"

A rosy glow mantled her cheek.

"Perhaps there was—perhaps some day I will tell you more," she answered, "but I will not promise anything. Hark! Are they not calling me from the house? Will you come in with me?"

He did so, and somehow the secret remained with the lovers no longer. Perhaps it had been public property before they guessed it themselves. Mr. Wilberforce remarked with a smile and a sigh that he "was growing used to applications for his daughters' hands, and was learning to bestow them with quite a grace!" As a matter of fact he liked Dr. Salisbury exceedingly, and thought the match a most suitable one for Beatrice, and a very agreeable one for the family, as it would not take her away from the neighbourhood, and she would settle down almost at their doors.

The satisfaction was so general that perhaps only Miss Shuttleworth observed how very silent and quiet Mysie was about it, nor was it the surprise to her that it would have been to others, to find her one day not long afterwards dissolved in floods of tears.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" she asked, and Mysie sobbed out a long incoherent reply, the burden of which was—

"Nobody wants me; nobody cares for me! I have tried so hard to do everything, and to be useful; but I might just as well have saved myself the trouble. It has done no good. I am no good to anybody. Nobody has ever cared for me—and nobody ever will!"

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Miss Shuttleworth cheerfully. "You would not say that if you had heard your father speaking about you only the other day. I cannot remember the exact words, but he was talking about losing his daughters one after the other, and his face was a little sad. But it brightened up by-and-by as he said, 'But I have my little Mysie still; and she is growing such a useful little woman, and such a cheerful companion that I hardly know her sometimes. I hope nobody will take a fancy to her just yet awhile, for I shall want one of my birds left with me in the nest!' Think what a comfort you will be to your father, Mysie, and how much you can do for him. And never let yourself get into a low-spirited way of thinking that nobody cares for you."

Mysie had not been thinking of her father, as Miss Shuttleworth very well knew; but the girl was not callous to the paternal love lavished upon her, and her face brightened up a little.

"Of course I can try and be a comfort to papa; but he is not much at home, and he has mamma."

"Yes, but your mother is often busy, and a useful, cheerful daughter can be a great power and comfort in the house. Think what you will have to do when your sisters are married and Gipsy is gone, to make up for their loss, and be an element of sunshine in the house. I think it is not many girls who have such an opportunity of being valuable and indispensable at home. Cheer up, Mysie, go on learning how to make yourself useful, and you will find that you are a very happy girl yet, and will be fitting yourself for your future life, whatever that life may be."

Mysie wiped her eyes. A little while

ago she would not have regarded this prospect of usefulness with any pleasure. It showed that she had made progress in good sense and right feeling, that it had attractions for her now. But still she had her grievance.

"It seems such a dull sort of thing, just to be left at home. The others are all so happy!"

"Yes, and because they are happy, you are happy too," said Miss Shuttleworth promptly.

"I don't see that," said Mysie, "I think it's rather hard to see everybody being happy before oneself."

"If you feel that you don't understand the real tie of brotherhood, my dear," said Miss Shuttleworth, "nor that still deeper truth of membership one with another."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that one of the greatest lessons which life has to teach us is that we are all 'members one of another,' whether we use the words in a restricted sense as applied to a family or household or in a wider sense as to the whole of the Christian world. We none of us can live our life alone or to ourself—for we are members one of another; and if one member rejoices, all the members should rejoice with it, and if one member suffers all the members should suffer with it. That is Christ's teaching. That is how we should regard life and one another. And in proportion as we rejoice with them that rejoice, and sympathise and sorrow with those who mourn, we shall lose the sense of bitterness in our own troubles, and be not only useful and living members of the body, but happy persons ourselves. For we shall be helping on, however little, the great work of bringing all men into unity with each other and with their living Head."

Mysie was not as quick to grasp the meaning of this truth as Gipsy had been; but she turned it over in her mind, and resolved to think seriously about it. She had come to desire to be useful, and to desire to be loved. When she found how much her father began to look to her now, as the "home bird" in the nest, she felt that there were compensations in her lot. She began to forget her silly fancies, and to busy herself with healthful occupations. She tried to be a sympathetic sister to Beatrice, and found it not nearly so hard as she had feared.

Her reward was not long in coming, and she found it in her father's quickly-acquired habit of looking to her for a number of little services which once she would never have thought of rendering. And when he once drew her to his side and said—

"I hope no fine lover will come after you yet awhile, my little girl, for I should find it hard to part with you!"—she felt as though she never wished to leave her home, and wondered that she had ever been discontented there.

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATIONAL.

"EADITH."—Apply to the Secretary of the Women's Branch of the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent.

JOUALT.—Training as a *Masseuse* may be had at the West End Hospital, 75, Welbeck Street, W. There are also courses of instruction given in the art by certificated teachers, at the Trained Nurses' Club, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. The fees are moderate. It is essential that you should have a good constitution, strong heart, and magnetic power, not only for your patients' advantage, but to enable you to bear the tax on your own nervous power.

READER OF "G. O. P."—Candidates for hospital nursing should be from 25 to 40 years of age, strong and healthy, and well recommended. You might prepare by attending the ambulance classes and gaining a certificate; also by procuring a small manual entitled *Sick-Nursing at Home*, and studying it thoroughly (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.).

LA MARGUERITE had better advertise for an engagement. Her writing is good and suitable for a clerk or cashier in a shop. We know of no suitable opening for you abroad.

MEG.—If you have already passed the matriculation exams. of the London University, you should make all inquiries direct respecting any scholarships to be obtained. Of course you can write to the Registrar, Burlington Gardens, W.

ANXIOUS MOTHER might apply for information at King's College, Strand, W.C.

NELLY and QUEENIE.—We advise you to advertise for a situation to give your services at a florist's, stationer's, or confectioner's shop, for the benefit of instruction given in the business. If you get no answer, inquire direct yourself, in person or by letter; some may receive apprentices, some not.

COOKERY.

H. C., FRANCESCA, DOREEN, CARLO DONATI, and RITA EVERETT.—1. To make a Swiss roll, beat up the yolks of four eggs with half a pound of sifted sugar into a thick batter, then stir in lightly six ounces of dry sifted flour, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a strong froth; butter a Yorkshire pudding tin, sift over it a thin layer of castor sugar, shake off the loose sugar, and pour in gently enough of the mixture to less than half fill the tin; bake in a good oven; in ten minutes from the time the cake was put in, draw it to the mouth of the oven, sift very fine sugar over it as quickly as possible, and bake for five minutes longer, or till it be done. Turn the cake out on a clean sheet of paper, the sugared side downwards, spread the upper side thinly with any kind of jam, and roll directly.—2. Oct. 31st, 1879, was a Friday; May 13th, 1881, a Friday, and Sept. 28th, 1877, was a Friday.

VICK.—To make oatmeal biscuits, mix together five ounces of flour, seven ounces of oatmeal, three ounces of castor sugar, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; then stir in four ounces of lard (or butter melted), break an egg into a cup, and beat slightly with a little water, and stir in with the other ingredients till it become a paste; roll out the paste on a board very thinly, and cut it into rounds with a tumbler. Place the biscuits on a greased tin and bake for twenty minutes.

A SERVANT GIRL.—*Crême de riz* means rice cream. Boil one pint of milk and three ounces of loaf sugar together, stir in two ounces of ground rice; cook for about six minutes, and then draw it off the fire; melt half an ounce of French gelatine in a quarter of a pint of milk, and stir it into the rice; add to it half a pint of double cream, whipped; mix all lightly together and pour into a mould.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. C. H.—It is not a text from the Bible, but merely an existing fact, which has been utilised as a proverb to express another fact in a figurative way. In Scripture language the meaning is expressed in the words, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

PÉTITE.—The Psalms were set to music, and as the word *selah* signifies "pause" or "end," it is probable that the term was employed for the guidance of the singers and musicians. It never occurs in the Books of the Law, the Prophets, nor any other part of the Scriptures, and only in the Psalms; as a rule at the end of a Psalm.

BELIEVER.—"Paradise," otherwise designated by the Jews "Abraham's bosom," is the place of happy rest into which the blessed enter, awaiting the consummation of their bliss when soul and body are re-united, and all the Blood-redeemed are gathered in. Our Lord said to the penitent at His side, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Yet when He was seen of Mary Magdalene in the garden He said, "I am not yet ascended to My Father." The Ancients used to speak of three heavens; first, the space around this earth in which the clouds sail above us in the atmosphere; second, the place in immeasurable space occupied by the heavenly bodies; third, the highest abodes of bliss around the throne of God, where the "many mansions are prepared for the redeemed in the kingdom of their Father." This "third heaven" is referred to by St. Paul in 2 Thess. xii. 2, 4.

A READER inquires "What is the sign of hairy arms?" What do you mean? The sign of "the good woman," without a head, would indicate that you were not given to tattling, scolding, and evil speaking; and the sign of the "Wanderoo" monkey, a very hairy-armed animal, might be significant in your case should you want an emblem.

MAGSIE.—The "Maltese," or eight-pointed white cross, is of very ancient origin, and was appointed to be worn on the left breast by the "Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem," the order dating from the 11th century. When the mantle was thrown over the Christian knight, who vowed to promote and defend the Christian faith and the cause of justice, and succour the sick and afflicted, the brethren pointed to the white cross and said—"We wear this white cross as a sign of purity." The eight points are the signs of the eight beatitudes, *viz.*, (1) spiritual joy; (2) to live without malice; (3) to weep over thy sins; (4) to humble thyself to those who injure thee; (5) to love justice; (6) to be merciful; (7) to be sincere and pure of heart; (8) to suffer persecution; and we may add there is no single instance of their apostatising from their faith when life and liberty were offered as its price, and the contrary alternative was torture and the stake. Nearly all our royal family are members of this order.

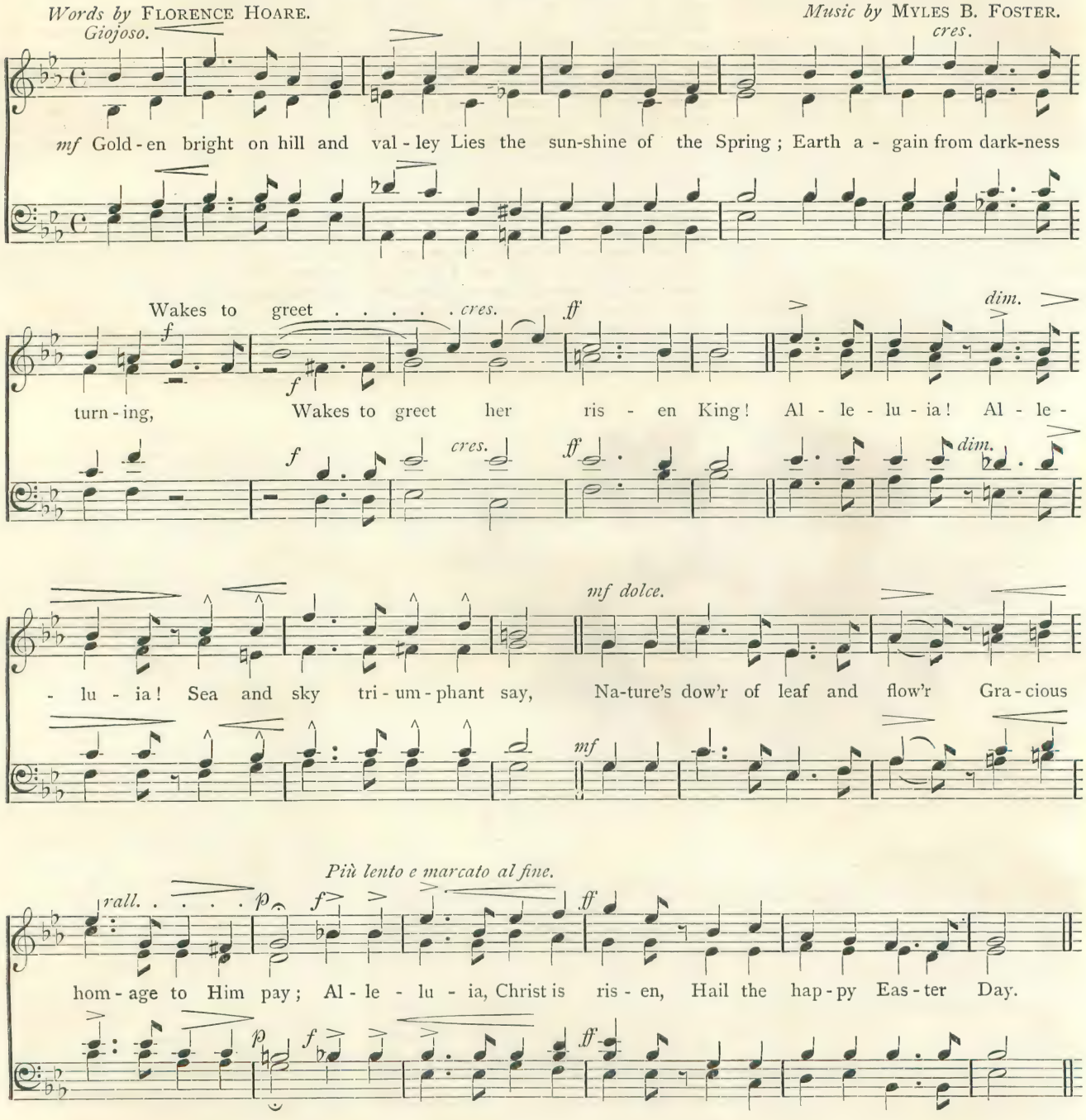
JENNY WREN.—Your writing is good, and being legible would suit a telegraphist.

MARTIN, ERNEST, and BUTTERFLY.—If dipping your fingers in bitter aloes do not serve as a reminder so as to stop you at once when you put them to your mouth, quinine would have no better effect. The will and intention to desist is evidently lacking, and a want of self-control and deference to your parents' wishes. The only other plan is to wear gloves.

"GOLDEN BRIGHT ON HILL AND VALLEY."

AN EASTER CAROL.

Words by FLORENCE HOARE. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.



2. Hail Him King, the Lord of Glory,
Who hath conquered Death and pain;
Heaven re-echoes with the story,
Earth repeats the glad refrain,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
'Tis the resurrection cry!
He hath passed Death's gloomy portal,
That our souls no more may die;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! saints reply.

3. Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Heaven above it rings;
Sorrow's weary reign is over,
For our Lamb is King of kings!
Like the sunshine round us lying,
Like the flow'rs that gild the way,
May our thoughts grow bright with praises,
And our hearts their homage pay;
Oh! awake with songs of glory,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

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NEW SERIAL STORY.

Other Peoples Stairs

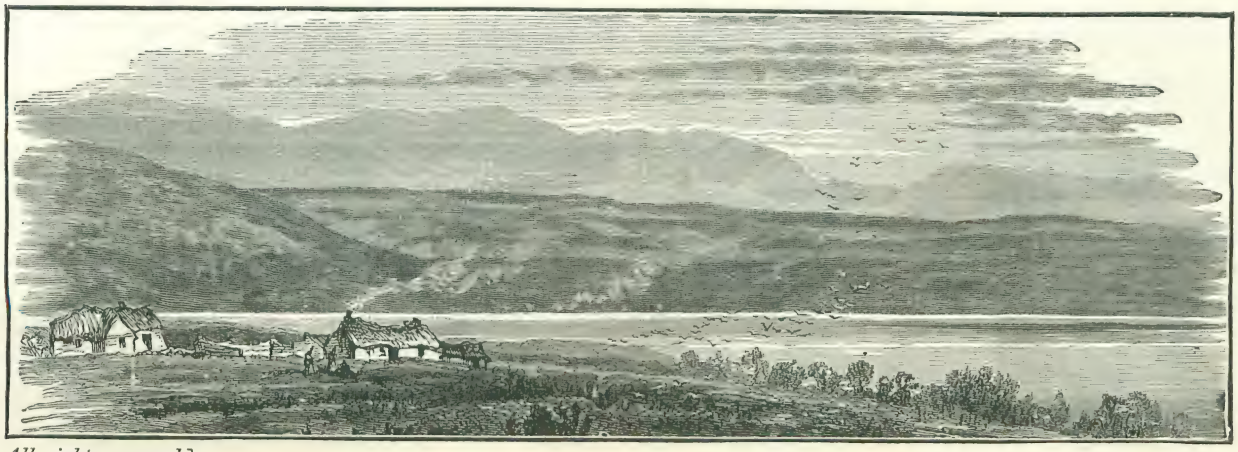
By Isabella Fyvie Mayo

CHAPTER I.

BY THE KYLE.

MORAG HENDERSON was born in the school-house of a village beautifully situated on the rising banks of a great kyle which indents the northernmost shore of Great Britain. When the little one was carried abroad in the arms of her proud young mother she was surrounded by wild and grand scenery. Far above the valley towered the sharp peaks of Ben Loyal, most picturesque of Scottish mountains. The windows of the little school-house itself looked out on the smooth, green, boggy hill crowned by a grim ruin guarding the water-passage below.

All Morag's child-life was inseparably bound up with the world of nature around. It was like a sweet story with glorious illustrations. To go into the garden with mother, to pull up vegetables or to gather flowers, was also to see the sunshine playing on the laughing waters, or to watch the shadows racing



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over the mountains. To take a Sunday afternoon ramble with father, returning in triumph on his shoulder, was to cross a moor, rich according to the season, in broom, or wild roses, and in numberless wild flowers of tinier growth, to sit in the solitary old graveyard, spelling out its quaint epitaphs, and above all to gaze towards the mouth of the kyle and wonder and yearn towards the island which lay there, sometimes bold and clear in the sunshine so that one could see the white sheep pastured on its green slopes, sometimes almost lost in a tender mist, so that one might fancy what one liked about it. The island was the Elysian field of Morag's baby imagination. Father seemed a wonderful man because he had been there; he said people lived on that island—even a little girl not much older than Morag. He promised to take Morag there some fine summer day.

He had taken her across the kyle on the ferry boat, and they had had tea in the ferryman's cottage, all hung round with the memorial cards of those who had perished in the waters which looked so kindly and bright on a sunny day, and could be so treacherous and cruel in stormy darkness. Morag never forgot the ferryman's mother, because she was so tall and stately, and spoke in such a solemn fashion. Morag did not understand all she said, because she spoke nothing but Gaelic. Morag only knew a few words of that language, as it was never spoken in the house, though her Highland mother used it to the shepherds or pedlars who occasionally stopped at the door, and her father spoke a little (with some difficulty) to some of his pupils.

There was an idea of wonder and mystery impressed on little Morag's mind in connection with all the people who spoke this wild, mournful tongue. For these were the people who saw kelpies in the kyle, and fairy rings among the ferns; these were the people who could see signs of death on people who seemed to others healthy and vigorous. There was one old woman in the village of whom it was said that she could always see the ghostly form of a man in "a bloody sark" standing at the junction of the roads, where it was undoubted fact that dogs howled and horses shied.

It would not have been easy to say how Morag learned these things, for her father forebade any talk of them at table or in the parlour, and the Highland girl who helped in the kitchen was loyal to her master and did not repeat these tales to his little girl, though they were dreadful realities to herself. But it is wonderful how children pick up what is "in the air" about them, and it is quite possible that they often absorb most readily what is not specially put before them.

There was one scene which remained fixed on little Morag's memory. At the time she had not the least idea what it could mean, but somehow it had power to set a seal of secrecy on the lips of the imaginative child, and many years passed before she spoke of it to anybody.

It was an exquisite autumn afternoon, just the day, and just the season, when highland air is balmiest, and highland landscape most rich in colour, with great waves of bracken surging away in every shade of green, brown, umber, and yellow. Wee maid Morag sat in the garden in her little chair, learning the text she had to repeat to her father to-morrow morning, for next day was the Sabbath. She never forgot that text.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

As she dropped her Bible on her knee and repeated the words softly to herself, her eye fell on the white road winding up to the school-house, and she saw an aged man coming along, supporting himself by a tall staff with a crook. He had a long white beard, and wore an old plaid over his shoulder, and had a bag slung at his side. She was not sure whether she had seen this old man before, but she had seen many like him. They would stop at the school-house and get a drink of milk, and a bowl of porridge, and if it was far advanced in the day, as it was now, they would enjoy a clean shake-down in an outhouse, an arrangement always maintained for the benefit of such needy travellers.

Morag watched the old man steadily advancing towards the house, and just as he had reached its gate, her mother came from the interior. Morag did not think that mother noticed the wayfarer, for she was occupied with some fine laundrying, which she was going to spread on the sweet-briar hedge to bleach and sweeten. But when the wayfarer saw Mrs. Henderson, Morag saw that he stood still, shaking his head sadly, and raising his hand with the gesture of one who puts something from him. At that instant the mother called to her husband the schoolmaster, who, taking advantage of his Saturday holiday was busy with his bees at the back of the house.

Cheerily father responded to her summons, and as he came towards her, Morag, watching the stranger as if fascinated, saw him throw up both his hands, like one in helpless bewailing. Then he turned and hurried off towards the moors, with broken steps which showed that his speed was beyond his strength. And still as he went, he waved his hands wildly, as one might who had just seen some terrible sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson standing talking by their sweet-briar hedge, caught sight of his figure as he reached a rising ground. Mrs. Henderson, shading her eyes with her hand, observed—

"Surely that is old Roderick! It is long since he has been here. I wonder why he did not look in."

"Yes, it is old Roderick," said the schoolmaster, following the direction of his wife's eyes. "Perhaps we have offended him in some way. He was always a strange man. A little mad—according to my un-Celtic notions."

"I don't like to hear you say that, John," answered his Highland wife gently. "But anyway, it is late for the old man to be seeking the moors. Now he has passed us by, there will be miles between him and other shelter on that side."

"Oh, your bards and seers are in the confidence of nature," said the schoolmaster lightly, to chase away the cloud of humane anxiety from his wife's kind face. "They know of shelter stones and caves which are secrets from outer barbarians like me. Doubtless Roderick's pouch is full, and with his plaid under a rock beside a running water he will do well enough."

Why did Morag keep silence concerning the old man's strange behaviour? Was it because she had a childish intuition that father would smile and mother would look sad, and that something seemed wrong when they did not laugh together. Morag herself could have given no reason for her silence. Children keep secrets so. Nobody keeps a secret as children do—for they bury it in their innocent hearts so that none suspect its existence!

Morag learned her text thoroughly. But it was never recited to her father. Before he went to bed on that very Saturday night, he complained of a severe pain in his head. Next morning he was unable to lift it from the pillow.

That day the whole Henderson household were missing from the quaint little parish church, with the great canopied pew in the gallery, where the laird's family worshipped as it were from a throne of their own. The minister's wife, surprised at their unwonted absence, called at the school-house after service, and thinking that gentle Mrs. Henderson seemed strangely anxious about her husband and looked very pale and tired herself, she persisted in taking little Morag back with her to the manse.

By the evening the schoolmaster was so much worse that the doctor was sent for, and though there was considerable secrecy concerning what he said, the outcome of his visit was that the school was to be closed on Monday and kept closed until further notice, and that he went up to the manse to "take a look" at Morag, with the result that she was sequestered in a pretty bedroom, at the end of a long corridor, and the minister's wife uttered a thanksgiving that she had no "little ones" of her own at home, but only grown-up boys "taking their chances" at the "medical classes" in Edinburgh.

That was the last which little Morag ever saw of father, mother, or home.

For more than a week she stayed in her seclusion, surrounded by every dainty and pleasure which the simple ingenuity of the minister's wife could devise. Nearly every day it rained, and there was no sunshine, and the little child was sick at heart and wept sorely when she was alone, and the minister's wife said nothing about her tears, though she must have noted their traces. She told Morag that father and mother were both very ill—prostrate with a disease which was a name of terror in the valley—the dreaded small-pox. Sometimes they

were a little better, and then again they were worse. A nurse had been sent for from Inverness.

It must have been on the tenth or eleventh day that Mrs. MacMichael, the minister's wife, came into Morag's room with a very sad face and eyes full of tears, and told the little girl that both her father and mother were dead, and that she was an orphan. She said nothing to soften the blow or to divert the poor child's mind from the terrible severity of her loss. She was too much of a Highland woman to abate aught of the solemnity of death or of the pathos of Morag's position. But she was a sincere Christian, though of a somewhat gloomy and narrow type. She appealed only to the highest consolations, to the God of the fatherless, to whose care she committed the little girl with a force and fervour which Morag never forgot.

Of course, under the circumstances of her parents' illness, Morag could not be allowed to look on their faces in death. Consideration for the safety of the neighbourhood made the minister and the doctor charge themselves with all the sad last arrangements. In consequence the funeral took place at an earlier date, and without many of the little customs which would have been dear to the Celtic heart. But despite all, a large concourse gathered to follow the schoolmaster and his wife to their last resting-place. The Highlander is by creed and custom something of a fatalist. There were not lacking those, among the older-fashioned people, who seemed even to detect something of impiety in the wise sanitary precautions taken by the minister and the doctor.

"No man can avoid the spot, where birth or death is his lot," said the graver of these critics, while the cheerier ones consoled themselves, "The man of long life escapes danger."

No other cases occurred in the village. The good people truly ascribed this to "the merciful Providence of God," though most of them were unable or reluctant to accept that the prompt measure and unfailing care of their doctor and minister were part of the working of this same merciful Providence. Naturally, there was much debate as to how the foul disease had found entrance in so secluded a place. And as usual in such circumstances there was plenty of opportunity for division of opinion. It was remembered that a gipsy-woman (a class very common in Sutherland) with an ailing baby at her breast had passed through the village very recently, and that Mrs. Henderson had given her a drink of milk and an hour's rest beside her kitchen fire.

"Enough to make one careful as to the folk one lets into one's house," said the village miser and some of the younger people.

But the good old men and women frowned down this suggestion. "House with closed door can't be kept," they said. These were rather inclined to remember that during the school holidays and within a fortnight of Mr. Henderson's sickness, he had paid a visit to Inverness. It was ill leaving the hills for the closes. "And don't be dipping your lip in the porridge you sup not," said they. "Cities might suit folk who stay there. They may grow to thrive on what would poison others. But all the dogs are down on a strange dog."

And amid the discussion, one solemn voice was lifted to say that despite all new-fangled ways of knowing and thinking, it was ill to get beyond the words of the Book, and it spake of "the pestilence which walked in darkness."

This was the kind of talk the friends and neighbours had as they gathered at the edge of the moor on which the schoolhouse garden dipped. Only the minister and the doctor, and the necessary assistants were admitted to the house itself—to be present at the service which is held there before the dead are to be carried. Not a woman was to be seen anywhere; women are invisible at such Highland funerals.

Then the sad procession started. Little Morag could see it afar off, as they led her to peep between the manse curtains. Her father and mother were carried forth to the little burying ground which she knew so well; the little burying ground, with the broken ruins of a chapel standing high among the low stones hidden with rank grass and coarse weeds, for it is no part of old Highland custom to deck graves with order and beauty. Yet the place was no sad image for mourning minds to conjure up; it had a forlorn grandeur and a wild pathos of its own, with which trim flower-beds and polished crosses would not have harmonised. Did it not stand at the foot of mighty hills, as if it was looking up the kyle, straight away to the mysterious North, with nothing between save that sweet island of Morag's fancies and dreams.

As she watched the funeral pass, she remembered that island. Father had never taken her there, after all! Nobody would take her now!

Poor little one!

They told her, thinking to cheer her loneliness, that her aunt was coming soon. Her aunt had written to them, though she could not arrive in time for the funeral, and she would be here in a day or two, and had promised to take Morag away, and look after her; and Morag must be good and obedient to her, as she had been at home.

What they meant for comfort, was really what made Morag first understand all that had befallen. She belonged now only to this aunt, never yet seen by her, the widow of her father's brother. And all the familiar faces and places were to recede from her, they were to be nothing to her now, and she was nothing to them. What else had she thought, poor child? She could not have replied, but probably she had had some blind idea that she would go back to the school-house, and live there with the Highland servant, just the same, only without father or mother,—or perhaps that she would stay at the manse, and that on Sunday afternoon, instead of riding on father's shoulder, she would go to visit his grave, and that everybody would always use to her the tone of solemn tenderness with which all spoke to her now, so that her desolate sorrow would wrap around her life almost as warmly as her lost happiness.

No, she did not belong to the hills any more, nor to the neighbours. But she belonged to this strange woman who might even now be journeying from the strange city to carry her back to it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

291. What is the main topic of Nahum's prophecies? To what book does Nahum appear to be a sequel?

292. What is known of Nahum's life?

293. What famous city is intended by No, or No-Amon, mentioned in Nahum iii. 8? Quote other prophecies respecting it. When was it overthrown?

294. What is the meaning of the word "burden," as employed by Isaiah and others of the prophets?

295. Who was Habakkuk? and what was the "keynote" furnished by him to St. Paul for his distinctive doctrine?

296. Give a brief account of the Chaldeans, against whom Habakkuk specially prophesied. Where do we find the first mention of that name in the Holy Scriptures?

297. What is known of the Valley of Hinnom? Where do we find the first mention of it in the Bible? In whose reign was it defiled? Why was it called "Tophet" and "Gehenna?"

298. Who was Zephaniah? What does the name signify? In what reign did he prophecy? Is anything known of his ancestors?

299. What were the names of the four "chief cities" of the Philistines? Give the passages in which Amos, Zechariah, and Zephaniah foretell their destinies.

300. Did Zephaniah mention the advent of the Messiah in his prophecies? or the calling of the Gentiles? Give the reference.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXII. (*Continued.*)

"MY mistress, here is the Christian pedlar again," said Habib to Mrs. Howard White early the next morning.

"Bring him in," said the lady with evident displeasure, and as soon as the order had been obeyed, and Habib was gone, she turned on Charlie.

"Well, Dr. Egerton, I hope you are satisfied. You have given poor Miss Anstruther a terrible fright, and probably made her miserable for weeks, and you ought to be now on your way to Baghdad, where you assured me you would go as soon as you had caught a glimpse of her."

"But I am not going to Baghdad," said Charlie.

"Then I shall simply write to Sir Dugald Haigh and tell him everything," said Mrs. Howard White angrily.

"Listen to me a moment," said Charlie. "I was fully intending to start at sunrise this very morning, but last night I was talking to some of Said Bey's servants, and I hear that the Pasha is to be accompanied on this journey by Karalampi, the Greek of whom I have told you. I cannot and will not leave Miss Anstruther exposed to his machinations."

"This is absurd," said Mrs. Howard White. "Miss Anstruther has succeeded in taking very good care of herself since you left Baghdad, and I should say that she was quite able to do so still. I call it arrant selfishness to keep her tormented with anxiety about you by following the Pasha's camp, where you can do no good, and may get yourself and her into great trouble. As for saying that it is done on her account, you know that it is simply for an adventure—a lark."

"It isn't really, on my word of honour," said Charlie quickly. "I promise you, Mrs. Howard White, Cecil shan't see anything of me, and unless she is in danger, shall never even know that I am near her. I have got permission to follow the Pasha's caravan—it is quite natural, lots of traders and people are going to do it—for the sake of protection through the mountains, and I shall be among the riffraff at the very end of the procession, while she is among the grandees in front. She will never even hear of me."

"Then what good can you do?" asked Mrs. Howard White.

"I don't know—just be near in case she needs help, I suppose."

"You are a very foolish young man," said the lady, with severity, "and why you should want to help her when she doesn't need any help, I don't know. I suppose you will go, since you are set upon it, but remember that I disapprove entirely of the whole thing, and that I would never have helped you to meet her here if I had guessed what you would do."

Charlie laughed, and took leave of his hostess, to prepare his mules for the journey, all unconscious of the fact that at that moment he was the subject of a conversation between Azim Bey and M. Karalampi, the latter having just arrived in the train of the Pasha.

"I tell you, monsieur, he is here!" cried the boy in a frenzy. "I saw him myself, and mademoiselle recognised him. He and his servant are disguised as Armenians from Julfa, and they are selling knives and scissors. I have set the boy Ishak to watch them, and he tells me that they have gained permission to attach themselves to our caravan in traversing the mountains."

"Ah! With the knowledge of mademoiselle?" asked M. Karalampi.

"No, I am convinced she knows nothing of this. I believe she imagines that he is returning at once to Baghdad."

"So much the better. And what are your wishes, Bey Effendi?"

"I should like," said Azim Bey slowly, as if gloating over each word, "I should like him to be carried off secretly, and kept a prisoner until after mademoiselle's five years here are over, and she has entered into a new agreement to remain. If she heard nothing of him, she might forget him, and be willing to stay with us."

"Excellent, Bey Effendi! May I suggest that this time Dr. Egerton should not be entrusted to your friends the Hajar, with whose language and customs he is well acquainted? If I am right, you do not wish that this imprisonment should be made too pleasant for him. You desire something more than mere safe-keeping?"

Azim Bey nodded. M. Karalampi went on, watching his face keenly.

"The Kurds would suit your purpose much better, Bey Effendi. They have hiding-places and strongholds in the hills which the Padishah's whole army could not discover, and they do not love Christians. They might be relied upon to keep Dr. Egerton so safely that even the Balio Bey should never hear of him."

"That is what I want," cried Azim Bey eagerly. "Let him disappear, and not be heard of until he is wanted, which will not be for a very long time."

"And you do not wish to make any stipulation as to the treatment he is to receive, Bey Effendi? The Kurds may make a slave of him if they like?"

"Anything, so long as they keep him safely," said Azim Bey.

M. Karalampi went away well pleased. The news he had just heard, and his conversation with Azim Bey, had opened up vistas of endless possibilities of revenge on several of the people against whom he cherished grudges, besides affording a prospect of gratifying the wishes of the Um-ul-Pasha and Jamileh Khanum. As for Azim Bey, he returned to his governess with a quiet mind. He had put matters in train, and left them in the charge of a safe person, and was able to enjoy the spectacle of Cecil's anxiety. In all the bustle of starting on their further journey, her mind was occupied with other matters than boxes and bundles. She could not rid herself of the haunting impression of Charlie's fatal imprudence. How could he risk death in this way just for the sake of seeing her? It was foolish, it was criminal. If only she could have some assurance that he was safely on his way to Baghdad before Azim Bey's suspicions were roused! What was to be done? Could she send Um Yusuf out to make inquiries about him, and to warn him, if he were still in Hillah, to leave at once? No, such a step could only serve to awaken suspicion. There was nothing to be done but to try and let everything take its usual course. In this belief, she nerved herself to give due attention to her packing, and at last to don her blue wrapper and mount her mule, although she felt as though she could not leave the place while Charlie might still be in it. The appearance of an Armenian, as they passed through the town, made her start and tremble, but nowhere did her eyes light upon the face which was now so strange and yet so familiar. She did her best to assure herself that this showed that Charlie had safely departed, never guessing that among the miscellaneous throng that closed the Pasha's long procession were the two Armenians from Julfa with their mules and their packs, watched closely by little Ishak.

The march went on, and still Cecil heard and saw nothing. Across the desert, up the lower hills, over the sandy tablelands, wound the long cavalcade, headed by banners and guards, kettledrums and led horses, and escorted by bands of irregular horsemen belonging to the tribes whose country was traversed. From pleasant villages in fertile valleys the people came forth with professions of obedience to the Pasha, and gifts of provisions for his followers. They were a much finer set of men than the inhabitants of the plains, strapping Kurds in pink and black striped garments and preposterous turbans, and sturdy Nestorian Christians in pointed felt caps, the women nearly all well-dressed, and often very beautiful. At night a site for the camp was chosen close to some village, and the richer inhabitants gave up their houses to the Pasha and his immediate following, while the motley crowd of hangers-on bivouacked outside. The journey through these districts was very pleasant, but it did not last long. The lower hills,

with their orchards and vineyards, their rose-thickets and fruit-gardens, were soon left behind, and the way now lay through the mountains, dark and steep and rugged, which form the outermost of the natural fortifications of Kurdistan.

The Pasha's tour was not intended solely as a pleasure-trip. It was meant to combine with this the functions of a triumphal march, for in the district which was now to be traversed there had lately been "troubles," both with the Kurds and the Yezidis, and the Pasha was making this progress as a kind of outward sign of the restoration of order, now that the Mutesalim or lieutenant-governor had put down the disturbances by force. The Mutesalim came to meet his over-lord on the borders of his district, bringing with him a large body of troops, and the march through the newly-pacified regions began. The Mutesalim was not altogether happy, for he was conscious that his own exactions and bad treatment of the people, Moslems and Christians alike (to ill-treat the heathen, as the Yezidis were called, was a matter of course), had caused the disturbances. He was further afraid that they might prove not to have entirely ceased even now, when, by his glowing reports of the successes he had won, and the peaceful and prosperous state of the country, he had, quite unintentionally, tempted the Pasha into paying it a visit. His uneasiness was only too well grounded. As soon as the caravan was once embarked on the difficult mountain paths, it began to be beset by bands of Yezidis, the survivors of the communities which the Mutesalim had broken up. He had carried off the children as slaves and murdered all the adults he could find, but the young and active men had escaped into the fastnesses of the hills, and were preparing a welcome for their oppressor. With them were a few Kurds, whose wrath against the Mutesalim had been sufficiently strong to join them with the devil-worshippers in opposing him, and they followed out a policy of harassing the caravan constantly at inconvenient times. They beset it in difficult places, and were gone before the troops could be brought up, and they kept up continual alarms in the night, organising a series of small surprises on the outskirts of the camp. It was very evident that the disturbances had not been put down, and the Pasha represented this to the Mutesalim in forcible language. It was plain that he was absolutely incapable, and insolent as well, since he had brought his Excellency out from Baghdad to see a conquered country which was not conquered at all, and the only thing to be done was for the Pasha himself to take the business seriously in hand.

When this decision became known, there was loud lamentation and great dismay in the harem. It was one thing to come on a pleasure trip, and quite another to find it turned into a military promenade through a country swarming with enemies. It was not reassuring to hear, on camping for the night, that the mountaineers had swept off into slavery some twenty of the non-combatants in the rear during the march, nor to find in the morning that two or three guards had been murdered in the darkness close to one's tent. Nor was it pleasant, in the course of the day, just when a particularly nasty place in a steep descending path had been reached, with a precipice on one side and a perpendicular wall of rock on the other, to be assailed suddenly by tremendous stones, which came crashing down across the path, frightening the mules and almost unseating their riders, while a brisk fusillade from the summit of the cliffs showed that it was no avalanche which thus interrupted the march, and caused the ladies to scream frantically to the guards and soldiers to save them and take them out of this horrible place. To do the soldiers justice, they were no more anxious for the ladies' presence at such a juncture than they were themselves, declaring that what with the rocks crashing down, the mules capering, and the women screaming, it was impossible to take aim or to do anything quietly. Under these circumstances, the Pasha thought it advisable to bestow his household in some safe place before beginning military operations in earnest, and the caravan moved on as fast as possible towards the fort and town of Sardiyeh, the seat of the Mutesalim's government, where Jamileh Khanum, with her attendants, was to be left under a strong guard.

The Mutesalim was to accompany his Excellency into the field, to see how a little war of this kind ought to be conducted, with the prospect of almost certain disgrace and probable death if any disaster occured to the Pasha's arms, or any mishap ruffled the Pasha's temper. Although in the course of his eventful life Ahmed Khémi had been under fire more than once, he was not a soldier, and the Mutesalim thought the outlook sufficiently dreary to send on a message to his household telling them to leave Sardiyeh and go into hiding before the Pasha's arrival, that they might not be exposed to his vengeance. When the arrival of the caravan at the fort disclosed the fact that the ladies' apartments were untenanted, the Mutesalim explained that he had sent away his family in order that there might be more room for his Excellency's household, and the Pasha was graciously pleased to accept the excuse. The rooms vacated proved, however, insufficient to meet the needs of the party, and for Cecil and her pupil, with their attendants, accommodation was found in the best house in the little town by the simple process of turning the inhabitants out to make room for them. Whether the rightful owners quartered themselves in turn upon their neighbours, or whether they retired to the stables or the kitchen, Cecil could not discover, but she was inexpressibly thankful to have once more a little domain she could call her own.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THINGS TEMPORAL.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

CHAPTER IV.

EDMUND THORNTON listened spell-bound while Millicent Carewe unfolded to him her plan of carrying his family off bodily to Carewe Court, and there nursing it back to its normal health. At first he was sorely tempted to accept the goods the gods had thus tardily provided, and make no demur; but on second thoughts the gentleman in him (which poverty and shame had still left intact) rose up and spoke.

"You are very good, Lady Millicent!" he said. "I can never convey to you how intensely I appreciate your offer of help and all that it involves, but it is impossible for me to accept it."

"Oh! you are wrong, you are wrong," cried Lady Millicent eagerly. "It is cruel of you to punish me now for the folly of twenty years ago!"

"I am not punishing you. You never deserved punishment; and if you did, I am the last man to mete it out to you."

"Then you are too proud to let me help you. Pride may be a good thing in moderation (though I have my doubts about that); but now you are carrying it too far."

"But it is not pride that now stands in my way. As a matter of fact I think that the pride which cannot submit to receive real kindness is a very cheap affair indeed, and I am proud to say that I never possessed it."

"Then if it isn't pride that prevents you from letting me help you, what is it?" demanded her ladyship impatiently, for the queen-regnant of Carewe was unaccustomed to even the slightest opposition.

"It is love," cried Edmund eagerly, taking her unresisting hands in his. "Oh! Millicent, can't you understand? Though I am reduced to beggary and branded as a thief, I am still a man—and a man who loves you. Therefore I cannot accept favours at your hands. Believe me, if I had never loved you—or if I didn't love you still—I should most gratefully accept your offers of charity to me and my motherless children, and should spend the rest of my dishonoured days in trying to show forth my gratitude towards my Lady Bountiful. I do not stoop to assure you that I am innocent of the vile thing laid to my charge—it would be an insult to your friendship to suppose for an instant that you had even listened to it; but though I am still honourable and honest, I am nevertheless steeped in misery and disgrace. It would be preposterous for such a man as myself to offer to the Lady Millicent Carewe his love; but none the less would it be impossible for him to accept her charity."

"I believe the words love and charity are really synonymous," said Millicent softly; "but, if you would prefer it, we will call the thing which I am offering to you by the former name."

"Oh, Millicent! don't tempt me above what I am able to bear. You know as well as I do that it would be madness for you to marry me in my present position; but for pity's sake don't add to my misery by playing with me. I cannot bear it."

"Listen, Edmund; twenty years ago I threw away the substance for the shadow, and I have been living among shams ever since, till 'I am half sick of shadows,' like the Lady of Shalott. Now I want to change my tactics and throw away the shadow for the substance. I am not an inexperienced girl as I was then; I am a woman of the world, and I know what I am doing. If by marrying you I lose my place in society, let it go! I have had my fill of it and can be perfectly happy without it. But I cannot be perfectly happy without you. A woman can be happy without being a fine lady; but a fine lady cannot be happy without being a woman. When I was young and foolish you asked me to marry you and I refused. Now that I am old and wise I ask you to marry me; will you refuse as I did, Edmund?"

And of course Edmund did not refuse.

So Lady Millicent had her own way, and carried off the sick little Thorntons to the Court, where she nursed them back to health; and thereby implanted in their youthful breasts a passion of devotion to her sweet self which nothing thereafter could shake or diminish. Her engagement to Edmund Thornton was a nine-days'-wonder of the finest quality; but its edge was slightly taken off (in her ladyship's opinion) by the discovery at the bank that Mr. Holland's nephew had stolen the fifty pounds after all, so that Edmund became somewhat of a hero on his own account. She would have preferred to marry him with the stigma still on his name, to prove to the world the intensity of her devotion to the man she loved; and for his name to be cleared afterwards. But then Lady Millicent was only a woman; Thornton very much preferred the arrangement as it stood.

Lady Thistletown drove over to Carewe, as was meet on hearing the astounding news, on a sort of special mission to point out to her misguided sister the error of that sister's ways. For some hours previous to her expedition Lady Thistletown carried on such an impressive conversation with herself that her lord and master feared that the wife of his bosom was demented, and ventured to ask why she thus greedily "consumed her own smoke."

"I am preparing what to say to Millicent," replied her ladyship with the ominous quietude which precedes a storm.

"It is always useless to prepare what one will say to people," observed Lord Thistletown; "they never seem to have learnt their part properly, so fail to give one the correct cues."

"Cues or no cues," said Lady Thistletown scornfully, "I shall have to be very severe on Millicent."

For a moment the hen-pecked peer trembled for the offender for whom such punishment was foreordained; but when he recalled how the thunders and lightnings of his lady's wrath—which scorched his poor soul to a cinder—played ofttimes apparently harmlessly around his sister-in-law's pretty head, he took comfort and thanked a kindly Fate which reserved its fiercest storms for those who were strong enough and brave enough to endure them. In which phalanx of heroes Lord Thistletown was not numbered.

As her husband had foretold Emma's carefully rehearsed dialogue was not histrionically a success. Millicent certainly had omitted to learn her part properly—at any rate she was never ready with her cues; so that when Lady Thistletown at length uncorked the vials of her wrath they were as flat as bad soda-water.

"I really don't see the use of discussing it any further," said Lady Millicent at the conclusion of the whole matter. "I have made up my mind, and surely I am old enough to please myself."

"But think what people will say about such folly," groaned the agonized Emma.

"They can't say nastier things about my folly than they do about your prudence," replied Millicent with her sweetest smile; "and yet you and Thistletown don't plunge into reckless extravagance just because a lot of stupid people call you mean and stingy. I often admire your indifference to people's opinion in this respect, and your superior sense in calmly pursuing your own way in spite of impertinent remarks," continued the younger sister, knowing full well that the free comments of the country-side on Lord Thistletown's publicly-practised economies were as gall and wormwood to the hospitable soul of his wife.

"And it is such a wretched match too," remarked Emma, wisely ignoring her sister's counter-attack, "for you who have always been so much admired!"

"As if I cared about that! The fact is, Emma, I have had all that the world can give, and it hasn't satisfied me. I have had wealth and rank and worship and adulation till I am heartily sick of the whole show. Because the world's best gifts have been mine, I have been able to examine them closely and to prove their true worth; and I have found that not one of them has the hall-mark of reality, but that all are nothing better than electro-plate. I feel that my life is empty and desolate, and that I have been near to missing the more excellent way altogether. I am tired of things temporal, Emma; and I am thankful that I have found out their worthlessness before it is too late for the things eternal to become mine. To know the good and to eschew the evil—that after all is our principal duty; but twenty years ago I was so blinded by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of its high places that I deliberately eschewed the good and chose the evil—for my conduct was ruled by my own selfishness and my love of ease and pleasure."

"Stuff and nonsense! I couldn't have believed that a woman of your age could be so school-girlish and romantic."

"I am not school-girlish and romantic; but the experience of life has taught me that the best things in the world are free to rich and poor alike, so happiness is not so unevenly distributed after all, as it sometimes appears. I am tired of being a great lady; and now I hope to be as happy as the lodge-keeper at my own gates."

So Edmund Thornton and Millicent Carewe were married, and "lived happily ever after," as the story-books say. And of course society did not drop them, as Lady Thistletown had hoped and foretold. Lady Millicent's world had hailed her as queen for so long that it felt she could do no wrong, and it was accordingly ready to bow the knee to any king-consort whom her majesty might be pleased to select. The world is somewhat like a nettle after all; it stings those who fear it, but to those brave souls who dare to defy its sordid and frivolous traditions, it is powerless to work any evil.

Removed from the chains of poverty, and with the inspiration of Millicent always at his side, Thornton took up his art again and became a painter of no small distinction; and proud indeed was Lady Millicent when her husband was acknowledged as one of the foremost artists of the day. The children were a great interest to her; and under the constant influence of that most perfect of all creatures, a well-bred Englishwoman, they developed into charming girls, distinguished by much of their father's beauty and their stepmother's ease of manner.

In the early days of Lady Millicent's married life the hearts of the Hollands were heavy within them. It was characteristic of Mrs. Holland that, though it was she who had egged her husband on to drag the name of Edmund Thornton through the mire, she blamed her spouse unceasingly for his vindictiveness now that their enemy had triumphed over them; and she never rested until she had induced Mr. Holland to go himself to Carewe Court, in order to make his peace with the offended ruler thereof. But the offended ruler, for all her gracious ways, was "not made of such slight elements" as the banker's wife imagined. Lady Millicent looked out of her window one sunny morning and spied Mr. Holland driving through the park towards the house, whereupon she laid her plans, and made her ready for battle, rejoicing that Mr. Thornton was out at the time, so that her enemy would be delivered into her hands with no fellow-man near to help him.

Mr. Holland tried to hide his sinking heart under his most business-like and banking air as he rang the bell at Carewe Court. He feared the lady he was about to encounter, but he feared the lady he had left behind still more; so between the deep sea on the one hand and the unmentionable alternative on the other, the prosperous banker was in a sore strait.

The butler answered in the affirmative to his inquiry as to whether Lady Millicent Thornton were at home; but, to Mr. Holland's amazement, the man left him standing in the hall whilst his card was carried in. The emissary quickly returned.

"Her ladyship says that if you want anything you had better apply to Mr. Thornton himself, or to the agent. She never sees people on business."

Mr. Holland could hardly believe the testimony of his own ears. Could the lady realize to whom she had sent this message? But yes, she must, as the banker had sent in his card, so as to prevent any mistake as to his identity.

"Tell Lady Millicent Thornton," he replied in his most pompous manner, "that I, Mr. Holland, the banker, particularly wish to speak to her. Neither Mr. Thornton nor the agent would serve my purpose."

The butler carried this message into the morning-room. On his return he said—

"Her ladyship is too much engaged just now to speak to you; but if you will wait in the housekeeper's-room for an hour, she will see you then."

Again Mr. Holland felt that he had received a blow. The housekeeper's-room! What an unseemly spot for an honoured banker to sit down in! But he had no redress, so meekly followed the stately and imperturbable butler down a long stone passage to his unhallowed resting-place. As Mr. Holland sat for more than an hour alone in the housekeeper's-room, the spirit gradually went out of him, and his fears of the woman he had left behind became as nothing in comparison with his fears of the woman he was about to meet. After all, it is the unknown that terrifies us; and the Gehenna of Mrs. Holland's wrath was by no means an undiscovered bourne to her much-enduring husband; in fact he felt almost homesick for this oft-trodden valley of humiliation, when he pictured the unimagined torments to which Lady Millicent's anger might expose him. After nearly an hour and a half of this dreary waiting, during which time all his courage oozed away through his finger-tips, Mr. Holland was released by his stately gaoler and conducted into the august presence. Lady Millicent was sitting on an easy-chair in her pretty morning-room, looking more regal than usual, and she neither rose herself nor invited

Mr. Holland to be seated. Which further discourtesy did not serve to put the wretched banker more at his ease. So he stood by the door with his hat in his hand, looking the picture of misery, and feeling even worse.

"I believe you want to speak to me," said her ladyship in her coldest manner, without even the prefix of good-morning.

The banker's knees trembled beneath him; it was worse than he had pictured in his wildest nightmares, but the thought of the storm that awaited him at home impelled him not to fall without striking a blow for himself and his.

"I wanted to speak to you, Lady Millicent, on a little matter of business," began poor Mr. Holland, wondering how it was that his voice seemed to come out of the top of his bald head instead of out of his mouth as usual.

"If it has reference to taking one of my farms, or anything of that sort, you must see Mr. Thornton or the agent about it. I told my servant to tell you so; did he not?"

"Oh, yes! he did, he did. But it isn't about that," gasped Mr. Holland.

"Perhaps it is about a nephew of yours," said Lady Millicent more graciously, "who, I was sorry to hear, got into trouble some little time ago. If he wants to make a fresh start, and if you think he would be more out of temptation working in the country than in a bank, I should be very glad to help him to take to better ways by finding him something to do on my estate; but that also must rest with my husband. He understands business so much better than I do, that I leave everything to him; and of course his wishes are paramount here. But I am sure he would be willing to help any young man in trouble, so I shall be very pleased to refer your request to him."

But this was more than even the affrighted banker could stand, so at last he found words.

"It was about your husband that I came to speak to you, Lady Millicent, and not about my nephew. I wish to explain to you that unfortunate—er—mistake connected with Mr. Thornton's dismissal from my bank."

"Excuse me," said Lady Millicent freezingly as she rang the bell, "if I decline to listen to your explanation. I should regard it as an unpardonable liberty if a friend of my own rank presumed to discuss my husband and his affairs with me; but from a person in your position such presumption becomes an intolerable impertinence. Show this person to the door," she added to the man who answered the bell.

For one moment Mr. Holland stood irresolute. It was insupportable to be called a "person" by a fine lady, with an imperturbable butler looking on. But, on the other hand, of what profit was speech, for it would be difficult to prove by force of argument to the most unprejudiced audience that a middle-aged banker was not a "person?" So he decided that wisdom and safety lay in flight. And he fled.

After she had thus routed and discomfited her enemy, Lady Millicent laughed heartily to herself.

"I punished the old wretch thoroughly," she mused with complacence; "he will never forget it as long as he lives. But I am glad Edmund was not at *home; he would never* have allowed me to be so rude to anybody in my own house—not even to Mr. Holland. Men are so dreadfully magnanimous. I'm very thankful therefore that I am a woman—otherwise that horrid banker would never have got his deserts."

But another woman than Lady Millicent took it upon herself to see that Mr. Holland had his deserts; and if her ladyship had heard what his better-half and domestic Nemesis was pleased to say to the offending banker, she would have felt that Edmund was amply avenged. But, after all, it was Millicent rather than Mr. Holland who had spoiled Edmund's life, and it was Millicent who had the privilege of redeeming that life from destruction before it was too late. Happy are those of us to whom are given the time and the opportunity of correcting our mistakes before we die; and still happier those who, while passing through things temporal, possess the strength and the wisdom not to finally lose, but to firmly lay hold of, the things eternal!

[THE END.]

TO PUZZLE OUR PUZZLE EDITOR.

AWARD.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Rev. S. Bell, 16, Thorncliffe Road, Brixton Hill.
M. A. C. Crabb, 49, Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill.
Clara Finch, Maison Colbert, Pau, France.
Emmie Holgate, Prospect Terrace, Burnley.
Mrs. Lena Hopewell, 1, Conging St., Horncastle.
Chas. A. Murton, 37, Wellington Road, Norwich.
J. D. Musgrave, Newcastle West, Limerick.
Gertrude Whitmore, 30, Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
M. Wilkins, Westcroft, Trowbridge, Wilts.
Sophie Yeo, 17, Portland Square, Plymouth.

Special Mention.

(*Very ingenious, but too difficult.*)

Ethel T. Bryant, W. M. Butcher, J. Hunt, Edith B. Jowett, Beatrice Rafford, Mabel Walton.

Highly Commended.

Nellie Atkinson, A. C. Barnett, Jessie M. Barrett, Wilfred T. Campsall, J. A. Center, Lucy E. Cole, Gladys Hawkins, Geo. H. Kent, Catherine M. Kingwell, Florence M. Marchip, Lilian T. Payne, Mildred Richardson, Mary Sanson, Alice M. Seaman, Helen Shilstone, Maude M. Walford, C. Wilkins.

Honourable Mention.

Ethel M. Atkins, Jeanie Avery, Grace E. Baker, Mabel L. Baker, Annie Bedingfield, Annie Benson, Catherine Collins, Frances L. Cosson, J. J. Coulthard, Eleanor E. Curtis, S. Digby, A. E. Edmonds, M. A. Graves, Ruby Harte, Mrs. H. Hill, Mary Hinkson, Fred. B. James, W. B. James, M. L. Jewes, Cecil Knight, Elizabeth Lang, Ethel M. Lee, Carlina Leggett, Agnes L. Lewis, Arthur Parry, Lucy Richardson, Kate Robinson, E. F. Rogers, Laura Rose, Janet Scott, Kate Seaman, Alice Spencer, A. Trussler, Florence Wallis, W. H. Ward, G. Wilkins.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

OUR task is over and we survive; but it will be many days before we submit ourselves to such an experience again. Henceforward our sympathies will be so emphatically on the side of the puzzled that we shall have difficulty in controlling our desire to award a prize to each solver. Still, difficulties are meant to be overcome, and having successfully grappled with even greater ones in the past, we may be able to curb our generosity.

We suppose that we are expected to make some observations on the art of puzzle-making, but we have no intention whatever of exhausting the subject—self-interest forbids. But a few remarks of an elementary kind can do no harm, and, in the form of judicious advice, may even do good.

In the first place, when you make a puzzle under certain specified conditions it is quite important to not only read but to understand the conditions before you begin. In our competition it was stipulated that the sentences should characterise "Our Puzzle Poems," and yet we were favoured with such expressions as:—

"To get on in the world one should rise early. . ."

"There was a ploughboy named Tommy. . ."

"What matters school in holidays!" (What, indeed!)

"Tom had been down to the village shop for nuts."

"A good wife is like three things." (This was followed by a twelve-line description of the three things in rhyme).

"Ladies who require a thorough, useful, interesting and popular monthly Magazine, cannot do better than read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

We are much obliged to the author of this last sentence for such an admirable testimonial, but, as characterising "Our Puzzle Poems," it leaves too much to the imagination to deserve even honourable mention. As to the others quoted, and more of the same tribe, it is kinder to keep silence.

In the second place, it is a very easy thing to make a puzzle which no one can solve; it is a hard matter to make one which only the few can solve, while, strange as it may seem, it is impossible to make one which everybody can solve.

With the last of these propositions there is no need to trouble ourselves, but we received many puzzles which, under the ordinary conditions of life, were insolvable. Indeed, many of them were not clearly interpreted by the solutions assigned to them by their authors, an unforseen complication which added much to our distress. Some of these impossible compositions excited our admiration for their ingenuity, and as a pastime for a few solitary years on a desert island they would be hard to rival. But perfection in puzzle-making is not to be attained on such lines, and less elaborate efforts have found their way into the front rank.

In the third place it is not difficult to make an easy puzzle. And among easy puzzles we class those the solving of which depends upon a single clue. For solvers the only enjoyment consists in looking for the clue, and it is a tame amusement compared with solving a puzzle in which fresh difficulties are continually encountered.

Naturally enough, the model of "Our Puzzle Poems" was followed by a large majority of the competitors. There being no restriction as to the form of puzzle, we hoped for the creation of something original and striking, but not one of the deviations from our model commended itself to our puzzle mind. The verdicts of "too difficult" or "too easy" had to be passed upon them all.

The best sentences were all well disguised, and no prize could be awarded for any one apart from its puzzle form. One of the happiest was "Whet stones for dull brains; polish for bright ones," sent by M. A. C. C. All the prize puzzles were so good that we judged it to be fairest to divide the five guineas equally between them. Good drawing was not an essential qualification for prize-winning. We sincerely hope that the competition has interested the competitors as much as it has worried the examiners.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

JUST at the present moment when we are in the transition days, between early spring and the lingering hours of winter, is the time to make up one's mind on our wardrobes, and find out just how far we need to replenish our stock of things. I am always trying to impress on my readers in this column that the wisest and happiest person is she who manages to have the least amount of clothes; and she will be also the freest from anxiety as to whether her clothes will wear, remain fashionable enough during the time she is obliged to use them, to prevent her looking behind the style of the season; or, on the other hand, to make too extensive alterations imperative. I always think that the really economical gown is the one that will wear to the end of its tether with very little to do to it; and to achieve this, it must, when purchased, be quite up (if not a little previous) to date.

So far as the general form and shape of

TWO SPRING JACKETS.

gowns are concerned, they are fairly well known at present. There is no chance of any great change in the style and shape of our skirts. They will not be very wide; the extreme ones have had their day, and the "*gôdet* skirt," which hangs moderately full, with a flare outwards at the edge, cut in either three or four breadths, is likely to be used all the summer. Silk linings are, of course, thought the best; but the drapers have a choice of plenty of other materials under an infinite variety of names.

The chief change appears to be in the sleeves. The Bishop's sleeve is not so popular as it was last year, nor even this winter. It has been succeeded by the wrinkled sleeve, which has a smaller puff above the elbow, and is wrinkled all the way down to the wrist. Then there is another one which is tight up the arm to above the elbow, with a small puff, the puff being cut in one with the rest of the sleeve, not added to it. There is no doubt that the size of our sleeves is diminished, and some of the newest gowns are shown with quite small ones. I fear we shall find a difficulty in cutting our sleeves down to suit the new fashions. They do not seem to lend themselves to alterations; but fortunately we are not obliged to have sleeves of the same material as our gowns; and so we can find something else to do, as well, and freshen-up an old gown in this manner.

In the way of colours, I find that purple is still quite the thing, and so is blue-grey for coats and skirts. Fig-colour is the new idea, but I see a fancy for *réséda*, and Alexandra blue. Tussore colour, and navy are both of them very useful hues, and I notice that, in the former tints, a narrow black *moiré* ribbon is the favourite trimming. Indeed, ribbons seem to be the chief contents of the shop windows; and the *chiné* ribbons are too lovely for description, and constitute nearly the sole idea of the milliner, the bows of both hats and bonnets being enormous in size. The most beautiful designs remind one of the days when "Vernis Martin" was used in France, and they saw garlands of flowers, and true-lover's knots, through its beautiful medium. I rather imagine that, later on, we shall see a revival of the sash; and we shall all be glad to welcome it. Some of these new ribbons are very much too wide for millinery, and can only be intended to wear as sashes. In fact, I have already seen a lady with a very wide green sash worn with a black dress, which admixture of colour looked extremely well; as indeed it always does if the proper shade of green is selected.

Another year of the very large hat, with very large bows and upstanding feathers is prophesied; but, side by side with them, we find the always becoming *toque*, which suits every age and every complexion. The hats with the high crowns are but slowly progressing in public favour, and I do not think they will be generally worn, as they are certainly trying to wear. Roses are to be seen everywhere as decorations to our hats and bonnets, but not quite so ubiquitous, perhaps, as the violet, which modest flower intrudes itself everywhere. Our millinery is the brightest part of our apparel, and the quietest of women seem to select the most vivid hues. *Paillettes* in coloured gelatine, gold, silk, and steel, are used everywhere; on hats and bonnets, gowns, capes, and mantles their glitter shows itself; and I notice that both lawn, grenadine, and tulle are embroidered with gold thread. Panama hats will take a new lease of life this year, and are to be much used for children, and the extensive variety of the fancy straws, and their divers hues and colours, can only be noted with admiration; the shop-windows are more lively this year from this cause than they were even last year. As a hat trimming the "accordion-pleated" rosettes and pleatings quite hold their own, and so do the tall *aigrettes* and the diamond buckles. There never was a time, I think, when the home-milliner was so well off as at present, and could make so much show out of so little money. This fact is emphasised by the announcement that shops where hats and bonnets will be sold at a price of 9s. 6d. are to be established in all parts of London. If made up with taste, there is no doubt that they will prove a success, and will probably conduce to bring down the fabulous and quite unnecessary prices now put upon millinery.

A few lines must be given to the new materials of the spring. So far as I can see they nearly all have a leaning towards rough surfaces, and it is said that mohairs will be very much worn. The *chiné* mohairs are very pretty, and I have no doubt that *chiné* effects

A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

A CAPE WITH LACE RUCHES, AND A BLOUSE OF CHINÉ SILK.

will prevail in silks and woollens, as well as in ribbons. Some of the mohairs are fine on the surface, but the most expensive are generally rough. Alpacas are declared to be "the coming thing;" and I notice that white satin and steel buttons are quite the newest trimmings to use for them.

Bodices of the same material as the gown will be much more worn this year. But we shall not lose sight of our friends the coat and skirt which has proved so useful to us. The newest shapes of jackets will be seen in the sketches of "Two Spring Jackets," and "a Tailor-made Gown." They are all rather longer in front, and shorter in the back, and are cut with the undulating basque. Later on we shall find these coats and jackets cut more open in front; probably to fasten with one button only, the back being tight-fitting, and the fronts short, loose, and cut away, with large *revers* lined with a bright colour. With these there will be many lace vests; the lace being draped and fastened with fancy pins in cascades, fancy *chiné* silks being liked for smart occasions.

A small cape to wear with the bodices which match the gown will probably be worn; they are very pretty and smart, and are generally made of white, or *écru* lace, with stripes of silk, or material, in between. I have seen several, and think they will be a great boon to the people who like some small covering, when wearing a fitted bodice. But they look so pretty that I fear they will not be cheap.

The paper pattern for the present month is a "Louis XV. coat," which can be made in velvet plain, or *broché*, *chiné* silk, or plain; or else in satin, black being the decided favourite. There is a waistcoat which comes below the waist, and is generally made of a flowered *chiné* silk; the proper neck ornament being what was called in those days a *steinkirk*, *i.e.*, a huge scarf of lace, worn round the neck, and tied into a large bow under the chin, with ends of about a quarter of a yard long. This will be found a useful and smart bodice for the spring, but will not, I think, be an easy object for the home-dressmaker to attempt, as the cut and fitting must be exquisite, and the bones especially well put in.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Nightgown, drawers, and Senorita under-bodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of either cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, Senorita jacket, bodice fastened under the arm, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, under petticoat, cross-over blouse, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

A LOUIS XV. COAT. (*Paper pattern.*)

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART VI.

FLOWERS.

Instead of looking at flowers as bright and beautiful objects made to be a source of continual delight in our daily lives, though such they truly are, we will rather now, for purposes of study, consider them as the means by which the plant carries out the purpose of its creation, namely, to perfect its seed and thus perpetuate its species.

In the life-history of shrubs, trees, and plants we find this is their one aim, and that everything else is subservient to it.

The stamens and pistil being of essential importance in forming the seed, we find them placed for safety in the centre of the flower; folded round them are the petals or coloured parts of the flower, and outside these again are the green sepals, or leaves of the calyx.

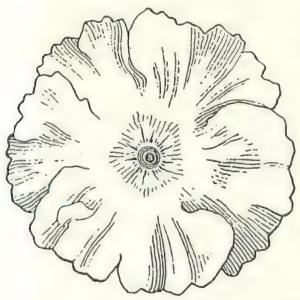
These two sets of enfolding leaves are called "floral envelopes," because they fold over and protect the central organs, the stamens and pistil.

We will select a buttercup as a type, and taking it to pieces we will try to learn the names and uses of its various parts.

Before the flower opened it was contained within a greenish-yellow cup which is called the calyx.

The divisions of this little green cup are called sepals, and their office is to protect the five bright yellow leaves within, which are called petals when we speak of them singly, but, taken all together, form the corolla.

In the buttercup the petals are all separate, but if we look at a primrose we shall see that the corolla is in one piece, united in a tube; so also is the calyx.



PRIMROSE.

The botanical term for a corolla thus formed is *gamopetalous*, a long word but easily understood when we know that *gamos* means united; a flower with petals in one instead of many divisions is more easily referred to by this word than if we had each time to express it by a sentence.

This is the reason why many long names are used in botany, and the right way to make them interesting is to learn at once what they really mean.

Names are given to express some quality, and they often teach us interesting facts about the plant's mode of growth or the place where it is found; for instance, the pretty blue nemophila is so called from *nemos*, a grove, and *philo*, I love, because it delights in shady places.

Geranium is derived from *geranos*, a crane, because the flowers of some of the species resemble the beak of that bird.

Some plants are named after famous botanists as *Linnea* after Linnæus.

Others derive their names from their mode of growth as stone-crop which is called sedum, from *sedo*, I sit, the plant having scarcely any stalk, and sitting, as it were, on walls and rocks.

These instances will show that it is well worth while to study names and learn their meanings as they often throw so much light upon the history of a plant.

In the flowers of bulbous plants we find that the calyx and petal leaves are frequently alike in colour and texture, in that case the three sepals and three petals, of which they usually consist, are spoken of as a perianth.

In looking at the brilliant colouring of a flower we should hardly imagine that the petals have to some extent the nature of leaves, and under certain conditions may be changed to the green colour and form of ordinary leaves.

In very wet seasons we may sometimes find rose-buds with the sepals of the calyx developed into perfect green leaves. The floral envelopes therefore possess the nature of true leaves.

The brilliant scarlet so-called flowers of the poinsettia are really coloured bracts, the true flower being the small inconspicuous blossom in the centre.

POINSETTIA.

In the chapter on leaves we saw that bracts are those small imperfectly-shaped leaves in the axils of which flowers are placed. They are usually green but may be also brilliantly tinted as in the mauve-coloured Bougainvillia, the bright violet spikes of the *Salvia Hormineum*, and also pure white as in the spathe of the arum.

By special cultivation flowers can be made double, for excess of nourishment will cause the plant to multiply its petals. Instead of the five pink petals of the wild rose we find one of our garden roses bearing as many as eighty or a hundred petals.

Double flowers but rarely produce seeds, because the stamens and pistil have been turned into petals, and as there is no need to attract insects for fertilising purposes there is no secretion of honey, and therefore we scarcely ever see honey-bees in double flowers; they are wise enough to know that their visits to them would be in vain.

In composite flowers such as asters and sunflowers the change, when they are double, occurs in several ways.

The centre may become filled with florets similar to those in the outside ring, or the florets in the middle may become larger or of a different colour.

These various changes may be readily observed in the cultivated chrysanthemums, in which every form and variety of flowering can be traced.

When the pollen has reached the pistil the flower begins to fade, because its end has been attained; nature, however, has such variety in even the smallest of her operations that the passing away of a flower is accomplished in different ways. In the primrose the corolla withers and drops to the ground. The flower of the spiderwort, one of our common garden plants, becomes pulpy as it fades, in this way resembling the pine-apple plant, the flower of which eventually becomes the luscious succulent fruit.

The poppy is proverbial for its fleeting petals which scarcely last more than a few hours, a passing wind soon scattering them far and wide.

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like a snowfall in the river,
> A moment white, then melts for ever."
>
> *Burns.*

Some flowers, as the hydrangea, have persistent petals, which simply lose their brilliant tints and become tough and brown.

The calyx of the physalis or winter cherry continues to grow after the flowers are fertilised until the round balloon-like bag is formed in which the seed is enclosed.

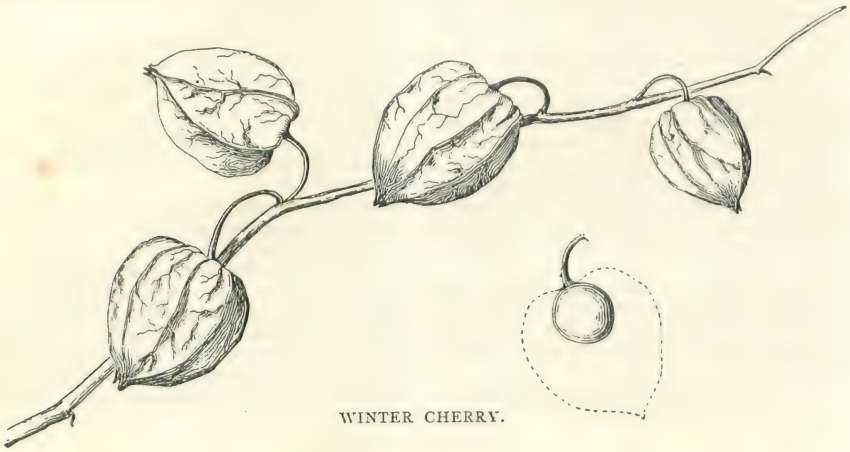
We will now examine the parts of a flower separately, beginning with the calyx.

In the buttercup the calyx consists of one whorl or ring of five sepals.

In the strawberry there are two whorls of sepals, and in the cotton plant there are three whorls forming its green calyx.

There are also variations in the mode of flower expansion.

As a poppy-bud opens it detaches its calyx from the stem and the sepals fall off (the calyx is therefore called caducous, a term which means ready to drop off).



WINTER CHERRY.

Many flowers retain the calyx until the petals wither and it falls off with them. It is then called a deciduous calyx.

Others again have a permanent calyx, so that when, as in the primrose, the corolla withers and drops off, the sepals close over the seed-vessel and protect it until the seeds are matured; this would be called botanically a persistent calyx.

The best way to learn the names of the different parts of a flower is to pull it carefully to pieces and arrange the separate organs on a thin card. They can be tacked on to the card with a stitch or two of fine thread, and when the lesson is over, if the card is placed between sheets of blotting-paper under a weight the flower dissections will dry and be useful for after reference.

Each separate part of the flower should have its name neatly written beneath it, so that when a good many different flowers have been thus dissected they may be compared and the variations in form and position duly noted.

A wallflower will be a good subject for our first dissection.

At the back of the petals we first take off the calyx, which consists of four divisions called sepals. We then pull off the four yellow petals, and as they are placed in the form of a cross it shows that the plant is a crucifer, or cross-bearer, one of a very large natural order, *cruciferæ*,* none of which are poisonous and very many are useful food plants, such as cabbage, turnip, watercress, cauliflower. Now there remain six stamens—four long and two shorter ones; these last rise out of two nectaries or honey-glands.

WALLFLOWER.

The stems of the stamens are called filaments, from *filum* a thread, and the upper part, containing yellow powder, is called the anther, the proper name for the powder being pollen.

In the centre of the flower is the pistil, the lower part of which is the ovary, the part of a flower which contains the seeds, and it is so named from *ovum*, an egg.

The stem part of the pistil is called the style and the top of it is the stigma.

Such simple words as I have given must be learned else we cannot understand botanical descriptions, and if this page is studied whilst we have the flowers in our hands it will not be difficult to identify each separate organ; when these are once arranged on a card with the name of each part written beneath it, we shall have attained some very useful information ready for future study.

In the buttercup flower all the five petals are the same size and shape, and, therefore, like hundreds of other evenly-formed blossoms, it would be described as "regular"; but if we take a sweet-pea, balsam, or monkshood-flower and examine its separate petals, we shall find they vary very much in form, and they are known as "irregular" flowers.

The sweet-pea is a type of a large order of plants producing what are called butterfly-shaped flowers, and *papilio* being Latin for a butterfly, they are therefore called papilionaceous flowers. If we learn clearly about the various parts of such a flower we shall henceforth be able to recognise it at a glance.

In the sweet-pea we find a broad petal at the back of the flower which is called the standard, beneath it are two side petals called wings, and within them is the keel, so named because it is shaped like the bottom of a ship. Within the keel lie the stamens and pistil—the most important parts of the flower, and to protect them from injury the standard is so formed as to catch the wind like a sail and turn the blossom round so that this broad petal shelters the keel from rain.

In our next ramble out of doors it will be well to try and gather all the specimens we can find of this order of plants. If it be in summer or autumn we shall soon collect a handful of these butterfly-shaped flowers.

On a common we shall find broom, furze, restharrow, vetches, tares, trefoil, clover, saintfoin and other plants. In the garden and greenhouse we shall see many more species belonging to this class.

Having shown the difference between a regular and irregular flower we will now proceed to notice how irregularity is caused.

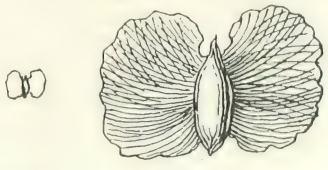
If we pull off one of the buttercup petals and look at the base of it we shall see a small pouch which contains honey; it is called a nectary or honey gland, and the position of this gland has much to do with the shape of the flower.

As each petal of the buttercup has a nectary at its base it follows that, all the petals being the same size and shape, the flower is perfectly regular—like a small golden cup. Now in other flowers we shall find the nectary very large and confined to one petal or sepal only, and this results in the flower having an irregular shape. Gather a violet, examine and compare the petals; four of them will be found to be nearly alike, but the lower petal is much larger because it has grown into a tube (called a spur) to secrete honey, and I need hardly say that the honey is intended to attract the bees so that the flower may be enabled to produce fertile seed. The enlargement of the lower petal gives the flower an irregular shape, and the same thing happens in the monkshood and many other flowers, where both the petals and sepals are thrown out of shape to form nectaries. In the orchid family this influence may be traced to a wonderful degree. The contrivances for insuring the fertilisation of their flowers are so many and various that books of the greatest interest have been written on that subject alone.

In the flowers we have hitherto noticed, both stamens and pistils are found, the petals are coloured, honey-glands exist, and some specimens also possess a powerful scent.

Such flowers are obviously very attractive to insects, and on that account they are called by modern botanists entomophilous, which long word means that they become fertilised by insects.

In sharp contrast to these gay and conspicuous flowers we may observe the very simple catkins of the birch, *Betula alba*. If we examine a twig of this tree in spring, we



Natural size. *Magnified.*

BIRCH SEED.

shall find two very distinct kinds of flowers (or catkins, as tree-blossoms ought properly to be called), one a stiff green spike standing upright, and the other longer and of yellowish colour, always to be found hanging down.

The former consists of a number of scales arranged on a central stem, and in the axil of each scale is the little pistil, with its pointed and divided stigmas. This catkin, later on, becomes the fruit of the tree, and sheds out with every passing breeze its little winged seeds, which are carried far and wide and often sow themselves in rocky crevices, and

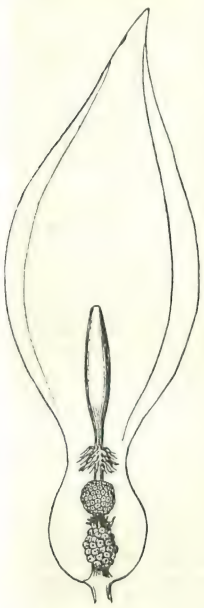
SWEET-PEA.

* All cross-shaped flowers do not however belong to this order.

appear able to grow and flourish with only a modicum of soil.

The pendulous catkin is very soft and loose, and on the inner surface of its scales we find the stamens, which in due time will shed from their anthers the fertilising pollen. Here then we see flowers which are not so attractive to insects, flowers in which the stamens and pistils are separated and developed in different catkins, and such flowers are termed monœcious, from *monos*, single, and *oikos*, a house.

The most interesting feature of these tree-blossoms is their fertilisation by the wind; the slightest puff of air liberates little clouds of pollen from the loose swinging anthers; these pollen grains become entangled in the upright catkins bearing the pistils, and the future seed thus becomes fruitful. There are many trees and plants which are thus fertilised by the agency of the wind, and they are termed by botanists *anemophilous*, from the Greek words *anemos*, wind, and *philos*, loving.



WILD ARUM.

In the common bryony of the hedges we get another example of a green inconspicuous flower. Gather a few sprays of this in early summer, taking care to keep the specimens of each plant separate. We take up one specimen and find each flower has a small green calyx, a minute corolla, and five little stamens, not one pistil can we find on the spray.

The flowers on the next spray look very similar, but in them there are no stamens, the centre of each flower being occupied by a small pistil, and thus we learn that there are two distinct sexes in the bryony plant, the one bearing only staminate flowers, and the other producing those bearing only pistils. Such plants are termed diœcious, from *di*, two, and *oikos*, a house.

One of the earliest spring flowers is the arum of the hedges, known to village children as "lords and ladies." Accustomed as we are to bright-hued flowers in our gardens and fields, it is somewhat difficult to recognise that the pale-green sheath of the arum is a flower at all. It consists of a beautifully-folded spathe or bract, curving over at the top, and if we remove that we find a central stalk bearing a number of little naked flowers, arranged in the order shown in the plate.

First, below the club-like apex, a few hairs tending downwards, then the anthers containing pollen, and below these the pistils with protruding stigmas. The whole stalk is termed a spadix. The outer green spathe forms a kind of prison, into which flies are enticed by the somewhat fœtid odour which is exhaled by the flower. The flies easily creep in past the circle of hairs, which, as they point downwards, do not prevent their entrance, but, once in, these hairs are like a *chevaux-de-frise*, and hinder the escape of the insects. The flies in all probability carry upon their wings pollen from some other arum flower, and in their efforts to escape they brush off this pollen upon the stigmas, which thus become fertilised. When this has taken place the stigmas throw out a sweet juice upon which the insects feed; the anthers now shed out their pollen with which the flies become covered, the hairs meanwhile have withered, and thus the flies having done their appointed work in fertilising the flower are free to crawl out and perform the same office for some neighbouring plant.

There is not space to do more than allude to certain plants, whose flowers never open and are self-fertilised. The common violet, for instance, produces, in addition to its well-known fragrant flowers, certain inconspicuous blossoms hidden under the leaves and close to the root, very seldom noticed by any but botanists, and known to them as cleistogamic flowers; these are fertile, and always produce seed. Other such plants are the wood-sorrel and sundews.

It is interesting to observe the various ways in which flowers are protected from browsing animals, snails, and caterpillars by thorns, spines, prickles, and spiny bracts. The teasel secretes water in the bracts around its stem, which prevents ants ascending to the flowers, and in many plants we may see quantities of small insects caught by a sticky gum exuding from the leaves and twigs.

Many delicate plants entirely alter the position of their flowers in order to protect them from rain. On a sunny day the wood-anemone holds its little snowy cup so as to receive the full sunlight, but on a damp day every blossom is closed and held downwards. We may observe this in the poppy, the blue-anemone, and nearly all composite flowers.

These are merely hints scattered over a wide field of study, which some readers may like to follow out.

Objects to collect and examine :—Buttercup flowers, seed-vessel of wild geranium, stone-crop growing on walls, flowers of bulbous plants, flowers of poinsettia, bougainvillia, salvia hormineum, arum. Examine various chrysanthemum flowers, sunflowers and asters. Difference between hydrangea and poppy flowers, winter cherry (physalis), prepare flower dissections. Examine various cruciferous flowers and pea-shaped flowers, regular and irregular flowers, birch catkins, wild arum flowers, cleistogamous flowers, protection of flowers, position of flowers.

OUR HISTORICAL ESSAY COMPETITION.

"THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1500."

One of the most interesting features in connection with a competition is to notice the variety of ways in which the subject is looked at and manipulated by the many minds which set to work on it.

It might be supposed that in such an one as the present with the time, people, and circumstances all definitely fixed in the annals of history there could be no escaping a certain similarity in the papers sent in, and yet there are no two out of the 147 quite alike. Each paper bears the impress of the competitor's individuality: for example, one is fascinated by the political aspect, another by the religious outlook; one displays the housewifely instinct and tells the price of food and the building of chimneys and glass windows which then came into use; another, almost to the exclusion of all else, dwells upon the painters and sculptors of the period, and revels in the beauty of form and colour which characterise their works as though her heart rejoiced in it; one or two lay great stress upon what they think the superior position of women in 1500 to that they occupy now. Others there are who, with a certain grace and thought, gather up the threads and weave them into something of a picture containing all the chief points. It is grievous when some such well-thought-out paper has to be put on one side because facts, dates, and titles are incorrect. Many well-written papers have had to be set aside because of the utter disregard to the directions shown by the competitors, some papers being written on fifteen or sixteen pages, quite commonly on four, five, and six. One competitor having finished her paper, wrote and sent in with it a second as continuation; and another competitor sent in two exactly alike.

As a rule the papers show thought and research; some are a little uncertain as to English and spelling, and one or two of the competitors are Mrs. Malaprops; but taken as a whole they show great care, and very few of the people and events of 1500 have been left out, though some have received rather severe handling.

The prize winners have been chosen after consideration on account of excellent writing, good composition, and clear grasp of the subject combined with a thoughtful and accurate summary of facts.

We congratulate all the prize winners on their success as well as those who have obtained honourable mention, but we would give also a word of encouragement to those who apparently have gained nothing, for no effort is wasted, and this competition will have shown them what they can do, which will prove to be one step up the ladder of success.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize (£5 5s.).

Rosamond F. Shove, 42, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E.

Second Prize (£4 4s.).

Mabel Cook, "Belvedere," Half Way Tree, P. O. Jamaica, W. I.

Third Prize (£3 3s.).

Cécile Rahier, Rue de la Rampe 5, Brest, France.

Fourth Prize. (£2 2s.).

Bessie Evans, Park House, Newquay, Cardiganshire, S. Wales.

Fifth Prize (£1 1s.).

Jennie Armishaw Jenkins, 122, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.

May Adèle Venn, Edith Mary Verrier, Theodora Willoughby, Edith Walkington, Mary Dyson Hort, Annie Isabel Cunningham (Demerara), E. Kemble, Elizabeth Kate Sly, Alice Jane Brayne, Alice O. Wright, Gertrude Unity Lawson, Annie Gertrude Wheeler, Priscilla E. Moulder, Maude Eborall, Mabel Helen Jessie Asprey, May D. Stephens, Letitia Evelyn May, Lilian Skene, Nellie C. H. Beer, Annie M. Amery, Margaret H. Todd, Ella Pretyman, Winifred Lewin, Beatrice Lewin.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SISTERS.

"WILL you come to me? I want you so badly. I feel I don't deserve to ask for you; but you would not blame me if you knew all. I could not help myself. I think you will believe that much. Please come as soon as ever you can. "GUINIVERE."

This letter reached Beatrice just a fortnight after Freda's wedding—a quiet but bright and happy wedding, which only wanted the presence of Guinivere (as all declared) to make it complete.

But Guinivere had not been there. She had been paying visits with her husband in Scotland, and wrote that it was impossible to come.

It was now not far from Christmas-time, and Lord Woodmayne had brought his wife back to the Park Lane house, from which they had been absent ever since early in July. They had paid a great number of visits, but Mrs. Masham's house had not been once favoured, although she had sent more than one pressing invitation. Of late, the letters received by Beatrice had been scanty and rare. Her failure to appear at Freda's wedding had produced a painful impression at home. A very magnificent present of silver plate had arrived from the Viscount and his wife; but as Freda said, she would rather have had Guinivere herself, than the finest gift in the world. Guinivere said in her letter accompanying the present that she hoped to see her sister some day in "all her glory at King's Castle;" but there was no hint of any meeting in the old home, and all felt that there was a painful significance in that omission.

Beatrice made her preparations—for it needed some preparation to visit Guinivere in her grand house—and responded to the invitation by arriving in Park Lane at dusk four days later.

She was shown into the little boudoir where Guinivere had spoken long ago of her wish to see much of her sister. That wish had not been realised as yet, for only one visit had been paid, and that a not very satisfactory one; but now Guinivere met her with outstretched arms and quivering lips, and when they had clasped each other silently and long, Beatrice found that her sister's tears were raining down her cheeks.

The room was only lighted by the glow of a grand fire. The curtains were closely drawn, but no lamps had been brought in, though the dainty tea-table stood there with its array of silver and china.

"It is so good to have you again that it makes me foolish,' said Guinivere at last, drawing back and wiping her eyes again and again. "I ought not to have cried. Woodmayne will not like it if he sees my eyes red. But he will not be in till dinner-time. Sit down, darling, and let me look at you. Oh, it is so good to see a home face again! You don't know how I longed to be with you the other week! It did seem hard to be kept away; but Freda understood, did she not—and all of you?"

"Oh, I think so. We knew you would have come if you could. Of course, grand people have a great many ties, and there are drawbacks to everything."

"Indeed, yes," answered Guinivere, beginning to pour out tea with a hand that looked very slim and white. Beatrice noted that her sister was looking far from well. Her face was much thinner than of old, and it had lost the delicate bloom which once made it so attractive. The beauty of feature remained, but the joyousness and brightness were for the present at least not to be seen; her voice, as she continued speaking, had a ring of weariness in its sweet tones.

"We had so many claims upon our time. Woodmayne could not disappoint his old friends. People had got up dinner-parties and planned all sorts of things for us. He said it would be impossible. I was very grieved; but I could not urge it beyond a certain point. When you are married yourself, Beatrice," concluded Guinivere, with a shadowy smile, "you will find that when a husband once makes up his mind, there is nothing for the wife to do but to submit."

"That is quite right," answered Beatrice, with grave decision. "We make our vow of obedience, and we ought to be ready to keep it. I hope I shall be ready to surrender my will when my turn comes." Then a sudden gleam of happy light shone in her eyes, and she added: "I do not think Algernon will be a very hard taskmaster."

Guinivere's face suddenly quivered, and she turned it a little aside, even from Beatrice's loving gaze.

"I was so glad to hear about it, dear," she said. "I was sure it would come. He never had eyes for anybody but you from the very first. Oh, Beatrice, Beatrice! if I had only been like you! If I had only let love come to me naturally, without claiming it as a right, and playing and trifling with it, till I did not know gold from dross! Oh, when I look back to our happy life at home, and see how I threw away my chances, and bartered everything—for this! Oh, it is enough to break one's heart!"

The words came in such a sudden force, that Beatrice could neither check nor interrupt them till all had been spoken. Guinivere, as though overcome by her burst of emotion, lay back in her chair with her handkerchief to her eyes, and the younger sister sat in the silence of unutterable dismay.

Married but eight months—and to be speaking like this! Oh, it could not be the true expression of her feelings! She must be suffering from some temporary depression. Perhaps there had been a misunderstanding between husband and wife.

"Don't be horrified or terrified, Beatrice, if I indulge in the luxury of a few lamentations now that I have got you again. You know I always said I should not gain everything by marriage. I have got a great deal that I craved after; only I am learning to see that I undervalued those things which I renounced—simplicity, freedom, love!"

"Not love, Vera, oh, not love!" cried Beatrice urgently. "Your husband loves you, I am sure."

"Oh yes, in his own way; but that is not the way in which we were brought up. Don't think I am complaining of him. He gives me everything and goes everywhere with me. We are always together and we both of us desire to be. But he is not a demonstrative man. He does not understand those little caressing attentions which are so sweet to a woman. You know all about that now, Beatrice—though once you would not have done. And he does not like other people to pay me attention, and it is so difficult always to avoid giving offence. It is hard on me, because I have given him no cause to distrust me. Mrs. Masham says it is a great compliment that he is jealous about me still; but I could well dispense with that compliment," and she heaved a little sigh.

Beatrice very soon began to understand that her sister's life was a hard one, despite the gilded setting. The ceaseless round of amusements which had been so delightful to her once, had now become wearisome. She would often have liked far better to stay at home, but Lord Woodmayne had no domestic tastes, and seemed resolved never to appear without his wife. Even if she pleaded fatigue, the only reply was that they would not stay long; whereas what Guinivere wanted was to be spared the trouble of an elaborate toilette, and to enjoy a quiet evening at home with Beatrice.

Lord Woodmayne was suave enough to Beatrice at the outset, and even passed compliments upon her rather to the detriment of his wife; but as days flew on, and he noted how Guinivere clung to her sister, his jealousy seemed in danger of extending to her also, and there were times when but for Guinivere's earnest pleading, she would have gone home with very little delay.

One thing which pained her almost more than anything else was the entire absence of any sort of religious rule in the household. There was no attempt at family prayer, and Guinivere confessed that she should never dare to suggest such a thing, and that only in one of all the houses where they had stayed was that ceremony attempted, and then her husband had complained scornfully of the nuisance it was, and had said a few stinging things to his wife when she had striven to speak a word of approval. On

Sunday there was no going to church unless exceptionally, to hear some fashionable preacher or some fine musical service. The late hours habitually kept stood in the way of attendance at morning service, and as for the later hours of the day, it soon appeared to Beatrice as though Sunday in her sister's set was simply a day for pleasure-seeking on a rather extended scale. She was told that almost all the most interesting people were "At Home" on Sunday, and that on that day you could meet a number of artistic, literary and political celebrities who had scant leisure at other times to show themselves abroad.

Beatrice had not any very strict Sabbatical notions herself. She had been used to seeing her friends drop in on a Sunday afternoon, and thought it a pleasant thing that they should do so. But to make of Sunday a regular day for a round of what were practically afternoon and evening parties, and to give up for the sake of these all those hallowing influences which had always surrounded the day to her before, seemed a sad and even a terrible thing. She made a stand herself, and went quietly and regularly to church, despite the sneers of Lord Woodmayne and the pleadings of Guinivere.

"I can't help it, Vera," she would say, "I'll do anything else. But I can't give up Sunday too. Papa would not like it. He would be very grieved. You know he has always said that although Sunday is a happy day of rest and leisure, it is God's day too, and we must give Him a share of our time and thought. I am under obedience to him still and I must not do what he would not wish. It is different for you, because you have a husband whom you must obey. But my duty is clear."

And Guinivere answered with quivering lips—

"Oh, how I long after our dear, quiet, happy Sundays at home, with just a few friends of our own coming, and papa nodding to us and saying it was church-time, and all of us going off with him then! Oh, Beatrice, what would I not give sometimes for one of those happy Sundays! I am so unspeakably weary of the same round, morning, noon, and night — Sunday and weekday alike! And sometimes I wonder whether I am right in always obeying my husband! How far ought a wife to make a stand against acting against her conscience? Oh, it is so difficult—so unspeakably difficult! I never thought of all that before—and now it is too late!"

Beatrice shook her head gravely and said nothing. The question was far too difficult a one for her to try to settle, and she felt a right and proper shrinking from trying to interfere ever so little between husband and wife. These things only served to raise in her heart a sense of intense thanksgiving that her own lot in life was to be cast in with a man whose high principle and unostentatious goodness she could thoroughly trust, and who would never demand from her the sacrifice of the smallest scruple of conscience.

But though there was much to sadden her in her sister's splendid home, it must by no means be supposed that Guinivere was always sorrowful, or that there were no bright aspects to the picture.

Guinivere's pleasure-loving nature, although it had deepened, had not entirely changed, and when she felt well and strong, or when things were going pleasantly at home she was very happy and bright.

She was made very happy during Beatrice's visit by a suggestion from Lord Woodmayne himself that Freda and her husband should be asked to spend a couple of nights in Park Lane on their way home from the bridal trip. As Mrs. Leslie of King's Castle (instead of Miss Freda Grey the lady journalist) Lord Woodmayne had no objection to receive her, and he by no means disliked gratifying his wife, provided it could be done without any sacrifice of his own pride or aristocratic prejudices.

So there was a pleasant meeting of three out of the six sisters, and Mr. Wilberforce dined at Park Lane with them all, and Lord Woodmayne exerted himself to be quite agreeable and entertaining.

Freda was looking brilliantly blooming and happy. She gave the most vivid descriptions of the things she had seen and heard abroad. Her training in the old life had given her a keenness of observation, and a power of facile reproduction that made her a most entertaining talker when she had an interested audience. Her sketch-book, too, was filled with amusing little jottings of persons and places, and kept Lord Woodmayne amused for the whole of one evening. He was quite cordial both to Arnold and his wife, and hoped they would spend a week with them in the season, a prospect which brought a light of pleasure and delight into Freda's eyes.

On the whole the visit was a great success, and at its close Lord Woodmayne remarked to his wife—

"Really, your sister is a very charming girl—I had not realised before how much talent and originality she possessed. Leslie is a bit of a prig, but a well-meaning fellow enough; and a merry little wife will knock the priggishness out of him faster than anything. We will certainly have them here from time to time. Freda's conversation would make any party go. She ought to have something of a success next year, if we take her out to see the world."

Guinivere's gratification and gratitude struck Beatrice as being a new and lovable trait in her. Time was when she would not have expected to see her sister gratified by having permission to take out and make much of Freda. She would have thought it merely a bore. Now she received her husband's suggestion with the greatest satisfaction.

Lord Woodmayne, being now in a good temper with his wife and her family, sent an invitation to Dr. Salisbury (whom he had always favoured with his good will) to spend a Sunday with them, and this came quite as a surprise upon Beatrice, who had had no suspicion of such a thing.

It was the greatest deprivation of her visit to her sister that it kept her away from him. But she had contented herself with the writing and receiving of many letters, and hardly realised how hungry her heart was for his presence, until she suddenly found herself face to face with him alone in the small drawing-room whither Guinivere had made some pretext to send her.

Sunday was a capital day for them, and they spent it almost entirely together. The evening was a quiet one for once, no other guest having been invited, and no going out being talked of. It was one of the happiest evenings that Beatrice had spent in that house, and perhaps her face said as much; for when she went as usual for a little chat over the fire in Guinivere's room before going to bed, her sister studied her face intently for a while with something almost wistful in her gaze, and then said suddenly—

"You will be a very happy woman, Beatrice, I am sure."

"I think so indeed. I ought to be," answered Beatrice with a smile of loving pride in her eyes. "I don't know what any girl could want more than I have got."

Guinivere stifled a long-drawn sigh.

"Some want a good deal more—or what they think is better. I see more and more every day how much is bartered away for wealth and a title and social grandeur. But perhaps you will have all that too, Beatrice, in time."

"O no," answered Beatrice quickly, "that was all Mrs. Masham's fancy. It is the same family, but he is nowhere near the title or estates. I shall never be 'my lady,' and I think I am glad of it."

"It is a barren honour, in itself," answered Guinivere with a touch of sadness, "not worth half the strivings after it that it gets. But Dr. Salisbury gives the impression of being a well-to-do man. He will give you a comfortable home, Beatrice?"

"O yes, a better one than I had any thoughts of. I think we shall have Dr. Kane's house. They talk of giving up altogether and going abroad for a time. Dr. Kane hardly practices at all now. He has taken up scientific research, and wants to go to Germany. I think Mrs. Kane was a little disappointed about Kitty and Arnold; though I don't think Kitty ever cared for him in that way. But they have got an idea that they would like to travel about, and when that once comes on, and people have the means, and no particular ties, it generally grows and conquers in the end. I believe before we are married, they will be gone, and we shall have their house. It is quite a nice one—and so near home too—that is the best of it. And you will come and see us, Vera, will you not? We shall not be grand people, but we will make you very comfortable, and it will be delightful having you!"

"Ah, it would, it would!" cried Guinivere, with wistful eyes, "I will come if I can. You know that, Beatrice. I think I should be perfectly happy with you in your own house. Nothing shall ever come between us if I can help it!"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(No Name).—Your best plan is to look over some bound vols. of *Scribner's Magazine* of about the date you name. There is no account of him in Allibon's *Biographical Dictionary*, nor in others we have consulted.

Beginner.—We regret that we can offer you no prospect of inserting the story you propose to send us, as our staff of story-writers is composed of experienced and well-known writers, and we could not offer any to our readers obtained from "Beginners," whose names are unknown in literature.

Troubled One is "troubled" by a very trifling matter! Introduce your intended to your friends simply as "Mr. John Smith," and you can tell them privately that you are engaged to him, as we hope, with your parents' consent.

Ignorant Kathleen.—Always express your thanks for any attention or service rendered to you. Say, "I am obliged to you for your escort." When a stranger moves out of your way, a slight bow in passing, without looking in the stranger's face, is a sufficient recognition of the politeness shown you.

Moss Rose.—The age at which a girl leaves school must depend on her circumstances and condition in life. Her parents' means must decide the matter in any case. Her being required at home; or having to be apprenticed to a trade, or to go into domestic service. The school education of the girls of the upper classes, or of those who have made sufficient money to keep them at school, remain there till of an age to be introduced into society, which is at 18. But a very important part of a girl's education has then to take the place of that which is given at school, and masters at home may be provided.

Reciter.—You may find what you want in *What to Read at Entertainments*, vol. i. Verse: vol. ii. Prose. Edited by Frederick Langbridge, and published at this office.

Esperance S.—You should introduce a man to a woman. You should not lead her up to him, but him to her; and you should then say, in presenting him, "Allow me to introduce Mr. So-and-So"; and afterwards add, "Mrs. (or Miss) So-and-So."

Kathleen inquires, 1. "What would you call a girl with pink-and-white complexion, rather light hair," &c. We might call her Lily, Blanche, or Pearl, which are significant names suitable for her. 2. January 7th, 1874, was a Wednesday.

One who Wishes to Know.—"Cathay" was formerly the name given to China, or rather, more correctly, to Tartary, of which, according to *Orlando Furioso*, the capital was "Albracca." It was called "Khitai" by the Tartars, and it was on the Tartar side that the Europeans first entered China in the Middle Ages. "Cathay" is mentioned in *Locksley Hall*, in which Tennyson expresses the opinion, which we must all endorse—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

H. B. (Bordeaux).—There is a home for German governesses at 16, Wyndham Place, London; and there is a Home et Agence des Institutrices Etrangères, at 3, Colvile Houses, Talbot Road, London, address the Rev. J. du Pontet de la Harpe; also there is Swiss House, a home for Swiss and other foreign governesses (and maids), at 15, Mecklenburg Square, London, address the superintendent, Miss Rod.

Lover of Music should read the articles by "Medicus" on "Nervous Girls." We are continually giving advice on this subject, and can add nothing to what we have said.

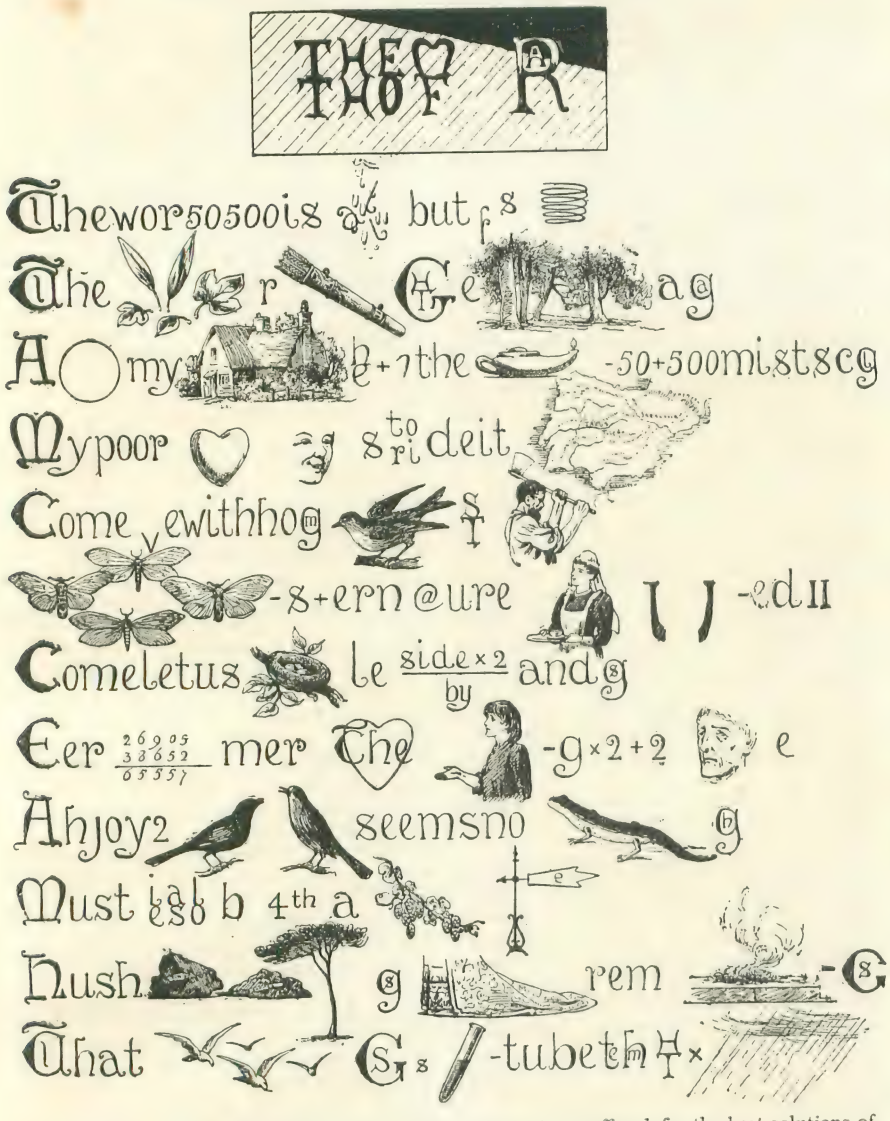
Thistle.—A gentleman—in the real meaning of the term—punctilious as to the etiquette of his class, would raise his hat to his mother, sister, or wife when meeting them out of doors.

Wanting to Know.—Whether your father had a right to a "coat of arms" or a "crest" we could not tell you, as you do not mention your name. Nor would the fact that it was one similar to that of one of the "landed gentry," or member of the aristocracy, be any proof that you had a right to theirs, because ancient names are often assumed without any legal and hereditary right to them. Judging from the style of your letter—the writing and exceedingly bad spelling—we advise you to think no more about heraldic distinctions, but try to improve your education, and to earn your bread respectably. You can make yourself greatly respected without such ornaments.

Ignoramus.—The word *Inquam* is the Latin for "I say."

M. E.—We are always telling our readers who want back numbers, or any of our books, to write to our publisher for them and any information respecting them. The "Editor" is not the "Publisher."

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** Eight Prizes (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be May 16, 1896; from Abroad, June 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A Consolation Prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

OUR NOVEMBER NUMBER PUZZLE COMPETITION.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Prize Winners. (*Fourteen shillings each.*)

Sadie Barrat, 358½, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

Anna I. Hood, Wimelle, Pas de Calais, France.

Helen Shilstone, Ellangowan, Fontabelle, Barbados.

Commended:—Helen L. M. Miller (India).

VOL. XVII.—No. 849.] APRIL 4, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HALF-A-DOZEN SISTERS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Next Door Neighbours," "Barbara's Brothers," etc.

'WITHIN HER ARM LAY A WHITE-ROBED BABY IN LONG CLOTHES."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

A FAMILY PARTY.

SUMMER was at its height. The golden sunshine of a splendid August afternoon was pouring down upon the world; but refreshing shade and coolness were to be found in the plantation of firs and larches behind Mr. Wilberforce's house; and thither it was that all the party had assembled, and sat looking round from time to time at each other and the whole group with glances that were eloquent of love and feeling.

The family circle was at last complete, and there hung upon all hearts the consciousness that for many a year at least it could never be quite complete again. Nobody was sad. All hearts were full of a sense of restful happiness and thankfulness. Nevertheless there was something of tender, loving regret in the knowledge that a page in life's history was about to be turned, and that the drifting currents of life might never, perhaps, bring all these many individuals now grouped together, into the same company again in this world.

For on the morrow there was to be a double wedding, and Norah and Beatrice would leave the home-nest; the one for a small home in London, a flat that lay conveniently for Roger Howel's work, and the management of which would leave Norah ample leisure, for a time, at any rate, to prosecute some of that work to which both he and she were pledged; the other for that comfortable house occupied until recently by Dr. Kane, which had now been taken and furnished by Dr. Salisbury for his bride, and where she would live, as it were, almost beneath the shadow of her old home.

The morrow would see those two sisters made wives, and a week later Gipsy would start for India to take up the life and work to which she had pledged herself, and to which she was now looking forward with serious but happy anticipation. A few weeks later still the two elder little boys would commence their school life as weekly boarders in a good preparatory school, and Miss Shuttleworth, who had been so successful in drilling them into methods of order, and in making interesting the rudiments of learning, would return to her own flat and her former position, though she had promised not to lose sight of her friends at the Larches, and to spend a day with them from time to time, to keep in touch with them, and to see how it fared with the diminished household.

The centre of the group was formed by Mr. Wilberforce, who kept looking about him with eyes which were far more eloquent of feeling than his lips. Beside him reclined upon the couch which had once been Mysie's special property, but which she never thought of troubling now, was Guinivere--Guinivere, looking thin and white and weak still, but with a new light of happiness in her eyes; and beside her and within her arm lay a white-robed baby in long clothes, upon whose tiny sleeping face her eyes often dwelt with a look of loving pride and happiness that was good to see.

Yes, Guinivere was a mother now. A little messenger of joy and hope had come to her; and although herself she had been very near to the gate of death, she had returned thence in safety, and had learnt lessons during her time of long seclusion which she might have found it hard to learn elsewhere.

Her little son had been born in his grandfather's house. Lord Woodmayne, although a proud and haughty man, was not really cruel, and when his wife had pleaded, with tears, to be permitted to visit her father and mother at this time, he had not had the heart to refuse. Now his pride in his son and his gratitude at the ceaseless loving care which Guinivere had received from all at the Larches, had done much to soften him, so that Beatrice who was most in her sister's confidence was quite hopeful that a new and better era would dawn at last for them.

Lord Woodmayne was living in Park Lane now, but came often to see his wife, and was to grace the double wedding to-morrow with his august presence. He had made very handsome gifts to both the brides, and Norah's flat she had found most wonderfully embellished just recently by all manner of wonderful draperies, fur rugs and oriental embroideries, which had been mysteriously brought and laid down or hung up by an eminent firm of upholsterers, no explanation having been offered. But Norah knew perfectly who had been the munificent donor. Lord Woodmayne was not a man who easily spoke his gratitude; but he knew that to Norah's tender and most skilful nursing his wife owed, if not her life, at least her satisfactory convalescence, and this was his way of showing his appreciation of what she had taken simply as a matter of sisterly right and duty.

It was in vain for the Viscount to argue that these girls were not sisters, that there was no blood tie of any sort. They smiled at such a notion, and would say, in reply to any such hint—

"We have been half-a-dozen sisters almost ever since we can remember ourselves, and we shall be half-a-dozen sisters to our lives' end!"

It had been strange at first to Guinivere to be so assiduously waited upon as she was now by Mysie. It was Mysie to-day who kept running backwards and forwards to the house to see that all was going on well there, and who had always a cushion to offer or a rug to arrange for her sister, and who knew just where the couch best stood beneath the trees, or the angle which was the most comfortable for a tired back. There was no fretfulness in Mysie's face or voice now. She was early up and late to bed, and had already assumed a position in the house which showed how valuable she had become there. Her father looked to her for numbers of little attentions, which now that he was "growing an old man," as he called it, were more grateful to him than they had been years ago.

To Guinivere, who had not witnessed the gradual change, it seemed like a complete metamorphosis. She hardly knew Mysie, and was amazed to find her so pretty and so animated. She had always thought her very dull and rather plain before.

The day was too busy a one for this pleasant gathering under the trees to last very long. Tea had been drunk, and now Gipsy had hurried off in one direction and Norah in another. Some documents had been brought down for signature, and Mr. Wilberforce went to the house to look at them, and Beatrice was told to be at hand in case of need, whilst Mrs. Wilberforce and Miss Shuttleworth had taken the children away, and the nurse had come for the baby. Freda and Arnold wandered away into the shrubbery together, thinking that Guinivere looked tired and would like to rest, and being still in that stage when to be alone together is the greatest happiness the world can offer.

Mysie lingered beside the tea-table, putting the cups and plates quietly together, with the air of one who is used to performing little useful duties of a domestic kind. Guinivere looked at her several times, and then said tentatively—

"Will you be very lonely at home, Mysie, when all the rest are gone?"

Mysie looked up brightly.

"I shall miss them, of course—miss them dreadfully; but I shall not be so very lonely, after all. There will be mamma and papa and Baby Tom—who says, by-the-bye, that he won't be called Baby any longer. He says it's 'perfectly 'diculous,' because your baby is *the* baby of all the world to him, and he doesn't care for divided honours!"

The mother laughed a little and said—

"The little boys have been very pretty to baby. Everybody has been so good. Well, I am glad you can look forward so happily still. You will have Beatrice very near."

"Yes, quite close. I shall see her every day; and we can get to Norah very quickly by rail, and they have promised to spend Saturday to Monday here as often as ever they can. Both Norah and Freda want me to stay with them whenever I can. That will always be a nice change if I want it; but I think I shall have plenty to do at home. Quite enough to keep me busy, and stop my being dull. I'm going to have Gipsy's Sunday-school class for one thing; and she has been very careful in preparing her lessons, and I am not so clever as she is, so it will take me longer. They talk about a night-school too, and I might, perhaps, help with that if I could. And papa often has writing for me to do. Oh, I don't think I shall be dull at all. I think one is only dull when one has nothing to do."

Guinivere heard her in amaze. It was like listening to a new language to hear Mysie speaking so. She held out her hand and drew the girl down beside her.

"Always go on thinking so, dear," she said. "That is the right way of looking at life. It is never dull when we have duties to occupy us—and especially duties for other people. It is when we only have ourselves and our own amusements to think of that life becomes so unspeakably tedious and wearisome."

Mysie looked a little doubtfully at her sister.

"Do you ever find that, Guinivere? I did once when I thought of nothing but myself, and how I could get off doing anything, and always keep ill and weak. I don't think I knew I wanted to, but I can see now that I was a goose, and thought it interesting, and didn't really want to be better—just what people used to tell me, and I got so cross. But you were never like that. You always were so beautiful and brilliant. And now you are one of the greatest ladies in London. Oh! you can never know about being dull and finding everything so tame and tedious!"

Guinivere smiled a little and stroked Mysie's hand.

"I don't know, dear. Sometimes I think that outward circumstances make wonderfully little difference. The root of happiness lies within ourselves. If we live a selfish and self-centred life I think we must grow unhappy, however bright our surroundings are. I used not to believe that. I was quite sure I could show what a fine thing wealth and rank made of any life. But I am not sure that I did not make as great a blunder as you did in another way. We have both learned wisdom by experience. Let us try and take our lessons to heart. You have papa and mamma to live for now, and a useful sphere at home; and God has sent me my little boy to take me out of myself. I hope we shall both of us learn our lesson, and not sink back into selfishness again."

Very much amazed was Mysie to hear Guinivere bracketing themselves together in this matter. She looked in surprise at the white thin face, into which the glow of returning health was just stealing, and she said impetuously—

"I don't think I knew you had ever been selfish, Guinivere. But I am sure you will never be selfish any more!"

Guinivere smiled affectionately at her.

"You shall come and see some day whether or not you are a true prophetess. You talk of visiting King's Castle and Norah's flat. But are you never coming to see me?—the real sister?—as Woodmayne would say?"

Mysie's eyes shone like stars.

"Oh, Guinivere! if only I might! But I thought yours was such a grand house, that I should never stay in it!"

"We will see about that, dear," said Guinivere, speaking now with a confidence she would not have dared to assume in old days; "I do not see why I am to be the only sister left out. Now that Beatrice is married she will not be able to come to me as she did before. I shall have to find a substitute in you—and show you a little of the world!"

"Oh, Guinivere! it would be delightful!" cried Mysie, with brightening eyes. "Oh, how glad I am that I can do things like other people now! Fancy missing such a chance just because one fancied one was always ailing!"

Which speech, if not very grammatical, showed at least that Mysie's eyes were opened to her weakness of old days.

The double wedding passed off with a quiet brightness that was different from the brilliance of Guinivere's, yet which on the whole satisfied the neighbourhood more completely. The bridegrooms were not either of them strangers, and happy auguries were whispered on all hands.

It was considered very satisfactory that Lord and Lady Woodmayne should be present at the ceremony this time. The outraged public feeling was quite smoothed down again now. Lord Woodmayne made decidedly the most brilliant speech at the breakfast, and when Arnold Leslie, with considerable happy tact, proposed the health of his infant son amongst those drunk at the feast, his face really looked quite pleasant in its fatherly pride. He took in his arms the small white morsel of humanity which had been brought in, and returned thanks for his son, actually holding him with a paternal tenderness of mien which brought the tears to Guinivere's eyes, and raised him immeasurably in the estimation of the company.

When Beatrice kissed her sister in the hall before departure, and heard her murmured words of congratulation and hopes for her future happiness, she could not help whispering back—

"I think happier days are coming for you, too, dearest. The little son will be a new link. I think he has come as a gift from God, and that it will be given to you to make your husband look upon him as such."

"Ah, if it might be!" breathed Guinivere softly; but her face was more peaceful and happy than it had been for very long.

The bustle of the wedding had kept the family from thinking too much of the near departure of Gipsy, and she had been glad of this, for the wrench of the long parting was more severe when the moment came than she had anticipated, and it had been a relief to make her own preparations in something of a bustle.

She was quite ready when the moment came, resolute, hopeful, intensely interested in the work which lay before her, and filled with true missionary zeal. She would not have turned back now even had it been possible, yet it took all her bravery and brightness to keep a smiling face up to the last; and she was glad that some of the sisters were not there, so that the leave-takings at the last were the fewer.

Guinivere's farewell was, perhaps, the brightest spot in the day which saw her departure beneath her father's escort; for he would not permit her to go on board the steamer alone. He was to see the very last of her, and put her especially beneath the captain's care.

"India is not so far off now—Woodmayne says it is nothing of a journey," said Guinivere, holding her very closely in her arms. "Perhaps we will come and pay you a visit one of these days. Woodmayne is a great traveller; and if there were such an object as that in view, I would gladly aid and abet the suggestion!"

Gipsy brightened up in a moment, though the tears ran over all the same.

"Of course!" she cried, "the very thing! That comes of having a Viscountess in the family. A journey to India is nothing to you rich people. I shall look forward to seeing you very soon!"

Heartened up by this thought, she went away with a smiling face, and Guinivere turning back with dewy eyes into the house took Mysie and Freda by the arm and said—

"All that is left of the half-dozen sisters! I wonder when we shall all meet again!"

LIFE OF A. L. O. E." BY AGNES GIBERNE.

THIS new Christmas volume will doubtless be one of the most attractive of the books published this season. It begins with a graphic account of Miss Charlotte Tucker's (A. L. O. E.) father—one of the directors of the East India Company, and a brief summary of his life; from which we learn that A. L. O. E. had a cheerful and happy childhood and girlhood, even at the early age of twelve and fourteen writing plays and poems for the pleasure of her home-circle. She was content with their approbation, and did not appear even to think of writing for the press till she was past thirty. Even then her father objected to her publishing her MS., so that only a few stray little stories appeared in print before the public, such as the beautiful poem, "The White Shroud," and "Daybreak in Britain." A. L. O. E.'s first great sorrow was the death of her father, which event cast a shadow over all her subsequent life; she was so devotedly attached to him. Of all her family of brothers and sisters, her sister Laura (afterwards Mrs. Hamilton) was her favourite and confidante; and she never seemed to need a better. Her brother Robert was killed in the Indian Mutiny; and his death came as a great shock to her, and his orphan children, whom she had taken charge of since they were almost babies. Subsequently she wrote regularly for the press; and her stories became the most popular ones of the day. She was singularly modest about her writing, never caring to be praised, and certainly never seeking it. Perhaps her inventive genius helped to drive away (for the time at least) the many sorrowful thoughts and anxieties which she bore with such patient resignation. And yet another sorrow—more keenly felt than any other, was close at hand. The only daughter of her brother Robert, whom she had brought up, went out to India as soon as she left the schoolroom; and in one short year died in that far-off land, not "too early gathered" for—

> "No flower can fall too soon;
> If ripe for glory—early plucked is early bliss,"

and she was ready to go hence when the Master called her. But the sorrow fell heavily upon A. L. O. E.; and it was a life-long sorrow to her, none the less that it was bravely borne. Five years later her mother died, and the old home was broken up, and shortly after an elder sister died. And then A. L. O. E.'s thoughts turned to the Mission field, and after much prayer and deliberation, she determined to go out to India as an honorary missionary of the Indian Female School and Instruction Society; subsequently on its formation joining the other branch—the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. No matter that she was no longer young. She could go out at her own charges, and be an expense to none. And having once put her hand to the missionary plough, she did not look back. Indeed, during the eighteen years of life that yet remained to her, she never came home to England after she went out, though many loved ones longed to have her among them once more. Perhaps the wrench of leaving all had been too painful for her to feel able to go through the ordeal a second time.

On first going out to India she stayed at Amritsar in the Punjab, but soon moved to the city of Batala, where she felt the need of workers was greater. Those first days at Amritsar were perhaps the brightest of all her missionary life, for she had the companionship of Mrs. Elmslie (widow of Dr. Elmslie of Cashmere), whose gentle kindness was very precious to her. And this friendship was strengthened when Mrs. Elmslie married

yours L. B. Tucker.

Mr. Baring, Principal of the boy's school at Batala; and A. L. O. E. lived with them as a loved and honoured fellow-worker. But this joy was short-lived, for after a short illness, Mrs. Baring passed away to the better land above, leaving a blank which no one else could fill. Other missionaries (good and kind many of them) came and went, but they were for the most part young and inexperienced, and scarcely companions to one so clever and intellectual as A. L. O. E. Her life was from this time more and more solitary, and she was often the only English lady in Batala, but she bore it without a murmur, and her cheerful letters home gave scarcely a hint of the shadows in her life. When one of her nephews about this time went as governor to the Andaman Islands (a penal settlement) A. L. O. E. herself proposed to go as a missionary to the poor convicts there, or to pay for a substitute if she was considered too old to undertake such a venture. For various reasons both these offers were rejected; and thenceforth she settled down to the quiet monotony of missionary life at Batala. Much of her time was devoted to preparing native tracts and books for the Indians, and these had an immense circulation in many dialects, and she often sent home a story for her friends in England. One of her books, written at the special request of the Christian Vernacular Society for India (now called the Christian Literature Society), deserves particular notice. It is a brief compendium of all the Parables of our Lord, graced with pithy stories to explain the lessons they are meant to teach, so that the heathen might understand. The book is entitled *Pearls of Wisdom*, and was published in England as well as in many Indian dialects. These little books (for the original volume was printed in portions to be sold cheaply) are still carrying through India's length and breadth the glad tidings of the glorious gospel of the Grace of God. Hard work, sorrow, and many trials, combined with the climate perhaps (though she never seemed to feel the heat), told much on her strength, and she aged so rapidly that at seventy she looked like ninety, so frail and thin and bent did she become; and yet to the very last she laboured on, often beyond her strength, with a loyal enthusiasm which nothing could destroy.

For fuller particulars we refer our readers to Miss Giberne's book, hoping that its perusal may stimulate many to follow in the steps of this veteran missionary. Missionary life was not all ease and comfort to her, and she spent little on herself, though much on others. A room adjoining the Mission House became her bed-room and sitting-room in one, while she joined her fellow-missionaries at meal-times and social hours.

A. L. O. E. longed to die at Batala; but when she became dangerously ill those about her were so pressing in their desire to move her to Amritsar, that she yielded to their wishes, and allowed herself to be removed from the scene of her labours. Friends who loved her, both English and Native, were round her dying bed. No relative was near to minister to A. L. O. E. as she passed away from the darkness of the chamber of sickness into the Glory of God; but He Whom she loved best was with her in those last moments of earthly trial, and she feared no evil knowing that He was there.

> "What care the saints of God if they
> Through pain and grief are called away
> To their reward?
> What matters this short life of tears
> Which ushers in the countless years
> With their dear Lord."

NOTE.—Any profits derived by A. L. O. E.'s relatives from the publication of this volume will be appropriated among those missionary societies in which she was especially interested.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE journey through the upland country had not been at all a pleasant one to Cecil, quite irrespective of the continual alarms due to the attacks of the insurgents. From the very day on which they left Hillah, Jamileh Khanum's behaviour had been markedly and inexplicably disagreeable. She seized every opportunity of heaping slights on Azim Bey and his governess, and her servants followed her example. Travelling, as they did, humbly in the rear of the harem procession, which was headed by the gorgeous *takhtrevan*, with its velvet cushions and curtains of cloth of gold, in which reposed the Khanum Effendi and her boy, the little band who formed the household of Azim Bey were exposed to many unpleasantnesses. It became almost a matter of course that Cecil should find, on reaching the village where the night was to be spent, that the Khanum Effendi and her household had appropriated all the accommodation, leaving her and her party no choice but to camp in the courtyard. She herself would have been willing to sacrifice much for the sake of peace, but Azim Bey was by no means like-minded, and the difficulty was generally settled after a tremendous quarrel between the respective servants, in the course of which Masûd, armed with a whip and his young master's authority, turned out the intruders in sufficient numbers to secure Cecil and the other women a resting-place where they would be tolerably free from the attacks of the mosquitoes and other pests of the region.

Disagreeable as these nightly experiences were, they did not at all exhaust Jamileh Khanum's opportunities of making herself unpleasant. It seemed to Cecil that she was doing her best, with a purposeless malignity, to lower both Azim Bey and his governess in the eyes of the servants. Not feeling inclined to assist in this process, Cecil did her best to keep her followers separate from the rest; but Jamileh Khanum could never pass the group without an insulting word to her, or an expression of hatred directed against Azim Bey, who was stigmatised twenty times a day as the supplanter of his little brother. Cecil's patience was sorely tasked, for it was a difficult business to maintain her own dignity without infringing the respect due to the Khanum Effendi, and there was no redress. Once on the journey, the Pasha was scarcely ever to be seen, even by Azim Bey, for custom required that the gentlemen should all ride a considerable distance in front of the harem procession, and for Cecil to have left her companions to lay her grievances before her employer would have been a breach of etiquette amounting to a crime. One of the most disagreeable features of the case was that Jamileh Khanum's servants imitated their mistress's behaviour, and even improved upon it. Azim Bey could always take care of himself, and Cecil had spirit enough to secure tolerable respect towards her in her presence, but the treatment which their household received from that of Jamileh Khanum was galling in the extreme. Headed by the Levantine Mdlle. Katrina, who had been lent to her daughter-in-law by the Um-ul-Pasha in view of this journey, the harem attendants did everything in their power to insult and injure the servants of the Bey.

What reason there could be for this state of affairs Cecil could not conceive, until it struck her one day, from various signs which she observed, that her slighted admirer, M. Karalampi, was in communication with Jamileh Khanum. As had been the case at Baghdad, the go-between was Mdlle. Katrina. It was of course impossible for her to have any actual intercourse with M. Karalampi, who was in front with the Pasha, but Mdlle. Katrina had a nephew, an ill-conditioned youth of mixed parentage and doubtful nationality, who was continually to be seen hanging about in the neighbourhood of the harem tents. Once or twice Cecil came upon this individual talking to his aunt in secluded corners, a thing which could not have happened if the agas had not diplomatically turned their backs, but it seemed ridiculous to suppose that M. Karalampi's schemes could be in any way forwarded by the petty persecution which had been set on foot, and she thought little of the matter. It was Um Yusuf who first let her into the secret of the mortifications she had endured, but this was not until Sardiyeh was reached, and they were safe in their own house, and as free from insult as in their courtyard at Baghdad.

"Come down the hill with me, Um Yusuf. I want to make a sketch," Cecil said to her maid the morning after their arrival, entranced by the effects of light and shade produced by the sunrise upon the dark mountains.

"You not go beyond the gate, mademoiselle?" asked Um Yusuf anxiously.

"Why not?" asked Cecil in astonishment. "There is a place just outside the town-wall which has a splendid view. We will take little Ishak to carry the paint-box, and we shall be in sight of the guard at the gate. Besides, the Kurds would not venture so near to the town."

"Mademoiselle," said Um Yusuf slowly and impressively, "you not go one step outside gate without Masûd. Suppose guard looking the other way; Kurds or any bad men come up quickly, kill you, kill me, run away. What good guard do?"

"But why should the Kurds be lying in wait for us?" asked Cecil laughing.

"I said Kurds *or any bad men*, mademoiselle."

"What do you mean, Um Yusuf?" asked Cecil, impressed by the woman's tone. "Is there anyone who wants to kill us?"

"I tell you what I know," said Um Yusuf, looking fearfully round the house-top, where they were standing. "Khanum Effendi want get you away from Azim Bey, mademoiselle. All this time she been rude to you, and her servants the same, but when you not there they say to Basimeh Kalfa, to Masûd, to me, 'You see your Mdlle. Antaza? What she signify here? Khanum Effendi do what she like with her. Balio Bey big man, but his arm not reach to Kurdistan. You help Khanum Effendi get rid of her, you not be punished, get plenty of money. You say she want poison Azim Bey, Pasha send her away, all right for you.' That what they say to us, mademoiselle, we say no, tell Pasha if they do it again. They laugh at us, but not try it, and I think they kill you if they can."

Cecil turned pale. It was a horrible thing to feel that her enemies had tried to bribe her own servants to bear false witness against her, and to know that she owed her life to their faithfulness. Their safety as well as her own was now at stake, and she did not need another warning from Um Yusuf. She kept her pupil with her all day, and did not attempt to go out unless escorted by Masûd. It did not occur to her to take further precautions, and she did not know until some time afterwards that Um Yusuf, fearing poison, made a practice of tasting beforehand every dish which was to be set before her mistress. All the food used by the household was purchased separately in the market by Basimeh Kalfa, and none of the harem slaves were allowed to come near the kitchen. These measures once taken, Um Yusuf felt that things were tolerably safe, not knowing that Jamileh Khanum's messengers had conveyed to M. Karalampi the news of the failure to corrupt the members of the household, and also of the precautions which had been adopted, and that he had returned answer that he had a new plan for effecting the desired purpose just ready to be put in action.

It afforded a partial relief to Cecil's anxiety for her pupil when he was allowed, in answer to his piteous prayers, to accompany his father and the troops part of the way in their march against the chief stronghold of the insurgents. He was away for some days, and his governess employed the time in writing one of the long journal letters which kept the family at Whitcliffe regularly informed of all her doings, but had been neglected during the exciting times of the

last few weeks, which were unfavourable to epistolary composition. But it was still difficult to write, for Cecil did not dare to say a word on the subject which lay nearest her heart—that of Charlie's present whereabouts. The alarm she had felt on his account in leaving Hillah had increased tenfold now that a considerable time had elapsed without her hearing from him, and it was in vain that she tried to comfort herself with the suggestion that the insurgents might have prevented the passage of any couriers, or that his letters might have been intercepted once more. She felt sure that if he had reached Baghdad, he would not have failed to send her some intimation of his safety through Sir Dugald, whose letters neither Azim Bey nor the mountaineers, who cherished a deep veneration for the British name, would venture to stop. It was evident, then, that Charlie was either still in Hillah, or was retracing his steps to Ispahan by the way he had come—if, at least, he had not been suspected and seized.

The thought of this last possibility tormented Cecil day and night, and the more so that no means of solving the mystery presented themselves to her. Even if she wrote to Sir Dugald to inform him of her meeting with Charlie and of her fears respecting his safety, and inquiries were set on foot, it might have just the effect of arousing suspicion, and endangering him in his journey back to Persia or his retirement at Hillah, supposing he had settled down there to enjoy a taste of Eastern life once more. Cecil longed wearily for some assurance that this was the case, and wished too late that she had not set her face so resolutely against her lover's eccentricities in the past. Merely to know now that he was safe in the camp of some sheikh of the Hajar would have been the height of bliss, but it was a bliss she was not to enjoy. To write her letter under these circumstances, without alluding to the subject which filled almost all her waking thoughts, was a difficult task, but she feared that the epistle might fall into unfriendly hands, and she wrote it without even mentioning Charlie's name. The recital of the alarms and moving incidents which had diversified the passage of the caravan through the mountains took her so long that she did not finish the letter until the afternoon of the day on which Azim Bey was expected back, and she gave a sigh of gratification as she wrapped the envelope in the strong paper covering which was necessary to protect it against the rough usage it would probably meet with in its transit to Baghdad. This operation completed, and the packet firmly sealed, she went out on the broad *lewan* or piazza to call one of the servants who might give it to the Pasha's courier before he started on his journey to the city.

Looking down into the courtyard, without the slightest foreboding of coming trouble, she saw that the servants had a visitor. Um Yusuf, old Ayesha and Basimeh Kalfa were sitting on the ground, entertaining with coffee and cakes an elderly woman in whom Cecil recognised a former *kalfa* of the Um-ul-Pasha's, who had married a non-commissioned officer of one of the regiments which formed the guard of honour, and who had been permitted to accompany her husband on this expedition. But the cakes stood untasted, and Basimeh Kalfa had paused in the act of pouring out the coffee, and was holding the pot suspended in the air, while she and the others stared with eyes of horror at their visitor, and listened with upraised hands of dismay to some story which she seemed to be narrating.

"May God visit it upon my own head if it be not true!" concluded the stranger, and Cecil heard Um Yusuf apostrophising a string of obscure Syrian saints, while the two other women murmured, "God forbid!" and "God is great!" in awe-struck tones.

"How wilt thou tell thy lady, O Um Yusuf?" asked old Ayesha, just as Um Yusuf looked up, met her mistress's eye, and dropped in her consternation the cup she was holding. A feeling for which she could not account impelled Cecil to descend the steps leading into the court and enter the group, the members of which started guiltily when they found her among them, the visitor alone taking refuge in an assumed carelessness.

"Is anything wrong? What is the matter?" Cecil asked.

"Oh, nothing, mademoiselle," replied Um Yusuf hastily. "You want me?"

"I am sure there is something wrong," said Cecil. "Leyleh Kalfa has brought bad news. What is it that you are to tell me, Um Yusuf?"

"You come with me, mademoiselle," said Um Yusuf, trying to draw her mistress aside. "That daughter of Shaitan know nothing, she make it all up."

"God forbid!" said Leyleh Kalfa piously.

"O my soul, come with me!" entreated Um Yusuf.

"I insist upon hearing what she has told you," said Cecil, standing her ground, although the affectionate epithet from the lips of the sedate Syrian woman thrilled her with alarm.

"She say, mademoiselle," said Um Yusuf unwillingly, "that those two Armenians from Hillah were with Pasha's caravan in the mountains, and Kurds carry them off."

"Is this true?" demanded Cecil of Leyleh Kalfa.

"I heard it from my husband, who was with the rearguard, O my lady," replied the woman; "and more than that, I can testify that though I had often seen them before, yet they disappeared altogether from that time."

"But was it Kurds, not Yezidis?" asked Cecil.

"Kurds, O my lady," purred the woman. She had a soft, smooth voice, and a way of fastening her eyes sleepily on the person she addressed. Cecil, standing for a moment overwhelmed, felt an unreasoning hatred spring up in her heart against her. It was only for the first instant that the disaster crushed her, however, and she sought immediate relief in action.

"I want you to come out with me, Um Yusuf," she said.

"But, mademoiselle, Masûd not here. You not go without him?"

"Yes, I can't wait."

"But they kill us, mademoiselle."

"Then stay behind and I will go alone. Don't you see that there is not a moment to lose?"

"If I perish, I perish," was Um Yusuf's mental utterance as she wrapped her sheet round her and followed her mistress without another word. She would face all the Kurds in Kurdistan rather than let mademoiselle go out by herself.

"Where you going, mademoiselle?" she asked, as they approached the gate.

"To the little Christian village down in the valley," responded Cecil steadily. "The priest there will help us. He can speak English."

"What, Kasha Thoma?" asked Um Yusuf. "Oh yes, he good man, been with Melican missionaries at Beyrout. But what you say to him, mademoiselle?"

"I shall ask him to send off a trustworthy messenger at once to Baghdad, to tell the Balio Bey what we have heard. If the Pasha were here, I would go straight to him, but Sir Dugald Haigh will do all he can."

"What you 'fraid of, mademoiselle?" inquired Um Yusuf.

"That the Kurds may carry Dr. Egerton away into the mountains, or take him to Persia, and perhaps treat him badly," said Cecil.

Um Yusuf's own fears were of a darker nature, but she was wise enough to keep silence concerning them, and presently her mind became engrossed with the thought of the peril she and her mistress were running into by leaving the town unattended. True, almost every foot of the winding path which led to the Nestorian village was under the eye of the watchman at the town-gate, and also of the Turkish sentinels at the fort, but the untoward events of the journey, and the alarms of the last few weeks, would have shaken the nerves of most people, and Um Yusuf's imagination conjured up lurking Kurds behind every rock. More than once she was on the point of declaring her conviction that Leyleh Kalfa's whole story was a fraud, invented for the very purpose of decoying Cecil out in this way, that she might fall into the hands of the Kurdish raiders, but the certainty that even if she turned back, her mistress would infallibly go on alone, kept her silent, and she followed on in the spirit of a martyr, casting timid glances on either side. Fervently she longed for the protection of Masûd and his stout cudgel, but neither was at hand. Her greatest trial was still to come, for at the foot of the hill a man rose suddenly from the shelter of a clump of bushes and ran towards them. Um Yusuf screamed and clutched Cecil's arm.

"It is only a beggar," said Cecil quickly, and indeed, the shrunken form in its multi-coloured rags could scarcely have been considered formidable in any case. As he reached them, the man

tore off the *keffiyeh* which enveloped his head, disclosing a face at sight of which both women started and turned pale. The wasted features were those of Hanna, the Armenian lad who had been Charlie Egerton's servant at Baghdad, and had accompanied him on his foolhardy adventure.

"O luckless one!" screamed Um Yusuf, finding her tongue first, "what evil fate has befallen thee? Where is thy master?"

"What is that to do with thee?" demanded Hanna. "I am here with a message from him to thy lady."

"Tell me quickly," cried Cecil, "is he ill? in prison?"

"He had no time to write," pursued Hanna evasively, "but I have carried his words."

"But is he—is he—" gasped Cecil. "He is not dead?"

"O my lady, he is dead. I am come unto thee with the last words he said."

"Go on," said Cecil hoarsely, her tearless eyes searching the man's face.

"I can tell thee but little, O my lady, for all was done so quickly. My master and I left Hillah with our mules in the train of the Pasha, desiring to pass through the mountains in safety. But on a certain day there was an attack made upon the rearguard, and the robbers got between it and the main body. There was a great turmoil, for all the traders and their beasts were mixed up with the soldiers and the enemy upon a narrow ledge of rock, and in the confusion a band of Kurds separated some of us from the rest, and dragged us away by force. Among these were my master and I, for he had bidden me keep close beside him. Then they bound our hands and fastened us to their saddles, and led us along many steep and winding paths, going continually further into the mountains. But my master said, 'Courage, Hanna, don't lose heart. We will yet slip away from them,' and I was cheered, knowing his coolness and bravery. But at last they left the horses behind, and began to climb up rocks such as the wild goats love, still leading my master and me with them. So then we came to a valley in the highest part of the mountains, in which there was a pool of water and some sheep, and when my master saw the place, he said 'Our wanderings are over, O Hanna, for they would never have shown us this stronghold of theirs had they meant us to leave it alive.' Now in this valley were caves, and into one of these they thrust my master and me, leaving us without food or water for two days and nights. But on the third day one of the Kurds in passing called out to us between the stones at the mouth of the cave, 'Dogs of Christians,

prepare for death!' Then while my master and I looked at one another, the rest came and took down the stones and led my master away. But as he went he turned and said to me, 'If thou shouldst escape, seek out Mdlle. Antaza, and say this to her from me,' and truly, O my lady, I have repeated it night and morning on my fingers, lest I should forget it, for it was seven English words," and spreading out his hand, Hanna read off mechanically, "'Good—bye—dar—ling—God—bless—you.'"

A choking sob burst from Cecil, but she signed to the man to continue.

"That was the last time I saw my master alive, O my lady. But that evening they led me forth also, and I thought that surely my hour of death was come, but they took me only to the brow of a precipice, and told me to look down. And looking down, I saw——"

"What?" asked Cecil sharply.

"I saw my master's body lying far below, in the Armenian dress he had worn, in a pit as deep as Jehannam. And the robbers laughed at me, and bade me mark the place well, saying, 'Thy master's turn to-day, thine to-morrow.' Then they led me back, more dead than alive with fear, but behold! before we reached the cave we found coming to meet us certain other Kurds, who had only just arrived in the stronghold, and those with me stopped to salute them and to ask them of their welfare. And after welcoming them they killed a sheep and made a feast, leaving me in the cave, but with no stone at its mouth. And when they were eating and were merry, and it was dark and no guard set, I crept out, and finding the sword of a man who had thrown it aside while he ate, I cut through my bonds. Then, taking the sword with me, and some bread that lay near, I stole away, and when I was out of earshot of the Kurds, I started to run. But how I found the way down the mountain, or how I did not fall and die, I cannot tell; I know only that I made my way hither, and for three days have I watched for thee, O my lady, to give thee the message of the dead. But into the town I could not come, for the watchman at the gate drove me away."

"And what wilt thou do now?" asked Um Yusuf.

"I should like to return to Baghdad and my own people," he said; "but how am I to go there, when my master is dead, and the Kurds have robbed me?"

"Go to Baghdad," said Cecil, emptying her purse mechanically into his hands, "and tell the Balio Bey what you have told me. Don't lose time—but no, there is no need of any hurry now. Let us go back to Sardiyeh, Um Yusuf. Kasha Thoma cannot help us."

(To be continued.)

A DISAGREEABLE COMPLAINT.

PERSPIRING feet as a complaint is most common among servants, or anyone whose occupation in life compels them to remain for any length of time upon their feet.

It is frequently associated with a most unpleasant odour, which permeates all the surroundings of persons suffering from it, and even clings to the room which they have left.

Management.—It may be cured by care and attention in the following way:—Old boots and shoes previously worn should be laid aside. The patient's feet should be bathed nightly in sea-salt, and the stockings changed daily. Another good plan is to wash the feet every night, and anoint the soles with zinc or salicylic ointment.

For the patient's stockings, the following solution should be prepared:—Some powdered boracic acid should be placed in a vessel, and a quart or more of hot water poured on it. This may be allowed to cool. Several pairs of stockings should be placed with the feet in the solution, and, when well-soaked, should be afterwards dried.

The stockings are now ready for use, and should be changed several times a day in bad cases. The feet of the stockings should be placed in the solution after they have been worn. The boots and shoes, if not much tainted with the discharge, should be dusted with boracic-acid powder.

BY A CERTIFICATED NURSE.

AT THE EASEL.

THE APPEAL.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

By the Rev. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

Oh, leave me not, be my dear wife;
  Thy love hath wrought me only good,
Hath given high purpose to my will
  And led me in the ways of God.

I feel to-day how strong is hope,
  And what delight doth honour give,
That when truth sits upon the throne
  The soul can only truly live.

'Tis thou hast swept the mists of doubt
  From my dark mind, and left it free;
'Tis thou hast woke within my heart
  The pride of holier chivalry.

Beneath thy wise and kindly rule,
  My life to nobler life has grown;
Oh, dearest, mar not thy great work
  By leaving me henceforth alone.

MY FIRST PICTURE.

By C. N. CARVALHO.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS standing one morning at the corner of Chancery Lane, waiting for an opportunity to cross to the other side of Holborn. Next to me was a woman with a child in her arms. Presently the little one stretched out his tiny hands towards a fruit-stall that had been drawn up to the edge of the pavement, and called out—

"Oh, mother, do buy an orange. Dicky is so thirsty."

"I can't, dearie," the woman said hurriedly, but not, I thought, unkindly. "Dicky shall have a nice drink of water when he gets home."

The prospect was evidently not alluring, for Dicky set up a dismal howl. The policeman in charge of the crossing now signed to me that the way was clear, but so absorbed was I that I let the opportunity go by.

So did my neighbour; she seemed little accustomed to crowded thoroughfares. Dicky's face was half hidden on her shoulder now, but he still went on whimpering. Suddenly a boy darted from underneath the fruit stall, and ran forward, an orange in his hand. He pulled it open and pressed the juicy part against the child's lips.

"Don't do that," the woman said roughly. "Take it away, boy. I have no money to throw away on oranges."

"No, no," cried the little lad, clutching at her hand. "Let him have it, please—you are not to pay for it. To-day is my birthday, and Biddy gave me a penny for a treat. It's all right."

I glanced curiously at the boy whose notions of a treat were so different from those of his fellow-mortals. He was a bright-looking little chap, about eight or nine years old, I fancied, but he might have been less, for street children get their faculties sharpened early. His clothes were ragged and dirty, but they had been good once—a long time ago, for they were much too small for him. His large eyes were beautifully soft and brown; his complexion so dark that he put me in mind of Murillo's famous beggar-boys. What a pretty picture he would make, rose to my lips involuntarily. Nothing so ambitious as trying to rival that great master was in my mind; still an artist, however unimportant, must have a model, and here was a most picturesque one. And I was an artist at heart, though my profession as type-writer in a lawyer's office left me little time to pursue my favourite occupation. But just now I was comparatively free, so I resolved to get this child to sit to me if I could.

Disregarding for the second time the policeman's signal, I turned to the fruit-stall.

"Oranges, miss," the Irishwoman in charge sang out. "Two a penny those are, but I have better ones."

A glance at her face told me it was not from her the lad had inherited his beauty or his kindly nature. Her eyes were shifty, her mouth coarse, and her voice had a sharp ring in it that was very disagreeable. She would, I was pretty sure, grant me no favour unless I made it worth her while.

I bought six of the larger oranges, and waited while she sought for a bag to hold them. I could have carried them easily enough had I chosen to do so, though six oranges make a good-sized package. But I wanted to make my request to the boy himself, so I patted him on the shoulder and told him I would give him a penny if he would take them home for me—it was not far.

"Be off then, Josy, and come back soon," the woman said, when he turned to her for permission, and in another moment my little porter had threaded his way across the road with a dexterity born of long practice, and was scampering on at such a rate that I could hardly keep pace with him.

On our way I gathered sundry particulars concerning his family history. Biddy was not his mother, which I was glad to hear, for I had taken a great dislike to her. His mother was dead, he said; he hardly remembered her. She came from Spain or Portugal, he did not know which, and his father was a sailor, called Jack Wilton. He had formerly belonged to a vessel that traded with Lisbon or Cadiz, but now he worked on board a ship that went right across the world. "So I never see him now," little José concluded dolefully, "But I know he will come back for me when he can; though Biddy says he won't."

"Is she good to you?" I asked tentatively.

He looked perplexed. He was a loyal little soul, and scorned to make complaint. "Oh yes, I suppose so," he said slowly. "She can't help it, can she, if father sends her no money for me? She can't keep me for nothing, so she makes me help her when I am not at school. But I don't like selling oranges."

"All men must work, José," I said oracularly.

"I want to go to sea," he returned doggedly. "Then I'd go and find father. And I'd see the oranges growing on trees as he says they do."

As we had not far to go, I made haste to tell the boy what I wanted of him. I had some difficulty in making him understand me, but when he did, he grew radiant with delight. Then I said I would come to the stall the next day and settle matters with Biddy, and having by that time reached my own door, I gave José the penny I had promised him, and bade him good-bye.

I lived then with my Aunt Ruth in a street near Southampton Row. The house was a poor one, but as good as we could afford. Till the last year we had lived in Hampshire, where my father had held a small curacy, but since his death, we had been forced to work for our living, and came up to London because Aunt Ruth had a friend there who offered to get her employment as a wood-engraver. That same lady had given me lessons in type-writing, and as I said before, I had now a situation in a lawyer's office. But I hated the grind, and gave every moment I could spare to my painting, by which I fondly hoped—I was young, remember—to make a name at some future day.

I went in jubilant, but when I unfolded my plans, my aunt's reception of them rather damped my ardour.

"What, bring that little ragamuffin into the house," she said, reproachfully. "No indeed,

Vera, I cannot allow it. London houses are dirty enough—we need not go out of our way to make them worse."

Aunt Ruth closed her lips tightly—a sign she considered the discussion at an end. But I was not to be put down so easily.

"Yes, he is dirty," I admitted; "but I will keep him in the attic—he shan't come near you." Then I told her of the orange he had given little Dicky, and Aunt Ruth smiled. She has a genuine love for a kind action.

"Well," she resumed, but not so firmly now, "I don't like it, Vera, but it is Christmas-time, and I suppose I must let you have your way—it is little pleasure you get, poor child. But you see we know nothing of the lad, and people do tell such dreadful tales of London boys."

"Oh, I will look after him," I said joyfully. "How kind you are, auntie." And eager to begin I ran away to my studio, as I persisted in calling the box-room. It was only a week since I had been allowed to set up my easel there, and I had done nothing as yet to make the place habitable.

As I opened the door the air felt cold as a well—like most attic-rooms with a north aspect, it had a way of being either an ice-house or a furnace. But that did not daunt me. A studio in Rome, I reflected, might present the same attributes—though if, as people say, there is an inherent beauty in all things Italian, it could scarcely possess so dingy an outlook. Peggy, our little maid-of-all-work, came at my call, and we set to work in earnest. Two hours later my "studio" really looked promising. Peggy had scrubbed the floor and cleaned the grate. She had piled up the boxes in a corner of the room, while I, having extracted a red curtain from one of them—one that we had brought from home and had no present use for—had nailed it up so as to screen them from view, and make a background for my sitter. My easel was soon placed in a proper light, and gave quite an artistic air to its surroundings. Two chairs, a stool, and a deal table completed the fittings. For ornaments I must wait.

It was not fatigue that kept me silent that evening, although I let Aunt Ruth think so. My mind was busy arranging the details of my picture. A dozen different groups suggested themselves to me, for most of which I fear Murillo was responsible, and on that very account they had to be discarded. At last I decided to paint little José as I had seen him first, holding the half-open orange to the sick child's lips. Peggy should sit for the mother—though her cheeks were so aggressively rosy, she would hardly look the character—and as for Dicky, there were plenty of children about; it would be easy enough to find a model for him. At any rate no one could accuse me of plagiarism.

After breakfast the next morning I ran over to the orange-stall and had an interview with Biddy. José had been sent on an errand. At first she would not listen to my proposal, but when once it dawned on her that the boy was not to sit to me for nothing, she was eager for him to begin. "It was high time," she said, "that he should do something for his living, the lazy little rascal. His father," she added, "had left him with her and gone to sea, and never a penny did she get from him, in spite of his fine promises. The mother had been dead about two years—a poor feckless thing, always complaining of the cold, and sitting in her chair with her hands in her lap. They had lodged in the same house, that was how she got to know them."

"She must have been a good-looking girl," I put in.

Biddy shrugged her shoulders.

"Ay, good-looking enough," she snarled, "for those who like coal-black hair and fiery eyes. Yes, she turned all the men's heads round Limehouse. José takes after her, though he hasn't her hot temper; that I will say for him. He is like his father—he'd give you the coat off his back, if he thought you wanted it. You will bring the money to me, please, miss; the child will only waste it."

"Very well," said I, determined all the same that José should have a share of what he earned. "Then I shall expect the boy at nine o'clock to-morrow morning." And I hurried away.

From there I made my way down Oxford Street to buy a canvas, my shallow purse forcing me to choose one of moderate dimensions, and so avoid a frequent mistake of young artists. On the way back I met José, and told him not to ring when he came to the house, for I would be on the watch and would let him in; the truth being that I wanted to smuggle him upstairs unknown to Aunt Ruth—for a second glance told me she was right—the child was much too dirty to be a desirable visitor, except from an artist's point of view.

The bells of a neighbouring church clock chimed the half hour, but little José did not appear, and I began to think he must have played truant. Dozens of ragged urchins were swarming about our door-step, but not the one I wanted. I had almost given him up, when on the other side of the street I caught sight of a child making signs to me. A nice little fellow he was, in a sailor suit and straw hat, his black hair falling neatly over his collar, and his eyes demurely cast down, like a Sunday-school child on his best behaviour. I wondered what he could want with me, till at length he raised his hat, and then I recognised my model. I beckoned to him at once, and he came bounding across the road.

"Why, José, I didn't know you. Have you been waiting long?" I cried as I opened the hall-door. "Why did you change your clothes? I wanted to paint you just as you were yesterday."

"Yes, Biddy told me so," he replied, opening his great eyes full upon me; "but Mrs. Hutchins, our landlady, you know, said you couldn't mean that. I was not fit to go into a lady's house as I was. So she gave me a good washing, and lent me her boy's Sunday clothes. Don't you like them? They are ever so much nicer than mine."

"We must make them do," I said resignedly. "Come upstairs with me; it is getting late. Now sit on that stool, there's a good boy, and try to keep still. Here is a bun for you. You can eat it while I take your likeness."

I sketched the little figure in crayons, reserving the canvas till my model was more picturesquely attired. I was very well satisfied with my morning's work, but José, who had expected to see himself depicted in all the glory of colour, was sadly disappointed.

As Aunt Ruth took the trouble to mount to the attic for the express purpose of inspecting my model, it was quite as well his landlady had taken him in hand. She actually kissed him, and when he was gone praised him to the skies. Certainly he was a most winning little mortal. Those great brown eyes, so brilliant and withal so tender, that bright smile and dulcet voice would break some girl's heart one day, for love is lord of all in every rank of life. But that was looking a long way ahead.

While my brief holiday lasted, I made José come to me every day. He did not appear a second time in borrowed plumes, but he was never again quite so picturesque an object as he had been on the morning I first made his acquaintance. Later I learned that the kindly creature to whom the little waif owed much of the brightness of his short life, had seized the opportunity and put the jacket I so much admired into her wash-tub, from which it emerged more ragged than ever, and of a dull-grey colour. It had been blue once, the child told me. His father had bought the suit for him the last time he was on shore. And there was a beautiful sash belonging to it, real silk, that came all the way from Spain, he added, with a manful effort to keep back the tears the mention of his father brought to his eyes. He would have put it on to have his likeness taken in, but it was at the pawnshop. Biddy had to take all his things there, because father sent her no money. She couldn't help it, but it was such a pity.

That was always his excuse—she couldn't help it. And for a time, I believed it to be the true one.

(*To be concluded.*)

A YOUNG SERVANT'S OUTFIT, AND WHAT TO BUY FOR IT.

A GREAT deal is written about dress, but I do not think I have ever seen anything written on the subject of working apparel, and frequently money is spent on this to so little advantage that perhaps, a few words on the subject may not come amiss to young servants and to young mistresses, who could advise girls in the expenditure of their money.

Girls first going to service and receiving but small wages, would so often do better if their mistresses would, without dictating, take a little kindly interest in their dress, telling them the kind of material to buy. I do not include the girl who is just beginning to work, and going, as many girls do to commence, as daily or weekly servant, and who then has her mother to look after her clothes, and spend her very small earnings for her to the best advantage she can; but it is the girl who has left home, frequently has come from a distance, or if the home is near, the mother is often too much occupied with the family round her to have much time to devote to the girl who is off her hands.

The greater number of girls get regular places at fifteen or sixteen years of age, with wages ranging in different localities from five pounds to ten pounds a year, sometimes to twelve pounds if they have been trained at all previously, but they generally leave home with a very scanty supply of clothes, and those frequently quite unsuited to their work, often other members of the family's things, made to fit as best they can, and even if the supply is pretty good, a growing girl taken from a comparatively poor home, well fed (for the first duty of a mistress taking a young servant is to provide her with an ample supply of suitable food; not to forget that she is growing and working, so needs plenty to eat), and kept fully employed at what is really healthy work, grows

and spreads so quickly, that she is continually finding her frocks and everything else too short, or too tight; so, in any case, she must expect to have to get an entire outfit for herself during her first year of service. I have made and give a list of what I think she will require.

This list is possible if she is gaining eight pounds a year, or more. A girl who receives, say, five pounds a year, cannot possibly find herself in muslin aprons, caps, and afternoon frocks, and have her other clothes fit to be seen; shoes are always a very heavy item for a girl who is on her feet all day; I have, if anything, allowed too little in my list for shoes and boots. A mistress paying low wages, if she wants a girl really well-dressed, must help her, by finding aprons, or shoes, or something that will save buying.

I have in the following list given the quantity of stuff ordinarily required by a medium-sized person.

	s.	d.
For 2 cotton gowns—		
16 yards of print or other material at 6½d.	8	8
3 yards of unbleached calico for lining bodices and sleeves, at 2¾d.	0	8¼
Hook, braid, &c.	0	6
Making, 2s. 6d. to 3s. each, say 3s.	6	0
Afternoon dress—		
8 yards of serge at 9d.	6	0
Bodice lining, braid and hooks	1	0
Making	3	6
8 yards of double warp unbleached calico at 6d. for two night-gowns.	4	0
5 yards of unbleached or scoured calico at 5d. for two chemises	2	1
4 yards ditto for 2 pairs of drawers	1	8
5 yards of Welsh flannel at 1s., for two petticoats, 2½ widths in each, hem and tuck.	5	0
3 yards of dark material for over-petticoat at 5d.	1	3
3 yards of cotton (coloured) for summer petticoat at 5d.	1	3
5½ yards of Swiss check muslin (for 4 aprons) at 7d.	3	1½
4 yards of flax at 9d. for 4 aprons, it is 52 inches wide, so bibs and bands come off the width	3	0
2½ yards of Forfar at 6d., for two coarse aprons	1	3
1 pair of strong leather or levant boots	8	3
4 pairs of house shoes at 2s. 11d.	11	8
1 dozen bordered linen handkerchiefs	2	6
Total	£3	11 4¾

Besides these things a girl will need hats, a jacket, collars, stockings, stays, caps, haberdashery, and naturally, as soon as she can get one, she is pleased to have a coloured dress to wear when she goes out to church or for a holiday; but the substantial necessary garments should be bought first. As soon as possible the stock of underclothes should be increased, as one garment on and one in the wash is not always convenient, but girls are generally obliged to start with few.

As soon as a sufficient stock of clothing has been obtained, and it is possible, one shilling should be put into the post office savings bank every month, so that, in the event of being out of place, there should be a little money in hand, unless, of course, there is need at home, and some of the wages have to go to help a little with the younger brothers and sisters, then a shilling a month as pocket-money, and the account for the year, the wages being eight pounds, would stand thus:

	£	s.	d.
Clothes, as in list	3	11	4¾
Savings Bank	0	12	0
Pocket-money	0	12	0
Out-of-door clothes and sundries	3	4	7½
	£8	0	0

I have calculated that a girl will be able to make her own underclothing; it could, of course, be bought ready for wear for very little more, but comes much more expensive in the end, as cheap ready-made garments wear out very quickly, neither the calico nor the work being as good. The best calico to buy for hard wear is unbleached or, as it is called in the trade, grey calico; it is much stronger than bleached cotton, it does not look so nice at first but it very soon washes white. Scoured calico is preferred to the ordinary unbleached by some people, it is a little dearer but also wears well. Unbleached calicoes are from 2¾d. to 6¾l. a yard. The better ones are generally a little wider than the cheap ones. White, or bleached calico is only a trifle dearer for the same qualities.

Many people now buy flannelette, instead of flannel, for petticoats. It is cheap and warm and answers very well for some persons; but a short time ago I found a delicate girl who had been specially ordered to wear wool next to her skin, had clothed herself in flannelette and thought she had obeyed the doctor's orders, whereas she had done nothing towards carrying them out, for flannelette contains no wool; it is made entirely of cotton, woven in a way to feel soft and warm. It is a pleasant material to wear, it does not irritate the skin as wool often does; but it must not be regarded as flannel.

For servants' morning gowns four kinds of material are used: galatea, Norman stripe, Oxford shirting, and the old-fashioned print. I believe of these, galatea is the strongest; and in navy blue and white stripe, or dark red and white stripe, they wash well, and do not shrink as much as shirtings or prints. "Norman stripe" is often made in dark colours which look very well under linen aprons; they are not generally quite as firm and thick as "galatea stripe." I have found them wash well. If Oxford shirtings are chosen, be sure and select thick, closely-woven ones; it is a great mistake to buy a cheap, loosely-made one, which the first time of washing shrinks much more than the calico-lining and consequently soon splits in wearing. Some prefer the old-fashioned prints. In these the pink, red, and lilac are the best washing colours; select closely-woven ones. A print always looks nice; but if much dirty work has to be done, I think they are more quickly scrubbed out in the wash than thicker materials. They are also less tough, so tear more easily if caught. These materials are all about the same price, ranging from 5d. to 7d., according to the quality.

I calculate eight yards for a girl's dress, so that the skirt should be cut long enough to turn in a piece at the waist for letting down. When it can be done, it is much more economical to buy three dresses alike; then, when the bodices are worn or out-grown, the third dress can be cut up to make two new bodices and sleeves. In this way three dresses will last two years well. Ginghams are also used for dresses, but they are more suitable for upper servants.

Most ladies prefer a girl's afternoon-dress to be black, but many do not *object to navy*-blue, or very dark-green; I think serge is the best to buy, and, if tolerably thick, needs no lining in the skirt, and as it can be easily brushed and shaken, wears and keeps clean. Have the bodice and sleeves of a black dress lined with cotton, that is black on one side, it will not then show directly it wears thin.

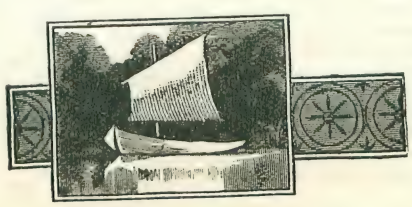
It is always well to have a couple of coarse brown aprons for doing grates in and for other dirty work; Forfar, or other unbleached flax, may be used for these. For linen aprons a special linen is made. For afternoon-aprons I always recommend girls to buy a Swiss check-muslin, in preference to nainsook or jaconet, for the threads in the check being firm hold the starch much longer, and, consequently, they are not so soon flimsy. The thin muslin aprons that look so nice when they are new, often are limp directly they are put on, when they have been washed. There are, of course, really good aprons, embroidered and others, that wash well and are made of plain muslin, but they are too expensive for girls to purchase them.

One of the heaviest, or the heaviest I might say, expense for a girl is house-shoes. I believe the so-called French cashmere lace-shoes are the best; they are really manufactured of a sort of thread, and are very durable, and make the feet look neat; they can be toe-capped with leather when shabby. Or a plain dull-leather shoe wears well, though it is not as neat-looking as the cashmere, which are from about 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. a pair. Never buy the English cashmere boots or shoes with the patent leather toe-cap, it cracks directly if you have any kneeling to do. Shoes should be managed so that the afternoon ones are not worn in the morning; one pair should be kept under another, for if a girl has to kneel about, toes of shoes are quickly shabby.

With regard to out-of-door wear, the aim should be to have cloaks or jackets of good material, rather than to have garments with trimming on, for as they must be inexpensive, if they are much ornamented, the material must of necessity be indifferent.

Caps are generally bought ready-made, but I notice most girls take very little care of them; they buy them cheaply, so do not think how many they use in a year, if not worn carefully. An economical cap is made with a yard of lace, about three and a-half or four inches wide, cost 2d., plaited up to one inch in even plaits at the straight edge, and a little black bow put over the stitches. The two ends of the lace must be hemmed; made this way it is very easy to undo, wash, and remake.

Everyone should keep an account of their expenditure; a penny note-book, ruled for cash, is all that is needed, and every penny spent should be put down in it; girls will be surprised, after a little while, how this practice will prevent their wasting money. I know that, as a rule, those who keep account get more for their money, and are therefore better off than those who spend it and do not know how it has gone.



WOMANLY WEAPONS.

PART III.

THIMBLES.

"Though thy little finger be armed in a Thimble."—*Shakespeare.*

THERE are weapons offensive and weapons defensive, both alike necessary to the full equipment of the wielder and wearer thereof. So also with the peaceful weapons of which I write; and looking at pins and needles as weapons of offence, we come to the thimble as the truly defensive womanly weapon.

Of the origin of the thimble we know but very little; it dates undoubtedly from very ancient times. Varro writes of the *digitale* or *digitabulum*, which would appear to have been certainly some kind of strong shield or protector for the finger; some suppose it may have been a glove shielding the whole hand, as it was used in gathering olives. The thimble, however, as used by women to protect the finger in their needlework, has been found in the remains of the buried city of Herculaneum, and does not differ so much from the modern ones, but that it is easy of recognition. Thimbles appear to have been originally worn on the thumb, and in mediæval English the word was written "Thymbil," and in some old works we find it "Thumboll."

We have no distinct knowledge of how or where thimbles were made until after the twelfth century. During that century a noble German lady, St. Hildegarde, celebrated alike for her piety and her learning, introduced into one of her works a list of 900 words "in an unknown tongue;" these she translated for the benefit of her less learned readers, and among these translations we find "Vingerhuth," from which we may conclude that the "Fingerhut," as modern German has it, was an article commonly known. Perhaps one of the earliest specimens after those of such ancient date as the Herculaneum remains, is a thimble of bronze, preserved in the museum at Darmstadt, which was dug up at the Castle of Tannenberg in 1848. As this castle was destroyed in the year 1399 and was never rebuilt, the thimble must have been made prior to that date. I have seen some in the museum at the Cathedral at Basle which appear to be very old, but can give no certain information as to their date.

The first record we have of the manufacture of thimbles is found in the history of Nuremberg, a city which has been for many centuries the seat of every kind of industry, especially so far as regards the working in metals. In this ancient city there were very strict laws by which each trade was bound, and numerous guilds were formed, each having stringent rules imposed upon it by the higher ranks by whom the laws were enforced. Thimble-makers are mentioned in the city records as early as 1462, but we are distinctly told that they had then no separate guild, but were included in the brass-workers' guild. Early in the following century they became more important, and are spoken of separately, and in 1537 they received a constitution and were formed into a special guild. Now, and for some time previously, thimbles had found their way into shops, and were also offered for sale at all the fairs, which were then the common trading-places throughout Germany. Great jealousies, however, seem to have been prevalent amongst the different guilds, and after the Nuremberg thimble-makers had obtained their constitution and privileges, they found themselves greatly thwarted by the brass-workers, who contended that they only had the right of founding or melting brass, and the poor thimble-makers were forbidden under threats of pains and penalties to found thimbles. They found means however of manufacturing them, by what method we are not exactly informed, but it is probable that the restriction placed upon them led to the invention of some new device in metal working, for we find that a little later the aristocracy who interfered in the smallest details, and domineered over the artificers to an intolerable extent, forbad Jorg Eudtner, a member of the guild, under the severest penalties, to use an innovation, unknown to others in the trade, viz., a lathe, which he had constructed. This they did on the plea of securing that no work should go out of the City of Nuremberg but what was well done. At any rate, thimbles came about this time to be made of very varying sizes, as well as of many shapes and fanciful devices. We find descriptions in an old German work, of some that were "flat like buttons," others "three-cornered," which surely must have been a very inconvenient shape for working quickly, and not very comfortable to the fingers which touched upon them. Others again were made of ivory, cut with rings closely grooved on the outside, and these thimbles were used for spinning the gold and silver thread, and for twisting these with woollen threads, to form the beautiful tissue so much used in the rich embroidery the ladies of those days were wont to elaborate. Besides, many were made which were rich specimens of costly work, either of embossing, engraving, or inlaying. Some of these works of art are still to be seen in the museum at Nuremberg; one which is narrow and very pointed, and adorned with ornaments of stars, eagles, lilies etc., bears an inscription and the date 1595. The inscription in old German ran thus: *Wen Got wil, so ist mein zil*, which may be rendered, "The will of God be my aim." Others are set with brilliants and precious stones of every kind. The most remarkable thimble in this museum dates from the sixteenth century, and is perhaps the largest in existence, fit for the finger of a veritable giant. It is of silver gilt, and is in the form of a goblet, and by the inscription encircling it we find it was made for the tailors of Nuremberg. A figure upon the top represents a genius holding in his right hand a pair of scissors, in his left a huge needle. This gift the tailors of Nuremberg appreciated not a little and used it at their festivities, and henceforth it was no satire upon the tailors to quote the old proverb, that a tailor had "emptied a thimble, and in so doing was made drunk;" perhaps a thimble of such dimensions may be used by our Scotch highlanders when they modestly take but "a thimblefu' o' whuskey!" Gold thimbles appear to have been nowise uncommon in the sixteenth century, and of these and many of great beauty and workmanship, a celebrated copper-plate engraver of Frankfort, one Johann Theodor de Bry, has furnished engravings; they are highly adorned with mythological scenes, with a cupid or a genius, and with such inscriptions as *Force d'Amour*, *La puissance d'Amour*, and other similar mottoes. These and many other highly ornamented specimens are preserved as curiosities, and were doubtless intended more as jewel treasures than for use. At the end of the seventeenth century, one Christoph Weigel wrote accurate accounts of the method of manufacture, and affirms that thimbles were found in few places, except Nuremberg, Cologne and Holland. This statement we take to mean that manufacturers of thimbles existed only at these places. The same writer describes thimbles, which he calls "Sternhüte," and which were only intended for ornament; they were often fitted with little stoppers and were filled with perfume; besides these, he tells us, there were lined or double thimbles, the inner portion smooth and gilded, the outer part "of silver pricked all over."

Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century many other places had established thimble-factories, and by the introduction of various improvements in the machinery they speedily excelled the Nurembergers.

It is perhaps impossible to fix the date at which thimbles first found their way to England; we find mention made of them by a learned ecclesiastic (John Skelton) who wrote during the latter end of the fifteenth century. In some verses of his the following lines occur:—

"And some went so narrow,
They laid to pledge their wharrow, (distaff)
Their ribskin and their spindell,
Their nedel and their thimble."

The manufacture of thimbles appears to have been introduced from Holland at a much later period by a mechanic named John Lofting, who carried on his trade at Islington. There is a curious anecdote related by Froude in his History of England, which shows that thimbles were in general use early in the same century. It is taken from the records of the Consistory Court of London, and is instanced to show the feeling and conduct of the laity towards this court at this period, 1529. "The apparitor of the Bishop of London went with a citation into the shop of a mercer of St. Brides, Henry Clitheroe by name; 'Who doth cite me?' asked the mercer; 'Marry, that do I,' answered the apparitor, 'if thou wilt anything with it;' whereupon, as the apparitor deposeth, the said Henry Clitheroe did hurl at him from off his finger that instrument of his art called the 'thymmelle,' and he, the said apparitor drawing his sword, the said Henry did snatch up his virga, *anglicé*, his yard, and did pursue the said apparitor into the public streets, and after multiplying of many blows, did break the head of the said apparitor." The thimble, on this one occasion at least, seems to have been a veritable weapon of defence.

Some few specimens of very old thimbles have occasionally been found in England. I have been favoured with an account of one which was dug up many years ago at Barsham near Beccles in Suffolk; it is of bronze, and bears the date on the rim 1545. The accompanying sketch will be its best description.

Thimbles are usually made in England by means of a mould in a stamping machine, a similar machine to that used in the manufacture of many metal articles of everyday use, which have a more or less concave or convex form, such for instance as spoons and forks. As many are intended for ladies' use, much care and ingenuity are often displayed in their decoration, by embossing, engraving, inlaying, and enamelling; and beautiful and costly specimens are to be found forming part of the furniture of many an elegant work-table. The following short description of the process employed in Paris, in this manufacture, will convey an idea of the mode in use there, as well as in some of our own factories. Strips of metal of the kind and size required are first cut. A child is employed to make them red-hot and to lay them on a mandril, nicely fitted to their size. The workman now strikes the middle of each with a round-faced punch about the thickness of his finger, and thus sinks it into the concavity of the mandril; he then

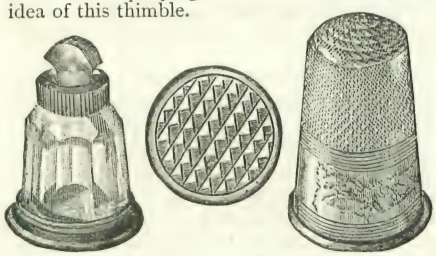
transfers it successively to another mandril which has five hollows of successively increasing depth, and by striking into each brings it to shape. This rude thimble is taken by a second man, stuck in the chuck of his lathe to polish it within; he then turns the outside, marks the circles for ornamentation, and indents the pits most cleverly with a kind of milling tool; the thimble is then annealed and the exterior is brightened; in some cases fillets of gold are fixed by pressure in the grooves which have been turned to receive them.

Besides the thimbles which we are accustomed to use for ordinary needlework, there are others specially suited to workers in various trades; as a rule thimbles for men's use are made open at the top; this is the case with the ordinary tailor's thimble, which is merely a broad ring, coarsely indented; for sail-makers, are made circular plates of cast-iron, indented or pitted on the surface, which can be secured to the palm of the hand by straps; thimbles of this kind are necessary, their coarse kind of work requiring the application of considerable force to the needle; these are known not as thimbles, but as "palms." A kind of thimble used to be made called a "shield;" a drawing of one which belonged to my own grandmother, and which often excited my childish curiosity, is sketched for my readers.

It is of silver, and as will be seen is open at the top; it is deeper on one side than on the other, and is very smoothly grooved; it was intended to be worn on the forefinger of the left hand to defend it from the pricking, often inflicted upon herself by an inexperienced or a too eager workwoman.

Another curious thimble nearly one hundred years old is in my possession; it is of silver, and as will be seen by the drawing, in appearance much like an ordinary thimble; on lifting it, however, one finds the bottom filled by a chequered seal, such as was used to press the old-fashioned wafers; this bottom part unscrews, and upon it is fastened a nicely-cut, tiny scent-bottle, with its stopper; the thimble, which is rather a large one, serves as a case for it.

The accompanying sketches will give a good idea of this thimble.



Elegant ivory thimbles are still made, notably by the ivory carvers of Dieppe, and exquisitely painted specimens of Worcester china are to be had; but these of course are more fitted for using in doing wool-work than any kind of fine needlework; at least so we Englishwomen would say; but many a Japanese seamstress would doubtless find them a vast improvement upon the clumsy apology for a thimble which they use. A lady traveller in Japan tells us that she visited one of their model schools, in which the girls were busy making their own clothes, or embroidering. "One young lady," she says, "seeing me amused at the finger-cushions worn as thimbles, got up from the farther end of the room and shyly offered some specimens of them made by herself."

Much more might be said of these, our peaceful "womanly weapons;" may they ever be such, and may the time never arrive when, as Shakespeare says—

"Your own ladies, and pale visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts,
To fierce and bloody inclination."

MARY B. MORRIS.

VARIETIES.

WOODEN SWEARING.

"I hope, dear children," said a mother, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you of a kind of swearing I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it wooden swearing.

"It's a kind of swearing that many people besides children are given to when they are angry. Instead of venting their feelings in oaths, they slam doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can.

"'Isn't this just the same as swearing?' she said. 'It's just the same kind of feeling exactly, only they do not say those awful words; but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.'

"I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing either. It is better to let alone wooden swearing, and all other kinds of swearing."

SHE INHERITED IT.

"Your daughter has a fine touch, Mrs. Moriarty."

"Yes, so they do be tellin' me; an' sure 'tis no wonder, for she loves the pianny, and niver tires of it; she has a great taste for moosic, but thin that's ownly natural, for her gran'father had his head brokin wid a cornet at a picnic."

BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

"Oh, you are leaving us early, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, Mrs. Park; and I am very sorry that I must leave, but not expecting to have such a pleasant time this evening I had made another engagement."

SEEKING FOR HAPPINESS.—Seek happiness for yourself and you will lose it, but seek it for others and you will find it.

SELF-CONCEIT.—"We can bear to be deprived of everything but our self-conceit."—*Hazlitt.*

NO NEED FOR DECORATIONS.

When Spontini, the composer, was at Berlin, he appeared in the theatre with his lapels covered with decorations. One of the musicians whispered to his neighbour, "Mozart never had so many."

Spontini having overheard the remark, turned to the speaker and said, "Mozart was not in need of any."

ON A BORROWING ERRAND.—When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich French financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day, a lady closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognised, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC II. (p. 383).

1. R ober T (*a*)
2. A r g O
3. L a m B
4. E t n A
5. I s a a C
6. G a r l i C
7. H a l O (*b*)

Raleigh. Tobacco.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC III.

The first of a long line of kings;
Six kingdoms into one he brings,
And so they still continue:
In every fight he leads the front,
Marshals his men and bears the brunt
By dint of bone and sinew.
In time his grandson fills his place,
The noblest scion of his race,
A king well-known in story:
Devotion to his country's cause,
Most wise and necessary laws,
Have crowned his name with glory.

1. A treasure-city in the East,
Where Median kings held court and feast
With pomp and ostentation:
"The seven-walled town," historians said;
But ruthless wars such havoc made,
It lies in desolation.
2. A sea-bird that frequents our rocks,
Sometimes in pairs, sometimes in flocks,
In diving power excelling;
He strews a nest, he rears his young
The bleak and barren cliffs among,
Remote from human dwelling.
3. A very ancient epic song
Remaining in the Frisian tongue
That formed our English diction:
The hero's deeds, the good he wrought,
Are told with true poetic thought,
In allegoric fiction.
4. The chosen fair, when many strove,
To win the mighty monarch's love,
And be his queen instated;
She warned the king of plots concealed,
And would-be murderers, thus revealed,
Their treason expiated.
5. A rapid river, rushing down
From mountains, that the snow-wreaths crown,
The fertile vales commanding;
It gathers in its downward course,
Increasing speed, increasing force,
Till to a lake expanding.
The river stays its headlong haste;
Its banks with villa-homes are graced—
Abodes of peace and pleasure;
Historian, statesman, artist, bard,
Shunning the noisy world's award,
Find here their rest and leisure.
6. A harmless creature, much maligned;
Held in abhorrence by mankind
Ere ignorance was enlightened:
Its shape no sign of beauty shows,
And may a shudder cause in those
Who, seeing it, are frightened.

XIMENA.

(*a*) Son of Hugh Capet, and King of France.
(*b*) A lunar halo always foretells approaching rain.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE AUNT FROM SILLERTON.

MRS. HENDERSON, Morag's aunt by marriage, did not at all relish her journey into what she called "the wilds of Sutherlandshire." Mrs. Henderson was by birth a Londoner, her maiden name being Rebecca Robinson. She had married William Henderson during a sojourn in the metropolis where he had filled the post of clerk in a bank in which Mary Jane Robinson's "par" was also employed. When her husband secured a better appointment in his native city of Sillerton, not even the superior stipend could quite silence his wife's regrets that she was being exiled to a little fishing village, which might have an old university and some good banks, but no other appendages of refined civilisation. Indeed she professed to be comforted only by her husband's assurances that she would be quite an acquisition in such a place, and would show the natives how things ought to be. Sly William Henderson! By that time he had been married some years, and though he would have conceded that Rebecca was in the main a good wife, yet the "glamour" had vanished and he had her mental measure completely!

As regards Sillerton, her eyes had been easily opened, in a measure. She saw large churches, handsome streets, well-appointed houses. She was dimly aware of higher intellectual standards and a sounder basis of conversational interest than she had been accustomed to in her little suburban circle of Cockneydom. Her own narrow vision blinded her to the true facts; she thought that she had risen in the social scale rather than that educational influences had reached deeper here than in the metropolis. And the independent civility of those whom she regarded as her manifest "inferiors," to wit, all manual workers, she resented too much to discover how far similar educational influences had play in that sphere. She gradually dropped her disposition to sneer at things Sillertonian, only retaining certain prejudices about Sillertonian "hardness" and "meanness." On these she had descanted so much and so often, that when her husband's death well might have severed her connection with Sillerton, her acquaintances were rather surprised to find that she elected to remain there. She said, rather sentimentally, that she did not like to remove her only daughter so far from "her father's people," and really if one once went South to settle, one would never dream of coming North again, so it was better to remain. In reality she knew that her snug little income went much further and meant much more in Sillerton than it would in Brixton, and that her husband's kinsfolk were more inclined to show helpful interest in her affairs than were her own brothers.

But she was not a woman whom discovery of one rash and self-important blunder was likely to save from making others. One may cut off any number of prejudices, but while prejudice itself remains, that prolific root is sure to send forth new shoots. Mrs. Henderson transferred her general belief in Sillerton inferiority from the city to the rural districts surrounding it, despising the dialect which she could not readily understand, and crediting the country folks with all sorts of uncouthness and ignorance. As for the Highlands, she persistently associated them with the word "wild"—a wild Highland man, a wild Highland clan, wild Highland ways, and now she was summoned to the "wilds" of "Sutherlandshire."

She took much credit for this journey among her neighbours in Sillerton, but in truth, she travelled neither by her own idea, nor at her own charges. Another brother of her husband's, a bachelor living in Russia, on hearing of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, telegraphed to her to fulfil this duty, and to act as his agent in winding up the little affairs and taking charge of Morag.

The poor woman arrived at the Kyle in the worst state of nervousness and irritable depression. She had had to drive in the coach from Lairg, where according to her views "railways and civilisation ceased." The first part of the journey had been made uncomfortable by the presence of two beagles, who were packed into the back part of the coach, and separated from the passengers only by an elaborate barricade of boxes. No assurances on the part of coachman, grooms, or fellow-passengers would reassure Mrs. Henderson, and she passed the journey in constant terror, lest the dogs should "get to her," and "snap" at her ankles, from which she went on to imagine a horrible death from hydrophobia. When the coach stopped to change horses, and allow time for a midday meal, the beagles and their master went away, and Mrs. Henderson began to look forward to the rest of her journey "in peace." But her mind was presently disturbed again. Her fellow companions were three women, apparently of something like her own station of life, but all denizens of the locality, returning home after short absence. They talked to each other in low tones. Suddenly the youngest of the three began to weep copiously. The others showed no surprise and little concern. When the flood of tears ceased, the weeper turned to Mrs. Henderson, and apologised, saying—

"You must think me a strange creature, but I have been long away from my own people and my father's house, and the sight of the hills has overcome me with the thought of the days that were and can never be again."

Mrs. Henderson stared, without replying, being "overcome" in her turn, almost as much by the dignity of manner, the poetic phraseology, and the purity of the "wild Highlandwoman's" English accent, as she was by the frank display of passionate emotion. The ice seeming broken by this interlude, the elder women continued their conversation audibly, and every sentence wrapped round Mrs. Henderson like a wet blanket. For all their conversation was of death, the dead and the dying. They were sad old stories which they told, for they illustrated every item of "news" by a score of memories. They wept too, wept as they recited the last sufferings and latest speeches of distant relatives who must have been in their graves for nearly half a century. They too, used noble phrases, and their talk was not without a tone of lofty piety and ideal of duty, albeit tinged by gloom and superstition. It certainly ranged above the gossip in which Mrs. Henderson and her cronies were wont to indulge, the exposition of "the fashions," the cheapening of prices, the perpetual self-praise, the eternal grumbling over servant deficiencies. But this did not strike Mrs. Henderson, nor had she humour enough to appreciate the unconscious revelation of racial traits—that revelling in the mysterious or the pathetic, which is so characteristic of the Celt. She only resented the unceasing train of gloomy imagery, and bluntly condemned as "superstition" all those poetic sympathies between nature and suffering which commend themselves to the imaginative nature. Yet when she afterwards said that "hearing all these miserable stories made her feel that something dreadful was going to happen to herself," it never occurred to her that this feeling was at least as "superstitious" as any other!

It was a tired, irritable, depressed woman who at last alighted from the coach at the Manse door, and then being seized with a panic that she had been put down at the schoolhouse instead, was found by the minister's wife obstinately standing on the threshold refusing to enter "such a pest-house; for had she not to consider first, herself and her own child."

The minister and his wife both came out and explained and reassured her. They induced her to enter and brought Morag to her. But Mrs. Henderson was "fit for nothing" that night, and though a quiet sleep, a long rest and a comfortable breakfast somewhat restored her equanimity, yet it brought along with it a steady determination to get back to Sillerton at any cost.

She would not listen to any idea of disinfection which might allow Morag to carry some of her smaller household gods to her strange home in Sillerton.

"Let everything go," cried Mrs. Henderson. "I know their things were all very simple, and old-fashioned too; for many of them had belonged to Morag's maternal grandmother. You can give them away, or sell them, and if they bring a trifle more than the expenses of the sale, why, you might remit it to me at home."

"Ah, Mrs. Henderson," said the minister, "that convinces me that you

don't really think they cannot be disinfected, for you would not wish to give or sell what you would not use yourself."

Mrs. Henderson stared. "Each must look after himself," she answered, "and poor folk may be glad to run a little risk to get a good thing."

She started aside from everybody with whom she had to deal, anxiously inquiring in what relation they had stood to the dead people, and then hastening to inform them of her fears, and their resulting determination. She never suspected how the people despised her cowardice, for she was dealing with a courteous and subtle race, who gave no expression to their feelings beyond quoting their proverb, "Death and flitting are hard on housekeeping."

"Let this woman get away as soon as possible," the doctor warned the minister, "for if there is a disease germ floating anywhere, her state of panic is just the sort to attract it and bring it to a fine state of maturity."

The minister shook his head thoughtfully. "I begin," he remarked, "to see the ground for the wonderful immunity of old Janet, who was scarcely to be persuaded to use disinfectants when she was washing the blankets, on the ground that 'he of long life will escape danger,' and 'let be as God wills.'"

"Aye," said the doctor, "but the Janet of the future will have the same courage and faith, plus carbolic and chloride of lime, recognising that these being God's gifts for our use, they also are part of the Divine will. She will use all the means of which she knows, yet calmly leave the unseen risks in the hand of the unseen wisdom."

Mrs. Henderson was in the glen for two nights only, and yet she managed to make herself disliked and ridiculous. She expressed astonishment to find delicate old china in a manse in such "an out-of-the-way place." She congratulated the minister and his wife that "however small the stipend, they could certainly find nothing to spend it upon, and must therefore save money, yet she really hoped they would soon get a call to a livelier neighbourhood. Why didn't the minister's wife make her husband go up to London and try his luck. Scotch ministers often got on very well there!"

Then she went to the village shop to buy some trifle with which she chose to supplement the mourning which the minister's wife had already provided for Morag. And there she gave offence by saying that she supposed "that they would have something in stock that would just do till one got back to Sillerton and could get decent things."

Little Morag heard all these things and knew intuitively that her aunt hurt her old friends, and felt intuitively that she must make as though she knew it not. It was so strange to the child—to find herself belonging to somebody who made people purse their lips or smile covertly. She had been so used to the respect everybody paid to her father and the love they gave her mother.

One old man earned the child's artless and unforgetting gratitude because he put a healing touch on this new sore without laying it bare.

"And so you're going far away from us, little lady," he said. "Well, well: though separation be hard, two never met but had to part; all good has an end, but the goodness of God—that goes on. You're leaving the hills to go to the sea. But all the water in the sea won't wash out our friendship. I won't need to bid you remember those you came from. It's not your birthright to eat dirt. Your father was a man to be proud of, and your mother was a lady like a scented flower, as sweet and as bonnie. She was as a mother's sister to us all, gentle or simple, old or young, and she was one of ourselves, and so I think you'll come back someday, for each bird draws to its flock. And who knows how you'll come, for many things happen to him who goes abroad. But old Ronald knows that you'll bring back the high head and the open hand, and be a queen in your own house, wherever God is building it."

Morag listened to old Ronald with her wide, wistful eyes fixed on the old man's face, and though she said not one word, yet he knew well enough that she both heard and understood.

"It's a true saying, 'the nearest is not always dearest;' and 'pity those that must trust to one kinsman,'" said Ronald Vass to his granddaughter, Elspeth, who was at home with him now "for good." For she had helped in Morag's mother's kitchen at the schoolhouse, going to and fro, between that and her grandfather's little croft. "Our little Morag and that fine-dressed woman are as different as Luath the collie and your pig. It's ill getting different breeds to dwell together. The child takes it bravely. The way of life winds so that none can see beforehand how hard and steep it is."

"Morag thinks she will die," said Elspeth. "She said to me 'If I die in Sillerton, will they bring me back to the grave here.' I know she feels she cannot live."

The old grandfather shook his head solemnly. "It is when we have not known many sorrows that we think sorrow slays," he said. "The bitterness comes when we feel all the pain, yet know 'This, too, will pass, and we shall survive.' And what of this child's woe? Does not death come from the hand of God, and there is no poison on His arrows. It is parting from the living which makes the sore wound."

And the old man sighed heavily, and turned back into his house. Elspeth looked after him with pathetic eyes, for she knew his thoughts were with prodigal sons of his, whether dead or alive he could not tell, for his old age was left comfortless save for her and her brother Hamish, the orphan children of the one son who had been dutiful to the old man.

All the minister's household, and many other kindly neighbours were gathered at the manse door when the coach stopped there, to take up Mrs. Henderson and Morag. Somebody brought the little girl a mug of new milk warm from the cow for her "door drink," and another had prepared a little parcel of oatcakes and a pot of rowan jelly. Mrs. Henderson looked on with unsympathetic scornful eyes.

"Oh, she won't be starved while she's with me, you needn't be afraid," she said. "She'll have plenty of nice things; you really ought to keep any little thing you have for yourselves."

Morag's eyes wandered over the gathered group, searching for somebody they did not find there. Then she looked along the road, but nobody was coming. Even when the coach had fairly started, she stood up and looked back—till her aunt bade her sit down.

But those for whose farewell she was longing, had not forgotten her, and they were not behind her, but before her. Nearly a mile from the manse, the coach always paused at two cross-roads, to take up mails from lonely farms lying far back on the moorland. And to-day, at this little station, stood a young woman and a boy. Elspeth and Hamish Vass had walked out there that they might see a "later last" of little Morag. Bare-headed Elspeth came to the coach wheel and put up her arms about the child and kissed her again and again. And bare-footed Hamish came forward and handed up a great bunch of heather. As he stepped back, Morag cried out for him bitterly, and he, too, stretched up and kissed her, just once.

The coach rolled on. The road turned. The old life was left behind. The aunt's cold voice was heard, saying—

"Who are those people, Morag?"

"That's our Elspeth and her brother," Morag answered, with a choked sob.

"Why do you call her 'our Elspeth?'" asked the aunt.

"Because—because she belonged to us. She always helped mamma."

"Oh, your servant! I see," said Mrs. Henderson, in an enlightened tone. "I wondered how you were on such familiar terms with such poor people."

"Poor people!" Morag echoed to herself, with wide eyes. She had never thought of the Vasses but as kind friends, but she said nothing.

"And now that you are going to live in a civilised place, Morag," Mrs. Henderson went on, in what she intended as a most conciliatory manner, "you must begin to learn civilised ways. My little daughter would never dream of speaking to boys without shoes or stockings. You will see such in the Gallowgate in Sillerton, but you must understand that they are quite different from you and nicely-dressed children. And I think you may throw away that bunch of trumpery, my dear. Perhaps that poor boy wasn't quite clean. Anyway, it is only a trouble to carry, and we can buy plenty of fresh flowers in Sillerton market."

As Mrs. Henderson proceeded to carry out her words, Morag, hitherto so silent and docile, now clutched the cluster of heather and burst into a fit of violent and uncontrollable weeping.

Mrs. Henderson drew back in offended surprise.

"What a passionate little monkey," she said to herself. "I believe I am going to have trouble with her. Well, I shall begin as I mean to go on."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THRAMKOT.—You say that when you have to speak to any one, your heart "beats like one o'clock." What do you mean? That your heart only beats once, and then stops? If so, you would have been dead long ago. Read what "Medicus" has written about "Nervous girls."

AT HOME.—Your first question involves an answer of too great length for our columns. Read our series of articles in the "G. O. P." on "Good Breeding," "The Usages of Polite Society," "Visiting," "Dinners in Society," etc.; they will supply you with all necessary information. See vols. iii. iv. and v. Also in subsequent Nos.

H. M.—1. Sometimes those we love are taken away; it is to make us lean more on our Saviour, to learn His will, and follow His guidance, than we should have done had one who instructed, helped, and comforted us been always at hand. Remember, "As (in the case of) one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." 2. January 30th, 1879, was a Thursday. 3. We suppose that the sweetest and strongest attribute of our nature, being of a very emotional character, is more likely to find a vent in poetry and in music than any other. A strong sense of justice, or reverence for truth, are not, for example, such as would find expression in "songs."

H. H.—Your verses have some merit; and the composition of poetry is usually the effort of a refined mind, and has a refining effect. But there is a defect in the measure. Corresponding lines in each verse should run exactly in the same way, the beat or emphasis invariably falling on the same syllable. This rhythmic measure for the whole poem is decided by the first verse; the rest must follow in the same style. In the second verse, "breaking" does not correspond with "the west," and the third lines of each verse do not correspond in beat nor in length. But do not be discouraged. You want a little more study.

IGNORAMUS.—"Neptune" was, according to the heathen mythology, the god of the sea or ocean; and his horse, "Hippocampes," had but two legs, as the hinder part of its body was in the form of a fish. The marine games and observances when "crossing the line" are of very ancient origin, and supposed to have been instituted on the occasion of ships passing through the Straits of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic beyond—according to the myth of the ancient Romans—the "Pillars of Hercules." The grave outrages offered to an officer—a Lieut. Shaw—when a passenger on board the *Soleby Castle*, in 1802, on his resistance of the process of shaving in so filthy a way, was legally punished by the infliction of a fine of 400 rupees (£40) on the first and third mates, who sanctioned the outrage, Lieut. Shaw having offered to pay the men for desisting. It was a more than ordinary case of violence, for he was held for some seconds with his head and body immersed in a noisome liquid after the so-called process of "shaving." The odious "practical joke" has since fallen almost entirely into disuse.

ST. A— and B.—It is our habit to refer our readers to the Holy Scriptures; the unquestionable meaning of which must be sought, not in isolated passages, but in the correspondence of several, all bearing on the same point. See 1 Cor. xvi. 22, St. Mark xvi. 16, St. John xvi. 18, 2 Cor. vi. 15, St. John v. 12; also, see Acts iv. 12 (the words of St. Peter); still further, observe our Lord's own words, St. John vi. 40, 47, St. Luke xii, 8, 9, and St. Matt. x. 32-33. It is no light matter to deny Christ, and rejecting His atonement and Him as "the way, the truth, and the life," to endeavour to "climb up some other way." What will become of the heathen and the unorthodox in the great standard truths of Christianity, it is not for us to say. "Shall not the God of all the earth do right?" "Follow *thou* Me," and lead others to follow likewise.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We have no doubt that you would find some book instructing in the rearing of bullfinches and on zoology; but we cannot advertise them.

ALICE.—The small broken sums charged by lawyers, such as 6s. 8d., are derived from very early times, and are said to denote the several amounts charged in "marks" and half and quarter "marks." The "mark" was in those days the unit of coinage, as the shilling or franc are now in England and France. The "guinea" was a physician's fee in the last century; the coin does not exist at present—at least, it is not a coin of the realm, though the addition of a shilling to the legal "sovereign" does not give a right to call the amount a "guinea," as that is not a "legal tender." It should be charged as twenty-one shillings.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.—The orchid is not always a "parasite." Those are improperly so-called which grow in temperate Australia and New Zealand, and in other non-tropical localities, but are mainly *Epiphytal*. The parasites derive their nourishment from the tree to which they cling; those that are *Epiphytal* are independent of any other plant, and take their nourishment from the soil; yet they all belong to the Linnean class, *Gynandria*. In hot damp parts of the West Indies, Madagascar, the forests of Brazil, the tropical parts of India, the lower mountains of Nepaul, Central America, and Western Mexico, they are "parasites." The *Epiphyte* only clings to the tree as a support, growing in the ground, not like the mistletoe.

ETHEL E.—It is not at all necessary to add the initials M.A. or B.A. after a clergyman's name in writing to him. Professors naturally claim their right to employ them; and authors likewise, on the title-pages of their books, because serving as credentials. But if he has a right to the title of "Doctor," in writing to him, the initials "D.D." (Doctor of Divinity), "LL.D.," or "D.C.L." (Doctor of Laws), should invariably be written after his name. In personal conversation with an archdeacon, you address him as "Mr. Archdeacon"; and in writing to him, as "The Venerable the Archdeacon of ——." A dean is addressed in writing as "The Very Reverend (John Smith), D.D., Dean of ——." A bishop is addressed as "The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of ——"; and the archbishop, "To His Grace, the Archbishop of ——."

DIDO.—Styes in the eyes and whitlows indicate a very low condition of health, either from in-nutrition, or the inhalation of poisonous gases and emanations from bad drainage, or otherwise. If "always taking medicine," no wonder you have reduced your strength and thinned your blood. Change of air and nutritious food would do more to restore your health and put an end to the styes than any medicine you could take.

X. Y. Z.—Certain foods and beverages are fattening, such as milk, and cream, potatoes, new bread, puddings, pastry, farinaceous foods, and alcohol in all forms, fat bacon, etc. It is a good thing for either stout or thin people to take a tepid bath or a sponge bath with cold water daily. But this bathing is not sufficient for cleanliness, so soap should be a good deal employed.

MATHILDE BRAID.—It is very silly to have "an awful horror of doctors." In your case you should have had one years ago; and you have no time to lose. The perpetual discharge from an ear is a serious thing. Grave mischief is going on, and the ulcer which occasions it is very near the brain. It should not be neglected any longer. It is not the stopping of the discharge, but the cure of the unseen cause that is to be attempted.

PROBLEM.—Take the dictionary, and read the columns of words beginning with "H," and you will find the word "heir," in which that letter is mute. In some dictionaries the word "herb" is given as pronounced in the old-fashioned way as "erb," but inconsistently so, as it is followed by a list of nine words beginning with "herb," in which that letter must be aspirated. It is mute in "honour" and "honourable," in "honest," "hour," and "humour." There is an arbitrary and changeable fashion in the pronunciation of many words, but differing—as the fashionable and the literary may be found to do—as regards many words. Of this you may take a note, that the chief error made by the uneducated in regard to that letter lies not in its pronunciation, but in its omission. Where they misplace it, is in words beginning with "a."

MISS ALICE HOLLAND.—We thank you for your offer to our readers who desire to obtain former numbers of the "G. O. P.," to let them have some for 1881, 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1889, free of any cost but the postage. Address, 2, Chestnut Road, Lewisham, S.E.

UNHAPPY AMY.—If the man of whom you speak really cared for you, he would ask for an explanation of your coolness towards him. In that case, tell him honestly. But it is not for you to make any advance towards him, for it is evident that you were not engaged to him, in which case you could have explained the circumstances that divided you.

OULIE NOSLIN.—Your daughter's verses descriptive of her sister must be gratifying to you and to their subject. It is indeed a blessing to have two such daughters. May they long prove a comfort to you. The verses are freely written and have some merit, and show that the writer has a correct ear for rhythm. It is pleasant to meet with such affection between sisters.

MISS AGNES YOUNG (Craven Lodge, St. Margaret's Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea).—We are happy to inform our readers who need rest and sea-air after sickness or over-work, and may name that a reduction of half price to the Home has been made on monthly return tickets by the South Eastern Railway Co., on application to you for an order (a stamped envelope enclosed to you for the same).

LA SIRENE.—Dr. Brewer says, "Diana Vernon was an enthusiastic Royalist of great beauty and talent," and this is as much as we find on consulting several other works, in which the heroism of "Rob Roy" is named.

ALMA.—To "mind your p's and q's" means that you should be very careful as to your words, or acts, and show tact. The saying is derived from the reign of Louis XIV., when huge wigs with long tails and ribbons were worn down the back; and when the very low bow was required and the body had to be bent there was danger of the wig becoming displaced, and French dancing-masters used continually to warn their pupils to mind their *perrugues* or perhaps *pieds* (as a step or two had to be taken before the bow was made) and their *queues* (or tails of their wigs). You write very well.

NAN.—The term "Beef-eater" is a corruption of the French word *Buffetiers*, signifying "attendants at a sideboard." The origin of the institution of these bodyguards and personal attendants of the sovereign is to be found in the suspicions of Henry VII. owing to the jealousies between the Houses of York and Lancaster; for better protection he instituted the corps. These men were to be in perpetual attendance, abroad and at board, and (as a cover to their primary institution) to adorn his table and place the vessels upon it, on which account they were designated in their "warrants" as "table-deckers." They were by no means limited to the use of "beef" at their own tables.

MRS. SARAH HAY.—The home of which you speak is not named on any list of ours. But there are so many such institutions for necessitous gentlewomen, we could not supply you with them, but may refer you to those given in the "Englishwoman's Year Book," pages 65 to 69 inclusive. The list includes both London and the provinces of the United Kingdom, and gives particulars of each. (Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.)

BERYL.—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson was the wife of the President of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, married in 1868, and is known as the writer of three novels under her maiden name, Evans. 1st, *Beulah*, New York, 1859; 2nd, *Macaria*, 1854; 3rd, *St. Elmo*, 1867.

GWILYM.—A stewardess should be trained in many of the duties of a lady's maid—understanding hair-dressing, but not necessarily either millinery or dressmaking. She should have some knowledge as a nurse. A young girl under age would be unsuitable.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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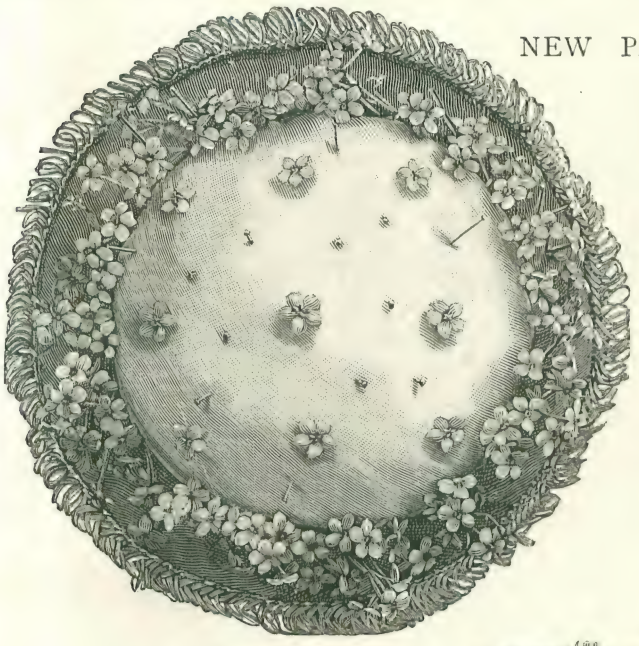
NEW PARISIAN KNICK-KNACKS.



A LOVELY NEW PINCUSHION.

IN recalling some of the pretty and tasteful knick-knacks which are everywhere to be seen in this gay city I cannot but contrast them with English articles of a similar kind. How dainty and tasteful are the Parisians in their work; how successfully daring the colours they use, how crisp the bows; in short, how different is their fancy-work from that of the average Londoner.

Some of the work, though charming enough, is correspondingly costly either to purchase or to imitate, but there is much on a less ambitious scale which English girls, if they do not exactly copy it, can at any rate study and glean hints from.

The pincushion first shown is not so elaborate as it appears to be. The materials required are two dozen sprays of artificial forget-me-nots, two circles of stiff cardboard six inches across, and some grey silk with which to cover them; one circle of card four and a half inches across and one of white satin six inches across. Also some tiny gilt spangles and three-quarters of a yard of narrow tinsel fringe. First cover the two larger cards each with grey silk, interlined, if the silk be poor in quality, with muslin or undyed calico. Interline the white satin also, and to the very centre of it sew a forget-me-not flower snipped from one of the sprays. This should have a spangle for a centre and be caught down very neatly with fine blue silk. Sprinkle eight other flowers over the white satin, putting them on in the same way and leaving plenty of room for pins between them. Run a gathering thread round the edge of the satin, lay the latter right side downwards and fill generously with bran or cotton wool, lastly laying the small circle of card on the top, and round the edge of this gathering in the draw-thread very tightly.

Glue or stitch this white cushion in the centre of one of the grey-covered centres, fixing it quite firmly and concealing the outer rim of the cushion with sprays of forget-me-not. These are sewn down so that each slightly overlaps the former one until a perfect wreath is made. Sew on the second grey-covered circle which forms the bottom of the cushion and edge with the fringe. Raise the forget-me-nots so that these stand up slightly instead of lying quite flat round the cushion.

In Paris the shops at which dogs' outfits are sold must prove very tempting to those who love to deck or clothe their pets. The elegant visiting costumes, the plainer walking gowns, the capes for cold weather, the night-gowns, collars, necklets, the scarlet-laced boots, all suggest that on this side of the water the importance of a lap-dog is scarcely fully realised. Perhaps the owner of a delicate

FIG. 2.—A COAT FOR PET DOG WITH POCKETS FOR HANDKERCHIEF AND TRAIN-TICKET.

All rights reserved.]

dog desires to see him wearing some coat warmer than that provided by nature. If so the making of such a garment will prove a true labour of love. Fig. 2 shows a dog's promenade coat of the most fashionable make. The general shape and cut are seen in the illustration, but of course, as for any other customers, measurements must be taken and

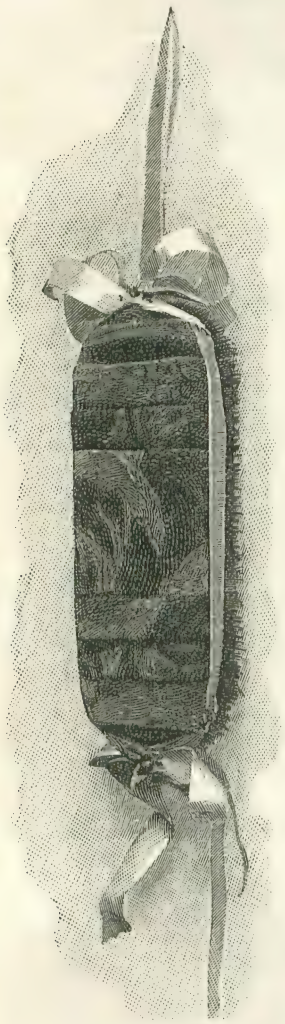


FIG. 3.

adaptations made to suit individual requirements. The materials here used and which are at once warm, appropriate and fashionable, are brown heather-mixture tweed for the coat itself, with a black satin cape and beaver trimmings. The fur can be real or imitation according to the wish of the maker. The lining of the coat and of the pockets is pink flannel. It may possibly be asked if there is any reason for the pockets? Decidedly there is. They are considered to add considerably to the appearance and completeness of the garment, and, especially for travelling, to be absolutely necessary, one to hold the dog's handkerchief, the other his railway ticket.

The coat is fastened at the back and underneath with brown ribbon strings, which are adaptable and can be loosened and tightened as required, but the cape must fit nicely down the front, where it is fastened at the neck and again below it with a tiny buckle and a corresponding thong of binding.

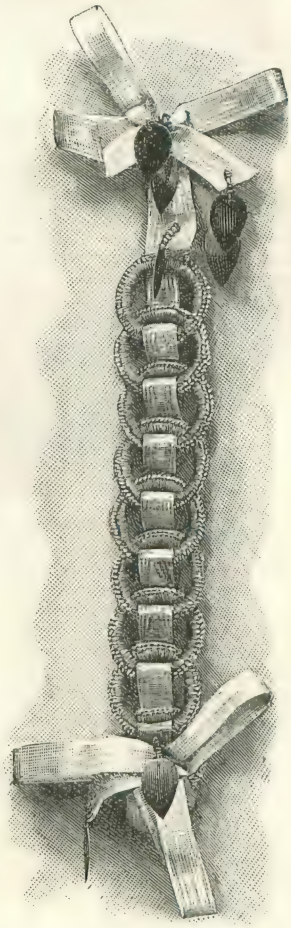
The colours of the materials used in the small garment before us have been mentioned, but it must be quite understood that these are only to be used under special circumstances. On no account must the dog's costume be much at variance as regards colours and materials with that of his mistress; indeed, if it be made from some of the same stuff as composes her gown, and can be trimmed so as still further to accord with it, so much the better. The velvet, satin, or fur cape can, if wished, be made as a separate garment, to be worn only on especially cold occasions or added as an extra wrap for evening wear.

The decoration of even the most familiar articles in every-day use is still considered to be an improvement to them, and now, to such an extent has the custom grown, even hearth-brushes are "draped," and present quite a decorative and festive appearance. It should be remembered that they are used chiefly to dust away the light wood ashes, not the blacker heavier cinders left by English coal-fires.

From the adornment of the hearth-brush to that of the clothes-brush is not a long step, and has lately been taken. The backs of the brushes only are trimmed up, and this addition does not really interfere much with their usefulness.

By adding a velvet back a hat-brush is, as it were, contrived, for there is no better material than velvet with which to smooth down silk or beaver. The velvet used on the brush shown in Fig. 3 is terra-cotta in colour, shading into golden-yellow. A strip of the material is cut that measures twice the length of the brush, and about an inch more than the width of it. This is pleated up to the required length and fastened down by tiny nails, put in at intervals all round the edge of the brush. The velvet beyond the nails is cut closely away, and the heads of these and all raw edges are hidden by a half-inch wide band of amber ribbon, stretched tightly round and sewed down at intervals. Over this comes a second strip of the same ribbon put on more loosely, and gathered in every here and there over the stitches of the underneath band. The gathering thread is hidden by driving in a nail with an ornamental head, or by sewing on a rather large spangle, which serves the same purpose. At each end of the brush should be a large loose bow of the amber ribbon; from one of these bows should come a long loop of the ribbon, by means of which the brush may be hung up.

Some novel *chatelaines* were made entirely of rings, through which narrow ribbon is plaited. The watch-holder shown in the last illustration is an example of this kind of work. Nine or ten curtain-rings, measuring an inch across, were used, and these were all worked over in double crochet with salmon-coloured thread. The ribbon used was cream-coloured, and nearly half an inch wide, the method of interlacing it so as to string the rings firmly together can be seen from the picture. A short description may also serve to aid a would-be maker of such a chain as this. Begin at the top of the work; hold two curtain-rings (the upper one slightly overlapping the lower one) in the left hand. With the right hand pass the ribbon between the two rings, working from the under to the upper side, exposing the upper portion of the lower ring and hiding the bottom part of the upper and uppermost ring by passing the ribbon back to the underside of the work just under this portion of that ring. Place another ring below the second one, which should slightly overlap it, and bring up the ribbon between these two rings in exactly the same manner as before. Continue thus until the chain is deemed long enough. Though apparently a complicated it is really a very simple process, and an interesting one. On the wrong side of the chain sew a large strong hook to the lowest ring. This is to hold the watch, so the stitches that secure it must be very strong. They can be hidden by adding, on the right side of the work, a bow made of some of the cream-coloured ribbon. At the top let the ribbon extend for an inch or two beyond the ring (to the top of which it must be sewn), and add there also a good bow of the ribbon. At the back of this bow, on the wrong side, place a large safety-pin, by which to secure the chain to the dress, or a long loop of ribbon through which a waistband may be threaded. The linked rings are very firm, but as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, any carelessness with regard to the watch-hook, or to the fastening at the top, may cause the loss of a watch. As a novel finish to the bows, hang from the several ends of them glittering heart-shaped spangles, wee bells, or sequins, attaching them by a thread passed through from five



A CHATELAINE.

to eleven beads. They are thus made to dangle at different lengths, and do not hide one another. Thus is completed a new but perhaps not over safe watch- or fan-holder, the description of which must be the last thing here attempted, as, though ideas are not lacking, space, unfortunately, is so.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THEY retraced their steps up the rugged hill path, Cecil first, Um Yusuf following her, and went in at the gate, climbing the steep rock-hewn lanes of the little town in silence. At their house-door, Masûd was lounging in his accustomed place, and started up in astonishment on seeing them approaching from the street.

"This is not well, O my lady," he said to Cecil, with an air of respectful remonstrance which would have amused her at any other time. "Does my lady wish to bring wrath upon her servant's head from the Bey, that she goes out without summoning him to attend upon her?"

"Hold thy peace, foolish one!" cried Um Yusuf, as Cecil turned and stared at him with unseeing eyes. "Is my lady to be taken to task by thy insolent tongue? Let her pass, or I will complain to the Bey of thy rudeness."

Sorely perplexed, Masûd yielded the point, and opened the gate for them. Ayesha and the other women were looking out curiously from the doorway of their room, but on catching sight of Cecil they drew back, and she passed them with bowed head. Mounting the steps of the *lewan*, she entered her own room, and dropped on the divan with a wordless moan. At present she did not in the least realise the full horror of the news she had heard; she only knew that a sudden blow had fallen upon her, blotting out all recollection, and deadening every feeling. All night she lay where she had sunk down, deaf to Um Yusuf's remonstrances and entreaties, and when she allowed herself to be raised from the divan in the morning, it was only to return to it again, leaving her breakfast untasted, and to sit crouched in a corner, staring before her with stony eyes. In vain Um Yusuf pleaded and entreated, her mistress did not even seem to hear her, and noticed her presence as little as she did that of the other women, who crowded round the door of her room, looking pityingly at her. They had no idea of the desire for solitude of one in deep grief, their notion of showing sympathy was to assemble together and discuss all the circumstances of the case in the mourner's hearing, and Um Yusuf was too much harassed, too anxious for help and advice, to drive them away, as she would ordinarily have done. That Mdlle. Antaza had gone mad was the general opinion, and this was confirmed by the fact that she took no notice of the intruders, and seemed neither to see nor hear them. Um Yusuf was at her wits' end. She knew no more of mental pathology than she did of comparative anatomy, but she had the help of long experience to guide her, and she knew that this deadly calm must be broken.

At last, as the readiest means of effecting this, she went in search of Azim Bey. He had only just returned, a day later than he was expected, and was hearing from Masûd all that the worthy aga could tell him of what had happened. To say that he was appalled is only faintly to describe his feelings. He had often wished Charlie out of the way, and it is not improbable that he would have been deeply grateful for any fatal accident or illness which had removed him from mademoiselle's path. But that Dr. Egerton should be murdered in cold blood, and that, too, as a direct consequence of the arrangement he had made with M. Karalampi, was a very different thing. He shrank back and shivered at the thought of meeting Cecil, but Um Yusuf would take no denial, and fairly led him back to the sitting-room. Her stony silence and the reproachful glances of the other women were sufficient to make a deep impression even on his hardened young heart, but when he saw Cecil crouched on the divan, her eyes fixed, her hands hanging idle, he would have fled if he could. Um Yusuf, expecting such an attempt, pushed him into the room, and as he entered it timidly, Cecil looked up and met his gaze, then turned away with a shuddering sigh. He could not bear it.

"Oh, mademoiselle," he cried, rushing to her, regardless of the shiver of repulsion with which she drew herself away from him, "forgive me!"

"Then it was your fault," said Cecil slowly. "You had him killed."

"No, mademoiselle, not that, not that! Oh, my dear mademoiselle, I have been very wicked, very unkind, but I never wanted him killed. I wished him to be kept safely, where you would not see him, until the time came for you to leave us, that I might try to make you stay with me, and then he was to be set free, but what I wanted was never this, never this, mademoiselle," and he flung himself sobbing at her feet, and kissed the hem of her dress.

"Tell me, Bey," said Cecil, laying a hand on his shoulder, and speaking in the same restrained tones, "can you say truly that you had no hand in his death?"

"None, mademoiselle, none," sobbed Azim Bey. "It is my fault, for I hated him, and wished him to be carried off by the Kurds, but I never wanted him dead, and I would give all I have to bring him back to life now. Oh, mademoiselle, only forgive me, and we will avenge his death a thousand times over. I will speak to my father of these wretches who have murdered Dr. Egerton, and they shall give a life for every drop of his blood. They shall be swept from the face of the earth, and their wives and children and all belonging to them, and their houses shall be made a desolation for ever. And as for M. Karalampi, that Shaitan, he shall be——"

"Oh hush, Bey," said Cecil shuddering; "I don't want vengeance. How can you suggest it? These men have only understood your orders a little too well. And how could it comfort me to know that innocent women and children were punished for the fault of the men? it would make my grief ten times greater. But oh, Bey, remember," and her voice was choked, "that a life once taken can never be restored."

She broke down and sobbed passionately, while Azim Bey knelt at her feet, entreating her forgiveness again and again. He would not leave her, until Um Yusuf laid a strong hand on his shoulder and dragged him away, telling him that he would make mademoiselle ill. Even then he broke away from her grasp at the door and rushed back, with a piteous entreaty that Cecil would say she forgave him, but she was too much overcome with the violence of her grief to answer, and he went away sorrowful. Um Yusuf was better pleased, for her plan had succeeded. She had made her mistress shed tears at last, and she waited until she was exhausted with weeping, and then coaxed her to go to bed. Sheer bodily fatigue made her sleep, and she awoke the next day in a more normal condition. It was characteristic of her that when once the haunting consciousness of overshadowing trouble which oppressed her on waking had resolved itself into the terrible knowledge that her world was from henceforth bereft of Charlie, her next thought was that the ordinary duties of the day must still be fulfilled, and she set herself mechanically to dress as usual, and went out on the *lewan* to seek her pupil. He was there, wandering aimlessly and miserably about, and came timidly to kiss her hand, with evident fear and reluctance.

"Can you forgive me, mademoiselle?" he asked anxiously. "It was my fault, but I never meant to do it." The sadness in his voice went to Cecil's heart.

"God helping me, Bey, I do forgive you," she answered with quivering lips; "but please don't speak about it any more."

The boy kissed her hand again in silence, and the compact was sealed, but the subject which neither of them mentioned was continually in both their minds. They went to lessons as usual, and Cecil tried honestly to behave to her pupil just as she had always done, but once or twice the thought of that scene in the Kurdish stronghold returned upon her so powerfully that she turned from him with an irrepressible shudder. She could see it all—the group of fanatical mountaineers on the brow of the

precipice surrounding the solitary figure with bound hands and ragged Armenian dress. She could hear the rapid questions and answers passing between the Kurds and their prisoner, and the fierce taunts and shout of derision that succeeded them. And then—then—she saw the headlong plunge outwards into space, the piteous crash, the mangled form that lay motionless at the foot of the steep, a blood-stained heap of rags, as it had appeared to the trembling Hanna, forced to his knees by the murderers on the cliff above, that he might behold their work.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, if I could have died instead!" she cried wildly, dropping her book, and beginning to pace up and down the *lewan*, every nerve throbbing with the bitter consciousness of her own powerlessness at the time of Charlie's greatest need. And she had known nothing of it at the time! How was it that no sense of his danger had penetrated to her mind, that she had not known intuitively that he was tasting the bitterness of death while she was occupied in trying to still the petty squabbles between her servants and those of Jamileh Khanum? Surely there must be something wanting in her, that such a crisis could arrive in the life of the man to whom her whole heart was given, and she know nothing of it? True, she could not have helped him, but she could have prayed with him and for him, and perhaps some hint of her distant sympathy might have reached him even at that terrible moment.

"Mademoiselle!" said Azim Bey timidly, and Cecil pressed her hands to her head and sat down again, trying hard to conquer the feeling of repulsion which the boy's mere presence gave her. The natural fairness of her mind would not allow her to hold him responsible for the extreme consequences of his childish jealousy, but she dared not trust herself to dwell upon the thought that but for his interference Charlie might be alive and well now. The memory which she thus thrust from her had come unbidden to the mind of Azim Bey, and for once his remorse was deep and lasting. Cecil's white face and heavy eyes were a constant reproach to him, and he did his utmost to testify his sorrow for what he had done. Any wish that she expressed was to be gratified immediately, and he watched over her and waited upon her with a faithfulness which touched her extremely. The women and Masûd followed his example, and vied with each other in doing her all the kindnesses in their power, but as the weeks passed on, it became evident that other people were not so forbearing. Leyleh Kalfa was a frequent visitor to the courtyard at this time, and took to gossiping with the negresses when she found herself shunned by the white women as a bringer of evil tidings, and what happened immediately afterwards left little doubt that she had been commissioned to report on what she saw and heard. Jamileh Khanum sent for Azim Bey, and questioned him closely as to the cause of the change which had come over his governess. He returned from his interview with her grave and unhappy, but said nothing before the servants.

"Mademoiselle," he said to Cecil, as they sat beside the brazier after supper, "there is something I must say to you. You have enemies in the harem, and they make up lying reports about you to tell my father when he returns. The little lady mother said to Mdlle. Katrina when I was there that you were going mad, and that you had taken a dislike to me and would murder me. They know what happened to—him, and they think you will try to avenge his death on me."

"And you are not afraid, Bey?" asked Cecil, with a sad smile.

"I? Oh no, mademoiselle. I know that you are good, and that you love me, since you have even forgiven me. I don't want them to send you away from me, but that is what they wish to do, and they will do it if they can persuade the Pasha. They are going to send the *hakim bashi* to see you, and they will talk to him beforehand, so that he will do what they tell him. Could you not look a little more cheerful, dear mademoiselle, just when he comes?"

"I will try," said Cecil, but when she looked at herself in the glass it struck her that the attempt would be of little use. Could that pale, sad face, from which mournful eyes looked out at her, be her own? If so, it was no wonder that Jamileh Khanum was startled by the change, since even Cecil herself found it surprising. The strain of keeping up her spirits in Azim Bey's presence was tremendous, and day after day the difficulty of going through the routine of work and recreation became greater. But for his sake she would try to impress the physician favourably, impossible though it seemed even to affect cheerfulness.

The *hakim bashi* arrived, and she did her best, receiving him with what composure she could muster, and forcing herself to unexpected bursts of high spirits, which only confirmed the physician in the belief which his patroness and her attendant had diligently instilled into his mind, that Mdlle. Antaza's brain was affected. In this opinion he was strengthened when, on coming back hastily to fetch something he had left, he surprised Cecil in a fit of deep depression, into which she had sunk on the withdrawal of the momentary excitement. For a time, however, nothing came of his visit, and Azim Bey's household began to hope that the alarm had been a false one, designed by Jamileh Khanum for the purpose of frightening them, when an order came from the Pasha that everything was to be packed up, and everyone ready to start at a moment's notice. Flushed with victory, Ahmed Khémi was returning to Baghdad by a road slightly different from that which he had taken in coming, and his household, with the military escort, was to meet him at a spot situated a good deal lower down the mountain than was Sardiyeh.

Two or three days after the order had been given, Cecil and her pupil were disturbed at breakfast by a sudden invasion of their courtyard. Two of the harem agas swaggered in, and with more than their usual insolence announced that they brought the Khanum Effendi's orders. Azim Bey and his attendants were to start that morning with the harem procession, which was almost ready for the journey, but Mdlle. Antaza and her nurse were to remain where they were for the present. Cecil's anger rose at this cool command.

"The Khanum Effendi has no right to detain me here," she said quickly.

"Pasha's order," was the sole reply, and the chief aga held out a document which on examination proved to be a permission from his Excellency for Mdlle. Antaza to remain behind in the mountains for rest, according to the *hakim bashi's* recommendation, until her health should be completely restored. Sardiyeh was to continue to be her residence until further orders should be received. Cecil read the paper through, and handed it back calmly to the man. Nothing had power to astonish her now. If the order had been for her instant execution, she would scarcely have felt surprise. But to the other women the blow came unexpectedly, and they pressed forward with loud weeping to kiss her hands and the hem of her dress. That they feared something much worse than the letter implied was evident, and they heaped blessings and expressions of pity upon her alternately, while Um Yusuf stood by and abused the agas roundly, in especial threatening them in such moving terms with the wrath of the Balio Bey, that they glanced round apprehensively, as though expecting to see Sir Dugald appear miraculously in all his might as the champion of injured virtue. Speedily recovering themselves, however, they drove off the women, wailing and beating their breasts and calling down maledictions upon the agas' respective ancestors, while Azim Bey, who had been standing at Cecil's side, was also ordered to accompany them. The boy's very lips were white as he kissed his governess's hand.

"Don't lose heart, mademoiselle," he whispered. "I know they intend evil against you, but my father shall know everything, and if he will not help I will speak to the Balio Bey."

"Are we to be left here alone?" asked Cecil of the agas.

"My lady's servants are charged by the Khanum Effendi to wait upon and watch over her and her nurse," said the chief gruffly.

"We are to be prisoners, then?" said Cecil, as Azim Bey shuddered, and gripped her hand more tightly.

"That is as my lady pleases," returned the man. "Within these walls she may do what she likes, but outside there are the Kurds and the worshippers of Shaitan, and the Mutesalim will be returning, who has no fear of the Balio Bey, and therefore the Khanum Effendi, in her care for my lady, considers that it will be well for her not to leave the house."

"Listen to me, O Aga Mansur," cried Azim Bey, "and upon thy head be it if thou fail in what I command thee. I leave mademoiselle in thy charge,

and if she suffers any hurt, I swear by my father's beard that thou shalt pay for it."

"Upon my head be it, O my lord," was the ceremonious answer. "Will it please my lord now to depart?"

Azim Bey went out with all the dignity he could muster, though the tears were very near his eyes, while the two strange agas took Masûd's place at the gate, and proceeded to arrange their belongings in his room. The door was now shut, and the two captives returned to the *lewan* to consider the situation.

"The Khanum Effendi want kill us," said Um Yusuf, angry and alarmed. "You got pistol, mademoiselle? knife? dagger?

"Only a penknife," said Cecil wearily. "What does it signify, Um Yusuf? I don't believe they mean to kill us, and if they did, a penknife wouldn't prevent them."

But Um Yusuf was not to be silenced. She instituted a methodical search for arms, and was successful in discovering two table-knives which had been brought from Baghdad for Cecil's use. The shape and size of these made them difficult to carry about the person, but she concealed them with great care among the cushions of the divan, and felt happier. At night her fears revived, and she dragged her bed into her mistress's room, and insisted on closing the window and barricading the door with every movable thing she could find, and this state of siege she maintained with unflagging perseverance. The two agas took no notice, and seemed to feel little interest in anything their prisoners did. If their intentions were evil, they feared Um Yusuf's precautions too much to put them into execution, and thus days and weeks slipped by without alarm.

To Cecil the time was one of rest, so much needed as to be almost welcome. She made little or no attempt to occupy herself with books or work, but sat on the house-top gazing at the mountains and the sky, and seldom speaking. Um Yusuf became very uneasy about her, fearing this quiet acquiescence in her grief almost more than the feverish excitement of the days before the departure of Azim Bey and the rest. It seemed to her that her mistress needed rousing and taking out of herself, and she honestly did her best to effect this, according to her lights. She encouraged her to sketch, tried in vain to induce her to study, and even gave herself the trouble of fashioning a draught-board and set of men, with the aid of one of the precious table-knives, so that she might invite her to play.

"Why you not write your memoirs, mademoiselle?" she said more than once. "The Khanum Effendi's governess, in Tahir Pasha's house, she always write when she was alone, say she get great deal of money some day. She put in all that everybody say, and all the things she not like."

"My experiences are not interesting enough," Cecil would say patiently, for she knew that Um Yusuf teased her from the best motives. "I couldn't write about the things I have really felt, and who cares nowadays for descriptions of ruins and deserts? When I am dead, Fitz and Eily and the rest can publish my letters for their grandchildren's benefit, if they like, but I won't do it."

Um Yusuf would yield for the moment with a sigh, and proceed to relate stories from her family history, with a view of diverting Cecil's mind from her own sorrows, and showing her that there were people worse off than herself. The stories were all about massacres, and fearful torments endured at the hands of Moslems and Druses, of a character to make the listener's hair stand on end with horror on ordinary occasions, but Cecil could not be roused into taking more than a languid interest in the events described. Sometimes she did not even hear them. It never struck Um Yusuf that this season of absolute rest was exactly what her mistress needed, coming, as it did, when body and mind, stunned by a fearful shock, were almost failing under the effort to carry on the every-day routine of work. There was an atmosphere of calm which almost amounted to happiness spread over these days, and Cecil lived through them idly, her mind dwelling in the past, with no thought of the future. The sense of abiding loss was always with her, but she lived over again the five years during which she had known Charlie, and felt almost as if his presence were near her still. No thought of picturing the infinite sadness of a return to daily life without him had yet presented itself to trouble her, just as she had not energy enough to speculate on the duration of her imprisonment, nor to form any plans as to her future work. It was a time merely of waiting, uncoloured either by hope or despair.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF NATURE.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

THE scientist has dwelt too much on the selfishness and cruelty of the struggle of the individual for existence, and the poet has sung too persistently of "Nature red in tooth and claw," and both have dwelt too little or not at all on the love of nature, the sacrifice of life for others, which with a little observation and thought can be seen as the supreme law in every department of this beautiful and orderly universe.

The bitter struggle (and bitter and ceaseless it is, I cannot deny), is to obtain the organism best adapted to gradually-changing surroundings, and which, by giving itself to others either in co-operation or death, hands on the mystery of a more abundant life.

The culmination of a tree is its seeds. Roots, stem, branches, leaves, are all unconsciously at work, struggling without ceasing with other vegetation for room and light, in order that the unborn tree within the fruit may live. The flower puts forth her sweet petals of every shape, hue and smell, within which appear the yellow-tipped stamens surrounding the conducting style. But all exists primarily for the sake of the unborn life within its seeds.

A shapeless, pulsing bit of protoplasm absorbs food to live, and in consequence grows, but only that it may divide into other generations.

Insects fight with each other a bitter fight to live, some to live but a short time, while others die immediately after they have handed on the life once granted them.

All the grasses, wheat, millet, barley, oats, have struggled and died in order that their grains may live.

The birds travel long distances, over stormy seas, rugged mountain-chains, and bleak plains, in order that they may be in the healthiest condition to build their nests, lay their eggs, and rear their young.

Cell co-operates with cell, flower with flower, beast with beast, man with man in families, tribes, nations, in order thereby to live the more worthily and happily.

Each part, unconsciously it may be, and in man, please God, consciously, lives for every other part and is dependent on every other part. The grain of wheat appears in the ear, to hand on grains of wheat a hundredfold, and in so doing administers to the building up and perfecting of man's physical structure. The flower puts forth all its beauty and fragrance for its own life and the life of its unborn seedlings, but in doing so its beauty is adding to the deepening of men's souls.

MY FIRST PICTURE.

By C. N. CARVALHO.

CHAPTER II.

My picture was finished, after weeks of patient toil. With what aching of heart I refrained from sending it to the Academy need not be here recorded. I am almost afraid that it was not Aunt Ruth's wise counsel that deterred me, but the dismal fact that I had no money wherewith to pay for a suitable frame. That it would be rejected, I did not believe. That was a piece of conceit on my part, I own, but as I found a purchaser for the picture with very little trouble, it could not have been utterly devoid of merit. One of the minor dealers in Soho actually gave me ten guineas for it—news that took Aunt Ruth's breath away, while the sum seemed to me but a poor return for so much labour.

But at any rate I was justified, or so I thought, in pursuing my art, so I ceased from that time to attend the lawyer's office regularly. The daylight hours I spent at my easel, and only in the evenings condescended to copy out such manuscripts as my former employer would entrust to my care. For the first time since my father's death I was happy. I felt now I was an artist, and the dream of my life about to be realised.

It was not easy to find another model so entirely after my own heart as little José. His figure haunted me, and I caught myself sometimes tracing it on the canvas though another form was posing before me. I missed the child too for his own sake. Not only his beauty, but his quaint sayings, his tender heart, full of that "Love that thinketh no evil" had endeared him to me. I saw him very seldom after he had ceased to sit to me. Biddy would not let him give his time for nothing, and of course I could not afford to go on paying him. Once or twice on a Sunday, I had found him hanging about our door in the hope of seeing me go by on my way to church, but after a while even those visits were dropped, and the various sketches that filled my portfolio and adorned my studio wal's were all I had to remind me of my little friend.

But fate would not allow me to forget him. One winter's evening when Aunt Ruth and I were working by lamp-light—she at her wood-engraving, the demand for which was, unhappily, growing less day by day, and I with my type-writer—two visitors were announced. The click of the machine had prevented me from hearing Peggy's voice as she ushered them in, and I was surprised to find myself in the presence of two strangers. One was a man of sixty or thereabouts, and looked like a gentleman; the other was dressed as a common sailor. He had a kindly, pleasant face and moreover it seemed familiar, though I was sure I had never met him before. Aunt Ruth, accustomed by this time to the queer figures that came to sit to me, put on the resigned air she always assumed on such occasions, and left it to me to ask what they wanted.

"I have come about my boy," the sailor exclaimed before I could speak. And he was proceeding with some incoherent sentence when his companion stopped him.

"Hold hard, Jack," the old man said. "We shall get into port much quicker if you do not put your oar in. Which of you ladies is Miss Wallis, may I ask? Miss Vera Wallis, the artist?"

I blushed to hear myself so described, and rose from my seat immediately.

"My name is Fleming—I am a picture dealer," he went on as he laid his card on the table. "Some months ago I bought from Burton, a man in Soho, a picture that took my fancy. It is signed with your name and is called 'His Birthday Treat.' Possibly you remember it."

Did I remember it—my first, nay, my only picture; for except slight sketches to sell to the drawing shops, I had finished nothing since. I nodded assent, for I was too much excited to say much.

"Good," said Mr. Fleming. "Well, our friend here, Jack Wilton, landed in England a week ago, and the next day being sent by his captain on an errand to the West End, he saw this picture lying in my window. He tells me it is an exact likeness of his only child, whom he has lost sight of. I referred him to Burton, who gave him your address, but would do nothing more. So back he comes to me, having found out, I suppose, that I am an old dolt and likely to meddle with what does not concern me. It seemed a wild-goose chase, but I consented to help him and here I am. Do you mind telling us where you found your model?"

"What is your son's name?" I said, answering the question by another.

"José," the sailor said at once. "My wife called him so—she was a Spanish girl. I am certain it is my boy you have painted. Oh, where is he?" he cried in a broken voice. "You can tell me if you will."

"I hope so," I rejoined. "At any rate I will help you to seek him. But do not be too confident, Mr. Wilton. I have not seen José for a good while now, and Mrs. Flanagan, so the child said, never stays long in one place. Still I think I can find him."

The man was so delighted that for a moment I really thought he would embrace me, and I hastened to shelter myself behind Aunt Ruth. I told him all I knew and then begged him to come up to my studio—there were some sketches of the boy I should like him to see.

We went up in a body—Aunt Ruth a little puzzled at my sudden desire for her company. I lighted the gas and was about to open my portfolio, when the sailor spied a full-length crayon drawing of his son that occupied a prominent place on the wall, and planted himself before it.

It was the one I had done the very first morning, and the neatness of attire that had discomfited me gave the father the most profound satisfaction.

"Ah," he said in a tone of relief, "then they do dress him nicely sometimes. It is not so bad as I thought."

Alas, I had nothing reassuring to say on that point. Poor Jack said it was a shame the child should be in rags, for he had forwarded every quarter to a certain post-office a sum, more than sufficient to feed him and keep him decent. When his wife died, he added, he had been forced to join his ship almost immediately, and had had no time to look out for a proper guardian for little José. His fellow-lodger, Mrs. Flanagan, had been kind to Juanita in her last illness, and when she promised to take good care of the boy, he had allowed her to keep him. Of late she had written very seldom and put no address on her letters, so he had no clue to her whereabouts.

We agreed that I should go in search of Biddy's stall the next day, and if I found it—which I had little hope of doing—I was to engage José to come and sit to me, but make no mention of the sailor's return, so that Biddy might not suspect her dishonest behaviour had been found out, for she was quite equal to detaining the boy in order to extract more money from his father.

Before Mr. Fleming left that night he made me show him all my sketches, and was so kind as to give me a commission to paint for him a companion picture to "His Birthday Treat." He had paid twenty pounds for that,

he said, and would give the same amount to me. I could scarcely believe in my good fortune—in fact the evening was as exciting for me as it was for Jack Wilton.

But as I had expected, Biddy's stall was no longer in its accustomed corner. The policeman knew nothing about her, and when I asked him to direct me to the court where she used to lodge, he begged me on no account to go to such a place.

The advice was good, as I soon discovered, but I was so sure Mrs. Hutchins would know where to lay hands on the boy, that I disregarded it. But once past the entrance of the court, the crowd became so thick and so noisily quarrelsome, that I was frightened to death.

I had just made up my mind to turn back when, by great good fortune, I came upon Jack Wilton. I had given him the address the night before, so was not much surprised to see him. With his help and that of a policeman who had followed me from the top of the court, I soon found the house I was seeking. I was just in time, the policeman said, for Mrs. Hutchins was going away in a few days. She and her husband were the only respectable people in the court, and they would have gone long ago, but they owned the house they lived in and had to stay till they had got rid of it.

José's friend received us with rapture. She had my name quite pat and knew all about me. She shook hands with Jack Wilton as if she had known him all her life, and told him, crying all the while, that she would find his boy for him if she had to search London round.

"Ah, but that Biddy Flanagan is a bad 'un," she said, shaking her head ominously. "I always said she got money for the little dear, for she spent a lot though not on him. My husband would have turned her out many a time, but he said he'd only get worse in her place, and besides, we couldn't bear to part with the boy. Ah, Miss Vera," she went on, "I've seen your picture of the darling many a time. José told me where it was hanging out, and I used to go and look at it. I cried when it was sold and I could see it no more. And to think of its having found his father."

The good creature, with Jack Wilton and the friendly policeman escorted me back into Holborn, each one separately begging me not to come down the court again. I gave the promise very readily. The ragged children, devoid of all the beauty and grace of childhood, the screaming women, the drunken men, had made a most painful impression on me. How little José had retained the purity of his mind in such surroundings was a mystery to me.

Mrs. Hutchins offered to send me word if she saw or heard anything of the boy, but weeks went by and she did not write. Meanwhile the bereaved father continued his search in an aimless way that was not likely to effect his object. He was but a blundering fellow, as Mr. Fleming had said. Of course we set the police to work; but their opinion was that Biddy had left London. She was not in prison, so much they ascertained, but now that Jack Wilton's supplies had ceased, they thought it very probable she would turn up there. Poor consolation this to a father anxious for his son's good name.

Aunt Ruth and I in our small way did what we could, but even our time could not be given lavishly. The day came at last when the sailor had to rejoin his ship. The owners had allowed him more time on shore than usual, but they would not wait for him indefinitely, and he had but the one way of making a living. We had grown to like the poor fellow, so neat-handed and yet so clumsy. He was so docile and quiet that Aunt Ruth let him come about the house as he liked, and much of his time was passed in our kitchen, where he made himself useful as only a sailor can. He never sat to me regularly, but I sketched him over and over again when he little thought what I was doing. I bestowed on him a portrait of José as a parting gift, and the grateful look with which he received it was a sight to see.

And after all José came back to us of his own accord. Coming in from a walk one chilly afternoon, I found him lying like a great dog before my studio fire. Peggy had fed him and sent him up to wait for me. She would have told me of his arrival, but I let myself in with a latchkey and so did not see her.

He ran to me with a shout of joy. Indeed, I hardly know which of us was the more excited. José had heard from Peggy of his father's return and was wild to know more. Now Jack Wilton was due shortly, and only that very day as I was walking home, I had been grieving over the fact that we had no good news for him. I wondered what he would think of his son. José was so much grown, that had it not been for his dark eyes and his never-to-be-forgotten smile, I should not have known him. He was painfully thin and looked half starved; and he was dirtier than ever.

I got him to answer my questions coherently after a while. He had run away, he told me—Biddy was unkind. She could not help it for she was drunk. But now she wanted him to steal things, and that was too much. So he was going to sea—as a cabin-boy, a stowaway, anything. But he must bid his friends good-bye first—Mrs. Hutchins and myself.

"And Mrs. Hutchins told you about your father, I suppose," I suggested.

He shook his head. "I haven't seen her, Miss Vera," he replied sorrowfully. "She has gone to live in the country. A policeman told me where, but I can't walk so far. I am so sorry. I wanted to see her so much, and—and she would have given me a bed. I don't know were to get one now."

Aunt Ruth was out, but I was so sure of her approval that I ventured to say we would let him sleep in the back attic. His father had left me some money to buy him decent clothes, and he need not go ragged any more.

But little Peggy looked very grave when I told her what I had done. Mistress would never put him there, she assured me. He must be washed first, and it really could not be done in our kitchen—he was too grimy. But if I would get him something to wear, she would take him to the public baths and see to him there.

An outfit was soon procured, and I joyfully sent Peggy and her charge on their way. They were absent so long that I had time to tell Aunt Ruth the story twice over before they came back—José quite transformed, but so sleepy-headed, that Aunt Ruth put him to bed at once and deferred all questions till morning.

I went up to look at him before I slept that night, and could not resist the temptation of sketching the little cherub head as it lay on the pillow. How I wished his father could have seen the pretty sight. But the flushed cheeks that charmed me so much alarmed Aunt Ruth, and she shook her head when I commented upon them, and said she devoutly hoped the boy was not going to be ill.

He did not, as a fact, leave his bed for some days. Starvation and neglect had tried his strength, and now excitement hastened the crisis. He had had a hard life of late, poor little man, but it was only in his delirium he confessed how much he had had to suffer.

As Mr. Fleming had been so kind, I thought it only right to let him know the boy was found, and anxious to see the original of the picture he had taken such a fancy to, he called several times at our house. The picture he had ordered was now fairly on the canvas, and the hints he gave me as to its treatment were most valuable. Like the famous Mr. Dick, I could not keep a certain head out of the picture, and my little Spanish friend made one of a very pretty group called "The Sailor's Return." The old gentleman's criticism wounded my vanity sorely sometimes, but I tried to be grateful, for I knew he was an authority on the subject.

Mr. Fleming heard of the arrival of the ship before we did, and took the trouble to go all the way to the docks to tell Jack Wilton the good news. The meeting of the father and son was as different from my pre-conception of it as it well could be. It had a beauty of its own far beyond my skill to depict. On the sailor's face pride, joy, and sorrow, were strangely mingled. Perhaps a touch of anger was there too, but they all merged into a look of deep thankfulness as he clasped his only child to his heart. Little José, too brave to cry, too much agitated to laugh, was glad to hide his head on his father's shoulder. And—— But I can say no more, for Aunt Ruth, with scant consideration for art, hurried me from the room.

Mrs. Flanagan made herself very disagreeable to us. She soon traced the boy to our house and abused us so violently for keeping him away from her, that we must have sent for the police to dislodge her, had not Jack Wilton been there to take her in hand. But a month later José was at sea out of her reach. On hearing Jack Wilton's story, the owners of his ship kindly permitted him to take the boy with him on his next voyage, and in the fresh sea air José was soon in a fair way to regain his health.

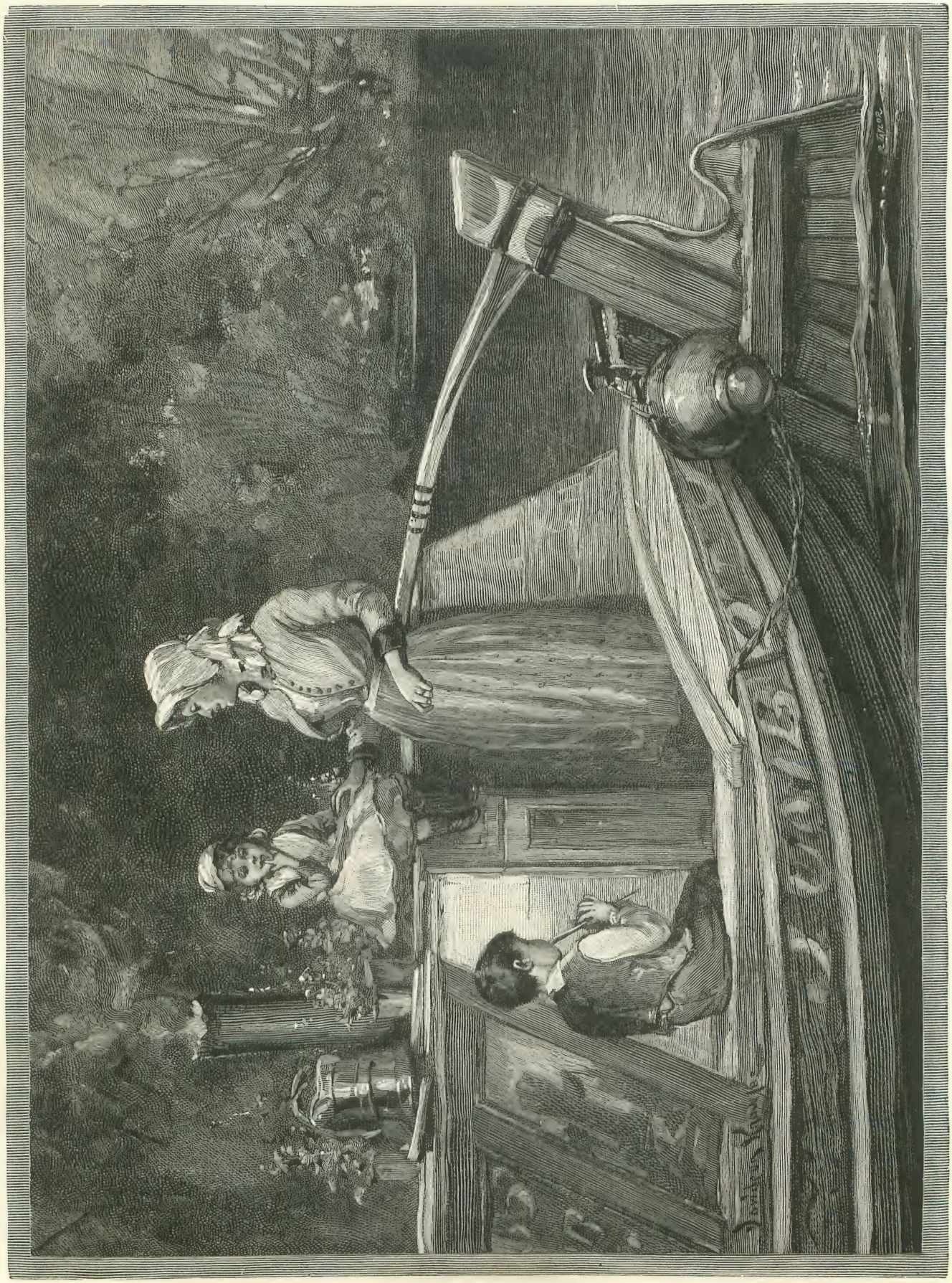
* * * *

Mr. Fleming came for his picture when it was ready, and gazed at it with critical eyes. It did not satisfy him, I could see, and I hastened to say so.

"Nay, it is very good," he said kindly. "Better than I expected. Still, my dear young lady, you will never do anything really well till you have some instructions. You ought to attend an art school, and go to Rome, and——"

Aunt Ruth stopped him. She knows that day will never dawn for me. But I will not give up hope—stranger things than that have happened. And now that my kind friend has procured me admission as a pupil to a great artist's studio, it seems the first step.

But sometimes when at dusk I lie at rest on the hearthrug, my head leaning against kind Aunt Ruth's knee, I gaze into the fire and try to read my future there. And then I wonder if, should work of mine ever hang on the Academy walls, I can possibly feel more delight and interest in its success than I did in that of my first picture, the portrait of little José.



A MAY EVENING IN A FLOATING HOME.

THE POETS' MAY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FLUTES the throstle, honey-throated,
By the lilac-bordered lawn,
Ere the mists away have floated,
And the night dews are withdrawn;
Gleaming lights with shadows dally,
Azure blue-bells mark the way,
Where again o'er hill and valley
Comes the poets' darling—May!

Young narcissus in the wild wood
Bends above the crystal streams,
Where dear fairy gold of childhood,
Late and long the primrose gleams;
And the brown bees 'midst the clover
Croon the sunlit hours away,
By the tryst of love and lovers,
In the poets' darling—May.

'Tis her lovely incompleteness
Which is merged, alas! too soon,
In the full perfected sweetness
Of the beauteous matron—June,
That has lent the grace enchanting
To the brief beloved sway
Of the tender, memory-haunting,
Poets' darling—maiden May!

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPITFIRE.

So little Morag Henderson was fairly launched on a life as different as possible from the happy days which had gone before.

Instead of the roomy school-house with its windows looking upon the Kyle and its garden gate opening on the moor, her home was in a neat little dwelling in a quiet street opening from the main thoroughfare of Sillerton. Her aunt's house was what is quaintly called in the North "self-contained," to distinguish such from the buildings arranged in flats, a style which prevailed in Scotland long, long before it was introduced in England. And somehow this description "self-contained" seemed to have a special appropriateness when applied to Mrs. Henderson's establishment. It stood in its own tiny enclosure, a stone wall screened it on one side from the view of the passers down a little lane, while on the other a railing divided it from the front garden of the next house. A straight, narrow path led to the hall, and there was a grass-plot, with a round flower-bed in the centre. Within, the whole arrangements of the house were modelled to be as much like other houses as possible; a little drawing-room overlooking the grass-plot, a little dining-room opening on "the drying green" at the back, beyond that, the kitchen and the servant's bed-closet, and upstairs, three sleeping apartments, the biggest kept in solemn state for "visitors," the next used by Mrs. Henderson and her own girl, and the third, evidently intended only for a box room, in which a little bed and some spare toilet arrangements were placed for Morag. The two larger upper rooms had a deeply sloping roof at one side, causing a somewhat eccentric arrangement of furniture; and in this roof was set roomy "storm windows." But Morag's narrow retreat was all sloping roof, and a lifting "skylight" placed therein gave it light, air and a view of the clouds.

Thus began the life which was to go on for years. At first, little Morag was like one stunned. She sat mute at meals, with great eyes and parted lips. Her cousin Gladys thought it was very nice to have a little girl to play with, and was quite inclined to be friendly after her own fashion. It was not so easy for Morag to reciprocate, since the friendliness was apt to express itself thus—

"You must find it a nice change to come into Sillerton."

"Weren't you very dull up among those old hills? Ma says it would give her the blues to stay there for a week."

"Tell me some stories about your wild Highlander people? Ma says some of them can only speak an outlandish gibberish."

"I suppose you had no toy shops in that ugly place. How did you amuse yourself? What was there to look at?"

Gladys wondered where Morag had got her name—such a name—like a savage's.

"It was my mother's name," said Morag with a sudden flash in her pathetic eyes. "We always do that in the Highlands. I wonder Aunt Rebecca did not have you called after herself."

"I'm glad ma knew better," Gladys answered, with tossing head. "I hate old-fashioned names. I would not have been called Rebecca, however much I had been given it—not I! There's a girl at school who was christened Martha, after her grandmother, but she calls herself Mabel. Ma picked out a pretty good name for me; but I like Gwendoline better. I think I mean to call myself Gwendoline. It begins with G, too, like Gladys, so that it won't interfere with my initials on my napkin-ring and spoons. What nice name can we

find for you, beginning with M; but you needn't stick to M, because you haven't any napkin-ring or spoons. Don't you think Isola is a pretty name? I found it in a story about a little girl who was left all alone just as you are. I shall call you Isola."

"I won't answer to any name but my own," cried Morag, stung to the heart by the heedless little miss.

"Now, spitfire!" said Aunt Rebecca, entering the room at the moment, but when she heard Gladys's proposal, she professed to blame Gladys, saying that people's own names were always best for them—they fitted them, and she was sorry to see there were some little girls, not a hundred miles away, to whom any soft and sweet name would be very inappropriate. As for Martha Milne calling herself Mabel—it was just like her impudence, and most ridiculous—and she a butcher's daughter!

Morag and her cousin Gladys did not go to the same school. Morag was sent to one of Sillerton's elementary schools. She heard her aunt whisper to a caller, that nothing more could be expected in her case, for had not her father been the master of such a school, and was it not therefore quite good enough for his child. Morag was happy at the thought of going to a school "like her father's," though when she went she was rather bewildered in endeavouring to trace any resemblance between the great room overlooking the Kyle and the mountains, and filled with happy, healthy, well-behaved little "barefeet," and the big, built-in city schoolhouse, with its crowds of squalid city arabs. But her longing eyes soon picked out some sweet little faces, albeit pale and pinched, and she was happy to find herself seated beside clean pinafores and well-combed heads.

The cousin, Gladys, went to another school in a different place. She walked home with befrilled young people, with flowing "waterfalls" of hair, but Morag thought that many of their voices were as shrill and much of their laughter as rasping as that of the roughest of her school-fellows. And certainly, their conversation, as Gladys sometimes wished to retail it to her, was such as never reached Morag's ears where she was. But then, Morag was Morag, and Gladys was Gladys, and there is a great deal in the attraction of like to like. Still, in these matters, Morag felt she had no reason to envy her cousin.

Yet she did wish she might learn French, and music, and drawing, as Gladys did. She heard her aunt's whispers on the subject among her friends.

"Poor Morag, you see, my dear, is destined for work of a kind for which the education I am giving dear Gladys would unfit her. Gladys, I am thankful to say, is provided for—not as I should wish perhaps—but sufficiently."

"Gladys is sure to marry, she is so pretty and so taking," the visitors would interrupt. "I don't think you need trouble yourself about Gladys' future."

"Well, as I say, she is provided for, and I am giving her all advantages, and I think she does them credit, and of course I hope all the best in life for her," purred the fond mother. "But Morag will have to work for her bread sooner or later, poor thing. She must be taught useful things. Anything else would be but mistaken kindness."

And then the visitors would address Morag with pleasant condescension—they would remark how grand it was to learn useful things—they would tell her what a good aunt she had, and what a sweet cousin, and what a happy home; some would even go so far as to say that "everybody could not be ladies," and for their part they loved useful little girls, who would be always wanted somewhere by somebody.

Morag listened with wide eyes, and answered not. They thought her a silent child—a little bewildered perhaps by the change in her surroundings. They could scarcely dream that her young mind was teeming with nebulous thoughts and questions, for which she could, as yet, find no fitting words.

Gladys hated drawing, yet she was driven laboriously through a course of studies from models, ranging from an apple and a leaf, to the head of the Apollo Belvidere. Morag looked longingly at the copies which Gladys brought home. Morag might have liked to attempt copying these in turn, but they were either framed and hung up, or put away tenderly as too sacred for any handling. And after Morag began to study similar matters in books and in shop-windows, she soon understood that copying from copies is misleading work. It was safer training—if less pretentious—to try, in the secrecy of one's attic, to produce a picture of a chair, or of one's water-jug, or a little "study" of a flower picked in the garden. Unaided efforts of this kind may not carry one far in art—unless one is a great genius—but they can teach us how to see. They do not produce masterpieces, but they give us the use of our eyes.

Gladys had "played the piano" since she was quite little. She had gone steadily up through a stock of "pieces." Though she had always to be goaded to her practising, yet she seemed to like music better than drawing. She never grumbled against it. She liked giving her little performances and getting praised, and she kept a very smart portfolio along with her kid shoes, and other paraphernalia of "going out." She was quite a big girl before a dreadful discovery was made. "Mabel," or Martha Milne began to take singing-lessons, and at that very time somebody chanced to overhear Morag "lilting" an old Gaelic song, and made some remark on her "pretty voice." Thereupon Mrs. Henderson decided that it was quite time for Gladys to be taught to "vocalise."

There was just then a foreign teacher of singing who was all the fashion in Sillerton; and true to her policy of giving Gladys every advantage, Mrs. Henderson resolved that her daughter should enjoy his instructions. A great flourish of trumpets was made. It was announced to all the Hendersons' little circle, the minister and his wife, and the family of the Inland Revenue official, and the people of the pensioned civil-servant from Anakim, that Gladys was to become a pupil of the celebrated Signor Frangipani. Much gently-derogatory criticism was passed on less famous local teachers, and the minister bespoke a song from Gladys for next winter's bazaar "for church purposes."

Gladys went to the signor's rooms. In less than half an hour she came back bathed in tears.

The great man had pronounced the awful sentence that "the Me-ess had no ear whatever," and that her instrumental performances must have been acquired in the same way as she might have learned to manipulate a sewing-machine or a type-writer!

It was a terrible come-down. Mrs. Henderson was loth to believe it, and insisted that Gladys should accompany her to one of the contemned local teachers in the hope that he might contradict the "foreign man." Instead of doing so, he confirmed his verdict in every detail.

The mother hushed up the truth. "Gladys was not to learn singing just yet, her throat was not very strong." By the time that Martha Milne sang "Robin Adair" at the Church concert, Mrs. Henderson was fully convinced that such self-exhibitions were not nice for "young ladies," and ought to be left to professionals.

But it never occurred to her that a mere tithe of the guineas she had proposed to expend on Gladys might have sent Morag to a good singing-class. Morag was left to warble her native wood-notes wild. But as she went carolling about the house, she noticed once or twice that her aunt spoke fretfully and complained of headache. It struck sensitive Morag that her singing gave pain. So she sang no more, except when she was left to keep house alone while her aunt and cousin went out to tea.

There were not many books in the Hendersons' house. There never are in houses like theirs. But all books are new to the young, and decent middle-class people can scarcely escape the possession of a few of the masterpieces of English literature, for these come by way of school prizes, wedding gifts and souvenirs of friendship. In such fashion, the Hendersons had acquired, amongst others, Milton's Works, Addison's *Spectator*, Scott's Poems, Hogg's *Queen's Wake*, and one or two novels by Dickens and Thackeray. There were two or three of Shakespeare's plays for school study, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Scots Worthies* for Sunday reading. Further, there were a few old annuals, gorgeously bound and well illustrated, while in their rather miscellaneous letterpress, little Morag found some verses and stories which had a wonderful fascination for her, though at first, of course, the names appended—Lamb, Mitford or Southey—had no significance for her. She was about eleven years old when a school-fellow lent her *The Heart of Midlothian*, and then she felt as if a new world opened for her.

There were a few other volumes, too, stilted essays and unreal stories, on which Morag exercised her faculties of

rejection. Also the Hendersons took a sixpenny monthly magazine, which Morag regularly read through from the first line to the last. After all, if our vision be good, we can see a great view from a very little window.

It might seem a dry commonplace life, likely to stint the imagination and to crush out romance. But then Morag had had her beginnings elsewhere, and among very different people and surroundings, and with mental qualities, as with plants, once they are well set, they gain strength under the repression of stern pruning, whereas they might only lose if stimulated into luxuriance! It may be that Morag's memories of natural beauty and mysterious legend actually made them more to her than if she had remained among them. Certainly her passionate regret for the ruthless scattering of her father's little library, kept her ever on the alert to follow up the names, whether of author or work, which had been familiar to her childish eyes.

Morag was well-fed and comfortably clothed, but her one longing was for more books, and the stray half-crown or florin which found its way to her at the Scottish festival of the New Year always went in that direction.

She was a tall lassie of just fifteen, when Sillerton established a free library. Mrs. Henderson had sad forebodings about rising "rates," but to Morag it was as if she had come into a fortune. And the first book she asked for was Goethe's *Faust*, because she had so often seen her father reading it, and had never since even had a copy in her hand, though she had often stood captivated before photographs and engravings from those masterpieces of art which originate in that masterpiece of literature.

About this time the shadow of change began to approach the little household. Gladys had just left school, and so had Morag, a year her junior.

Mrs. Henderson began to realise a secret anxiety to give her daughter "the best advantages" of another sort.

And Morag began to feel that her daily school-work ended, life rather lacked definite occupation and aim.

Her first instinct, like that of all healthy natures, was to fill life with the duties which came nearest.

She wanted to take sole charge of the little front garden. But her aunt frowned down the suggestion. "People would say that she set her orphan niece to do such drudgery, because she wanted to save the gardener's pittance." The only work she ever gave Morag was the household darning and patching, and the perpetual remodelling of Gladys' garments.

The Hendersons had always had much trouble with servants. They could not afford a very good one, and the work of their small, quiet, regular household was scarcely enough to absorb all the strength and energies of an able-bodied young woman with no resources of her own. The consequence was, there had been a great deal of trifling about, with the usual result that Satan had often found much mischief for idle hands to do.

Now Morag heard her aunt constantly sighing over the fact that "if her income had not so many claims upon it," she would venture on selling the little house in Siller Street (a neighbourhood which had "gone down" and had drifted into lodging-letting), and would take a smart little villa in one of the new West End streets, where "everybody lived," and which "would be so much more cheerful for Gladys."

Morag naturally remembered that she herself was a burden on her aunt's resources, and she began to search about in her young, ignorant way, for some chance of independence.

She had not a single friend to whom she could think of applying for advice. And certainly there was nobody in the Henderson circle who would have given her advice worth having, even if Morag had not felt that any hint on such a subject would have given mortal offence to her aunt.

Morag knew that girls were largely employed in the elementary schools, but she knew too, that such employment involved long training, with little emolument and some expense. It seemed the same in telegraphy and the post-office.

Then it occurred to her, that with a very little help and guidance, she could manage the whole of the household work. She was constantly called on to supplement the inefficient domestics, and even to fill the gap between their perpetual comings and goings. She liked "cleaning up"—the setting aside of dust and dimness for beauty and brightness. Certainly she did not know much about cooking, but surely her aunt would give her, once for all, the instructions and oversight she was compelled to extend to a succession of indifferent drudges. Mrs. Henderson was apt to complain, that she had no sooner taught them how to cook a potato than they asked for a rise in their wages!

As for wages, the thought did not enter Morag's head. She owed duty to her aunt, and wanted to spare the aunt's income for the desired purposes. True she was haunted sometimes by the memory of Mrs. Henderson's words that "Morag would have to earn her living some day." Well, the first step on that path was undoubtedly to cease to be a burden.

As soon as this idea came to Morag, she resolved to put it to the test at the first opportunity.

And such an opportunity was not long in coming.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Lesson in Self-sacrifice.

"I had in my employ," says one of the early missionaries to China, "a very valuable Chinese servant, upon whom I leaned with implicit confidence. One day he came to me, and said, 'I shall be obliged to ask you to find somebody to take my place, as in the course of a few weeks I am to be executed in place of a rich gentleman, who is to pay me very liberally for becoming his substitute.' Such a mode of exchange is in accordance with the law of the Empire.

"I asked what possible inducement there could be to forfeit his life for any amount of money. He replied, 'I have an aged father and mother, who are very poor and unable to work, and the money I am to receive will make them comfortable as long as they live. I think, therefore, it is my duty to give up my life for the sake of accomplishing this.'"

Comfort.

Faint not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod:
Though cold and stormy lower the day
This path of suffering leads to God.

How to Make Progress.

"A wide world and a broad life,
Long years of honest striving,
Always seeking, always grounding,
Ne'er completing, ever rounding,
The oldest kept with faithfulness,
The new grasped with friendliness,
A glad heart and a firm purpose—
Thus one surely will progress."

Goethe.

"He's A-Squealing."

A little girl was taken down to the harbour by her father, and saw for the first time a large steamer towed by a puffing little tug, with an immense hawser connecting the two.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she shouted in excitement. "See! the big boat has the little one by the tail, and he's a-squealing!"

Advancing.—"She only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."—*Ruskin.*

A Safeguard.—Respect is a safeguard which protects both great and small alike.

With a Pen in Her Hand.

A rapid writer can write thirty words in one minute. To do this, writing an average hand, she must draw her pen through the space of a rod, that is to say sixteen feet and a half. In forty minutes her pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a half a full mile.

She makes on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen for each word written. Writing at the rate of thirty words per minute, she must make eight curves to each second; in an hour 28,800, in five hours 144,000, and in 300 days, working only five hours each day, she makes not less than 43,200,000 curves and turns of the pen.

Thinking, Speaking, and Living.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."—*Bonar.*

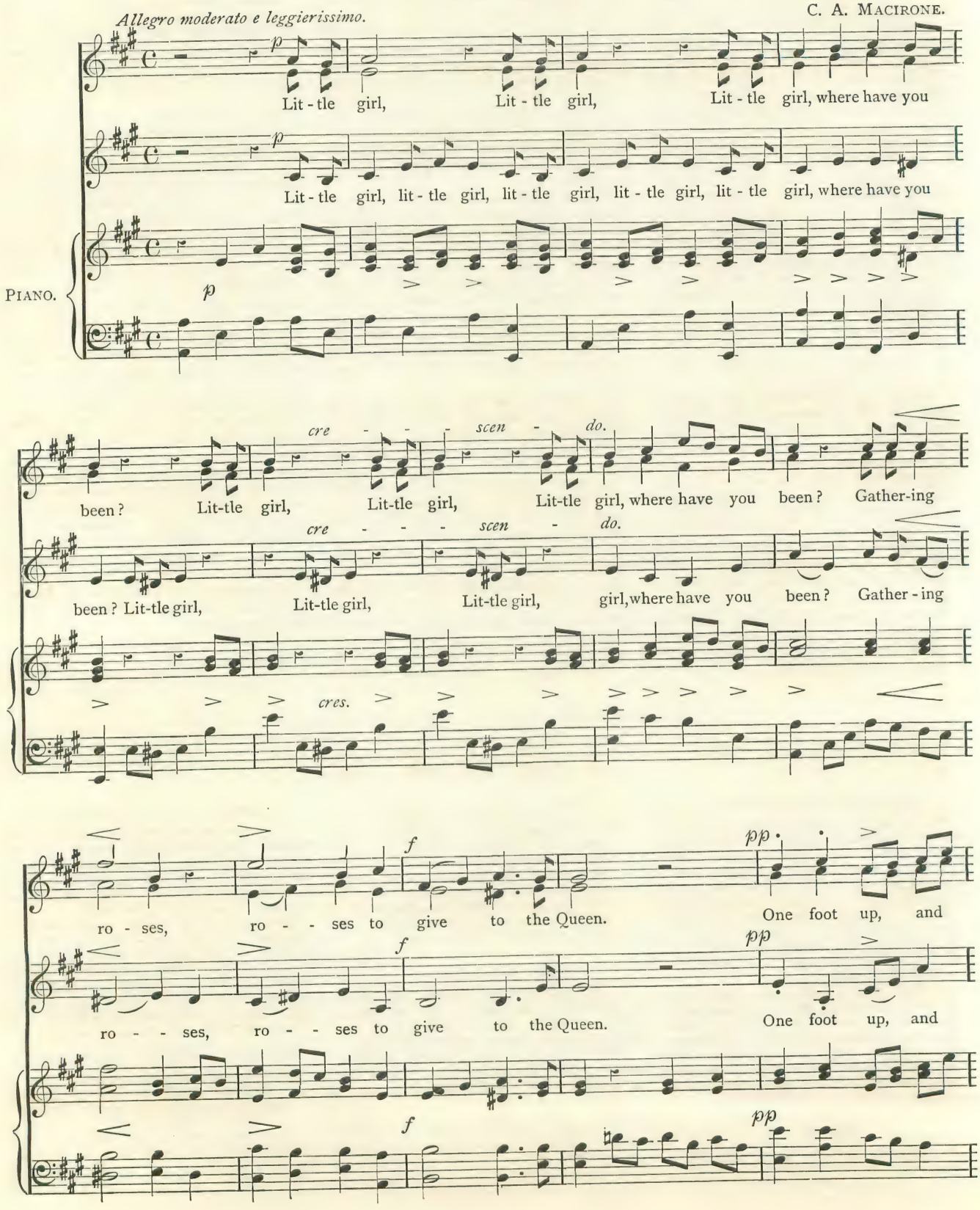
Be Useful.—No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.

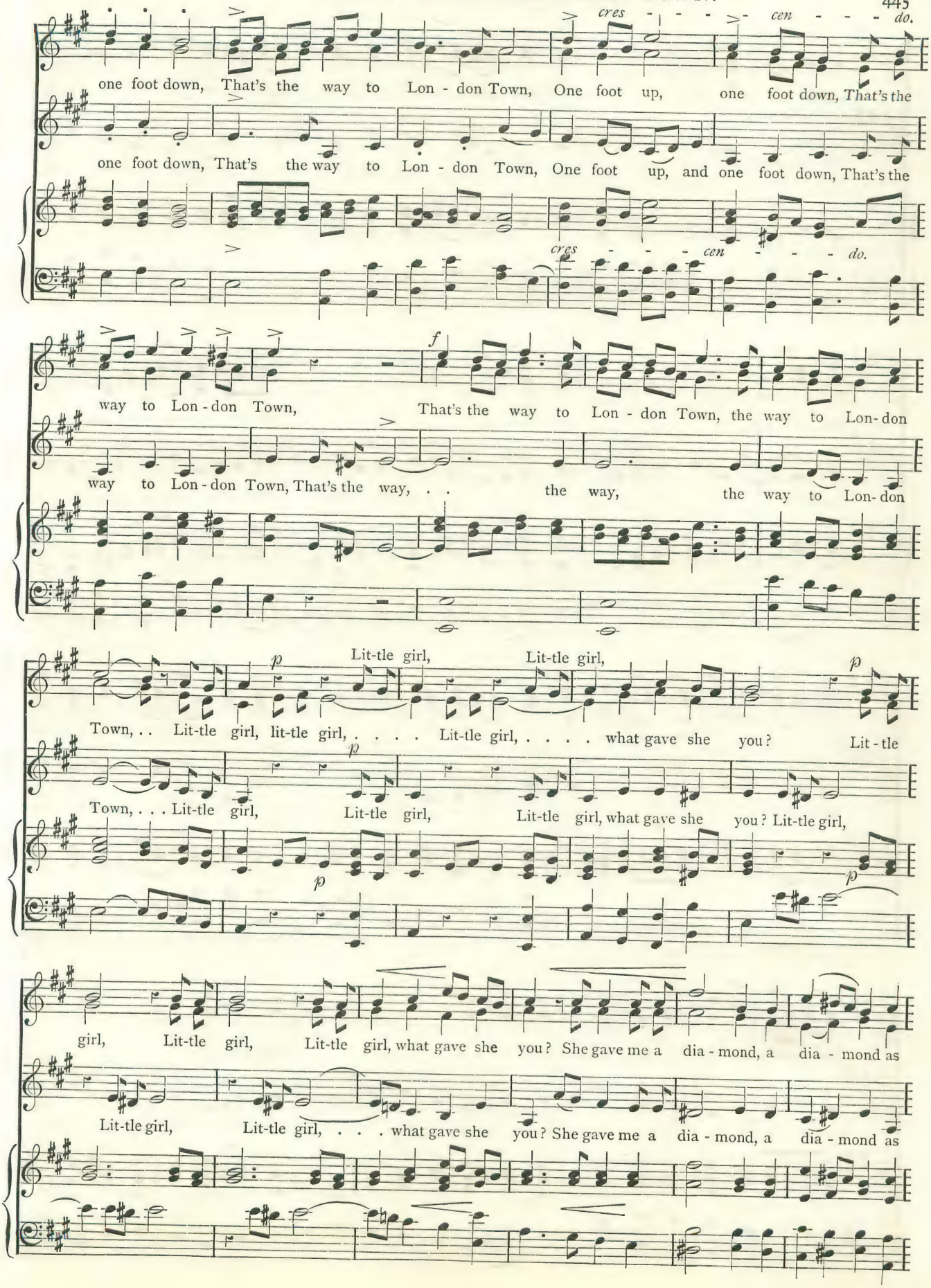
MARCHING TUNE.

"ONE FOOT UP, AND ONE FOOT DOWN."

OLD NURSERY RHYME FOR GIRLS' VOICES.

C. A. MACIRONE.

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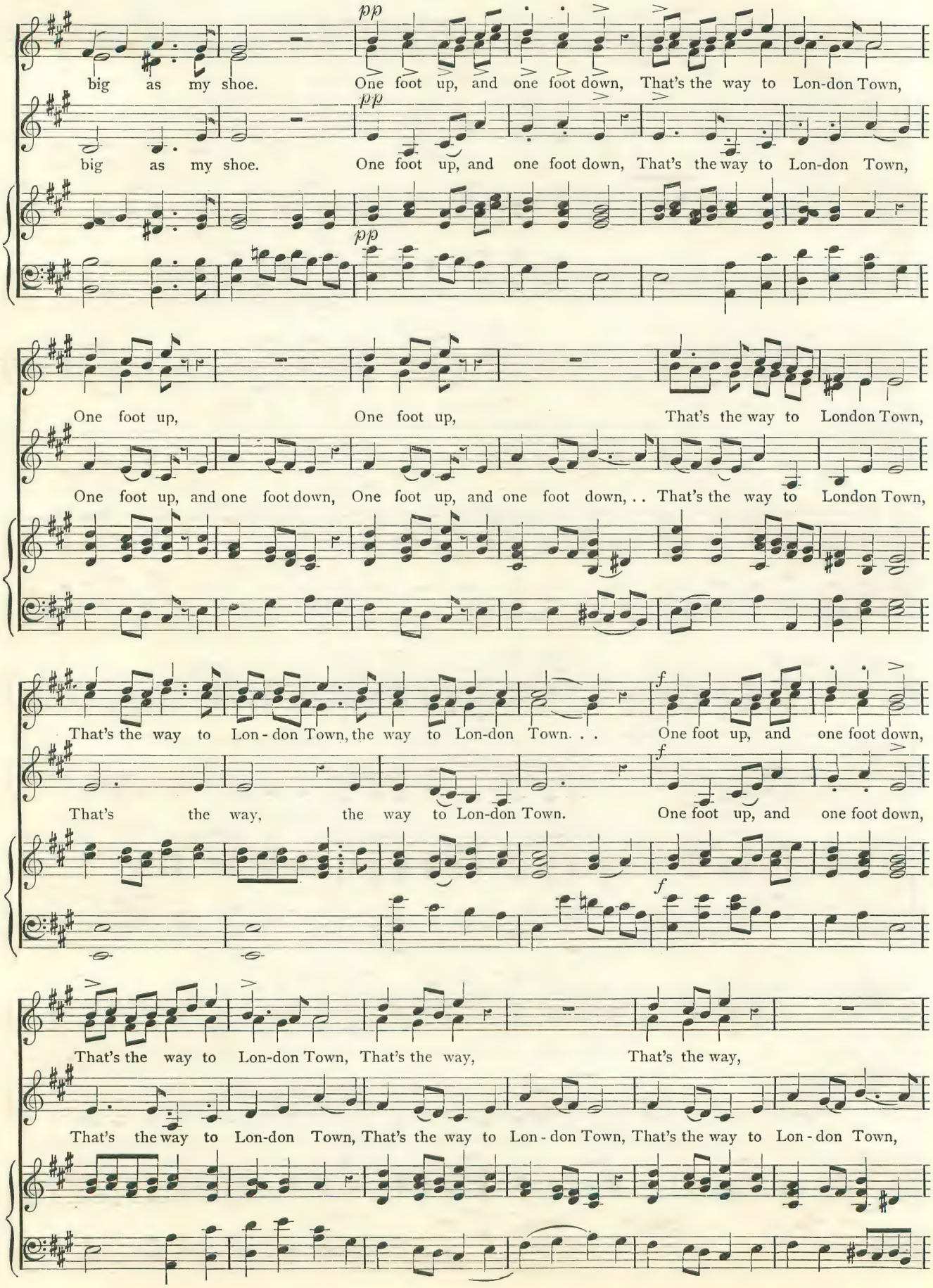
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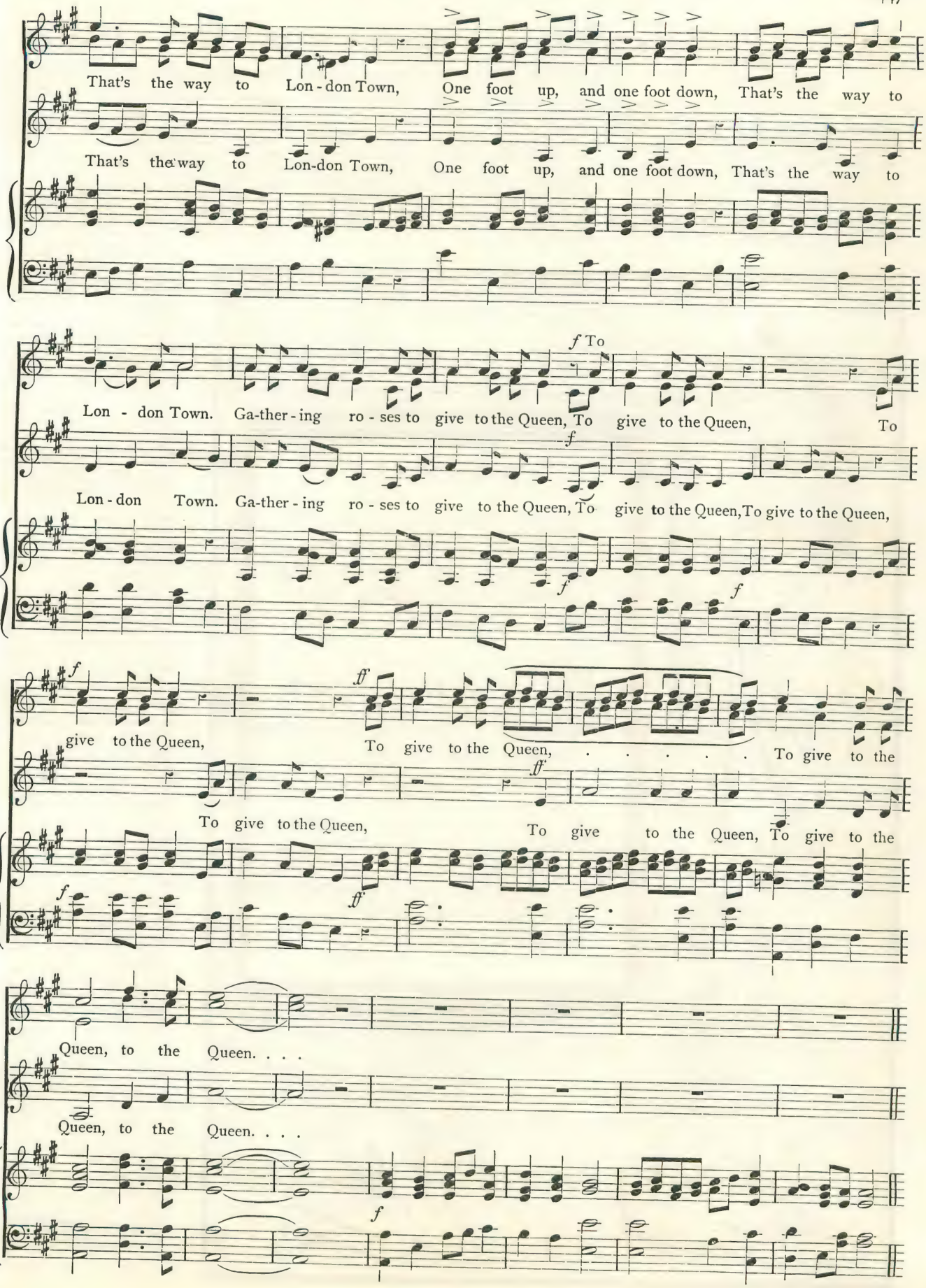
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUZZLED ONE.—The placement of the combined letters "e" and "i," may be determined by the consonants they follow. If the consonant be either "c" or "s," then the "e" precedes the "i," as "receive," "perceive," "seize." If any other consonant, then the "i" precedes the "e," as "believe," "retrieve," "grieve," "thief," etc. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule, *i.e.*, "sieve" and "siege."

MACE, REES, MOGG, and MISSY PANSY.—Feb. 15th, 1881, was a Tuesday. July 1st, 1868, was a Wednesday. May 29th, 1877, was a Tuesday, and March 31st, 1880, was a Wednesday.

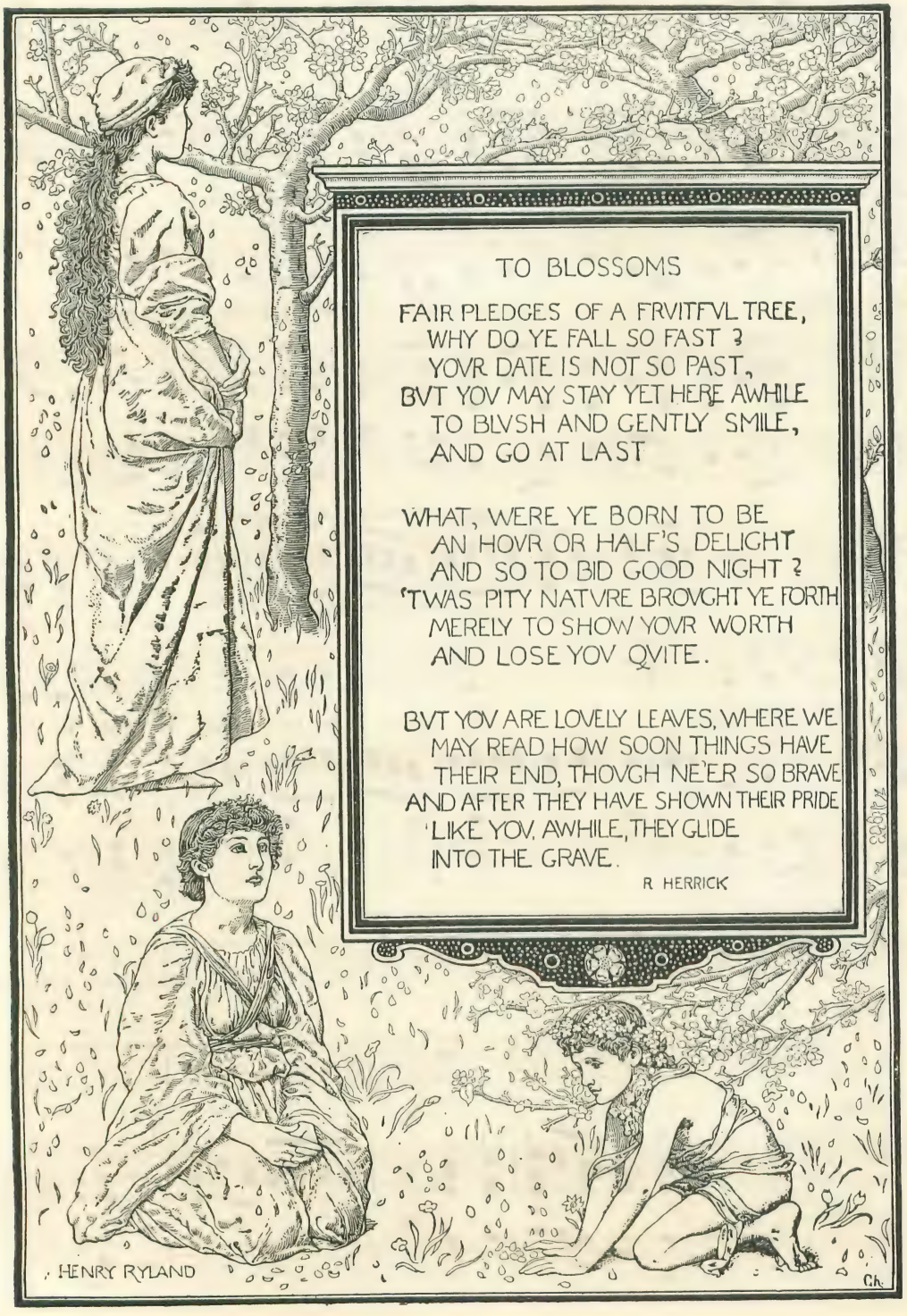
B. E. N.—We do not know of any desirable cure for moles "on the skin" (of course we should not suppose you meant moles that travel underground!) A mole may be removed by excision with a surgical knife, or by burning. But a little flat spot on the skin is far less unsightly than a scar left by a wound. If, however, you mean an excrescence or lump above the level of the skin, it should be shown to a medical man, as in that case it may be expedient that he should remove it while of small dimensions.

LILIAS and VIOLA.—Much depends on a girl's height. There are tall girls who would look very unsuitably dressed in short petticoats, though scarcely more than children. As to such questions your mother must decide them.

AUGHARUDDERAH.—Lady Burton is still living, whose life of her husband you have been reading. The present British Consul at Trieste is Mr. J. G. Haggard.

YOUNG PARLOUR-MAID.—You should not take any situation as a domestic servant until you have been properly trained, as you would be taking wages to perform duties of which you were ignorant, which is simply dishonest, and your employers be "taken in." When you hand round a dish go to the left side of the person you serve; and when one course is finished remove the dishes (if on the table) and everyone's plate separately, not laying one plate upon another, thus carrying away the whole set.

E. C.—Your writing is not formed, but promises well.



MRS. B. ROWLATT.—The "Scottish Female Domestic Servants' Benevolent Association" was instituted to provide funds from which members may receive grants of money and annuities for their assistance in times of sickness, want, or old age. The secretary, Miss Johnston, of Alva, The Wyretoun, Menstrie. There is no such society in connection with the "R. T. S." There is much misapprehension amongst domestic servants on this subject. There is a society called the "Golden Eagle Friendly Society," for the various privileges of which we believe that this class would be eligible. Address, Mrs. A. Swansea, 40, Union Street, Glasgow. N.B. There is also the "United Sisters Friendly Society," Secretary Miss E. M. 'Maskell, 7*c* Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.

ONE ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—You expect a great deal too much in asking us to instruct you in a trade. We give brief replies to questions, but the work of training apprentices (for it amounts to that) we do not undertake.

DOT.—The origin of giving eggs at Easter is Persian or Magian, and bears allusion to the mundane egg. The custom obtained also amongst the Egyptians, Jews, and Hindus. Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the Resurrection, and they colour them red in allusion to the blood of the redemption, for without shedding of which there is no remission. The playful tricks played on All Fools' Day are also of eastern origin, for in Hindustan the 31st of March is observed, which is the date of the festival of *Huli*.

ETHEL.—You can do nothing to remove the redness of a scar from a recent burn. The outer skin having been destroyed, that which has replaced it is thin and red, and this may, in course of time, become thicker, and so less red. We know of a surgeon who made it his specialty to restore broken and injured noses, and believe he employed a piece of skin which he made to grow over the part that lacked it. You had better go and inquire at some hospital.

ENID.—A daughter living under her parents' care at home does not have a separate "visiting card." She should have her name engraved on her mother's, "Miss Enid Smith," underneath her mother's name. If she have no aunt (unmarried) on her father's side, and he be the eldest son, she may be described as "Miss Smith," dropping her Christian name. If her mother be dead, then her name must be inscribed under her father's name. But to leave on any girl friend in an informal way, she might have a card of her own.

READER OF "G. O. P."—Kew is low-lying, by no means "bracing." Richmond stands higher; Ealing would be preferable to either. It is in part on gravel, and in part on the clay. You should inquire for a house on gravel.

C. S.—We regret that we cannot comply with your request.

VOL. XVII.—No. 851.] APRIL 18, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

"A GIRL SAT BY A WINDOW."

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'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.—*Dr. Bonar.*

CHAPTER I.

GIRL sat by a window, writing. The words sound commonplace enough; the reality was not commonplace. The window framed a picture fair to look upon. In the foreground, the roofs of white houses, sheltered in green and golden foliage, were dotted thickly down the steep hill slope; but the middle distance was filled with a wonderful luminous haze, vague, tremulous, like a sea of light. Away spread this plain of delicate shimmering ether—for so it seemed—to the foot of lofty mountains, veiled here and there with drifts of gossamer drawn athwart them like a scarf. Of water, there was none visible; yet now and again twin white wings, as of angels, appeared to cleave the silver mist-world, and to tell of its being a lake.

The girl who looked upon this wonderful scene was still—though she would have indignantly resented the appellation—a child. She might have been about sixteen or seventeen, and care for her personal appearance was evidently as yet in abeyance; which was a pity, for it was worthy of attention. An abundance of ruddy-gold hair, curling naturally, clustered over her brow prettily enough, but fell in a very disorderly mane behind. Her complexion was vivid in the contrast of clear pink and white, and her eyes were blue—not the china blue that is uninteresting, but a dark, changeful colour, something akin to that of the lake on which she gazed, in certain of its moods. Her dress was of shabby blue serge, and her fingers were inkstained; but what cared she? She looked upon the paper in front of her, where queer little dots with long legs were racing about parallel lines, and wrote at the top in a bold hand—

RÊVERIE D'AUTOMNE.
(Autumn Reverie.)
By KATHARINE LOVELL,
R.A.M.,
Mus. Bac. Oxon, etc.

Having completed a flourish below these illustrious and imaginary titles, she jumped up and ran to the piano that occupied a prominent position on her uncarpeted floor.

"It is exact! the mist and the vagueness, the uncertainty of everything, are caught by this." She ran her fingers over the keyboard with practised dexterity; the tones were mysterious and plaintive, in a minor key. The "Rêverie" was no outburst of genius, but it filled its composer's heart with pride, and it was assuredly an interesting and creditable achievement for so young a student.

All at once, through the silvery arpeggios, ominous sounds forced themselves upon her attention. A loud clattering ascent, as of countless feet, was heard; a clattering of such duration as to show Katharine's bower was at the very top of a tall house. Bang, bang, echoed upon the door.

"*Katérine, Katérine! viens jouer avec nous!*"

"*Katérine! faut raccommoder ma poupée.*"

"*Katérine! faut venir tout de suite.*"

"Go away!" cried the enraged musician, starting up from her stool. "O dear," she murmured, "now it is all over for to-day." She stood waiting. There was an instant's silence, then the bangs redoubled.

"*Katérine! maman dit*——"

"O dear!" The second exclamation was more vigorous than the first.

"If you don't say it in English I shan't come," she cried, taking refuge in a rule lately made by her mother. Even this last hope failed her, for slowly and cautiously the childish voices recommenced.

"Come play wiz us. Mend my doll; mamma say so!"

Katharine unlocked the door and petulantly flung it wide open. A confused heap of funny little shaven-headed boys and prim little girls tumbled in upon her, making the air vocal. She could not help smiling, in spite of her irritation, as they clutched at her skirts and swarmed chattering. With the troop of little step-sisters and brothers at her heels, she descended the bare stone staircase of the lofty Swiss house. At the door of the drawing-room, with its closed *persiennes*, stuffy atmosphere, the usual gilt clock and parquet floor, she encountered her mother.

"The children want you to go out and play with them under the Rochers Rouges, dear."

The speaker, although neat in dress, faded in aspect, with a certain air of refinement, might once have been like Katharine.

"So I suppose," retorted the latter ungraciously. "I thought they were settled for this afternoon, and I was getting on so beautifully with my 'Rêverie,' mamma."

"You had all the morning in your room," returned the elder lady, "and you ought to have some fresh air—ought she not, Henri?"

The personage addressed was a short middle-aged man in shabby garments, with a mass of curly hair and beard, and small, piercing, kind grey eyes behind spectacles, through which he blinked amicably at his wife and step-daughter.

"Yez, yez, yez," he murmured.

Katharine did not stay to hear more, but marched away, and followed the helter-skelter course of her step-brothers and sisters with a familiar rage of bitterness in her heart. Why—why had her mother married again? And if she must needs marry, why this Swiss professor of all others, with his tribe? She cast herself on the grass under the great rocks. The trees in the steep meadow blazed in gold and crimson: in the far distance a pure cold white summit detached itself from the mist world. She heeded not the beauty around her, and the old restlessness surged up. What was she to do with her life?

"All mamma's money goes in the *ménage*; she can hardly afford to buy me nice clothes. I believe I could become a great musician, but how can I when I never get a day to myself? Mamma doesn't manage a bit well; I know she doesn't. But oh, if we were only alone together again!"

Her mind roved through the past—the dimly-remembered home in London with the father who played to her and took her on his knee; the mother who could not play, but was always kind, though not so charming as the father; then the day when the house was suddenly hushed and the little girl, hardly five, was carried in to kiss a still, grey, unfamiliar face.

After that great loss the scene grew changing. The child travelled with her mother from place to place on the Continent, finally settling at a German town, where she was encouraged to develop her musical bent at the Conservatoire. The mother was restless. Her health suffered, though this Katharine, in unconscious selfishness, did not remember. Mrs. Lovell finally went to the shores of Lake Leman, leaving her daughter in a kindly German household. Oh, those years of work and pleasure in the bright busy town! how delightful they were! Then there came abruptly to Katharine the news of her mother's imminent second marriage with M. Duvigny, Professor of Geology at the Belle Rive University, and the summons to the new home on the Lake of Geneva.

"The Professor is the most learned and excellent of men, who will be a second father to you," Mrs. Lovell wrote to the bewildered, angry girl.

"I *hate* him, and his endless talk about geology, and the book he is writing that is to make him known throughout Europe, and that will never be done! Fossils? He is a fossil himself, and the least interesting of them all!"

Katharine's recollection of her own father was too vague to have much share in her wrath at the new condition

of things; but she was furious at the change in her life, and forced constantly into that worst of all mental positions for the young, that of incessant criticism of those to whom they should owe duty and affection. Tears rushed to her eyes and she kicked the ground with the toe of her shabby boot.

"I say—*Je dis! Mademoiselle!*"

She was roused from her reverie to see a freckled visage confronting her, lit by two round grey eyes which wore an alarmed expression. A tall, loose-limbed young fellow, apparently a little older than herself, stood before her, with an aspect that would have proclaimed him anywhere on the Continent to be no "native," had not the execrable accent in which he spoke French assisted the general impression. He was evidently sublimely unaware of this, as he proceeded to string together some words which Katharine guessed must have reference to her charge. Looking behind her, she was horrified to behold the eldest hope of the house of Duvigny dancing on the narrow summit of the tallest of the rocks. His brothers and sisters were applauding him loudly at the base, but were evidently afraid to follow his example.

"Speak English, please!" was all she said to the new arrival, as she rushed towards the rock.

"Then I say that youngster will just be smashed to atoms if he doesn't have a care what he's doing," returned the lad in a Scotch accent, as he deliberately strode after her. "You'd better tell him to stand still, and I'll be up and fetch him down."

The exulting cries of Louis Duvigny had just given place to shrill wails of terror. It had seemed easy to scale the forbidden rock, standing cliff-like among the others, by a foothold here and there; but there was barely standing room at the top, and the child had suddenly realised that the descent looked impossible. His head was not of the strongest; he was beginning to feel giddy and to scream more loudly than ever when a strong arm was thrown around him, and he felt himself dragged from his perch. Katharine cried to him in French to keep still; the other children were roaring in concert at the base of the rock, while the Scotch lad slowly made his way down with his burden.

"There ye are, young man," he observed, as Louis staggered from his embrace upon the grass; "and if I find you up there again, I'll give ye something to cry for."

These words did not penetrate to the intelligence of the rescued Louis, whose plush-like head was now being embraced by his brothers and sisters in rapture. Katharine was engrossed in a medley of scolding, congratulations, and thanks. The unknown youth sat down upon the grass, and seemed to expect her to do the same.

"You'll get a large scold for neglecting those bairns, I'm thinking," he tranquilly observed.

"Indeed I shan't!" retorted Katharine.

"Well, you would then, if I were the mother, or mayhap the father," proclaimed the lad. "It's very dangerous to let the young climb up into such manner of places. It'll take a person of experience like me to find the way up and down with ease."

He appeared serious, and his air, indeed, was one of untold age and responsibility, though he could hardly have been nineteen. The honest grey eyes in the plain freckled face looked serenely forth without a shadow of the suspicion of a joke. Katharine did not quite know whether to laugh or to be angry. Louis's adventure had really startled her, and she chose the part of sitting still in silence.

"My name is Douglas Gordon," continued the boy. "I'm from Scotland," he unnecessarily added.

"There is a song about you; I know it," observed Katharine archly.

"I'm not the same man," was the superfluous response. "But he died, so I could not be, you see. I doubt he'll be an ancestor of mine. I hope I'll no die young."

"You don't look at all like it," replied Katharine, glancing at the loose brawny aspect of the lad.

"I'm glad. I don't admire your sentimental style. Not but what poetry's a very good thing. I read a great deal, and I may be a poet myself some of these days; I have not decided. But I just think not," observed Mr. Gordon judicially. "I'll be after giving my attention to something more practical. And I'm here with that view."

"What view?"

"I'm come to learn French. I speak it already fairly—fairly. But whatever I go in for I'll need to know foreign languages. I've been at school just long enough, so my uncle brought me out here. And I am very well pleased, on the whole," continued the youth, gazing on the misty scene around and the white summit hovering in mid-air—"very well pleased."

The look in his eye softened and grew tender, giving indication of something more than the lukewarm satisfaction expressed by the words. Katharine felt interested by the "funny boy," as she called him in her own mind. But she knew it was getting near the time for the evening meal, so, collecting her flock of five around her, she thanked Douglas Gordon again for his help, and bade him good-bye. His manner of saluting her was courteous enough, she observed, though he was not of polished exterior; and she sauntered home, listening to the eager excited comments of the children on the afternoon's adventure.

(To be continued.)

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QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

301. In what part of the history do we find the first mention of Haggai and Zechariah? and what was their special mission?

302. Into what main sections is the Book of Haggai divided? What period of time does his prophecies embrace?

303. What prophecy respecting the Messiah is found in the Book of Haggai?

304. Why were the builders of the Temple only commanded to bring wood? Where have we a special reference to the stones of the ruined Temple?

305. Who was the prophet Zechariah? During what length of time did he prophesy?

306. In addition to his exhortations to the Jews, what three events in the life of Christ did Zechariah foreshadow? Give the references.

307. What was the message brought by Sharezer and Regemmelech to the prophet? and in what two separate ways does he answer it?

308. What words may be considered the keynote of "Zechariah's" latter prophecies? Where were the words specially inscribed in olden time?

309. What does the name "Malachi" signify? With what sacred historian was he contemporary? When were the prophecies of Malachi delivered? and into what three parts can they be divided?

310. What predictions by the prophet Malachi were recorded as fulfilled in the New Testament? Give the several quotations.

THE HOME IN PORTLAND PLACE.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER I.

MARRIED LIFE.

Six years have passed since the days when May and Winifred talked over the plans of the latter, and discussed ways and means of working at and arranging their respective wardrobes.

A great deal can happen in that length of time, and to both girls life had changed in many ways. Shortly after Winifred's marriage to Eric Despard, Mrs. Lyle died very suddenly. She had not been very strong, but none of her family suspected any more than she did that anything was radically wrong, and the suddenness of her death was a great shock to them all, caused as it was by heart disease. Following on her death came news to Mr. Lyle of one of his brothers in Australia being in bad health. He was unmarried, and wished Mr. Lyle to come over and settle near him, promising if he came to treat Jack and Harry, now growing up, as his sons, both then and in the future. Both young men were charmed at the prospect of exchanging City office work for the free life on the Australian farm of which they had so often heard, and the three younger children were equally pleased.

The only member of the family who seemed very much depressed at the idea of going, and yet who gave no good reason for not wishing to go was Maud, who was next in age to Winifred.

However, after a while, the mysterious reason was discovered, and Mr. Lyle had to make up his mind to leave her behind on a visit to her godmother until Jim Furze had settled the little home in Hampstead to which he wished to bring her.

"I thought you were fretting at leaving Winifred," said Mr. Lyle, when his sanction was asked; for Jim had been so much in love, and so desperate at the thought of Maud sailing away to Australia, that he had spoken to her first instead of to Mr. Lyle, as a less precipitate man would have done. Maud blushed at her father's remark, and he went on—

"Well, I have nothing to say against it. You will be twenty-two by the time you are married, and Jim is thirty-two, though he might be much younger, he is so boyish in many ways."

"Oh, father!"

"Yes—and in that you will be well-matched, for you are young for your age," said Mr. Lyle. "Well, well, I suppose I must lose you; but I am very glad that you are to be Jim's wife, for he is as good as gold, and I can trust you to him without a fear. Now don't hug my head quite off, child"—for Maud had jumped up and given her father a hug which meant that she was overjoyed at his praise of Jim.

So Maud was left at Mrs. Barchard's, and shortly after her father and the rest of the family had sailed, she was married very quietly. Eric Despard, her brother-in-law, gave her away, Winifred not being able to be present, as her twin girls were only a fortnight old.

After a brief holiday abroad, Maud and her husband took possession of Elm Villa, Hampstead, and settled down with many bright hopes for the future.

Meanwhile May, who had gone abroad with her uncle the same summer of Winifred's marriage, met her future husband at a Swiss hotel. He took a fancy to May, and was much fascinated with her pretty face and charming ways, and though he was twenty years her senior, May owned to having lost her heart.

Mr. Dallingham's family was a well-known one, but it was not until the engagement was a month old that May discovered what was very little known, and that was that her *futur* was a very wealthy man indeed.

The marriage took place soon, and then they went abroad, wandering in Italy and Switzerland, only returning to England some years later, both being tired of a roving life, and wishing to settle down, at least for a while, in their London house in Portland Place, which during these years had been shut up.

May was only twenty-two when she married, so that she still felt very girlish, though her handsome dresses added dignity to her appearance.

One November day she told her husband at lunch that she was going to see Winifred.

"You have not been there yet, then?" inquired Mr. Dallingham, who had often heard of Mrs. Despard from May.

"No; I have not had time; there has been so much to do," said May. "But this afternoon is free. I am very anxious to see her, for she writes such wretched letters, so short and with so little in them, that I cannot form much idea of her surroundings and her life."

"All you women like eight pages closely-written and crossed," said Mr. Dallingham.

"I never write a letter if I can avoid it, and in this age of telephones and wires, one can dispense with a great deal."

"I should certainly have liked a little more news of Winifred," said May. "I did not treat her so badly, for I wrote to her regularly, and told her all about our doings."

"How many children are there? Several, I believe?" said Mr. Dallingham.

A shade came over May's bright face. It was the one grief in her married life that she had no children, and she smothered a sigh as she answered—

"There are five children. Well, where are you going this afternoon?"

"To see those pictures in Bond Street," said Mr. Dallingham. "Shall you drive to Chiswick? That is where your friend lives, is it not?"

"I am going by train, as it is only a short walk from the station. I know the place quite well. You see, we lived at Richmond before I married. I don't want to keep the horses standing about, it is so damp, and I may stay some time."

"Get back before it is dark," said Mr. Dallingham, and at that moment the butler announced lunch, and the two left the drawing-room together. The latter room was large and well decorated. The furniture was artistic and pretty, and there were many pictures, curios, and pieces of statuary about the rooms, which opened one into the other. Mr. Dallingham had travelled a great deal himself, and had also inherited many beautiful things from his father.

The dining-room corresponded with the rest of the house in artistic grandeur, which is absolutely different from the magnificence seen in the houses of those who have more money than taste.

May looked very nice that afternoon as she walked from Turnham Green Station to Doris Gardens. She had on a well-fitting Redfern tailor-made dress, and a good sealskin jacket, with an extremely pretty hat with brown feathers which fell over her soft fair hair. Every detail of her attire was careful and neat, and now her pretty face had a flush of anxious expectation on it, as she thought of her coming visit to Winifred, for neither had met since their girl-days. After crossing the common, May went up one of the small roads leading from the busy, noisy high road, and was soon in Doris Gardens.

No. 12 was a corner house, and consequently rather larger than the rest; but, as May knocked, she privately wondered how they all fitted into a house of such evidently small dimensions.

As no one came in answer, May knocked and rang again. The sound of voices was heard in the passage, and then the door was opened by an untidy maidservant in a shabby black dress and tumbled muslin apron.

May nearly fell down as she entered, for some hoops were on the ground and a skipping-rope. The maid picked them up apologetically, and then ushered May into the front sitting-room, a small apartment with a bay window.

The room was so unlike anything that she ever associated with her remembrance of Winifred, that for half a moment May wondered if by chance the servant had mistaken the name or herself the number, until a large photograph of herself on the chimney-piece, done in Rome, convinced her that there was no mistake.

There was a very ugly square of carpet on the floor, round which were some stained and dusty boards. Heaps of music were untidily piled on the piano. Some toys were strewn about in the window, and a small fire just lighted was sputtering in the grate.

All the furniture bore marks of hard wear, and there was very little attempt at order or anything pretty.

Just as May was unconsciously noting all this most observantly, Winifred entered the room, and for a minute the friends forgot all but the fact that they had met again.

Winifred had altered very much in appearance. She had grown stouter, and the set of her dress, which was a very much worn one, betrayed the fact that her stays were not well-fitting. Her hair was carelessly arranged, and her appearance was not improved by the gap caused by having lost a front tooth.

"It is an age since we met," said May, falling back on an obvious commonplace, as so many do after a long separation.

"Indeed it is. I am so sorry that you have not come down before."

"Well, you see, I never got your letter," said May. "You addressed it wrongly, so it seemed."

"Well, I was not quite sure about it, as I had lost my address book, and I thought it was Portman something. Then I found the book—one of the children had taken it—and as I was just writing again to you, my first letter was returned to me through the dead letter office. Then we were not back from the sea-side until a few weeks ago. Eric could not get a holiday this year until so late."

"Where did you go?" asked May.

"Oh, to the same place. We have been to the same lodgings at Brighton for several years."

"Don't you get tired of the same place?"

"Eric does; but I don't care," said Winifred. "We are out in the Kemp Town direction, and I can see the beach from my windows, and the children play there, and it is so nice and safe for them! But you must have tea. I wonder if it is ready?" And Winifred rose and rang the bell—or rather attempted to do so, for, on jerking the handle, only a wirey sound was heard.

"I am so seldom here, and so the bell does not get used," said Winifred. "I have quite forgotten to have it mended. I must call Jane." And disappearing for a moment, Winifred was heard calling Jane.

"I thought," said she, on her return, "that as you had not seen the children, we could have tea with them."

"I am longing to see them," said May, and her wish was gratified shortly afterwards.

Winifred led the way downstairs to the basement front room, which they used as a dining-room, the real dining-room of the house behind the drawing-room being given up to Eric for a study and smoking-room.

There was a tumbled table-cloth spread, and as it was growing dark in the short November afternoon, the gas was lighted. Two burners were flaring, and there was no globe or shade over either.

The children came in in detachments. Helen and Pussie were twins of five, then came Tom, who was four, Basil of three, and then the two-year-old baby Grace, who was instantly ensconced on Winifred's lap, and was by no means an assistance to her in her efforts to pour tea out of the brown teapot, and milk from the large jug which had a mutilated lip.

It was all very untidy, and Winifred seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and to be in no wise disconcerted by it.

Conversation, so May found, could not be carried on, as the children required all Winifred's attention, and when the meal was over, there was not much time, for May had to return home.

"You will come and see me soon, dear, will you not?" asked May. "Cannot you and Mr. Despard come to lunch or dinner soon? Tell me any day that suits you. I am very free from engagements just now."

Winifred shook her head.

"I never go anywhere. The children take up my time very much, as I have only a young nurse for them," said Winifred.

"Oh, but you must come," said May. "Well, I must not stay now, for I shall lose that through train if I do. I will write, and then we can arrange something."

Winifred smiled. "You must come here instead, May. It is nice to see you again. Goodbye, dear." And kissing her friend affectionately, Winifred let her go.

"Shall I keep the drawing-room fire up, ma'am?" asked Jane, as her mistress closed the door after her visitor.

"There is no necessity to do so. Is it lighted in your master's study?"

"I forgot all about it," said Jane, who had been put out by the unusual event of a visitor.

"Then light it at once, please."

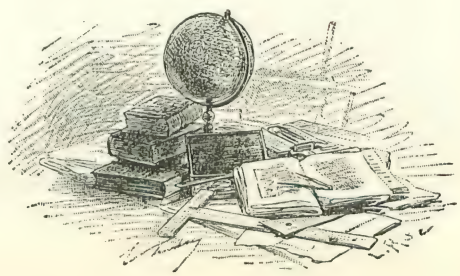
At that moment the sound of a latchkey was heard, the hall-door opened, and Mr. Despard entered. He was a tall, good-looking man, with kind blue eyes and a short brown beard. He wore a cape, and a felt hat was in his hand, and he was unmistakably a literary man.

He stooped to kiss Winifred as usual: but she hardly returned the caress, for she caught the sound of the baby crying from downstairs.

"Is your cold better? Jane is coming to light the fire in your study. I am so sorry it was forgotten," said Winifred, without waiting for an answer.

Eric opened the door of the room, which was in darkness. But in spite of that, as a faithful historian I must admit to seeing—for writers see in the dark—that as he felt in vain for the matches he shrugged his shoulders, and rather a bitter smile was hidden by his moustache.

(*To be continued.*)



OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

MORAG'S opportunity to make proposal for her independence arrived when Mrs. Henderson had been obliged to change her "general" three times in one month.

Now, that was not a common experience in Mrs. Henderson's house—possibly not in Sillerton, where, however much mistresses complained, they usually found themselves able to "drag on" to the end of the "term" of six months for which, in that primitive place, servants "engaged."

But on this occasion Aunt Rebecca had been particularly unfortunate. First she got a girl who went out one afternoon at three o'clock to buy some ham, wanted for "high tea" for a respectable guest from the country. She did not come back. Morag was put into requisition, ran out, got the ham, prepared the high tea, and saved the credit of the household. The girl returned about eight o'clock, with no better "story" than that she had met a cousin, and they had gone together to visit their grandmother's grave. Of course, she was sent about her business next morning.

The second comer broke about three pounds' worth of crockery during the week of her stay, and when Mrs. Henderson urged that she could not afford this luxury, replied that "it wasn't likely it could come off a girl's wages," put on her bonnet and went off in high dudgeon.

The third "experience" was the climax. To bake a rabbit pie, she heated the range till it was red-hot and cracked, and the house smelt as if it was on fire, and passers-by in the street stopped and looked up. She took Mrs. Henderson's best linen sheets and used them as ironing blankets and, ignoring the use of the iron stand, set down the hot irons upon them, leaving behind burned-in impressions of their form. When she had singed Gladys' best white embroidered blouse, she simply tore it up and put it at the back of the kitchen drawer. She used damask napkins for dusters, and wash-hand-towels for dish-cloths. She let a strange man into the kitchen and said "she could not help his coming." When she was dismissed, as in every way unreliable and totally incompetent, she went to a lawyer of low type, and in her behalf he sent Mrs. Henderson a letter claiming wages and board wages in lieu of due notice. Mrs. Henderson went into hysterics. Morag hastened to the lawyer and explained everything to him; how the girl had been in her place only a fortnight, how much property she had destroyed, how she could not be left in charge, and also how they had paid her for the full time of her unprofitable service, and her train fare to and fro her home in the country. But the lawyer, probably judging they would do anything rather than "come into court," pressed his claim; and only Morag's persuasions and furtherance induced Mrs. Henderson to confront him with another lawyer, with, of course, the result that the claim was withdrawn.

Gladys Henderson declared that all their misery was due to the street they lived in. "A nice type of servant could not be expected to come to a house surrounded by lodging-houses. All the decent girls went to the pretty little rows in the West End."

Meanwhile Morag was doing all the house-work—doing it amid the annoyance and worry—doing it with the maimed tools the "girls" had left behind them, conquering the needless dirt and confusion which they had created. And when she heard her aunt sigh that "she only wished they did not need a servant at all," Morag felt that her time had come.

"I'm sure I could do everything," she said, "if only you would tell me about the cooking, as you told the girls."

"Well, if you did," answered Mrs. Henderson, "I suppose you would expect to be paid as they were?"

"Oh, well," said Morag, "we could see about that afterwards. Of course, I shouldn't take anything till I am worth as much as the girls," she added, quite innocent of satire, going on to say, "and if this would let us move where you always want to go—into one of the West-end streets—why, the work would be easier there, where everything is fresh and where they have all the modern improvements."

"I don't believe you could do it," returned her aunt, in her fretful dispirited way. "There's the washing; how could you manage that? I can't have strange washerwomen coming in every week, spoiling and pilfering."

"I think I could do it soon," Morag answered patiently. "I would do my very best." She was conscious that the washing-day experiences had never hitherto been such plain-sailing, that a few temporary imperfections might not be borne in the hope of permanent improvement.

Her aunt looked at the idea, half disapproving, half desirous. "It wouldn't do," she persisted. "Why, while the girl was washing, you always made up the bedrooms and answered the door. If you are washing, who is to do that, I should like to know?"

Morag was silent for a moment. She knew that the mildest suggestion "Couldn't Gladys do that?" would seal the doom of her scheme. She reflected, and said, "I would get up earlier, and I would do all I could to prepare the day before. The door bell does not ring very often in the forenoon."

"It is very easy talking," grumbled Aunt Rebecca. "But we'll see what Gladys says."

It was always that, nowadays. And it was unutterably bitter to Morag. One's seniors seem naturally the arbiters of one's destiny, up to a certain point, and one blames oneself if one doubts their wisdom or mistrusts their kindness. But with one's contemporaries it is different. To have their opinions and decisions imposed on our actions is hard to bear, and tempts one to the question which was put to Moses, in his youthful zeal, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?" Partial relations like Aunt Rebecca's do incalculable mischief by disturbing the good faith and feeling which, all unconsciously, should be the basis of family life. Morag felt a sort of revulsion against her proposed post, if she was to have it only at the consent of the whimsical, indolent Gladys. It seemed to make Morag's desired "independence" into slavery. Of course, Morag was very silly. Oh, yes; but so are you, dear reader, often, and so am I, very often!

Nevertheless, on this occasion, at least, Morag did what you and I, dear reader, do not always do. She held her peace. And when Gladys returned from her walk, Morag retired to her own little attic, leaving the mother and daughter to talk together. She had already learned that an ultimatum may be more easily accepted if those to whom it is issued do not know every step by which it was reached.

Gladys flew into a passion at the proposal, because it suggested a means of achieving her westward pilgrimage, while it was a means which in her opinion would defeat every aim of that pilgrimage.

"To live in a genteel street without a servant!" she cried. "Who would want anything to do with us? It is not as if Morag came to us freshly now, and people need not know who she is. Everybody knows she is my cousin! How could we have her opening the door if we gave an afternoon tea?—and would she sit down in the drawing-room between jumping up and answering the bell, and going into the kitchen to see if the kettle boiled. Why, we might as well invite people into the kitchen at once!"

"I don't think Morag would want to come into the drawing-room," pleaded Aunt Rebecca, who, in reality, had

hoped for Gladys' favour to the proposal. "Morag never does seem to care for our friends. She was brought up so differently—among barefooted children."

"Well, and if she stayed in the kitchen," returned Gladys, "everybody would ask after her, and they would profess to sympathise with her, and tell me I ought to give her a turn sometimes; they would just do it to torment one," she added, with a fine estimate of those very acquaintances for whose sake she was laying down the lines of her life. "No, it would be putting me on the level of a servant—me!"

Aunt Rebecca almost began to weep. The blessing of Morag's suggestion brightened before her as it threatened to take flight. "The girls have nearly worn me out," she wailed, "and wages are rising and taxes going up, so that our little income will get worth less and less every year. It is not only the girl's wage—even if I gave Morag as much—but see how they waste and wear out! And it would be one person's keep less, too!"

"I don't wonder Morag feels she must be a burden!" said Gladys shortly.

"Well, to tell you the plain truth, Gladys," returned the mother, "Morag's own father's money helped me through your education. Of course, she was living here meantime. I daresay if I wrote to your uncle in Russia he might be willing to allow her something."

Gladys stopped short. "He might want her to go out and keep house for him," she thought significantly. Gladys chose to believe she had "expectations" from this uncle in Russia, because she had written to him and he had replied to her. "No, mother, I wouldn't write to uncle. He would only say it was time Morag was doing something for herself, and with his old-fashioned notions he would suggest she should learn dressmaking, and go on living with us." Gladys made a mouth. "That sort of thing doesn't do nowadays."

"Well, we'll have to give up all hope of going to the West End," said the mother, despondently. "Why, even if this house sold fairly, we shouldn't get enough to buy as large a house at the West End, and really, Morag's bedroom here is too small now she's a grown-up woman."

"If Morag was away, we could buy a house with one bedroom less," reflected Gladys.

The mother saw Gladys' West End hankering. "If she was acting as servant, perhaps she wouldn't mind sleeping where the servant does," said Mrs. Henderson.

"They don't have that sort of servant's place in the West End," snapped Gladys. For we grieve to say that in the older houses of Sillerton, the servant's sleeping accommodation had been usually little better than a shelf in a cupboard opening off the kitchen. In such places had many women, truly of the excellent of the earth, reposed their weariness, and then the world wonders that the breed vanished away!

"Well, well; we must give up the idea," said Mrs. Henderson. "And I don't suppose Morag would have been strong enough for the work, and she would have been laid up next."

"No fear!" cried Gladys. "She's quite different from me; she's as hardy and strong as a pony!" She uttered these words with much contempt, having all the underbred girl's mistaken idea that weakness of constitution and want of endurance are "genteel." "I say, mother dear," she went on cajolingly, "if Morag is so willing to be a servant, why shouldn't she go and be one somewhere else? She must do something for herself, someday. It's high time she began. It wasn't you proposed it, remember; it was her own idea, and I'm sure it is creditable to her." Gladys laughed as she spoke. "Why, there's your old friend, Mrs. Cay, at Nigle; she's always wanting a servant. And Morag would get thoroughly trained there, and made 'worth her weight in gold.'" Gladys was evidently mimicking Mrs. Cay's tone and manner.

"Mrs. Cay would think it a queer thing for me to put my niece—my husband's niece—into service," sighed Mrs. Henderson.

"Need she know she's father's niece?" asked Gladys quickly. "Say she's a 'connection' of father's, you know, and I'm sure Mrs. Cay will keep her too well 'in her place' ever to learn any more!"

"I don't know that," said Mrs. Henderson. "I find few people are above gossip."

It so happened that Mrs. Cay, who lived in a small cathedral city some distance north of Sillerton, had never visited the Hendersons since Morag had been with them. Mrs. Henderson and Gladys had visited Nigle, and had stayed with Mrs. Cay, and knew the ways of her household.

"The dear old dame is wanting a girl just now, isn't she?" asked Gladys.

"Well, yes, she asked if I could send her one; she says they are so scarce in Nigle, and I was just thinking of writing the same thing to her," said the mother, "but I don't quite see how I'm to put it to Morag that we won't have her to do our work, yet will send her to be a servant to somebody else."

It was only the "putting it," not the doing of it, which was hard for Mrs. Henderson. Her animal spirits were decreasing as years went by, and she could not inflict pain with the careless energy of old, just as an aged man might find that the infliction of brisk whipping was rather more than he could keep up. But Gladys was only developing towards her prime.

"Oh, I'll tell her, mother," she volunteered, "and now, you dear pet, I've heard of the loveliest flat in the West End which will just suit us to a T. An upper flat in a house of two flats, staircase all to ourselves, and such splendid public-rooms—a perfect drawing-room with a delicious art paper and a stained floor."

"Well, well," said the mother, "our old furniture will look very queer in a place of that kind."

"Oh, we'll manage, lovey. Things are so cheap nowadays. And I'll be ever so thrifty. And you've no idea what a saving it will be to have one less in the family." And she waltzed off to announce all the purposed changes to Morag.

Morag did not raise one objection to going to Mrs. Cay. True, her face looked rather flushed at tea-time, but then there was toast on the table, and as nobody but Morag had made it, the fire might have caused the suspicious redness. Her aunt's heart relented a little at the girl's submission, and to her credit she felt a little shame for her letter to Mrs. Cay, in which her husband's niece was called "a distant connection of Mr. Henderson's." True, her shame was partly fear of Mrs. Cay's discovery, partly consciousness of the contempt with which Morag would regard the subterfuge if she learned it. Nay, she thought she would parry that by telling Morag herself, and explaining that the thing was done in Morag's own interest.

"I know you will be so happy with the old lady," she said; "a quiet place, just after your own heart, that I really want her to take you—and she might draw back if she knew you were my niece. People are apt to fancy girls belonging to superior people will be spies in their houses, and that they will be above their work, and mustn't be asked to do things. When you've been there a while she'll know you, and then it won't matter."

"I hope I shall do whatever I undertake," Morag answered rather haughtily. "I shouldn't be worthy of my father and mother if I didn't."

All the same, Morag was human, and she would rather have started out in life with only two aprons and two caps manufactured by herself out of an old print dress, and a worn-out net fichu, than with the outfit of caps and aprons in every style of flippant finery with which Gladys presented her.

"Taking your books too!" she cried, as she watched Morag packing her trunk—a modest store of books they were, culled from old book-stalls, and paid for by the few pence which had come into Morag's possession from time to time. Gladys turned them over as she spoke. "*Wordsworth's Poems, Paradise Lost, Esmond*—what dry old things! But I thought servants never needed any reading but the Bible and a cookery book."

And yet there were tears in Morag's eyes as the cab drove her from Siller Street to the station. She was sorry she could not be sorry for leaving her aunt and Gladys, and she was sorry to leave the old book-case, and the patch of sky visible through her attic window, and above all, the cat.

She rather enjoyed her railway journey. Was she not going north? a little nearer to the old hills and the dear grave.

It was in the tender evening twilight that she first saw the tall towers of Nigle's ruined cathedral rising gracefully from the wooded plain about the little city, and by the time the train slowed into the station it was nearly dark. She could see little of her new surroundings as she followed the porter into whose charge she put her box.

(To be continued.)

JANIE.

WHY I LOVE YOU.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

NOT because the light of morning
Glows within your kindly eyes,
And the crimson blush of summer
Girlish cheek and forehead dyes;
Not because your smile is gladsome,
Not because your voice can cheer,
Not because of Friendship's glamour
Do I love you, Janie dear.

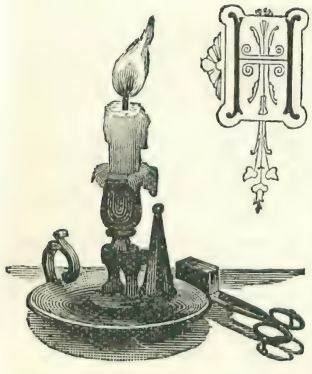
Not because a mystic instinct
Oped your heart to my demand,
And the bond which knits you to me
Is the bond of Fatherland.
Not because your ardent spirit
"Hopeth all things," knows not fear;
Not because of brave endeavour
Do I love you, Janie dear.

Not because your mind is moulded
Large and liberal, and your soul,
Stirred by wise and noble impulse,
Moves towards a self-less goal.
Not because your face resembles
That of a loved, vanished "fere";
For a higher, better reason
Do I love you, Janie dear.

True unselfish sister are you;
All the younger girls and boys
Are your pride—for ever mindful
Of their wants, their griefs, their joys.
As a daughter, fond and faithful,
Loving duty in the sphere
Of your home. As Home's good angel
Do I love you, Janie dear.

"BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT."

By "MEDICUS."



How can I thank my numerous readers for their kind and sympathetic letters during or rather after an illness which some months ago threw me off my work? I assure you, girls, it was very good of you to write and say such nice things. There is nothing in life so sweet to a hard-working author and journalist as sympathy and the thought that his efforts to do a little good in his day and generation are appreciated.

One young lady says that she thought I must have got tired writing for the dear old "G. O. P.," and never could have imagined that I, of all men, could be sick. Well, I attribute the good health I as a rule possess to my habit of being night and day in the open air, in summer's heat and winter's snow, and to the practice of having a cold bath all the year round. Literary work is indeed hard work, especially if one has to keep at it for eight months at a sitting as fast as one can write from early morn till dewy eve. But if it is pleasant work, it cannot be considered toil. If, mind you, one has a public to cater for. The hard-working author gets tired at times; but then, as they say in Scotland, "tired isn't the term day," so we must tire and fall to again. I guess God meant us all to work, else we wouldn't be so happy when pleasantly busy, or feel the time so terribly long when we have nothing better to do than to try to twirl one thumb one way and the other the other; or sit and eat winkles with a pin. We must work in this world, and maybe we shall rest all the better in the next.

By the way, isn't there a text somewhere in the Good Book, which says, "When ye think ye are strong take heed lest ye fall." Whether applied to *strength* to resist temptation, or to stand up against sickness, that text is true, and I speak from experience. As to sickness, a man may think and feel he is as strong as an oak, not an ounce of extra fat about him, a "heart of hickory, lungs that could blow a church organ," and muscles made apparently of catgut, watch-springs, and parings off the Atlantic cable, when past sails a microbe or two, so small that five hundred of them can join hands, and go dancing through the eye of a needle, but he notices the strong man and addresses him somewhat as follows:

"Humph!" he begins derisively, "*you* think *your*self a tough and wiry customer, don't you? You go singing in to your breakfast and dinner, and you come smiling out again. You ride against the wind in a railway carriage and sit at your open windows at home. Now come, I'm not a big chap by any means, but *I'll* have a round with you and chance it."

Then the microbe, or bacillus, or germ, or whatever other nasty little name he is known by, goes for that man, and in a few hours' time the poor fellow thinks he has swallowed a gallon of ice by mistake; his skin is as dry as the head of a drum; his own head feels like a drum that is being hard beaten; his tongue looks like clipping of flannel at fivepence a yard; his eyes are hotter than curried lobster, and all the heat of his body seems to have taken up its abode in his aching brow. He may fight this illness for a while—more fool he. To bed he must go at last, and if for the next fortnight or three weeks after this editors and publishers are waiting and wiring for copy and printing-presses at a stand-still, then I'm not sure that his mental condition isn't as bad as his bodily.

I daresay sickness has its uses however. They called my illness an enforced holiday—I called it a touch of diphtheria. But never mind; sickness makes a man or girl *think*. We have —none of us—a very strong hold on life, and does not trouble draw us nearer to the source of all consolation?

"O yes, that is true," says the sceptical doctor, "simply because you are sentimental for the time being, through your nerves being below par." There is a deal more in it than that. I am convinced there is. I am and always have been a broad thinker. No mortal man has ever guided me. I would follow no preacher that ever lived were I not guided by my own judgment; I may have doubted. Who doesn't, if he or she reads the history of the world as it is gradually unfolded to us every morning in our newspapers. But thought here or doubt there, an unseen hour has not let me slip yet. Even summer herself, which is ever opening up for us with one hand new wonders that almost appear miraculous, points with the other hand to the dark curtain we all must pass, and whispers: "Behind the curtain the light shines brightest. Be of good cheer. You will see."

Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is a common accompaniment of illness, even in its convalescent stage. Strangely enough one of my girl readers, who hails from N. Devon, tells me that the beautiful hymn, "O God of Bethel," which I mentioned in my "New Year's Health Sermon," is also a great favourite at her mother's fireside, and often sung there; no doubts 'tween the gloaming and the mirk,* or, as Longfellow calls it, "The Children's Hour"—

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause—the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour."

Longfellow is one of my favourite poets. His verses have such a sweet simplicity, yet contain thoughts that are both lofty and beautiful. I am willing to let you have Browning and Wagner if you'll give me Longfellow and a guitar. The words of the poet shall inspire my music.

I specially recommend Longfellow and Wordsworth to the invalid or convalescent.

By the way, though, the first line of that poem, "The Children's Hour," is not half so expressive as "'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk."

"Between the dark and the daylight" seems to bring up before the mind's eye that hour, so uneasy to many a weak invalid, that ushers in the early day.

This is all too often a creepy-creepy, uncanny kind of an hour to a convalescent. She may have slept fairly well in the fore part of the night; but she has awakened far, far too soon. The window-blinds are still down, and the grey dawn is beginning to creep

* Mirk, darkness.

through them. There is no other light in the room, for the night-light has long since gone sputtering out, so hardly anything is visible.

It is cold too, and cheerless. And what a long time it will be before the servants stir and someone comes in with the morning cup of tea or chocolate. Slumber still seals every eye in the house, and she would not dream of depriving anyone of her rest. That would be selfish, she thinks. So will lie and count the weary minutes till grandfather's clock on the staircase grunts out the hour of night.

How she wishes she could only get off to sleep again! She tries and tries, on this side and on that; but all in vain. The very pillow has hardened its heart against her, and the attempt to sleep only sets her brain on fire and whirls her from one disagreeable train of thought to another.

Happy birds begin to sing—if she is a dweller in the quiet, green country—sparrows bicker, cocks crow in the distance, and every sound near or afar tells that God's world is awakening to the joy and gladness of another day.

But she— "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she says, half aloud. "Will it never, never be morning?"

Now, reader, if this paper of mine does no other good save that of giving a few hints to the convalescent or the weakly, who awake between the dark and the daylight, it will not, I think, be written in vain.

Sleep, you must know, is essential to all of us; but it is life itself to the invalid. The strong can do with probably only five hours, if the work of the day has been performed out of doors. We should also remember that some people can sleep more in three hours than others can in ten, and seven hours of genuine slumber does anyone more good than a dozen if the sleep be indifferent and disturbed by wearying dreams. You see, one cannot sleep healthfully unless blood almost completely departs from the brain, leaving no more in the millions of tiny, hair-like branching blood-vessels, than is sufficient to carry on a species of organic life.

The most perfect form of sleep we are acquainted with in Nature is probably that into which the trees fall during the winter. Yonder, for example, is a great sycamore nod-nodding in the breeze just outside my wigwam window while I write. It is leafless and bare and unconscious. When summer winds rustled its bonnie branches, and summer sunshine glittered on every leaf, that tree was conscious of a feeling of gentle warmth if nothing else, and had anyone lopped a limb from it, though incapable of feeling pain, the wound would at least have felt cold. But now the tree is wrapped in deepest slumber. It seems dead and yet it is alive, and already budlets are beginning to shoot out on every twig. That is a healthy tree, and its sleep is natural. By-and-by the sap will return, and it will once more awaken.

I have told you of the tiny blood-vessels of the brain. They are elastic as to their walls, and small though they be, they are supplied by nerves still smaller.

Note this now: If the tone of the body and nerves is well kept up; if the heart is strong enough on both sides; if sufficient open-air exercise is taken every day; if sufficient food and no more is taken, and if the mind is easy and free from the effects of excitement, then *bad* sleep is a sheer impossibility.

But during illness of some kinds, and especially during convalescence, the body is weak, and the nerves which incite the contraction of those tiny blood-vessels, and are thus the motor force which compels the expulsion of the blood, have greatly lost their power, and so sleep at its best is bad, and therefore fitful.

At that hour of the morning then, between the dark and the daylight, the body is at its weakest, the heart at its feeblest point. It is ebb-tide, and at this time the lamp of life is more apt to flicker and go out than at any other period of the day or night.

And now I stand face to face with the question, how is the fitful sleep of the invalid or convalescent to be rendered more healthful, and that weary early waking prevented? Manifestly by strengthening the muscles and nerves, and so restoring the balance of nature.

Your doctor may well be trusted with the medicinal treatment of your case, but I want you to remember that your doctor cannot be always with you.

Besides, while drugs that tend to tone the body and elevate the constitution do much good when skilfully administered, narcotics or sleeping draughts are as a rule worse than useless.

Your mainstay is food.

Food that can be easily digested. Food before going to sleep. But *above all*, food that can be taken early in the morning between the dark and the daylight.

This enables the convalescent to get a firmer hold of life; it tones the nerves and restores resiliency to the brain capillaries.

If one has a nurse—well and good; but convalescents seldom have. Therefore—and I wish I could put it in stronger language—the midnight snack or the little early morning meal should invariably be placed near at hand the night before. Have what you like. That is the rule, and I would not even forbid a spoonful or two of wine. But an egg with a morsel of bread and butter, washed down with a mouthful of milk, is excellent. So is milk pudding, blanc-mange, arrowroot, or bovril with toast. The bovril can be kept hot over a night-light.

The food that is tasty is more likely to digest, because it excites the flow of the salivary glands. Contrary to the generally received opinion, a morsel of cheese is sometimes eminently digestible on this very account.

Now having discussed the little meal, resign yourself to rest. You will, nine times out of ten, doze off again, between the dark and the daylight, and awake stronger than when you went to bed.

The title of my next month's Health Sermon will be "Our Servants Ten."

MY DAILY ROUND.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY (£4 4s.).

It may interest you to hear a little about my work, so I will give you just a short sketch of my work for one day. I am a district-nurse, and live with my aunt in a small cottage in a pretty country parish of about two thousand inhabitants.

Usually I rise at seven, and help with household work until about ten, attending to any patients who are well enough to come to me to have their sores attended to. It is impossible to work just to time, but I always try to be in to dinner about one, and to tea about five o'clock. My first patient to-day was a boy to have a very badly-cut finger dressed. Then a mother with a year-old baby, having an abscess to be dressed.

My first visit was to an old woman very ill of bronchitis. I washed her and made the bed, and also dressed her bad legs, in the meantime getting to know all about the night she had passed, and giving hints as to her food, and anything likely to be a comfort to her.

My next visit was to a poor old man, who, unfortunately, had got a bedsore before I was sent for to attend him. I found him very weak and very weary. So whilst I was washing him, making his bed, and dressing the poor back, we had a chat. I told him of a dear old patient I once went to see in a workhouse infirmary. I found him in bed, with his face covered by the sheet; and asking him why he had his face covered, he said, "Oh, it is nice to feel alone sometimes in this big ward, but God is so good, he is taking away a little at a time to make me glad to go."

My next patient is a poor little motherless girl of seven, who was badly burnt three months ago; it was a dreadfully bad case, and took me several hours daily. Now she is doing so well, the dressing only took about twenty minutes to-day. Whilst I am preparing the dressing she always cries, but as soon as I begin dressing the wounds she is quite good; and as I put on the last bandage, her face beams with pleasure to think the dressing is over once again. To-day I had to admire a beautiful doll, which some kind friend had sent her.

I always enjoy a little play with the sick children if possible, and indeed many of the children seem to think I go just to amuse them—one little sick boy saying to his mother, when it got to evening and I had not been in to see him, "Mother, isn't nurse coming to play ball with me to-day?"

My next visit was to a poor woman with rheumatic gout. I bandaged her poor painful limbs, and made her as comfortable as possible, and also sent for the doctor, as she was looking worse than when I had seen her the day before. I was also called in to see a neighbour, who had a sore throat.

My next patient was a boy with a carbuncle on his neck; his mother had been dressing it with a slice of raw bacon! It was most inflamed and painful, so I bathed it well with hot water, and applied a water dressing; I also ordered him some cod-liver oil, and was very pleased and surprised when he told me he liked it!

It was now one o'clock, so I was glad to go home to dinner. Almost before I had finished dinner a girl came with a badly-crushed finger. She had been to the doctor the day before, and he sent her to me to have it dressed daily until well.

Then twenty minutes' rest in an easy-chair, with an interesting book. Out again at 2.15 to another part of the parish, where I had a patient, a young girl, who had been in bed a month, and who was delighted to be told she might come down to tea.

My next patient had varicose veins, which I had to bandage; I also gave her sister a lesson in bandaging (part of my work being to teach people to help each other). I was then asked to go and see a neighbour, whom I found in bed with influenza; I did nothing at this house except give a few simple directions. Then off to another part of the parish to see a poor man, an incurable case, who was going to be moved to the workhouse infirmary, some miles away. I washed him, and made him as

comfortable as I could under the circumstances.

I then paid a second visit to my patient with bronchitis; then to an old man who is quite bedfast. I had nothing to do for him, except have a chat, as a daughter had come to nurse him, who had done all that was needed.

Then home to tea at 5.30. While at tea I was sent for to a child who had scalded her throat. On getting there I was pleased to find the case was not so serious as the mother had feared.

One more visit to my poor patient with bronchitis, and home again at 8.30, feeling very tired, and glad to rest until bedtime, with the happy feeling that "something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose."

This is just an account of the work of one day, of course the work varies according to the sick cases; sometimes I devote a whole day to a bad case, if the doctor thinks it necessary.

I think district nursing one of the happiest things a woman can work at, and very healthy work; the long walks undo the harm a nurse may get by working in close, stuffy, sick rooms, and it is such a happy feeling to think you have made a few poor sufferers a little easier.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true. "VIOLET."

District Nurse,
Westmorland.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.).

DEAR READER.—I am going to write you a few lines about my own work, for I feel that working girls of our day ought to know more about each other, and have a feeling of fellow sympathy and love one for the other, especially for those girls who are poorer than ourselves and who perhaps have to work a great deal harder, and often get less money for their work. Now I want you to suppose for a little while, that you are going to view the place or work-shop, in which I pass a larger part of the day, I will start from my home, ten minutes pleasent walk will bring me to the work-shop, you ask what it is, well it is Card-board Box Manufacturing, and these works cover an area, of 2,500 square yards, and are situate with about 100 yards frontage to the street, and will be found one of the most complete manufactories of its kind in the midland counties, they are well lighted and properly fitted up for the making of boxes.

Now we will go inside, when we get inside the porch you see two doors, one leads to a neat room or office in which the master receives his friends, or persons who come about the work, that is not the door we want so we will go through the other one, this brings us into the chief room in which the work is done, before we go round, I must tell you that not only boxes are made, but bobbins, pattern-cards, stars, & in fact all cardboard goods in immense quantities. Bobbins and pattern-cards are made for the silk mills, pattern-cards are so called, because of the many patterns of silk or cotton cord that is fixed on them. Now I know you are anxious to see how boxes are made, about seventy six girls are engaged in making the boxes, First of all on Monday morning at 8 Oclock, (at which time we start work) the girls take their books to the managers desk, and work is given them in their books according to what orders are in, suppose a girl as in her book ½ Gross of small square boxes which are used for holding reels of cotton. She would first of all get the cardboard for the boxes, which would be cut the required size under a 42 inch guillotine, they are then passed to the scorer which slightly indents the board: the corners are then cut out by a corner cutting machine, when the box can be bent to the required size; it is now ready for the girl to take to the table and fasten the corners together either with strong paper or linen; now paper is required to cover the box and for this she goes to another machine and gets all she requires for covering the box and lid, this process goes on day by day, but of course different payment is made according to the size and quality of the boxes, from one shilling to about nine shillings and sixpence per gross. It is very interesting to see the girls at their work.

Now for the patent folding boxes which are made by the machines, this is entirely a new department in box-making, and is the latest adaption, to the needs of our manufactures, who send out their goods in boxes, but often have not room for the bulky article known as the ordinary lidded box. Folding boxes have many advantages, they are stowed away as compactly as the boards of which they are made, before manufacture, for instance, 3,000 folding boxes 12 in by 6 in by 5 in occupy no more room than a gross of ordinary lidded boxes. They are the handiest for use, and in less time than it takes to write, they are removed from the store shelf, and goods inserted. The works are personally superintended, they are arranged with every care, and fitted up with a great variety of the latest machines invented for box making.

Let us see what one of the patent folding boxes run through. First the boards are cut and grooved to size, in the cutting or grooving machine, at one operation, this groover is a large machine, which, when passing the boards through makes marks both, downwards and across, which then can be bent into the shape required. Thence to the stamping machines which formes the shaped and tucked in ends; the box before going under this machine is perfectly flat, except for the groover marks. And finally the box goes to a most ingenious wire stitching machine, which stitches both the sides of the box together, which formes it into its right shape, this machine does its work with admirable precision; three stamping and three stitching turn out about 3,000 boxes per hour. Folding boxes are mostly used for, gelly powder, soap, Fullers earth, bonbons, butter, wine bottles, egg powder, sweets and many other things beside. I will mention at this part, that the younger girls work these machines and are paid from 2s 6d to 5s per week, and for this they work from 8 am to 7 pm, we have from one oclock till two Oclock for dinner, and from 5 till 5-30 for tea.

Tea, milk, and sugar is found by the master for which we all pay two-pence per week. The tea is mashed altogether in a large urn, which is always kept nice and clean and bright. If you could be in the shop at half-past 4 oclock in the afternoon, you would perhaps be interested to see the way in which the tea is served out. first of all two young girls take mugs round to each girl at her table, these mugs belong to the works, and are provided for the use of the work people, while the two younger girls take the mugs round, the tea is being mashed by an elder girl who deals it out to the other two girls, into milk cans which they take round, and fill every mug with tea, then directly the clock strikes five we all have a quite and pleasent half hour, Then the same girls that took the tea round, collect all the mugs after tea, and wash them up ready for the next day's use.

But I must not forget to mention my own work, which is in making reels and bobbins, these are made for the silk mills: this work is simple and easy and can be learned easily, both the reels and bobbins are made for the use of silk, cord, braid and velvet ribbons, of which I daresay you often see in the milliners shops; there are many different sizers required both in bobbins and reels, first of all I will tell you how I make the reels. A large quantity of cards are cut at one time, under the guillotine of which I have mentioned to you before, The card board for reels and bobbins is mostly stronger than that which is used for ordinary boxes. When the cards are all cut I take them to another machine, which cuts the square corners off the cards, then I go and get the pegs or small pieces of wood, whatever size I require then I get a wooden frame made for the reel to fit in, with three holes in it. I then put a peg in each hole, fix a card on each side of the frame, and tack them to the pegs. A reel is simply three pegs so far apart from each other, with a card each side tacked to the pegs, for these I get 6d per gross which takes from one hour and a half to two hours in making.

Now I will tell you how the bobbins are made I have five different kinds, they are all made the same way, only the cards are cut in different shapes and sizes, but most of them are round cards. Now suppose the card is from 4 to 8 inches round, this I take and punch a hole in the centre, with a punching machine, then I punch two round pieces of woodpulp, or thick soft, white cardboard, about one or two inches round, which are tacked to the card with three tacks, these I make on a square iron block with a small piece of round narrow iron in the centre, on which I fix the woodpulp and cards, for these I get three half pence for a gross of cards, which I can make in an hour. The cards that I make are finished by the box hands, they put a narrow gilt edge of paper round the cards, and fix two cards on to a tube which forms the bobbin, and finally they are put into boxes made for them.

I cannot explain to you much about box-making in its self, as I don't make them, but I am expecting to leave the work soon which I have told you about, and go on a box table. We have a strict, but very good master, who will have his work done well, and likes to see everything clean and in perfect order. So on Saturday the girls clean their tables and floor, of course the room is swept every night by four of the young girls, but on Saturday it is done very well, and the girls that sweep, clean and polish the tea urn and cans, blacklead two stoves which the girls hot their dinners in during the week, all the mugs are washed again, and many other things are cleaned, the sweeping girls as we call them, get 8d or 9d each per week, which they collect from each of the elder girls for sweeping under their tables.

There is nothing more left for me to tell about the work, I hope you will not find it dry, but work is often dry and hard to us, I think if we could only sympathise more with one another, and obey our Heavenly Masters commanments, and have love one for another. Our daily round would become a pleasure instead of a labour, and we could say in the lines of the dear old hymn.

Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared.

ELIZA HALL

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

Eliza Hall, Derby.

*** These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

LEAVING Cecil and Um Yusuf in their captivity at Sardiyeh, the harem procession made its way down the winding mountain-paths, a curious assemblage of closely swathed white figures mounted on mules and donkeys, and headed by the waving curtains of Jamileh Khanum's litter. On either side rode the black agas, armed with whips with which to drive off any inquisitive wayfarer, and before and behind came the guard of soldiers whom the Pasha had left under the charge of his master of the horse for the purpose of protecting his wife. At the end of the train of women and agas rode Azim Bey and his attendants, obliged to follow even the negresses who acted as cooks and scullerymaids, a humiliation which sorely tasked the boy's proud spirit. But this was not the worst. He felt convinced, from the meaning looks and whispered words which passed among the women, that the Khanum Effendi was considered to have gained not only a moral but a material victory in that she had succeeded in getting rid of Cecil. That some evil was intended against him, to which his governess's presence was considered a bar, he was sure, and he felt more lonely and helpless than he had ever done in his life. And indeed, Jamileh Khanum was jubilant as she reclined on her gold-embroidered cushions. She had accomplished the task in which she had so often failed, and separated Cecil from her pupil with comparatively little difficulty.

"ISHAK CAME TO THE GROUND WITH A CRASH."

"You must get rid of Mdlle. Antaza if you wish to reach Azim Bey," had been one of M. Karalampi's messages to her through Mdlle. Katrina. "Separately we can deal with them easily, but together they are too strong for us."

This had been the secret of the attempts made to sap the loyalty of the servants, and induce them to bring a false accusation against Cecil, this also of the hints and threatenings of murder which had alarmed Um Yusuf, but it was M. Karalampi, assisted unintentionally by Azim Bey himself, who had devised the plan by which the news of Charlie's murder had after all produced the desired effect. So far, everything had gone smoothly. Immediately after telling his story to Cecil, Hanna had been seized and conveyed to a distance, and was now in safe custody, for it was no part of the scheme that he should be allowed to reach Baghdad and acquaint the Balio Bey with what had happened. And now, as she counted the hours until the place named by the Pasha as the rendezvous should be reached, Jamileh Khanum felt calm and triumphant. Her part in the conspiracy had been faithfully performed; it only rested with M. Karalampi to do his share. Everything was ready; Mdlle. Katrina had only to see her nephew and give him the message that Azim Bey was now unprotected by the presence of his governess, and might safely be attacked. All details were left to him; the only thing that Jamileh Khanum cared for was to get her stepson out of the way.

But at the rendezvous disappointment was awaiting her. Neither M. Karalampi nor his servant was to be seen, and it was some time before Mdlle. Katrina succeeded in discovering that they were not with the Pasha at all. Instead of being in attendance on his Excellency, M. Karalampi had been left behind in the disturbed district, nominally as secretary to the Mutesalim, who had been wounded during the Pasha's military operations, but in reality as a spy upon him, to the great disgust of both. The Mutesalim naturally resented the indignity of being saddled with a guardian who must be "squared" by receiving a considerable share of every piece of plunder unless his charge's doings were to be reported to the Pasha, and a good deal blackened in the process, but his emotions were mild compared with those of M. Karalampi. His anger arose from the fact that by this action the Pasha had unconsciously neutralised all his plans. Of what use was it to have devised these complicated manœuvres for getting Cecil out of the way, if he could not proceed with the designs he had formed against her pupil? Worse than this, he felt a presentiment that in her wrath and disappointment Jamileh Khanum would try to do the work herself, in some clumsy inartistic way that would lead to the ruin of the whole scheme, and he was right.

Now that the harem procession had rejoined that of his Excellency, no further stay was made in the mountains, and the whole cavalcade proceeded on its way towards Baghdad. At one of the towns through which it passed a fair was being held, and the Pasha consented that half a day should be spent in this place, at the earnest request of the master of the horse, who saw a chance of replenishing the palace stables at moderate cost. The decision was not quite so satisfactory to the merchants and country-people who had brought horses to sell at the fair, for they foresaw an unequal contest, in which their wares would be taken from them at such prices as seemed good to the master of the horse, with all the power of the Pasha behind him. With many laments, therefore, they settled in their own minds the bribe which must be offered to the official in order to secure his meeting their views in each case, and bemoaned their hard lot in coming to the fair just as his Excellency was passing through the town. But to Jamileh Khanum the fair presented itself as offering a providential solution of a difficulty. Taking council with no one, she entrusted her chief aga with a confidential commission to buy for her the handsomest and wickedest Kurdish pony he could find, and to have it fitted with saddle and bridle of the finest materials and workmanship regardless of expense. Her order was carried out to the letter. The aga secured a pony which bore the worst of reputations from all its owners, for it had already changed hands repeatedly, and would have been got rid of as useless had it not been for its beauty. Its chief merit with reference to the particular end in view was the general testimony that these peculiarities of character did not become evident until the intending rider was in the saddle, and the chief aga rubbed his hands with delight as he superintended the decking of the animal with the most gorgeous trappings he could procure.

"The Khanum Effendi will be well pleased," he muttered to himself, feeling already in his hand the *bakhshish* which his mistress placed there a short

time afterwards, when she had inspected the pony and heard its record. The next step was to send it round to Azim Bey's quarters as a present from his stepmother, and had he been in reality the guileless child that Jamileh Khanum trusted he might show himself, his career would probably have ended as abruptly as she wished. But he was to the full as wily and as suspicious as herself, and the mere circumstance of her sending him a present was sufficient to put him on his guard. He sent his thanks to the donor in the most orthodox way, walked round the pony in delight, examining its beauties, and called little Ishak, the slipper-bearer.

"Mount the pony for me, O Ishak," he said, "and ride him round the court-yard, that I may see his paces."

"Upon my head be it, O my lord," responded Ishak, and did his best to obey. But no sooner was he mounted than the animal gave a complicated bound, something between a standing leap, a wriggle and a buck-jump, and Ishak came to the ground with a crash.

"God is great!" burst from Masûd. "What wisdom is this of my lord's?"

"Take him up, and send for the *hakim bashi*," said Azim Bey, "and take care that the pony is kept for the Pasha to see."

Severe concussion of the brain was the result of the experiment on poor little Ishak's part, but the *hakim bashi* pointed out that to anyone but a negro the blow would have meant almost certain death, a fact which spoke volumes to the Pasha. His Excellency took the warning thus conveyed, for he had felt anxious about his son's safety ever since he had heard of Cecil's illness. Had the report of the case reached him on the authority of Jamileh Khanum alone, he would not have believed it, but when, at her earnest request, he had sent his own physician to see Mdlle. Antaza, and he confirmed her account, he could not well refuse the governess a few weeks of rest, even at the cost of danger to Azim Bey. Now he resolved to keep the boy with him constantly until Cecil's return, and never to allow him out of his sight.

Under these circumstances, Azim Bey made sure that he should be able to secure Cecil's recall at once, but in this he was reckoning without his host, as he found when he tried to approach the subject with his father. He supposed that he had only to tell the Pasha that the Khanum Effendi was keeping mademoiselle a prisoner at Sardiyeh for her to be released immediately, but to his amazement and mortification he was merely told that it was not so at all, that mademoiselle was taking a little rest by the doctor's orders, and could not return to Baghdad for the present. To be treated like a child in this way was sufficiently annoying, but it was worse to be conscious all the time that if he only dared to say what he knew, matters would be set right. But this was impossible. He was afraid to tell his father of Charlie's return and death, lest he should get into trouble for his share in the latter, and he had also a very real fear that M. Karalampi might revenge himself upon him afterwards, now that he was so completely in his power His entreaties that Cecil might be allowed to rejoin him were thus made in vain, for the Pasha, ignorant of any reason for her prostrate state, could only attribute it, as the *hakim bashi* had done, to an overworked brain and incipient madness. Complete rest for a short time was the only thing that could be tried, and the Pasha intended, though he did not tell his son this, to send the physician to Sardiyeh again in the course of a few weeks, that he might examine the patient anew, and judge if there were any hope of her recovery. This being the case, the boy's constant references to his governess became rather wearisome to the Pasha, and after several valiant attempts to press the subject on his father's attention, Azim Bey found himself peremptorily silenced, and forbidden to allude to it again. When they reached Baghdad, he was watched over much too closely to allow of his speaking either to Sir Dugald or Lady Haigh, and thus his second avenue of escape was closed. The *hakim bashi* was sent to the Residency to tell the Balio Bey that Mdlle. Antaza had been ill, and was spending some time longer in the mountains for rest and change, and it did not occur to anyone that there was anything strange underlying this apparently straightforward message.

Any anxiety which was felt at the Residency at this time was entirely on Charlie's account. Lady Haigh had not heard from him for months, and no letters from him to Cecil had passed through Sir Dugald's hands. It was supposed, however, that she had written to tell him of the plan of spending the summer in the hills, and that he had found some new channel of communication with her by way of Mosul or Erzeroum, while he was probably so busy at home in having his house done up that he had no time to write to other people. In this happy confidence Lady Haigh remained until she received a letter from Mrs. Howard White, who, with her husband, had spent a few days at the Residency on her homeward journey from Hillah, and was now in England. Lady Haigh took up the letter and opened it with somewhat languid interest, anticipating nothing more than a graceful acknowledgment of her kind hospitality, and some information as to the light in which Professor Howard White's discoveries were regarded by the learned world. But after a very brief message of thanks, the writer dashed at once into another subject.

. . . . "I feel that I must write to you," she said, "and only hope that my warning may prove not to be necessary. It will be news to you to hear that your cousin, Dr. Egerton, was in Hillah just before we left it, disguised as an Armenian trader. At his earnest request I arranged a meeting between him and Miss Anstruther in my house, but they had no private conversation, owing to the presence of Miss Anstruther's pupil. It is my impression that the secret remained undiscovered by Azim Bey, but I cannot be sure of this. Dr. Egerton avowed to me the next day his intention of following, unknown to her, the Pasha's caravan, in which Miss Anstruther was travelling, and I was unable to dissuade him from it. I promised to keep his secret, lest Sir Dugald should interfere with the scheme, but now that so long a time has elapsed without any news of him, I feel it only right to tell you all I know, in order that inquiries may be made. I understand that Dr. Egerton has not returned home, and that neither his aunt nor Miss Anstruther's family know anything of his movements. . . ."

Lady Haigh read the letter through with a face of horror, and rushed with it to Sir Dugald's office.

"Read that, Dugald!" she cried, flinging it down before him, "and then leave those papers, and go and see the Pasha at once. You must do it."

"H'm," said Sir Dugald, lifting his eyebrows as he took up the letter; "the doctor in trouble again, I suppose? Ah!" as he read it, "this is what Miss Anstruther was afraid of, is it? Poor girl! It might be the best thing for her that he should disappear," but he rose, nevertheless, and began to put away his papers.

"What a mercy that Cecil is not here!" burst from Lady Haigh. "The anxiety would kill her. I only hope that she will stay quietly in the mountains until we hear something certain. Do go, Dugald."

Sir Dugald was already starting, and reached the Palace unheralded, regardless of the etiquette for which he was generally so rigorous a stickler. The Pasha received him with some trepidation. As soon as his Excellency was told that the Balio Bey wished to see him, an uneasy conscience led him to recall uncomfortably a few of his recent acts of government, and in particular to wonder whether the length of Jamileh Khanum's latest dressmaker's bill, and the means adopted to satisfy the Parisian firm concerned, had become public. He was proportionately relieved on finding that Sir Dugald's visit had nothing to do with any of his own peccadilloes, but concerned only the English doctor whose existence, as well as his sudden departure from Baghdad, the Pasha had forgotten long ago. Little time was needed to show that his Excellency knew nothing of Dr. Egerton's proceedings or of his fate.

"I must ask your Excellency to let Azim Bey be summoned," said Sir Dugald, when he had satisfied himself of the Pasha's innocence. "No stone must be left unturned to solve this mystery."

Azim Bey was sent for, and presently appeared, attended by Masûd. Glancing from one to the other of the occupants of the room, and noticing that his father looked perturbed and the Balio Bey stern, he felt a sudden conviction that the reward of his youthful misdeeds was at hand.

"Question my son yourself, my dear Balio," said the Pasha, in his most urbane manner, and the culprit, shaking with misgiving, found himself set down opposite the terrible Balio Bey, who looked at him fixedly for a moment.

"Bey," he said at last, "where is Dr. Egerton?"

Azim Bey's courage was rapidly oozing away, but he made a brave attempt to turn the question aside in a sportive and natural manner.

"How, then?" he asked. "Do you ask me about Dr. Egerton, M. le Balio? Surely it is said that no Englishman can enter the *pashalik* without your knowing all about him at once?"

"In this case it is more to the point that you knew him to be in the *pashalik*," replied Sir Dugald, and Azim Bey, seeing that he had betrayed himself, looked blank. "I know very well," continued the Balio, taking a bold step in his turn, and fixing his eyes on the boy's face, "that you saw him in disguise at Hillah and recognised him, and that you then gave instructions respecting him to some of his Excellency's dependants. What were those orders, and where is Dr. Egerton now?"

Quick as lightning the thought darted into Azim Bey's head that he had been betrayed. Not perceiving that what had been said was the result of a shrewd guess on Sir Dugald's part, he leaped to the conclusion that Ishak had been questioned and had implicated him in his answers, and it seemed to him immediately that the whole plot must be known.

"He is dead," he murmured, with hanging head. The effect upon his auditor made Azim Bey perceive too late that he had again incriminated himself unnecessarily.

"Dead!" cried Sir Dugald, in a voice that made the Pasha jump.

"Yes—Oh, M. le Balio, that was not my fault. I hated him, and I wanted the Kurds to take him prisoner, and they murdered him. I did not want him to die—indeed, I did not—I did not mean to have him killed."

"But this is impossible!" cried the Pasha. "What could make you hate this English gentleman, my son?"

"I hated him because mademoiselle was in love with him," returned the boy without hesitation. His father looked scandalised, and Sir Dugald frowned heavily.

"There is no need whatever to bring Miss Anstruther's name into the conversation," he said, adding, as he turned to the Pasha, "I cannot conceive that these are the real facts of the case, your Excellency. It seems to me that Azim Bey must have been used as a tool by some enemy of Dr. Egerton's."

"But indeed, it is not so, M. le Balio," Azim Bey protested eagerly. "It was I who hated him, and when Mad—I mean, when *she* was angry with me about him, I spoke to M. Karalampi, and he made the people of the city hate him, so that he had to leave Baghdad."

"Ah!" broke from Sir Dugald, while the Pasha was silent through sheer astonishment, the minds of both going back to the mysterious events which had preceded Charlie Egerton's departure. Sir Dugald recovered himself first.

"And Karalampi has been your agent in these last negotiations also, Bey? I thought so. Your Excellency," he said to the Pasha, "I must ask you to have M. Karalampi arrested and brought here at once."

"The order shall be sent immediately," said the Pasha, and he called Ovannes Effendi from the ante-room. While the necessary directions were being given, Azim Bey crept close to Sir Dugald.

"M. le Balio, you will ask my father to let mademoiselle come back from Sardiyeh now?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly not," replied Sir Dugald emphatically. "I am most thankful to think that Miss Anstruther is out of the way for the present. I shall not advise her return until this matter has been inquired into."

"Oh, monsieur, but—" began Azim Bey, but Sir Dugald cut him short, and took his leave of the Pasha, requesting to be summoned as soon as M. Karalampi arrived. To Lady Haigh he made as light of the matter as he could, protesting that in Azim Bey's case he believed that the wish for Charlie's death was father to the thought, but in his own mind he had very little doubt that the news was true. The mutual dislike of M. Karalampi and Charlie had not escaped his notice, and he felt that it was most likely that the Greek had taken the opportunity of carrying out his compact with Azim Bey a little too well. While waiting for him to be arrested and brought down to Baghdad, Sir Dugald collected a good deal of information which corroborated the boy's account of the intrigue by which Charlie had been driven from his post, and he awaited the arrival of the prisoner with the comfortable conviction that there was very nearly evidence enough to hang him already. But the expected summons to the Palace to confront the accused did not come, and Sir Dugald grew impatient. At last he went himself to speak to the Pasha on the subject, but in the ante-room he was seized upon by Azim Bey.

"Oh, M. le Balio, you would not come, and I could not go to see you. He has been here, and my father has let him go again."

"Who? Karalampi?" cried Sir Dugald. "Tell me what you mean."

They sat down on the divan, and Azim Bey poured his tale into the Balio's ear. How M. Karalampi had arrived, all unconscious of the reason for the summons, from his post in the mountains, and had found himself accused of plotting Dr. Egerton's murder. How he had protested his innocence, and had promised to bring proofs of it, if he were allowed to go back to the mountains with an escort, and penetrate into the Kurdish fastnesses. How the Pasha had demurred to this, but had yielded on M. Karalampi's declaring that otherwise he would make a clean breast of everything to the Balio Bey, and involve Jamileh Khanum in his disclosures. This was the only card he had to play, but thanks to the Pasha's agonized desire to prevent scandal, it was successful, and he was allowed to depart, under strict supervision. Sir Dugald listened with lowering brow, and when the recital was ended he rose from his seat with a fixed resolve to see the Pasha and thresh the matter out with him, but Azim Bey was still clinging to his arm.

"Oh, M. le Balio, bring mademoiselle back. They are keeping her in prison there at Sardiyeh, and it is only this—the death of Dr. Egerton—that has made her ill."

"What? she knows already? and the poor girl is all alone up there!" cried Sir Dugald, and he strode into the Pasha's presence with a frown which made his Excellency tremble. His demand that Cecil should be sent for was at once granted, and an escort despatched to bring her from Sardiyeh to Baghdad. But Sir Dugald had been forestalled. The news of what had been happening had reached the harem, and had caused a vast amount of commotion there, together with much coming and going of Mdlle. Katrina, imperfectly disguised in a voluminous sheet, between her mistress and M. Karalampi, during the short time that he spent in the city. The result was that an order had been sent to Sardiyeh which reached it two days before the Pasha's.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE SPEED OF LIGHT.—A cannon ball, says Sir John Herschell, would require seventeen years to reach the sun, yet light travels over the same space in eight minutes. The swiftest bird, at its utmost speed, would need nearly three weeks to make the tour of the earth. Light performs the same distance in much less time than is necessary for a single stroke of its wing.

WINGED WORDS.—"A word once sent forth from the lips cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses."—*Chinese Proverb.*

A HINT FOR WORKERS.—The harder our work the more we need solitude and prayer, without which work becomes mechanical and insincere.

A PARROT SPEAKING A DEAD LANGUAGE.—In connection with the speaking of parrots a curious circumstance is that recorded by Humboldt, who, in South America, met with a venerable bird which remained the sole possessor of a literally dead language, the whole tribe of Indians, Atures by name, who alone had spoken it, having become extinct.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR YOUTH.—With rare exceptions the women who are now honoured and esteemed are the women who improved the season of their youth. They then diligently sowed the seed that has matured in a golden harvest.

WARNING.

"Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee."

Caroline Bowles Southey.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "ON THE MAKING OF A SONNET."

SOLUTION.

On-THE-M A king OF AS-*on*-net.

A-S-*on* net MUST C-*on*-S ISTOF 10+4=(14) lines
ANDEVERY line MUSTHAVEOF feet JUST 10
A l*a*ntern at E soft AND loud LIKE treadle OF men
ANDOFTHE S-*on*-N ET form PETR arch D *fine*-S
Two-judge*s* BYHIS poet ICALD signs
U-*on*-LY P lease MN*s* IANDH ear *in*-G-W hen
UDO full throat ed octave E FOR man DTHEN
CTH at*s* E*s* TETH arm *on*-I-O US counter M-*in*-ES
THE eight HT-*on*-EO FTHES-*on*-NETS scale ISD one
A change OFRHYME scones *in*-A-S THISDCLARES
ANDWHILE *in*-O-C TAVEUMAYHAVEBUT 2
HERE-*in*-THESE STET 3 MAYNIMBLYRUN
BR A V O *dear*-sonnet nought WITHUCOM pears
HOWFA SC-*in*-AT-*in*-GY OUR proud form tow OO

ON THE MAKING OF A SONNET.

A sonnet must consist of fourteen lines,
  And every line must have of "feet" just ten;
  Alternate soft and loud like tread of men;
And of the sonnet form Petrarch defines,
To judge by his poetical designs,
  You only please men's eye, and hearing when
  You do full-throated octave form, and then
See that sestet harmonious countermines.

The eighth tone of the sonnet's scale is done;
  A change of rhymes comes in, as this declares,
    And while in octave you may have but two,
Here in the sestet three may nimbly run;
  Bravo, dear sonnet, naught with you compares,
    How fascinating your proud form to woo!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Fifteen Shillings Each.

Miss A. W. Browne, Preston House, Redhill.
Mr. J. Hunt, 37, Beaufort Road, Birmingham.
Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington.
A. Phillips, 30, Sherriff Road, W. Hampstead.
Miss A. C. Sharp, Lymington, Hampshire.

Ten Shillings Each.

Mrs. W. H. Gotch, St. Cross, Winchester.
Ellen May, Clarence Lodge, Combe Park, Bath.
Jas. L. Slade, Lyndhurst, Bath Road, Devizes.

Special Mention.

Edith E. Grundy (*equal with 1st prize winners*).

Very Highly Commended.

G. W. Grote, Lucy Richardson, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Ethel M. Warner.

Highly Commended.

Lydia Belling, Mary Bennett, Pauline Bracken, A. C. Carter, M. J. Champneys, Lucy E. Cole, Maude Cook, Alice M. Cooke, M. A. C. Crabb, Edith Davison, Ethel Drysdale, Bessie Gray, M. E. Hancock, Henry Hayward, Elizabeth Lang, Carlina Leggett, Mabel Lewis, Isabel Parry, Beatrice Rafford, Edith Mary Riddett, Mildred Skrine, Ellen Tarrant, Agnes Taylor, Mona Taylor, Frances Webb-Gillman, Gertrude Whitmore, John R. Whyberd, G. S. Wilkins, Minnie Wilkins.

Honourable Mention.

Annie Arnott, Lily Barrett, Rev. S. Bell, Mrs. Belling, E. Benson, Edith Berry, E. H. Brookfield, Ethel Burlingham, N. Chute, Emmie Claremont, Leonard Duncan, Clara Finch, Miss M. Hall, Jeanie Henderson, G. C. de la Hey, Alice Hill, Bertha Holehouse, Mary Hughes, Alice S. Lewin, Elizabeth A. Lord, S. Mason, Mrs. M. L. Nott, Annie Paterson, Ellen M. Price, Ida Rafford, Nora Raynes, Mildred Richardson, Kate Robinson, Elizabeth Salisbury, Violet Shoberl, Kate Sinclair, Edmund Snell, Jessie Thomson, Violet C. Todd, Ethel Tomlinson, Emily Wilkinson, Helen Younger.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Many grievous difficulties beset the solver, and fourteen solutions, almost perfect, command our highest admiration, although only eight of them command our prizes. Several of our veteran competitors came utterly to grief, and our waste-paper basket became acquainted with names unheard of before. Truly it was no disgrace to fail in such excellent company.

The title ought not to have caused any difficulty, but many solvers, with a strange lack of discernment, omitted the "On." In the poem itself, the treadle in line 3 was the first real stumbling-block, though one competitor met with one earlier in the line. She writes: "I succeeded in reading the first two lines, which encouraged me to go on, but, alas! how could a lantern minus the candle throw any light upon the next part of the poem?" However, groping in darkness, she did not fare badly, and another time she will succeed even better.

In line 5 the poet (Dante) was often unidentified, but the common substitution of "music," or "pale music," was not at all commendable. Two or three solvers, proud of their identification, introduced it in the form of "Danteical," a fantastic, but not an objectionable reading.

In line 9 we were amused to notice that the old device of putting some letters on the top of others could still bewilder, the beginning of the line being often misinterpreted. The "change" in the following line was unfortunately somewhat blurred in printing, and where a reasonable substitute was given we accepted it. Then all is plain-sailing until line 13, where the exorbitant price of the sonnet did not receive adequate attention. In our opinion most sonnets would be dear at any price, and to give three shillings and sixpence for the best of them would be an unwarrantable extravagance. We seize this opportunity of beseeching the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to be contented with a theoretical knowledge of sonnet-making. It would be extremely distressing if the rules given by our poet were widely put into practice. It is not always wise to act upon what we know.

In the last line, "proud" was more often rendered *fine*, *grand*, and less acceptably, *fair*.

Some correspondents are in doubt as to the rules governing the award of the consolation prize. They will find an answer to their questions in the report on "Christmas in the City."

L. D.—The win counts for the year ending October 1896.

C. A. M.—The quest must have been in vain, for the poem, for obvious reasons, had not been published.

C. W. A.—The solutions V. H. C. were verbally more accurate. Heavens is not generally pronounced as two syllables in poetry, so that the line has only ten feet. Your obvious interest is most encouraging.

THE GIRLS' OWN GUILD—REPORT AND PRIZE WINNERS.

REPORT.

THE papers to which first prizes are awarded are the very best, from every point of view, that we have ever received; and every member who will obtain a prize may rest assured that she has done admirable work.

Strange to say many of our best papers have come from our Antipodean members, who have been the most careful and painstaking, though always suffering from the drawbacks arising from the uncertainty of the mail-service, and the immense distance between them and ourselves. Too much praise cannot, therefore, be given them for their steady "perseverance in well-doing."

The second class is a much larger one, and many of the papers are equal to the others, but have been disqualified for the highest marks by either the omission of references, or of the questions (to which answers must always be given), and many forget to attach their Guild numbers.

One of our most diligent members has been

taken from us by death, but sent in her papers to the very end. We are very glad to chronicle the fact that many young married women are numbered amongst the members of the Guild, as well as older people, who derive much pleasure in the work, and feel a lively interest in it. The very great neatness of the writing and arrangement of the subject-matter, is a noteworthy characteristic of the general run of the papers, and well deserving of commendation.

We must now make mention of some of the answers sent in. No. 203, on the Persian Religion, presented to some of our members a great difficulty; and in answer to the query "Who was the great religious teacher of the Persians and founder of their religion?" there were many varieties of opinion, i.e., Cæsar, Ptolemy, Ezra, Nehemiah, Solomon, and Nimrod, instead of Zoroaster.

Question 237 proved a great exercise of thought and conjecture, and it astonished the examiners not a little to find how many analogous passages in the New Testament, though but one solitary quotation taken from the Book of Ecclesiastes. The same may be said in reference to the Song of Solomon, but our industrious students found passages which were very nearly quotations, i.e., "Rivers of living water (St. John vii. 38); a "Well of living waters" (Song of Solomon, iv. 15); "A glorious Church, not having a spot," etc. (Ephesians v. 25); and "There is no spot in thee" (Song of Solomon iv. 7).

The examiners of the Guild papers think there is much improvement in the general style of the work, and much more thoughtful consideration of the questions is evinced.

First Class Prizes.

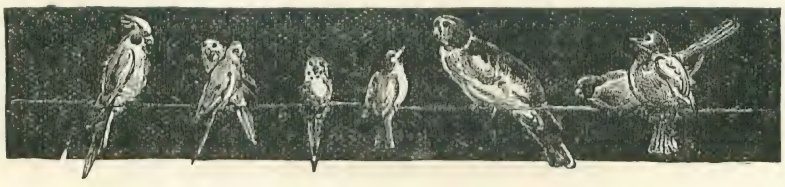
The following have been awarded books to the value of £1 1s :—

	MARKS
Stevens, Catherine, Cobham, Gravesend	573
LeRoy, Edith A., Edgbaston	550
Adderley, Edith, Melbourne	544
Wassell, Bertha, Lytton, near Brisbane	537
Bergin, Susie F., Cork	530
Thompson, A. Jessica, Winlaton-on-Tyne	527
Clarke, Eva, Allahabad	526
Devonshire, Mary, Finchley	524
Thompson, Mabel H., Winlaton-on-Tyne	519
Burrows, C. P., Dresden, near Longton	516
Wassell, Edith, Lytton, near Brisbane	513
Forbes, Agnes, Oldmeldrum	509
Lockhart, Ella J., Edinburgh	508
Short, Minnie, St. Helena	505
Hodson, Edith S., Edgbaston	503
Ingild, F., Holt Junction	500

Second Class Prizes.

The following have been awarded books to the value of 10s. 6d. :—

	MARKS
Cooper, F. M., Southampton	497
Lemon, Elizabeth M., Market Harboro'	495
Barnard, Sibyl M., Portland Place	495
Prowning, Rosa H., St. Oriens, Jersey	493
Harrison, Anne E., Manley, Frodsham	487
Bryant, E. A., Diss	482
Hamilton, Blanche, Bedford Square	481
Smith, Margaret A., Blairgowrie	480
Walker, C. Julia, Sidmouth	480
Charlton, Edith, Fairfield, nr. Manchester	477
Swatman, Clorinde, Royston	476
Halahan, H. F., Forest Hill, S.E.	472
Hills, Bertha M., Bow Road, E.	470
Grey-Eckel, Alice, St. Josephs, Barbados	470
Hinsley, Mary, Dundee	470
Mott, Lillie, Apollo Bay, Victoria	466
Grubb, Rebecca, Carrick-on-Suir	464
Jenkins, Jennie A., Rugby	463
Dalby, Esther E., Brisbane	463
Chaderton, H. D., Scarborough, Tobago	463
Robertson, Euphemia J., Huntingtowersfield	463
Bruce, Lizzie, Eldwick, near Bingley	461
Paul, Georgina, Malta	461
Smith, Lizzie M., Willesden	460
Howard, Miss, St. Albans	457
Biggs, Violet, Leyton	456
Short, Edith M., St. Helena	455
Mathie, H., Bitton, Bristol	453
Eglington, Mabel H., Reefsham	453
Crossby, Nellie S., Grantham	451
Hutchinson, Mary E., Halifax	450
Crawley, Fanny C., Bow, E.	449
Chaderton, Estelle, Bridgetown	448
Smith, Florence E., Bedford	448
Whitney, Jane, New Ross	445
Rice, Rosa A., Stow, Bedon Station	444
Dring, Catherine, Flixton, nr. Manchester	443
Carpenter, Alice M., Rugby	441
Gedge, Katie, Redhill	438
Abercrombie, Catherine, Gloucester Terrace, W.	438
Bower, Frances S., Bishop Sutton	436
Button, Isabel, Tasmania	436
Casson, Eleanor E., Pennington	435
Parker, Ethel, Wandsworth	432
Swift, Emily, W. Kirby	431
Johnston, H. E., Cape Town	431
Hogben, Affia C., Dover	430



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tempus Fugit.—Read the Table of Degrees of Affinity in the Book of Common Prayer. The marriage of first cousins is perfectly legal. It is not within the prohibited degrees, as you will see. Your writing is so bad we can scarcely read it.

Snowdrop.—"Yellow" is the colour of mourning in Egypt, not "black and yellow," also in Burmah. In Brittany, the widow's cap of the *Paysannes* is yellow. We also read that Anne Boleyn wore that colour in mourning for Catherine of Arragon. Black and white is worn, in stripes, for that purpose, amongst the South Sea Islanders.

Jessie.—Your writing is distinct and good, but you would do well to write a little closer, as three words should not occupy a whole line.

Canterbury.—The original choir of Canterbury Cathedral was destroyed by fire on September 5th, 1174, four years after the murder of Thomas á Becket. It was restored by English and French architects and workmen, William of Sens being one of the chief restorers. The history of this restoration will be found in the architectural history of the cathedral by Professor Wells. The easternmost chapel had contained an altar to the Holy Trinity where Becket had been accustomed to say mass, was then enlarged and extended beyond the limits of its predecessor, which opened into a yet further chapel, popularly called "Becket's Crown." This newly restored portion of the cathedral was opened on Tuesday, the 7th of July, 1220, the fiftieth year from the murder. We lack space to tell you more.

Redcliff Crescent.—We regret that we cannot give you the information you desire. We can only warn you to beware of taking any hasty step in such a direction; nor, indeed, any such step at all.

Nora.—The celebrated philanthropist, George Müller, is still living, we believe, and upwards of ninety years of age. His orphan home is situated on Ashleydown, Bristol. He is, or was a Prussian, a native of Halberstadt.

M. M. T.—Land tortoises are divided into four *genera* and thirty species. Yours is, we should think, the Greek tortoise, *Testudo Græco*, which is of small dimensions. These feed on herbs, roots, slugs and lob-worms. They sleep during the winter, and therefore require no food during that season, at which time, when free, they rest in holes excavated by themselves, sometimes as much as thirty inches below the surface of the ground. From this burial-place they emerge towards the month of May, and betake themselves to some sheltered and sandy place where they bask in the sunshine in their native homes. The flesh is much esteemed and employed in soup. But of course we can only make a guess at the species which you possess. The Moorish tortoise, or *Testudo Mauritiánica*, is commonly found in the neighbourhood of Algiers and coast of Morocco, and is the sort sold in the markets in Paris.

Violet.—Neither "lady," nor maid, nor butler, nor footman should knock at the drawing or dining-room door. At a private boudoir, where the owner may be attired in a dressing-gown, or at a bedroom or dressing-room door, of course, everybody should knock. You could not go to an evening entertainment of a formal character without a *chaperon*, unless invited early by the lady of the house with an understanding that she herself would be such, and be there before the arrival of the guests.

Daisy.—There is "The Working Ladies' Guild," 251, Brompton Road, S.W. Also the "Institution for Needlewomen," 10, Bermondsey Square, S.E. Apply to Miss Barlee. Also the "Alford Needlework Association," 170, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Likewise Mrs. Cader Williams's "Plain Needlework Guild," 3, Edinburgh Terrace, Victoria Road, Kensington (Ladies only.) And the "Lady Guide" society, Office, 352, Strand, W.C. Perhaps the manager, Miss Edith Davis, might give you advice or suggestions.

Buss Bewdley.—No "Doll-dressing" competition has been announced.

Forget-me-not will find her question answered in a very recent reply to another grumbler about her plumpness. We quite agree with your parents. Beware of impoverishing your blood and inducing dropsy, or bringing spots on your face and losing strength. If in good health, and you take moderate exercise and a reasonable amount of food, be content. Only avoid any greasy, fatty things, much butter and cream, and a great deal of cod-liver oil for example. And above all things do not try to diminish your apparent size by that hideous squeezing in of the waist.

Olga, Loo, and Flimsie.—See a recent article of ours on the "Etiquette of Card-leaving," No. for March 1895, page 300. The length of your visit must depend on your intimacy with the lady of the house. A ten or fifteen minutes' visit would be sufficient in the case of a formal "call."

Brown Eyes.—In accepting or declining a formal invitation, say, "Miss" Brown Eyes, or "Miss" Grizell Brown Eyes, depending on whether you have the right to drop your Christian name.

Lily Holmes.—We imagine that the trouble from which you suffer is the consequence of not keeping your teeth clean. Ask for Carbolic Tooth Powder, use once or twice in the week, and brush your teeth well night and morning, using camphorated chalk in the morning and tooth soap at night. Improve your spelling.

Eisle.—Go to a librarian's, and ask for two or three such books, requesting his opinion as to the special kind you want, and then make your own choice.

Rainbow.—We thank you for your verses. The third line of the second verse does not run. It does not correspond with its corresponding line (the first). We do not know your age, but we may tell you it is a fair specimen of hymns in general.

The illustration in our March part, entitled "A Roman Martyr," was printed by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

From the Drawing by PERCY TARRANT.

VOL. XVII.—No. 852.] APRIL 25, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SPRING-TIME.

BY WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

O FAIR is the spring-time, so happy and gay,
Thrice welcome the sunshine, thrice welcome the May;
Ring out through the valleys, and over the lea
That sweet is the spring-time to you and to me!

O fresh is the spring-time, and glad are the birds,
As they trill through the day their songs without words;
Away to the forest, and let us be free!
O sweet is the spring-time to you and to me!

O glad is the spring-time, and gay are the flowers,
As they laugh at the sun from their dew-laden bowers;
O let us be merry with mirth and with glee,
For sweet is the spring-time to you and to me!

O bright is the spring-time with music and song,
And joyous the brook as it babbles along;
O beautiful spring-time, so laughing and free,
May all our young lives be as happy as thee!

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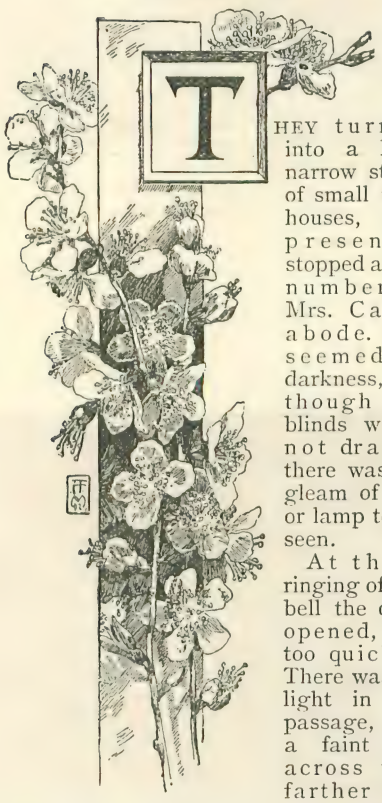
FAIR SPRING-TIME.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE KNITTED QUILT.



THEY turned into a long narrow street of small neat houses, and presently stopped at the number of Mrs. Cay's abode. It seemed in darkness, for though the blinds were not drawn, there was no gleam of fire or lamp to be seen.

At their ringing of the bell the door opened, not too quickly. There was no light in the passage, but a faint ray across the farther end showed that a dim light was burning in some back room. In the foreground darkness a tall grey figure wavered, like a shadow. A cold dry voice said—

"Is this the girl from Sillerton at last? The train must be late. Step in. Let the man put down the box there," indicating a spot just within the door. "You can remove it afterwards. I do not like dirty feet from the street going through my house."

"Well, good evening, miss," said the man, turning off so quickly that Morag had no chance to proffer her little *douceur*. She could hear both resentment and commiseration in his tone, and as the door closed sharply behind him, she felt as if the outer world had turned from her, and left her enclosed in a vault.

Mrs. Cay's tall grey figure wavered into the kitchen before Morag. There she took up the little petroleum lamp that was giving forth all the light there was in the house, and she preceded Morag up the narrow stairs to a tiny chamber above the kitchen, evidently Morag's future sleeping apartment.

Almost without a word the mistress left her there. The girl looked round with something like dismay; the chamber was so bare and so white. There was nothing in its favour except its startling cleanliness; it had been evidently whitewashed since its last occupancy. The narrow couch had coarse unbleached sheets and brown blankets; there were a few pegs on the wall, a three-legged stool in the corner, and absolutely nothing else.

Morag hung up her hat and jacket, took the lamp, and returned downstairs. Mrs. Cay was in the parlour now, and the gas there was lit. Morag looked round the kitchen to find the gas-burner there, but there was none, only a mark showing whence one had been removed.

The kitchen was as white and well-nigh as bare as the bedroom, though, of course, it had its array of gleaming dish-covers, and a little china on the dresser. Very little, and that of the commonest description.

Thinking that probably she would be soon asked to set supper, Morag made an exploration after provender. The singular thing was that she could find none. The kitchen had two cupboards, one was locked, the other held only sundry empty jars, and the ironing apparatus. Morag went out at the back door thinking she might find a safe there. No such thing. There was nothing for her to do but to sit down and await orders. As there was no light in the passage or on the stairs, it was useless for her to think of moving her box till the morning. It occurred to her, however, that she had better take out her lamp and open the box where it stood, to get her night-garments and her cap and apron.

Presently a little tinkling bell summoned her to the parlour.

Mrs. Cay was seated at the table, and looked at Morag, critically, from head to foot. Then she bade her take up a key lying beside her and open the sideboard.

"There you will find everything wanted for supper," she said, and Morag produced and spread a tiny table-cloth and set forth a cheese-stand, butter-dish, bread-plate, and service for one.

"You will find another plate and knife," directed the old lady. When they made their appearance, she cut off a thick slice of bread and a square inch of cheese. "There is your supper," she said. And Morag quietly retired to the kitchen to consume it.

In about half an hour the bell tinkled again, and Morag was bidden to put back the provisions and to wash the crockery, clean the knives, and restore them to the sideboard.

"Then," said Mrs. Cay, "we will have prayers."

"Prayers" consisted of a chapter out of the book of Ezra, the "reading" of one of the Scotch metrical psalms, and the repetition of a short prayer on a printed form. All was gone through with as utter an absence of any emotional expression as could have been displayed by an Asiatic turning a prayer-wheel.

After that, Mrs. Cay gave Morag her preliminary instructions. When she came downstairs in the morning the mistress expected to find the hall brushed, the parlour in readiness and the kitchen in order. She said nothing about Morag's breakfast, and Morag decided to await developments in that direction.

"I do my shopping myself," Mrs. Cay went on. "You will never be interrupted in your work by being required to leave the house. On Wednesday evening, every week, you may go out if you like—for two hours and a half. But I expect you to stay at home should any friends chance to call on me. You must understand quite definitely that I allow no visitors in the kitchen."

"I know nobody in Nigle," said Morag.

"Ah, that's all very well," Mrs. Cay returned. "But whether you do or not, it's just the same Your relation knows my rules, and is doubtless glad to put you into such a properly conducted establishment. You are not very like your relation."

"Mrs. Henderson is only my relation by marriage. It was Mr. Henderson who was my relation," said poor Morag, loyal to her aunt's subterfuge.

"Ah, her husband's relation," commented Mrs. Cay. "I've heard Rebecca had some burden of that sort. Now, I must tell you that I do not mean to call you Morag, it is not like a servant's name. Servants should not have anything out of the common. I shall call you Annie.

Morag felt her face flush crimson. Again and on such different grounds, the name so dear for her mother's sake was to be snatched from her! Should she protest? She looked at the frigid old lady and realised that protest would mean instant dismissal and return to Sillerton as a palpable and most unwelcome failure. She determined to hold her peace. The protest suppressed now, might be made afterwards; the protest made could not well be recalled.

She went up to bed and cried bitterly in the dark. And yet, by-and-by, stronger counsels prevailed in her soul. Had she not admired the brave and self-resourceful? Had not her heart thrilled at tales of suffering and endurance? And here was she herself instantly breaking down! Is this "enduring hardness?" she asked herself. And then she remembered one of Bishop Taylor's sayings, "That every event has two handles, and that we should lay hold of that by which it is most easily borne." And while it was bitter to be called by anything but her dear mother's own romantic name, still, was it not better not to hear it in the hard voice of this chill woman?

Mrs. Cay did not come down to breakfast till half-past eight o'clock, and Morag had accomplished all her work, breakfastless. Then they repeated the little ritual of the previous night, with

variations. Mrs. Cay poured off her strong cup of tea, filled the little pot with water, and poured out the second drawing for Morag. She took her dainty buttered roll and her egg, and cut Morag two slices of bread, not so thick this time, accompanying them with a pat of butter.

It was the same at each meal. For dinner, only two potatoes were given out to boil, and Mrs. Cay herself took the larger, and cut Morag a sharing of the fattest side of her tiny joints. No food ever went into the kitchen, except Morag's "allowance."

A day or two of this *régime* sufficed to make Morag feel starved! Her intelligence came to the rescue. She knew that a good bowl of porridge contained much more nourishing power than sloppy tea and bread and water, and that its thrift would probably commend it to a housekeeper so "economical" as Mrs. Cay. Indeed it was odd to think how it had not formed part of the dietary arrangement. On the third morning of her stay, Morag made the suggestion.

Mrs. Cay most graciously conceded it. She had stopped porridge, she said, because her girls had refused to take it. She had had one or two from the poor's-house, and they seemed to have had so much porridge that they would take no more. Morag understood some reason for the distaste, when she found that "milk" formed no part of Mrs. Cay's concession. However, a little golden syrup was yielded, though Mrs. Cay did say that she thought "a seasoning of salt would be less sickly and more wholesome." But Morag stood steadily for the golden syrup.

The girl had many searchings of her heart in those days. She had set her mind on keeping this place for a year. But would she be able to endure it? She could have done twice as much real work as there was to do, and yet the work was never finished. Mrs. Cay's household ideal was of that type of cleanliness and order which is quite incompatible with real life and progress. Everything had to be cleaned and rubbed and polished, though it might be already clean and shining.

Then Morag was so hungry! She would get no wage till the end of the first month (Mrs. Cay had arranged to pay her monthly), but she had a few pence still in her pocket which she would have gladly invested in saveloys and penny rolls, but that there was no opportunity to get out to make such purchases! On her first "evening out" she laid in a stock of two pounds of ginger biscuits, and stored them in her box in her bedroom.

Evidently that box would never get unpacked, for there was no drawer in which to put a garment, no shelf on which to stand a book! Morag found that the strain on her told more rather than less as the days went by. At first there had been some interest and excitement in grasping the routine of her work—but that once done, what next?

The blank walls, so suggestive of a prison cell or a workhouse ward, had a most depressing effect. One afternoon when Mrs. Cay was out, and all work was "done up" Morag thought she would make some effort at improvement in this direction. She had brought with her from Sillerton, a hanging calendar with daily texts, and illustrated by a very fair version of Raphael's "Barrel" Madonna. Also she had a hanging work companion made by herself from bits of bright-hued cloth—a sunflower for a pincushion, some velvet leaves for needle-holder, and a bird's nest with reels of cotton for eggs. She had brought these trifles in anticipation that they would make a bedroom more homelike. But when she saw the unsullied whiteness of her chamber wall, she instinctively felt that the driving in of a nail might be regarded as an offence. In the kitchen she noticed it was rather different. White as its walls also were, over the centre of the mantelpiece there was a nail, which could receive the calendar, and the work companion could hang easily from the knob of the window shutter.

But when Mrs. Cay returned home, came into the kitchen and "cast her eye round" as she always did, the innovations were marked with instant disapproval.

"You must take those away," she said, "I never allow anything hanging in the kitchen. They only gather dust, and mark the walls."

Morag obeyed without a word. She carried them upstairs, and put the calendar away. But the work companion she hung on the knob of the bedroom shutter, possibly tempted to try whether Mrs. Cay would carry her mandate into the privacy of that retreat. Mrs. Cay did not. She opened the bedroom door, looked in and marked the work-companion, but said no word. Only next time she was discussing "girls," she adduced Morag's action as a proof of the obstinacy and dourness of those creatures.

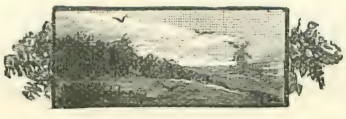
It was the awful monotony, the silence, the lack of any human interest, which oppressed Morag! There were days when she saw nobody but her mistress and never spoke except in monosyllabic replies to that lady. Yet Morag had courage to remind herself that the world contains tragedies so dreadful as to drive men of the highest culture to accept as refuge even a sterner rule than this, in the mute walls of La Chartreuse. She asked herself, too, whether she might have complained quite as bitterly if she had found herself tied by day and by night to some vulgar fellow-servant, whose chatter would have spoiled reflection without meaning communion. Morag readily understood that a totally ignorant girl must have suffered even more than she did in such surroundings. A hurried glance in one of her books before she went downstairs in the morning, or the sight of the daily text from her calendar, would start her in a train of companionable thoughts which discoursed cheerfully in her mind. One might certainly have too much of such self-resource. But what would be the effect of dead silence and blank walls on an empty head? Morag shuddered to think.

Again, to her "evening out" Morag could soon look forward with higher interest than that evoked by the possibility of buying supplementary food. Nigle was an interesting old town, Morag had "read up" its history when her aunt and Gladys had visited Mrs. Cay, she had re-read it when she knew she was to come to it herself. And though her antiquarianism might be very elementary and credulous (it was possibly not the less interesting!) it sufficed to give to ancient corners of Nigle that human interest which was so deficient in the Cay *ménage!* Morag felt that she would not soon exhaust the charm of the cathedral. And it occurred to her, that with her summer evening hours at her disposal, she might try to make pencil "studies" of some of its architectural beauties. So she bought herself a sixpenny note-book and began the attempt.

Though Morag felt that her strength and capacity were quite superior to the real work of her place, yet it was wonderful how harassing the work was made by Mrs. Cay's "rules." This lady seemed to have studied that military discipline which does not so much find occupation for soldiers in barrack as prevent them from finding any work or interest of their own! Mrs. Cay's ideal of household life seemed to be that work should be never "done," but always "doing." Morag, at leisure in a neat kitchen, with her afternoon apron on, seemed to be Mrs. Cay's signal for the discovery of some new and supererogatory task. Morag, too, was clever and quick at her needle, and her conscientious application of the rule that "a stitch in time saves nine," soon helped her very speedily through her oversight of the week's "mending." But when, the little pile of linen and hosiery neatly laid on one side, Morag sat down to enjoy one of her treasured books, her mistress "looking into" the kitchen, presently returned with a great mass of material and a big pile of knitting cotton, and explained that this was a knitted quilt in process of completion, and that she always expected "the girl" to take it in hand in "her spare time."

Morag took it with a checked sigh. Had she known from the beginning the destination and object of that quilt, it might have been gratifying to her sense of humour!

(To be continued.)



STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART VII.

POLLINATION.

"The smallest flower
That twinkles through the meadow grass,
Can form the subject of a lesson."

We now come to the consideration of the real function of the flower of a plant. In whatever form it is developed, whether as a gay and fragrant blossom, as a dull foul-smelling structure like the arum, or as a green inconspicuous little floret like the grass, its main office is to reproduce itself by the formation of seed. We will first glance at some of the wonderful agencies that actively help in this work.

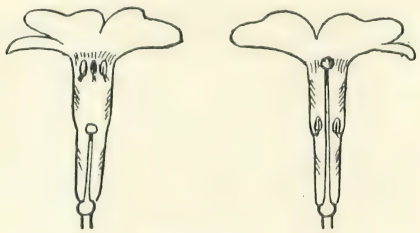
There are at least three distinct processes necessary for the complete formation of a perfect seed, and we must, I fear, persuade ourselves to use some of the long words by which botanists speak of these processes. They are known as pollination, fertilisation, and the growth of the ovule. There is so much to be said about the first subject, that I must leave the two latter for a succeeding chapter.

Before seed can be formed it is necessary that the powder contained in the anthers, which is called pollen, should be transferred from those anthers to the stigma or upper part of the pistil, and this transference is called pollination. If we examine a tulip or, better still, a buttercup flower, we find the anthers and stigmas so near together that the transfer of the dust-like pollen to the sticky-looking stigmas can easily take place. This would be called an instance of self-pollination, but although cases of this kind do occur in nature, they are not at all common. As a rule, in order to ensure what is called cross-pollination, the transfer of the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another, many wonderful and interesting arrangements exist even in some of our commonest flowers.

Cross pollination must be the case in such plants as dog's mercury, because we find in a colony of these plants—so frequently seen by the roadside—that some plants have flowers with stamens only, and others containing only pistils. Again in the hazel we may see how impossible it is for self-pollination to take place as, if we examine the pistils, we find that they consist of scales bearing stamens and pollen only, whilst somewhere close by, on the same stem, hangs the pretty little red flower which possesses the pistil and forked stigma. If seed is to be formed in either of these flowers and many others similarly arranged, then the pollen of one flower must be transferred to the stigma of the other.

There are interesting facts to be learned about the common primrose. When we examine a little bunch of these flowers we find quite half of them are what children call pin-eyed, meaning that the stigma, which is at the end of a long pistil, is like the head of a pin in the throat of the primrose.

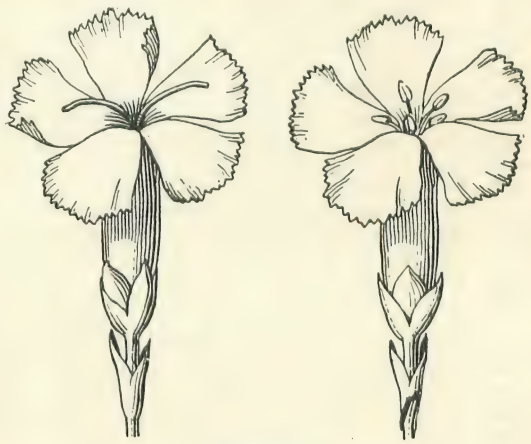
Looking at the sketch we see at once that self-pollination is hindered by the fact that the anthers in this flower being at the bottom of the tube, the pollen they contain must be transferred by some direct agency before it can come in contact with any stigma. Now let us examine the other flowers in our primrose nosegay; we find the stamens in these are placed in the mouth of the tube, and the pistil is quite short and low down in position. At first sight it appears as if the pollen would fall directly upon the pistil, since the stamens are above that organ, but this is not exactly what happens; the pollen of this particular form of flower is shed before the stigma is mature, so that when it has reached maturity the pollen is all gone.



PRIMROSE.

The arrangement of nature is as follows. An insect attracted by the sweet-smelling bank of primroses will visit the flowers, thrusting its proboscis down a pin-eyed flower until in so doing its head has been dusted with the pollen of the stamens; then withdrawing from that flower the insect visits another near by, possibly one with a short pistil; the pollen on its head is now rubbed off and falls upon the stigma below and pollinates it, for that is the term used when this act takes place.

The pretty maiden-pink will help us still more clearly to understand how cross-pollination is promoted in flowers containing both stamens and pistils. Select a flower that has just opened, the petals of which are spreading and fringed, whilst from the centre of the flower a cluster of stamens projects with the pollen mature and easily shaken out of the anther lobes; the pistil is concealed in the long tube, and in this stage there is no sign of stigma. In a short time, however, if we examine the flower again, we shall find the stamens have shrivelled up, and in their place a forked stigma appears, as shown in the sketch. Here again it is obvious that the fact of the stamens ripening first and expending their energy before the pistil is ripe must mean, that in order to secure seed the pollen from some younger flower must be transferred, probably also by insect agency. It will give fresh interest to our garden rambles if we remember that the bees and flies we see hovering over the flowers are not only collecting honey or feasting upon it, but are also performing a very important office for the benefit of the plants they are visiting.



SINGLE PINK.

We may now proceed to notice the various agencies for the conveyance of pollen between flowers.

These agencies are water, wind, insects and birds.

In an earlier chapter I gave a short account of the *Vallisneria spiralis*, which will serve as a type of a water-pollinated flower.

Those pollinated by wind are, as I have said in a previous chapter, called anemophilous (*anemos*, wind, and *philos*, loving). They are usually of small size and inconspicuous character, with very little or no scent, and devoid of colour; these are characteristics that are not always associated in the same species; thus in the hazel, which is a wind-pollinated flower, we find a bright yellow catkin (so well known to children as lamb's tails) and a small but bright red pistil.

Let us notice, however, how wonderfully these plants are adapted for this method of pollination; the stamens are usually hanging, and the pollen, produced in great quantities, is easily set free by the slightest breath of wind. The stigma of the hazel, the different grasses and sedges are both forked and plumed so that pollen grains floating in the air are readily intercepted.

The firs and pines are excellent examples of wind-pollinated trees. I remember once possessing a ripe male cone of the *Araucaria imbricata*, and ascertaining that it contained as much as a wineglassful of pollen. Speaking about this fact to the gardener at the Pinetum at Dropmore, I was shown how this fertilising dust from the great Araucaria (which was planted there in 1830) was carried by the wind for an amazing distance to a female tree on the other side of the garden, pollinating its cones so that they produced fertile seeds. In some of the Canadian pine forests, the trees shed forth such quantities of pollen in the flowering season that the ground becomes perfectly yellow. The early settlers, being unable to account for the strange phenomenon in any other way, ascribed it to showers of sulphur descending from the clouds. Even in our own country the foliage and under-growth in the neighbourhood of fir woods is often thickly coated with the yellow dust falling from the male catkins of the trees; the structure of the pollen grains is such that they float very buoyantly, each grain being provided with two air bladders. I may mention in passing that this apparently wasted pollen affords a rich feast to endless species of bees and flies, and is in many cases stored up by them as food for their young grubs. The various adaptations for wind pollination will perhaps be better understood if we glance at the attractions which flowers offer to birds and insects.

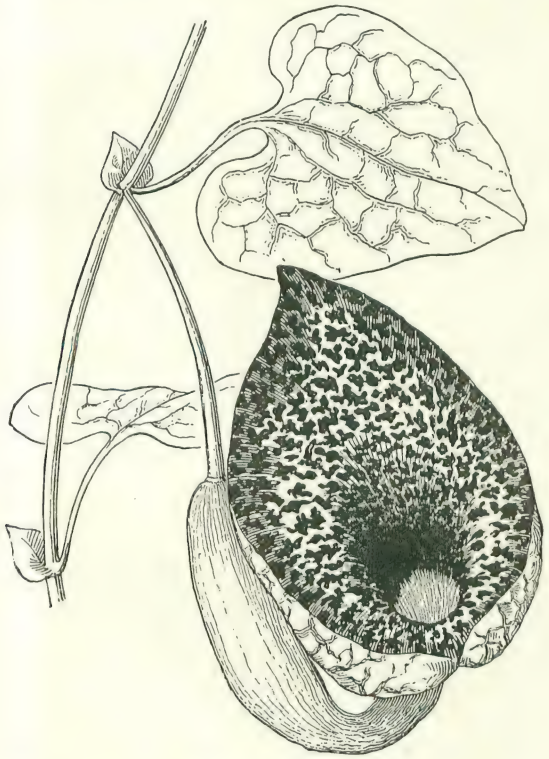
Colour serves to render flowers attractive to insects, and to make them conspicuous; the bracts, petals, and sepals of flowers are usually of some light or dark colour quite distinct from the green tone of the foliage.

It has been ascertained also that plants which are pollinated by night-flying moths generally have white or light-yellow flowers so as to be easily seen in twilight.

One of the most interesting of these night-pollinated flowers is *Silene nutans*, the Nottingham catchfly. In the daytime the five narrow petals are curled up and look dead and withered, but as night comes on they change their position, and the flower has the expanded shape of an alpine pink. In this open condition it is visited by the moths which, flying from one flower to another, transfer the pollen, and thus accomplish at night what more frequently occurs in the sunlight; at daybreak the petals roll up once more, and one would again suppose the flower to be dead; but no, it will continue to open at nightfall until some moth finally succeeds in pollinating its blossom. A small species of moth * visits this catchfly in order to deposit its eggs; these, by means of a very long ovipositor, it places in the ovary, and in that somewhat inflated cavity they produce microscopic caterpillars which find shelter and nutriment in this strange nest. When the caterpillars arrive at maturity they escape by biting a hole in the wall of the capsule, and creeping out, they seek for a suitable place in which to turn to chrysalides.

Scentless flowers usually have some equivalent form of attraction, such as honey, brilliant colour, pollen in abundance, or the grouping of a number of small florets, in order to secure a conspicuous effect as in the ox-eye daisy, or hedge parsley.

Strong and varied odours are great helps to ensure pollination by insects. The bee-tribe and moths and butterflies are specially attracted by the sweet scents of roses, violets, carnations, and sweet-peas, and the powerful odour emitted by such flowers as the evening primrose, tobacco, and night-flowering rocket as evening comes on tends to guide the nocturnal moths to these and similar flowers. An odour may, of course, be pleasant to an insect which to us would be simply intolerable. The arum of the hedges, and those curious plants, the aristolochias and stapelias, all emit scents of the most fœtid description, as we think, but flies, on the contrary, are attracted by thousands, and hold apparently joyous revels in the blossoms which they are pollinating by their frequent visits.



ARISTOLOCHIA.

A little care and patience in watching the visits of insects to different flowers will soon be rewarded by a perception of the tastes and likings of insect life, and we shall gradually learn to expect to see certain insects on the flowers they specially frequent.

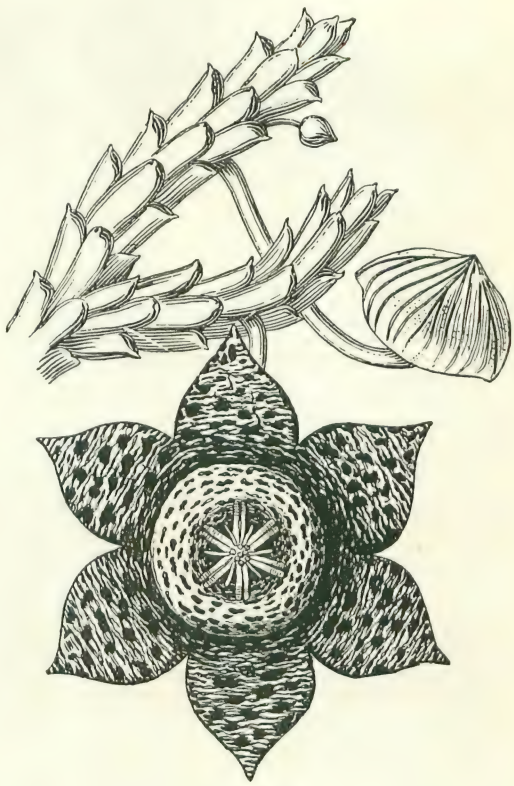
I would call attention to the interesting fact that if one agency fails to effect pollination, another is adopted in order to attain the desired end. Thus, when the flowers of the common bartsia first open, they are visited by insects; but, in the later stages of flowering, the pollen is blown out by the wind, and the neighbouring stigmas thus become pollinated. Again, when we stand under a sycamore tree, we may see the green tassel-like flowers are having their pollen dispersed both by wind and bees.

We cannot draw hard-and-fast lines in nature, for although a special end may be kept in view, the various means and adaptations by which it is attained are a continual source of admiration and wonder to the reverent student of nature.

We have already seen that there are all kinds of devices by which the pollen of one flower may be made sure to reach the stigma of another; but, if by any means this crossing fails, if the weather is such that insects are scarce, or other conditions cause failure, then, in the case of many flowers, most curious contrivances are provided to secure seed by self-pollination. Truly this is one of the most beautiful of God's wonders in floral construction. One of the gems of my own flower-garden is a lovely little Japanese toad lily (*Tricyrtis hirta*).

In this flower there are three styles which stand well above the stamens; the points of the styles are bent over as in the plate, and the stigmatic surface grows mature before the anthers shed their pollen; if, however, no insect visits the flowers, pollination is effected in the following way. The styles bend down and place their forked points in direct contact with the open anther-lobes (as shown in drawing), the style assuming almost the form of a semi-circle. This is done very deliberately, for it is often fully a week before the act is complete.

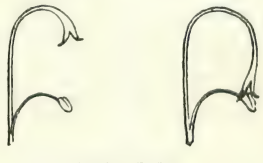
Pollination is effected in tropical countries not only by insects of many kinds, but by the lovely tribes of humming-birds which abound in those regions. Their slender curved beaks are specially adapted to penetrate the honey-laden flowers with long-tubed blossoms, which could only be pollinated by some such agency.



STAPELIA.

Those who are within reach of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington may there see a gallery filled with exquisite specimens of humming-birds, arranged in cases, and some of the birds are shown as they appear in life, hovering over tropical flowers, drawing honey from their hanging blossoms, and performing the useful office of transferring the pollen from one flower to another, thus ensuring the fertilisation of the seed.

I might go on multiplying examples of the various methods by which seed is rendered fertile, but, perhaps, enough has been said to show what hidden force exists in flowers to enable them to attain the end for which they mainly exist, namely, the perpetuation of their species by means of seed.



TOAD-LILY.
Stigma and Stamen.

Specimens to be obtained, and compared with the descriptions in this chapter :—

Buttercup flower, dog's mercury, hazel catkins, primrose flowers, male blossoms of pine-trees in June, Nottingham catchfly, ox-eye daisy, bartsia flowers, Japanese toad-lily.

* *Dianthræcia albimacula.*

MY DAILY ROUND.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (£2 2s.).*

NELLIE, get up at once, or you will be late, are the first words that greet my ears as I awoke to-day. Late I echo as I jump out of bed and look at the watch hanging on a nail on the wall. Clocks are not depended on in our house, they are always behind time, therefor I look at the watch. I find it is a quarter to seven. I am ready for breakfast, about a quarter past seven, being the youngest, I am sent for the milk, my big sister makes the breakfast, When I bring the milk we all sit down to breakfast. How I enjoy a cup of tea in the morning. At twenty minutes to eight I am ready for the road. It is raining. Dad, tells me to put on my old waterproof. I glance at it hanging in the lobby, shall I put it on I wonder, its rather shabby, but then, it will keep me dry. As I stand wondering whether to don it or not, I hear a voice saying Nellie, if you dont hurry up you will be locked out, so I snatched up my umbrella and ran. I hurry along the street, but it is so wet that I am compelled to take the car. I see one comming laden with passengers, as it does not stop untill it reaches the station, I pluck up courage and run after it.

Now. I knew my hat was reclining gracefully on one side of my head. I knew my skirt was flapping in a most unelegant manner, But I run on and try to look as if it were the most pleasant thing in the world, to run after a tram, especialy when one is short of wind. I find every seat occupied by men, while up the centre stands I double row of ladies. One man who thinks he is somebody orders the ladies to stand up a bit, while he takes up the room of two. The car reaches the cross and I jump out, and proceed on my way to the warehouse Girls are hurring from all corners, and as they shake the water off their cloakes they exclaim, delightful morning delightful weather we are having. The warehouse is on the top flat, so we have to climb three flights of stairs. I can assure you there are plenty of groans heard on all sides. One suggests that the master ought to have a hoist for the girls. Another girl begs to be allowed to head the pettion when it is brought out, but all nonsence is stopped when I voice exclaim's you are all locked out. Then there is a rush for the door, but alas, too late the door is shut and about six of us are on the wrong side of the door For a moment there is perfect silence. But something must be done we try kocking gently then a gentle kick but it is of no use we will need to sit on the stairs for an hour. I look for a seat and find a chair minus a back also a leg but it is better than nothing, but I am only allowed one half of the chair, Nora White insists on taking the other half so I let her have it after a bit of a struggle. If I had thought for one moment that I would be locked out, I exclaim, I would not have spent a halfpenny on a car. Youve no room to talk said another if you had come away from home without your breakfast you would have something to grumble about. But all things come to him that wait's, and at last the door is opened as the clock strikes nine The forewoman looks at us reproachfully over her specks, but, not one of us has the courage to meet her gaze. Our warehouse is full of angles and cornors, at one end there are the steam machines, in the middle of the room, the forewoman's table stands and the sewers then you turn a corner and the treadle machines meet your view, It is a treadle machine, I work. I think steam machines are unhealthy, When I take off my hat and jacket and start my machine, I am asked on all sides if I was locked out, and if it was nice to stand outside, I disdain to answer them, and call on a message girl to take up my work. one does not need to call more than six times on a girl, she comes at last and carries my work and my book to the mistress. I receive a dozen blouses. I seem up the sleeves and stitch round the cuffs and the collars, then the bodices come next. I expect Mr. Editor, you will know what blouses are, so I wont go into details, but a blouse has to go through six pair of hands, before it is ready to go down to the saleroom. We work nine hours a day, from eight O'clock till one, and from two O'clock till six. The blouses I am doing just now are perfectly plain, but that is something unusual, for I generally get samples to do. What we have been doing of late are white muslin ones, one mass of tucks and lace, and they are anything but pleasant to do, we have to be so carefull and not soil them. The hours are rather long but we make them slip by. we have always plenty of singing and jokes among ourselves. We stop at five minutes to one to get our boots on and our hats and jackets. I go home for my dinner unless it is very wet, A good many of the girls cannot get home so they have to be content with a cup of tea. I get back again at two O'clock and start work, another four hours pass and we stop for the day. I am home about halfpast six and have tea then the dishes are washed up and any sewing that is to be done. My Sister and I make our own dresses, so I have always plenty to do, but still I like reading and I get many a scolding for putting aside my work, and lifting the Girls Own Paper.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true. VIOLET.

Glasgow S. S.

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY (£1 1s.).*

I AM sixteen years of age, and for three years I have been working in the fields. I get tenpence per day and I take my meals and sleep at home, I am not in the house very often, only when the day is very wet. Just now I am clipping turnips, that is, pulling them up and cutting off all the roots, stalks, and dirt with a curved knife, leaving them then in rows for the cart to take to the farm. This is the hardest work I get all the year, as there is a great deal of frost and snow during the time of clipping. my companions in the field are three old Highland women who have no language but Gaelic, having lived in the Highlands here all their lives, and as there is a great many turnips it takes us four nearly all winter to clip them. in the winter I am out at eight in the morning till six in the evening getting from twelve to one for dinner. but in Spring, Summer, and Autumn I must be out at seven in the morning to six in the evening during haytime and harvest I am three or four hours later and sometimes the farmer gives us our tea in the field but I get the same wages as usual. When the turnips are finished I help to plant the potatoes and after that comes the sowing of the corn, I have to carry corn to the man who is sowing. in May I am putting the peats in small heaps to dry. in June I am howing the potatoes and turnips. in July and part of August I am at the hay. in the end of August and part of September I am at the harvest I have nine sheaves to gather and tie them up in July and August I am sometimes thinning turnips then I am maybe a day at the hay and another at turnips in the beginning of October I cut down the thistles that grow in the grass parks and then the men begin to dig the potatoes and I keep gathering to one man when they are finished, the clipping of the turnips begin. that is my years works and I like it well though it is very cold in the winter now I will tell what I do when I am in the house on a wet day. I rise at six and help Mother with the breakfast and get the Children ready for school, then I put on a pot of potatoes for the hens and pig. then I wash the dishes, and make the three beds. then I feed the hens and pig. then I clean the kitchen and help Mother to get dinner ready by washing potatoes and cutting up vegetables. after dinner, I wash up the dishes, tidy the kitchen, and put on another pot for the animals. then I sew or knit for a while. and I feed the animals again, and takes in plenty of peats and water for the evening. then the children come from school, and I have to get their dinner ready. then mother goes to milk 10 cows at the farm, and I get supper ready. after supper, I wash the dishes and tidy up things, and sew or knit and help the children with their lessons. I go to rest at nine there are no amusements here at all but I dont weary as I am used to it now the only young people on the farm are my sisters and myself I think I have told everything I know & I declare this to be true. HEATHER.

* These essays appear just as they were written—without correction of any kind.—ED.

RECIPES FOR APRIL.

SPRING SOUPS, SALADS, AND VEGETABLE DISHES.

Potage Printanier (Spring Soup).—Take a pint of freshly-shelled peas, a lettuce cut into shreds, some cress, parsley, a few leaves of sorrel or spinach, any sweet herbs, and two or three onions; cook these in a small quantity of fresh butter until thoroughly tender. Then rub them through a colander, add a pint and a half of clear stock, let it boil again, then put in the green part of a few heads of cooked asparagus, season the soup well, and just before serving stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, as these will enrich and thicken it. If the soup is "off the boil" there is no danger of curdling the eggs.

Watercress Soup.—The foundation for this may be either a *purée* of white haricots or green split peas—whichever preferred. A pint of either will be required, and they must be boiled until they will rub through a colander, make up to a quart with boiling water. In a separate stewpan place an ounce of fresh butter, add two bunches of picked watercress finely minced, two or three spring-onions, and any green herbs available. Let these cook a few minutes, stirring them frequently. Then dredge with a little flour to absorb the butter, and add gradually the contents of the stewpan to the *purée;* season well with pepper and salt, and when the soup has well boiled, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, and pour at once into the tureen.

Sorrel Soup.—Pick and wash three or four good handfuls of young sorrel, chop it small and stew it with a little butter, an onion and savoury herbs. In a separate vessel have a quart of boiling water, and to that put a thick slice of white bread cut into dice. When the sorrel is cooked stir it into this, season well, and let it boil gently for a few minutes. When ready to serve take the pan off the fire, and stir in gradually the beaten yolks of two eggs and a pennyworth of cream. The eggs thicken the soup and correct the acidity of the sorrel.

Tomato Soup.—Dissolve an ounce of clarified beef-dripping in a stewpan, slice into it one or two small onions and a carrot cut small. When these have frizzled pour into them half a tin of canned tomatoes, or half a pound of ripe fresh ones. Let these cook gently for twenty minutes, then rub through a colander until nothing is left. Dissolve an ounce of butter and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, add seasoning, then the tomato *purée* and boiling milk or stock from bones, and boil up for another minute or two, then pour over fried *croutons*.

For *Cucumber Soup* the required quantity of clear stock made from veal bones will be needed. Strain this, season it well, and let one or two spring-onions (finely minced) be added to it at the same time as a cucumber, which has been pared and sliced tolerably thin. When this has boiled slowly long enough to cook the cucumber, remove it from the fire and stir in a small teacupful of thickened cream already hot. Serve at once with *croutons* of fried bread.

Carrot Salad.—An accompaniment to cold salt beef. Slice thinly some carrots, which have been boiled whole and allowed to become cold. Lay them separately on a flat dish, and season with pepper, salt, and a drop of oil on each; squeeze some lemon-juice over them. Carefully lay the slices of carrot over some ready-dressed lettuce or endive, and sprinkle with scraped horseradish.

Watercress Salad.—Well wash the cress and swing it in a wire basket until dry, pick it into sprigs and dress simply (and at the moment it is required only) with pepper, salt, vinegar, and oil, tossing it very lightly in the bowl. One of the most delicious and wholesome of our salads, but it very quickly loses its crispness. The same remark applies also to—

Corn Salad, the dainty *coquille* which the French gourmet loves. This must be very freshly-picked, well-washed, well-dried, and very lightly dressed, although it requires rather more oil than watercress does, being of a somewhat rough nature. No onion or condiments, other than the simple dressing mentioned, should be used with these two, or with—

Dandelion Salad.—Unfortunately blanched dandelion is not so easy to obtain in our country as it is abroad, but we may blanch the leaves by uprooting them and inverting them in the soil, or by covering the roots with flower-pots turned upside down. Green, unblanched dandelion is too rank and bitter to the taste, but after this process it is pleasantly stimulating, and an excellent digestive tonic. Well wash and dry the leaves, pick but do not cut them, and dress as before directed.

Those who like the taste of spring-onions will be wise to add them to all lettuce salads; they add piquancy and flavour, and aid digestion.

Sardine Salad.—Prepare some lettuce for a salad, breaking the leaves into rather large pieces. Drain three or four pickled sardines from their oil, cut them across in small pieces, removing the heads and tails; mix lightly in with the lettuce, add a hard-boiled egg shred small, and dress with the usual condiments.

Boiled Cucumber with Sauce Poulette.—Pare the cucumbers thinly, cut lengthwise into four, then across into pieces about two inches long. Throw into a saucepan containing boiling salted water, boil for ten minutes, then lift the pieces out and drain on a clean napkin.

Melt an ounce of butter, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, when smooth dilute with half a pint of lukewarm water, boil until it thickens; then add a pinch of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir over the fire a few minutes longer, then put in the cucumber to heat through, and serve hot, with roast or boiled meat or poultry. This is a most delicate vegetable dish.

Ham Salad.—Mix together and put into a dredger a small quantity each of celery, salt, cayenne and black pepper, white sugar and allspice. Shave the lean of some cold boiled smoked ham, squeeze lemon-juice over each piece, and dredge lightly with the above seasoning. Shave thinly one or two white onions and a head of white celery, put them in a salad-bowl with two or three lettuce-hearts or a few sprigs of endive, or some chicory. Add the ham next, then pour three or four spoonfuls of oil over, and serve at once.

Cream Cheese Salads.—Prepare first a little dressing by mincing together a small shalot, some sprigs of chervil, thyme, parsley, and tarragon; add to them a pinch of salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and three of salad oil, then mix well together.

Separate the leaves of a crisp well-hearted lettuce, in the hollow of each leaf place a little rocky lump of cream cheese, pour a spoonful of the dressing over and arrange the leaves simply on a glass dish, garnishing with scarlet radishes.

Potato Salad.—Slice very evenly some cold boiled potatoes, sprinkle them with some finely-minced parsley and shalots, and strew a little thinly-sliced lemon-peel among them (fresh). Mix a teaspoonful of grated horseradish with an egg-salad dressing, and pour it over. Decorate with sliced beetroot and sprigs of watercress.

Asparagus on Toast.—Boil the asparagus until quite tender, drain it, cut off the hard white stalk, arrange neatly on a slice of crisp toast or fried bread.

Dissolve a small lump of butter, stir in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, add a pinch of salt and pepper and a drop of vinegar, then pour quickly over the asparagus, and serve immediately.

New Potatoes, Sautés.—Scrape, and boil them until just tender; then split them down if they are large, if small leave them whole. Place them in a small pan with a little butter, some chopped parsley, and a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Let them frizzle, but not to brown, stirring them about continuously and often.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—Prepare a mince from the remains of cold meat, poultry, or fish, season rather highly, and moisten with a little good gravy.

Pare a short, thick cucumber; with a corer remove all the seedy interior, and press the stuffing into its place. Melt a good lump of butter in a stewpan, place the cucumber in it, put with it an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs, and cover to stew gently for an hour or so. Remove to a dish, take out the onion and herbs, thicken the butter with a little flour, season it, add a spoonful of minced parsley and a few drops of vinegar, let it boil, then pour over the cucumber and serve.

LUCY H. YATES.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

It seems as if the decreased size of the sleeve were to become quite an accomplished fact; but there is no intention of getting rid of the puff at the top, which we have all found so becoming to us, whether we be old or young; and, as yet, I have seen no return to the old coat-sleeve, although I hear people chanting its praises at times.

Black velvet ribbon has made its appearance on many of the new cloth gowns, as a trimming, after its long eclipse; but I cannot say that I think it pretty; and I prefer lace insertion or *moiré* ribbon, I think, especially when the latter is black or white. Black braid, and narrow gold braid, are both amongst the favourite trimmings of the spring, and silk embroideries of all hues and kinds are more sought after than anything else in the way of decoration. But their price renders them quite prohibitive to the majority of people, and indeed, I have seen some lately which had cost quite a small fortune; and, so far as my own likings are concerned, I would rather have some handsome lace which would never be out of fashion.

Sequins, we are assured, are not to remain in fashion, but the gold galloons, studded with stones and jet, will be used with cloth gowns. Pearl buttons are to be more worn than any other kind of material, and will quite supplant the flashing diamonds—or rather paste—with which we have been so fascinated. White satin is one of the most popular of the season's trimmings, and it is seen both as facings and linings on all kinds of materials; from the fine "face cloth" to the coarse textured alpaca; and, as a cape lining, it will be popular. For, although it may look so delicate, the dressmakers say that the shining surface does not soil so much as silk.

White linen collars and cuffs have been restored to favour as the most becoming thing

OUT-DOOR AND IN-DOOR ATTIRE.

possible, by the really well-dressed of women-cyclists in the Park; and the chief aim of all of them appears to be, the adoption of the very neatest and simplest attire. Gaiters are not so popular as they were; and except, of course, for the very cold weather, they seem to have been superseded by the neat shoes, and the silk or woollen stockings which are far more becoming, and make even a large foot look smaller; while the gaiter certainly increases the apparent size, comfortable though it be. The most suitable hat for the spring and summer is the plain sailor with a ribbon; and in case of older women, the straight-trimmed small French sailors are quite the prettiest thing, with rather more decoration perhaps. The necks of our gowns in daily life are no longer to be quite undecorated, and the small lace quillings, which have made their appearance, are very welcome. Sometimes the frill is of lawn, but it is in all cases very tiny. Black silk cravats, with long pointed ends and narrow lawn collars, are both novelties of the day; and, so far as I can see, the huge ruffs that were supposed to be coming, have not yet arrived.

With regard to straw hats, the wearing of them is peculiarly good, but as regards colour, the purple, and the emerald green, are those likely to be fashionable with the ever-popular black, which is, probably, the most becoming of all to most faces. In the way of trimming, I notice the advent of scarves, of either Russian net or tulle, which are quite ubiquitous; a mixture of colours being, apparently, the correct thing, as black and white, pink, and green, and white, green and black, yellow with white and black, and three or more shades of violet, with violet velvet, or with white flowers; or else white and violet feathers. Net and tulle rosettes and large loops decorate bonnets also, and here it seems to me that black and white are in more favour than anything else.

I have just mentioned black velvet ribbon, and its return to favour; and, since writing, I have just seen a bodice trimmed round the extreme edge with two rows of the narrowest velvet ribbon possible. This bodice was cut in tabs, two exactly at the back, and two on each side in front. A folded band goes round the waist, and has a paste buckle at the right side to fasten it. The collar of this dress was ornamented with the stiffened and rather pointed ends, which are now worn falling over the collars of dresses. They are generally edged with a very narrow white lace. There is a decided inclination to make much of our collars this spring; but except on capes, I do not see very much partiality shown for ruffs.

One of the very newest dresses that I have seen was a French model in a well-known West End shop. The over-skirt was of a black gauze with small stripes on it, and it was edged with a very narrow white lace. The under-skirt was of plaided silk, in reds and black, with a narrow white stripe in it. The thin over-skirt opened in the front, and fell open rather widely at the foot of the skirt, while it met at the waist in front. I am told that this is a fair example of many skirts, but that the favourite material for the under-skirt will be *chiné* silk in bright colours. The newest gauzes are very pretty, and airy in texture; and if one may judge from the dress-makers' materials, we shall not be far wrong in prophesying a very hot summer.

Brocaded materials are the correct thing in woollens, I think; and so far as I can see, the coat and skirt shows no sign of becoming extinct this year. But I am sorry to see that some of my authorities are of opinion that the loose coat will take the place of the trimly-built, tailor-made fitted jacket. I believe that I have before said that these loose coats answer very well for the slight figures of very young people, but not, I should say, so well for short people, nor for anyone with an inclination to being stout. They are too baggy in their appearance.

The newest of these coats with the straight-cut and unshaped backs are very short indeed; cut in a straight line over the hips, and much ornamented about the neck; generally having a yoke, which may be beaded, or else trimmed with lace *appliqués*. White lace *appliqués* are, in fact, seen on everything, especially upon capes, and one of the prettiest, which we illustrate, has a flounce of the softest and prettiest of *chiffon* round the edge, and lace *passementeries* on the back and shoulders.

There is no doubt about the reappearance of the basque, for nearly all the gowns I saw, on one of my journeys of inspection the other day, were provided with very full and rounded basques, generally placed on a band, this band being then put round the waist. Thus the basques are unattached, as it were, and fastened neither to the bodice nor the skirt, and can be worn or not, as desired. They are very full indeed, and many of them are quite untrimmed at the edge. Indeed, so far as I see, the great mass of the trimmings are

NEW BLOUSES.

A NEW FROCK.

applied to the neck and shoulders, and very little to the skirt or the sleeves, the latter being much smaller than they were, but not otherwise showing much sign of change, except that the puff is lifted higher on the arm, far above the elbow, and the sleeve proper may either be much wrinkled, or else quite plain. Small cuffs or ribbon bows finish the edge of the sleeves, and with the half-long ones there is generally a frill of lace.

The seams of gowns are again to be trimmed, and both jet *passementerie* will be used as well as black velvet ribbon of a very narrow width. I have seen several dresses with a narrow flounce at the bottom made with a beading, and I have heard of others with much wider ones; but, so far as we see, the plain skirts continue to be liked, and flounces will come in, if they come in at all, with thin materials, from which there will be many to choose, as the manufacturers have certainly succeeded in bringing out a wonderful choice.

Canvases are very pretty, and novel in their weaving; and there are some French *droguets* which are delightful in their beautiful patterns and colours. Alpacas are seen both in coarse and fine qualities, and mohairs will probably carry all before them in colour and beauty of appearance. Black is, I think, the prettiest hue in which the new materials are woven, though the lighter colours are also effective. One of the latest dresses which impressed me was a tomato-red alpaca, which was made with a plain skirt and a slightly full bodice, and which had a vest of a "Bandanna handkerchief," which gives a delightful bit of relief to the tomato-red of the gown. From all I can see, it will be, and is, a black and white year; whatever colours are used will be of the brightest and purest. We seem to have got away from half tones, quarter tones, and all that dreary family of dulness for the present. Let us hope that we may have a fine summer in which to wear all our "bravery."

White waistcoats, indeed white trimmings generally, are amongst the most popular of our spring novelties. For cloth gowns they are carried out in white cloth, the rever cuffs and collars being made of it. With this are worn black ribbons, *moiré* being apparently the most liked. Belts of white kid are also novelties. The belt seems to be quite a necessity of all the spring gowns, and the pretty silver clasps are as popular as ever.

The paper pattern selected for our month's illustration is that of a full-fronted blouse, which seems to be a very popular shape, the fulness being gathered into rather small proportions in front, and dropping over the front of the gown. The pattern is a very simple one, and can be made up in cotton by the home-dressmaker. It must have a cotton lining, which can be fitted first, and then the outer part put over and fitted again, so as to make sure of perfection, which is required to-day, even where cotton blouses are concerned.

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice, instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown. *Children.*—Child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt. All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

FULL-FRONTED BLOUSE. (*Paper pattern.*)

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE little colony of English society at Belle-Rive represented a world in itself. Everybody knew everybody else; "knew," in a manner of speaking that is, for the cliques and distinctions that separate larger communities were by no means absent here. But every resident could tell you all about every other English resident, whether or no that resident were included in the visiting list of the informant.

Mrs. Lovell had excited a good deal of interest and attention, and had excited a good deal of kindly feeling also, when, as a widow comparatively young and with a little independence, she had come to fight a delicacy of the chest in the dry bracing air on the slopes of the Jura. It created some astonishment that she should not have her daughter with her, when the existence of that young lady became known. But the child was prosecuting her musical education in Germany, the mother said; and only the mother knew with what ardour and zest that education was being carried on, nor how furious Katharine would have been at any interruption.

It was a lonely life for Mrs. Lovell, and the English contingent shook their heads, and said they had expected it all along, when the news was suddenly proclaimed of her engagement to Professor Duvigny, a widower with a young family. There was much gossip concerning the marriage; some expressed pity for the absent daughter, some opined that the child could not have had much heart to remain away from her mother in Germany, month after month.

This was unjust. Katharine's affections were intense, but she had a faculty of living in the present, and as she was with kind people, and studying her beloved piano under the most delightful, fiery, and enthusiastic of German professors at the Conservatoire, she made herself happy; lavishing passionate affection on her mother when they did meet, weeping passionately when the parting came, but flinging herself ever and anew with ardour into her musical life. Love in its truest manifestation of tenderness, consideration for others, sympathy, is a fruit of late growth, slow to ripen. In few cases can sympathy ever be an attribute of the young; the lessons—hard lessons too—of life have to be learnt before they "rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

At last the blow came. The second marriage was consummated, after Mrs. Lovell's ten years of widowhood, and Katharine was recalled. The kind-hearted Professor felt that, for his wife's sake, this was to be desired; she, too, by no means practical in money matters, soon realised that her income would not afford the strain of the German life for Katharine, if she wished to maintain any style consonant with her English ideas of comfort in her new home at Belle-Rive. Twelve months before our story opens Katharine had come "home," and the English community had decided early in the day that "the red-haired girl would give her poor mother a great deal of anxiety."

On the day following little Louis' adventure Katharine was walking with the chaplain's daughter, Lucy Neville, one of her few acquaintances in the "English set," and was declaiming on her familiar theme.

"Why did mamma marry? Why has she taken the charge of those five Duvigny children? Why were we not left just two together? Oh, why did not somebody write and tell me what was going on? I would have come! I would have reasoned with her! I would have stopped it!" cried the angry girl, clenching her little fist.

"But, Katie, what is done cannot be undone," argued Lucy Neville, a sensible elder girl. "If I were you I would try not to fret so much——"

"What were you all about?" cried Katharine fiercely. "Why did you not write and warn me?"

"We had no opportunity—it took us by surprise. And your mother was lonely, and in delicate health. Besides, Professor Duvigny is a most excellent man," said Lucy sympathising in some sort with Katharine, yet honestly anxious to make the best of the situation.

"I shall never like him," replied Katherine, making a little *moue*.

"Then you ought to try, for your mother's sake; and the children really are darlings."

"I wish there weren't five; I wish there were only four. Well, there would have been, if little Louis had tumbled off the cliff yesterday.

"'Five young Duvignys were a dreadful bore,
One tumbled off a rock, then there were four.'"

"How can you be so heartless?" exclaimed her friend.

Katharine's dark blue eyes softened, and she put out her hand to take that of the elder girl.

"I am not as bad as I seem; it would have broken my heart if the child had been hurt, and I am ever so grateful to the Scotch boy who came and saved him, though he was the funniest boy I ever saw or heard of."

This conversation took place on the quay below the town of Belle-Rive. The waters were rippling in bright blue, far, far away in the sunshine; the mountains stood *in solemn array with* resplendent summits. The "angel" boats with their twin sails flew hither and thither, and it was a scene of rare loveliness. It was one of the clearer days of autumn, when the haze has vanished; yet there is a softness of outline, an air of vagueness and mystery over the great mountain-land which does not belong to the vivid brilliance of summer.

"There he is!" cried Katharine as she beheld a long, loose-limbed youth sculling vigorously a few yards from shore. The boat flew beneath his strokes; he was contemplating the prospect open-mouthed, with an expression of joyful satisfaction on his freckled countenance.

"He is not remarkable for good looks," observed Miss Neville. "But I think I know who he is; the nephew of the Laird of Craigentulloch who is staying at the Victoria. We were dining there last night and I saw them at the table."

Katharine immediately felt ruffled, as she always did when allusion was made to any festivity in which she was not included. Lucy Neville visited with "everybody" in Belle-Rive, and, so her friend fancied, was apt to assume little airs of patronage on occasion. Probably the suspicion was ill-founded, but the child was in that frame of mind when the world generally, with reference to one's own individuality, seems out of joint.

"How are you getting on with your music?" inquired Lucy as the two paced along the borders of the lake, with the foliage of crimson and yellow arching overhead. The vineyards on the slopes beyond them glowed in magnificence of green and gold.

Katharine immediately quickened into eagerness. "I should be getting on splendidly, if I could ever have any time to myself, and if M. Dumaresq were more appreciative. He has no soul for his art!"

"Really?" inquired Lucy. "I am sure he is very highly thought of in Belle-Rive, and everyone thinks you are a very lucky girl to have lessons from him."

"Everybody thinks wrong, then," retorted Katharine, flushing at the hint of reproof in the tone. "He is altogether different from Herr Lichtenstein at the Conservatoire. Oh, he was splendid! But M. Dumaresq drones on about *technique*, *technique*, always *technique*. When I took him my 'Réverie'—an Autumn Reverie—I had composed only yesterday, he began in a stupid, idiotic manner to point out consecutive fifths and all that sort of thing, instead of entering into the spirit of the music. I vowed then and there I would never take him an original composition again. He simply cannot sympathise with me. I do believe he thinks it would be better if I stuck to my exercises in harmony

without ever doing anything on my own account."

"Well, perhaps it would, for the present," observed Miss Neville in a practical tone. "You see, you are rather young as yet."

"I may be young, but I know I am going to be a musician," cried Katharine impulsively. "You cannot understand it, Lucy, but when I wander about by the lake like this, and see how beautiful it all is, it seems in a sort of way to shape itself into melody in my brain. There is always something hovering about me like an angel voice trying to sing what I see into music; yet it is often far off and indistinct, and I can only catch a few distinct notes of it. I want to be alone with it, to hear it all distinctly. Then just as it seems coming to me, there is a tiresome interruption, the children run up to me, or I have to go out on some stupid errand."

"Do you tell M. Dumaresq all this?" inquired Miss Neville, rather impressed. Perhaps the shabby Katharine with her red-gold elf locks under the nondescript hat, the old blue serge frock and the worn boots, was really going to turn out a genius.

"I can't very well, because it is so hard to express it in French, but when I do he nods his head like a mandarin and says there is plenty of time for all that by-and-by. I should like to shake him."

"Well, perhaps there *is* plenty of time," suggested Lucy.

"As for M. Duvigny, my stepfather, he is dreadful!" cried Katharine. "He actually used to object sometimes to my practising when he was busy with his speech for the opening of the University the day after to-morrow, or something of that sort. So I made mother let me have my piano upstairs. She is really very good—as good as she can be, now. The other day I composed a melody to a song, and sang it to the children. I found the words in an American magazine. One verse was something like this:

"'It was an age of iron,
Long, long years ago,
When the Pterodactyl, by the murmuring rill,
And the Ichthyosaurus on the banks of the Taurus
Danced in the moonbeams' glow.'

"Poor M. Duvigny, who has no sense of humour, actually began assuring me that pterodactyls and the other creatures couldn't dance, because they were not made so! He invited me into his study and showed me diagrams and pictures. He takes everything *au pied de la lettre*."

"That need not hurt you, so long as he is kind. After all, what you have to do is to make the best of it all round; and you know, Katharine dear, we were not sent into this world simply to enjoy ourselves——"

"*I* wasn't!" interrupted Katharine in a rebellious tone.

"I think if you could only try to forget yourself a little, and live for others, as —as—our Saviour would have us do." Lucy turned very red with the effort of uttering any religious advice to Katharine. But the girl seemed not to hear her, and averted her face.

"The Scotch boy has landed and is striding up the hill; I wonder where he is going," she observed, to turn the subject, after a minute or two's silence. Lucy pondered as to whether she should say more, but thought it best to leave the one remark for her friend's consideration.

When, after an hour or two, Katharine strolled home, she was astonished to see a card on the *salon* table, bearing the inscription—

MR. ANDREW GORDON,
Craigentulloch,

with the words "Douglas Gordon" added in pencil.

"Mamma! mamma! what did they come for?" she cried, rushing to her mother, with some confused idea that they had called to complain of her carelessness about little Louis on the preceding day.

"I do not know, dear; I was out—gone down to the market," returned Mdme. Duvigny with a troubled air. "And the Professor was at the University of course. They could not leave a message, for they could not speak French, but Marie managed to make out that it was something 'very important.'"

"Do you know them? How funny that they should come. I saw him this morning on the lake," cried Katharine. "*This* was where he was striding off to, then!"

It was her mother's turn to be surprised.

"Him? what do you mean, child? do you know them? but how should you?"

Feeling that the incident of the preceding afternoon did not redound to her credit, Katharine had said little about it, and had not thought it necessary to divulge the name of Louis' deliverer, although the children had of course proclaimed the adventure with their anonymous stranger at once. She now repeated as much of the conversation as she could remember to her mother.

"How very curious!" pondered Madame Duvigny. "But probably the uncle knows some friends of ours in England; or possibly he is a geologist who has heard of the Professor, and would like to examine his collection of fossils."

This Katharine considered in the highest degree improbable. But her fancy, excited by the coincidence, roved freely over possibilities. Perhaps the two were great musicians, attracted by her fame! Perhaps—the most unlikely and wonderful suppositions suggested themselves to the girl, and she felt as though she could hardly wait till she heard the reason of this mysterious visit.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

PREPARING.

Some day or other I shall surely come
Where true hearts wait for me;
Then let me learn the language of that home
While here on earth I be,
Lest my poor lips for want of words be dumb
In that High Company.

WHEN WALL-PAPERS CAME IN.—Wall-papers did not come into common use in Europe till the eighteenth century, though they appear to have been employed much earlier by the Chinese. A few rare examples exist in England which may be as early as the sixteenth century; these are imitations, generally in flock, of the fine old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets.

ENERGY AND TALENT.—A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent and an ounce of energy.

A MISLEADING SIGN.

The sign in the High Street of Exeter said simply "Umbrellas Recovered."

Old Wayback, when he was "seein' the sights," discovered that sign. He hesitated a moment and then went in.

Said he, "Plaize, zur, I want yü to recover my umbrella."

"All right," replied the workman, "where is it?"

Old Wayback looked at him in astonishment and drawled out, "Ef I know'd that I'd recover her myself."

HOW TALL ARE YOU?—The average height of full-grown men in England is about 67·4 inches, of full-grown women 62·7 inches. The ratio of stature of men and women is in England 1 to 0·930 or as 16 to 14·88.

THE BEST IMPRESSION.—"The fairest and finest impression of the Bible is to have it well printed on the reader's heart."—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

GIVE HIM A SCOLDING.

Wife (to husband): "Arthur, I want you to give Jack a good scolding to-morrow morning."

Husband: "What for? I have no fault to find with him."

Wife: "Well, you know, he has to beat the carpets to-morrow and he strikes ever so much harder when he is in a temper."

"I DON'T CARE A PIN."

This familiar phrase is at least as old as Spencer:—

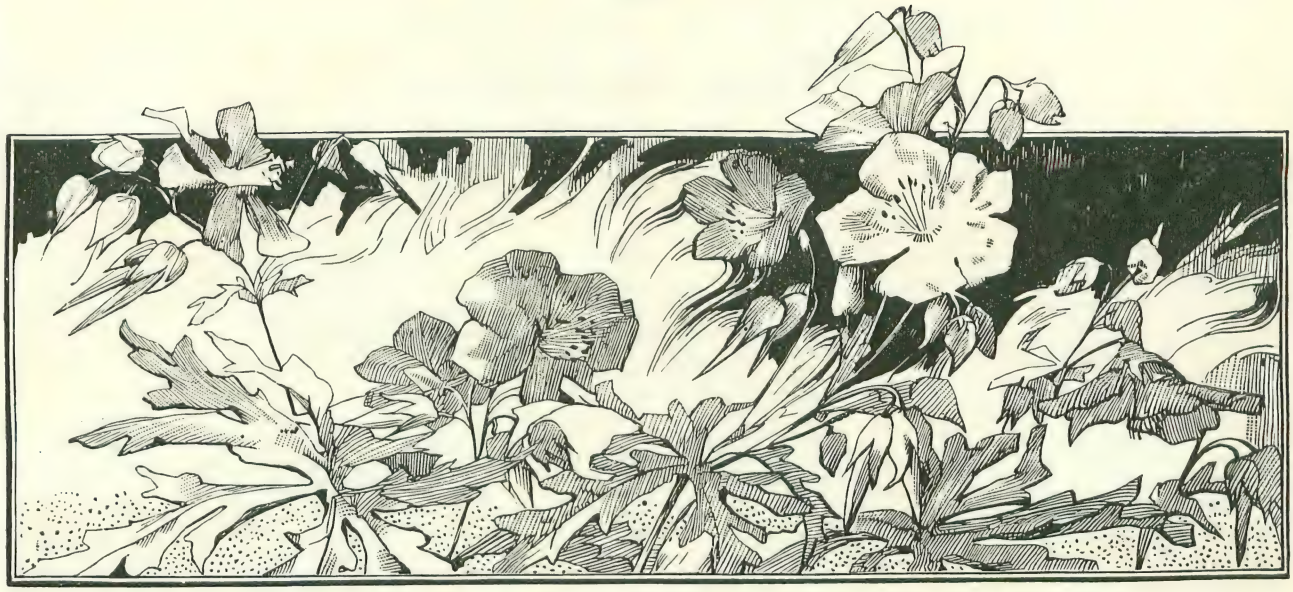
"Soon after comes the cruel Saracen
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for look of living creature's eye."

EXTREMELY POLITE.

It was in France.

She: "I beg pardon, monsieur, for having trodden on your toe."

He: "Don't mention it, mam'selle. It is I who ask pardon for having a toe."



OUR PUZZLE POEM: "CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY."

SOLUTION.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

CALL youth ISCH ~~w~~rist M as M ~~h~~orn
Out side THEFO gand~~e~~r S LU S H c H ILL 2 THEM arrow
THE tramp *sli~~p~~*-K (I superfluous) SBYWITHSOREDJECTEDAIR
A pit YTIST hats U c HA 1440 m-*in*-shoulD-*narrow* (1440 min. = day)
A willING heart DESTROY *in*-G-Y hop ESSO fair
TI snow the hol~~l~~y E v E
ASDAYW ORE-*on*-THE angels HYMNDIDSTEAL
In-2-M Y*s* OU land ITH E-*sick* DID heel
ANDTHEY heeled MEANDOTHE G-*low*-*in*-G fire
ASCHRISTMA ~~h~~asin THE HE ART blaze DALLTHE-*higher*
GOOD ~~k~~night S *wee*-T DAY OFJ O .Y
THATGAVE tome THES *on*-GT-HE shepherds herd
THATS *on*-G-O F herald angels WHICHH ass TIRRED
THEVITAL parts OF man *through*-ALL-THEY ears
O angel SM-*in*-ET HYS-*on*-GFI LLSB O THTH E spheres.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

Call you this Christmas morn?
Outside the fog and slush chill to the marrow,
The tramp slinks by with sore dejected air;
"A pity 'tis that such a day should narrow
A willing heart, destroying hopes so fair."

'Tis now the holy eve.
As day wore on the angels' hymn did steal
Into my soul, and I the sick did heal,
And they healed me; and O! the glowing fire
As Christmas in the heart blazed all the higher!

Good-night, sweet day of joy!
That gave to me the song the shepherds heard,
That song of herald angels which has stirred
The vital parts of man through all the years.
O angels mine, thy song fills both the spheres!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Ten Shillings Each.

J. J. Coulthard, 8, Pyrland Road, Highbury.
Ethel Dickson, Fishwick Bank, Preston, Lancs.
Mrs. Hopewell, 1, Conging St., Horncastle.
Agnes L. Lewis, 21, Deane Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.
C. A. Murton, Wellington Road, Norwich.
Rev. V. Odom, Greenhill, near Sheffield.
Ellen M. Price, 38 Eleanor St., South Shields.
Beatrice and Ida Rafford, 25, Spenser Road, Bedford.
Jeannie W. Robertson, Ravensneuk, So. Blacket Place, Edinburgh.
Annie Saunders, 184, Shrewsbury St., Brooks's Bar, Manchester.
Rev. H. Carr Smith, St. Maur, Torquay.

Very Highly Commended.

Annie Arnott, Edith Ashworth, A. E. Atkinson, M. Bolingbroke, A. W. Browne, A. C. Carter, Florence Chantrey, J. S. Clemens, C. A. Cooper, Henrietta French, Mabel Frewen, Mrs. Gotch, J. Hunt, W. E. L. Jacob, Elizabeth Lang, Frances Longland, Ethel McMaster, Louise McCready, E. Mastin, Ellen May, Helen Miller, Clara Morgan, Annie Robinson, H. J. Salter, M. Shadforth, Alice M. Shoberl, Rose Carr Smith, May Stephens, Ellen C. Tarrant, Gertrude Whicker, Emily Wilkinson, Sophie Yeo, Helen Younger.

Highly Commended.

Sadie Barrat, Rev. S. Bell, Mrs. Belling, Mary Bennett, Edith Berry, Wm. Butcher, Rev. J. Chambers, Alice Chater, Mary Chislett, Francis Cotsell, M. A. C. Crabb, Fred H. Crabbin, E. Danell, L. Digby, Katie Doyle, Nellie Eachus, Mrs. Grubbe, Edith Grundy, M. E. Hancock, Jessie Harrison, Julia Hennen, Bertha Holehouse, Rose Hoopell, May Howie, Mary Hughes, Edith Jowett, Beatrice Kent, Alice Knight, Carlina Leggett, Mabel Lewis, Annie Manderson, Susie Manderson, Mrs. Marillier, S. Mason, F. Miller, Agnes Money, A. L. Money, A. Phillips, Hannah Powell, Lucy Richardson, Mildred Richardson, Ada Rickards, Janet Scott, Amy Seaward, Annie Shoberl, Dorothy Shoberl, Violet Shoberl, Helen Simpson, Mildred Skrine, Maud Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Cecily Speight, Mrs. Stalley, Amy Summers, Mary Taylor, Jessie Thomson, Rev. H. B. Waterfield, Miss Way, Sydney Welford, Eleanor Whitcher, John R. Whyberd, G. S. Wilkins, E. E. Wilkinson, Oliver Yeoman.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

This puzzle erred on the side of simplicity and so many solutions were practically perfect that the minutest details had to be considered in the adjudication. After all, if competitors will not take the trouble to insert necessary apostrophes, or if they write *bye* instead of by and *sphear* instead of sphere, they must not expect to reap the reward of the careful.

There is no need to say much about the puzzle itself. A large proportion of the solvers discovered the mistake in line 3, giving "slinks" correctly. Blanks at the point, however, were regarded indulgently, but absurd guesses, which did not account for the I or the K, or the minus sign or the pot-hook, were not accepted. One of the greatest difficulties, and the only other calling for reference, was the "day" (1440 min.) in line 4. "Gross omen" was quite a common substitute, but scarcely a reasonable one from any point of view.

As some misunderstanding appears to exist about the rule concerning the consolation prize, we may state that the puzzles in the extra numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are not included in that competition. The puzzles concerned are only those which appear in the current volume of the magazine. Some awards on previous puzzles appear in the volume, but they have nothing to do with the case.

Odds and Ends.

A FAMOUS restaurant in Vienna possesses a remarkable tablecloth, on which are inscribed the signatures of the majority of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the members of the House of Hapsburg, and of the majority of the celebrities in art, music, and letters. The names were written on the cloth in pencil, the proprietress of the establishment afterwards carefully embroidering them.

THE chief places to which the storks, so numerous in Belgium and Holland, migrate for the severe winter generally experienced in those countries, has been discovered by a Belgian nobleman. He succeeded in catching two hundred of the birds and attached to each, either round the neck or on one of its legs, a label upon which was written his own address, together with a request that anyone who caught or killed the bird during the winter season would send the label back to him, indicating the locality in which it was found. The next spring, one of the labels arrived from Western Algeria, and two years later another came from the mouth of the Senegal River. More labels have been received by the experimenter, all coming from the northern parts of the African continent, which clearly shows that storks follow the course of the swallows when the leaves begin to fall in Europe.

A MOST novel lawsuit was recently heard in Paris, raising a question which has probably never before been brought into a court of law. An advertisement agent had the whole of the front of the house in which his office was situated, painted a brilliant red. Immediately opposite on the other side of the street were the shops of a milliner, a silk merchant and a jeweller, who one and all declared that the reflection of the bright red in their windows made it impossible for their customers to distinguish the proper colour of the material or stones they were buying. They therefore invoked the aid of the law to compel the advertisement agent to change the colour of the paint; he on his side contended that he could employ any colour he chose, and the court found the case so difficult to decide that it deferred its judgment indefinitely, which means that probably no verdict will ever be given. In these days when so much gaudy colour is used in advertisement, it would be really an interesting point in optics to know whether their reflection is sufficient to affect the appearance of other colours.

WRITING of advertisement, one which appeared in an American newspaper is an interesting indication of the lengths to which it may be carried. The following by no means depreciatory announcement was made:—"To millionaires or less who wants to marry our daughter, young and pretty, modest and refined; received best education abroad; speaks French like a Parisian, German like an Hanoverian, English like a Bostonian; plays piano like Paderewski, and is poor like Job? Address Parents, Box ——" The days of buying and selling human beings do not seem to be past in the United States, since it is possible that such an advertisement could appear in a New York leading paper.

"READERS are of two sorts. There is the reader who carefully goes through a book, and there is the reader who as carefully lets the book go through him."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

IT is said that Irish girls have the best eyes, keenest wit, brightest complexion, and the most beautiful hands of all the women in the world, the hands of American girls being declared too narrow and too long, those of English girls too plump, German girls' hands too broad and fat, whilst the Spanish feminine hand is the least graceful of all. The latter is remarkable, as the physical grace of the Spanish women is historical.

"WE must be continually sacrificing our own wills, as opportunity serves, to the will of others; bearing without notice sights and sounds that annoy us; setting about this or that task, when we had far rather be doing something very different; persevering in it, often when we are thoroughly tired of it; keeping company for duty's sake, when it would be a great joy to us to be by ourselves; besides all the trifling untoward accidents of life; bodily pain and weakness long continued, and perplexing us often when it does not amount to illness; losing what we value, missing what we desire; disappointment in other persons, wilfulness, unkindness, ingratitude, folly, in cases where we least expect it."—*Keble.*

THE Empress Eugènie is godmother to more persons in the world than any other woman. On the day that the late Prince Imperial was born, the Emperor Napoleon announced that he and the Empress would be godfather and godmother respectively to every child born upon the same day. The actual number was three thousand six hundred, and the Empress has a complete list of their names. It is also said that she has put aside a present, or a gift in money for each one living at the time of her death.

AT a recent sale in Paris, a unique timepiece, given by Philippe Egalité of France to George IV. of England when the latter was Prince of Wales, was sold for a large sum of money. The clock is in the shape of a negress's head, with jewels in the hair, and a jewelled clasp in place of the usual handkerchief. In each ear is an openwork earring, and on pulling one of these the hour is shown in the right eye and the minute in the left; on pulling the other earring a set of sweet-toned bells chimes the hour.

A LITTLE girl who was in the habit of making too frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her governess, who told her that she should say "presume." A day or two later the child was with a playmate, who said, "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it." "My mamma has no pattern," was the quick answer, "she cut it by presume."

ONLY one woman's name appears in the list of thirteen artists who are competing for the prize promised by the German Emperor for the restoration of the statue of a dancing mænad, of which the head, arms, and part of the back are lacking. This is Miss Elizabeth Ney, a native of Münster, in Westphalia. She has placed a branch of vine in the hands of her model, which being flung backwards during the dance hides the missing portion of the back.

"CHARITY cannot too deeply or too frequently call to mind now very difficult it is to be good or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is inwardly miserable. The fact is not enough recognised by those who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun—except sunshine, and then they wonder that it does not flower."—*Mrs. Craigie.*

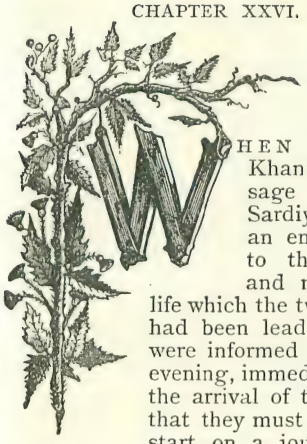
AS yet there is only one professional woman diver. She is now thirty-eight years of age, and for the past ten years has been engaged in diving for sponge off the coast of Florida. Her husband is named Pedro Gomez, and comes of a large family of sponge divers. He was taught scientific diving by an Englishman in Madeira, and going to Central America, met the woman who is now his wife. After their marriage she took to diving with the greatest zest, and now performs the most hazardous and dangerous parts of the work. She carries less armour than her husband, and has invented a helmet with a system of air-pipes, the secret of which is alone known to herself and her husband. With this helmet on she can wander about a sunken wreck without the least fear of the air communication with the upper world ceasing, and boasts proudly of having made a thousand descents into the depths of the sea.

THE publication from time to time of answers made by children to questions at School Board examinations make most amusing reading; but it has been reserved for a small Welsh boy to eclipse his predecessors in general vagueness and mixedness as to the sequence of historical events. He had to write an essay on "The Greatest Widower," and this is his production: "King Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again, but she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was sir named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen, unmarried. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel." It is not boys alone who distinguish themselves at these examinations, for it was a girl who wrote, "The Middle Ages is that period of history which lies between antiquity and posterity."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.



WHEN Jamileh Khanum's message reached Sardiyeh, it put an end at once to the tranquil and monotonous life which the two captives had been leading. They were informed late in the evening, immediately after the arrival of the courier, that they must prepare to start on a journey early the next morning, but they sought in vain from their gaolers for particulars of their destination, and for the reason of the sudden move. At first they consoled themselves under this taciturnity by mutual assurances that when they had once started they would certainly be able to discover at least the general direction of their march from the features of the country and the course of the sun, but when the time for the journey came, they found that this solace was to be denied them. A mule-litter was brought into the courtyard—not a gorgeous *takhtrevan* like that in which Jamileh Khanum queened it at the head of the harem procession, but a far humbler contrivance—and they were assisted to mount into it. It consisted simply of two large panniers, or *kajavahs*, suspended one on either side of a tall and sturdy mule, and surmounted by a high framework of cane, covered in and curtained all round with thick haircloth, so that the occupants found themselves in a kind of small dark tent, with the mule's back between them as a table. The position in which they were obliged to remain was an exceedingly cramped and uncomfortable one, more especially to Cecil, since her pannier had to be weighted with several large stones in order to balance Um Yusuf's, the good woman being much heavier than her mistress. The rough curtains promised certainly to be useful in keeping out the cold mountain winds, for it was now winter, and in this highland district the snow was on the ground, but they would also prevent entirely any sight of the scenery passed on the road. For the moment, however, they were left undrawn, while the agas were busy seeing to the loading of the baggage-mules, and Cecil took a last look through the open doorway of the court at the white houses of the little town, and at the frowning mountains beyond, in some cleft of which was Charlie's nameless grave.

"It is like leaving home again, Um Yusuf," she said, with tears in her eyes. "I should like to stay here always."

Perhaps Um Yusuf, like Lady Haigh, disliked sentiment. At any rate, she disliked the mountains very heartily, and she answered rather snappishly—

"You do no good here, mademoiselle. Once we leave this horrid place, you get plenty work to do, feel better."

Here the agas came and drew close the black curtains, and the mule started off, led by a stalwart villager, who had been impressed into the Pasha's service, and whose guttural remarks to the animal were the chief sounds that reached the ears of the two captives during the next fortnight, after which he was allowed to return to his home as best he might. The journey, which was carried on under such uncomfortable conditions for Cecil and Um Yusuf, lasted in all sixteen days, during which time they never obtained an inkling of their destination, knowing only that their caravan was kept persistently on the march during the hours of daylight. At night a tent was pitched for them, in which they found their own mattresses and other baggage, and with respect to food, they fared as well as did their guards, who exacted from the peasantry in the Pasha's name whatever they desired. They never halted at night until after the sun was set, and whenever in the early morning they succeeded, as they passed from the tent to the litter, in obtaining a glimpse of the surrounding scenery, it was always unfamiliar to both of them. When on the march it was possible for them to tell whether the mule was going up or down hill, and also whether the road traversed was smooth, or rough, or slippery, but these changes were far too frequent and bewildering to be any guide as to the locality.

When they had journeyed on for about ten days, the prisoners noticed a great change in their surroundings, much more bustle and conversation being perceptible about them than before. After much careful listening, they became aware that their caravan had joined another and a much larger one, in which women's voices, all speaking Kurdish, were distinctly audible. That night they rested at a wayside khan, instead of in tents, and although a compartment of the building, called by courtesy a room, was specially reserved for Cecil and her maid, it was invaded, in the temporary absence of the agas, by several of the Kurdish ladies, who came to stare at their fellow-travellers. They seemed to wish to be friendly, but as neither party knew anything of the other's language, the only possible approach to communication was to smile affably at one another, and exchange gestures of mutual goodwill. One of the visitors brought with her her baby, which was suffering from ophthalmia, and when they were gone, Cecil bethought her of a little bottle of eye-water among her possessions, and despatched Um Yusuf after them to offer it to the mother. The attention seemed to be appreciated, for the chief of the Kurdish ladies sent them presently, through one of the agas, a dish from her own supper, and Cecil overlooked the extremely doubtful and untempting nature of the gift in view of the kindness intended. While she nibbled daintily at one or two fragments chosen from the mass, and Um Yusuf ate her way steadily through it, it struck Cecil to ask whether her maid had found anyone among the strangers' slaves able to speak Arabic or Turkish. Um Yusuf shook her head, but Cecil, knowing the marvellous freemasonry of signs by which the servants of different nationalities were able to carry on whole conversations without uttering a word, asked whether she had discovered anything about the Kurdish ladies.

"They prisoners, like us," said Um Yusuf, withdrawing her attention for a moment from the tray of food. "They come from the mountains, but not know where they go. Chief lady's husband very great man, but I think he killed or in prison. Ladies all hate Pasha very much."

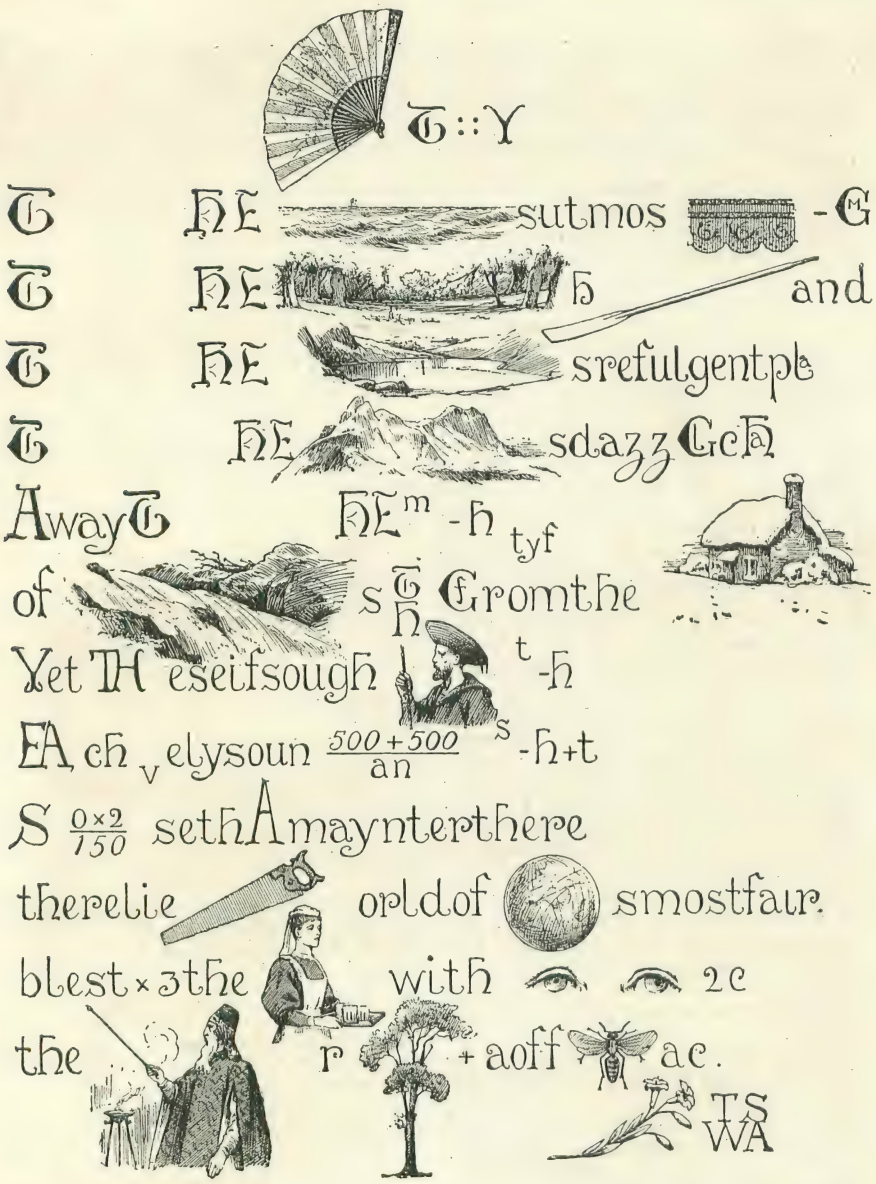
This was all that the two captives could learn from their companions in misfortune, but both parties felt some consolation in each other's presence. The agas seemed to have no objection to their charges mingling with the Kurdish ladies, probably considering that little mischief could be done without the aid of the tongue, and Cecil found herself installed as consulting physician to her new friends, thanks to her eye-water, which showed signs of effecting a cure. With other ailments she was not so successful, owing to the difficulty of discovering symptoms by the aid of signs alone, but the mountain ladies held her in prodigious respect, and acquiesced cheerfully in the best room's being kept for her every night at the khan, even going out of their way to do her little kindnesses. Thus the days went on until one afternoon when Um Yusuf and her mistress, jogging along in their *kajavahs*, heard one of the agas say to the other—

"Go to the leader of the caravan, O Mansur, and urge him to push on, that we may reach the city by sunset, for there is a storm coming up."

Cecil and Um Yusuf looked across at one another in the twilight of their moving tent with a sudden tightening of the breath, and their hands met mechanically in a convulsive clasp. They were nearing a city, and therefore some change, possibly some crisis, was at hand. It was with the most strained interest that they observed the mule's stately pace quicken gradually, and heard the shouts and blows of the camel-drivers around them, as they urged on their animals.

(To be continued.)

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be June 16, 1896; from Abroad, July 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SURF MAIDEN.—You are too young to be given the situation of stewardess. When older, apply for one at the great shipping offices. A stewardess should be a good lady's-maid, so far as dressing, bed-room attendance, and hair-dressing is concerned. Needlework for passengers would scarcely be required; but might be so for the officers of the ship, and repair of the household linen used on board. You would have to be informed on this point, and also as to the age when you would be eligible, ordinary wages, and leave of absence.

DRESS-MAKING.—We cannot give trade addresses of the ordinary kind. There is a benevolent institution, exclusively designed "for gentlewomen," at 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W. But any respectable woman might at least call to ask for kindly advice, and the address of some society which would be available for her. Occasional pupils are charged 2s. 6d. a day for lessons. The Hon. Manager and Secretary is Miss Younghusband. The club is also the office of the "Work and Leisure" Court of the United Sisters' Friendly Society, where you might likewise obtain advice. Office hours of the Gentlewomen's Employment Club (first named).

MADGE.—1. Learn recitations to improve your memory.—2. We have given recipes for toffee very often already.

TROTTER.—Get a good atlas, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with every one of the maps; also a geography to be had of our own publisher. Get Mrs. Markham's History of England, and of France. Get a good, copper-plate, small, round-hand copy-book, and write a copy every day. Read Travels, and books on Natural History, and a book for beginners on Astronomy—these will do as a commencement. We find no mistakes in your spelling. Reading aloud to your parents would be a pleasure to them and an advantage to yourself. The histories might be obtained secondhand.

PHLOX.—The book you want is *How to Become a Nurse*, by Honnor Morten. It is published by the "Scientific Press," Limited, at 140, Strand, W.C. To cure a cold quickly, you should not lose an hour in taking means to check it when it first shows any symptoms. Put on an extra wrap, remain at home, keeping the atmosphere at a uniform temperature. If the chest be sore at night, or there be a feeling of tightness, put on one of the little papers employed instead of the old mustard poultices, put your feet in hot mustard and water, and take a hot drink on going to bed; also the use of menthol as a snuff, or for drawing up through the nostrils, relieves the head.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE THAT DOUBTS HERSELF.—You are troubled by a very distressing temptation, but one only too common. St. Paul was tried in the same way, but observe how he winds up his confession. Romans vii. 15 to the end. Satan and his evil angels puts all kinds of wicked and unbelieving thoughts in the minds of the children of God to make them miserable. Repudiate them all and pray to Him to deliver you from them, and to pardon you for every sin known, unknown, or forgotten, and you will find that His grace is sufficient for you. If you were not a true child of God, these evil thoughts would not be a cause of trouble to you.

BEATRICE AYERS.—Send for No. for Nov. 1894, part 178, and for March 16th, 1895. You can cut out the illustrations. We have no others to give you of the "Poetry of Motion."

J. W. B.—The works of fiction by the author you name were not written for young school-girls. Read the book yourself first, and you will be the best judge whether the special book lent to your daughter is suitable to her age, or likely to divert her thoughts into other channels than those desirable. So much is now written for the special benefit as well as entertainment of young people "under age" that they need not seek for recreation in novels, in the ordinary sense of the term.

MAGGIE MAY.—An impediment in speech may be cured. You will find answers of ours, given quite recently, on this subject. Let him learn to speak without hesitation when he takes his bride to the altar. Hesitation at such a time would not appear satisfactory to her.

EDINA.—See our answer to Beatrice Ayers. The first article on the "Poetry of Motion," by Dora de Blaquière, appeared in November, 1894.

G. F.—The eagle on which the Bible is placed in churches is symbolical as the natural enemy of the serpent. The two Testaments are supposed to be represented by the two outspread wings. See Rev. xiv. 6, where "flying with the everlasting Gospel" seems to explain the origin of the idea in part.

TUDELARCH LASSIE.—We cannot tell from what complaint you suffer from the description you give. Better show your face to a specialist for the diseases of the skin.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 853.] MAY 2, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Other People's Stairs

Morag

CHAPTER VI.

MORAG'S FIRST RESPONSIBILITY.

Morag would have felt her isolation even more keenly had she not been already quite accustomed to that worst loneliness which is involved in the society of those who have no mutual memories, interests or hopes. That is a loneliness which in varying degrees is often experienced, quite unconsciously, by many young people far more happily placed than Morag Henderson had been. In some ways, doubtless, this makes the first entrance into life more easy, averting the bitterest longings of home-sickness, that nameless pain of those who feel that the withdrawal of the presence of easy, intimate communion and sympathy is almost like the withdrawal of the very soul from the body.

So Morag set herself stoutly to her tasks and to that hardest task of endurance. For a while her only link with the outer world was an occasional scrappy letter from Gladys, who was one of those unsatisfactory correspondents who never answer a question, who never consider what you may want to know, but only what it pleases them to tell, and who afterwards forget what they have told you, so that information got from them is as useful as a chain with half its links a-missing. It would never have occurred to Gladys that anything like duty could go to the making of a letter. She would have called the very idea "goody twaddle."

These were the epistles which came to cheer Morag's solitude.

"DEAR RAG,

"We've got rid of this old house at last. Isn't that a blessing? And we're thinking of taking one in Talbot Road, not a flat, after all, but a dear little villa. Mr. Lumsden, the young one—son of the old stockbroker—is managing everything for ma. The drawing-room is just perfection, with

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the cubbiest little corner opening off—just made for whispering sweet nothings, you know. There's only two bedrooms, ours, and the spare, so I don't know where we are to put you, when you come to see us—if you ever do. We are keeping the best of the old carpets for the bedrooms, and are getting new for the drawing-room and the dining-room. The mater is behaving like an angel. Ah, Rag, if you only knew everything! I hope you are doing your duty on that stage of life which you are called to sweep! There, now, I daresay that will put your temper up, for you always were a dear little spitfire. But what harm have I said? You are not ashamed of what you are; you're quite above that, I'm sure! Hark, there's a ring at the bell. I must peep! Yes. All right, tat-ta."

Or again,

"You asked after the cat in every letter since you came away, so here goes at last. She's all right now, but you need not ask again, for we are not going to take her with us. Somebody who is likely to come to see us very often doesn't like cats: I see the looks given when a hair has to be picked off—h'm—trousers! Besides cats are not good for furniture (we're getting new, very pretty and fashionable). And cats care only for houses, not for people. So we'll just leave her behind. New people may come in soon, and they may take to her; anyhow, she can forage for herself somehow. Oh, Rag, if you saw my new hat, I look so enchanting, that I half believe I really am what I am called, to wit, what I sign myself.

"A FAIR ENSLAVER.

"How is the old Cay woman? I should think you find her a Tartar! Mind and get some fun in your evenings out."

Those letters went straight into the fire. They made all life look so coarse and cruel that the loneliness of the dull kitchen seemed as the pavilion in which the Lord hides His own from the strife of tongues.

But the poor old cat!—the patient, contented tabby who had so often sat on Morag's knee as she learned her lessons or read, whom she had taught to "beg," and to "jump over hands," who had seemed so strangely restless and disturbed when she was packing previous to her departure—was this old friend to be left to starve in a deserted house, or to be hunted through Sillerton streets till it found some quiet corner to die in? Not without Morag's making desperate effort to save it!

The only plan on which she could hit was to write to a poor old woman who occasionally came to Aunt Henderson to buy old shoes, old rags, and other household refuse. Morag's heart had warmed to the old dame, because she bore the Highland name of Mac Roy, and more than once had Morag looked in at her half-cellar-like abode to leave her a little book or a few newspapers.

She asked Mrs. Mac Roy to go up to Siller Street on the day of the removal, and say she would like to have the cat, and Morag promised that she would send Mrs. Mac Roy sixpence a week while she kept the animal, or until she got a truly "kind home" for it. Morag felt so cruelly upset by the thought of the Hendersons' irresponsibility towards their dumb belongings, that she actually asked Mrs. Cay's leave to go out for half-an-hour, that she might post her letter herself. When this was grudgingly permitted, she ran to the chief post-office, got a telegraph form, and directing it to herself, and writing across it, "Have done as asked, safe with me," she put it inside her letter, adding a line to beg Mrs. Mac Roy to send the telegram to her the moment she had pussy safe.

How anxiously she watched for it! When she took it in, Mrs. Cay opened the parlour, thinking, not unnaturally, that it must be for herself, and feeling instantly nervous, as people to whom telegrams are not familiar, do feel even in these telegraphic days.

"It is for me, ma'am," said Morag. Its arrival was enough for her, and she forgot to open it. Her mistress looked at her with curiosity.

"Are you afraid of bad news?" she asked, not unkindly. There are some people who reserve their scanty stock of sympathy wholly for the darker side of life.

"Oh no, ma'am," answered Morag, recollecting herself, and tearing the envelope. "It is a telegram I had asked for, about something in Sillerton I wished to hear of at once."

"Rather an extravagance for somebody concerned," remarked Mrs. Cay drily. "I don't believe in telegrams: postcards do just as well."

As she shut herself again in the parlour, her suspicion was—

"That little minx is looking after another place. I thought it was not for nothing she made believe to be so quiet and contented."

And when that day and the next passed without Morag "giving notice," Mrs. Cay decided that the girl had met with disappointment in her views, and thereupon improved the occasion by doubling her tasks and unfavourably criticising everything she did. But Morag was so happy in her consciousness of having averted pussy's doom, that she bore everything with a disconcerting good nature, which made Mrs. Cay "wonder what else she was after."

Poor Mrs. Cay! She had narrowed down her own life into being little more than the keeper of the wild, ill-regulated, startling young animals she had generally had in her household cage. She could scarcely believe in a docile, domesticated creature, and so far from resting in enjoyment of peace, was roused to greater dread of unknown developments!

"Anything that promises particularly well generally ends the worst," was her creed on many subjects. Was it marvellous that she looked miserable? and that her larger and better share of food left her lean and haggard, while Morag throve on her stinted allowance, and her supplementary biscuits!

It struck Morag as she sat at work one evening that her eight pounds of yearly wage would mean more if she had not to help feed her mistress's servant, and to save her aunt's cat from starvation! She remembered having once heard a lecturer say that one could not tell which man had the most money till one knew what each had to do with it! And the combination of ideas seemed to her light, young heart so comical, that she laughed out aloud.

Her mistress was at the kitchen door in a moment. She came in, and peered round, shut the door, so as to see behind it, glanced under the table, even looked towards the cupboards, but probably remembered they were shelved. Then she walked to the window and tried the shutters. All was right.

"I thought I heard you talking to somebody," she said, severely.

"Oh no, ma'am," answered the astonished Morag, who had not noticed her own hilarity.

"I am sure I heard sounds," persisted the old lady.

"Well, ma'am, I did not know I did it, but perhaps I spoke out to myself. I was thinking of something."

Such was the only explanation Morag was able to give.

"Talking to yourself!" repeated the old lady; "don't get into such bad habits. Only mad people talk to themselves. You never hear me talking to myself."

And as she stalked back to her room, she thought, "I should not wonder if there is something queer about this girl. There is likely to be about these superior girls who seek service. I always wondered, if all was right, that Rebecca Henderson should allow her husband's relation to be a servant. So far as looks and manners go, that girl is good enough for any genteel shop."

It was poor Mrs. Cay's inherently vulgar creed that to stand in shabby finery, serving out fresh finery or fal-derals, was a vastly superior "career" to tying a white apron over a pretty print dress and cooking wholesome food or maintaining pleasant household order!

Morag, having once made up her mind that she meant to wear out a year in her solitary confinement and to remain in it afterwards until she found something better, straightway set herself to improve in domestic knowledge and skill. Even that laudable endeavour had its limits in Mrs. Cay's kitchen, for though Morag bought THE GIRL'S OWN, and aspired to carry out as many of its recipes as possible, she was constantly brought to a standstill by the spareness of the Cay larder, nay, its absolute bareness so far as her own freedom of hand was concerned. Many a nice little "surprise" supper would the old lady have enjoyed, had it been possible for Morag to lay hands on a little butter, a stray egg or some seasoning. But the exact measurements were never relaxed, and as Mrs. Cay would not trust, she could not discover that Morag was trustworthy. Sometimes it came upon the girl with an unutterable bitterness that the daughter of her father and mother should be regarded as a thief, but then she said to herself that Mrs. Cay must have had experiences to justify or at

least excuse, such suspicion, and might rather be pitied than blamed.

But wherever she could, she carried out her little experiments by means of self-denial of her own. For instance, on one occasion Mrs. Cay sharply remarked that some peas (just enough for herself) which had looked rather grey when they went into the pot, came out a very passable green.

"I hope you have not been playing the wicked trick of boiling a penny along with these, Annie," she said.

"No, ma'am," Morag replied, "but I had heard a lump of sugar put in with vegetables is good for the colour, and I thought I'd try it, as it could not do any harm."

"No, so far as it affects their taste it would improve it, and it is wholesome enough any way," Mrs. Cay remarked with a mollified manner. But in a minute she inquired, "Where did you get the sugar, Annie?" For she measured out every grain, and saw the puddings mixed with her own eyes.

"I saved the lump from my tea last night, ma'am," said Morag.

"Humph," was the only acknowledgment of this. Henceforth when she had green vegetables, she gave Morag a lump of sugar for the boiling. It did not lead her to any relaxation of her locks and measurements.

"How do I know that she does not assume this appearance of virtuous zeal just to put me off my guard?" was the silent reflection of this corroded mind.

In household work, Morag could apply some of her new ideas more freely. When Mrs. Cay noticed any improvement she always questioned it, criticised it and expected it to continue. But she never commended it.

As weeks passed into months, one question kept constantly troubling Morag's mind. What should she be able to do with her "evenings out" during the winter months. She began to ask herself this very seriously, when the advancing darkness had already curtailed her freedom by fully an hour, sending her home before eight when nine was the appointed time. Indeed it was twilight at seven, and long walks in the beautiful woods by the river were no longer possible for the lonely girl. There was neither profit nor pleasure for mind or body, in aimless wandering about the streets of the little town, haunted as they were at eventide by idle young men of every rank of life.

Yet Morag felt that to surrender this one glimpse of the stirring world—this one waft of liberty—would make her position well-nigh intolerable.

A suggestion came to her through a very unlikely person.

(*To be continued.*)

LET US HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

If judges summed up and juries gave their verdict after hearing only one side, what a haphazard affair justice would be. The decision might by chance be right, but as often as not it would be the other way.

Tossing up a halfpenny, heads for the plaintiff, tails for the defendant, would be just as fair. In fact, for reasonableness, we might as well have the law that they say used to prevail in a town on the Scottish border, "Hang the prisoner first and try him afterwards."

We laugh at this, girls, as only a wild imagination and very unlikely to happen in real life, but many of us are acting on the same principle of judging without inquiry every day.

Yes, many of us. It is not a matter of only one unreasonable lassie here and there, solitary as a cuckoo in February. And society will never be quite right till no such stupid people any longer exist.

They are the girls who ignore the fact that one story is only good till the other story is told, and commit the unfairness of judging when they have only half a case to judge upon. It would be very well if their practice were to say, "A thing may have two sides, and we have at least heard one of them," but their tongues go wagging together in adding, "And that one side is enough."

When Florence—never mind her other name—said as much as that yesterday in connection with something that really bristled with doubts and difficulties, we felt disappointed in her, and all the more so because she gave her opinion with the self-sufficiency of a superfine person, and quite in the spirit of the shopkeeper who used to advertise, "I conduct my business on liberal principles, and so am greatly superior to the vagabonds next door."

As if things had not always another side. The trouble may be to find it out, but it exists all the same. What it is we can usually ascertain if we only care to face the trouble, though occasionally there may be a side beyond our ken and beyond our power to discover.

Some people are so wedded to one side that it is an offence even to suggest that there may be another. Wise in their own conceit, they will not hear. True wisdom says, "Let me hear everything, and then I shall try fairly to decide upon the evidence." But, it has been remarked, ignorance and intolerance, which is only ignorance in another form, say both in private and in public, "I will hear only what I like."

There is a saying that those who marry in haste repent at leisure. But, haste should be avoided in more things than marriage, and least of all should it be a feature in our judgments. "Try all things, hold fast that which is good," is a divine rule not to be followed in a way that suggests our being pressed for time. We must be calm and deliberate, otherwise there is a great likelihood of our coming to a conclusion based on the consideration of one side alone.

In listening to some people, even before we have the chance of hearing the other side, it is safe to make allowances for there being one. A reduction of fifty per cent. is safe with some, and the percentage may be wisely increased with others till we arrive at the point when we believe nothing unless it is sworn to before a justice of the peace.

Sometimes, alas, people tell downright falsehoods, as Kate did last week when she informed us that her brother on his marriage refused to take a penny with his bride. That statement had another side. The fact was that he never had the offer of a penny; not even of a farthing; for neither the bride nor her friends had any money.

It was the spirit of brag that made Kate try to palm off that story upon us. Others tell lies out of malice. They delight perhaps in setting their neighbours by the ears, and have discovered how easy it is to stir up strife by insinuating things falsely. It is their idea of a triumph; a poor one we must allow. Occasionally, however, what they say is not falsehood, it is only a half truth, which when we hear the other side appears innocent enough, but when told alone, and with the twist given to it by a spiteful tongue, may poison love and separate friends for ever.

But there may be neither falsehood nor malice about it. Often enough, people mislead us by telling things of which you might well say, "Wait and hear the other side," simply because they have been themselves taken in. They may be simpletons, but perhaps not, for the most knowing are off their guard sometimes. The fox himself now and again gets caught in the trap.

Another consideration is that even when making statements at first hand, memory may fail, and in the heat of the moment people occasionally, and without intention, exaggerate. They are excited; that stirs up the imagination, and away they go talking large and seeing double. How difficult it is, when you think of it, even in a calm and collected mood, to tell anything exactly—to convey to a listener an impression exactly as it exists in our own mind.

There is a time when we have to be specially careful about waiting to hear the other side, and that is when mixing with quarrelsome people. It may be said, why mix with them at all, but we are not always free to choose our own society. A girl comes along after having cast out with one of her companions, tells her version of the affair and tries to get us to take her part. Ten to one that would be a mistake. "They who in quarrels interpose"—you know the rest. Besides, how can we be sure that her version is the correct one. Anger makes us blind, and a girl in a temper is not a safe witness on her own behalf. What you hear from her is not likely to be her own side and the other side too. But quarrels, girls, are usually about such trifles that it is rarely worth one's while to take the trouble to ascertain what the other side is. Even if you enjoy hair-splitting and the adjustment of petty differences, you may employ your brains better.

If anyone wishes to see the necessity in

ordinary life of suspending judgment, just let her become an attentive reader of the daily newspapers. The lesson will have additional emphasis, besides being more entertaining, if she refuses to limit her studies to papers of one political party, and is not above taking hints from them all. On Monday you read what professes to be fact; Tuesday suggests a doubt, Wednesday deepens the doubt and Thursday shows the best of reasons why the fact of Monday should be shunted into the realms of fiction. Or it may be a case of somebody with a grievance written out large in the beginning of the week and upset, by the other side being shown, before Saturday night.

Whatever the subject—the complaints of travellers; the failings of railway companies; the woes of farmers; the promises of politicians; the demands of educationalists; the outcries of those who want and have not; explanations of mysteries; suggestions of motives for this, that, and the other thing; solutions of difficulties domestic and international—whatever it be, the same thought should have a prominent place in our minds. And that thought is, "It may be so, but is there no chance of there being another story behind?" Often no doubt it *is* so, but there is seldom anything lost by our waiting till to-morrow to make up our mind.

It may be suggested that we recommend the attitude of suspicion. This is not the case. Caution is the name for it, and only the ill-natured will call caution suspicion. No other habit of thought can get us safely through the world, and she who is cautious in her judgments, not forming a hasty opinion, is a girl from whom great things may be expected.

By neglecting to hear the other side what injustice we may sometimes do, what injustice indeed have we not often done. There was a prince once and he was in love with a girl of humble origin. She was faithful and true, and everything she should be; but the courtiers about the prince, for reasons of their own, blackened her character, and so deluded their master by the plausible air of the slanders they dispersed that the prince made no inquiry about the other side, separated himself from the maiden and wedded one whom he did not love instead.

And does not the same sort of thing happen amongst ourselves, we who are not at home in king's palaces? She has gone only a short way through the world who has not met with friends parted and lovers parted by poisonous tongues not counteracted by the influence of inquiry and common-sense.

Our aim ought ever to be to get at truth. No wise girl wants to believe in falsehood or live in a fool's paradise. For that reason the phrase, "Let us hear the other side" should be fixed in our minds, and, acting upon it, nothing should be accepted by us or asserted by us till we are sure.

It has been said that the judicial faculty is not captivating in woman. That is only true when it is wrongly exercised; when she is critical, unsympathetic, fault-finding. But that is a very different thing from a girl saying to herself, "I shall try to be perfectly fair-minded, loving the truth and always striving to find it out."

That resolution, coupled with the fear which Solomon says is the beginning of wisdom, will do more to make her grow into a useful and happy woman than almost anything else that could be named.

CACTUSES MAMILLARIA.

For a long time after the forties cactuses were sadly out of fashion. Their quaint shapes and rich colours fell out of favour with Chippendale chairs and rich-hued china, old-fashioned gardens and the prim alleys of the age of Anne. A few were used in carpet-bedding, but it is only lately that a careful study has been made of them.

In 1892, however, a society was formed in Berlin of friends of the cactus, and as many as half-a-dozen handbooks may now be counted, which may be consulted by the student interested in them. And yet it is strange that cactuses should ever have been neglected, so exquisite are the tints they have to show, so luxuriant their quaint and fleshy foliage.

How many travellers use the bright colours of the cactus to paint the pictures they send home to their friends in misty England!

"The ride up from the port," says John Addington Symonds, writing from Girgenti in Sicily in April of 1873, "among olive groves and cactus plantations, through hollows where the whole air was heavy with the scent of orange-blossoms, in sight of the stupendous piled-up old Greek town, golden in the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset, was one of the most indescribably splendid experiences I have ever had."

But not to go so far afield, who does not know the cactus bed in Regent's Park, to which we come after running up and down the little hill near Chester Gate, which is such a delicious Mount Pisgah to many a little Londoner, who from there may view with keen delight the Promised Land of gorgeous flowers provided by the London County Council for thirsty eyes.

Again Froude tells us "fine flowers will grow where the thorns are sharpest, and the cactus does not lose its prickles though planted in the kindliest soil. London did not suit Carlyle, but would any other place have suited him better?"

But we must pass to the more immediate consideration of these beautiful flowers.

They have many varieties of which the most widely known are the handsome Eriphyllum variety, and the delicate Cereus and Echinopsis kinds.

We will consider to-day the Mamillaria, or warty cactuses, which are less well-known, but which have peculiar kinds of prickles, and quaint shapes.

The native home of the Mamillaria cactuses is among the rocky precipices and high levels of Mexico, with its rich and fertile soil.

As many as three hundred kinds of Mamillaria cactuses are already known. They are generally club or ball-shaped, pushing sturdily up from the ground, and sometimes dividing into pulpy arms. These warty cactuses have little hassock-shaped warts surrounding the cactus in spiral lines. In the middle of the warts are pretty little woolly cushions, in which the prickles are embedded.

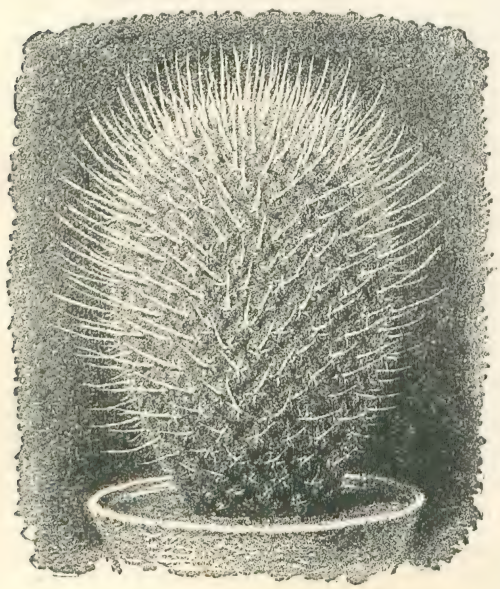


FIG. 1.—MAMILLARIA NIVEA (var. LONGISPINA).

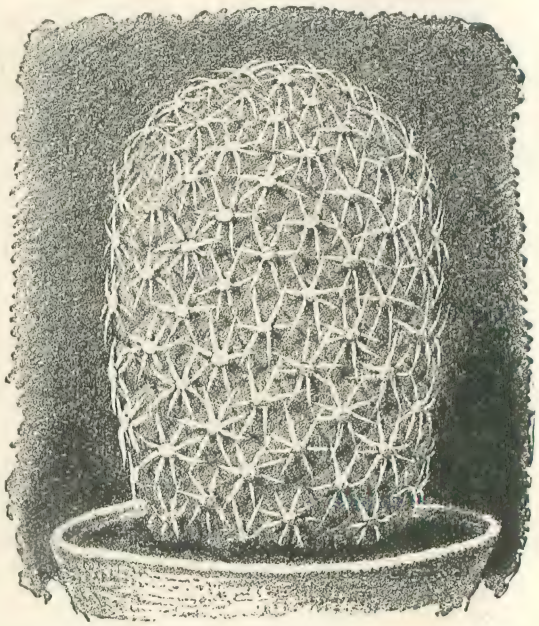


FIG. 2.—MAMILLARIA CORNIFERA (var. SCOLIMOIDES).

The (usually small) blossoms come between the tiny mounds in the upper surface of the plant; they are followed by longish berries, which gradually turn red, in which black seeds develope. The beauty of the plant lies chiefly in the bright-coloured hairy prickles, and the curious shapes it takes. The pretty little flowers often come even in the winter.

These Mamillaria cactuses are very good indoor plants, and thrive well at the window in a moderate temperature.

Most of them can be easily cultivated in summer, in a sunny part of the garden, but they must be protected from too great rain or sun.

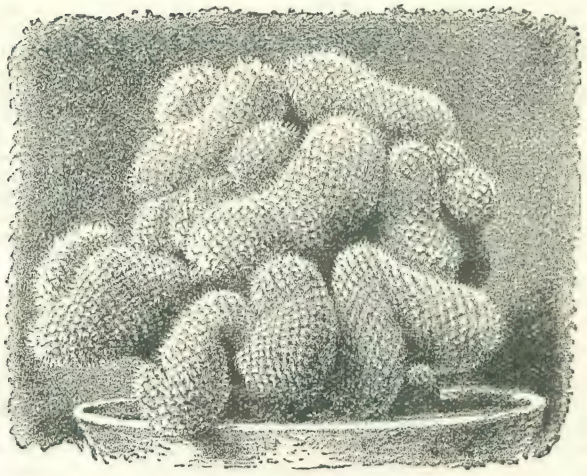


FIG. 3.—MAMILLARIA MULTICEPS (var. CRISTATA).

Care should be taken about their water-supply.

In January and December they must be kept almost wholly dry. After that they may have a little more water, and in the hot weather they may be occasionally sprayed with the rose of the garden-hose.

A great danger to cactuses is rot, so that the earth in which they grow must never become permanently moist.

Any necessary transplanting must be done in the spring, but this is not necessary every year, as the mamillaria, like other cactuses, need very little nourishment.

When larger pots become necessary, low and shallow ones should be chosen. The earth should consist of a mixture of leaf-mould, loam, and manure, with some coarse sand and gravel. The pot must have a layer of pot-sherds three-quarters of an inch deep at the bottom, and the cactus must then be held in the pot with the left hand, at the same level as in the earlier pot, while earth is filled in with the right hand and pressed down fairly firmly. Cactuses have not much root, so the old earth may easily be shaken off.

Mamillaria cactuses are propagated by seeds. The bushy kinds may be increased by means of shoots separated from the mother-plants with their roots clinging to them, and planted out separately. Lastly slips may be taken. These must be exposed for some days so as to dry the places where the incision was made, and then be set in a pot filled with sand, and kept almost wholly dry. The slips must be kept very warm and sunny.

The Mamillaria are better suited than any other cactuses for planting out in rockeries. They thrive wonderfully in rocky chinks, and are almost the only plants which are not injured at all by animals.

Fig. 1 is a warty cactus with white spines (*Mamillaria nivea longispina*). In summer it blossoms with little dark purple flowers.

Fig. 2 is a beautiful example of the horned warty cactus.

Fig. 3 is an example of the many-headed warty cactus, with strange contorted shapes like cocks' crests (*Mamillaria multiceps*, var. *Cristata*).

Fig. 4 represents a smoother example which is singularly suited to rockeries (*Mamillaria subechinata*).

I might enumerate many more kinds of Mamillaria, but those mentioned above are enough to tempt people who love experiments in gardening which may result in curious shapes and gay blossoms.

In other numbers we will consider other varieties of the cactus, and anyone who, like the writer, has experienced the pleasure of seeing the exquisite beauty of the great night-flowering cactus, will feel that research in cactus-lore is indeed its own reward.

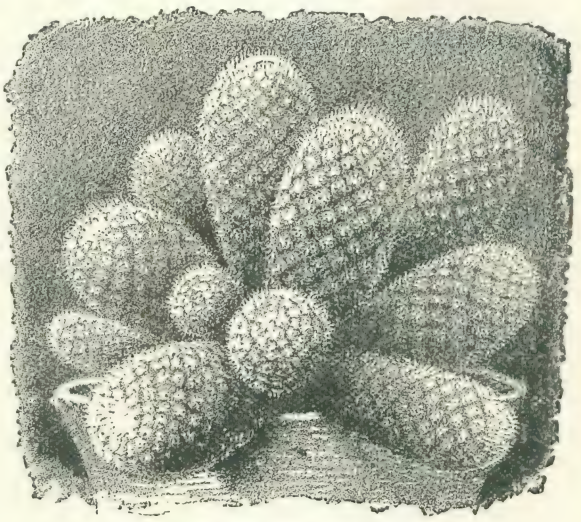


FIG. 4.—MAMILLARIA SUBECHINATA.

SOME RECIPES FROM AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK.

Tansey Pudding.—Take a large teacupful of fine bread-crumbs, throw them into a pint of boiling milk, put in a saucepan over a cool fire, and let them simmer a few minutes; then add six ounces of good butter, stir until quite melted, remove from the stove, add four well-beaten eggs. Have ready the juice of a few tansey leaves mixed with a little spinach juice, to make it green, mix all well together, sweeten to your taste with pounded white sugar. Border a pie dish with puff paste, put in the mixture and bake in moderate oven.

Carrot Pudding.—Pound and sift four ounces of biscuits, beat with six ounces of butter to a cream, add the red part of five or six carrots that have been boiled and rubbed through a sieve, four eggs, a gill of cream, two ounces of chopped almonds, and sugar to taste. Put in a buttered basin with buttered paper and cloth over the top, and steam for three hours.

Sanders.—Mince very finely half a pound of any kind of meat or poultry (raw or cooked), with a small onion, a piece of lemon peel, and a boned anchovy; add four ounces of fine bread-crumbs, salt, a very little cayenne, and some nutmeg. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, when melted, add the mince, etc., stir over the fire to mix well, then stir in the yolks of two eggs and remove from fire at once. If the eggs are large, sometimes one is enough. Make into cakes, dip them in white of egg, roll in bread-crumbs, fry in boiling fat and serve.

Potato Pudding.—Mash half a pound of boiled potatoes with a fork, add six ounces of butter, four ounces of pounded loaf sugar, one ounce of chopped almonds with three bitter almonds, and four eggs; beat the whole for half an hour. Bake or steam with buttered paper over the top. If baked, it should be served directly it is taken from the oven.

German Puffs.—Two eggs, two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a gill of milk, a little nutmeg and salt. Beat the butter to cream, add the flour, then the eggs and other ingredients, beat for ten minutes; butter some dariole tins or cups, half fill with the mixture, bake half an hour and serve.

Boiled Ground Rice Pudding.—Boil five ounces of ground rice in a pint of milk, with a quarter of a pound of butter; when the rice is cooked, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar, with which a large lemon has been grated, and half a nutmeg grated, add four eggs beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of milk, stir for a minute over a slow fire to mix well, then put in buttered basin, cover, and boil for an hour and a quarter. Serve with sauce or preserve.

Cheese Pudding.—Grate half a pound of mild rich cheese, add two beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sifted bread-crumbs, put in a saucepan, add sufficient milk to moisten, stir over a slow fire until cooked, then put in a buttered dish and brown the top. Pepper and salt can be added if desired.

Duke of Buckingham's Pudding.—Half a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of raisins weighed after they are stoned, a quarter of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a little nutmeg and ginger, mix well; put in buttered basin, tie down close, boil for five hours at least. Serve with white sauce, or with wine and powdered sugar.

Muffins.—To one pound of flour put half a pint of warm milk, in which you have melted one ounce of butter, add one egg, and a large tablespoonful of fresh barm. Let the dough rise two or three hours. Make your bakestone very hot, rub it with a little butter wrapped in a linen rag, put a spoonful of butter on the stone; when done one side, turn it and cook the other. This is the instruction in the original receipt. I find a tile on my oven sheet answers very well for baking muffins in the oven.

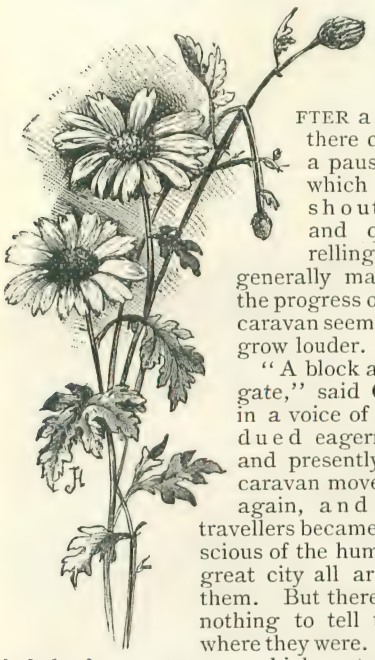
Crumpets.—Two recipes for making them. Take a pint of warm milk and water and a large dessertspoonful of yeast, beat in as much flour as will make a batter, rather thicker than for a batter pudding, beat it well, let it stand to rise two or three hours, and proceed as for muffins.

Second recipe.—Boil a pint of new milk, stir in a piece of butter half the size of a walnut, let it stand until new milk warm, then add to it two eggs, and a dessertspoonful of barm; shake in, beating all the time, flour enough to make it a thick batter, let stand an hour to rise. Proceed as for muffins.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI. (*Continued.*)



AFTER a time there came a pause, in which the shouting and quarrelling that generally marked the progress of the caravan seemed to grow louder.

"A block at the gate," said Cecil in a voice of subdued eagerness, and presently the caravan moved on again, and the travellers became conscious of the hum of a great city all around them. But there was nothing to tell them where they were. The babel of many tongues which met their ears might belong to almost any city in the East, and the call of a muezzin, which forced itself upon their hearing from the minaret of a mosque as they passed along, was as little distinctive. Immediately afterwards they turned into a stone-paved court, passed through various doorways and passages, and finally stopped in another courtyard. One of the agas drew back the curtains, and Cecil, with beating heart, allowed herself to be helped down, and looked round in a tumult of anticipation. What she expected to see she could not have told, but the reality which met her eyes was disappointing. It was neither familiar nor out of the way, merely the inner court of an ordinary white-washed house, which, for all its distinctive peculiarities, might have been found in any city of South-Western Asia or Northern Africa. Above was a stormy sky, in which black rolling clouds were fast obscuring the rays of the setting sun. Standing beside the mule were the two agas, engaged in giving confidential directions to a middle-aged negress of a peculiarly stolid and sturdy type, while Um Yusuf, just helped down from her perch, was sitting on the ground and groaning out that she had the cramp all over her limbs. There was no sign of the friendly Kurdish ladies, no trace of any inhabitants other than their own party in the house. As Cecil realised this, the agas, having finished their colloquy, led the mule out of the yard, and the prisoners found themselves left alone with the negress, who motioned to them silently to follow her. They obeyed disconsolately enough, and she led them through several passages to a tiny room with one window high up in the wall. Here she left them, returning presently to bring in coffee and a dish of food, uncertain in its nature and by no means captivating in its appearance, and then departing again. Um Yusuf slipped out immediately, and Cecil divined that she was going to try her powers of fascination on their guide. But she returned discouraged.

"She not tell anything," she observed morosely. "Worse than the Kurds; they not able to talk. There! you hear, mademoiselle? She lock us in."

The grating of the ponderous key in its complicated lock was distinctly audible, and Cecil resigned herself with a sigh to the hard fact that it was absolutely impossible to obtain any clue to their whereabouts that night. When they had partaken of their untempting repast, Um Yusuf unrolled and spread out the bedding, but the storm had begun, and the gusts of wind which shook the house were so violent that neither she nor her mistress felt inclined to sleep.

"Where are we, Um Yusuf?" asked Cecil. Um Yusuf cast up her eyes and lifted her empty hands to indicate absolute ignorance.

"Do you think they can have taken us across the mountains to Sulaminyeh?" pursued Cecil, putting into words a fear which had begun to haunt her.

"Yes, mademoiselle, that what I think," returned Um Yusuf.

Cecil was silent, listening to the patter and swish of the storm, and the fall of the plaster from the ceiling. The wind moaned and howled, and seemed to be almost strong enough to tear the house from its foundations, while over all there came a loud rushing sound, now close at hand, now further off, like that of water lashed into fury by a tempest. She did not recognise it at first, but it occurred to her suddenly what it was.

"Listen!" she said to Um Yusuf, glad of any pretext for doubting the dreadful suggestion which she had herself made. "I am sure I hear the sound of waves washing up against the walls. The house must be on the river somewhere. Can we be at Mohammerah?"

"No, mademoiselle; we not passed the marshes, and journey not long enough. I think this Sulaminyeh. Why not river there?"

Cecil shuddered. To be imprisoned in the heart of Kurdistan, many long miles away from any English or even European official, with no one to whom to appeal for protection or justice, was not a comfortable prospect. She said no more to Um Yusuf, and at last, as they sat side by side upon their mattresses, she dropped asleep, lulled by the howling of the wind. After what seemed only a few minutes, though she knew later that it must have been some hours, she awoke with a start, to find that it was broad daylight, and that Um Yusuf was standing beside her with an excited face.

"Mademoiselle, we in the plains again, not at Sulaminyeh. That storm not rain at all, dust-storm. I think this place Mosul. When dust fall about in the night, I think it only stuff off walls, but now I look, see it all thick on everything. You see this?"

Cecil sat up, and gazed in bewilderment at the handful of dust and sand which Um Yusuf had gathered up as a precious treasure. Then she recognised the maid's allusion to the dust-storms peculiar to the Euphrates Valley, and conceived for the handful of dust an affection akin to that which Noah must have felt for the olive-leaf brought him by the dove. The fact that everything in the room was covered with gritty sand, and that it had made its way into her hair and clothes, was not worthy of notice in view of this discovery, and she and Um Yusuf made a rather difficult toilet with thankful hearts. They breakfasted on the remains of their last night's supper, which had fortunately been covered up and had thus escaped the dust, and immediately afterwards the unattractive negress who had been their guide the night before unlocked the door and came in with a great bundle in her arms.

"It is commanded thee to put on these clothes, O my mistress," she said in Arabic, dumping down the bundle before Cecil, and retiring forthwith.

Much mystified, Cecil helped Um Yusuf to undo the bundle, and drew out of it one of the long loose gowns, with square-cut neck and wide hanging sleeves, worn by Turkish ladies of the old school. It was of blue silk interwoven with silver threads, and to wear with it there was a vest or chemisette of delicate straw-coloured gauze, and a round velvet cap decorated with silver coins. The two women gazed at one another in astonishment as they unfolded the garments and smoothed them out.

"What does it mean, Um Yusuf?" asked Cecil, almost in a whisper.

"It look to me like wedding-dress, mademoiselle," responded Um Yusuf, in the same awed tones. "Perhaps you going to be married."

"That is absurd, Um Yusuf," said Cecil, with unusual sharpness. "But I won't put it on, at any rate."

Presently the negress returned, and after a glance of surprise at the neglected finery, informed Cecil that the great ladies commanded her attendance.

"What ladies?" asked Cecil.

To her amazement the woman replied—

"The Um-ul-Pasha and the Kitchuk Khanum Effendi." This was Jamileh Khanum's official title.

Cecil's spirits rose with a bound. Here, at any rate, were foemen worthy of her steel, which was certainly not the case with the agas, who could only answer, "Khanum Effendi's orders," to

all remonstrances, and she sprang up to follow the negress with keen anticipations of a coming struggle.

"Perhaps they are come to Mosul for Azim Bey's wedding with Safieh Khanum," she whispered to Um Yusuf, but the good woman shook her head in perplexity.

"Azim Bey not to be married until he seventeen," she began, but just then their guide drew back a curtain, and ushered them into the presence of the great ladies. Cecil had made up her mind what to do. The moment she observed that neither of the ladies made any reply or return to her salaam and salutation, she sat down at once without waiting to be invited, regardless of the contrast afforded by her travel-stained blue wrapper and yellow slippers to the wadded and fur-trimmed pelisse and trousers of green satin which formed the winter dress of the Um-ul-Pasha, or to Jamileh Khanum's Parisian morning-robe of petunia velvet, with its front of costly lace. The ladies sat at the upper end of the room, facing her, the Um-ul-Pasha in the seat of honour in the corner of the divan, her daughter-in-law beside her. At a respectful distance sat Mdlle. Katrina, palpitating with eagerness. To this excellent woman conspiracy was the very breath of life. She would have plotted against herself cheerfully if she could by any means have imported sufficient mystery into the proceedings, and she had been the Um-ul-Pasha's go-between with the outer world throughout her long series of plots. At her mistress's command she now set to work to interpret her words to Cecil without further parley.

"Why have you not put on the clothes I sent you, mademoiselle?" was the first question.

"Because they are not suited to my circumstances," Cecil replied at once. "I am a stranger and a prisoner, and the clothes seem to be intended for a festival."

"What has that to do with you?" asked the Um-ul-Pasha. "Do you wish to scorn my gifts, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly not, your Excellency," responded Cecil politely. "I only wish to be sure that there are no conditions attaching to them."

"Mademoiselle, your tone is unsuitable. Know then, that now that your term of service in the household of my son, the Pasha, has expired, I have determined to provide suitably for you, and I have found you a husband, who is willing to take you on my recommendation. And let me tell you, mademoiselle, that without my recommendation you would have had little chance indeed of obtaining a husband at all."

"I am extremely grateful for the Um-ul-Pasha's kind intentions, but I must respectfully decline her offer," said Cecil.

"And why, pray?" demanded the old lady, through her interpreter. "Your betrothed husband is dead, so what obstacle is there?"

"Dr. Egerton may be dead," returned Cecil, her eyes filling with tears at this rough mention of her loss, "but that does not alter my feelings towards him. My heart is his still, and I will not marry anyone else."

"But we will make you," cried Jamileh Khanum.

"You ought to know, Khanum, that a British subject cannot be legally married out here except under the British flag," said Cecil, somewhat more calmly.

"Bah! who is to know or care whether the marriage is legal or not?" demanded Jamileh Khanum contemptuously.

"There is a British vice-consul in Mosul, and I will appeal to him," said Cecil, her colour rising angrily. The affair was becoming absurdly and irritatingly melodramatic, and she found it difficult to keep her own part of the conversation to the everyday level that she felt was safest.

"You speak like a fool," said the Um-ul-Pasha. "As yet, praise be to God! our harems are sacred from the infidel. We will give out that you are a Yezidi captive, and the Frangis cannot touch you."

"That will not help you," said Cecil, as coolly as she could. "Do you think for a moment that when the bride's proxies came to demand my consent to the marriage, anything would make me give it?"

"Yes," said Jamileh Khanum. "We could force you to give it."

"Could you?" said Cecil very quietly. "Perhaps you would like to try?"

She looked so undaunted as she sat facing them, every nerve on the stretch with excitement, a red spot burning on either cheek, that her opponents felt an uncomfortable sensation of approaching defeat. Was it possible that the Frangi woman was going to defy them after all? They had thought of her as a gentle, timid creature, amenable to the slightest pressure after the troubles she had gone through, but the reality was disappointing. The intended victim had risen to the occasion, and was ready to fight to the last, and the two ladies on the divan turned from her and began a hasty conversation, most of which was perfectly audible to Cecil. Indeed, but for the sake of the Um-ul-Pasha's dignity, which she conceived made it derogatory to her to speak directly to the infidel, the interpreter would have been unnecessary throughout.

"What are we to do? This will spoil everything," said the Um-ul-Pasha.

"Starve her, break her spirit!" cried Jamileh Khanum.

"But there is no time," objected the Um-ul-Pasha. "Whatever we do must be done at once. Let us send for Azim Bey, and bid him devise a plan to set things right."

"Never!" cried Jamileh Khanum fiercely. "What! shall that young Shaitan laugh at my son's beard?" This was a bold figure of speech, for little Najib Bey was barely two years old. "Let us send the Frangi woman a cup of coffee."

"Art thou mad?" cried the Um-ul-Pasha, aghast at the sinister suggestion. "Are we not yet deep enough in disgrace with my son, and shall we bring the wrath of the Balio Bey upon our heads as well? I tell thee this is our only chance. The boy has a wise head, and for the sake of his family will devise some scheme by which our credit may be saved and all set right."

"Do as thou wilt," said Jamileh Khanum; "I will have no hand in it," and she rose and swept from the room, flinging a curse at Cecil as she went. Presently the Um-ul-Pasha and Mdlle. Katrina followed her out, and Cecil and Um Yusuf were left alone, waiting in breathless expectancy.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Patience on the Bench.

One of the most patient and taciturn of judges was Sir William Grant. After listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an Act, he quietly observed when they had done:

"The Act was repealed."

In the Highlands of Scotland.—The Highlanders of Scotland have only one pronoun and it happens to resemble the English word her. It has caused the Lowlanders to have a general impression that they mistake the feminine for the masculine gender. It has even become a sort of nickname for them, viz., *Her-nain-sell.*

Saving For a Rainy Day.

A prudent master advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved.

"Faith, none at all," said he. "I did as you bade me; it rained yesterday, and it all went."

Unchanging Truth.

"It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish Truth is so;
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do it cannot change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip it does not fall."

A. H. Clough.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

Author: "Why do you catalogue my novel in your list of medical books?"

Publisher: "Because it has proved itself to be a sure cure for insomnia."

Answer to Double Acrostic III. (p. 429).

1. E cbatan A
2. G u l L
3. B eowul F
4. E s t h e R
5. R h ô n E
6. T o a D

Egbert. Alfred.

"THE WOODLAND WAY."

ONLY ONCE MORE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

ONLY once more to tread the woodland way
  Dappled with slender shadows in the spring,
And hear the blackbird trill his roundelay—
  That tireless songster with the dusky wing,
Whose loud, wild music filled the quiet place,
  And hushed your sweeter strain in days of yore;
The flowers are out—oh, love, to see your face,
    Only once more!

We cannot call our spring-tide back again;
  With us it must be always autumn now,
Though golden kingcups glitter on the plain,
  And silver blossoms veil the thorny bough;
And yet, how far away the years would roll
  With all their tears to some forgotten shore,
If we might come together, soul to soul,
    Only once more!

To linger with you where the sunbeam slips
  Through lattices that hide a dome of blue,
To hear the old words tremble on your lips,
  And feel this worn-out world grow fresh and new,
This is my dream—and when I wake to find
  That all my life is poorer than before,
Your voice sighs sweetly on a wandering wind,
    "No more, no more!"

"NEVER TOO LATE."

PART I.

"THE PEACE BROKEN."

I AM an old bachelor, and a particular old bachelor too. I like method and punctuality, and a well-ordered house, and as my housemaid owns to fifty-six years of age and my cook to fifty-eight, I flatter myself that no frivolity reigns therein. My likes and dislikes are numerous—particularly the latter. I have an antipathy to dogs and cats and children, and in fact to any and every animal which creates a disturbance, and so is an enemy to peace and order. But I think my strongest aversion of all is to girls. When I say "girls" I mean young women who have left the schoolroom, but have not arrived at the prudent and steady age of my cook and housemaid. They are always in a hurry. They are always wanting to go somewhere. They are always losing what they call "their things," and turning a house upside down to find them, while the missing articles are generally in the owners' pockets. They are always eating sweets, or practicing on the piano, or making the atmosphere horrible with oil and turpentine, while they attempt to paint impossible flowers or still more impossible figures. They are always wanting new clothes, and then when they have got them, filling the house with their friends to show them off. Girls in a word are the natural enemies of peace and order and method and punctuality, and the natural lovers of bustle, confusion, fuss, and excitement. Having arrived at this point in my moralisings, I get up with a thankful heart, that in my peaceful home no girl dwells or is likely to dwell, and that the youngest woman under its roof owns to fifty-six.

* * * *

It is a bright morning at the end of May, and I sit down to my breakfast in great peace and contentment of mind. I live in the country, and have put two hundred and fifty miles between myself and the noise and confusion of London. To-day my window is open, and I can see the gardener making preparations for bedding-out the plants. The weather is so warm and genial, he thinks he may venture on filling the beds with geraniums and white verbenas, and so convert my garden into a chessboard, a fortnight earlier than usual. The bees are dipping into the late wallflowers and early roses, and a few butterflies are darting about in an aimless manner, no doubt considering that to be ornamental is the chief end and object of life.

"The postman must have gone by," I reflect, "as it is ten minutes"—but at that moment (as is usually the case when one has just given anything or a person up) the housemaid brings in two letters and some papers.

"I had to pay for that one, sir," she says, indicating a letter with a deep black edge. "You see it has no stamp on it."

Left alone again, I take up the letter and examine it. It is always an annoying thing to receive an unstamped letter, for it betokens either a careless correspondent, or a hurried correspondent, or (worst of all) a needy correspondent. The handwriting of this particular letter is quite unknown to me. It is large and boyish, but as I am told that this style of writing is much affected by the young ladies of the present day, this tells me nothing as to the sex of my correspondent. However (not being a woman), I do not carefully examine both postmarks and both dates, and waste several minutes in conjecturing from whom it can be. Also, not being a married man, for which I am truly thankful, neither am I besieged with questions from my wife. So I calmly open the letter, and read as follows, no date of course.

"DEAR MR. GREY,

"Most likely you will have heard that my dear father died a fortnight ago. The colonel was good enough to send me a telegram at once. I was (and am) staying on at school, as the Miss Brownes asked me to do so, and I had nowhere else to go. In the last letter I had from father he said I was to go off to you as soon as ever it was convenient, and I could be ready. So if I do not hear from you before Wednesday, I shall start on that day. I shall be very glad to leave school; I hope you won't mind my bringing Patsey and

Punch with me. They are dear dogs, and I don't think they will dig in your garden.

"I am,
"Yours truly,
"MOLLIE GRAHAM."

I read this very strange letter twice carefully, and then come to the conclusion it cannot be meant for me. I pity the Mr. Grey for whom it is intended, and replace it in its envelope to give back to the postman at the next delivery. Then I take up my other letter, which is a foreign one, addressed in very feeble shaking writing, and read as follows:

"Fort,
"Calcutta.

"DEAR OLD FRIEND,

"I am very ill with fever caught in this —— (something is here erased, which looks like 'beastly hole') unhealthy place. And the doctors say now it's all up with me. A few days more or less must see the end. Long before you get this I shall be in a quiet corner of the cemetery. Life is not all beer and skittles, is it? And my only regret at having reached the end of my third volume is leaving my little girl. She is nineteen, and her mother died when she was born. She has no one to look to, and I haven't much to leave her, as I have pretty well lived up to my pay. The point of this letter is to ask you if you will take her in for a time, until she can look round and make up her mind what she would like to do. I am afraid this is a pretty cool request, but I make it for the sake of our old friendship, which I feel sure will stand the test. It is a great comfort to me in these last hours.

"Your old friend.
"CECIL GRAHAM.

"P.S.—The other day the colonel's wife, who is a very good sort, came in to see if she could do anything for me. She found me looking over a lot of old photographs. 'Who's this pretty girl?' she said, pouncing on Mollie's picture. 'My poor little girl,' I answered. 'Oh, and who's this very good-looking man?' she asked, taking up yours. 'A very old friend,' I replied, 'with whom I hope she will find a home when I am gone.' She looked at the photograph for a minute or two, and then remarked, 'If I were a girl and had a friend like that to go to, I think it would require a good deal of persuasion to make me go away again.' But there are two views of that bargain, old friend, are there not?

"Yours, C. G."

I am glad to say that after reading this letter my first feeling is one of genuine regret that my handsome and clever friend is really dead. But this is speedily followed by another of intense dismay not unmixed with indignation. I read the young lady's letter for the third time, as I know now (alas!) that it is my own property, and then—why, she says Wednesday! Wednesday! why, to-day is Wednesday! But no. Let me be calm (alas! how short an interval of calm may be left to me). Let me enumerate the things I will not do. I will not reduce my breakfast-service to chaos. I will not send my cook and my housemaid, my gardener, my coachman and my boy in any and every direction with telegrams and letters, to make this most particularly cool young lady plainly understand that it is not convenient for me to receive her. I will not use strong language. I will not tramp angrily up and down the room. But let me think calmly what can, what must be done to let her know most unmistakably, that no matter how ready she may be to come, I am not ready to receive her, either now or at any other time. Clearly to send a telegram at once is my only chance, for it is quite probable that, having to travel two hundred and fifty miles, she may start early. My heart sinks down at the thought that even now she may be speeding towards my quiet retreat at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"From Reginald Grey, Helstonlee, S. Devon, to Miss M. Graham, Newnham House, S. Kensington.

"For mercy's sake stay where you are."

That comes straight from my heart, but no, it will not do. It is scarcely polite enough for a telegram, which is to say public property.

"Please defer your much-anticipated visit until you hear from me."

Yes, that will do. It looks civil, and it cannot be called exactly untrue, as it does not specify whether the visit is anticipated by me or by her, or whether the anticipation is pleasurable, or very much the reverse. So now to despatch it to the nearest office with all possible haste.

This done, I fall to considering the chances of its being in time to stop her. They are, I think, about even. She may travel from Waterloo, or she may start from Paddington. She may come by the "Flying Dutchman," or, again, she may not. I give it up at last, and ring for the housemaid.

"Keziah, I regret—I mean that it is possible that a young lady may be coming to stay here this afternoon, so get a spare room ready for a visitor, and put in it everything a young lady may be likely to want."

Keziah is too good a servant to say anything but "Yes, sir," but I can see amazement depicted on her face, and a whole string of questions trembling at the corners of her lips, so I add hastily, "Let it be seen to at once," and she goes, to communicate the astonishing news to the cook, whom I presently see repeating it to the gardener, and the gardener to the coachman, and in an hour I am convinced it will be all over the village.

For the rest of the morning, I regret to say, I can settle to nothing. In the middle of reading the leading articles of the *Times* I find myself again wondering whether that telegram will be in time. The very clock begins to say over and over again, "Will—it—stop—her? Will—it—stop—her?" and chimes a triumphant "No" at every half-hour. Shall I be peacefully reading my paper at this time to-morrow morning? or will the bustle of unpacking, or practicing, or—or anything else girls do to make themselves so objectionable be going on, to destroy the peace and quiet which are so dear to me? At last my luncheon is brought, and after that I somehow feel more hopeful as to things turning out as I wish. The clock even begins to tick a new sentence, or rather the old sentence happily revised. It—will—stop—her. . . . And then I suppose (only this is a most unusual thing for me to do) I must have dropped off into a doze . . . when—

* * * *

A loud double knock at the door awakens me from a sleep in which I am happily dreaming that my telegram had arrived in plenty of time to stop Miss Mollie Graham's visit, and that she had just written and told me she had settled to go out to India to her aunt. I awake in quite a glow of satisfaction at such good news, as it makes me feel particularly secure from any further offers of a visit. I am half asleep still, but surely that is a strange voice I hear speaking in the hall. It is a clear young voice, and I can hear every word.

"Does Mr. Grey live here, and is he at home? (Down, Punch, down, Patsey, behave yourselves like gentlemen!) Does he expect me, and is there anyone who can carry my boxes in?"

In the little pause which follows the answers to these questions I have time to pull myself together and grasp the whole situation. Then the telegram was too late, and there is clearly nothing for it but to put the best face on the matter I can, and welcome my unwelcome visitor as cordially as I can manage to.

I go out into the hall, which is becoming rapidly filled with boxes and parcels, and there I see a young lady standing in the doorway, superintending the taking down of more boxes from the outside of a fly. She turns at once as I appear on the scene, and comes up to me.

"So you have really got here," I say very lamely. "I am glad to see you." (May I be forgiven!)

"Yes," she says putting a little hand into mine. (I notice that she is carefully guarding something black with her other hand, which "something," to speak plainly, looks exceedingly dirty.) "When no letter came from you, I felt sure you expected me. Miss Browne did not want me to start till I heard from you, but I know how men hate writing letters. I wrote all father's when he was at home on leave. He never would write one if he could help it." A pause.

"So you have brought your dogs," I say, trying to look as if I were rather pleased than not, and being conscious of failing most signally in the attempt.

"Yes," she returns, regarding me rather anxiously. "I hope you like animals. These are dear dogs. They can do everything but talk. Come here, Patsey; come here, Punch, and shake hands with this gentleman."

I am bound to say the animals do not respond to this invitation with any great cordiality, inasmuch as one looks at me sideways and shows his teeth, while the other puts his tail (what there is of it) firmly between his legs, and bolts promptly behind the nearest box. Miss Graham appears disconcerted for a moment.

"They will know you in a day or two," she says apologetically, "and they will sit on your knee and beg from you, and do all kinds of things when they are used to you." (I mentally resolve to do my utmost to prevent their getting used to me.) "Just now," she goes on, "they are rather upset by their journey, and also because I am nursing this kitten." (Here she displays a miserable and disreputable little animal, half covered with mud.) "I saw some boys teasing it while I was driving here from the station, so I got out of the fly, and the boys soon made off when I set the dogs at them. Poor little pussey! was it frightened then?"

The kitten here gives vent to a frightened squeak, at which the dogs commence to bark vociferously, so hastily murmuring something to my visitor about Keziah's showing her to her room, and hoping she will ask for anything she wants, I beat a hasty retreat to my study, where I give myself up to despair, and feel that there is nothing left worth living for.

I can hear her luggage being carried upstairs, then the dragging about of boxes overhead, and above everything the scampering about of her canine pets, who seem to bark at any and everything, in the aimless way peculiar to dogs. After a little time I hear my visitor running downstairs, as if her life depends on her reaching the bottom at a given instant. Is she going into the garden? Is she going into the drawing-room to try the piano? No. She comes straight to my study-door and knocks, so there is nothing for it but for me to rise and admit her, and give her my easiest chair. Now that she is without her hat and cloak, she strikes me as being most decidedly pretty. She has clear soft grey eyes and a pink colour in her cheeks, and a mouth which, if she were not a girl, might be described as both sweet and sensible. She settles herself comfortably in my chair,

and is evidently not shy, but disposed to be confidential. As in duty bound, I begin.

"I hope you found your room comfortable, and that Keziah looked after you. Would you not like some refreshment after your journey? A glass of sherry, or a glass of ale, or—or——"

"I should like some tea presently very much," she says; "but just now I want to say what I could not before your servants. And that is to thank you for letting me come here, and being so ready and willing to receive me. I wrote my letter to you—let me see—last Tuesday week, so I reckoned that would give you a week to write and put me off, if you did not want me to come. And then it is so kind of you to let Patsey and Punch come too. Of course I haven't been able to have them at school, so some friends have been looking after them for me, and it does spoil dogs so for them to have so many different masters and mistresses."

"You seem very fond of your pets," I say, trying to look sympathetic, and rather wondering if her confidence will end with the dogs, or go on to something more interesting.

"Yes," she says. "Father bought them for me the last time he came home. You know," she goes on, growing still more at her ease, "I hardly ever saw father. He was in India before I was born, and he only came home twice in nineteen years. So I have always been at school, holidays and all, except when now and then I went to stay with some of the girls."

"That must have been a dull life for you," I say, really feeling sorry for the monotony of such an existence.

"Dull! well, yes. I suppose it was not very exciting," she says, "but there was nothing else to be done. I have no relations in England, and you know father had only one sister. She is a captain's wife in India, and she has eight children, so she couldn't have taken me. If it had not been for your kindness, I suppose I should have had to go out as a governess." (Here the grey eyes are turned on me with a very grateful look.) "And Miss Browne always said I was too young, and much too fond of going out for that."

I feel here as if I had really done a good action, though I cannot quite settle with myself in what way. I also picture to myself the feelings of a quiet respectable family at seeing the instructress of their children arrive surrounded by a happy family of animals. So I murmur, with perfect truth, that "the very idea is absurd," at which the grey eyes beam gratefully once more. A little pause, then a wistful peep into the garden.

"May I go out? What a lovely place! May London squares for evermore be banished! And may the dogs have the delight of a scamper? They did so hate being in the train. The guard let them come in the carriage with me at first. Then—would you believe it?—some ladies actually complained! I do think," goes on this young lady, who certainly has left her shyness behind her (if she ever had any), "there must be something wrong about people who object to dogs."

She regards me inquiringly here, and I hastily murmur—

"Yes, yes—of course."

"Ah, I knew you would not," she returns. "Every nice person loves animals. One old lady in the train complained that Punch put his nose in her pocket, and tried to get her sandwiches. Punch" (regretfully) "has not quite such gentlemanly manners as Patsey. Still it was absurd to mind a trifle like that, it only showed his good taste if the sandwiches were nice ones. She must have been a horrid old woman," goes on this young lady, whose ideas as to the rights of property appear somewhat undefined.

Then before I can construct a speech which combines truth with politeness, she is at the door, and a clear ringing whistle rings through the house; such a whistle as I could not accomplish to save my life, and which the baker's boy could do no better. . . . The last I see of her before dinner is a sort of happy-family scamper, so to say. Girl in the middle, dogs jumping up on either side, wretched black kitten ambling unsteadily in the rear. I watch them for a minute or two, heave a deep sigh, and murmur, "Ten times worse than I thought." Then sigh once more, and call myself a savage old fogey. But the end of it is, that I walk off stealthily to the post-office, and despatch yet one more telegram before the day is done; and this one runs as follows:—

"Previous wire sent by mistake. Please destroy."

(*To be concluded.*)

"SOME EASTERN SWEETS."

By the Author of "We Wives."

In order to redeem the promise made in a recent number of The Girl's Own Paper (January, 1896), I have been culling from my ancient shagreen cookery-book some recipes for Indian sweets. They are all old tried friends, and may be depended on. Any which take only foreign produce as a *pièce de résistance* (as, for example, pineapple snow) I have purposely omitted. Any which are very expensive to make I have also excluded.

It is a favourite maxim of mine, that if one can afford costly dishes, one can afford a professed cook to prepare them. The following recipes are plain, economical, and simple. They can be prepared by anyone of ordinary skill in the culinary department. As such they ought just to suit the many budding housewives who rejoice in this magazine.

Cocoanut Pudding.—As this hard, brown, string-covered nut can be as easily procured in the United Kingdom as in the tropics, we will begin with this recipe. For sixpence you can buy a large one. Break in good-sized pieces, and take off a thin brown skin covering the white lining. Grate and mix the flakes with three ounces of loaf-sugar and half an ounce of lemon dust. (The latter is only the yellow rind of a lemon finely grated and sifted.) Moisten with two well-beaten eggs and amalgamate the whole with some milk. Having lined a deep tin with puff paste (half a pound of butter or lard to three-quarters of a pound of flour makes sufficiently rich pastry for this), fill it with the cocoanut mixture. When baked a light brown, slip on to a dish and serve.

This might almost be called "cocoanut cheese-cake," as the tart should present an appearance like the lemon-cheese at a confectioner's.

Leechée Cream.—Take one pint of fresh milk and bring to the boil. When bubbling sweeten with loaf-sugar and season with vanilla essence according to taste. Then add two well-beaten eggs. Now mix one tablespoonful of cornflour to a cream with a very little cold water. When quite smooth pour into the milk mixture, and stir thoroughly and carefully till it comes to the boil. Boil for one minute only. Have ready a glass dish with two tablespoonfuls of strawberry-jam layered at the bottom. When cooled a little, otherwise woe betide your cut crystal! pour the cream over it, and decorate the top with tiny ratafias or a pile of freshly-scraped cocoanut. (Desiccated does just as well, I may remark *en passant*. A half-pound tin can be bought for fivepence at any store.) Serve cold.

Pears in Jelly.—We are all, perhaps, somewhat tired of the monotonous stewed fruits. How seldom one sees pears served in any way but swimming in a cochineal sea after being inhumanly butchered in twain! The same fruit coyly veiled in jelly! Ah, what a welcome sight!

Six stewing pears, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, a pint of water, half an ounce of gelatine. That is what we need. First we soak our sheet of gelatine (much cheaper this than the packets of prepared stuff), and stew our pears until they are soft. Of course we have peeled them first! and sweetened the stew-water. When quite tender we turn them into the basin containing the gelatine in solution, and stir a little. Then very carefully, so as not to break the fruit, we lift each pear and place them side by side round a well-buttered mould, filling the centre with the liquid syrup. Don't look at the mixture if you are afraid of the result until it is "set." Then you will find a crimson jelly ready to be turned out. At regular intervals therein repose the luscious pears! Serve cold with a little whipped cream, and earn the gratitude of your friends!

Cocoanut Cake.—In order to have this cake in perfection one must have gathered the nut from beneath its feathery fronds oneself. But everyone does not live in India, and for us "at home" the same thing can be bought in a desiccated form. Not as good as the fresh, sweet, creamy, fragrant thing, but sufficiently good for all practical purposes.

We must begin by working four ounces of butter to a cream, and adding to it a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, the yolks of two eggs, half a grated cocoanut, or three tablespoonfuls of the same in its desiccated form, and, lastly, half a pound of dried flour in which one teaspoonful of baking-powder has been incorporated. Keep to the order in which the ingredients are named. Mix all well together, and beat in enough milk to moisten sufficiently. Bake a light brown in a well-buttered tin.

Whilst this is cooking whisk the two egg-whites you have left over until stiff. This is best done with the blade of a knife on a soup-plate. Get someone else then to add slowly half a pound of icing-sugar, whilst you keep on whisking. This should be like a thick, smooth cream when spread on the cool cake. Wet the knife in water, and you will easily make quite a professional appearance *re* icing. When smooth sprinkle some cocoanut thickly on the wet surface, and put in the oven to set. Take care it does not colour, otherwise the snowy appearance of your cake will be destroyed.

Indian Fritters.—These are a pretty addition to a luncheon-table, when any visitor elects to arrive unexpectedly. They should be as light as dough-nuts, of a light-brown colour, and crisp as a cracker. Some bright-looking preserve should be selected as an accompaniment. Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a bowl and pour on enough boiling water to make a stiff paste. Stir carefully as you do so, and beat out any lumps with the back of a wooden spoon. Have ready the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two broken into a basin, but not whisked. When they are in the paste-mixture, you must beat and stir well together. Fry in boiling lard or butter (I need not repeat directions as to when fat is at a proper heat), dropping in a tablespoonful of batter at a time only. Each should look like a puffy ball.

Serve on a dish with a spoonful of peach or guava jelly between each fritter.

Plantain Fritters.—As this fruit can be bought in any city for a penny apiece, we need not go to the East to enjoy this delicacy. Strip the yellow, sausagey-looking thing from its thick outer skin, beginning to pare from tip to root. Divide exactly in two. Brush them slightly with yolk of an egg, dust with flour, and fry in boiling butter.

This must be eaten hot, and served piled up in a pyramid with sugar sifted over. My readers will find this as pleasant a way of preparing this luscious fruit as the complicated one recommended by Mrs. Beeton. Its simplicity will recommend it, I am sure, to many amateur cooks.

Lemon Honey.—Perhaps there is no word in our English language more calculated to excite a pleasing thirst than that of "lemon." In order to understand the longing aright one must have basked in an oriental city for a certain time. No wonder that Eastern philosophers have attributed wonderful powers to this much-esteemed fruit. Virgil spoke of it as an antidote to poison. Pliny, whilst rejecting it as unfit for human food on account of its acidity, lays stress on its being a useful medicine. Athenæus, a Latin writer, has left on record that two Arabians stung by adders felt no ill-effects therefrom, because they partook freely of this species of citron. Anyhow, in India we like to keep a store of the following lemon honey, not because we are in the habit of being bitten by snakes, but because guests come uninvited into our bungalows and need feasting. This honey will keep for months if sealed up in stone jars, which is a great recommendation. After mixing together in an enamelled saucepan one pound of crushed loaf sugar, the yolks of four or six eggs, the whites of three, and three ounces of butter, we strain to it the juice of four lemons, and grate into it the rind of two.

Over a very slow fire we put the mixture, and stir quietly until it thickens and clears like honey. At once we take it off, put into bottles or gallipots, and seal down quickly. The above quantity only costs, on an average, one shilling, and numberless patty-pan cases can be filled from it.

With *Cream Toffee* this list of Eastern sweets must close. I do not want to trench on the domain of any cookery-book published.

Instead of using equal quantities of butter and sugar as in ordinary toffee, make this delicious sweetmeat with equal quantities of thick fresh cream and sugar. Necessity, perhaps, caused this change. As everyone knows, butter for the breakfast-table of an Anglo-Indian is painfully produced by shaking a glass bottle! Cream was so much simpler to get at, and some enterprising cook made toffee therewith. Result? Well, you just try it, and you will not need to be told how vastly inferior is the ordinary butter-scotch!

After making, pour the soft mass on to a well-buttered soup-plate, and leave to cool. Cut into dice, and put away in a tin or glass. It will keep well for many months, unless our boys get at it!

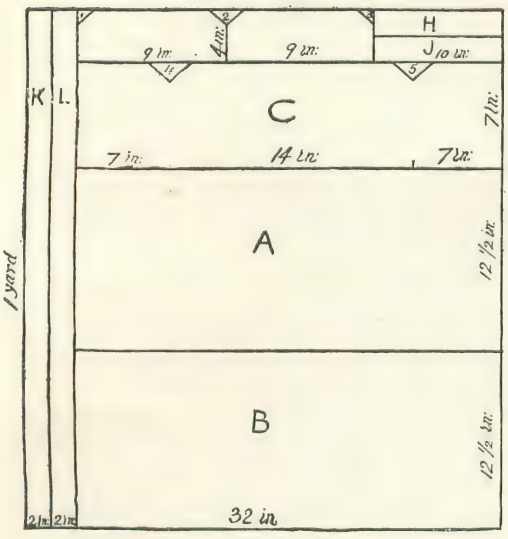


FIG 1.

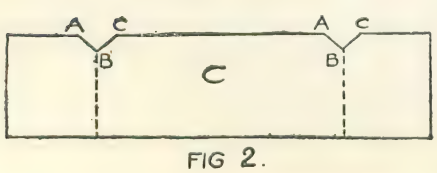


FIG 2.

HOW TO MAKE A BABY'S FROCK FROM A YARD OF STUFF.

THIS is a capital pattern, and easier to make than a similar design one sometimes sees, there being no troublesome little gussets under the arm.

One yard of 32-inch print is required, some neat "all over" pattern should be chosen. Cut it up according to Fig. 1, the bits 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, are to be thrown away. The large pieces A, B, are for the skirt, run up the seams, and make a false hem of calico 2 inches deep; cut a 6-inch plaquet-hole in centre of back width, gather the waist to 27 inches.

The piece C is the bodice, which may be lined if desired; it needs a ½-inch hem up each side of the back, and the same at the waist. The sleeves, Fig. 3, are made by sewing the two sides E together, they are then fitted into the arm at A, B, C, Figs. 2 and 3, the sleeve forming the shoulder; make a false hem all round the neck with tape of sufficient width to allow of a draw-string, hem the edges of sleeves.

The long strips, H, J, K, L, must be sewn together, hemmed at each edge, and gathered on a piping-cord, to form a trimming for neck and sleeves; sew the skirt securely to the bodice, add a button and button-hole to centre of back, run a draw-string in neck and waist, and your work is complete.

"COUSIN LIL."

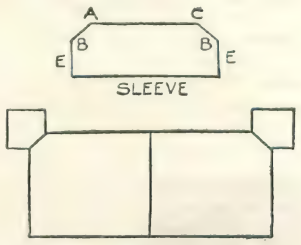


FIG 3.

FIG 4

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "MY VALENTINE."

SOLUTION.

MY VALENTINE.

I know a farmer's daughter, passing fair,
  Who makes her frocks and hats in fashion true;
And you should see her, with her arms all bare,
  Making the cheeses without much ado.
She works from six o'clock, and dines at one,
And rides or drives when all her work is done.

I know a countess' daughter, Lady Ann,
  She mopes or into mischief gets all day.
The men of her own rank, as lordlings can,
  Marry across the sea with those who pay.
'Tis sad for Lady Ann; but as for me—
Why, I know who my valentine shall be!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Miss E. Benson, 7, Barnes Terrace, Ayr, N.B.
C. H. Bushell, Woodlands, Bromborough, Birkenhead.
Leonard Duncan, Bromborough, Birkenhead.
Miss Fleming, 12, Melville Crescent, Edinburgh.
Lizzie M. Iggulden, Netley House, Netley St., Farnboro', Hants.
Donald McLean, Corbridge-on-Tyne.
Miss M. L. Murrell, 340, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.
Jeannie J. Reavell, Rosamond Villa, Knapp Hill, Woking.
Lance-Corporal Skirving, "E" Company, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, North Camp, Aldershot.

Very Highly Commended.

Edith Ashworth, Mary Atkins, Arthur E. Bell, Ethelwyn Berry, "Blair," E. M. Blunt, A. C. Carter, Mary I. Chislett, J. S. Clemens, Edith Cooper, Frances W. Cotsell, Mrs. Crossman, Annie B. Day, James Day, Flossy Edwards, G. L. Fisher, J. M. Fisher, Herbert V. French, Edith E. Grundy, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Charlotte Hayward, Henry Hayward, Emmie Holgate, Mrs. E. R. Illing, Mrs. Leach, Mildred M. Little, Ellen May, E. Mastin, F. Miller, C. A. Murton, H. Niell, Alice M. Pearson, A. C. Sharp, Eleanor M. Shaw, M. H. Shepherd, Alice M. Shoberl, Annie B. Shoberl, James L. Slade, Ellen R. Smith, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Fred. W. Southey, Annie Speight, E. Stilwell, C. H. Walker, Mrs. Watherstone, Florence Whitley, Emily Wilkinson, John R. Whyberd, M. Cerise Wynne, Louise Wolton. [For a charming design, A. A. Campbell.]

Highly Commended.

Annie A. Arnott, Mary Bannister, Elsie Bayley, Mary Bennett, Mary A. Blagg, Mrs. E. J. Bond, Melinda Bourne, Amy Bryand, G. Brown, A. W. Busbridge, Edith Carpenter, Gladys Carré, Mrs. Chance, A. E. Chandler, F. M. Coley, C. H. W. Colthurst, Maude A. Cooke, Miss Cotsgrove, Ethel Darbyshire, Henry Evenden, Emma Fox, Henrietta French, Florence Frost, Isabel Gladwin, Emma M. Gower, P. Hammett, M. Hargreaves, D. Haviland, Eleanor Hearsey, Walter W. Hetherington, Doris K. Jackson, Mrs. Johnson, Amelia M. Leach, Winifred M. McAllister, Mrs. Morgan-Owen, Mrs. F. W. Morris, Elizabeth Patstone, Mrs. W. Paul, Florence M. Payne, Harriette Pool, Beatrice Rafford, Ida Rafford, Mary D. Rice, Mildred Richardson, L. Rowden, Florence E. Russell, Mary F. Ruddock, Gertrude Saffery, H. J. Salter, Annie Saunders, Jessie C. Savory, Jenny Smedley, E. Bostock-Smith, Gertrude Smith, Ida Stanley, Sadie Stelfox, M. Stuart, A. Taylor, Mona Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, F. E. Tresidder, M. Walker, Miss Way, Dorothy E. B. Webb, Mrs. F. H. Webb, J. M. Wedgwood, Charlotte Welsford, Alice M. West, Mrs. Westbury, Florence Whitlock, Wm. H. Willcox, Mary Winearls, Cyril Young, Helen B. Younger.

Honourable Mention.

Emily Avent, Mary E. Ball, May Barker, Mrs. Brown, Helen M. Busbridge, Alice H. Chater, Minnie Cornwall, Jas. M. Crebbin, A. Dawson, Wm. R. Foster, Annie E. Furby, J. W. Hancock, G. M. Kerswell, C. V. M. Leggett, Hannah E. Powell, Mabel Walton, Ethel Wells, E. M. Wood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

A knowledge which embraces the fact that a little goose is a gosling and does not likewise embrace the equally important fact that a little lord is a lordling is a poor sort of thing. And yet not more than thirty solvers—or exactly 4 per cent.—evince any acquaintance with diminutive lords, although the familiarity of all with diminutive geese must be taken for granted. It is pretty certain that the seven hundred and thirty ignor—well no, we must not say that—the seven hundred and thirty *less informed* solvers will exclaim, "Of course we knew." Well, if they knew, it was a pity they wrote "noble" instead of *lordling*—a great pity. All the same, we are rather glad they did, for otherwise we should have been confronted with 151 claimants for the 105 shillings, and should have been forced to spend hours in studying commas, apostrophes, blots, tear-stains, and other trivialities. For unless one is absurdly young or desperately hard up, an eightpenny farthing prize would come as a very doubtful joy, and we like our awards to be rather more enriching.

For once we are going to take solvers into our confidence as to details of our award. For the prizes, verbal perfection was required. For "very highly commended," no mistake worse than "nobles" was allowed, and then only those solutions which correctly gave the form of the verses were admitted. For "highly commended," solutions giving "nobles" with incorrect form were successful. For "honourable mention," the eighteen best of the next two hundred solutions were selected, and not one of these have one really good mistake. So it comes to this, that any competitor who indulged in one whole mistake, or even in two halves—as "butter" for *cheeses*, and "nobles" for *lordlings*—is, in company with six hundred others, unmentioned. We should have been justified in counting "butter" a full mistake, for the cheeses were really very good ones, and it is only very bad butter that is at all like a good cheese. Moreover, the presence of the cheese scoop ought to have been suggestive. Pork-pies, collars, wristbands, and the like were all rejected.

In line 2 "gown" and "smock" as substitute for *frock* were admitted, but we were more particular regarding "rank" in line 9.

A few otherwise good solutions gave "and" instead of *or* in line 6—a fatal blunder in such a close competition.

One correspondent reproaches us for our reflections upon the nobility, and assures us that some of them are very useful. But the verses deal with two individuals, and not with two classes, so that the charge is a little unfair. If the writer knows an idle farmer's daughter, as well as an industrious countess, let her re-write the poem for her own personal use, transposing the words farmer's and countess', and substituting Mary for "Lady" in lines 7 and 11, and yeomen for "lordlings." The picture will then be quite reversed, and we assure her that we shall not mind a bit.

It has not been thought necessary to print a key-solution this time; a comparison of the poem with the puzzle will surely make everything clear. For the sake of some who were troubled with the $-r+s$ in line 6, we may say that the pictures represent a *rider* and a *driver*.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE celebration of the opening of the Belle-Rive University for the winter term was a very brilliant function. It was a young university as yet, but by no means to be despised. On a day late in October, the *élite* of Belle-Rive society were assembled in a square hall, with a gallery running along one side. In the gallery the less important part of the audience, including Katharine Lovell, were packed. Downstairs sat the students in rows, and in front of them, on velvet chairs, the distinguished portion of the assembly. A colossal white porcelain stove, cylindrical in shape, sent forth a dry baking heat. The professors who were to speak at this "Séance Inaugurale des Cours Universitaires," arrayed in evening dress —though it was early in the morning— each darted forward at the appointed time, uttered a harangue which had to be brief, and was therefore to the point, then abruptly vanished, exclaiming, "*J'ai dit.*"

Katharine was present under protest, as she longed to give up the morning to her piano. Her mother sat below in one of the velvet-covered chairs. At length it was the turn of Monsieur Duvigny. Spectacled and shaggy in aspect, he leapt on the rostrum, and in an excited voice began to pronounce a *discours*, which had cost his wife and family weeks of enforced quietude and nervous apprehension.

Madame Duvigny listened with pride. Katharine had no love for her stepfather's science, no reverence for his learning. She saw simply the grotesque element in the eager little man, declaiming about technical matters that won little sympathy from his hearers, save here and there from an expert. The temptation was too strong for her; she stealthily drew a pencil from her pocket and began a grotesque sketch of her stepfather as a Pterodactyl. She succeeded better than she had expected, and designed the creature from what she could recollect of the diagrams in M. Duvigny's study. When she had finished it looked so absurd, with its human head and antediluvian frame, that she laughed to herself, and wrote beneath it—

M. le Professeur de Géologie,
Séance Inaugurale des Cours Universitaires.
Belle-Rive, 27 Octobre.
Katharine Lovell, *artiste.*

She sat in the front row of the gallery, resting the paper on her knee, hoping that people would suppose she was taking notes. Suddenly — she never knew how—the picture slipped from her lap and went fluttering down between the balustrades of the gallery upon the people beneath.

The descending paper attracted momentary notice from an audience not absorbed in the subject. It is doubtful if M. Duvigny saw it, as he was in a white heat of excitement, nearing his peroration. Madame Duvigny occupied too advanced a seat to observe it, but Katharine shuddered with terror. What would happen to her when her naughtiness was discovered? for discovered it must inevitably be. That mischievous sketch had already fallen into the hands of somebody below her; everybody knew everybody else, and she could not escape detection. On whose head the luckless scrap of paper had fluttered she could not see. Her mother would be pained; M. Duvigny's self-love would be wounded; she would be thought an impertinent child. Consternation kept poor Katharine very quiet while her stepfather exclaimed "*J'ai dit!*" and a new professor harangued in his place.

After some three hours the long *séance* came to an end, but Katharine would not have rebelled if it had been longer still. She went out with the stream; nobody seized on her to reprimand her, and when she caught sight of her mother and stepfather, they looked pleased and smiling, forming part of a group of four. A tall gentleman, with a stalwart frame and grey moustache, was eagerly conversing with them, and lo and behold! there was Douglas Gordon again. For the Laird of Craigentulloch, who was himself something of a geologist, had brought his nephew to the *séance*, and had requested the honour of an introduction to the Professor.

"You're all coming to lunch with us at the Victoria," was young Gordon's greeting, "and the sooner the better, or we'll all be famished. The pity of it! setting folk to hear stravaguing for three mortal hours, on rolls and coffee!"

Monsieur and Madame Duvigny were smilingly accepting the invitation, Katharine was introduced to the Laird, and off they all went; the girl and boy falling behind. "Now the secret will be out," she reflected. "I wonder what they called for?" But no explanation came from Douglas. He remarked indeed—

"I did not know it was you the other day;" there was also a look of mischief in his eye, and he patted his pocket as if by accident. But when they were at luncheon in the private sitting-room, with its cheerful log fire, Katharine's heart sank to her toes, for Douglas suddenly opened fire on the subject of pterodactyls, asking questions about their habits, their appearance, and glancing at her with *malice prépense*. M. Duvigny expatiated in half French half English, the Laird discoursed on Hugh Miller, and all were happy save the luckless girl.

"You have my drawing! I am sure of it!" she cried, when the young people were sent into the garden after lunch.

"I just saw something fluttering down from the skies, so I took means to preserve it," said the imperturbable Douglas.

"Give it to me! Do give it to me!"

But this was a bootless prayer.

"It's beautifully drawn," declared the teasing youth. Nor would he promise that he would not show it.

They stayed to tea at the Victoria, and Katharine felt that, for her, the visit was not a success. No clue came to the reason of the Gordons' visit that she could perceive, and the conviction was disagreeably forced upon her that she was extremely ignorant, as she listened to the general conversation. Her education had been very partial; she had appreciated nothing of the brilliant speeches of the morning, and she barely recognised the names of the English authors of the day.

"What, not fond of poetry? Why, I thought all young ladies liked poetry!" observed the Laird, as he looked at Katharine with her fair, flushed face, red hair, and shabby serge frock.

"I haven't got any to read. I know some of Milton, about music, and a little Keats, and a passage or two of Shakespeare, and that is all," owned poor Katharine. "I wish they would talk about music," she reflected. But they did not talk about music, and by-and-by the party broke up, leaving a bewildered, unsatisfactory feeling in the girl's mind. Her mother parried her questions on the homeward way as to "what it all meant?"

Katharine was sitting in her own room that evening. It was an odd, bare little place, but her girlish treasures were collected there. Round the walls hung portraits of great musicians; over Beethoven's frowning brow the girl had nailed a piece of laurel, now drooping and dead. Of books there were very few; there was the musical novel, *Charles Auchester*, with one or two biographies of musicians. On the table were littered copy-books, music-paper, a text-book of harmony, and other paraphernalia of study; the piano was the chief feature in the room, and it was draped with a piteous attempt at decoration in the shape of a faded piece of yellow silk.

"May I come in?" said her mother's voice, and Madame Duvigny entered. She panted rather; from the exertion of coming upstairs, Katharine supposed.

"Do sit down, mamma; oh, I am sorry that chair is littered with my things—then sit on the bed," cried Katharine impetuously, rushing forward with a guilty conscience, and the certainty that her mother had come to upbraid her for her caricature. But no reproof was uttered.

"I want to tell you something, dear,"

said Madame Duvigny after a moment's silence.

"Oh, I do hope it is nothing horrid, mamma dear!" cried Katharine. "Nothing nice ever seems to happen now."

The mother winced a little. "I hope you won't think it horrid; but at any rate it has been all settled to-day. We are going to take a boarder, Katie."

"A boarder—a *pensionnaire!* Oh, mamma! Why?"

"We shall be glad of the money," said her mother speaking rapidly. "The Laird—Mr. Gordon—offers most liberal terms, and we cannot afford to disregard them. All the professors do it; it is nothing to mind. It is Douglas Gordon; he is coming here to learn French, and attend some of the *cours* at the university. His uncle asked us to-day if we would receive him; we felt it only right to say yes. He has been recommended to us; that was why they called."

"That dreadful funny boy, with my picture in his pocket!" reflected Katharine in terror. She stared at her mother in blank dismay.

"He is to have two rooms," Madame Duvigny went on, "*pensionnaires* generally have only one, but it is to be arranged that he has the tiny bedroom on the second floor, and the room under yours for his study, with the view of the lake."

"What! your sitting-room?" uttered Katharine. "The only place where you can be free from the children and where I can get you alone! Now, mamma! I won't allow it. How can he—M. Duvigny—hear of such a sacrifice! What a dreadful shame!"

The girl's cheeks were scarlet with indignation; with her wild tawny locks she looked like a youthful Maenad. She clenched her fist and began to walk up and down.

"There are plenty of sitting-rooms below," said Madame Duvigny with a wan smile.

"Yes, the study, and *salle à manger*, and the stiff, hideous drawing-room. Why doesn't M. Duvigny give up his study? Why should you have no place to call your own? And what work for me it will mean! And the meals! with a stranger always there, criticising! and being very particular what he eats! And I know he is a dreadfully critical boy, and very fault-finding."

"How can you know anything about him?" cried her mother. "And now, Katharine, I have just this to say; you must make it easy for me, and not behave badly. Your step-father and I have settled it——"

"Oh yes! of course he has settled it!" cried the rebellious girl. "He naturally would!"

"Ah, my child, why will you be so bitter?" exclaimed Madame Duvigny. "All day long, Katharine, you are judging him and me. You have never forgiven my second marriage; and yet you can hardly remember your own father—neither can you tell what my position was here—lonely, unhappy! I sometimes think you have no pity, Katharine. You care for nothing except your piano. Whatever I may have done I did for the best—and yet you are always secretly blaming me—your own mother. Beware, lest you grow up a critic without a heart."

The elder lady was much agitated, and Katharine felt unexpectedly touched and overawed.

"I wish I hadn't stopped away in Germany, but I didn't know you wanted me," she said, huskily. "Well, don't cry, mamma. I don't want Douglas Gordon to come and live here, so I cannot pretend I do—and I don't want you to lose your little boudoir, so I can't pretend I do—but I will try and be good—there! Will he mind my practising over his head?" exclaimed Katharine in a sudden panic.

"No no, dear—he must put up with that—only do try and not make it harder for me than it is."

"Good-night, mamma! I will try—but oh! I do wish he wasn't coming! and I wish you and I could go and live somewhere quietly, and let Douglas Gordon and all the Duvigny tribe get on as best they could!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARIAN.—We regret that we must discontinue to give addresses of amateur societies for assisting in the education of girls. Their promoters (who ask for notices) change the addresses they have given us, resign the work into other hands, change its character, or even drop it altogether, without giving us any notice of such changes, which we could not guess by intuition. For the consequences of such neglect these ladies alone are answerable.

UNHAPPY ONE.—The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C., trains, boards, and lodges "lady pupils," from 21 to 35 years of age, at one guinea a week, for not less than twelve months.

UNE ECOLIÈRE D'ANGLETERRE.—In Oxford the cost of the ladies' colleges are stated as follows: Lady Margaret Hall; Principal, Miss Wordsworth, £75 per annum, exclusive of tuition fees. St. Hugh's Hall, Norham Gardens; Principal, Miss Moberly. Residence, £45 to £66 per annum, exclusive of tuition fees. Somerville College, St. Giles's Road West; Principal, Miss Maitland. Inclusive cost of residence and tuition, £86 to £92 per annum. At Cambridge: Girton College (for girls upwards of eighteen years) £105 per annum; Secretary, Miss Rensington, 83, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, London. Newnham College (for girls upwards of eighteen years), fees, 75 to 96 guineas per annum; Principal, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick; Hon. Secretary, Miss M. G. Kennedy, Shenstone, Cambridge. There are three more halls—Sidgewick, Clough, and the Old Hall.

LOVER OF BOOKS.—Apply to the Assistant-Secretary, Miss Edith C. Wilson, 223, Brunswick Street, Manchester, Women's Department of Owens College.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—Perhaps Mrs. Phillis Browne's *Year's Cookery Book* would suit you. Your writing is good.

LANCS and MARION B.—You should write for a form of application to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W.

S. V. JUNIOR.—The South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road, admits women to their lectures, and also to the laboratory. Fees for one year's training, £15. A three years' apprenticeship to a registered chemist and druggist is necessary before any one can open a shop.

HAZEL.—There is a kindergarten at Cork. Address Miss Martin, at the High School, Sydney Place. This is the nearest place to you. Of course you require proper training.

WORK.

AMATEUR.—We are just about to give a series of articles in this magazine on the subject of millinery, and, of course, "up to date" in every respect.

A. B. C.—We recommend you to join the Odd Minute Coterie, Hon. Secretary, Miss Scott, 104, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey. To this lady all your articles of clothing for "needy children," especially for those in the homes of our Waifs and Strays Society. Work (or money) to be sent every Quarter Day. The rules will be sent on application with a stamped envelope. In reference to the Waifs and Strays Society, we may add that left-off clothing, shabby furniture, household lumber, old books, including toys, dolls, periodicals, and "yellow-backs," anything in fact is welcome, and will be sold for the support of the Homes. Address the Hon. Secretary of the Central Society, Miss A. Ellershaw, 23, Green Road, Meanwood, Ripon. Orders are received at the depôt for the hosiery knitted by the girls at the Beckett Home.

JOSEPHINE.—It is usual to pay a premium on apprenticing a boy or girl to any trade. This, and the board and lodging, are matters for private arrangement as we said to "Maggie." If not living on the premises, and the young apprentice has no home in the near neighbourhood, some arrangement should be made as to the supply of a mid-day meal, or the carrying of some refreshment from home. When no premium is demanded, the duty of the stamp on the indenture amounts to 2s. 6d. When there is a premium, for every £5, and every fractional part of £5 5s.

MRS. BOWEN (of Stoke Lodge, Ludlow).—We have great pleasure in acquainting our readers with your benevolent work in behalf of the missions in the north-west of our dominions in America: The Half-hour Knitting Society, under the patronage of the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Caledonia. Every description of article of wear, uhlans, socks, mits, scarves, hoods, jerseys, helmets, knee-caps, petticoats, frocks, night-gowns, jackets, stockings, gloves, etc., all will be most welcome for the half-dozen cold and desolate missionary settlements for which they are requested. Such work to be sent to Mrs. Bowen; and any further information respecting the society and membership, may be obtained from her. Mrs. Bowen may be interested to know that we have a "Scripture-Reading and Study" Guild connected with our GIRL'S OWN PAPER, of which she may see the questions now appearing in our monthly issues.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACK AND JILL.—Never accept presents from young men, only from your father, brother or uncle, or from your affianced husband. You can only accept a suitor conditionally on obtaining your parents' consent. Besides, you are only a minor, and will not be of age for three years; and by that time your views concerning men and marriage may have greatly changed. We do not know your condition in life, for what might be sufficient in a workman's cottage, would not be adequate for one in a higher condition; £2 10s. a week would not, by any means, suffice for food, clothing, rent, rates and taxes, coal, wood, gas, to supply and keep up furniture and household utensils, linen, china and glass, and for washing, not to say a maid's keep and wages, a doctor, or, possibly, for a family in prospect. Your parents ought not to consent

LILY WHITE.—From what you say it is evident that you have not been able to lay by any savings, and therefore, marriage is out of the question unless your intended husband has sufficient to provide you with a home, himself paying the rent and fire, the furnishing of the rooms, buying the towels, bed-linen, and providing all the personal clothing, and all the food; not to speak of the expense of any possible family. Of course, your £18 per annum, which you now earn by domestic service, will be gone, and your "widowed mother, and younger brothers and sisters," will be deprived of the £9 per annum you now give them. "Look before you leap."

MARIAN.—We cannot give you the date of the *Language of Flowers*, but only that it seems to have been of Eastern origin, being introduced into Europe by La Mottraie, the companion of Charles XII. It was Lady Mary Wortley Montague who informed her countrywomen how Eastern women could send a letter by means of a bouquet of flowers. There is much historic interest attached to them, apart from their own attractions, as you may have had an opportunity of judging if you have read a small series of articles in the "G. O. P" entitled, "Flowers in History."

TINY.—There is a Table of Affinity in the Book of Common Prayer, with reference to the legality, or rather illegality of marriage between relatives and connections. Consult that. There is no divine nor English law against the marriage of cousins of any degree. The 14th of January, 1875, was a Thursday.

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN."

A MUSICALLY-ILLUSTRATED RECITATION.*

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Mus. Doc., B.A.

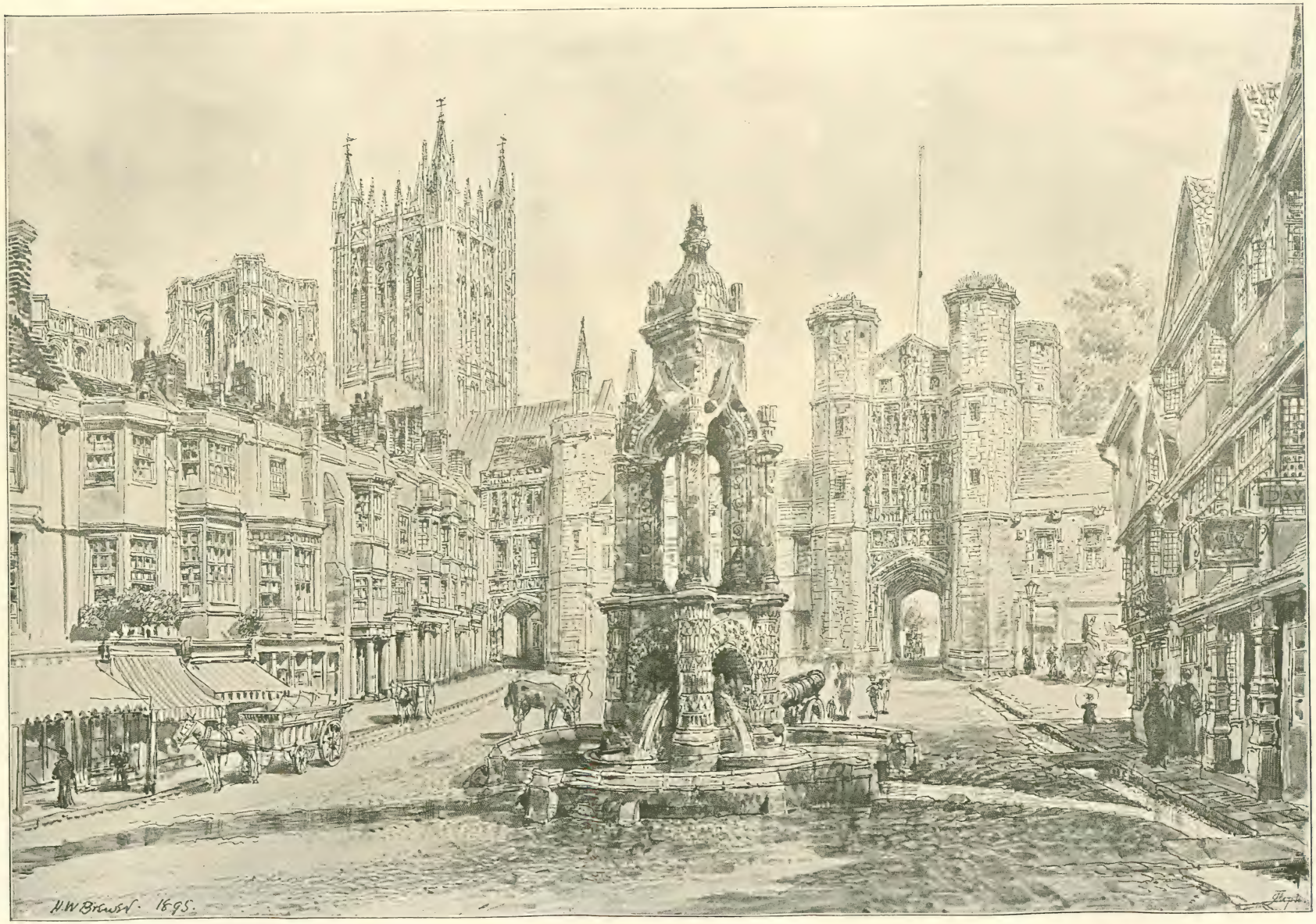
METHINKS I see him through the mist of years—
A beauteous Hebrew youth, with clust'ring hair
And clear dark eyes that shone with genius light—
An index to the songful soul within:
So full of lofty thoughts and noble aims;
So earnest at his tasks, so apt to learn;
And yet, when work was o'er, so full of fun,
That never squirrel frisked one half so free.
Oft would the family circle gather round
In rapt delight, as in the twilight grey,
Rich tone forms flowed from skilful finger-tips;
Whether immortal Bach's long dormant store
Of rare thematic treasure held his mind;
Or bright harmonious thought, in radiance rare,
From sweet symmetric soul, had clothed itself
In melody divine. As time went on,
The happy circle widened; everywhere,
Like sunny beams from a new risen orb,
His radiance spread throughout the Fatherland;
And Leipsig soon, the soul of German Art,
Had placed him high—a chieftain in her walls.
From far and wide they came to pay him court,
The grave, the gay; the wealthy and the poor—
The devotees of Art. From him they caught
New aspirations, and from him they learnt
To work on nobler lines. Yet his renown
Grew greater still, and greater. England heard
And claimed the choicest treasures of his brain:
Great London's proudest orchestra was glad
To play beneath his *bâton*. Scotland's clime
Of peak and heather glen soon found in him
A mighty painter of the grandeur stern
Of her wild mountain landscape clad in mists.
O, could we see him now as once he stood
In iron-mighty Birmingham, and swayed
That full-voiced chorus and the instrumentalists,
Who watched his every look with eager care,
Lest they should lose one gesture of that form—
That slight, mercurial form—or that clear glance
That flashed magnetic light, and deeply stirred,
By its great influence, e'en sullen souls
To sympathetic thrilling!

What a work,
The masterpiece Elijah! How sublime!
Once more we see the Prophet in his power,
Raising the widow's son, or bringing down,
From highest Heaven, the altar's sacred flame.
God's servant kneels in prayer: 'tis then we hear
The sweet-toned, all-beseeching voice that pleads
The cause of erring sinners, who repent
And seek the sovereign mercy from on high.
Then comes the cloud from out the tranquil deep,
In size not larger than a human hand;
It grows, it widens, darkens; rain comes down
Upon the wings of storm; the rivers swell
And "lave the thirsty land;" the waterfloods
Are opened up and rage—but yet, the Lord
Is over all, Almighty! Then again—
The fire, the mighty earthquake thrilling us
With dread Jehovah's power—in raptured awe
We hear the liquid tones so soft and sweet:
"The still, small Voice," when onward came the Lord!

* * *

But all too soon the brilliant flashing steel
Had worn the scabbard: all, alas! too frail
Was that most sensitive frame to bear the strain,
The wear and tear of life. "Elijah" scarce
Had drawn delighted thousands, when the hand
That scored the great tone picture, listless lay
Upon a scarcely heaving breast; for he
Had hurried home—to die.
Far, far away
From merry England and the bustling crowds
That thronged to do him homage, he lay mute,
And scarcely conscious of the loving arms
That fondly twined around him; till, at last,
The mortal daylight faded from his eyes;
The jarring sounds of earth were heard no more;
And Felix Mendelssohn awoke to Light
And Perfect Music in the Spirit World.

* This term implies that appropriate selections from the music of Mendelssohn may be played softly on the pianoforte during the recitation of the poem.



THE MARKET PLACE, WELLS.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVII.—NO. 854.] MAY 9, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE "CITY OF WELLS"

AND ITS ROMANTIC SURROUNDINGS.

PART I.

WELLS, in Somersetshire, takes its name from three springs of water, which rise in the garden of the Bishop's Palace, and from this fact in old times, and even occasionally at the present day, it was and is called the "city of wells."

In all probability it is the very smallest city in all England, as its population is little over 4600; it would, however, be difficult to find a more beautiful city, whether as to situation or architecture. It is an ancient place, though it can lay no claim to the vast antiquity of many of our towns. The first mention that we have of it dates from the foundation of its cathedral by King Ina in the year 704, so that in comparison with Glastonbury it may almost be described as modern! It has absolutely no history attached to it, except of course that which is connected with its exquisite cathedral. It was, in fact, always a purely ecclesiastical city, and may be described as a cathedral with a town attached to it. It appears never to have been fortified, and its

All rights reserved.] THE WELLS WHICH GIVE THE CITY ITS NAME.

peaceful, uneventful history brings to our mind the lines of Wordsworth—

. . . "Around these churches gathered towns,
Far from the feudal castles' haughty frowns,
Peaceful abodes where justice might uphold
Her scales."

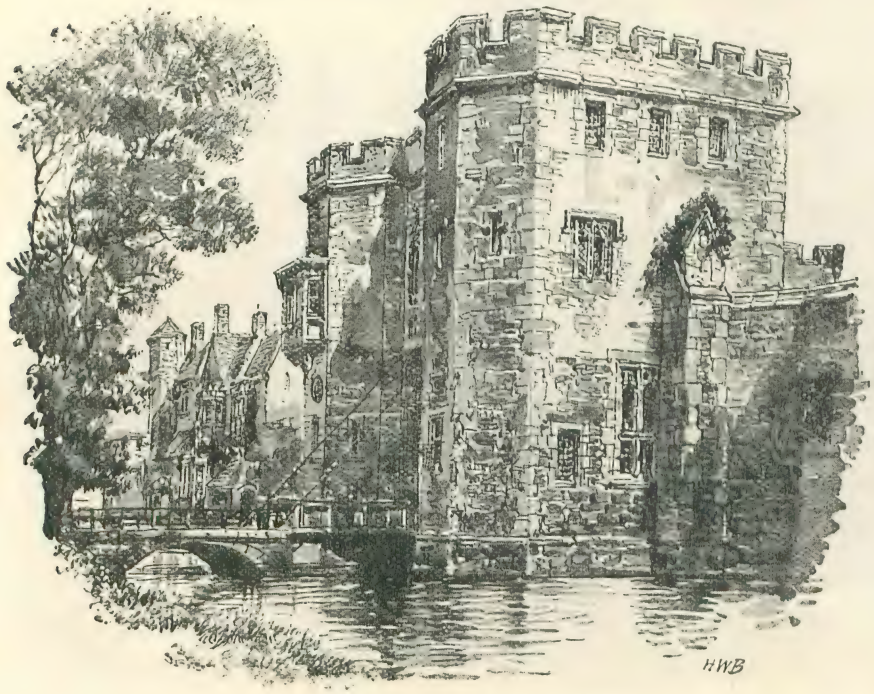
It is said "the man is happy who has no history," and how enviable, in turbulent times, was the lot of the inhabitants of a place which has no annals save those which relate to the carving around some cathedral-doorway, the erection of the monument to some good and pious bishop, or the painting of stained-glass windows, and such is the history of Wells.

None of our cathedral cities, except possibly Ely, is so thoroughly ecclesiastical in appearance. The great church, with its appendages, occupies a larger space than the town itself. The three "wells" or springs still continue to supply a clear limpid stream of intensely-cold water; they may be seen bubbling up from the ground, and forming a lake in one of the most exquisite gardens in all Europe. Good Bishop Beckington, to whom Wells owes so much, had the water conveyed to the town by a series of pipes and machinery still in use; they supply a conduit in the market-place, from which streams run out into the gutters of the public street. So delightfully clear are these that we should rather call them watercourses. The inhabitants dip their pails into these streams and use the water for domestic purposes. A friend of ours had a very intelligent poodle, who, like most dogs of this breed, was extremely fond of water. When he first saw these deep gutters with their clear running water, he looked at it with some suspicion, evidently imagining it was a delusion. A plunge into it, however, convinced him that it was the genuine article, and it was difficult to keep him from swimming instead of walking through this delightful town. The supply can be increased or diminished by the machinery at the conduit, so much so that the streets can be completely washed over, and this renders Wells probably the cleanest town in England. There are three streets in the town, which unite in the market-place; for the most part they are lined with old houses, some of which date from the time of Bishop Beckington, though they have suffered much from the want of taste of succeeding ages, but here and there a Gothic doorway, a bow-window, or a buttress remains to proclaim their Mediæval origin.

The market-place, overlooked by the towers of the cathedral, and two beautiful gates, one leading to the precinct of the palace, and the other to that of the cathedral, with the quaint old Jacobean houses to the left, and the conduit to the centre, form one of the most picturesque town-views in this country. It is true that the conduit itself is not very ancient, though, as it is weather-stained and not unpicturesque in aspect, it is well suited to its position. Its details must not be studied too critically, as they are a singular jumble of the Classic and Gothic of George I.'s time. The two gates, however, are genuine old works and of great beauty. One of these, which is in a corner of the market-place, goes by the name of "Penniless Porch;" it is adorned on the outer side with Gothic niches retaining their statues, and on the inner side by a carving of a beacon stuck in a ton or barrel, the well-known rebus of Bishop Beckington.

The name "Penniless Porch" suggests the idea that it may have been connected with the "Elemosinarium" or place for giving alms attached to the cathedral. The other gate, that leading to the palace precinct, is a still more beautiful structure, and is adorned on both sides with a good deal of Gothic carving and sculpture.

If we pass through Penniless Porch we find ourselves in a great enclosed space called the Close, which is completely surrounded by Mediæval buildings. The Close has four ancient gates, one, that in the North-West angle is called Brown's Gate and leads out into the town. For some reason or other this is also called "Kill Canon Corner;" whether the place ever has been fatal to a canon of the cathedral we are unable to say. On the north side of the Close is the Deanery, a very fine Mediæval building though somewhat modernised in parts. In the south side is Penniless Porch already described, but by far the most beautiful of all the gates is one called the "Chain Gate" at the extreme east of the Close; it consists of a beautiful Gothic gallery which crosses the street upon arches and connects the cathedral with the Vicar's Close. At right angles to the Chain Gate, and forming almost a portion of it, is another gate leading into what is called the Vicar's Close. This place is one of the most interesting collections of Mediæval buildings in England. It is a kind of wide street with perfect old Gothic houses on either side, an exquisite chapel at one end and an almost equally beautiful hall and staircase at the other. We must now, however, describe what is the greatest glory of Wells, the magnificent west front of the cathedral; this grand work rises up at the east end of the Close. When considered in detail, no work in England can be compared with this, and to find anything that presents an equally valuable study of sculpture we should have to go to the great French cathedrals of Amiens or Rheims. How this work has escaped destruction from fanaticism, mischief, and that love of change which has ruined so many old buildings it is impossible to say. The general appearance of this noble front will be gathered from our view, but it is of course impossible in a single drawing to give any adequate notion of the beautiful carving and sculpture with which every portion of it is covered. Even the greatest admirers of Classical art, Flaxman and Cockerell, have been as enthusiastic over the statues as Welby Pugin, in fact, Flaxman made drawings of several of the little groups of statues in the quatrefoils. For the most part they are works of the thirteenth century though the uppermost range is at least two centuries later. Unfortunately we neither know the date at which this noble front was erected nor the name of the bishop who ordered it to be carried out, nor that of the architect who designed it, nor of the sculptors who adorned it with such magnificent figures and carving. Neither can we explain the meaning of the scheme which was evidently intended to be read. Many of the subjects are evidently Biblical, and here and there we can understand them, but, as we don't know who are the persons represented in the large statues, it is impossible to guess what is the connection between them. Undoubtedly in an age when few people could read, this was like some great open book which taught some series of lessons partly taken from Scripture and partly, no doubt, from other sources. We want, in fact, to find something like the Rosetta stone which gave the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. All the lowest range of figures except three, have disappeared.



GATEWAY, BISHOP'S PALACE, WELLS.

On the lower part of this front is a portion of a thirteenth-century inscription in old French which seems hitherto to have escaped attention. It is in ancient French, and we venture to suggest that it means as follows: "Pray for the soul of William of Poutnie who directed three hundred days." After this is a fragment of a word beginning with the letters D E. Now, who was this William of Poutney and why should his name be recorded upon the west front of the cathedral? We are inclined to venture the suggestion that he was master of the works or architect who died during his tenure of office. A careful search amongst the cathedral archives might throw light on this matter.

It is somewhat singular that the architecture of this front is very different in character to all the other Early-English work in the cathedral, and bears very little resemblance to other works in the West of England. We should be almost inclined to think that the architect, whoever he was, was a Yorkshire man.

It has been thought by most writers that

this front was erected during the episcopate of Bishop Joceline, 1206–1242, but although this worthy bishop rebuilt the greater part of the cathedral, we should doubt whether any part of the front dates before the middle of the thirteenth century.

One great charm about the exterior of Wells Cathedral is that the old stone work has never been scraped or replaced by new, thus, we have the walls grey with age, and covered with charming mosses and lichen.

Next to the view of the front of the Cathedral, perhaps that obtained from the gardens of the Bishop's Palace, showing the Lady Chapel, choir and towers, and the springs in the foreground, is the most interesting.

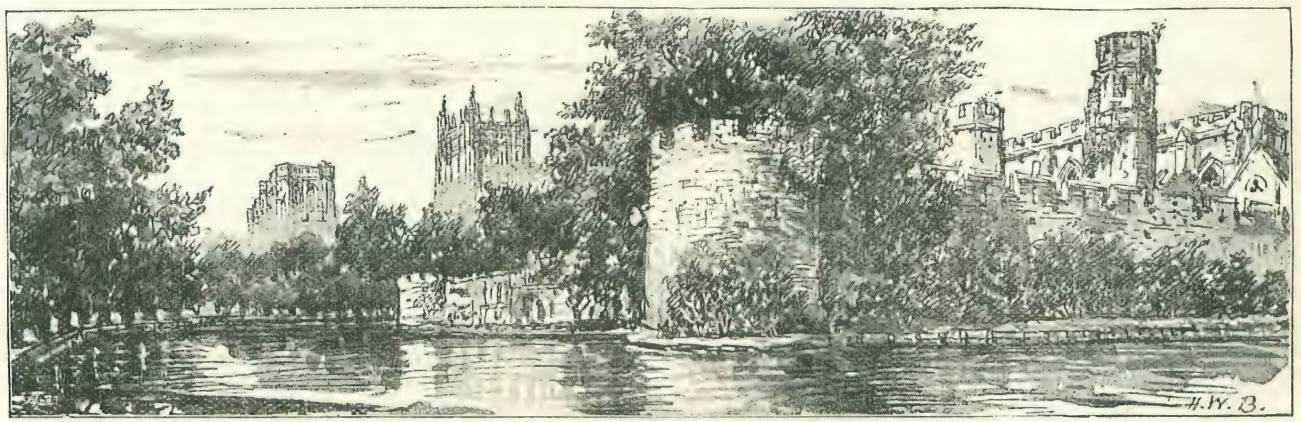
The interior of the Cathedral does not at first sight impress one so much as the exterior. It is no doubt a most beautiful architectural design, but unfortunately, about half a century back, it underwent that dreadful operation called scraping, although, it is but right to say that it was more carefully done than in many of our cathedrals, yet it is incredible the damage effected everywhere by this operation. It is better far to leave the old whitewash of the last century, if it cannot be removed by brushing alone. Fortunately there is a considerable quantity of fine old stained-glass, which is magnificent in colour. In this respect few windows in Europe surpass that at the east end of the choir. There are a considerable number of very beautiful monuments recording the long line of bishops who have ruled this church; first, as bishops of Wells, and later on, as of Bath and of Wells. We have here, however, another puzzle. It is this: that all the earlier effigies are evidently works of the thirteenth century, and look very much as if they were works by the same hands! The Chapter House, with a magnificent staircase leading up to it, is a noble example of fourteenth-century Gothic, and a curious old crypt beneath, formerly the treasury, is full of interesting old fragments of carving and church furniture. This great apartment has very massive double doors, the inner one completely covered by the metal scroll work of its hinges. The cloisters are on the opposite side to the Chapter House, an arrangement which we believe to be quite peculiar to this church.

A doorway from the cloisters leads to the enclosure round the Bishop's Palace, where there is a most charming walk along the banks of the moat, overshadowed by gigantic elms. On the opposite side of the water rise the picturesque ivy-clad walls and ramparts. A genuine drawbridge leads to a machicolated gateway still defended by its ancient portcullis. Upon knocking at the massive oak door, one is admitted during certain hours of the day into the palace. The buildings stand in the midst of a most exquisite garden which fills in the whole space between the ramparts. There is a fine fourteenth-century chapel still in use, and the ruins of an extremely noble hall of vast size which appears to have been used for the purposes of a Court of Justice, as it was here that the outrageous farce of the trial and condemnation of the last Abbot of Glastonbury was perpetrated.

All the buildings of the palace are interesting, but there are two little structures in the garden which are more than ordinarily so; the one is a curious kind of summer-house or grotto said to have been built by Bishop Kenn, and there is a tradition that here he composed his well-known morning hymn. There is however a doubt about the matter, as that distinction is also ascribed to Longleat, where Bishop Kenn took refuge after he was deprived of his bishopric. Another curiosity is the little Gothic building containing the waterworks constructed by Bishop Beckington.

In addition to its cathedral and palace, Wells contains another ecclesiastical structure of very great beauty in the parish church of St. Cuthbert, with its singularly noble tower and most interesting old reredoses.

(*To be concluded.*)



THE MOAT, BISHOP'S PALACE, WELLS.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBINA MACTAVISH.

MORAG had gone to her favourite haunt in the precinct of the ruined cathedral, and had applied herself to the completion of a little sketch over which she had taken great pains. Regretfully she noted, by the fast advancing twilight, that it would be useless for her to return to her work next week. She was just folding up her paper and pencils, when she was startled by a shrill, gay voice coming over a tombstone behind her and addressing her thus—

"Good-evening, miss, you're the young lady at old Mother Cay's, if I'm not mistaken?"

The speaker came round into Morag's view. She was a tall, slight girl, not bad-looking, and wore a large hat with a showy plume.

"Good-evening," Morag responded. "Yes, I am the servant at Mrs. Cay's."

The other laughed lightly and loudly.

"I reckon the old girl thinks she's got a treasure at last. And yet I don't know, you've got a look about ye! Bless me, I almost wonder I plucked up heart of grace to speak to you."

Morag smiled. "You have an advantage over me," she said, "for you see you know who I am, but I don't know who you are."

"No more you don't," replied the other cheerfully, "but it's easy told. I was the young lady at Mrs. Cay's, not the one afore you, but the one afore her. And now I'm the barmaid at the Badenoch Inn. This is my night off, an' to tell you the plain truth I expected to meet my young man, but I don't believe he is a-going to turn up. I'd have got tired of waiting for him, but that I've been a-watching of you, and what you are a-doing of, it beats me to make out."

Morag good-naturedly unfolded her parcel, and displayed her little drawing. She had to explain it somewhat to her companion, who exclaimed with delight at "the neat way in which she was a-filling up the outline," but was almost incredulous to hear that the outline itself was also Morag's own work.

"An' to think that anybody as can do the like of that will go an' slave in solitary confinement on short commons at Mother Cay's," she cried, with a deprecating shake of her head.

"Morag laughed. "I've got my living to make," she answered. "One does not easily make a living by neat little pencil sketches."

"You don't make a very fat living at Mother Cay's," retorted the other. "I've been there, you see, so I know. Oh, don't I just? Why, she measures out the very salt! And why don't you call me by my name, for you know it?"

Morag looked surprised. "No, I don't," she said. "How should I?"

"It's the same as your own, don't you know?" returned the girl. "In course it is. You're Annie and I'm Annie, and we're all Annies at Mother Cay's."

"My name is Morag Henderson," said Morag rather stiffly. "What is yours?"

"Halloo!" cried the other. "You've got a bit of the Highlander about you, too, have you, but at the wrong end! I'm Highland through and through. Robina MacTavish, Miss Robina MacTavish nowadays, by your leave, old Mother Cay!" with a mock curtsey.

"To what part of the Highlands do you belong?" asked Morag, instantly interested.

The question seemed to sober the wild girl. She stood quite still, with her eyes fixed on the almost faded sunset, whose dull red light suffused her pale face.

"You wouldn't know the name of the place," she said, "a little out-of-the-way place among the hills beyond Bonar. And that's the worst of it. I daren't let them at home know what I'm doing. I think it would half kill the old folks to know I'm serving out drink over a public-house bar."

"I don't wonder at it," said Morag, very gently. "I've been wondering why you do it. Surely there are so many good places to be had."

A bitter look came on Robina's face.

"I reckon you are in your first?" she asked.

"Yes," said Morag.

"Well, I've been in ten, and bad was the best," was Robina's passionate answer.

Morag looked up at her with astonishment.

"Yes," she went on, "you think I ain't so very old—no more I am. But I've been at it five years, and I've had enough of it."

"You couldn't have given the ten situations a very long trial," observed Morag with a quiet little laugh intended to soften the reproach implied in her words.

"I don't know that," Robina defended herself. "I did better than you may think. I kept my first place eighteen months. It was hard work, and a lot of children (but I liked those). An' I was with them through measles and hooping cough and scarlatina, an' waited for my wages for months, because times were hard with the master. But at the end of that eighteen months, I got the mitten quite unexpected, because the missus's sister took it into her head she'd like to come an' live with them and do the work. I knew why," said Robina, wagging her head. "She was a-setting her cap at master's new partner. And in six months she caught him, and then the missus might look out for another servant, and she's been in the lurch, never suited since, and I'm glad of it—serves her richly right!" cried Robina with the passion of her race. "They talk about the ingratitude of servants, who've got nothing to thank 'em for but the bit of wages they've sold their work for, but we might talk about the ingratitude of missuses, who get a lot given 'em that's never reckoned for, when they're a hirin' of us."

She paused one moment, then went on. "After that, I said to myself, 'Now, Robina, my girl, don't you be a ninny. You've got yourself to look after, for there's nobody else will look after you.'"

"Oh, but that was a pity!" said Morag. "We mustn't get so much upset by one misfortune."

Robina nodded knowingly. "And I daresay I shouldn't have been," she answered, "if the misfortune hadn't kept a-going on. Next place I went to the missus told me there were only three people to work for. When I went in, it turned out there were six! Another place, they wanted a servant very bad, a minister's house it was, an' they didn't ask me beforehand what church I belonged to, but as soon as they'd got me, they said of course I'd be expected to go to the master's church, they didn't suppose I'd dream of anything else. And the master's church wasn't my church, an' I wouldn't go—not that I cared much any way, but I wasn't going to be tricked and then forced. And that's the way it's gone on. Mother Cay's was the last straw on this camel's back. I was there just one month. I up and told her plain out, that however I went to the bad, I couldn't come to worse than a workhouse or a jail, and her place was both in one. You know it is, and to think of you putting up with it!"

"I'll stay there for a year at least," said Morag, resolutely.

"Ah well," said Robina, "you seem to have such funny ways of amusing yourself! And maybe, you've got a young man away off somewhere, where you couldn't get to see him anyhow."

"I don't think about such things," protested Morag with youthful austerity.

"Don't you? Well, maybe you will some day. And how's the old quilt getting on? You're set upon the old quilt by this time, surely? You see I know all about it. I did a whole square all wrong before I came away, just to give her the job of unpicking it. You know what that quilt's for, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Morag amazed, "for a bed, isn't it?"

Robina laughed loudly. "I suppose so," she replied, "but that isn't in Mother Cay's reckoning. She wants it for a raffle, for the benefit of the widows who are shut up in India in what she calls 'zenana.' Some of them get married when they're quite little kids, they say, and they ain't let get married again, it seems, not however much they want to. It's a shame, maybe. I believe in folks being let do what they like. But I brought up that zenana to the old woman the day I had it out with her. 'Talk about your zenanas,' says I, 'what's your own kitchen Talk about your Indian widows not being let have second husbands, why, according to your ways, British girls aren't to have one! You don't give one a chance even to pass the time o' day to the butcher boy,' says I. Oh, I pitched into her. To tell you the truth," Robina proceeded in softened tones, "it was that decided me to go to the Badenoch Arms, for there my young man can just look in and speak to me any evening when he likes, and if he takes a half pint of ale or a nip of whiskey, he's as welcome to the master and missus as he is to myself."

"Would his people like to hear of that, any more than your people would like to hear of your being barmaid?" Morag ventured to remark.

"Oh well!" said Robina and paused.

"You still have to put up with a good deal you don't like, I should think," Morag observed.

Robina did not answer for a moment. "Perhaps it's the sort of thing that comes easier to bear," she said.

"I should not have thought the—your—well, your friend would have liked you to be in such a place."

Robina stared, bewildered for a moment. "Oh, I see what you mean!" she cried. "But men don't think of things like some women do. Why, since I've been at the Badenoch, I could have kept company with half-a-dozen, if I hadn't had Jem a'ready."

Morag was silent for a minute. She was aware she was overlooking a territory unexplored of her own soul, though her cousin Gladys had made it more or less visible to her mind's eye. So she tried to pick her words carefully as we do when we address those to whom they may be foreign.

"Do you think it is quite worth while?" she asked. "Do you feel quite satisfied to spend life in drawing beer?"

Robina laughed hardly. "Oh, if you begin to mix up notions with your life, you won't get any fun out of it. It's all very well for my poor old mother, she got her own quiet down-sitting (such as it is!) and she don't know what's what nowadays. And 'pon my word," she added briskly as a new thought struck her, "do you feel quite satisfied to spend life in dusting chairs and cooking food for an old cat like Mother Cay?"

Morag could not repress a smile. "No, I don't," she said frankly. "But at least, my work does her good, so far, and not harm; it is she, and not I, who is answerable for what she is. And I shan't stay with her always."

"Any more shall I stay at the Badenoch," rejoined Robina. "I'll marry Jem. At least, I suppose so. If not Jem, then somebody else."

"But if you do your courting over beer and whiskey, don't you fear there may be more beer and whiskey than you want in your married life?" Morag ventured to suggest.

It was a home-thrust, which Robina felt. But she parried it. "Don't you talk," she said, "because you've owned you don't know anything about it.

Wait till you do. But, I say, with your ideas you ought to belong to the Sunnyside Young Women's Association. I kind of belonged to it once myself, but I don't ever go to what they call 'the classes' now, though I turn up when there's a concert or any jolly sort of lecture."

"Does it belong to Sunnyside church?" Morag asked.

"Well, it does and it doesn't," explained Robina. "The Sunnyside minister lends it his hall to meet in, and on its public nights he often takes the chair. But not always. There's plenty of girls belong to the Sunnyside Association who do not belong to Sunnyside Church."

"And what do you mean by the 'classes' and the 'public nights?'" Morag inquired.

"Why, nobody goes to the classes but those whose names are on the roll," proceeded Robina, "and at the classes they do things and learn things. All sorts of things. That was what I liked about it. It wasn't all a-setting up of the swells—for swells go too—that they knew everything and the rest of the world knows nothing. One week maybe, one of the Fergusons of Castle House would read us a paper on 'Popular Stories,' or give us the life of somebody who wrote poetry or did something—very interesting she'd make it sometimes. And next week one of the girls from Nigle laundry would give us a demonstration in clear starching and ironing, or somebody's cook would show us what we could do with the cold meat. A dressmaker or a milliner would show us how to cut out a dress bodice or make different kinds of bows. (Those nights were popular, I can tell you!) And another night, one of the ladies would have a microscope down, to show us the awful things there are in water, and how careful we ought to be. We always knew the week before what was coming, and you might bring your own materials with you, if it was anything in the eating or needlework line. The like of you ought to belong; I reckon you'd read an essay one week and show 'em how to polish silver the next. Or you might give them a drawing lesson; there's some would be mighty glad if they could do as well as you."

"And what about the public nights?" asked Morag.

"They have four of those every winter—two before Christmas and two after," said Robina. "Generally one is a concert and one a lime-light show, and the other two plain lectures, by strangers who are a sort of somebody, you know. Oh, you must belong! It would suit you to a T. I reckon it'll be just beginning now for the winter. You'll get a what-d'ye-call-it of the doings for the coming session, if you ask at the school-house, for the infant mistress is the secretary."

The pair had long since left the cathedral precinct, though they had lingered there till the old janitor had come to the gate and jingled his keys significantly. Since then, they had been wandering slowly back towards the heart of the town. Once there, the jaunty greetings exchanged between her companion and the lounging groups of idle men and youths, made Morag's sensitive soul shrink. She came to a standstill.

"I'll say good-night here," she said. "I'll take your advice and go straight to the school-house And many thanks."

"Tat-ta, I hope we'll meet again. But I must not come near Mother Cay's, and I know it's no use asking you to look in at the Badenoch. But we'll see each other somehow."

Morag sped away.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"IF you show that picture to my stepfather I will never, never forgive you as long as I live!"

The speaker was Katharine; the place was Douglas Gordon's study in the Professor's house. It was already a home-like room; books filled a goodly array of shelves, tennis rackets, foils, fencing gloves, fishing-rods, were disposed artistically in the remaining space on the walls, interspersed with photographs of moor, lake and mountain. Douglas was sitting in a deck-chair by a bright little log fire, leaning back and laughing—Katharine might have made an excellent picture of "Fury" or "Revenge" or some such subject, as she stood with face aglow, clasping the back of a second chair.

"Sit you down and have some chocolate," was all Douglas's response.

"I won't sit down! I won't have your chocolate."

"Is it to be peace or war between us?" inquired the lad. "It strikes me that if we are to live under the same roof it will be a trifle agitating if we two are aye to be carrying on an internecine warfare."

His eyes danced in provoking mirth. Katharine did not know what internecine meant, but would not have said so for the world.

"War!" she burst out in response. "I won't be a bit kind to you, and I won't teach you French! I won't help you with your lessons."

"That will be an awfu' loss, I'm thinking," replied Douglas with mock gravity.

"You're not getting on one bit, I know you're not!" pursued Katharine. "You've been here a fortnight and you don't speak French an atom better than you did when you came."

"Perhaps that's because you're not conscientious as to speaking English to the poor helpless foreigner," said Douglas. "How will I get on if you're for aye talking my own language?"

"I didn't know English *was* your own language!" cried Katharine. "And I wouldn't talk Scotch if I could! I'd be ashamed!"

"You call this talking Scotch, do you?" retorted Douglas. "I'd like you to hear what Scotch really is, Miss Duvigny."

"My name's not Miss Duvigny—how dare you? I hate the name Duvigny."

"It strikes me you hate most things," remarked Douglas. "Would it not be better, think you, to try and take the world a wee bit more kindly? You'd be a great deal more cosy if you'd sit you down and eat my chocolate instead of standing there glowering at me."

"I won't sit down till you promise not to show that picture to my—to M. Duvigny."

"Look here!" cried Douglas with a sort of slow resolute heat, "you're English and not Scotch; you may not be aware of what a Scotch lad thinks honourable and what not; but there's an English word you'll understand, I'm thinking, and that's *cad*. I'm not a cad, Miss Katharine. And if I showed that sketch you showered on me from the clouds to anyone, I'd be a cad of the first water."

Katharine suddenly felt very much relieved, and also somewhat ashamed.

"Well, give it me then," she said in a mollified tone.

"Nay, I'll no' promise that," said Douglas; "it came to me unasked, and I'll keep it yet awhile. But it's as safe with me as it would be with you."

Very slowly Katharine sat down in the chair, and gazed at the chocolate on the mantelpiece. But Douglas did not offer it again, and contemplated her with a queer teasing glance in his eye. She certainly was a funny girl to look at; very different from the douce lasses he had known at Craigentulloch and the bonny Edinburgh schoolgirls. Her hair, which would have delighted an artist in its hue, was wild and unkempt; her dress was far more shabby than poverty need have made it; her whole appearance betokened carelessness. Douglas was evidently reflecting on all this, but his query was abrupt.

"Why don't you go to school?"

"Because I am going to devote myself to my Art," replied Katharine proudly.

"Is that any reason why you should play yourself *all the time?*"

"Play myself—oh, I suppose you mean idle about. I don't. I practise hard. I am going to be a musician."

"More reason why you should study," observed Douglas laconically.

Katharine wriggled. "I have only been back from Germany six months. Mother talks of my going to school soon, but I am very busy with music; I don't know, I am sure——"

"Don't know! I'm thinking you'll have to say 'I don't know' to a great many things some of these days!"

"Well, it's none of *your* business," retorted Katharine, ready for a renewal of hostilities. But her adversary only laughed. She jumped up from her chair to effect a diversion, and began a tour round his room, inspecting the book-cases, which were full of treasures.

"Will you lend me some of these books?" she inquired, pouncing on a beautiful edition of Scott's novels.

"With pleasure; but I'd rather you'd come and read them here," observed Douglas with canny Scotch discernment. He had observed Katharine's wild and careless ways, and foresaw the Duvigny children swarming round his precious volumes. Butter and honey, the eager clutches of little fingers, were not likely to agree with the hallowed pages. Even Katharine's fingers, after an excursion into the regions of musical composition, were, it must be confessed, frequently inkstained.

"Are you afraid I shall steal your books?" she inquired, tossing her head. But the next moment she was sorry, for it dawned upon her that it would be very agreeable after all to be made free of Douglas's study, the most orderly and the most comfortable room in the house. Here the children, who already adored the kind, lively Scotch youth, were not allowed to intrude save upon special invitation.

"What is this?" she inquired, looking at a framed engraving.

"That's Flora Macdonald coming into the hut of Prince Charlie."

Katharine was silent; then curiosity got the better of her pride, and she asked, "What Prince Charlie?"

"The young Pretender, as they called him; and Flora Macdonald is going to help him to escape."

"Escape, what from? Where? I wish you'd tell me all about it" insisted Katharine.

That a girl of sixteen should be perfectly at a loss in the history of Prince Charlie was a very astonishing thing to Douglas, but he had observed frequent proof that Katharine was ignorant of much that an English schoolgirl of her age is supposed to have at her fingers' ends. He made no remark on this practical illustration of his advice to her as to going to school, but began to relate the whole story in a very graphic and picturesque style. In the middle, just when the Prince was nearly betraying himself under his disguise, there came a sudden interruption. One of the Swiss servants presented herself in a state of unwonted excitement and proclaimed that "Madame" was asking for Mademoiselle Katharine in the *salon*.

Katharine tore downstairs, two steps at a time, without thinking of arranging dress or hair, and burst in upon a little group, producing somewhat the same effect as a sudden explosion. All were silent and gazed at the red-haired apparition, who in her turn instantly appreciated the fact that something of unusual solemnity was in progress. There sat Monsieur and Madame Duvigny; the latter evidently much agitated. Three strangers were in the room; a portly gentleman, a smiling, rosy-cheeked, well-dressed lady, and a girl of about Katharine's own age—but oh! how different in appearance! She wore a pretty autumn suit of dark green cloth trimmed with beaver; her simple hat was of dark green felt; her gloves and boots were unexceptionable. Poverty may be concealed elsewhere, but it never fails to make itself known at the extremities. Katharine suddenly became conscious of her own shabby shoes, with one lace untied, and of her old serge frock, and conceived a fierce enmity towards the stranger who had, however, a sedate pretty face and neatly arranged fair hair.

The atmosphere was charged with excitement, due to more important causes than poor Katharine's appearance. She stood wondering why her mother did not speak for half an instant; then the elderly gentleman rose solemnly and kissed her.

"You will not recognise me, my dear," he said, "but I am your poor father's elder brother, Richard Lovell; that is my wife, your aunt Margaret, and this is your cousin, Nora."

The Professor kept up, during these introductions, a soft crooning noise indicative of peace and benignity. Katharine angrily likened it to the bleating of a sheep.

"I have been much abroad—in Melbourne, you know—so we have not seen you since you were a child."

Katharine found no appropriate language, but turned very red and began to wish she had put on her best frock, and that her hair had been a trifle smoother. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror; she looked wild and startling, very different from her neat cousin. However, that young lady dutifully rose and embraced her, as did her new-found aunt.

"The fact is," said Mr. Lovell, glancing with evident disapprobation at the benignant countenance of M. Duvigny, "it was a very great surprise to us to hear that your mother had married again."

Constant association with an English wife had not enabled the worthy Professor to understand English, which he regarded as a well-meaning but unnecessary language. There was accordingly no need for the warning *gesture of Mrs.* Lovell, and her husband drew his chair a little further off. He was like the rest of mankind, in that he did not like to have his toes trodden upon, or his elbow nudged, in wifely solicitude for his manners and morals.

"I am glad to have been able to introduce Monsieur le Professeur Duvigny to my relations," said Madame Duvigny. She wished that her husband would look a little more scientific, and less like a very shaggy Scotch terrier.

"Ah yes, to be sure; and your daughter. Well, well! as I have been saying to Margaret, it's useless to cry over spilt milk. What's the matter, my dear?" *sotto voce*, in response to an unusually emphatic frown. "All right!"

The Professor smiled, nodded, and murmured more sweetly than ever, utterly unconscious of the tendency of the last remark.

"Your uncle has lived in Melbourne ever since you were a baby," explained Madame Duvigny.

"Yes, yes! my brother and I were not alike; he took to the old country and the old profession, I to a new country and commerce; but I've done very well for myself, very well indeed; and I'm glad to see my brother's child. You'll all come and dine with us to-night at the Beau Rivage?" said Mr. Lovell, feeling the interview was not proving a triumphant success. "Then we can have a little further talk over many things. That's right; and now, Margaret, my dear, and Nora, I think we'll be going down the hill."

"I hope we shall be friends," said Nora primly to her cousin, offering a smooth unflushed cheek for her to kiss. Katharine gave the caress in a curious manner, suggestive of the peck of a little bird, but made no other reply.

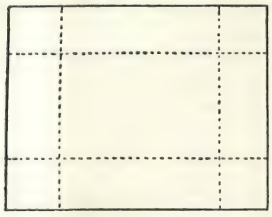
(*To be continued.*)

A SIMPLE WAY OF MAKING DEEP LID BOXES.

A SHORT time ago by the courtesy of the manager of the London Fancy Box Company, I was permitted to go through their workshops in the City Road, and was much interested in the method of making the deep-lid boxes; boxes of which the lid is the same depth as the box itself. These are almost entirely made by girls. The boards are cut and scored for them by men with machines which are worked by hand, the papers for covering, lining, etc., are cut in the same way, a number being cut with one cut of the knife, but all the putting together, ornamenting and finishing is done by girls. It struck me as a rather pleasant occupation, for as there are no engines, there is not much noise, excepting of course the chatting of the workers, for silence does not seem to be enjoined; generally of course, all factory work must be monotonous, but this has the merit of being clean work, and there is nothing injurious to health in the occupation. Some girl-readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be interested in

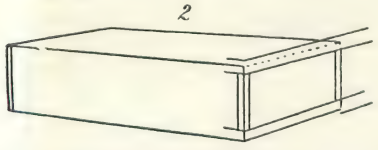
knowing how much can be earned at this work. As soon as a girl knows the business, she is given piece-work; one who was at piece-work (covering long candle-boxes with dark-blue paper) told me it took her nine months to learn, but now she can cover very quickly. Like many other things, when one sees a skilled hand at work it looks ridiculously easy, but it requires much practice to lay the paper on both evenly and quickly. The better work is paid more highly than the coarse; for instance, a girl who can make boxes to contain perfumes, which must be exquisitely finished, earns more than one who can only work well enough for starch or candle-boxes, which, though they must be accurately made, require less delicate handling. The earnings of the girls vary from seven to twenty-two shillings a week; but the majority seem to earn from thirteen to fourteen shillings a week.

1



Boxes are made of three materials; of these,

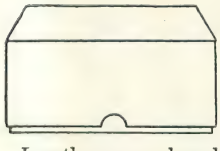
2



brown straw-board is the cheapest, but it is unpleasant to use and not easy to work, so I would not recommend it to amateurs. White wood-pulp board seems to be the best thing to use in making these boxes, it is much cheaper than cardboard and is tolerably easy to work on; what is in the trade known as "ten ounce" board, is the thickness required for ordinary boxes.

To make a box 3 inches by 4 inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, take two pieces of board one 6 inches by 7 inches, the other $6\frac{3}{16}$ inches by $7\frac{3}{16}$ inches, that is just a little less than a quarter of an inch each way, larger than the first piece, this to allow one to go into the other.

3



Lay them on a board with the whitest side down, as that will be inside when finished, with a sharp penknife and ruler score or cut them half through the board where dotted lines are on Fig. 1. The scoring is to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the edge on each board; next, cut the eight corner squares right out, bend up the four sides of the box and of the lid, where they are scored; have eight pieces of thin cotton or linen $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 1 inch, glue these over the eight corners. Thin white union

4

is the easiest to use for corners; always cut (not tear) the pieces; if the boxes are large it is well to have the strips long enough to turn a little piece over inside to strengthen them.

When quite dry take the larger of the cases, which is the lid, bind the top edge with gold, silver, or a dark satin paper, cut in strips half an inch wide, and the lower edge with the same kind of paper, turning an eighth of an inch over inside the edge of the lid as a finish. See Fig. 2. Either glue or paste may be used, but glue is best on these pulp boards; it requires, however, more careful handling than paste, for if it goes where it should not, it does more harm than the latter. The best way of using either glue or paste for this work is to have a piece of board, and while the glue is quite hot spread some of it lightly over the board with a brush, and then lay your paper gently on the glue, it will catch up just sufficient to stick well, but in this way you will not get too much glue, so will find it easier to put the paper on flat, without bubbles.

After the edging is dry, take a strip of fancy paper rather less than an inch and a half wide, glue this round the lid, starting half an inch round a corner, so as to finish exactly at the corner; measure length of strip before you glue it, and allow for half an inch to wrap over. Then take a piece of paper $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches, glue this on to the top of the box. When quite dry, take a farthing or other coin and with a pencil mark out the thumb-holes on each side of the lid. See Fig. 3. Then cut them out neatly with a sharp knife, and the box-lid is finished.

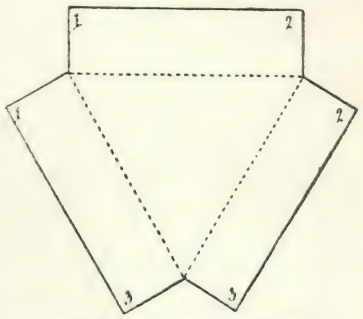
For the box itself, take a strip of paper half an inch longer than the box is round and two inches and a quarter wide, glue it, put it on, turning an eighth of an inch inside the top of the box, and what remains under the bottom of it; then cover the bottom of the box with plain satin paper. The inside of the box can have four pieces of lace-paper to finish it, but this depends on what use is to be made of it.

A pretty variety for these boxes is instead of putting the fancy paper on the top, to have two Christmas or other cards the same shape as box, but a quarter of an inch larger each way, preferably a card with a thick fancy edge, glue this on the top of the lid and the second one use as a stand for the box itself, glueing that on the right side of the card. It is not necessary for these boxes to bind the tops of lids, as they are hidden; cut the covering paper wide enough to go over the edge of top.

These boxes are easy to make, and very effective; they do not require the thumb-holes, see Fig. 4, as they can be opened without. It is easily understood that neither round nor oval boxes can be made in this way, but many others may be, as, for instance, triangular boxes. Fig. 5 shows on a small scale how to cut one, or octagonal, as Fig. 6. The numbers show how they join, and the dotted lines where they are scored. Fig. 7 shows how a wedding-cake box may be cut, with lid all in one; some young lady may feel inclined to exercise her skill in making some of these, they are easy to make, and are pretty work. Some white *moiré* paper, silver paper, and white or silver lace paper for inside are required; they are sometimes lined with pale-pink or pale-blue satin paper, and I have seen some finished with a card on the top with monogram in silver, some others with a silver-edged card, ruled silver to be written on.

With regard to the difference in size of box and lid, whatever the shape of the box you have only to remember to cut the board $\frac{5}{16}$ inch larger each way, and take off the same depth border for box and lid. If you are making a three-cornered box, for instance, it requires a little more care, for you must work from the outside, or larger triangle. Success depends entirely on exactitude.

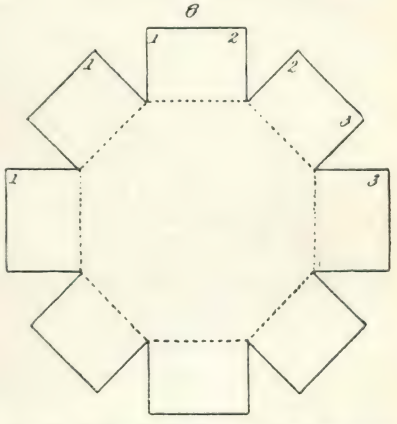
5



I have found that materials for this work cannot be had everywhere, but I can get all that I require from Mr. F. G. Kettle, of 9, New Oxford Street, London. I subjoin the prices, in case any reader wishing to try the work, or to amuse young brothers or sisters should, being unable to procure materials, like to write for some.

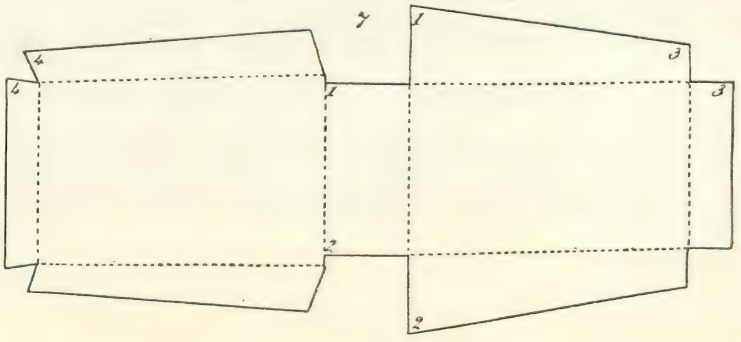
White wood-pulp boards, size (10 ounces) imperial (that is 22 inches by 32 inches), 1s. 6d. per dozen. Card-boards, same size, 2s. 6d. per dozen. Gold or silver paper 1d. per sheet, or 1s. 6d. per quire. Fancy papers (with gold or without) 1d. per sheet, or 1s. 6d. per quire. Best fancy papers 3d. per sheet, or 3s. 6d. per quire. Watered paper 2d. per sheet.

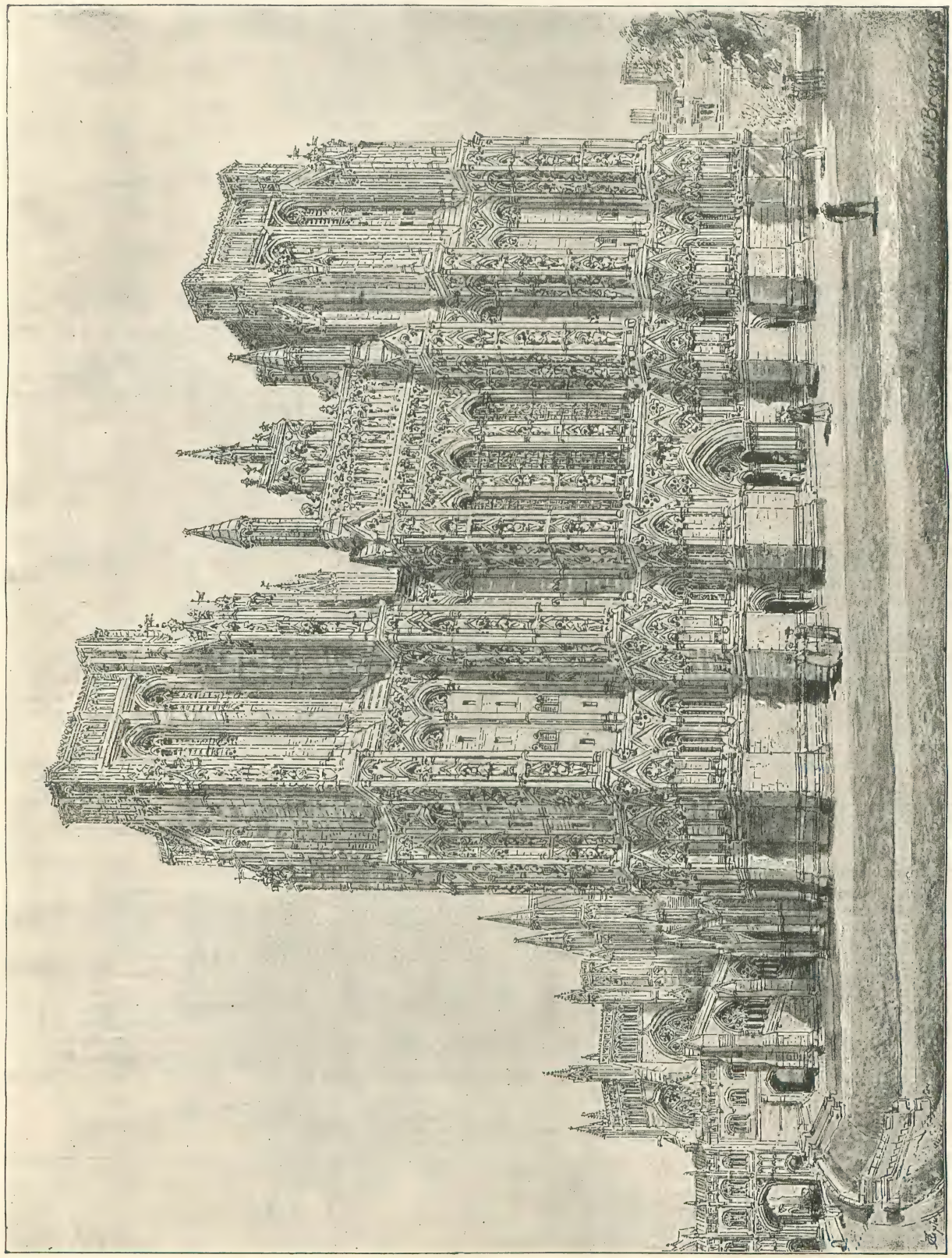
6



Some of the leather papers are very effective to use, some imitation crocodile-skin looked very well on envelope- and post-card boxes. With a sheet or two of good paper some girls might much improve the look of their writing-tables. Leather-paper boxes should not be bound with gold, but the top put over the edge of the box, and then the piece round; for glove-boxes a little cotton-wool can be laid on top of lid, and the paper glued at edge only; this way it looks more like a real leather box.

7





THE WEST FRONT, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

TO THE GOLDEN LAND.

By E. NESBIT.

DARK is the way—the lights are far—
  The hands of night pluck at my gown,
I may not guess what shadows are
  Hid in the wood and on the down;
Yet if you walk the way with me,
I shall fear nothing I may see.

The way is rough, the thorn and brier
  Cling round me as I strive to go;
The way winds steeper ever, and higher,
  And where it leads I may not know;
Yet if your feet beside me tread,
The roughest way I shall not dread.

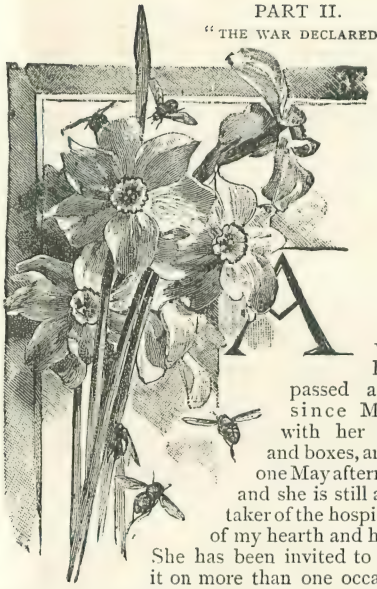
Long is the way, and day by day
  It winds by dusty mile on mile;
There are no green trees by the way,
  No lilies shine, no roses smile;
Yet if you walk there—I am strong—
The journey will not be too long.

The way is hard, oh, hard to find,
  When feet are weary, thoughts astray,
When ears are dull and eyes are blind,
  To note the milestones by the way;
Yet hold my hand, ah, hold my hand,
And lead me to the golden land!

"NEVER TOO LATE."

PART II.

"THE WAR DECLARED."



A YEAR has passed away since Mollie, with her dogs and boxes, arrived one May afternoon, and she is still a partaker of the hospitality of my hearth and home. She has been invited to leave it on more than one occasion, and to go and live in one of her own, taking as a companion and husband a good deal younger man than myself. Each time this has happened she has come to my study and besought me (with suspiciously bright eyes) to tell her if I am tired of her, and am longing to get rid of her. And the result of each interview has always been that I have weakly answered, "My dear, do what you feel to be best for your own happiness, and by all means stay on here as long as you can put up with the crotchets of an old bachelor," on which she has departed, and has (presumably) given the young man his *congé*, as in each case he has afterwards avoided me in the streets, and is seen no more about my house. I sometimes wonder if she is hard-hearted, but on the whole I do not think much about it, having long ago settled it with myself that any attempt to understand girls is worse than useless.

It is pleasant—yes, let me be just—it is pleasant to be welcomed every morning with a bright look, and to hear a happy young voice saying, "We will have a good time to-day, for isn't it a perfect morning?" To have a companion who can take a really intelligent interest in the politics of the day, and in all my plans for the comfort of my tenants, and the improvement of the estate. The discovery that a girl can be a sensible companion is really a daily surprise to me, but Mollie is certainly that. Nay, more, she even thinks of plans and ways of doing things which would never have occurred to me, and which are always thoughtful, and sometimes even clever. Hitherto I have dwelt on the bright side of the picture; but I must own there is another one as well. The house is, indeed, a different place from what it was a year ago. The quiet is fled, and there is a kind of life and stir about the place which entirely alters its character. When I want to read, Mollie asks me to take her out. When I want to settle accounts, Mollie brings her dogs to show me a new trick they have learned, and which they invariably decline to perform for my amusement. When I wish to go for a drive, she says it is too fine a day to be shut up in a carriage, and that a walk in the country will do us much more good. And then, supposing I weakly give way, which is usually the case, she pilots me down muddy lanes and over fences in search of flowers and ferns, and we generally arrive home in a condition which makes me feel I would rather not meet the gaze of any of my steady and correct domestics. She fills the house with plants from the conservatories, to the despair of the gardener, who says the hot rooms are killing every one of them; but who is, nevertheless, Mollie's most devoted and abject slave; and so never dreams of refusing to bring her in a fresh relay when the others are too withered to be any longer ornamental. She has—with my permission—set up her own little sitting-room upstairs, which she has filled with odds and ends innumerable, and where she (and chaos) reign supreme; which room daily vexes the tidy soul of Keziah, whom, nevertheless, Mollie turns round her little finger. Indeed, it seems to me that the more trouble she gives all the servants, the more they one and all worship her, and are eager to serve her. Even John—my most obstinate and tyrannical of coachmen (but whose ways, as he is an old family servant, have to be put up with)—never seems to consider it a trouble to put his horses to for Miss Graham, though his master not unfrequently has to await his convenience.

Sitting in my study on this particular morning, I can hear plenty of bustling and scampering going on overhead, where the dogs are giving vent to howls and barks at intervals, as if they are being taught some new trick which they have a strong objection to learning.

For the last month things have been going from bad to worse. Whether it is that the bright spring weather has made her spirits (which, truth to tell, needed no extra incentive) higher and more buoyant than ever, or whether it is that now Mollie has really got over her father's death, I cannot tell. But it seems to me she is never quiet from morning to night. I tell myself at last that something must really be done. Endurance has a limit, and the limit of mine is reached. A little quiet and peace I must and will have, and the more I think it over the more I see that there is but one way to obtain it—Mollie must go. I do not wish to do anything unkind. I do not wish to hurt her feelings. I do not wish to send her away for good and all. But I must have a rest, and why should not she have a change?

I work myself up at last into quite a fine state of firmness and resolution, and when I have arrived at it, I promptly ring the bell and send for Mollie, intending to speak to her seriously, and knowing full well that if I do not do it at once my usual weakness will prevail, and I shall not do it at all. She soon comes running in, for once, I am glad to find, without her dogs.

"I want to speak to you, Mollie," I begin, quite firmly; but at the very outset I am taken at a disadvantage, and the wind, so to say, is taken out of my sails. For she turns at once, with a look of intelligence and pain in her soft eyes.

"You want me to go," she says, before I can get another word out. "No; you need not say it, I can see it, and I could not bear to hear the words. I shall always think how kind you have been; but I will not stay an hour after you are tired of me."

"Now, Mollie, be reasonable," I urge. "I want to have a little serious talk with you, and you start off at a tangent before I have said a word about your going away."

"I don't want you to say a word," she says, more passionately. "I know I am nothing but a worry and an expense to you, and I ought to have gone out as a governess months ago. Only I couldn't—I couldn't! But now I will go to Miss Browne at once. Yes; this very afternoon."

This is childish, for there is no train to London, so I pull myself together, and go on more firmly.

"That is sheer nonsense, Mollie. There is to be no talk of your going out as a governess. And now sit down and listen to me quietly."

Rather to my surprise she obeys; but I can see that her hands are tightly clasped together, and that something like defiance begins to dawn in her eyes. I go on hastily—

"You know only yesterday you kept the horses out for three hours in the rain while you were shopping, or visiting, or something. And John says that the chestnut has caught such a cold, he will not be fit to use for a week at

least Then, the day before, I saw you smoking cigarettes in the conservatory, because somebody had told you tobacco was good for the plants. I could not help being annoyed, for Lord Cunningham saw you too, and you know he is the most fastidious man in the county. I was not surprised afterwards to hear that you were too unwell to come down to dinner. Then" (I am warming with my work as I go on), "the day before that, happening to go into your sitting-room for a book, I saw both the dogs standing in the corners, dressed up in the most ridiculous manner, in two of the boy's linen jackets, and wearing two of my best hats, and each with a disreputable pipe in his mouth. I cannot imagine where you can have picked them up! Before I went up there was such a noise of laughing and barking going on, I really thought the whole household was taking leave of its senses." (All this time Mollie is curiously silent, and I go on fluently.) "Now, my dear, I know quite well that this is most of it only innocent nonsense; but you must remember that I am a middle-aged man and used to a quiet life. There is to be no thought or talk of your going away for good, or going out as a governess. But I want you to go to Torquay quietly for a month with Keziah, and then come back to me when your change is over."

I have said my say, but somehow I feel neither elated nor triumphant. I steal a look at Mollie when I have finished, and for a moment am quite startled at the change in her. Her young face is drawn and white and determined, and her eyes are full of indignant pain.

"I will not go to Torquay," she says very quietly (but it somehow seems to be a sort of hush before a storm); "neither will I outstay my welcome here by an hour. I will go at once. They will take me in at the Vicarage to-day, and to-morrow I shall go to London. For all your great kindness, I thank you from my heart. But you may be sure of one thing —Mollie Graham will never come back to Helstonlee any more."

This is a dilemma indeed! I never thought she would have taken my words so seriously to heart. I feel I cannot part with her in anger; I am, indeed, beginning to feel it will be harder than I thought to part with her at all. There is but one plea I can urge to prevent her acting as she says. I hate myself for using it, but it is my only chance.

"Mollie. If you feel you owe me any gratitude or any obedience for my care of you, at least wait for a day or two before you make any plans."

A long, long pause. At last she rises, and with her hand on the door, turns to speak to me: "I will not go to-day. I will wait till the day after to-morrow according to your wish; but I know then I shall be in the same mind." Then she goes, leaving the victory with me. But I feel no elation, for alas! may not a victory be too dearly bought?

"Hope you will pardon the liberty, Squire, but is it true the young lady is going away?" This is the question (with variations) which has been addressed to me without intermission the whole afternoon. I am strolling about the village, being only too thankful to get away from the house. I have had a miserable and lonely breakfast, and a miserable and lonely lunch. Mollie is in hiding upstairs, having sent down an excuse about a headache, which I do not believe, as she never indulges in that feminine ailment; but which makes me feel all the same as it I had behaved like a brute. The butler is short—not to say morose—in his manner, and Keziah heaves reproachful sighs, and goes about with red eyes. The very dogs are unnaturally quiet, and I have positively heard no barking all day. At last I almost wish I could—but ah! how much more devoutly I wish I could undo the work of yesterday! Mollie has probably told Keziah (in confidence) that she may be going away; and Keziah (also in confidence) has told the cook, and the whole village has apparently now been told in confidence, and is seeking to know from me if it is really true. I give an emphatic and angry denial every time the question is asked me, and am rewarded by many expressions of pleasure and thankfulness. "That is good news," says one woman. "Why, what would my Johnny do without Miss Mollie? Only yesterday she sat with him for two hours, and cheered him up ever so. And she paints pictures for him, she does, and makes good things for him with her own pretty hands." I stroll on, feeling a new pang of remorse at this. So this was why she kept the horses out for so long yesterday. It may have been thoughtless, still it was a very different thing spending the time in cheering and tending a suffering child to spending it over her own pleasure.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but is Miss Graham really going away?" A man this time, whose anxious face brightens wonderfully at my denial. "I thought it couldn't be true, sir," he says. "Why, she was in my cottage two days ago. And she took my poor, sick little maid back with her to your house. Carried her in her own arms, she did. And then she dressed up her dogs that strange that Sally does nothing but laugh when she thinks of it. She hadn't laughed for weeks afore—nothing we could do could get as much as a smile from her." I stroll on again, and the same stories meet me at every turn. The whole village loves her, and would mourn at her departure. And it seems to me that I, who should have known her best, have appreciated her least of all.

The long day drags on. Mollie does not appear at dinner, and the house is as quiet as if there was an impending funeral. I feel at last as if I cannot bear it any longer—that I must smash a glass or two, or do anything to break the dreary silence, and I only check myself by an effort, and by the thought that if I do so my respectable butler will think I am graduating for a lunatic asylum. I tell myself over and over again that Mollie is unreasonable. That for her to have taken up my words as she has is ridiculous. But it is all in vain. "She has a sensitive and loving heart," says my conscience (which insists on making itself heard), "and you have wounded it to its depths." Yes. It is true. I have been a fool, and worse than a fool. I feel now that not for the world would I lose her—that to go back to the life I led before she came would be stagnation and perfectly unendurable. But can I not make it up with her? She is grateful and loving, and if I tell her it is all a mistake, surely she will forget and forgive, for a nature like hers never bears malice. Yet even while I try to comfort myself in this way, a pale, determined young face rises up before me, and a clear, firm voice says: "I will not outstay my welcome. Be sure that Mollie Graham will never come back to Helstonlee any more." At last I go to bed, sad at heart, lonely, and miserable, and all the comfort my conscience gives me is, "You have brought it all upon yourself, and it serves you perfectly right." There is still a light in Mollie's sitting-room, so she has not gone to bed yet. Shall I go in and try to make it up with her? I hesitate outside the door, for has she not avoided me all day? As I am trying to summon up enough courage to knock, I hear a sound which fills me with dismay. She is crying, and crying bitterly too, though I can detect how she is trying to suppress it. Alack, alack a day! This will never do. She has never to my knowledge shed one tear since she has been under my roof—and it is I—I, who had the most sacred trust put into my hands that ever one man could give to another—who have caused her this bitter grief. Yes, I may as well own it, I have been wrong, and I deserve that every bad name in the dictionary should be hurled at me. Still, if regret and tender care can atone for my folly, they shall be tried without delay. So I walk in, nervous, excited, miserable, upset. Yes, as nervous as any raw boy making his first offer. And I see Mollie as I have never seen her before. Sitting at the table, with her pretty brown head laid down on it, crying as if her heart would break.

But the minute she sees me, she jumps up, and hides something carefully with both her hands. I pull myself together with an effort, and come straight to the point at once.

"Mollie, you know there is no such fool as an old one. I have been finding out since yesterday that I have been a most egregious one. We are all miserable, and the house is as dismal as if we all had the plague. As for the villagers, they will spend their last half-pennies in mourning if you go away. I see we can't spare you, dear. Not even for a month —far less for good. For good, indeed! Why, there would be search parties to find you and bring you back! Won't you forgive me, and let the whole wretched mistake blow over and be forgotten?"

Here I try to take her hands in mine, but a little to my surprise she resists. Then is she hard, after all, and vindictive? However, she does not look it, for there are no more tears, and a tender little smile is beginning to quiver round the corners of her lips. I take heart and try again—

"Mollie, won't you make allowances for such an old fossil as I am? Do you know I am beginning to find out that I have spent the very happiest year of my life since you came. But I did not guess it nor appreciate my good luck till I threw it away from me by my own utter folly. Now I do fast enough. And I declare if you go I shall enlist, or go into the merchant service"—(Mollie murmurs, "at fifty!")—"or be off to the gold diggings, or volunteer to go out as a missionary to a climate warranted to kill off its victims in a month. —Why—what have you got here?" for Mollie suddenly drops what she has been so carefully guarding—and though she makes a hasty dive after her treasure, I am too quick for her. The next moment I am holding in my hand a photograph. A photograph too of a man. Tall, straight, well set-up, good-looking. So this is the reason of Mollie's grief at leaving Helstonlee! Why, this is worst of all, and I feel my heart contract with a sudden jealous pang. I should like to tear the wretched picture into a hundred fragments. Rage, disappointment, grief, despair seize my heart; absolutely unreasonable, of course; but I am in no mood to be sensible. I turn in a fury to leave the room, for I dare not trust myself to speak, when I am arrested by hearing Mollie call me softly; and then, to my surprise and wrath, she goes off into a peal of laughter, which does not mend matters at all.

"Oh!" she says, when she can speak, "do look at that photograph once more. I always thought you took an interest in all my friends, and particularly——"

"Ah, yes," I interrupt angrily, "particularly in the man who wants, I suppose, to occupy a warmer position than that of a friend. Who is this man, Mollie?" (No answer.) "Do you love him?" (Pause.) "Do you?"

Then a very faint "Yes," and my last hope dies down.

"Well," I say gloomily, "I suppose I must wish you joy. For you say you love this man, and of course he loves you. They all do," I add forlornly.

"Ah, but," says Mollie eagerly, "it is just that. He doesn't. At least, I am afraid he doesn't. No one who loves someone else would want that someone to go away, would he?" says my little girl rather piteously.

Go away! A sudden wild idea comes into my mind, and I make another dash at the objectionable photograph. Mollie turns very red, and peeps over my shoulder.

"It isn't particularly flattering, is it?" she says. "Father always said it was a libel. But don't you remember the postscript in father's letter, and what the Colonel's wife——" But that sentence is destined never to be finished. In an instant she is in my arms, for the whole truth—the blessed, blessed wonderful truth—flashes across me. For the photograph in my hand is a photograph of myself, and only one short minute ago I had said, "Do you love this man?" and she had answered "Yes."

* * * * *

But she goes to Torquay after all. The Vicar's wife says she wants a holiday, and that Mollie must have some wedding-clothes. So I give her what she calls "six weeks' leave," which time she spends very happily in an occupation dear to the feminine soul—i.e., shopping. I am not so dull as might have been expected. There are frequent trains from Helstonlee to Torquay, and as my tenants are behaving pretty well, and are making no complaints as to the smokiness of their chimneys or the leakiness of their roofs, I manage to go over once or twice and see how Mollie is getting on. ("Really, Reginald," says someone, impertinently peeping over my shoulder, "I can't imagine how you can say such things! You know you came over every single day for the entire six weeks, and if it had not been for the Vicar's wife, I should have had no gown to be married in.")

Then, at the end of that time, the entire village takes leave of its senses. Decorations, arches, flowers, fun, and general excitement. Mollie is nearly buried in flowers, and I am half smothered in *confetti*. For the people have got back its darling and its treasure—("that's you," says the same person who spoke before) ——and are quite sensible of their good fortune. There is one person, however, who values his blessings more than the entire village put together, and that is the triumphant bridegroom.

[THE END]

GOOD SOUPS.

By the Author of "Scotch Cookery," etc.

EW housewives know the valuable properties contained in a plate of good soup; and consider it too troublesome to make, so that soup does not come so regularly in the daily bill of fare as it ought to.

It may be a little extra trouble to make, but quite worth it, and economical it certainly is in many cases, as nourishing soup can be made out of many bones that might otherwise be thrown away.

My intention is to give directions for making such soups, and also for others, which require meat in the stock and which might be considered more extravagant, but then the recipes for these will be found useful too, as finer soups are wanted sometimes.

Pea-Soup.—For stock take either the water a ham has been boiled in (if not too salt) or else get a ham bone, put it into a pot with about three quarts of cold water and let it boil. The previous night have steeping a large breakfast-cupful of yellow split-peas; add these to the boiling stock, a little bit of onion, pepper and salt to taste, and either a stick of celery (perhaps you have an outside piece which does nicely for soup) or else a teaspoonful of celery seed, tied up in a little bit of muslin. The celery flavour is a great improvement to this soup. Boil all together till the peas are soft, about three or four hours, then strain and rub all smooth through a sieve and return to the pot to get quite hot. This soup should be thickish, not watery, so be sure all the peas are well rubbed through to make it nice and smooth, Serve along with it toast, cut up into little dice, and dried mint taken with it, is supposed to make it more wholesome. Lentil soup can be made in much the same way and no stock is required, only water; but it really requires a good bit of butter, about the size of an egg, put in, and to my thinking, it has not the same nourishing and heat-giving properties in it.

Potato Soup is a general favourite. In making it, the small potatoes can be used, as they are often wasted, because they are so troublesome to pare.

Any beef or mutton bone will do, or even a bone can be had for a copper or two, and gives the required flavour. Put the bone in a pot and more than cover it with cold water. Add to these, a little bit of turnip, carrot and onion, and about two pounds of potatoes, pared, and if large cut into pieces. Put in pepper and salt to taste. Keep all boiling for three hours (if getting too thick a little boiling water will have to be added), stir pretty often to prevent it burning, and when the potatoes are reduced to a pulp, rub all through a sieve and return to the pot. Then when the soup has boiled up again, stir in a cupful of the red part of a carrot, grated. This is an improvement to the colour of the soup, but not actually needed. This soup also ought not to be thin, but have some "body" in it as old cooks call it.

Sheep's-Head Broth.—This is a capital soup for winter. Take a sheep's-head and the feet, wash them well in warm water, scraping any piece clean that may require it. Into a large pot put the head and feet and well cover them with cold water. When it begins to boil, add a good cupful of well-washed barley; half a large turnip, cut into small dice, two carrots similarly cut, a small onion, and half a pound of dried green peas, which have been steeped in water for twenty-four hours.

Skim carefully any scum that rises as the soup boils, add salt to taste and boil for three or four hours. The head and feet are lifted out, and served with boiled turnip round, and is a very nice dish.

Veal Broth is made in the same way only using about three pounds of knuckle of veal instead of the sheep's-head.

Rice and Parsley Soup is easily made. Make a stock of any bones you may have, adding a little bit of carrot, turnip or onion if you have it. Strain it, and put it into a pot, add a cupful of well-washed rice, pepper and salt to taste, and boil slowly for an hour-and-a-half. Have half a teacupful of finely-minced parsley in the tureen and pour the boiling soup over it, stir well and serve. Some people put the parsley into the pot and boil it a little, but the parsley then loses its bright green colour and the soup is not improved in any way. The white part of leeks, cut into quarter-inch lengths and boiled for an hour in the soup, makes a nice variety and has not such a "strong" flavour as leek soup, for those who object to the latter on that account.

Velvet Soup.—This is a very quickly-made soup, taking only about an hour. Put five ounces of good, well-washed tapioca into two quarts of cold water and bring gradually to boiling point, stirring all the while; simmer till the tapioca is tender (nearly an hour).

Beat two or three eggs in the soup tureen, and if you have it, half a teacupful of cream or good milk. Season the soup with pepper and salt, and when ready pour it boiling hot over the eggs in the tureen, stirring it quickly to prevent curdling. If wished a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley can be added as an improvement to the appearance of the soup.

Onion Soup.—Peel half-a-dozen good-sized onions, slice them, and fry them in a little butter till they are yellow, but not brown. Pour about three pints of water over them, and simmer gently till quite soft, then rub all through a coarse sieve. Put them back in the pot with about the same bulk in fine grated bread which has been soaked in milk. Add salt and pepper to taste, boil up, and if too thick add a little more milk. A large tablespoonful of grated cheese stirred in the moment before it is served gives a delicious flavour to this soup.

Spinach Soup.—Take a pound and a half of shin of beef and put it on to boil with ten breakfastcupfuls of water; when it boils up add half a pound of well-washed spinach, the stalks taken off and the leaves roughly cut up, a piece of carrot, turnip, and celery, or else celery-seed (in a bag), and an onion; a bit of parsley is also put in. Boil for fully two hours, then rub through a sieve and return to the pot with pepper and salt to taste, and a dessertspoonful of butter kneaded into a spoonful of flour. Boil up and serve with fried bread or toast cut into little square pieces. Green kale makes an excellent substitute for the spinach.

Maigre Soup.—Melt six ounces of butter in a pan, and add six onions sliced, and let them stew five or six minutes; add a head of celery, two handfuls of spinach, a small bunch of parsley, and two lettuces cut small. Stir for ten minutes, then add two quarts of water, some pieces of breadcrust, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil all for an hour and a half, and at the moment of serving add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Heat it up, but do not let it boil or it will curdle, and serve.

Parsnip Soup.—Take one pound of sliced parsnips, two ounces of butter, and one quart of stock (it need not be very strong), and pepper and salt. Stew the parsnips in a little butter, and let them simmer till soft. Then add the stock and boil together for half an hour; rub through a sieve and return to pot, add seasoning and one tablespoonful of cornflour mixed in a little milk, add to the boiling soup, stir and serve.

Vegetable Soup (plain).—Take six potatoes, two turnips, if large, and two onions, some leaves of celery, a large slice of bread, salt and pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sauce, and six quarts of water. Put the vegetables, cut up, into a pot, add the bread toasted rather

brown, and the water, salt, and pepper. Simmer for three hours till the vegetables are a pulp, and the stock reduced in quantity, and rub all through a sieve. It should be of the same consistency as pea-soup. Warm up again, add the sauce, and more salt if needed.

Carrot Soup.—Put three ounces of butter into a pan, let it melt, then add two pounds of carrots, sliced; let them stew gently till soft, but do not let them brown. Add the stock, and boil all together for nearly an hour, rub through a sieve, return to the pan, add pepper and salt to taste, and boil.

Clear Brown Soup.—Clear soup is certainly a deal more troublesome to make than any of the foregoing, but as it is one greatly used and also the foundation, if I may use the term, of many other soups, I shall give directions for the making of it. For the stock you require four pounds of hough, five pints of cold water, one fair-sized carrot, half a turnip, a good big onion, one stick of celery, the white of a leek, a sprig of parsley and thyme, a bay-leaf, a blade of mace, and half-a-dozen white peppercorns. Cut the meat in pieces from the bone, remove the marrow and any fat. Put into a large pot the water, meat, and bone, put in the vegetables peeled, but kept whole, and just before it boils add a pinch of salt (it helps to collect the scum on the surface). Simmer slowly for four or five hours, then strain through a bag or fine sieve into a basin, and leave in a cool place till next day. The following day take off very carefully any particle of fat on the surface, and wipe the top clean with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water. If any fat is left on the stock it destroys the clearness of the soup. The meat and vegetables can be boiled up again for an hour or two with sufficient water to quite cover them, and so make "second stock" (good enough for making some of the plainer soups). Take the clear stock, which will now be a jelly, and put back carefully into a pot, keeping out any sediment at the bottom of the basin. Add a little bit of lean meat and the shells of two or three eggs, taking care they are clean; as the soup heats, keep whisking it till it boils, then draw to the side, let it simmer a few minutes to clear and collect any scum, and remove it carefully as it rises; then pour all through a flannel jelly-bag, through which some boiling water has been poured. The soup will now be clear, and like dark sherry wine. Return to a clean pan, add salt to taste and a glass of sherry wine, and serve hot. Grated Parmesan cheese is often handed round with this soup.

Julienne Soup is simply carrot, turnip, and leeks (about two teacupfuls), cut into thin straws and boiled in salted water till tender, about five or ten minutes, drained and turned into the soup.

Spring Soup includes green peas and French beans, with the other vegetables. For this soup you can get tins of "macedoines," i.e., vegetables ready prepared for this soup, and they just require to be boiled up in the soup to heat them, as they are already cooked.

Royal Soup.—Beat up one egg, take half a teacupful of the clear soup, add it to the egg with a little pepper and salt. Butter a teacup, pour in the custard, cover with a paper, set the cup in a pan of boiling water and steam it for a quarter of an hour. Cut up into neat little squares, and add to a tureenful of boiling clear soup.

For variety a handful of crushed vermicelli can be boiled in clear soup till tender, and is then *Vermicelli Soup.*

Mulligatawny Soup.—Take ten breakfast-cupfuls of "second stock," the bones and any scraps of chicken, and as soon as it boils add two onions, a little bit of carrot and turnip, celery, parsnip and an apple, and either a small ham-bone or a quarter of a pound of ham. Boil for two hours, then strain. Put into the pot, washed out, a tablespoonful of butter, a dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and a teaspoonful of good chutney if you have it, also some salt to taste: add the strained stock, boil up once and serve hot with a dish of rice boiled and dry as for curry.

I have not given recipes for hare soup, cock-a-leekie, hotch-potch, and a few others, as I gave directions for these some time ago in "Scotch Cookery," but, at some other time, as there are many other soups I could give did space permit, I may repeat them for the benefit of those who have not the previous article. In the meantime I hope the directions I have given may be found clear and easy to follow, and I feel sure that soups will be found good and wholesome.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT seemed a very long time that the two prisoners waited alone, and it was indeed long enough for the momentary excitement to pass away, and for Cecil to realise how very little she had to support her, in spite of her valiant words, beyond her innate British pluck and a determination not to be bullied. Um Yusuf was not a comforting companion. She passed the time in giving utterance to doleful prognostications, covering most of the contingencies which could reasonably be expected to occur under the circumstances, and ending up with—

"Yes, mademoiselle, this quite fixed in my mind. Not you nor I shall eat one morsel nor drink one drop more in this house."

"Well," said Cecil, with a half-hearted attempt to turn the affair into a joke, "if we must choose between being starved and poisoned, Um Yusuf, I think the poisoning would be less painful in the end. It would certainly be quicker."

Um Yusuf gave a contemptuous sniff at her mistress's flippancy, and they waited in silence, until there was a sound of hurrying footsteps in the passage. The curtain was pulled aside, and Azim Bey darted in, radiant with smiles, while behind him appeared the faithful Masûd, grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh, mademoiselle, my dear mademoiselle!" cried the boy, rushing to kiss Cecil's hand. "They have brought you back at last, then? But you have been ill, they have ill-treated you? Ah! they shall pay for it. But all is right now."

"Not all, Bey," said Cecil, grieved that he should so soon have forgotten the tragedy of the Kurdish hills, but he was too much excited to listen.

"Come, mademoiselle, don't stay in this wretched place. You will trust yourself in the *kajavahs* once more, if I ride by the side of the mule? There is a ridiculous formality to go through, and I want to get it over. My grandmother has promised you in marriage to a certain man, and he will not accept his dismissal from any lips but your own. That will not take long to do, will it, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly not," said Cecil, astonished at this sudden development of affairs, and smiling down at her pupil as he led her out. But at the door he stopped, and looked her over with a dissatisfied face.

"Mademoiselle, your clothes are so old, so dusty. Have they taken away your other dresses?"

"I really have nothing but what I have on," said Cecil lightly. "Our luggage seems to have gone astray. It doesn't signify much, though, does it?"

"But it does, mademoiselle," returned Azim Bey, with deep seriousness. "I cannot bear that this man should see you so poorly dressed. You have to speak to him, you know."

"Well," said Cecil, "the Um-ul-Pasha sent me a dress this morning, which I refused to touch. If you like, I will put it on, though it scarcely seems fair to wear the dress she meant for a wedding to refuse the bridegroom in. What do you think?"

"Oh, mademoiselle, it is excellent. Do go and put it on at once. I will wait, only do make haste. I am dancing with excitement."

Cecil went away smiling to the room where she had passed the night, and with Um Yusuf's help, no time was lost in putting on the rejected dress. Over all came the great white sheet in which it had been wrapped, replacing the old blue wrapper, and Cecil returned to her pupil, who, if not actually dancing, was certainly fidgeting with impatience.

"At last, mademoiselle! Oh, come, come."

"But where are we going, Bey?" asked Cecil.

"To the Palace, of course, mademoiselle. Where else should we go?"

"But isn't this Mosul?" she cried. Azim Bey laughed uproariously.

"But, mademoiselle, it is Baghdad—our own beautiful Baghdad."

"But the people all talked Kurdish," gasped Cecil.

"Because you came down from the mountains with the harem of Khalil Khan, the Kurdish chief, who is to remain here as a hostage for his tribe, mademoiselle."

"But where are they now?"

"In the rooms at the other side of this house, mademoiselle. The Um-ul-Pasha arranged that you should be lodged quite alone this last night."

A flood of further questions was trembling on Cecil's lips, but the courtyard had now been reached, and the mule-litter was waiting. Cecil and Um Yusuf were helped into their accustomed seats, to carry on during the ride an incoherent conversation, marked by bursts of enlightenment as fresh confirmations of Azim Bey's words occurred to them. Arrived at their destination, the Bey met them again, and seizing Cecil's hand as soon as she had dismounted, hurried her through rooms and passages in breathless haste.

"Oh, by-the-bye, mademoiselle," he said, as they entered the house, "it was the Um-ul-Pasha's special wish that I should tell you that the gentleman you are going to see is the one she meant you to marry."

"So I understood," said Cecil, much perplexed.

"Oh, well, you can believe it or not, as you like, mademoiselle."

"Bey, what do you mean?" demanded Cecil, pausing to look back and see whether Um Yusuf was following. "Why shouldn't I believe it when you told me so yourself?"

"Oh, never mind, mademoiselle, only come. It is all right now—all right," he repeated. "My heart is almost bursting, I am so happy."

"But why?" asked Cecil.

"I can't help it, mademoiselle, I scarcely know what to do. Now draw your veil close, we are coming to the *selamlik*. Dear mademoiselle," and he stopped suddenly, "you have quite forgiven me—you are sure—for *his* death?"

"Dear boy, why do you remind me of this just now?" asked Cecil, the tears rising to her eyes once more. "I have forgiven you long ago."

"I knew it, mademoiselle, but I wanted to hear you say it again. Go into that room," and Azim Bey dashed off with something like a sob.

Sorely puzzled, Cecil advanced in the direction he indicated, and drew aside the curtain over the doorway. Through the mist of her tears, she saw a gaunt, dark-bearded man, wearing the regulation frock-coat and fez, standing with his back to her and looking out of the window.

"An Armenian!" she said to herself, perceiving at once the unwelcome suitor whom she was to put out of his misery. "Monsieur——"

The man turned round, and Cecil stood awe-struck and speechless. Had that rocky grave in the mountains of Kurdistan given up its dead? She dropped the curtain, and staggered blindly across the floor with outstretched hands.

"*Charlie?*" she gasped tremblingly.

The room was reeling with her, but strong arms caught her as she nearly fell, and the voice she had thought never to hear again was in her ears.

"Cecil, my own darling, look at me.

Don't cry so dreadfully; it breaks my heart. Have I frightened you so much?"

"They told me you were dead," she murmured, when she could still the long-drawn sobs which broke from her in the stress of that first recognition.

"And they told me you were going to marry another fellow," he retorted quickly, "but I never believed it. Still, I never thought I should see you again, my dearest girl."

"But Hanna saw you killed—at least, he saw you dead."

"I don't know how he managed it," said Charlie, in his driest tones.

"Nor do I," cried Cecil, with a burst of hysterical laughter. "But you must have been wounded, Charlie. You could never have been thrown down that cliff without being hurt. Besides, he saw you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Charlie. "Have you and Hanna been concocting horrors between you? Don't you believe now that I am alive?"

"But I have seen it," persisted Cecil, "over and over again."

"Oh, this is hopeless," said Charlie. "Leave it alone for the present, my darling, and let us puzzle it out afterwards. Taking it for granted that I am alive, are you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Oh, Charlie!" Cecil's tone was answer enough.

"Let me look at you, dear," she said, after a blissful pause, and raising her head from his shoulder she scanned his face. Very thin, very bright-eyed, very weather-beaten, it was the face of the old Charlie still, but there seemed to her to be in it a strength and a purpose which it had lacked in former days.

"And you, Cecil? You have been ill, I'm certain. Been crying over me, thinking I was dead, poor little girl?" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, what do I signify?" she cried. "Tell me about yourself, Charlie. Where have you been?"

"In the hills, slave to an old brute of a Kurd named Ismail Khan Beg. They didn't treat me badly at first, except that they took away my own clothes, and gave me some of their old ones to wear. When a Kurd has done with his things, Cecil, I can tell you they are rags and something more—ugh! Well, they got rather fond of me, because I doctored them a little, and so on, but it didn't do me much good after all, for old Ismail took it into his head to offer to adopt me as his heir, if I would become a Mohammedan and join the tribe. There was a giddy pinnacle of success for you, Cecil! but I didn't mount it, and they all turned rusty. The less said about the last few months the better——"

"My dear brave boy," murmured Cecil.

"Well, one day a messenger came from the Pasha, demanding that I should be given up to him. It sounded rather like a death-sentence, remembering the circumstances under which I left Baghdad, but anything was better than the life I was leading, so I came away in durance vile. I was brought down here under a very strong guard, with that fiend Karalampi at the head. It was he who told me that lie about you, and of course I didn't believe it, but when you cried so on seeing me I couldn't tell what to think. Then I was put in prison here, but this morning they fetched me out and gave me fresh clothes and let me have a bath. I know now just how Joseph felt when he was taken out of prison and brought before the king, though Ahmed Khémi in an awful funk isn't exactly regal."

"Take care. There's someone coming," said Cecil, moving hastily to the window, away from Charlie.

"Who cares?" he asked, following

her immediately, just as the curtain at the doorway was drawn aside, and M. Karalampi appeared, escorting Lady Haigh.

"I have the happiness of bringing about a family reunion, M. le docteur," observed the Greek to Charlie, as Cecil and her friend rushed into each other's arms. Charlie shrugged his shoulders. In this moment of happiness he could afford to disregard even M. Karalampi, provided he did not make himself too objectionable.

"And now, Cecil darling," pursued Lady Haigh, when she had bestowed a sounding embrace and a burst of tears on Charlie, "come back with me."

"But am I not to stay here?" asked Cecil in amazement.

"Not unless you wish to become an inmate of the harem for the space of your natural life," said Lady Haigh. "Why, my dear child, Christmas is over, and your engagement here is terminated. I suppose you will soon be homeward bound, but I must have you for a little while at the Residency first."

"Allow me to have the felicity of escorting Mdlle. Antaza," said M. Karalampi, as Lady Haigh turned to descend to the courtyard. He offered his arm to Cecil, but Charlie was before him.

"Thank you, but you shall not come between us again," he said, and M. Karalampi was fain to practise his chivalry on Lady Haigh.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON WORK AMONG THE POOR.

The Model of True Work.

When a lady makes up her mind to work among the poor, she must realise that it is work, and so she must be prepared for a very great deal that is hard indeed to endure. Let us suppose that she has given herself up to this work; left her home and her society of "equals"; given up her hours of leisure, and, full of enthusiasm, commenced her work among the poor. Different people, of course, work on different methods, but surely Christ teaches us the true way. His method was simple, as all His teaching was. He gave up His life to the people and became one with them. He did not appear to preach to them from a higher level, then retire into the mysterious seclusion of a life socially apart from theirs. His work was among them, but so was also His joy and His leisure. He was not always teaching and preaching, but always His influence and example were before them. Can we find a better model? I think no one should attempt such work unless they feel they must do it. No mere fancied liking, or even the desire to do good will carry them through all that they have to undergo. Nothing short of the feeling that they are impelled to it.

Probably none of your equals will understand or altogether sympathise with this entire method of work. You will be judged "peculiar" or "fanatical." That is a very small matter. In such work you will soon learn to rely only on what you believe to be right as God shows you. The opinions of other people must not sway you. You must act upon your own, under God, ever praying for clear vision.

Ways of Working.

Do the work joyously, showing that you love it. The knowledge that you really love to go and see them, to listen to them, to advise and help them, is a great source of pride to the people and a strong and sure link. I have heard them speak so sadly of those who plainly showed by their manner that it was only work and duty that induced them to visit the poor; and I have also heard them speak with genuine pleasure and pride of those who showed that the work was their joy.

Never be in a hurry. An excellent little motto always to bear in mind is this: "The one that wants me is the one I want." But here, of course, one has to exercise a good deal of tact and patience, and a vast amount of self-control.

Never try to force confidence. Go in simply as a friend and talk naturally about everyday matters.

I have a great horror of flinging religion at people. It does far more harm than good. If the conversation tends that way certainly use the opportunity; if it does not, wait God's time.

There are always some you will be able to influence far more than others. It is said by some that you should not make favourites. I myself have a conviction that the ones to whom you feel most drawn, are the ones for whom God has given you a special charge. But in this matter people must judge for themselves.

Work Among Men and Boys.

This is chiefly woman's kingdom. In most parishes I know it is considered the important duty of the clergy; and nobly and unselfishly do many of them perform that duty. But there are qualities in every man and boy that only a woman's influence can bring out and develop; and the noblest and finest chords in man's nature can only be played upon by the gentle influence of a woman.

In the first place the roughest and most brutal of the male sex are completely disarmed by the presence among them of a lady. A man, clergyman, or philanthropist though he may be, is but a man to them, and they measure him very much by their own standards, and treat him in many cases with scant ceremony. A man is seldom able to civilise or humanize them.

But a lady! There is an air of mystery about her. She is altogether quite different from anyone they have ever been in contact with before. The first effect she has upon them is wonder, mingled with a rough and clumsy embarrassment. Then comes a sense of pleasure and pride that "she should really care for the likes of we." Gradually they learn, and learn simply from her presence among them, to control themselves. Bad words must be hushed in her presence; conversation must be fit for her to hear; rough games must not be indulged in as she is not used to them; soiled hands must be washed, hair brushed, and clothes made tidy. These are the first signs of better things, and all these things come as by instinct even to the roughest, without a word having been spoken. Chivalry towards women is simply inherent in all men, and actions such as these are the tribute they bestow upon womanhood. I have known and been among men and boys of all kinds—some reported so rough and bad that I have been advised not to go near them. But this is advice which I never take, and, so far at least, have never regretted not taking. I cannot claim to have done any grand or prominent work among men or boys. I have been with them a good deal as a friend, teacher and companion, and so have got, as it were, "behind the scenes."

I have often noticed boys who have been in some of the numerous homes for incorrigibles or waifs. I have thought what a splendid work for women lies in those homes. Why should they be left entirely to the influence of men, these who need so much to be civilised? Gentleness and love are powers that simply subdue the roughest and most heedless. They are the levers that uplift all true woman's work.

A lady has some peculiar attraction for the men, when they get over their first clumsy shyness. Her very weakness is her strongest power over them. The socialistic spirit so growingly prevalent nowadays is in no way aroused by her presence. They will circle round her, watch her every movement, listen to her every word, and go away to talk over what they have heard, and to try to do in their way what "she says is right."

Things to be Remembered.

Do not get discouraged if you see no results of your work. In this world we shall never know how much or how little we have done. Take each day from God the amount of seed that He permits you to sow. If He bids you cast it on stony, sterile places, what is that to you? No true work is ever done while we are anxious for results. Indeed that anxiety is often the devil's hook baited with the desire that your good work may be "seen of men."

At home a woman is always a private individual. But when she takes up this work she becomes public property. She is watched, talked about, imitated by a few, criticised by all, loved, possibly by one or two, hated by some. She is quite certain to be misrepresented, and misunderstood, and spoken against. At first this is dreadful to bear, but in time it really becomes part of the work, and one ceases to care. God is the Judge.

Do not be in a hurry to give to the people. They are sure to tell you pitiful tales and to try to get what they can from you. Do not blame them altogether for this. It is mostly the fault of the rich, who, through indiscriminate giving, have pauperised them. It is a fatal thing for them to know that anything can be had just for the asking. Try always to rouse in them a sense of self-respect and independence. The feelings can be cultivated. Of course there are cases that ought to be helped—some few where help

really does good; but do not let sentiment overcome you. Think of the consequences. You like to be spoken of as "a kind-hearted lady." It is very pleasant, no doubt, but think well what you are doing. You are simply robbing the people of independence, and giving them instead a fawning servility before your face, and behind your back a laughing sense of contempt for you, and a determination to take as much as they can get, coupled with a growing dislike of hard work. Two illustrations of this came under my notice not long since. Two children of a man, lazy and drunken, fell sick. The doctor ordered beef-tea, milk, and other nourishing things. A "kind lady" was at once appealed to, and abundantly responded to the appeal. Soon after the man got work but still went on drinking, and weeks after the "kind lady" was still supplying milk and soup. Remonstrated with about his drinking habits, the man replied that it hurt nobody, as his wife and children were well looked after; adding with a laugh at the "kind lady"—"As long as she keeps on the nourishment I can go on drinking."

For another sick case port-wine had been ordered. A lady also supplied this. Coming home with the usual supply one day, the child let the bottle fall and broke it, spilling the wine. Sympathisers came flocking around. "Oh, never mind!" said the child, quite unmoved, "there's plenty more in the cellar where that came from!"

The longer I work the more strongly am I convinced that this system of giving is just ruining the people. It is a form of utter selfishness. It is, as a matter of fact, easier to give than to withhold. But every time you indulge this inclination, look well to it, else you will help largely to encourage pauperism. For if you help one, two more will spring up with equal rights, according to their ideas. These also helped, claimants will be multiplied in proportion. It is far harder to work without giving, or giving only to rare cases; nevertheless the work is truer and will last longer in the end. Be liked for what you are, and not for what you give. So will your influence reach further and be more lasting, and even the people will come to see that there are things of more worth than money and what money can get.

Never let them think they bore or weary you. Do listen patiently, and with a heart of sympathy. Let them find you always ready to do what you can, always ready to go where you are wanted. Practice what you would preach, always remembering that though your classes be well-attended, your readings well-chosen, your talks "up-lifting," that it is your quiet influence which goes furthest and penetrates deepest. Those whom you never notice or think of, are watching you, and are influenced in some way by the way you live your life.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

F. M. C.—If you attend a school of art, and wish to make a living out of designing, you had better obtain information at that school, the head instructor of which may give you some addresses. There is a Woman's School of Art in Liverpool. In London, there may be an opening at Messrs. Simpson, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. You might write there.

D. L.—The principal works of our greatest sculptor in wood, Grinling Gibbons, are to be seen in the "oak room" offices of the New River Waterworks (the house built in 1613). Not only are the ceiling, wainscot, and chimney-piece of his exquisite workmanship, but the furniture likewise. There is a fine example to be seen in the Herald's College, Queen Victoria Street, consisting principally of a chimney-piece. In the provinces, the students should visit Chatsworth, Burleigh, Petworth and Southwick Park. No doubt work of his may also be seen in some of our abbey churches and cathedrals. You would do well to obtain a view of some or all of these beautiful works of art, as a valuable aid in the course of your studies.

Eighteen.—We cannot tell the value of your piece of wedgwood from your description. The only valuable examples are those by Josiah W., and that consists of two kinds, with blue ground and opal medallions of classical subjects, and the biscuit-coloured china, with a glaze of extreme beauty.

Ethel.—For screen-painting in oil colours see *Home Handicrafts* published at this office, also the *Girls' Own Indoor Book* for some of the other articles.

Florence.—If you obtain a camera at any good shop instruction would be given gratis.

Pantagruel.—At Mr. Blackburne's Art Studios, Victoria Street, Westminster, instruction in drawing for the Press, or advice on the subject.

An Anxious One.—Your drawings are very fair copies of the originals, but you are not sufficiently advanced at present for us to give you a decided opinion. To be a good draughts-woman you must draw from models not "from the flat." Copy all the objects you see around you, china, articles of furniture, etc., and attend an Art School, if possible.

Marian.—We have read your description of the old manor house with much interest. The tapestry is probably French. The painter, Charles Lebrun, was born at Paris, March 22nd, 1619. His first picture was "Louis XIII. à cheval," which seems to have been done in his teens. In 1642 he went to Rome, and returned in 1648, after which all his great religious pictures were painted. Under Louis XIV. Colbert placed him at the head of the Gobelins tapestry manufactory. He died in 1690. His great decorative paintings are at Versailles, and the Louvre, and show his wonderful power of mingling the picturesque details of fable and history. No doubt both the picture and the tapestry are Lebrun's designing and painting.

Julia.—1. The most ancient of our English paintings is a portrait of Chaucer. It was painted on a panel about the year 1380, and one of Henry IV. comes next in age, dating 1405. Of course, there are others of greater antiquity than ours.—2. The phrase "within an ace," means that he who wins does so within the smallest fraction of losing, because "an ace" denotes the lowest numeral "one," otherwise, we say, "within a hair's breadth" of winning or losing, or escape from any possible chance, good or bad.

MUSIC.

Engo di Santafior.—Without inquiring ourselves, we feel sure that there is a resident English chaplain at Leipzig. This you may ascertain from any of our societies engaged in supplying them to foreign stations where our country people reside for health, musical and other branches of education. When you have obtained the full address, write direct asking him to excuse the trouble given; say you hope to become residents, and ask him to supply you with all the local information you require.

Viola.—The most distinguished manufacturer of violin-bows was a Frenchman, François Tourte of Paris, and the highest price a bow of his (or of any other manufacturer ever obtained) was fifty guineas. This sum was paid for one by the Joachim Presentation Fund Committee; another by the same maker was obtained by Mr. A. Ebsworth Hill at an auction held in the Hôtel Druot, Paris, in 1887, knocked down to him for francs to the amount of £44. For a violin, known as the "Salubue Stradivari," the highest price ever paid was given by Mr. R. Crawford of New Park, Trinity, near Edinburgh, viz., £2000. We may add that it is said the City of Pittsburg (Penn.) stands on ground once given in exchange for a violin.

Tootsie.—You are not too old to begin the study of the violin at eighteen; but you will have to practice very hard to attain to any degree of proficiency. Be sure to find a good master. Your extreme nervousness proceeds probably from weak health. Select something short and easy when you are asked to play before people, and perform it slowly, without hurry or scrambling.

Nesta.—We sympathise much with you; but we think the only way to do is to consult the master who has given you lessons as to the worth and character of your voice, and act on his advice. No good singing can be attained without proper training.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Dolly.—The French method of cleaning white or delicately-coloured paint is to use whiting. Make some into a thin smooth paste, like thick cream, and apply, rubbing it all over well; then leave it to dry, and rub off with a dry towel.

R. E. H.—Castor sugar is the kind of fine sugar used at table for fruit or puddings; while icing-sugar is a very extra-fine powdery kind, used only for icing cakes.

Anxious Housekeeper does not say whether she has to pay for coals and light, wages and wine, out of her £5 a week. If she pays none of these things, then we think she should be able to manage, with care, to cater for her "nine in family," of which two are children.

"Distressed One" and G. B. B.—To remove spots of grease from paper, heat an iron, and having placed blotting-paper on both sides of the spot, lightly touch it with the iron, changing the blotting-paper as it becomes saturated with the grease. Have ready some heated turpentine, warm the leaf a little, and then with a soft clean brush wet the spot with it. Lastly, brush over the place (with another brush) dipped in spirits of wine, and the grease will disappear. We should try rubbing-in a little French chalk with the point of the finger instead of the foregoing troublesome method.

Mabel B.—The vinegar is used to make the toffee crisp, and also to improve the flavour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M. H. Moore.—We regret to say we have no writing to offer you on this magazine.

"Tam O' Shanter."—"The four perfect women" so styled by Mahomet, were Asiah, the cruelly prosecuted wife of Pharaoh Menephthah, thirteenth son of Rameses II., of the 19th Dynasty, on whom the plagues of Egypt fell, and who ill-treated the queen because she forsook the Egyptian faith. The second was the Blessed Virgin, of whom he said "she had been exalted above all the women of the world," and the third and fourth were his own first wife, Khadijah ("a princess among women,") and Fatima his beloved daughter. We think we might easily extend the small list.

A. E. and E. A. Lighton.—There are no such institutions, with the exception of two or three purely local ones, for natives of special parishes, resident a certain number of years in service in the same. You had better write to Mr. C. Stuart Thorpe, office of the Female Servants' Home Society, 79, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Rewards are given to servants who remain a certain time in the same situation,—engaged from this institution. Also, apply to the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W. Mr. William Sly, Secretary.

Bowgen.—Grey hair is often hereditary, and sometimes the result of severe "brow-ague," and neuralgic headaches. We cannot recommend any method of cure, and certainly no description of dye. See all that "Medicus" has written in our paper on the care of the hair.

Carrie.—Four-leaved clover is often to be found; but four-leaved shamrock is exceedingly rare. This latter grows in a different form; and is a trailing plant, consisting of sprays—not of upright, separate leaves, like the clover—and the leaves are very much smaller.

Pansy and Violet.—Yes, there are "such things as ghosts," for each of you has a ghost inside you, which you should endeavour to keep in good order. "Jack" and the "Lady Warrenne," were, probably, one and the same person. If the good lady's picture were taken down and removed to mamma's room, "Jack" would not be able to frighten the "little sister" again.

Buttercup.—We do not approve of clandestine correspondence, and cannot help you to act in so undutiful a way to your parents. Ask yourself, in every step you take in life, "Will this please my Heavenly Father?"

Cassie.—You must be living in an unwholesome locality or under very insanitary conditions. We can only advise you to consult a doctor. Good living and complete change of air,—to the seaside, if living inland,—or up on the top of a hill, where there is pure bracing air, is all that we could recommend. You may also need a tonic; but this should only be taken under a doctor's advice.

Regina.—See our answer to "Molly." Perhaps you might obtain some information and advice from Miss Younghusband, at the Gentlewoman's Employment Club, at 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W. We do not know your condition in life, nor your private circumstances, whether very straitened or otherwise. But you can give an account of yourself, and obtain advice in return.

Emily and Lizzie.—October 10th, 1876, was a Tuesday, and March 7, 1878, was a Thursday.

Laurence.—May 11th, 1794, was a Sunday. Your letter was only written in November, and you could not have an answer that same month.

REPLIES TO OFTEN-ASKED QUESTIONS.

The best way of making Turpentine Compresses.—Take a piece of flannel folded four times and pour turpentine over it till it is saturated, then dip it into boiling water and wring dry and apply when hot.

How often should the Teeth be Cleaned?—The teeth should be cleaned at least twice a day, once in the morning and again before going to bed. If the breath smells bad, or there is a nasty taste in the mouth, they ought, in addition, to be washed after every meal. The teeth should never be scrubbed, but gently rubbed with a badger-haired brush or a piece of flannel. Any tooth-powder answers the purpose, those that contain carbolic acid or other disinfectant being preferable. The following is an exceedingly good preparation, especially if the teeth have a tendency to decay:—

Powdered orris root, powdered cuttle bone, powdered hard soap B. P., of each 1 drachm; carbonate of calcium, carbonate of magnesium, of each 2 ounces; oil of cloves 15 minims, attar of roses 5 minims.

The mouth should always be rinsed out at the same time with some mild wash as the following:—

Borax 1 ounce, glycerine 2 ounces, rose-water 1 pint.

If the gums bleed readily a wash containing myrrh is better than a powder, as this drug hardens the gums. The following are two of the best preparations.

Tincture of myrrh 2 ounces, boracic acid ½ ounce, rose-water 1 pint; this to be used pure, or equal parts of tincture of myrrh and glycerine of borax. This is sold by every chemist under the name of "tincture of myrrh and borax," and is to be used diluted with three or four times its bulk of water.

One cannot be too careful about the teeth; any decayed ones should be at once seen to, and any stumps ought to be removed as soon as possible, otherwise they may cause great annoyance and set up serious disease of the tongue or mouth.

What is Quassia Wood, and why is it so useful in destroying Vermin?—The quassia chips of commerce are the heart wood of a tree which grows in tropical America. The wood is dried and then split into billets and exported. Before being sold it is broken up into small fragments, which are of a pale yellow colour with a well-marked grain and very soft and friable. The wood is inodorous but possesses an intensely bitter taste, on which account it is used in medicine as a bitter and tonic. It is used to destroy vermin chiefly in woodwook, and was formerly much used to scrub wooden bedsteads; for this purpose the wood is placed in hot water, about one part of the wood by weight to forty parts of hot water, roughly about a quarter-of-a pound of the chips to a pail of hot water, and the floors, etc., are scrubbed with this infusion. Its merits as an insectifuge depend upon its bitter principle. It is not often used now, having given way to carbolic acid, or chloride of lime, which are much more efficacious.

Are Plants in a Bedroom injurious to Health?—There is no objection to shrubs in the bedroom provided there are not too many of them, and the room is well-ventilated; a few green plants improve the atmosphere of the room by absorbing the carbonic acid which is exhaled by the lungs.

Certain plants, however, are highly noxious, as indeed are the majority of flowers, if kept in an ill-ventilated room; such plants as, for instance, laurels, bulb-plants, especially lilies, jasmine, etc., load the air with their perfume, which although pleasant in small quantities, becomes sickening and heavy after a time, producing headache and drowsiness on awakening, and occasionally far more serious symptoms. Fruit has the same properties, and on this account should never be kept in bedrooms.

The bedroom should be as large and airy as possible, and in all weather the window should be left open for the whole day, and it is advisable to leave it open a little during the night in summer-time, and in the winter also if it can be borne.

Is Organ-playing bad for Girls?—Organ playing is not injurious to either sex, indeed it is a healthy though a fatiguing occupation. It exercises the muscles of the hands and renders them delicate and precise. The movements of the legs in working the pedals are natural ones, being almost identical to those of walking.

Is the Warming-pan a healthful Institution?—The warming-pan is certainly a useful and sometimes a necessary utensil; but like all useful things if used carelessly, it does more harm than good, and for this reason has been almost completely given up for the hot-water bottle. The warming-pan is most useful in country places, especially if they be damp and the beds are not in constant use. Linen always attracts damp, and in rainy weather gets quite wet, and wet sheets are very injurious to the health. If the warming-pan is used properly, it dries and warms the linen of the bed, thus removing a great danger to colds, etc. If it is used carefully, it does no harm to the sheets, but if improperly used, it burns the bed-clothes and fills the bed with ashes and cinders. Comparing it with the hot-water bottle, it has the advantage in every respect. It warms and dries the bed all over, which the hot bottle does not; it does not burn one part of body and leave the rest cold, and it does not leak and saturate the clothing, which in even the best-made bottles only too frequently occurs.

Is Exercise before Breakfast harmful or the reverse?—A walk before breakfast is decidedly hygienic to people in good health; it improves the appetite, invigorates the system, and removes drowsiness. The walk should not be too long, else even robust people may become faint. Other bodily exercises are good, but walking is certainly the best.

If a person is not in very good health they may not be able to endure exercise before breakfast; this is especially common in overworked, or delicate girls, yet it is to such persons that a morning stroll is most beneficial. It is best for such people to walk in the garden for a few minutes before breakfast, and gradually accustoming themselves to take outdoor exercise in the early morning; this alone will often greatly improve their health and brace up the nervous system. They should then commence to take very short walks, and gradually lengthen them, never going sufficiently far to tire themselves, or produce faintness.

Is Soap bad for the Hair, and if so, how should the Hair be cleaned?—The constant use of some soap for the hair is undoubtedly harmful as it splits and decolourizes it. The best method of washing the hair is with the yolk of an egg, or with diluted glycerine or carbolic acid; whichever substance is used, the head must be washed free from it with warm water. If carbolic acid is used, a solution of one in eighty is about the best strength, and great care should be taken that it does not get into the eyes. It is extremely important that the head should be thoroughly dried, and the hair left down for at least an hour after washing it. Long hair should not be washed too often, otherwise it becomes thin and colourless.

Is Typewriting as injurious to the Health, as ordinary Writing by Hand?—The chief harm in handwriting lies in the position, and in the muscular and nervous exhaustion produced by writing for too long at a sitting; the former is injurious because it embarrasses the heart and lungs and may lead to corpulency, the second because it produces that terrible affection known as writer's cramp. In typewriters, the position being erect is much less injurious than that of hand-writers, who lean over their work, they are also less liable to writer's cramp, though this is by no means unknown in people who use the typewriter for many hours at a time. But in typewriting there is an additional unhealthy factor, the constant shuffling noise which some people never get used to, and which produces constant headache. If a good thick cork pen is used for handwriting, the liability to cramp is much reduced, and if writing is done at a desk, the awkward position is done away with, so on the whole there is little to choose between handwriting and typewriting.

My mother frequently suffers from headache, and finds great relief in sponging her head with eau de Cologne. Is this advisable, and does it change the colour of the hair, if so, is it better to dilute it?—Your mother probably suffers from indigestion or is otherwise out of health, and had better consult a medical man. Constant headaches can nearly always be cured by attention to the general health, and removing the cause, if this be possible, without any local means. When they are produced by slight causes, such as oversleep, too much work, or the glare of the sun, such drugs as phenacetin, antipyrin, or potassium bromide will relieve them. As a local application, eau de Cologne is said to be very soothing, but, if used too often, it renders the hair brittle and colourless; diluting it with an equal quantity of water, partly, though not entirely removes this inconvenience. It is best therefore, not to use eau de Cologne for headache at the back or top of the head. An excellent preparation for those parts is—equal parts of toilet vinegar and water; ordinary white vinegar answers the purpose fairly well, if the other be not at hand.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE "CITY OF WELLS"

AND ITS ROMANTIC SURROUNDINGS.

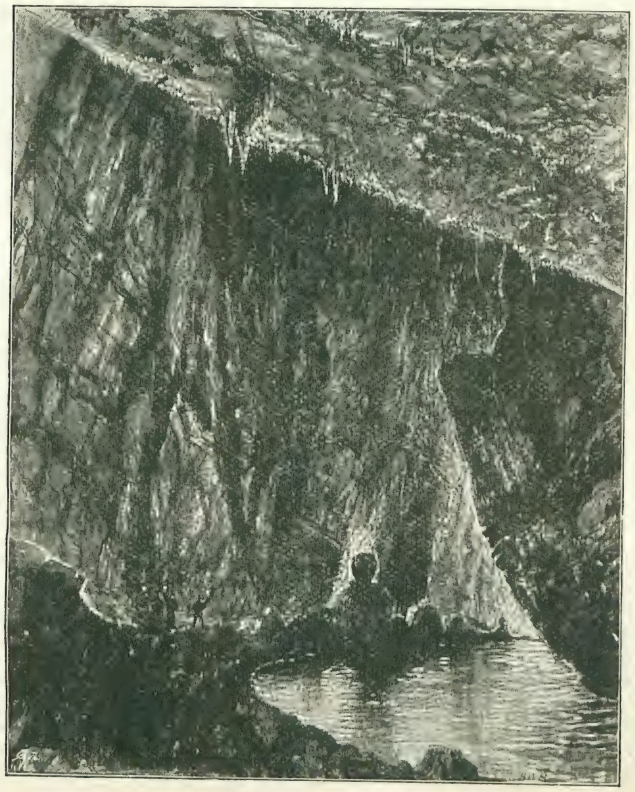
PART II.

THE surroundings of Wells are truly delightful. The town stands in a bowery valley, and the views as one ascends the hills, looking back upon the town, especially from the east and north, present a combination of landscape and architecture such as is certainly not to be surpassed by any town in England.

A drive from Wells to Cheddar, through Priddy, gives one an excellent idea of the extraordinary variety of scenery to be met with in this part of Somersetshire. It commences through the richly-wooded vale of Wells, and then ascends the hills, the road becoming like one of the beautiful drives in Devonshire. Further on and still ascending we find ourselves at the top of a vast amphitheatre of hills, some conical in form and others having rocky precipices and escarped sides. At last we reach the Downs, where one might imagine oneself in the bleakest part of Cumberland. The air, which hitherto has been mild and genial, becomes suddenly a mighty wind blowing like a tornado, but immensely invigorating. Priddy, it must be acknowledged, has a somewhat gloomy appearance. Agriculture is certainly carried on under exceptional difficulties owing to its bleak and exposed site, and the lead-mines do not seem so prosperous as they were formerly, if we may judge from the number of cottages which are ruined and roofless.

THE CHEDDAR CLIFFS.

Passing on further the whole surface of the land looks covered with stone and small boulders, when suddenly, without any preparation, the road descends rapidly into one of the most magnificent rocky defiles in Europe. So strange, so unexpected, is the sight which opens to view, that one can at first scarcely imagine it to be reality. Vast rocky cliffs, four hundred feet high, rear their jagged and weather-worn crags on every side, while from the centre of the valley, vast, isolated, rocky pinnacles rise like spires. The road winds in and out in a serpentine way so as to avoid these gigantic obstructions. The glen extends for about a mile and a half, and in places appears so enclosed as to present no outlet. This most marvellous freak of nature terminates as abruptly as it commences, for, when



WOOKEY HOLE.

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one gets to the Cheddar end of the ravine, the rocks disappear and we are in a pretty village with a clear river overshadowed by orchards and rich verdant hills and glades like some pretty district in Suffolk. A more remarkable transition we never remember to have seen anywhere, and, even if their intrinsic beauty were not so wonderful, the strange contrast would alone make the Cheddar cliffs worthy of a visit. We have attempted feebly to describe the grandeur of nature and her extraordinary variety, but we must now say a few words about the strange curiosities which have been discovered in this gorge. Until half a century back, it was not suspected that these rocks contained perhaps the most remarkable series of caverns in England abounding in stalactites, stalagmites and other strange and fantastic objects. Perhaps it is a little unfortunate for romance that these caves have become regular show places, with the usual accompaniments of gas, showmen, touts, etc. However, it would certainly have been difficult to exhibit them without the gas, etc.

The formations are most remarkable, in some places looking exactly like poached eggs, joints of beef, turkeys, curtains, and other wild and eccentric feats of nature. There is a very remarkable fact about the stalactites and stalagmites, many of them meeting except for a gap of one inch or so. Now, although careful notice and measurement have been taken from time to time in the earliest discovered cavern, not one fragment of an inch has been diminished in the distance between them, though the water still continues to drip. To the mind of the writer this would seem to prove that these strange objects were not formed very gradually, but were the result of some sudden and fearful eruption, and the vitrified surface which covers nearly every object would certainly point to the presence of intense heat.

Another very interesting district, only some three miles from Wells, is called Wookey Hole. This is a valley with a river running along it, upon following up which, one leaves the high road and passes a huge paper mill, when we are met by one of those strange surprises which have so singular an effect upon the mind in this part of Somersetshire. Suddenly, and with scarcely any preparation, the valley is abruptly closed by a vast rock some two hundred feet high, through a cavernous arch in the centre of which rushes the river. Of course all further progress is stopped, without one has procured the services of a guide, with candles, etc., from a cottage near the mill. If this precaution has been taken, the guide will open a small door in the face of the rock, and, lighting candles, will conduct one down a rough staircase cut in the rock. This leads to a low-browed passage, which opens out into one of the most striking-looking caverns to be found anywhere. It consists of a series of vast rocky chambers, united together by passages, the largest and most important of which is weird in the extreme. A huge shelving rock forms the ceiling of one portion, but beyond this is a vast domical roof, rising so high as in some places to disappear altogether from view. The river runs through this cavern, and from its bed rise some of the strangest-looking objects conceivable. One of these is a great black rock, in form like the head and shoulders of some hideous woman—another one bears an equally strange resemblance to a sleeping dog.

It is customary for the guide to pour some naphtha over the large rock and set fire to it, when the ghastly resemblance and the singularly uncanny effect is still more remarkable. One is not surprised to hear the title of the "Witch's Head" applied to this rock, and it scarcely needs to be told that all sorts of stories and traditions are associated with this gruesome spot.

In Bishop Percy's Ballads is a poem entitled "The Wicked Witch of Wookey Hole," in which some of these are given, and we quote the following lines:—

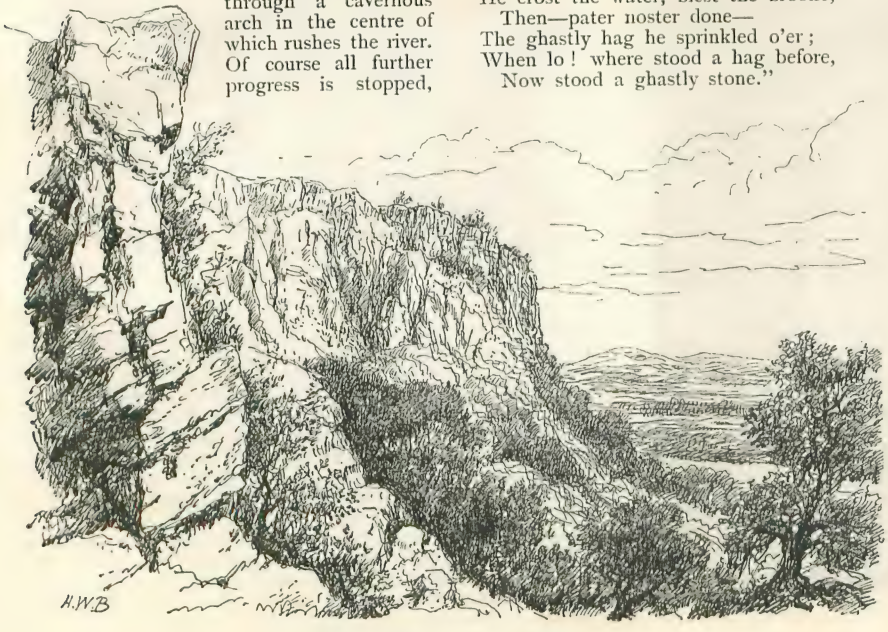
"In aunciente days tradition showes
A base and wicked elfe arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight.

. . . Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd but neighbours ill,
She wreaked on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

* * * *

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And well he did I ween:
Sich mischief never had been known
And, since his mickle lerninge shown,
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He crost the water, blest the brooke,
Then—pater noster done—
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er;
When lo! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone."



EBBER ROCKS, NEAR WELLS.

The Wookey caverns are of a totally different character to those at Cheddar. There are only a very few stalactites, and what strikes one is their vast size and noble proportions. Unlike Cheddar caves, they seem to have been known all through the middle ages, and William of Malmesbury declares that the principal one is of the same dimensions as Westminster Hall!

About half a mile beyond Wookey Hole are Ebber Rocks. They are difficult to find without a guide, and the walking, or rather climbing, is pretty rough when one gets to them. A path over the hills above Wookey, though much longer than the ordinary road, is worth while taking on account of the superb views obtained over the surrounding country. One crosses a vast breezy down on the top of the Mendips, and looking in the north-east direction, a dazzling streak of silver is seen in the distance. This is the Bristol Channel. The bold and lofty Mendip Hills rise all around, intersected by rocky gorges and broken by crags. Great sweepy downs spread away in another direction until they gradually merge into the wooded hills surrounding the plain, in the centre of which, from a great belt of trees, rise the towers of Wells. The great Glastonbury Tor stands boldly out from the plain, a conical mass crowned by the tower of its ruined pilgrimage church, and beyond, range after range of hills are seen, one rising over the other until they are lost in the extreme distance.

The Ebber Rocks form a Y-shaped valley which, when seen from above, has the effect of a vast rent in the landscape. In some places the gorge is so narrow as to look as though one could leap across it, but in others, it widens out to about a quarter of a mile. It has been described as Cheddar in miniature, but it is very different in character. The rocks do not rise in separate pinnacles as at Cheddar, and are generally square at the top, so that it has more the character of a rocky trench and, unlike Cheddar, views of the distant country are to be seen from the valley. Then there is no road at Ebber, and the whole valley is covered by vast boulders of rock, between which grow up gnarled and knotted oaks and ashes; so that the rocks are seen to rise over the trees and not from the base of the valley as at Cheddar. All this gives the place a charm peculiarly its own though, of course, it does not possess the extraordinary grandeur of Cheddar.

From an historical and archæological point of view, of course Glastonbury is by far the most interesting place in the neighbourhood of Wells. It is a walk or drive of about eight miles, pretty though without grandeur or anything especially striking. The land is quite flat, as it has been reclaimed from a sea or mere, a portion of which is still undrained and gives the name of Mere to an old place where there is an interesting Grange which belonged to Glastonbury Abbey. The name of Avalon is still met with, though there is little, apart from its apple-trees, to recall to the mind the days of King Arthur. The town of Glastonbury stands at the foot of the conical hill called the Tor. The church tower crowning it belonged to a pilgrimage chapel dedicated to St. Michael, and in front of it the last Abbot of Glastonbury and two of his monks were executed for high treason in Henry VIII.'s days. The kind of justice meted out to these men may be judged from a note still preserved in Thomas Cromwell's own handwriting, item: "The Abbot of Glaston to be apprehended for (high treason) tried, and executed!"

When one thinks what a marvellous history Glastonbury has, how it links us with the past, how it can be traced through Norman

and Saxon times, even to the Roman occupation of our isle, and, if tradition speaks truly to the first establishment of Christianity in this country: when one contemplates all its former glories, it must be acknowledged that what one finds is somewhat disappointing.

Of the vast and magnificent abbey church, or rather churches, for they were really two distinct buildings, though they were united together in later times by a kind of gallery or porch, the remains are scanty. Of the greater church the piers of the chancel arch, a portion of the transepts, some fragments of the aisles of the nave and choir are all that is to be seen.

Of the smaller church, now called St. Joseph's Chapel, more remains. Three of the walls are fairly complete, except for the cruel mutilation caused by carrying away all the marble columns of its arcades to patch up Salisbury Cathedral, about a century back. The doorways are singularly beautiful, and, perhaps, amongst the finest examples of twelfth-century work to be met with in the country.

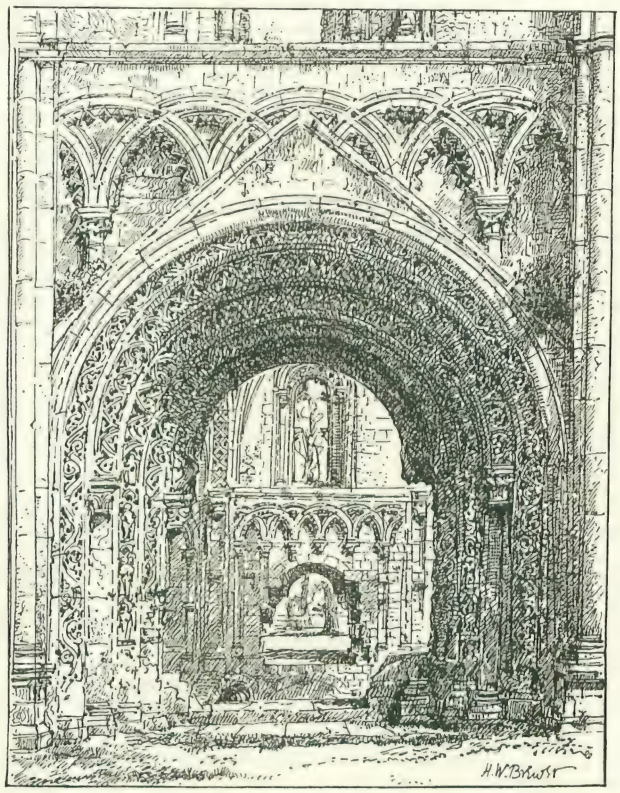
It is certainly a disappointment to find nothing at Glastonbury Abbey which carries us back to an earlier date than the twelfth century. Could the fire, which at that period consumed St. Mary's Church, a very ancient wooden structure covered with lead, have destroyed more than is generally supposed? Be it as it may, one looks in vain at Glastonbury for the least trace of Saxon architecture.

Of the great monastic buildings only two are in such a condition as to give us any idea of the magnificence of this great institution, they are the kitchen and the great barn. The kitchen is a strikingly-handsome building, entirely constructed of stone; there are four huge ranges in the corners. The steam from the cooking is carried off by a great stone lantern of elegant form, which is the crowning object of this very remarkable building. The barn is probably the most elaborate structure of its kind in Europe; it is cruciform in plan, and at a little distance looks like a large important church. The threshing-doors are at the end of the transept, and small but exceedingly graceful traceried windows admit light at the east and the west ends. All the four fronts are adorned with niches, evangelistic symbols and gable crosses. The interior is as striking as the exterior. The roof is supported upon oak principles, chamfered and moulded, and there is many a manufacturing-town in England that might envy such a building for its church.

The little town of Glastonbury contains two fine old churches, that of St. John, possessing perhaps the most sumptuous church-tower in England, and St. Benedict, which has also a beautiful tower, with a most strange kind of ornamentation round its parapet: in the middle of each quatrefoil is the representation of a large jug of beer very much frothed up. The reason for this strange example of "ecclesiastical" decoration is that the church was rebuilt at the expense of an abbot whose name was Beer. He must, by the way, have been a generous man, for we find these jugs of beer represented over almshouses and several portions of the abbey.

There are also two fine old inns in Glastonbury, one was formed in post-Reformation times out of the ruins of the abbey gate, but the other, called The George, has been an old hostelry for pilgrims time out of mind. The existing building dates from the reign of Richard II., and is one of the noblest examples of domestic architecture in England.

The old market cross, which Glastonbury possessed in common with so many Somersetshire towns, was rebuilt with very good intention some fifty years ago, but instead of reconstructing it as a market cross they attempted an imitation of the Eleanor crosses, with the result that one's historical ideas get confused. Restoring architects ought to be very careful never to do this kind of thing, because the object which they create is not only deceiving in itself, but makes one doubt the genuineness of surroundings, which may be in reality of the highest possible historical value.



GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

There are many pretty walks, enlivened with sweet villages and noble churches, round about Glastonbury, but the country is not to be compared with that immediately around Wells; in fact for variety, interest, and contrasted charm of every description, we know of no place in this country which offers so much to our admiration as Wells and its surroundings. The landscape may be regarded as the very epitome of English scenery, for here, close together, we find rocky landscape gorges, smiling sylvan scenery, bleak moorland, wooded valleys, and bold rugged hills.

Another great charm is the fact that amidst all this beautiful and interesting scenery, we find the most picturesque and elegant architectural remains; nowhere do we see such village churches, such exquisite towers, such quaint old houses, such market crosses, such noble old mansions, and certainly Wells Cathedral and its surroundings, its Bishop's Palace, its Vicar's Close, and its noble gateways, has no counterpart in this country, and we know of no place where those who take an interest in the varied beauties of scenery or architectural works can spend a more pleasant holiday, than in "the city of Wells" and its romantic surroundings. H. W. BREWER.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ACCEPTED CROSS.

THE infant-schoolmistress herself answered Morag's modest ring. She was an active, bright little body, who invited Morag into her parlour while she got the prospectus. Evidently she was very true to her office of secretary, for she asked Morag whether she wanted the paper for herself, expressed a hope that she would not fail to join them, adding that they would be delighted to welcome her as "a guest" until she had made up her mind.

The sight of the pretty, refined little interior, with its book-shelves, its photographs and its pussy curled up on a cushion, cheered Morag for the moment, only to make her heart sink the lower, when she found herself again in the darkness, hurrying back to the bare cleanliness of utter desolation. Once at home, she pored eagerly over the paper. There was really a very enticing programme of matters both of intellectual refreshment and domestic interest, to say nothing of all the cheerful possibilities involved in meeting a crowd of friendly faces gathered in a well-lit snug room. The fee for the session was only half-a-crown, necessary, as was naively explained, to defray "incidentals" and the outlay required for the public nights.

But oh, how low poor Morag's heart sank when she found that the weekly meeting was held not on Wednesdays but on Thursdays.

Yet she tried to argue with herself that this was but a needless depression. Mrs. Cay could never object to changing the "evening out" from Wednesday to Thursday. It was not as though Morag was in any way more needed at home on Thursday than on Wednesday. Nay, it seemed to her, when she thought it over, that if there was one evening on which

callers never appeared, that evening was Thursday. If it had been Friday she would not have dreamed of asking for the change, because on Friday, Mrs. Cay attended a week-night service, and did not like the house to be left unguarded. But as it was Thursday, she would take courage and enter her petition, so that she might be ready to join in the first gathering of the session which began next week.

She proffered her little request next morning, as Mrs. Cay was "putting out" the day's allowance of food. And she wound up with the modest suggestion—

"I don't suppose it will make the least difference to you, ma'am."

Mrs. Cay looked at her with her cold eyes.

"Annie," she said, "I think you have been here long enough to know that every arrangement in my house has its object. Thursday is the day on which most of the Nigle servant-girls have their 'evening out,' and I prefer that my servant takes another. I do not choose to have her running about the streets, gossiping with all sorts of riff-raff from other people's houses."

She meant that to be a final answer, but Morag, catching her breath, made one more grasp after her vanishing hope.

"I should not be running about the streets, ma'am," she said. "I would like the change just because it would let me go to the Sunnyside Young Women's Association, which meets on Thursday evenings."

"And what sort of affair is that?" asked Mrs. Cay.

Morag seized on the question as a sign of yielding. "I'll get you the prospectus and let you see it. It seems very nice," she said, hurrying off to the kitchen and returning with the paper in her hands.

Mrs. Cay put on her gold spectacles and read it with great deliberation. Then she went over it again, audibly repeating those items which raised her special ire and contempt.

"'A Few Thoughts on Silas Marner.' Who's Silas Marner, I'd like to know? I never heard the man's name. What good will it do you to think about him?

"'A paper on Wordsworth's poems of the affections.' Affections indeed! stuffing your heads with nonsense.

"'Hints on the management and arrangement of flowers by a practical florist.' What good will that do you? Working girls can fill up their time more profitably."

"But there are some things very useful," pleaded Morag, at bay. "There's a demonstration of darnings."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cay, "and then a concert, and Miss Ferguson of Castle House playing a piece, and Miss May Croll singing Old Robin Gray—Miss May Croll, indeed, and that will be the washerwoman's girl! Why, it's like a music hall."

"Oh no, ma'am!" said Morag. "There's nobody there but the friends of the members; it's just like a party at a private house."

"Well, Annie, I shan't change your evening out to let you go to that rubbish. It just means taking people out of their proper places. You have got your work to attend to, and if you set your mind to do it properly, there's plenty to think of."

And Morag understood that that was the last word. She answered nothing, but as she went out of the room, she paused a second and looked at her mistress. She longed to ask if she had not given satisfaction, and if Mrs. Cay would point out wherein she considered she had failed, and in what direction she might be required to give more attention and diligence. But she held her peace. She shrank from anything, which, however honestly meant, Mrs. Cay might choose to interpret as "impertinence" and her silence had a more telling effect than any words she would have used, because silence, like music, can be interpreted by each into the language which suits each capacity. To Mrs. Cay, Morag's appealing glance and unuttered words signified—

"She was in a great mind to give me notice there and then. She'll do it in a day or two, no doubt. She'll write first to her aunt, doubtless, and she'll spread a report that I'm hard and inconsiderate. It's very troublesome that she should take these notions, for I do begin to believe she is really honest and industrious. But they all get spoiled, sooner or later."

Yet in fear for her own reputation, she gave Morag two potatoes at dinner and kept back only one for herself. Nor did she make any remark, when going into the kitchen in the evening she found Morag not at work on the famous quilt, but reading.

Morag could not bear to think that the kind little infant-mistress should imagine that she not only failed the society, but actually slighted its secretary's invitation to appear once or twice as its guest. She made up her mind to call and explain to that lady on her next "evening out," which she felt would be practically her last until the shades of winter began once more to disperse.

The infant-mistress, Miss Margaret Soutar, received Morag very kindly, and heard her little story not only with attentive interest, but with helpful sympathy. To own the truth, when she looked at Morag's broad brow and clear, frank eyes she felt herself a little disposed to murmur that Providence had put this fine young creature into this elderly curmudgeon's kitchen instead of sparing her to her as a pupil teacher. But Margaret Soutar was far too wise to dream of diverting the current of a life, since only the force of some inner impulse can be strong enough to overleap obstacles and level new channels.

"Well!" said Miss Soutar, "all that I can suggest is that you follow out our programme in Mrs. Cay's own kitchen."

"But how can I do that?" asked Morag.

"Oh, I think we can manage that, you can do a good deal," insisted the teacher. "Let us take the programme. Here is this paper, 'Thoughts on Silas Marner.' Have you *Silas Marner?*"

"Yes," said Morag, "I got it from the Free Library at Sillerton."

"Very well: then instead of coming to hear Miss Ferguson's thoughts, suppose you sit down and write some thoughts of your own. I'll lend you the book, because you may want to refer to it."

Morag smiled. "That's a splendid idea," she said. "But then I see that after the paper is read at your Association, it is discussed, and so people know how others think and are helped to correct their own thoughts."

"Certainly," admitted Miss Soutar; "and as you ought to get out sometimes and to talk to somebody, suppose that some Wednesday evening, you bring me the papers you have written and we will talk them over, and I will tell you as well as I can what has been said on the subject at our meetings. The paper after Silas Marner is on Wordsworth's poems. Do you know much of them?"

"Yes, I've got them, the complete volume," answered Morag.

"Oh, you will do famously!" cried Miss Soutar. "Well, we need not think about any of the later papers till these are done. Now, what can we substitute for our practical evenings? because you see you can't arrange flowers or manage them in a back kitchen." She knitted her bright little face in such earnest cogitation that Morag herself could not help laughing, and it was Morag who came to the rescue.

"I'll make some Christmas cards," she said. "I've got some dried mosses and ferns. I put them by in the summer for that very purpose—and yet I forgot them till this minute."

"Why, that's the very thing!" exclaimed Miss Soutar. "It's on our exact line, only actually beyond us. You've given us a new idea. I'll tell the girls about it. Perhaps we'll have a little exhibition of our skill at the last class before Christmas. Your kitchen isn't dull and you're not lonely, while you are there with all your ideas! You know

"'Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for their hermitage.'"

"You can't think how often I have preached that to myself since I came to Nigle," said Morag. "But it does seem so unkind of Mrs. Cay. It is that which hurts me. I don't think I should mind being shut in one whit, if it was to do anybody a bit of good. But it seems too bad just because of a whim."

"My dear," said Miss Soutar, "it was not wisdom or kindness which shut in the prisoners of whom the antique poet was thinking when he wrote those lines. But God overrules all folly and unkindness, so that nothing can hurt us unless we use it to hurt ourselves. So long as we don't do that, our suffering is absolutely certain to do a great deal of good to one person and through that one, possibly to many."

Morag's eyes opened a little wider "Do good to one person?" she questioned.

"Yes, to yourself," said Miss Soutar impressively, "and I'll tell you how it

may work on farther; if you never disappoint Mrs. Cay while you are with her—mind I don't say how long you need stay—but if you live up to your standard till the end, it is very likely you will make the place rather pleasanter for your successor."

"I have thought that myself sometimes," Morag owned, "because I've felt I was made to suffer partly for other's sins. Mrs. Cay has said things once or twice which showed me that some of her girls have deserved all her suspicions and needed all her restrictions. And yet——" but Morag paused. She suddenly remembered Robina MacTavish. That young person was doubtless down in Mrs. Cay's blackest list, and her desertion to the Badenoch Arms would certainly tend to draw the old lady's boundaries still more narrow. Yet at the same time, Morag could not help feeling that there was plenty of good in Robina to which another kind of treatment might have appealed with far happier results.

Miss Soutar noticed the hesitation—

"And yet," she echoed, "won't you tell me what you are thinking?"

Morag explained, impersonally, that she was afraid some girls would grow hard and indifferent to everything, when they found nothing but mistrust and discouragement.

Miss Soutar looked at her shrewdly. Her keen eyes seemed to read all that Morag did not say, for she asked—

"Do you know any of the girls who have been at Mrs. Cay's before you?"

"Well," said Morag, "I can't say I know any of them. But one of them spoke to me once up at the cathedral. It was she who told me about your association. She persuaded me to join."

Miss Soutar's bright face grew wistful.

"Do you know her name?" she asked. "Was it——"

"It was Robina MacTavish," answered Morag.

"Ah, poor Robina!" cried the teacher. "Mrs. Cay's was just the place to do her harm. She has no resources of her own. All her apparent liveliness and go are like flying fires, which can only exist where they can seize upon some light fuel. Robina only came to our association once or twice last winter. Since then I thought she must have left Nigle. I never see her."

"She is barmaid at The Badenoch Arms," said Morag.

Miss Soutar's face grew very grave.

"I fear I know what that means for Robina," she said. "I am glad she sent you to us—glad for her own sake. There is good in everybody who wishes well to others. I think I must write a letter to Robina. But you, my dear, must not become a companion of hers."

"It is not likely I shall," said Morag. "But isn't it selfish to look at it in that light? How are we to do any good or to help anybody, if we fear to go near them because they need help?"

"You might as well ask, my dear, how are the children who come to this school to be cared for in measles or scarlatina, when we do not allow them to mingle unnecessarily with the other children," said Miss Soutar. "Don't you see we give them into the far wiser keeping of those to whom these diseases are little likely to be harmful? And so should we strive to do in matters moral and spiritual. I do not ask you to shun Robina. I would not ask you to shrink from any great sacrifice for her sake, if it came to you in the path of duty, just as I would not ask one of my children to desert a sick schoolfellow, however infected, if there was nobody else to care for it. But the ordinary path of duty lies in making other arrangements. If those arrangements break down, why, then of course the path of duty goes on all the same, at any cost. I'm quite fair," said Miss Soutar, "for I myself would not have asked Robina to stay with Mrs. Cay for a day—I should have felt it might cost too much—as I fear it did! But I would not ask you to leave Mrs. Cay untimely. She won't harm you!"

"How astonished she would be to think that such a remark could need to be made about herself," said Morag.

"Yes," answered Miss Soutar, "the moment I said it I thought of the famous story of the maiden who got discontented with her situation, and was advised by her mistress to go to a certain lady and ask her advice as to leaving it or remaining. When the girl returned, the mistress inquired whether the lady had counselled her to give up her place? 'No,' said the girl, 'she told me I ought to stay, and accept you as my cross!'"

They both laughed heartily.

"The truth is," said Miss Soutar, "when we feel anybody is our cross, we may be tolerably sure we are theirs. And all that remains is to see who will have most skill in turning the cross into a crown!"

Morag returned home from her visit with so beaming a face, that Mrs. Cay felt quite certain she had secured another place with great advantages, and that the morning would bring the anticipated notice.

But no, it only brought a letter from Gladys Henderson, and there was something in that letter which, for the time, put all thought of Mrs. Cay out of Morag's mind.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

INSIGHT INTO THE LIFE AND WORK OF FACTORY-GIRLS GIVEN BY THEMSELVES.

Competition of "My Daily Round," has done good service, if only that it has cleared away many hazy ideas we had formed about Factory-girls; like all notions formed without knowledge, they vanish as soon as the light of truth is flashed upon them.

Forty-four of the Competitors are Factory-girls representing almost every kind of work in wool, cotton and silk. The description of their special occupation is most interesting, and shows that intelligence, patience, industry, cleanliness and self-control are all necessary for its successful performance. Self-indulgence can have no existence in the life of a factory-girl, if she is to earn enough to live upon.

As a rule, both in winter and summer, the girls rise at five o'clock, and start work at six. We will quote from some of the papers, to show the efforts made to be at the mills in time.

"Click, click, click! That is the first sound that falls upon my ear every morning in the week, with the exception of Sunday. It is the 'knocker-up.' There are several 'knockers-up' about here, but they are for the most part men; but here and there, one comes across a woman who does this early morning work; just fancy being out in the dark, cold, lonely streets from four o'clock to half-past five, going round from door to door, and waiting at each until an answering knock is heard. One comes to our house at five. Having washed, dressed and said my prayers, it is about fifteen minutes to six, and wrapping myself in my nice warm shawl, I hurry off to the mill, and oh, how thankful I am to get inside out of the wet and cold and darkness of out-doors."

"My sister and I are calico-weavers; every morning, except Sunday, we rise at half-past five. We knock at our neighbours' walls, and they knock back to wake each other. Mother gets up too, to make a fire, then we get something warm, as a rule, porridge and milk, and then set off. We have ten minutes to walk."

"I rise between five and half-past every morning, eat a light breakfast and then set off on half an hour's tramp along a lonely country road; for my home is in the country. I am a cotton-weaver and am expected to be at work when the clock strikes six."

"I am a factory girl in a large woollen factory. I rise at a quarter past five every morning, no pleasant task in winter; and I have about eight minutes' walk to the mill, where I must be no later than six o'clock. No extra time is allowed, the gates being closed as the last stroke of the town-hall clock dies away."

"Whin . . . ting-a-ring. I wake with a start to find it is only my little alarm clock warning me that it is half-past five, and as I must leave the house at six, I know there is no time to spare, so hastily shaking myself up, I begin my daily round by calling 'awake, awake,' to my niece who shares my room; but she is too sleepy, and I shake her well. I hurry her as I wash and brush my hair, and in a few minutes we are both down-stairs drinking a cup of tea made by my dear father. I start from home at six prompt in order to reach the distant factory at half-past. I take the shortest cut through one of our worst slum-districts, but it is still at this early hour, and I am not afraid. As I near the factory I see a long stream of girls and boys, men and women flocking hurriedly along, and I pass

through the big iron gates with them, very glad to be inside, for if I was more than five minutes late I should find the gates locked till eight."

"When I awoke this morning the rain was beating against the windows, and I hoped it was only two or three o'clock, but I was disappointed, for presently I heard a whistle and I knew it was a quarter-past five and time to be getting up if my two sisters and myself were to be at work in time. I am a weaver and have to be at the mill at six in the morning. We live on a hill about twenty minutes' walk from the village where we work."

"I am a calico weaver. My usual hour of rising is five o'clock. After prayers and toilet I have my breakfast and then it is time to start. Soon numbers of mill-whistles or 'buzzes,' as they are known about here, begin to blow, and the sounding altogether to us factory girls has its peculiar charm, denoting that the factories are in full work and the workers in receipt of full wages. On a crisp, frosty morning the whistles, varying from the high shrill note to the deep bass, may be heard for four or five miles. The gates are shut five minutes before starting-time, 6.30; entrance then having to be made by means of a little office the door of which is kept open till 25 minutes to 7. All the hands who are later are fined twopence which is stopped out of their wages."

Opinions of Competitors quoted from Their Papers.

"It is a mistake to think all girls who work in factories are alike; there is as much difference between them, as there is between a duchess and her scullery-maid."

"Superior minds are found everywhere, and a factory is no exception to the rule."

"How often we hear the expression, 'only a mill girl,' as though factory workers were a class of people not worth speaking about. Of course some are coarse and rough in speech and manner, but these are not the majority. I can truly say that many of the girls are not only intelligent and industrious but good, pure and high-minded."

"Many girls in this factory attend both Sunday-school and service regularly."

"Whatever work a girl does she can always command respect if she is quiet and courteous in her manner, good disposed to others, and neat in her attire."

"This is what hurts most—everybody seems to look down upon us."

"People forget that we have feelings, desires and aspirations to better things, and that we appreciate the beautiful in Nature and Art as they themselves do."

"A girl if she desires to do right, doing her work quietly soon gains the respect of those around her."

"It is not true in every case that factory girls like fine and gaudy colours in clothing and do not care how their feet and hands are clad. Lancashire girls in the country like to have clean clogs, and the whiter their aprons the prouder they are. It is not likely they will go about when away from their work with untidy shoes, skirts, and gloves."

"Factory girls with all their faults are very tender-hearted and generous. If a hand has had an accident or is ill for a long time a collection is made through the room, and each one subscribes liberally."

"Should one of the girls get married there is great pin-bows of white ribbon put on in honour of the parties."

"Factory girls take great interest in voting affairs, and in their dinner-hour go and hear their side speak."

"The girls, although they have to work for their living, are always willing to help those who are less fortunate than themselves."

"Some of the girls are lovely singers."

Competitors' account of their 8 o'clock Breakfast and 1 o'clock Dinner.

"Eight o'clock, the engine stops for our breakfast-hour. As there is no provision made for making our tea on the premises, we have to scamper off to the shops near the factory, where we are supplied with hot water and milk twice a day for threepence a week."

"I and my sister prefer coming out of the mill for breakfast; we pay threepence each weekly at a cottage near for having tea brewed and anything warmed we may have brought to eat."

"Boiling water is provided at the mill for those who care to have it instead of going outside for breakfast, but mother sends mine every morning. We sit together in groups for this meal and there is always fun and laughter going on and occasionally singing."

"We often make the place ring again with some hymn or carol in the few minutes after breakfast which helps to cheer us up."

Dinner.—"In the hour allowed for dinner most of us read and sew."

"True, my dining-room chair is an inverted weft can, and I have to dispense with such things as brown Derby china and serviettes, but I have always the best of company to sit down with me; sometimes it is Lord Lytton who keeps up a brilliant talk on old Pompeii; at other times it is good old George Herbert who sings so quaintly and sweetly."

"If we are inclined we fill up our dinner-hour with reading and sewing."

"It is very interesting to hear some when they have time after dinner talk over the events of the week's end just past, it influences those who are told sometimes for good and sometimes for evil."

Information given by the Factory Girls on other Matters.

"We are paid by the piece," says a weaver, "so the more expert and industrious we are the more we earn. Broadly speaking, I average over one pound a week."

"I am a coat machinist; this comprises the putting together of the coat generally; the various pieces are given to us as they come from the cutters, and when they leave our hands they are finished with the exception of buttons and buttonholes. A stranger would be surprised to see the speed with which a coat is evolved by a skilful machinist from a mass of apparently shapeless pieces. The machines are all worked by steam power. The prices paid for each coat vary from threepence-halfpenny to tenpence-farthing, according to the quality of the article and the amount of work entailed, and by working about fifty-four hours a week we can earn from 4s. to 12s. a week."

"The dress of a weaver in the mill is a striped cotton skirt and blouse, a white coarse linen apron, a square calico 'fent' tied over the apron, and a leather belt for reed hook and scissors."

"As for companions, men and women, boys and girls flank and face each other at every turn, each doing exactly the same work and each expected to keep pace with the other, so that in our little sphere at least the vexed question of the equality of the sexes has been settled long ago."

"Mother gives us a penny for every shilling we earn, to save, and we mostly have a five days' holiday at the seaside in August."

"In the glove factory where I work, the fines of those who are late are kept in a box till the end of the year when they are divided among those who have not been fined once in the year."

"Being fined is called being 'pennied.'"

Factory Girls describe their Leisure.

"When I reach home there is a nice warm tea and a bright cosy fire, and when I have helped a little in the house-work I wash and make myself tidy, and adjourn to a pretty little sitting-room upstairs where all my books and writing materials are, and here two or three hours are spent in reading or writing."

"I know nothing of art needlework, but I make all my own dresses and underclothing, so I think my day is fairly filled up."

"After tea I make my way to school where I am studying science this session."

"We very often influence each other by telling of any work we are doing at home or classes we are attending in the evening, for most factory girls are able to do something well beside the work they earn their living with. Some are good cooks, some like dress-making, others singing, piano or violin-playing, reading and fancy needlework. There are some good Sunday School teachers among factory girls."

"On Sunday we go to church, and every other Sunday I teach in the Sunday School."

"I go out once every week to class, being a Wesleyan, and then to the Christian Endeavour."

"I wend my way homeward about a quarter to seven, and after tea I enjoy my reading and writing."

"All factory girls are fond of fancy work; we exchange books with each other or patterns for fancy work, and many of us attend evening classes, so that we never need be dull."

"Some of the girls attend classes in the evening. I read and paint in the evenings."

"Occasionally I go to a concert or a Sunday School party."

"I am in a lace factory; I leave work at half-past five and at six o'clock I have to go to night-school for one hour four nights a week because I am under seventeen; this is the rule of our factory. The girls who attend can obtain THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for threepence through the school-mistress, the firm we work for paying the remainder."

We have some most interesting papers from milliners, dressmakers, shop-girls and telegraph clerks, and one from a girl in a village shop and post office, and last not least, one from a young married woman describing her home-life.

A few Paragraphs from them.

"*I am a dressmaker or cheap costume hand.*—The costumes obtain at a factory and execute my work at home. I sit down at my machine on Monday morning and try to put away the thought that I am only to receive one shilling and twopence per costume, viz., bodice and skirt fully lined and finished throughout ready for the wearer to don, including a dozen buttonholes worked with twist. Sometimes there is a deal of trimming on the said costume which makes double work, but the remuneration remains just the same. I can only afford to snatch twenty minutes for dinner and ten for tea. Sometimes I do not stop for meals at all."

Daily dressmaker.—"I have found time in the winter months to attend our Technical and Art School. This has put quite a new element into my life, opening a new world to me."

Dressmaker in a very large shop.—"Girls in work-rooms get the name of being very careless in religious matters and of spending all their leisure time in the pursuit of pleasure, and some of it of a questionable character, but I am sure it is not so with the majority of work-girls. The greater number of our girls attend church or chapel, bible-class or Sunday school regularly on Sunday."

Milliner.—"One meets with many different characters in a large work-room, and get to

know one another better than those at home know us."

Milliner in a children's millinery warehouse.—"In the afternoon, an errand girl comes round to us and we each give her a farthing for milk, and she takes in the milk for us all. We put our tea in our own teapots, and put them in the kitchen. At a quarter to four, a bell rings and we have tea. We have only to bring it from the kitchen."

Milliner.—"The daily work of a milliner is very interesting; it has its trials like other trades. I say trades, yet it is more than that, it is an art, and only those who have taste for it can ever succeed."

Assistant in a draper's shop.—"I always notice as it gets late the people are much easier to serve than in the early part of the day. About seven o'clock we get rushing busy. About half-past ten I go home, having worked since nine. I receive six shillings a week."

Dressmaker.—"There is no royal road to dressmaking; it means perseverance and application and not a small amount of patience."

Mantle-maker.—"Since I have been 'second hand' I have lived entirely in the house and have found it much more comfortable than lodgings. We work from eight to seven-thirty."

Dressmaker.—"I should like to speak a word or two for the average workroom girl, according to those I have met; they are of a very kind and genuine disposition, always willing to help one another whether in home or workroom troubles. It was only last week that I was speaking to one of our girls, and she told me that every Thursday she and a girl friend go visiting some very poor people, and at the time we were talking over the poor, this young girl was working on a pair of woollen shoes, as a certain old lady had not got a pair to her feet. This was in our tea hour, half an hour allowed. This is only one instance of many."

Girl in village shop and post office two miles from a town.—"Seven o'clock in the morning I receive the sealed letter bag from the postman, open it, sort the letters and send the post-boy round the village with them. Now customers begin to come in for little things that they want for breakfast, for the poorer people seem to live from meal to meal, only buying a small quantity of food as they want it. After breakfast I help to cut up pigs, send the joints out in time to cook them for dinner. Eleven o'clock the postman returns for first despatch of letters. I make all the bills and do the booking and ordering of goods. One o'clock my dinner, which is very interrupted by customers; one wants a chop for his dinner, another a knot of thread to finish some straw bonnets for the warehouse. Four o'clock, postman is here again with more letters. People who are expecting them call for them. Our tea-time is as much interrupted as the dinner-hour.

"Six o'clock, and the postman is here again for the last despatch of letters, I have to seal them in the letter-bag and he takes them to the town office. Now we begin making sausages, I only season them and string them ready for sale. Customers now flock in and their wants are numerous; one wants groceries, another meat or some medicines or pills, or a ready-made shirt, or calico, or brushes, or paraffin oil; all this comes within my work and I help in it all. Aunt and I do all the work; she pays me as she would a stranger."

A young married woman.—"I have on my hands the entire work of my house including the washing and baking. Beside the housework proper I make a good many of my own dresses and find time for visiting, keeping up my small store of accomplishments and reading. In summer there is the garden to attend to. My experience is that by doing my own work and so saving the expense of labour we can live very comfortably on one pound a week, this including dress and all personal expenses. I have carefully kept account to be sure of this. We have the comfortable consciousness of living much within our income. In the evenings while I work, my husband often reads aloud; at nine o'clock we have a very light supper, and after this we have music as a rule. I would not like to exchange my home-life for any profession in the world."

POLITICS FOR GIRLS.

By FREDERICK RYLAND, M.A.

PART IV.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

IN this paper I want to talk mainly of certain problems connected with the question of Socialism; but before doing so we will try and find room for a few paragraphs about a question which has a special interest for women: Ought women to have a vote for members of the House of Commons?

The object of giving any class of persons the franchise, or the right to vote, is to secure that the interests of that class shall not be overlooked. If the class is already indirectly represented, or has no special interests, there is no need to give it the right. It is, perhaps, an open question whether the class of women as such has any special interests not adequately provided for; but the general drift of thoughtful opinion seems to be in the direction of admitting that it has. Men and women certainly do not entirely understand each other's point of view, and there are many questions, some great and some small, in which women as a rule take a line of their own. This is especially the case with regard to social questions, which are likely to engross much more attention than they have hitherto done.

Then there is the argument for justice. Why should a person otherwise qualified be refused a vote simply on the ground of sex? Mr. A. at No. 1 has a vote; Mrs. B. at No. 2, with equal education, and an equal stake in the country, is refused a vote, merely because she is a woman. This seems on the face of it to be an outrage on fairness. But, as a matter of fact, things are usually worse, since Mrs. B.'s gardener or coachman will probably have a vote, while she is without one.

These two are the chief arguments in favour of admitting women to the franchise, and their weight is very great. On the other hand, there are several important points to be considered. In the first place, it is not at all clear that the great majority of women who would obtain the franchise would care to use it. There seems to be no general and wide demand for it; and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that English women might do as German women have done in one of our South African colonies, ask the legislature to take back the gift which they did not want. At any rate, probably not ten per cent. of the female voters would on a purely political question go to the poll. It would require some very stimulating appeal, some harrowing attack on the sentimental side, to induce them to vote in large numbers; but when they did vote, the rush would in many constituencies entirely overwhelm the male voters. Now, it cannot be for the advantage of the State that a large body of voters, who habitually take little interest in political matters and do not get the political training which comes from incessant discussion, should be able to rush in and form a momentary and irresponsible majority. Such a majority on a single point, formed of voters with an inferior degree of political knowledge, and with an inferior degree of moral and physical force to back it, would hardly compel the submission of their opponents. Suppose, for instance, the vast majority of men were in favour of a war with Russia, and the women vetoed it, or *vice versâ*; in either case it would be felt that as the men supply by far the greater part of the blood and the treasure which would be spent on a war, and are out of all comparison in a better position to judge of the effect of such a war on the honour, welfare, and commerce of the country, with them must rest the final decision.

The truth is, that the intelligence even of highly intelligent women is not political. Only a few will take interest in politics steadily and continuously. If only women interested in politics vote, it is hardly too much to say that women as a whole will be very little better represented than they are now. And we must remember that the factory-girl class will be by far the most important class of women voters. The married woman who has no separate house property will have no vote; the rich educated women, who chiefly desire the franchise now, would be in a hopeless minority. Political power in many large cities would be chiefly in the hands of young, ill-educated, giddy, and often ill-conducted girls, living in lodgings.

Another objection is sometimes taken that difference of political opinion between man and wife would lead to quarrels. Although I am apt to agree with the remark of the old antiquary, Aubrey, who, speaking of Milton and his first wife, says that "two opinions sleep not well upon the same bolster," yet I think that this is not likely to lead to much unhappiness. A more serious matter for women is the fact that as rights of citizenship can hardly be conferred without corresponding duties, the franchise would probably be accompanied by the obligation to sit on juries, the liability to be called as special constables, and the duty to assist the police when called on in order to perform various unpleasant functions.

In all probability these objections will be overruled; and if, instead of conferring the franchise wholesale, we confer it gradually, restricting it at first to women of some wealth and education, most of the difficulties will disappear. One thing is certain, that if women want the franchise they will have to ask for it, and that in a much more extended fashion than they have at present shown any inclination to do. Probably there are many more men who wish women to have a vote than there are women who wish to gain it.

Individualism and laissez-faire.—In my first paper I said that the modern Conservative is not necessarily opposed to changes in social

arrangements. Many Liberals also regard such changes as more important than "tinkering the Constitution." In what direction is change likely to take place?

During the middle part of this century—roughly speaking from about 1830 to about 1870—the most able and the most aggressive political party was the Radical. Men like Bright and Cobden and J. S. Mill were working out the ideas of Adam Smith and Bentham, and inducing their countrymen to accept them. The ideal of these representatives of middle-class Liberalism was freedom. Their policy was the policy of *laissez-faire* in the eighteenth century. This phrase (which had been invented by Turgot and the other French economists called Physiocrats) expressed the general principle that government should allow people to do as they liked, to interfere as little as possible between man and man, to refrain from regulating commerce, industry, and property, as much as possible. Everything, or nearly everything, was to be left to free contract between citizens. The State was to aim at confining itself to seeing contracts were carried out, and to suppressing disorder within and without. The employer and the workman must be left to settle at what wages and under what conditions work was to be carried on. The buyer and the seller must be left to determine the price and the conditions of sale. Government must not be paternal. The favourite gibe of the *laissez-faire* Liberals was to call any interference with free contract "grandmotherly legislation." Their ideal was to let the weakest go to the wall quietly and speedily. The strong and successful were to have it all their own way.

This individualistic theory, which made much of the rights of the individual (at any rate, the successful individual), and regarded with suspicion all claims made on him by the State, greatly influenced English politics for nearly half a century. It is stated in the most moderate and most convincing way in the works of John Stuart Mill, such as the "Representative Government" and the admirable essay "On Liberty." But it was not allowed to entirely override other considerations. Thanks to the writings of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Maurice, and to the practical exertions of such philanthropists as the great Earl of Shaftesbury, a different and opposing current of thought made itself felt. Freedom of contract, it was pointed out, is only a sham where one of the contracting parties is rich and can afford to wait, while the other is poor and starving; where one is well-informed and intelligent, the other ignorant and unused to think for himself. So instead of glorifying free competition, the "higgling of the market," and so forth, the opposing party set itself to mitigate the [hardships] they inflicted on the weaker party. Thus the Factory Acts, passed between 1833 and our own time, have gradually restricted the rights of employers, and by limiting the labour of young children and of women, by insisting on proper methods of payment, on proper sanitary conditions in factories, on guarding workmen from dangers incidental to the processes of manufacture, have done much to protect those who were unable to protect themselves. A government inspector everywhere comes between the employer and his workmen, and little is left to free contract. This is only one example out of many. The adulteration of food, short weights and measures, ignorance and incompetence on the part of doctors, teachers, and workmen, have been to some extent guarded against by direct interference of Parliament, in defiance of the principle of *laissez-faire*.

Nowadays the danger is that we shall come to rely too much on State assistance. Whenever we are in difficulties, whenever an industry languishes, or a hardship is felt, there is a cry for a new Act of Parliament and fresh inspectors. A few people die of starvation during an exceptionally hard winter, somebody gets poisoned, a bad accident occurs on a railway, and the daily press is sure to be full of suggestions that the State should interfere. We seem in danger of forgetting the truth which the poet proclaimed long ago:—

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

(To be continued.)

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER V.

It was not until the visitors had fairly vanished from sight that Katharine found her tongue. She had seen them off the premises; the three plush-headed Duvigny youths and the two little girls were drawn up in the front courtyard to see the procession depart. Katharine felt that her cousin took in every detail; the yard paved with cobble-stones, the strewn autumn leaves, the hen-coop full of forlorn poultry, the children, foreign and funny in their play overalls. Curious adjuncts all these to a front door, according to English ideas! "She despises us I am certain!" thought Katharine, as she flew back to her mother, eager to discuss the incident in all its bearings. She was surprised to find her in tears and alone.

"Why, what is the matter, mamma? Aren't you glad to see my uncle and aunt? I daresay the girl *is* horrid, but what does that signify?" cried Katharine. "Weren't they nice to you? Don't let us go to their dinner!" exclaimed the ardent champion. "Let us send down an excuse. Why should we be trodden under the feet of any upstart relations?"

Madame Duvigny shook her head.

"Oh, dear," she sobbed, "things always happen wrong; if I had only known! Marie was so untidy when she let them in; and you, Katie, what a figure you are! And of course the children were not fit to be seen. Oh dear, oh dear!"

At the crises of life, comparatively insignificant details have a way of forcing themselves to the front, especially in the estimation of women. Madame Duvigny was all-engrossed in her distress at not having presented a better front to these new-found relations. "They might have let me know," she wailed. "And oh, Katharine; if you would but be more tidy! Look at your hair and your dress and your shoes! I am sure I work as hard as I can to keep things nice—oh dear me!"

The *ménage* of a Swiss professional man with a young family is difficult to maintain at the English standard of neatness and elegance, and so poor Madame Duvigny was finding it, even with the help of her widow's jointure.

"I want a new frock," said Katharine, abashed by this outburst, and only half understanding it. "Mamma might manage better," she was always saying to herself, in her headstrong critical youth, but it never occurred to her that she might do a good deal to contribute to that result.

"It is care and neatness that you want," lamented Madame Duvigny.

"Don't let us think of such dismal things now," urged Katharine, sitting down on a low stool and laying her ruddy elf-locks on her mother's lap. "Cheer up, mamma, and tell me all about this new uncle. I knew I had an Uncle Richard in Australia, but I thought he had forgotten all about us, or was never coming home, or was dead or something."

"I did not correspond with him after your father's death. I hardly saw his wife before they went abroad, fourteen years ago, and as he—naturally perhaps—did not like my second marriage, there has been no intercourse between us. But he has, I suppose, made his fortune; he was an "Honourable" out there, for he was a member of the Colonial Government. Now he has come back and is going to live near

"KATHARINE'S PLAYING WAS DISTINGUISHED BY A WONDERFUL VERVE AND FIRE."

London for the rest of his days, but first he has been making a tour with his wife and daughter through Switzerland. And it is friendly of him to come and see us."

"Have they any other children?"

"No—only this one daughter."

"Douglas must be wondering where I am all this time, for we were having a talk," observed Katharine abruptly. "I don't like him, and yet I do, sometimes. He is a funny boy."

"He is so kind to the children that I like him very much," said Madame Duvigny. "And you ought to talk French to him, Katie. I feel we are breaking faith with his uncle whenever we speak English. Go, now, and tell him all about it in French, there's a dear."

Douglas was duly impressed when he heard the great news in polyglot fashion. Katharine was on the tiptoe of expectation all day long. She arrayed herself for the evening in her "best" frock, of pale green cashmere, took pains to subdue her curly locks, as far as might be, and was altogether quite a transformed being when, with the faded lady in black silk and the shaggy Professor, she appeared in the doorway of the sitting-room at the Beau Rivage hotel.

"Oh!" cried Katharine, under her breath. The soft luxury of the scene startled her. Far away through the windows, a broad silver track was visible on the water, with dark mountains beyond. The mystery and weirdness without lent an added charm to the comfort within. It was a large room on the first floor of the hotel; two tall shaded lamps shed their radiance under yellow silk, a bright log-fire was burning, the velvet chairs and settees were dispersed about in attractive comfort, and there was a profusion of flowers everywhere.

Mrs. Lovell was resplendent in amplitude of crimson satin folds, Dolly was in a neat school-girl frock of white.

It was the first interior Katharine could ever remember, where wealth was plainly and immediately visible. Her life had been roving, continental, always under thrifty and economical conditions of plainness, though of plenty.

Her new-found relations were agreeably surprised at the vivid "bit of colour" that presented itself to their gaze, and welcomed their guests with cordiality. M. Duvigny had been with difficulty induced to invest himself in the garb which he considered suitable to morning functions of splendour, such as the *Séance Inaugurale des Cours Universitaires*, rather than to dinner parties. His position was a trying one; perhaps his wife's was more trying still, but she carried it off well, and the dinner, which was shortly served in an adjoining room, was a greater success than, under the circumstances, might have been expected. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lovell were genuinely kind and exerted themselves to make their visitors feel "at home." Katharine was in a constant state of surprise at the brilliant table, the flowers, the wines, and the interminable succession of dishes. Money here was evidently without stint. Nora looked at her a little too much with the aspect of appraising an extraordinary and novel product, but was outwardly civil and gracious enough.

"We won't sit over the wine," said Mr. Lovell, at the close of dessert, evidently alarmed at the idea of a *tête-à-tête* with the geological Professor who spoke English so imperfectly. So they all six went into the other room together. Here Katharine had from the first espied with rapture a grand pianoforte, hired by the former occupant of the rooms, and retained by Mr. Lovell for his daughter's use.

"Now, Nora, my dear, play something," observed Mrs. Lovell good-naturedly. "Then perhaps Katharine will give us a tune."

Nora, conscious of her superior advantages, went at once to the piano with a pleasant smile, and began to perform an "Air with Variations," a modern popular production of the "drawing-room" genus. First came the air, which made Katharine think, "The composer has nothing to say and says it prettily." Then began a game of hide and seek with the said air, which was really not worth the trouble of looking for! It rippled through arpeggios, it wailed half unrecognised in a minor key; then it suddenly disappeared altogether, and turned up, when least expected, in a mutilated condition in the bass. Then it was, so to speak, irradiated by an explosion of musical fireworks all round it, through which it appeared like the "set piece" with which Katharine was familiar in pyrotechnic displays at the town festivals.

There was no limit to the ingenuity with which the poor little melody was bedecked, and hunted about, and lost, and found, and transmogrified, till Katharine began to feel pity for it. "Why can't they let it lie down and die in peace?" she quaintly reflected. At last three triumphant chords closed the performance. Conscious that she had not played a wrong note (or at least, none to signify) Nora gracefully rose from the piano, and received the thanks as her due. Only Katharine forgot to thank her, and stared with big surprised eyes that Nora thought were full of complimentary wonder. She was soon undeceived.

"Now then, Katharine, my dear, have you brought your music? No? Why! I thought you would be sure to bring your music."

"I would have told you if I had thought of it," said Nora. "I always take some myself when I go out, in case I am asked to play."

"Brought her music!" indeed! Where did Katharine go that her music did not go also? She went without a word to the piano, and the triumphant chords of the Gavotte from Bach's second violin sonata, transcribed by Saint-Saëns, rang upon the stillness. Mr. Lovell, who had the musical taste inherent in the family, gave a great start. Madame Duvigny felt the first throb of gratification she had known that day.

Katharine's playing was distinguished by a wonderful verve and fire. The lack of *technique* of which M. Dumaresq sometimes complained was not noticeable here, as she had studied the piece thoroughly. It was one of her favourites, because of its force and fury; when she was more than ordinarily dissatisfied or restless she would sit down and dash it from her fingers until she had calmed her irritation. She played it now splendidly, in perfect rhythm and with the ringing intonation that marks the artist. She did not tap the notes, or tinkle upon them, but grasped them wholly, flinging into the music all the stirring emotions of her day, and sending forth the echoing chords in satisfying succession; they rang through the room and out into the night. Mr. Lovell could see a dark group in the garden, with luminous cigar ends, pausing below the balcony. When Katharine finished, her uncle literally gasped for breath. "Upon my word! the child's a genius," he had been saying to himself, but he found no words to applaud her. She saved him the trouble.

"This is a really fine instrument!" she said, turning to her amazed aunt and not wholly delighted cousin. "It is a pleasure to play upon it."

And without more ado she glided into one of Grieg's most enchanting reveries, mysterious, tremulous, "as sad as earth, as sweet as heaven." When she had finished, Mrs. Lovell was surreptitiously drying a tear. A long breath was drawn, as by common consent.

"You did not tell me," said Mr. Lovell, half reproachfully, to his sister-in-law, "you did not tell me that your daughter was a musical genius."

"She is thought to have talent," murmured Madame Duvigny, pleased more than words can say.

"Talent! it's more than that. Do you ever compose, child?"

"Sometimes," answered Katharine, and then by request she played her "Autumn Réverie."

"Her father and I were both fond of music. How many years is it since we used to go together to St. James's Hall and every Saturday to the Crystal Palace? Ah well! here the taste reappears in his child" (though not in mine, thought the father, who was never deluded into the supposition that Nora was really gifted.) "Go on, my dear; do not get up."

Poor M. Duvigny, who was not in the least musical, perhaps enjoyed his evening less than anybody, sitting in an armchair and turning over the leaves of an album containing photographs of the chief hotels on the continent of Europe. Nora, when the first impulse of jealousy was over, tried to be pleasant and admiring to the cousin who had so suddenly developed out of a shabby nonentity into a little personage of importance. She plied Katharine with questions about her German life, when Mr. Lovell would allow his niece a little respite from the piano. The child found herself the heroine of the evening; it was a delightful experience, and when she was chattering with animation, she would hardly have been recognised as the same girl who had presented herself in the Duvigny salon earlier in the day.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LITTLE borax added to the water in which flannel and other woollen goods are washed, keeps the texture soft.

CORNS are sometimes cured by having placed on them for a few hours a piece of boiled potato skin, the potato part next to the corn.

COLD cooked Spanish onion cut in slices and dressed with vinegar, and oil, and pepper, or salad cream, makes a very nice salad. So also does the heart of a fresh raw cabbage; if this is finely cut up, it looks and tastes like lettuce.

TO revive leather on chairs, apply a mixture of one part best vinegar, and two parts boiled linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; then polish with a chamois leather, or silk duster. This mixture softens the leather and prevents cracking.

ALL stock for soup should be allowed to get cold, and the fat skimmed off before making it into soup, and only as much of the broth used as is necessary each time. Vegetables should never be allowed to remain in the stock, as they are apt to turn it sour.

IT is well to sew securely the buttons on new gloves before wearing them. They are very slightly put on, and are apt to fly off at very inconvenient times; but if properly secured, generally stay on as long as the gloves are in wear. Buttons on boots should also be fastened with some of the new patent fasteners, which save all the vexation of the buttons coming off.

EIGHT or nine servants' caps can be made out of a yard of book muslin, four yards of narrow lace and a piece of flat cap-wire. The muslin will cost sixpence, the lace twopence a yard, and twelve yards of cap-wire cost one penny. Cut out eight or nine oblong crown pieces out of the muslin, measure a piece of the wire to the size of the head, and join the ends. Sew the muslin on to the wire with a little fulness all round and then run on the lace, one yard downwards and the other yard standing up round the edge. Finish off with a little ribbon bow at the side or front. The lace and muslin can be used over and over again if unpicked and washed for each new cap. So that for the total cost of one shilling fresh pretty caps can be made for at least six months. This is a great saving of expense, and they can be made much larger than those sold at the shops. A band of black velvet can be placed all round the cap between the rows of lace if desired; but some prefer only the bow as a finish.

CHILBLAINS are much relieved if rubbed over with a piece of cut raw onion.

VERY pretty and light smoking caps can be made out of gentlemen's old tall hats. Take a sharp knife and lift the plush at the edge of the crown and tear it off the foundation gently but firmly. This will be used for the crown of the cap. Then peel the plush off the rest of the hat, sew it on to the edge of the crown and line with thin wadding and coloured thin silk; add a tassel or not, as you please. These caps are liked because they are so very light, and take up no space in one's pocket. Muffs and bonnets and various articles for bazaars can also be made out of these old hats.

FOR an invalid's fire-place, when noise is to be avoided, place turf or clods of dry grass, root upwards, under the grate and about the fire-place. If a coal or cinder fall there will then be no noise. Use a wooden poker. It is not only less noisy than a steel one, but if your fire is low you can leave it in for a few minutes and it will revive the fire. Keep a housemaid's glove on the edge of the fender with which to put on coals. If the coals are wrapped in paper, as is often advocated, the paper is apt to make a blaze. A wooden box is better than a metal scuttle for use in a sick room.

TO RID A HOUSE OF FLEAS, etc., quassia chips are recommended. Buy one pound from a chemist, put into a gallon of boiling water, and with half of this in a bucket of water proceed to scour the floors thoroughly. The bitterness of this concoction is a great check. Also Persian powder bought by the pound and put into a canister with holes perforated at the top for the convenience of sprinkling ought to be shaken under the bed, and in the joints of bedsteads, etc. Broken pieces of camphor sewn up in small bags of coarse muslin might be worn in the pocket and put between the blankets and pillows of the bed. Never forget, however, that the greatest enemies to fleas are light, ventilation, and cleanliness.

FOR cleaning silver when dirty, mix a little rouge with spirits of wine in a saucer, rub on the mixture with a clean piece of rag, then polish off with a leather. This is a silversmith's recipe and is of proved value. Do not however mix too much at a time, as it dries quickly.

BITING the ends of one's thread while at needlework is a dangerous practice, and has been known to produce blood-poisoning, besides being destructive to the enamel of one's teeth.

DISCOLOURED enamel saucepans should be boiled out with borax and water for half-an-hour, and afterwards scoured with a little salt.

A SMALL piece of borax put in the bed-room jug, softens hard water and is also a good cleanser.

SPOTTED veils are very injurious to the sight.

BACON is much more digestible if toasted on a fork or in a Dutch oven, than if fried in a pan.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL articles should be cleaned with whiting and cold water. Soap should not be used, as it would discolour them.

A LITTLE finely grated or chopped lemon peel and a little of the lemon juice is a very nice substitute for capers or parsley in butter-sauce, to eat with boiled mutton.

WHEN potatoes are cooked without their skins the loss of nutriment in the juice of the potatoes is 14 per cent.; but if cooked in their skins is only 3 per cent. A baked potato is more nourishing than one boiled.

EVERY child should be taught to sleep with its mouth shut. It is also a very valuable habit to breathe at all times through the nose rather than through the mouth. Chills to the lungs are avoided, as well as infection of all kinds.

THE long pins worn by most people to secure hats are very dangerous if allowed to project beyond the hat. In one case the eye of a young man was put out by a girl who was sitting next to him suddenly turning round to speak to him.

IT is a great comfort and rest to take off one's garters when indoors—especially when tired and the leg swells. If possible they should not be worn at all, but the stockings attached to the underclothing with one or two large safety pins, obviating all pressure.

IT is very important that mattresses should be occasionally well brushed to take off the dust that accumulates on the edges and other parts; but no less necessary is it that the framework of the bed (iron or brass) should be well wiped, occasionally, the mattresses being lifted quite off for the purpose.

SCOLLOPED EGGS.—Butter some scollop shells, put a layer of fine bread-crumbs in each, then a yolk of an egg (take care not to break the yolk), with a small teaspoonful of vinegar, some pepper and salt; cover them well with fine bread-crumbs, put pieces of butter on the top, and bake long enough to set the eggs, brown the outsides and serve. Tarragon vinegar may be used if liked.

"'TWAS JOHNNIE'S FAVOURITE SONG."

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Bobbie Grant and I had been friends since our boyhood. We had studied together at the celebrated old grammar school of Aberdeen, sat side by side in the same "faction" as Byron the poet had occupied long before we were born. From school we went to the University together, and wore our scarlet togas in the same class-rooms.

We fought shoulder to shoulder too, in many a town and gown, and I, being bigger and stronger far than Bobbie, took care always to keep the little man on the lee side of me.

Bobbie and I were inseparables, then, for twelve long years, and the affection we bore each other was in many respects more than brotherly. But when at last we were capped and gowned in the great University Hall, and stepped proudly forth from the arms of our Alma Mater, with all the wide world before us where to choose, we knew and felt we were lads no longer, but men, and that parting now must speedily follow.

But though the sincerest of friends, we were in character antithetic. Bobbie was gentle, mild and quiet, I fond of romance and adventure. Bobbie was fond of bees and wild flowers, I loved the sea and ships. So finally, when I joined the Royal Navy my friend buried himself in a remote country parish, far away among the Highland hills.

Poor Bobbie! just one sigh to his memory; he was drowned one dark November midnight while crossing the loch to see a pauper patient.

After cruising around a South Sea station for four years, I returned home, and being entitled to six months' leave went west to the "Hielans" to see my old friend. I found him living in a charming cottage with a wife and two children.

Compared to the stormy life I had been leading, his seemed idyllic.

It was a country of hill and dell and distant mountain peaks. And forests also, and so close to a wild wood was my bed-room, that night after night I was lulled to sleep by the song the winds sang in the tall pine trees.

In a parish like this Bobbie could never hope to become rich, for as he laughingly told me, while nursing his curly-haired boy, his patients often paid him in kind; a miller would send him meal, a tailor would make him new suits or turn the old ones, and the painter would decorate his rooms when they didn't require it.

"But I'm happy," he added with a fond glance at his wife who was pouring out the tea, "and I'm contented."

Contented he well might be, for here he could cultivate his tastes to the fullest extent. He had a great rambling old walled garden, such as a poet would love to wander in, and where flowers, fruit and vegetables vied with each other in beauty or luxuriance. There was a cosy summer-house, green and cool, and there was a corner for the bees. It was springtime when I paid my friend this first visit; the green and tender foliage was on the scented birch trees; primroses and wild hyacinths hid in the woodlands; from every copse came the croodling of the wood pigeons, and every bush seemed to hold a wildly-lilting thrush, or a melodious blackbird. On the moorlands at present the golden gorse—beloved of rose linnets—hugged the ground, and on the braes the broom was waving its yellow tassels in the breeze, but in autumn those hills would be purple and crimson with heather and heath, and then, the bees would indeed have a happy time of it.

After I had luxuriated here for a week, I sent Bobbie off for a holiday while I stayed to look after his patients. It was in this way that I became acquainted with Mary McIntosh.

Mary, as she was always called and never Mrs. McIntosh, was not herself a Highlander though her husband had been. She was an Aberdonian, born and reared on her father's farm within ten miles of the Granite City. And there was very little indeed she could not do or turn her hands to, even as a girl. She milked the cows at home, made butter and cheese, fed the calves, attended to the kitchen work and drove the cart to the city every Friday. But for all that, at extra busy seasons, she found time to assist in thinning young turnips or planting potatoes, while in harvest, Mary was never missed out of the corn-field, and her laugh was always the loudest, her song the blithest at that merry time.

When she went to be house-keeper to old John McIntosh, it was not long before he found out her worth. Old John he was called, but the old was a mere homely prefix, for John was barely forty. When he commenced sounding the praises of his new housekeeper to the neighbours, they were quite prepared for the wedding that soon followed.

John wore away at last and was put to rest in the little churchyard close to the loch. But Mary accepted widowhood in a very matter of fact way. "The young *may* die, 'oman," she told a neighbour, "but the old *must*."

So when the days of her mourning were over, she and her two children, Johnnie and Maggie, settled quietly down in the old croft and things went on very much as they had done before. And so they continued to do till about a fortnight after my friend Bobbie went away on his holiday, when an event occurred that, I think, went far to break the poor woman's heart.

Her son, then about two-and-twenty, had left her suddenly. Left her after a quarrel, in which there had been hot and high words on both sides. The *casus belli* 'twixt mother and son I need do no more than mention.

Johnnie had been paying his attentions to a crofter's daughter whom Mrs. McIntosh considered no match for her son. The mother seems to have been right, for "the designing hussy" as she called her, got married just six weeks after Johnnie left the glen.

I had met Mary and her son too, several times at church and elsewhere before the quarrel that had caused them to sunder. There was nothing very striking about him. A tall and strapping young fellow, good-looking rather, but simple in the extreme. It is such men as Johnnie, however, that fill those Highland regiments that have gained honour and glory for Britain, on every field on which their tartans have waved, or their plumes have nodded. Mary was about forty-five years old, a strong, raw-boned wiry Scotchwoman, and far indeed from comely. Her fair hair was sprinkled with grey and her face freckled all over. It could not have been for her beauty that old John took her to be his wedded wife. She was loud-voiced too, and had a way of raising that voice and quite talking her neighbour down when she herself wanted to be heard. Pride and stolid independence were probably the most prominent traits in Mary's character. And yet from the very first I felt convinced, that in the innermost depths of her heart, there was a well of pure womanly tenderness and love, which had never yet been really sounded. I am a student of character—what doctor is not?—and something in those grey soft eyes of hers told me this. Moreover, I think, there is always some good in those whom the wild birds and the lower animals love, and in the depth of winter, standing in her own little garden, the neighbours used to be astonished to see the feathered denizens of woodland and forest crowding round Mary to be fed, and even picking the crumbs from her hands.

Besides all this, whenever a cow or a child was ill in the parish the first thing to be done was always to "run for Mary McIntosh."

Yes, plain-faced, loud-voiced Mary brought comfort and happiness to many a family who were too poor to pay a doctor's fee, and too proud even to beg for advice.

The quarrel 'tween mother and son had been short and sharp.

"You'll never bring that minx to my house, and that I tell you, lad."

"No, mither, no; and if e'er I mysel' darken your door again, then black be my fa'."

The garden gate rang behind him as the lad rushed off. Mary McIntosh had lost a son; next morning a kilted regiment stationed in Aberdeen was richer by one more soldier brave and true.

It was Johnnie's sister Maggie who had come for me.

"I'm afraid for mither," she said, "she eats no food. She only mopes, and speaks but little, but she talks strangely to herself when no one's looking. But," she added, "come, sir, as if to see me, and I'll pretend to have the toothache."

I sauntered over to Mary McIntosh's croft that same evening, and lifting the latch walked in without knocking.

Further than to say "Good evening," I took little notice of the mother, who was seated on a tall straight-backed chair near the low peat fire.

"Oh, doctor," cried Maggie, "I can't bear the thoughts of having the tooth out. The very sight of you has made me better."

"As you like," I said laughing, and replacing the instruments in my pocket.

Next minute I found myself alone with Mrs. McIntosh beside the fire. I did not expect her to be over-communicative, but I ventured one remark.

"You're not looking very well yourself, Mrs. McIntosh."

And indeed I spoke the truth. She seemed to have aged all at once; her face was grey, and pinched, and drawn, and there was an uncanny kind of a light in her eyes that I did not like to see. "If," I thought to myself, "I can get this woman to cry I can save her reason, if not——"

I got no answer from her. She just sat there as if turned to granite, with her eyes upon the rolling reek.

The spring sunshine had faded away behind the western hills, and gloaming was settling down o'er moor and glen and woodland.

I was glancing round the humble room uncertain what to do, when my eyes alighted on what I knew to be Johnnie's fiddle, hanging in a green bag on the wall.

As a medical man, well did I know the power of music in cases like this; for I had oftentimes tried it before.

"Come, Mary," I said, "you must want a little cheering up. You never heard me play?"

"Dinna (don't), dinna, sir, it's Johnnie's fiddle!"

But I had it down and soon tuned up. I knew better, however, than play anything merry. Music to do good must accord with the feelings. For a time, then, I played airs from my favourite operas.

The poor woman sat very quietly, still with her eyes on the fire as if she heard me not.

Deeper and deeper fell the gloaming shadows, struggling for the mastery with the fitful peat-light.

There is a sweet and sad old song that has thrilled many a Scottish heart, and this I now began to play, singing over the fiddle as I did so.

"Bonnie Charlie's noo awa,
Safely o'er the friendly main,
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Gin (if) he'll no' come back again."

Blessed music. I had touched a chord, I could hardly see Mary by this time. But she was rocking herself to and fro on the high-backed chair and sobbing. She managed to speak at last, and now that her heart was thawed, she spoke freely enough.

"Oh, sir, sir," she cried, "that was Johnnie's favourite song. Oh, doctor, I'm broken-hearted, for I've driven him from my door, and he'll never come again. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? The house is no' the same. Every creetur about the farm seems to ask me 'where is Johnnie?' And every time the latch is lifted, my heart jumps to my mouth, and I think he has come to me."

"Mrs. McIntosh," I said, "you must write to him." For several long minutes, motherly love, I felt sure, was fighting her woman's pride.

"Never!" she cried at last. "Never!"

I could do no more, and so came quietly and sorrowfully away.

* * * *

Before Johnnie's regiment left for foreign service, he had heard of his old sweetheart's marriage.

"I'll never lo'e anither," he told a comrade, "and I'll ne'er forgive my mither."

So with bitterness in his heart he sailed away. This did not, however, prevent him from turning out a good soldier and a brave. He was in that memorable night march across the Egyptian desert, and third if not the second to scale the ramparts of Tel-el-Kebir. He was severely wounded and invalided home, about the time I myself returned, after a long spell of nearly four years at sea. It was not long before I once more found myself at my friend's house in the Highlands, and, after a week, during which time we talked about little else save old times at school and college, Bobbie went as before on a holiday.

Mary McIntosh, he told me, previous to his leaving, had never written to her son, nor he to her. But she was sterner now than ever, though sadly altered and with hair as white as snow.

I wish my story had not so sad an ending. Were it fiction it would be all so different.

Maggie came to my house one evening, but on this occasion she was weeping bitterly.

"Mother's had a fit, sir; oh, come quickly, sir, and see her."

Mary I found lying on her humble bed, and though she had recovered consciousness, I could see at a glance that Death had laid his cold hand upon her shoulder, and was beckoning her away.

I remained at her bedside all the night. She seemed to doze, but every time a door opened, however gently, she would start and murmur—"Is it Johnnie? Oh, that Johnnie would come!"

It was the wild winter. And winter is wild in the Scottish Highlands, but next day I despatched a special messenger to Fort George to bring the truant son to see his dying mother.

Alas! my messenger was snow-bound.

"And Mary—plain-faced Mary McIntosh died. The last words I heard her say, were—

"Yes, yes, 'twas Johnnie's favourite song."

A smile irradiated her homely features, making them for the moment beautiful. Then there was one or two long-drawn sighs.

And that was all.

It was three whole days after we had buried poor Mary in the little churchyard, and I was seated in the gloaming by the peat fire, talking to and trying to comfort Maggie, when suddenly the door was thrown open and in rushed a brown-faced Highland soldier.

It was Johnnie. He gave Maggie his two hands.

"My mither? My mither? Oh, dinna say she is dead!"

Mary's sobbing was his only answer. Then he sank into a chair, and I went slowly out into the night and left the two together.

Next night about 9 o'clock it blew a terrible blizzard, but in the midst of it I thought some one knocked at my door. I opened it myself, and half-choking with the ice-dust, dragged poor Maggie in.

"Johnnie!" she gasped. "He isn t here? Oh, then, dear sir, he's gone to greet (weep) on mither's grave!"

It was twelve o'clock that awful night, before myself and three men managed to fight our way into the churchyard through the snow-drifts, and to the corner where Mary had been laid to rest.

My worst fears were realised. When we raked away the snow, our hands touched frozen tartan.

Heaven had taken pity on the poor lad's sorrow.

He was gone to the land where no more tears are shed.

MY GIFT.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

If there should fail you, in some future day,
A love you thought was very strong and true,
If suddenly there should be swept away
A happiness you thought had come to you;

If crushed the best of all your Faith should lie
Because a heart you trusted as your own
Had failed you suddenly. If hope should die
Because you have to face the pain alone;

If suffering undeserved come near your life,
Misunderstandings, bitterness of pain;
If sin should ever make you yield the strife,
And others turn aside in slow disdain,

Remember—there is here one faithful heart
Whose love will stand by you, through good or ill,
Though years to come may set us far apart
This steadfast love will stand beside you still.

Remember—I have given you of my best,
This love I humbly lay before your feet
Longs just to serve and help you; for the rest,
I only ask you not to spurn it—sweet.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CECIL'S stay at the Residency proved to be an eventful one. Lady Haigh and Charlie put their heads together, and the results of their consultation presented themselves in the form of two incompatible propositions, namely, that it was absolutely necessary that an escort should be found for Cecil throughout her long journey back to England, but that there was no prospect that any member of the English colony would be returning home just at present. The net conclusion of these contradictory premises was a self-evident truth, which, as Cecil said, gave the crown to the bad logic of the whole proceeding. The only thing to be done was that she and Charlie should be married at Baghdad, and consider the voyage home in the light of a honeymoon trip. To everyone else this seemed a most fitting solution of the difficulty, and Cecil acquiesced in it with a submissiveness which would have astonished herself a year or two before.

"It is not fair of you to take me by surprise in this way now, Charlie, after all that has happened," she said. "My pride is broken, and I don't mind confessing that I couldn't part with you again."

This accommodating spirit was hailed as altogether satisfactory by Lady Haigh, although she took occasion in private to admonish Cecil not to make Charlie proud by letting him think that she could not do without him. This advice was supported by many apposite illustrations, but Cecil laughed in her sleeve, and contrasted Lady Haigh's preaching with her practice, for when she and Sir Dugald were separated, she could think and speak of little beside him. But having done her duty and relieved her conscience, the elder lady turned with a glad heart to the making of preparations for the wedding. Of course the ceremony was to be performed by Dr. Yehudi, and Sir Dugald consented, under protest, to give away the bride.

"I disapprove of the whole affair," he said to Charlie, "and I cannot see why I should be obliged to seem to give my sanction to it. If Miss Anstruther did me the honour to ask my advice even now, I should feel bound to advise her to throw you over, but she hasn't. At any rate, since she is foolish enough to take you, I have had to give up the opinion I once held of her good sense."

"Your bark was always worse than your bite, Sir Dugald," laughed Charlie, who had had time to arrive at this conclusion now that he was no longer on an official footing with the Balio Bey. And indeed Sir Dugald gave himself infinite trouble in disentangling and setting right the complicated affars of the pair, although when he was at home he entreated his wife to keep those two out of his sight, for they looked so absurdly happy he could not stand it.

"You will be pleased to know," he said, coming into the Residency verandah one day after a lengthy interview with the Pasha at the Palace, "that all you have gone through is nothing but a series of practical jokes."

"Very practical jokes indeed!" said Charlie, growing rather red, while Cecil, glancing up into Sir Dugald's impenetrable eyes, saw his eyebrows twitching at the corners.

"Oh, Sir Dugald, you are joking!" she cried.

"Not at all," said Sir Dugald, sitting down in a long wicker chair and stretching himself luxuriously; "the joke is all on the side of the Pasha's household, I assure you. Egerton's leaving Baghdad was a joke of Azim Bey's; so was his capture by the Kurds. His pretended death, your imprisonment, Miss Anstruther, and the attempt to marry you off to some native, were little jokes of the Kitchuk Khanum Effendi's, got up in pure lightness of heart, just to relieve the monotony of harem existence. The Um-ul-Pasha shares in the family tastes, so she co-operated with her Excellency, and Karalampi acted as a kind of master of the revels, humouring the rest by lending his experience to make their play more real."

"I can't make out that business about the native," said Charlie meditatively. "We are evidently meant to understand that he was a myth, and that the Um-ul-Pasha intended all along to play the part of a fairy godmother, and bring us together again. Is it so?"

"Not a bit," said Sir Dugald. "The fellow was a flesh and blood reality. I believe he is some relation to the Levantine woman who has done all the Um-ul-Pasha's dirty work in this business."

"Mdlle. Katrina's nephew!" cried Cecil in mingled astonishment and disgust.

"Yes, the plan was very complete," said Sir Dugald. "And it was splendidly managed!" he cried, with the admiration of an accomplished artist for the masterpiece of a fellow-craftsman. "The way all the parts dovetail into one another is so good. Why, if it had not been for that utterly unexpected letter from Mrs. Howard White, we might never have been the wiser! Just think of it, Miss Anstruther. There was Egerton up in the mountains, unable to escape or to communicate with me. There were you at Sardiyeh, miles away from Egerton in reality, and practically much more, since your gaolers were Turks and his Kurds. Still, you would have been pretty sure to have made inquiries and discovered where he was, and to have found some way of communicating with him, as long as you thought he was alive, so you had to believe him dead. That, again, was excellently done. To dress up some dead body in Egerton's clothes, pitch it over the cliff, and show it to Hanna as his master's was very good, but it was still better to let him escape and tell his tale, and best of all to secure him and put him in safe keeping as soon as it was done. That disposed of both of you, besides working off Karalampi's little grudges. He felt quite safe, for he had Azim Bey's authority for a good deal, and he knew that he would not dare to say anything about it."

"But what was the good of it all?" said Charlie. "It seems rather aimless—so much trouble without any very important result."

"Ah, you forget the part of the plot which failed," said Sir Dugald quickly. "It may be rather lowering to your self-esteem, but you must remember that you two Europeans were not the chief persons aimed at. The Um-ul-Pasha and the Kitchuk Khanum Effendi had their end in view, and that was to get rid of Azim Bey; to get rid of you and Miss Anstruther was only a means of attaining that end. Everything went well as far as that. You were out of the way, and that gave them the opportunity of keeping Miss Anstruther out of the way too. Azim Bey was left unprotected. Then came the unlooked-for blow which spoiled the scheme—the Pasha's leaving Karalampi behind with the Mutesalim. The Kitchuk Khanum Effendi completed the ruin of the plot, and when once we had had Mrs. White's letter, and begun to make inquiries, they had to patch things up as best they could. Miss Anstruther was to be married off and taken out of the way, and as for you, Egerton, I think you would have disappeared mysteriously as soon as you set foot outside the Palace, which would have saved them a good deal of trouble."

"And you are really going to let them carry it all off as a joke?" asked Cecil indignantly.

"Well," said Sir Dugald, "I have pointed out to the Pasha the fact that the peculiar sense of humour inherent in his family is inconveniently strong, and must be checked, and he has promised to see to it."

"But what does it all mean?" inquired Cecil in bewilderment.

"It simply means that the Pasha is bound to hush the matter up at any cost, and that this is the only way in which he can make a show of accounting for the circumstances. Of course he has to pay for it, but he prefers that to embroiling himself with Tahir Pasha, the Khanum Effendi's father, or with the Hajar, and creating a fearful scandal in the city. I have made sure, Miss Anstruther, that your salary is not to be docked on account of your alleged illness, and you are to receive the *bakhshish* agreed upon from the beginning. Your maid, and Egerton and his servant, are all to receive compensation, of course on the understood condition that they hold their tongues about what has taken place."

"But is the Pasha to pay it all?" asked Cecil. "Surely that isn't fair?"

"It is not poetical justice, I grant you, especially since Karalampi retires to his native Smyrna with a handsome sum of hush-money in his pocket. But it puts it in a better light when you consider that if the Pasha had never employed Karalampi, he would never have had to pay. Or, to go back to first principles, it would have been the same if he had been content with one wife, or even with having had three, and had not married the Khanum Effendi, or if, having married her, he had kept her in better order. As for her, she has done for her son's chance of inheriting any but a very small share of his father's property, and brought herself very near a divorce, and that ought to keep her quiet for the future. Then she and her mother-in-law have quarrelled violently, and the Um-ul-Pasha has cursed Najib Bey, and taken Azim Bey into favour, which is also satisfactory. By-the-bye, that pupil of yours is a queer little specimen, Miss Anstruther."

"He is very happy just now in having realised an old ambition," said Cecil, laughing. "He has been both the villain and the *deus ex machina* of the story."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," said Sir Dugald sententiously. "Ambitions are queer things. Egerton's is to set things right generally, I believe. I hope you realise, Miss Anstruther, that you are in for a hornet's nest at home? Egerton will go about hunting up abuses and attacking vested interests until you are universally hated, and even think with envy of us sweltering out here. Still, better at home than at Baghdad. There may be a niche for faddists in England, but in the East we want men who can pull together."

"And in your view that covers a multitude of sins?" said Cecil. "No, Sir Dugald, I am not going to begin an argument. I know that when you and I argue it only leads to our each being more firmly convinced of the truth of our respective opinions than before. But I am sorry for one thing that we are going to live at home. I used to like to think that we might settle down here, and Charlie could start a medical mission to help Dr. Yehudi's work."

"Poor old Yehudi! I think I should have been obliged to interfere to protect him," said Sir Dugald. "He would have had the mob pulling the Mission-house about his ears in a week. No, for the sake of the mission, and of the unoffending missionaries, I am sure we may be thankful that Egerton's past record effectually prevents his settling in Baghdad."

"Well," said Cecil, with a little sigh, "I think I am learning not to try and plan my life beforehand, but to take it as it comes. Nothing has ever happened yet as I have expected it."

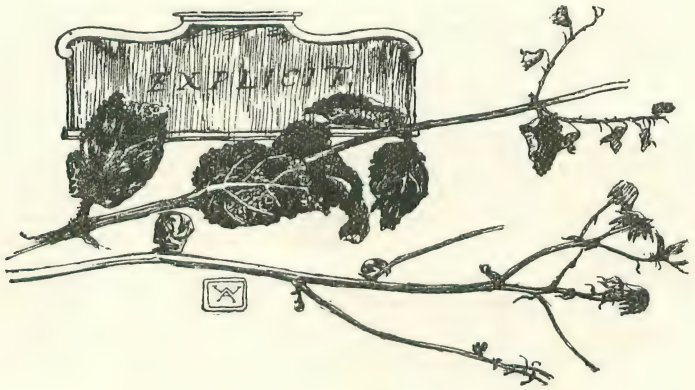
"I should not have suspected you of being a disenchanted cynic," said Sir Dugald, as he rose, but Cecil looked up at him in surprise.

"But I am not complaining," she said. "What I meant was that I thought I was beginning to see how much better it was that it should be so, because we can't tell what is before us. Why, when we left Sardiyeh, I felt so miserable that I told Um Yusuf that I should like to stay there always. She said that was only foolishness, but it was what I really felt, and just think what I should have missed if I had been able to do as I liked! And at the very beginning too, before I came out here at all, if my life had been as I planned it, I should have been teaching the children at home still, and I should never have left England—nor met Charlie."

"And that would have been a loss?" asked Sir Dugald.

Cecil gave him a glance of pity and reproach.

"A very great loss," she said.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOVEY.—You had better apply for the book you require to some good bookseller.

MARJORY, CHORISTER (New Zealand).—1. A course of reading such as you wish to undertake, would consist of History, Biography, Travels, Poetry, and the best authors in Fiction. If you have a "Free Library" (or other Library) near you, you could obtain the books easily; and with the librarian's help, you could choose the best authors, taking the subjects in turn—some of each every day.—2. An "Olympiad" is a period of four years—from one celebration of the Olympic games to another—constituting an important epoch in history and chronology. The "Olympiads" were reckoned from the victory of Corœbus in the foot race in the year 776 B.C. The name is derived from Olympus, a mountain in Macedonia. The "Olympic games" lasted five days only.

ANITA.—There are very fair openings in cookery, we are told. If you had given us your address, we could have given the name of some technical school near you where you might qualify as a teacher. There is an excellent one at Nottingham, at 63, Long Row, which is under Government inspection, and is recognised by the Education Department. Write for prospectus and terms to the organising Secretary at the above address. If you do not like this, there seems to be an opening now for visiting cooks, *i.e.*, ladies who will go out and cook dinners or luncheons. Perhaps this would suit you. If so, advertise for it in local papers.

WORK.

MINERVA.—You could make very pretty square pincushions and melon-shaped head cushions, and small covers for tables or sofas, with strips or patchwork, alternately with others of coarse lace. The second question you ask is one to be decided by the conscience of the individual. We should say, better not.

PRIMROSE.—The only reason that we can see to account for the squares of your crochet quilt sitting badly is, that you do the middle part rather looser than the rest. In reality, it ought to be the firmest part. Otherwise the square seems quite right.

A. M. S.—Postage stamps are sometimes used to cover plates and dishes, on which they are glued very firmly, and then varnished.

SUNBEAM.—The patches might be used for making "crazy patchwork." If too dull in colour you might purchase a few quarter-yard lengths of reds and yellows to brighten it up. The patches are worked round in "coral" or "feather stitch" in yellow, or various coloured silks.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The "Madeira embroidered" eggs are said to be done by soaking them in vinegar till the shell be a little softened. We have illustrated one of them in vol. xiv.

A. S. UNLEY (S. Australia).—Many thanks for your kind offer, which we regret to be obliged to decline.

E. H. C.—D. M. C. cotton is to be found at any good embroidery shop. There is no difficulty about it at all. It is best to make some exertion yourself before writing to us.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. R. A.—The answer, of course, applied to a man living alone; but the case of a united household of brothers and sisters living together is quite different. There is plenty of chaperonage in the two sisters of the future husband.

RUSSIAN VIOLET.—It is suggested that the name "cowslip" is derived from "cows' leek." It is a species of primula. February 16th, 1881, was a Wednesday.

VIOLET.—You need medical advice, you do not seem to assimilate your food; and that is a serious matter.

CUCKMERE.—We do not understand why the letter to your doctor, or to any one else, should not be stamped with your monogram. The hair is much affected by the general state of your health. Loss of nervous power causes baldness.

GLADYS GRAHAM.—Appears to have her digestion out of order, and she probably reads or stoops her head and works her brain too soon after meals. Masticate your food well, eat moderately, and what is very digestible.

LAUREL.—There are many causes for the sleepiness of which you complain. Going when already tired; just after a meal; when overheated; the influence of gas lights; the monotonous voice of the preacher, or lack of interest in the service. Perhaps a little of all combined, and insufficient sleep at night. If opposite a window with the light in your eyes you are disposed to close them.

IVY.—The meaning of the Spanish sentence you give is, "Health and happiness."

Odds and Ends.

"You may pulverise ice, but it is ice still; but let a sunbeam fall on it and it is soon dissolved. Abuse, however severe and humiliating, never softens men; but kindness will melt the most obdurate."

AMERICA seems to be the land of women's progress. It is quite a common custom now for girls who wish to go to one of the many colleges, and who are unable to afford the fees, to assist in the domestic work of the college of which they are members, thus meeting part or whole of their expenses. But the girls do not confine themselves to the colleges, gladly taking places in boarding-houses, where in return for a few hours' household duties, they receive their food and lodging, and are enabled to take part in the college courses. They also have no objection to serving as nurse-girls in the professors' families, or to singing in the choir—in short, they will do anything by which they can support themselves, and at the same time gain a university education. The system is by no means uncommon in England, but it has not reached the colleges open for women.

THE wedding-cake of to-day is the evolution of simplicity, its present form in England only dating from the time of the Restoration. In ancient Rome when a maiden was married she always carried three ears of wheat in her hand, whilst over her head was broken a plain cake made of flour and water, as a presage of plenty and an abundance of good things in her married life. The Early English bride wore a wreath of wheaten ears which were sometimes gilded, and on her return from church, corn was thrown over her head which was afterwards gathered up and eaten by the guests—the genesis of the present day rice-throwing. As the centuries passed, however, this grain was made into large thin biscuits, which were broken over the bride's head and then distributed amongst the assembled company. These cakes in the time of Elizabeth became little rectangular buns made of flour, sugar, eggs, milk, spice and currants. They were usually piled high on a plate, and it was the custom of the bride and bridegroom to kiss one another across them. This mass of cakes covered with comfits and almond paste, and stacked in a pyramid, soon led the way to one huge cake, for which, however, we are really indebted to the exiles who had acquired a taste for French cookery during the Commonwealth, and whose cooks on their return converted the wedding-bun into the wedding-cake of much the same form as we know it to-day.

THE earliest example of the large clocks made by the clockmakers is in the City of Rouen. It was made by Jahan de Felains, and was finished in 1389. Its case is six feet eight inches high and only five inches broad, and so perfect is its construction that it is still used to regulate the time in the town, striking the hours, half-hours and quarters with the most exact regularity. Until 1714 it only possessed what the mediæval clock-makers called a "foliot," but in that year a pendulum was added.

THE figure of Britannia upon our copper coinage was first used in 1672 in the reign of Charles II., and is a copy of a similar one which is found in almost the same position upon the Roman coins of the time of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, as well as on the medallion of Commodus. At one time the figure was supposed to have been taken from a portrait of the beautiful Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, but this idea has been proved to be erroneous.

INDEXING is peculiarly woman's work, and it says much for their capability in this difficult employment which needs extreme care, that Miss Nancy Bailey has been appointed indexer of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates—the official record of the proceedings in Parliament. The index upon which Miss Bailey will be engaged covers the period between the accession of William IV., and the end of the Parliamentary session of 1891, so its magnitude can be easily imagined. Miss Bailey has also made the indexes to the reports of several of the Royal Commissions.

THERE is a very old herbarium at Padua, which city boasts of possessing the oldest botanical garden in Europe, but the oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in Cairo. It is in the Egyptian museum and contains crowns, wreaths, as well as bouquets and garlands of flowers taken from the tombs of the Pyramids and other places. All the flowers are in excellent preservation and have been identified by botanists in spite of the fact that they are about 3000 years old.

AT no period in the world's history has the influence of woman in the homes of the upper classes been so paramount as in the fifteenth century. A succession of foreign and civil wars throughout Europe kept the knights away from their homes, and they spent the greater part of their time in camps and courts and on the field of battle. Consequently the charge of their estates, their children and their servants was left to their wives who, in their manor-houses and *chateaux*, directed domestic affairs and left an ineffaceable impression upon the spirit of the time.

"THERE is nothing so necessary to gain perfect order as kindness. It must predominate. The home which is governed by harshness could never become an ideal home. It is not difficult for an ordinarily observant person to see at once what kind of spirit prevails in a family. A person must be dull who partakes of a meal without forming some opinion of the prevailing spirit. In homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet one on the threshold. The kindly welcome is felt on entering. It is beautifully expressed in 'kind words are the music of the world.' Hard words, on the other hand, 'are like hailstones in summer beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops of rain?' Life without love would be a world without a sun, without one blossom of delight, of feeling, or of taste."

"HOW shall you learn to know yourself? Not by contemplation, but by action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of."—*Goethe.*

THE village of Nasso in Sweden has a contingent of one hundred and fifty women in its fire-brigade. The waterworks of the village are primitive, consisting of four huge tubs, which it is the duty of these "firewomen" to keep full during the progress of a fire. Whilst their men colleagues are pouring water upon the flames, they stand in two long lines between the tubs and an adjacent lake, one line passing up buckets full of water and the other passing them back.

MOST people have a craze for collecting, and when the collection is of things of beauty or interest, nothing is more delightful than to be shown such results of careful searching. But amongst the most extraordinary of hobbies, that of collecting historic doors seems to be the least satisfactory, and certainly the most inconvenient, seeing that they must need considerable space in which to be kept. Amongst other odd fads is the collection of chairs, and the hats and bonnets of eminent people. Umbrellas too, that have been used by great persons, are eagerly sought for by some collectors, and it is said that the Prince of Wales has for years made a collection of walking-sticks, of which he has now a sufficient number to stock several shops. An instance of the fact that nothing under the sun is despised of those possessed of a collecting instinct is a collection of "watch-cocks"—a "watch-cock" is the little grating that covers the escapement of a watch—part of which, containing some specimens from historical watches, may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The gathering together of the labels of match-boxes, which is the pet hobby of another collector, does not seem to serve any useful purpose.

THE elaborate ornamentation of skates is the last thing to which the ordinary person would think of devoting any time or thought. But on the continent, where skating may be relied upon as a certainty every winter, skates are sometimes made which cost from twenty to three hundred guineas. A pair was made at the beginning of last winter by a London firm for an Austrian Countess, which cost no less than one hundred and eighty guineas, the upper parts being made of frosted silver with clasps of turquoises across the feet. Aluminium and silver are now being commonly used for the framework, and one pair, also made last season, were of chased gold, with a diamond clasp for each foot. A combination of gun-metal and gold is likewise very popular amongst those who care to spend money so unnecessarily.

"SMALL service is true service while it lasts. Of friends, however humble, scorn not one. The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."—*Wordsworth.*

VOL. XVII.—NO. 856.] MAY 23, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PUSSY-CAT STUDIES.

A YAWN.

AFTER FLIES.

SHAMMING.

NO TRIFLING ALLOWED.

"WHAT'S THIS!"

TANTALISING.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Hendersons had already been some time in their new home in genteel Talbot Road, Sillerton, and Gladys was in the full swing of her enjoyment of what she called "society," to wit, afternoon calls and evening "receptions," among folks whose devotion to money-making had brought them—too often by the devious ways of the drink-traffic, usury, and "sweating"—from the East End to the West End. There they spoke of their old neighbours as "that class of people," and some who in the ways of "light and genteel" servitude had had some insight into still higher spheres, got so beautifully confused in their conversation concerning "the county families," that it was hard to tell who was the laird's second cousin by marriage, and who had been only the laird's wife's "companion."

They did not read in this "society." The girls would have styled it "frumpish" or "blue" to know much about any books except a few ephemeral novels. They had no interest in art, though many of them daubed a little; and all of them, in utter ignorance of the works and the histories of the great composers, "performed" on some instrument certain popular pieces of cheap showiness.

Their talk was of the fashions, and the last "reception," and the latest marriage, and the local gossip, especially that tending marriagewards. And they talked a great deal about servants, whom they held to be most reprehensible and upsetting people—those whose own grandmothers had been servants (and doubtless far more attractive and interesting than these grand-daughters) being always loudest in speaking of "girls of that class"!

Gladys used to grow quite hot with terror lest somebody should discover what her Cousin Morag really was. Of course, what she said was that "Morag had gone to live with an old friend of mamma's, who is alone and wants a companion." But then Nigle was not so far from Sillerton but that the truth might any day leak out. Gladys could only fortify herself against such an unhappy hour by searching out behind similar little euphemisms, similarly employed by her acquaintances.

Such is the mental and moral poverty which some people make for themselves and live in, in that dull content which simply knows nothing better after which to aspire. And yet this type is always loudest in unsympathetic horror at others who have created—or have had created for them—a physical poverty, in which they are satisfied with rags and dirt, and delight in the stupefaction of a little drink!

The meanness and frivolity of this existence, the corrosion of its rivalries, the paltriness of its triumphs, had been so visible through Gladys' letters, as to make Morag realise that there was enough even in her own present life for which to be profoundly thankful. There was much lacking which she longed for, but she certainly did not long for this. Nay, she was fully conscious that had she been still living with the Hendersons under these new conditions, she would have been constantly convicted of showing what Aunt Rebecca called her "unamiable tempers;" the designation that good lady always gave to any expression of strong conviction, or any endeavour after sincere action. If there was nobody to speak to at Mrs. Cay's, at least there was nobody whom one was expected to kiss and caress, alternately with backbiting and ridicule, or else pay the penalty of being called "very cold and uppish" or "very disagreeable and goody," according as one failed in the before-face flattery, or the behind-back abuse. It was the only comfort poor Morag had in her relations with her mistress; they were at least sincere and frank. Mrs. Cay was quite sincere and frank in her mistrust and suspicion, and she did not expect or demand the least demonstration of kindliness or zeal from Morag. Indeed Morag in the warmth of her sound young heart often showed an irrepressible "obligingness" which made Mrs. Cay wonder "what she was after next."

Therefore Gladys' letters had never hitherto saddened Morag by awakening memories of Sillerton, or longings for it.

But the letter which came the morning after Morag's visit to Miss Soutar touched a very different string—and touched it rudely—jarring every fibre of Morag's heart.

Thus the letter ran—

"DEAR RAG,—I am sure you must be longing to hear from me, but really there is always so much going on, that I never feel like writing. Just now I've been busy getting my winter things, and I've had to take great care and scheme very cleverly to buy so that I can manage to make it seem as if I had six or seven evening dresses, since I'm likely to be out so often. Also, I've had my photograph taken (can you guess why? Somebody hinted that one would be very acceptable). Everybody says I have come out lovely except that hateful thing the Milne girl, and she looked at it calmly, and had the cheek to ask whose portrait it was! And just fancy, those Milnes—butchers—have taken the corner house of the Talbot Road, the house with the turret, and with two more rooms than any other house in the road. Isn't it abominable? As dear old Mrs. Lee says (she's an advocate's widow, you know), it's enough to spoil the amenity of the place; and that shows the folly of buying house property, and we are thankful we took Ned's advice. (Oh, why did that slip out? I mean Mr. Lumsden junior, of course)."

Morag looked up from her letter reflective. What did this mean? The Hendersons had owned the old house in Siller Street, and she had always understood they would never sell out, except to buy into another. From all she ever gathered by her aunt's remarks, such an exchange under the circumstances was likely to involve a crippling outlay, and she had rather wondered to notice that expenditure on furniture and finery had gone ahead in rather an unlimited way. Probably this explained the mystery. She had often heard Aunt Rebecca complain of the small benefit accruing from house-property. Undoubtedly this new friend, Mr. Lumsden, had found a better investment for her aunt's money.

"Stockbrokers do hear of very good things sometimes," thought innocent Morag. "Well, I'm glad I did not stand in the way of their making these changes, since they have turned out so fortunately."

She went on reading her letter.

"Such a comical thing happened last week. We were sitting in the drawing-room, ma and I and Mrs. Lee and—ahem—Ned, when Jane (that's our servant) came in, and I saw by her look that something was up, for though Jane has lived in first-class families, and can go through anything as wooden as if she was a wax figure, yet she has a way of making you feel when she thinks anything is below par.

"'Please, ma'am,' she said, 'there's a young man in the hall asking for a Miss Morag Henderson.' (I don't know whether Jane knows anything about you, but I daresay she has heard your name somehow.)

"'Nonsense! what young man can be asking for Miss Morag?' cried mamma.

"'Sure it wasn't Miss Gladys?' asked Ned (who makes himself quite at home).

"Jane took no notice, just as if she had not heard him. 'Miss Morag Henderson,' she repeated.

"'Is he a gentleman?' inquired mamma.

"Jane gave the least little smile. 'Well, ma'am,' she answered. 'I should not like to say. I told him Miss Morag did not live here, and then he said he would like to see you; he knew you were her aunt.'

"'Did he give his name?' questioned ma.

"'He said his name, and where he had come from, but I could not quite catch either—somewhere in the North.'

"'Oh!' said ma, quite enlightened, 'it will be somebody from my niece's birthplace. Probably somebody from the manse where I was once guest. Very proper and attentive. Show the gentleman up, Jane.' And Jane went off demure as possible, but Ned and I could read her shoulders, and Ned winked at me, and we both sat expectant.

"And then, oh, Morag, there came in an awful creature—a great lanky boy with a tousled head of black hair, dressed in coarse, queer-looking tweeds which seemed new and yet did not seem big enough for him. He looked wildly round, and seemed to make out ma, for he went towards her and said in a deep voice—

"'I beg your pardon, but I'm Hamish Vass from the Kyle, and I thought I'd venture to look in and ask after Morag. I thought I might find her here.'

"'Really it is very kind of you,' said ma, 'take a seat, please, and excuse me that I do not quite remember you.'

"He grinned from ear to ear. 'I didn't think you would, ma'am, for I could not have remembered you. You only saw me once, for a minute, when it was not likely you'd notice me; but I'm brother to Elspeth Vass who lived servant with Morag's parents.'

"'Oh, indeed,' said ma, quite frigid.

"'And my sister told me to be sure and ask after Morag, and to say we've been always speaking of her, but that Elspeth is a poor hand at writing.'

"'Of course my niece will excuse that; she would not expect it,' said ma. 'Miss Morag is quite well. She is not here. She is living with an old friend of mine, in a beautiful place, a city quite celebrated for its refined society.' (Oh, ma was grand! I would not have believed it of her—but the Talbot Road has smartened her up.) 'I daresay you forget that Miss Morag is a grown-up young lady now,' she went on. 'I don't suppose she would remember you. Probably she might recollect your sister.'

"You should have seen his face. He saw how the land lay, and I think if he could have dropped through the floor out of our sight, he would. Ma saw she had scored one, so she followed it quite suavely.

"'And what has brought you to Sillerton?' she asked. 'Looking for work, I suppose? I fear you will find it a struggle.'

"He made the amazing answer: 'I've come up to the College. If I can get a bursary, I'll begin at once, and I've made up my mind I'll take the course somehow sooner or later.'

"'Oh, indeed,' said ma. 'Very laudable. But times are not what they were. I doubt if there is much scope in college for anybody but gentlemen with means of their own.'

"He looked at ma, but didn't answer. Then he said, 'Well, ma'am, I think I'll be going. I beg pardon for intruding. Will you please to give Miss Morag' (he'd taken the cue!) 'our respectful love—from Elspeth and Hamish. And you might tell her grandfather's dead.'

"'Oh, then your sister's alone,' said ma, who can't resist a bit of gossip even about people she despises.

"'No, ma'am, she's gone into service in Edinburgh,' he replied.

"Well, good-bye,' said ma. 'Perhaps we shall see you again, as we are sure to get invitations to some of the parties which are kindly given to introduce the country students to genteel people. That rubs them up, you know.'

"'I reckon I'll have enough to do with my books,' said he.

"'Oh, but you mustn't neglect society,' said ma, quite gracious after she had put him down. 'You mustn't be shy. And dress suits are not absolutely necessary at all those parties.'

"And so he went off. And Ned and I nearly died with laughter! Jane told me afterwards that she believed he had brought a cheese as an offering for you. For he had one with him, Jane could smell it, though it was neatly done up in paper. He left it on the hall-table, and took it away when he left. What a mercy he didn't bring it into the drawing-room—I don't believe Ned could have borne that with gravity. Now, aren't you glad you were not at home, Rag? You'd have had to sit and entertain him for a whole evening; and he'd have come back, I dare say! I wonder how it feels to have a *beau* of that sort. I don't suppose he has ever worn a pair of gloves in his life!

"And am I not an angel to write a long letter like this, just to please you and to deliver the respectful love of Mr. Hamish Vass? Well, be thankful, and make much of this epistle, for I don't suppose you'll get another—not for a long time—not till all the new year gaieties are over. Ta-ta, Rag."

Morag crumpled up the letter in her hand, in the first agony of what Aunt Rebecca would have called "a tantrum." For to her, Hamish Vass was not an awkward, overgrown lad, but a bit of that sacred past, which lay in its silence, liked a veiled Holy of Holies. She could almost have been angry with Hamish himself, because the Philistines had been able to turn him into sport, and so as it were to degrade the whole sweet section of her life to which he belonged. And yet—poor Hamish!—what was it they had found so laughable in him? his country awkwardness, his direct speech, his common clothes, his rough hands! Morag's wholesome heart swung round, and clung loyally to the old playmate of her childhood.

"If Hamish has set his heart on going to college, he will, and he will do well. And my aunt may think herself very clever in 'putting him in his place,' but I guess he had his answers for her, if he'd seen fit to give them out. But what hurts me is that he'll suppose I am grown as hatefully snobbish as they are, and he'll think of me as a stuck-up miss, sitting idle beside an old lady, and fawning on her whims, and ready to look down on dear old Elspeth. He'll never guess that I am a servant like his sister Elspeth—and what wouldn't I give if I might be her fellow-servant! I could have borne it if he had said she was still at the Kyle, for I would have written to her, and let them know the real truth. But it's no use writing to 'Elspeth Vass, Edinburgh.' And the old minister has gone from the Kyle, so there's nobody there now that I can write to. Oh, why did I let all these years pass without writing! But my life and theirs seemed so parted, nobody could think they would mingle again, and now they've just touched, to be parted worse than ever. And clearly, aunt never even asked where poor Hamish was lodging! Oh, there's nothing in the world so unbearable as the aggravating way things will go wrong, when they might go right!"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THEY WAITED A LONG WHILE.—Patience is a very good thing, but like other good things, folks may have too much of it, as was the case with Robert Philips, brother of the "Cider" poet, and his lady-love Anne Bowdier. This faithful pair formed, when young, an attachment quite strong enough to marry upon; but with unexampled deference to the objections of disapproving relatives were content to carry on their courtship for sixty years, only bringing it to its proper end when death removed the objectors. Then they plucked up courage and went to church, when each owned to eighty.

MATCHLESS.—"There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."—*John Milton.*

LASTING WEAR.—Things that will wear are not to be had cheap, whether they be dress goods or principles: if they are to endure they must cost something.

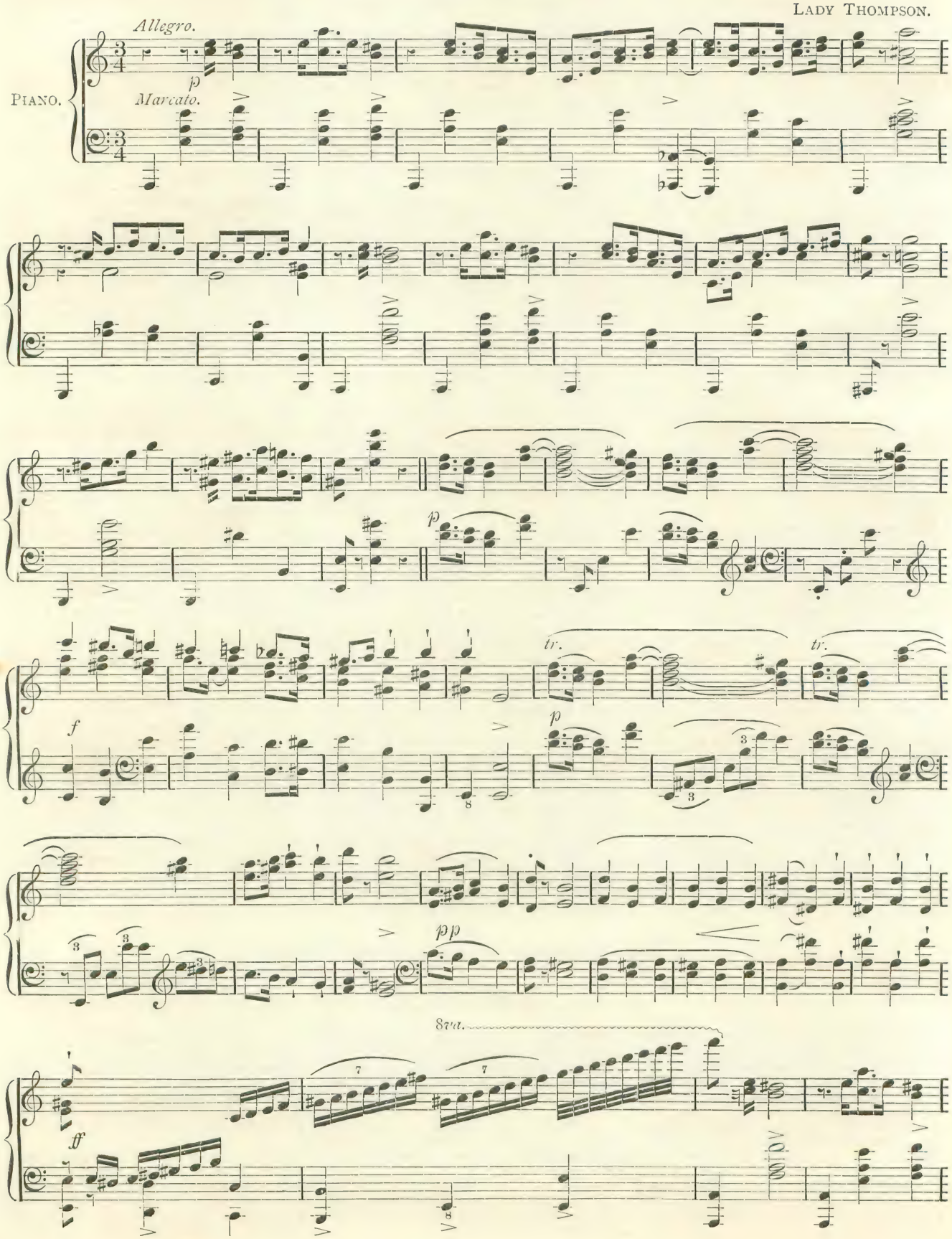
AVARICE.—The eye of the avaricious cannot be satisfied with wealth any more than a well can be filled with dew.

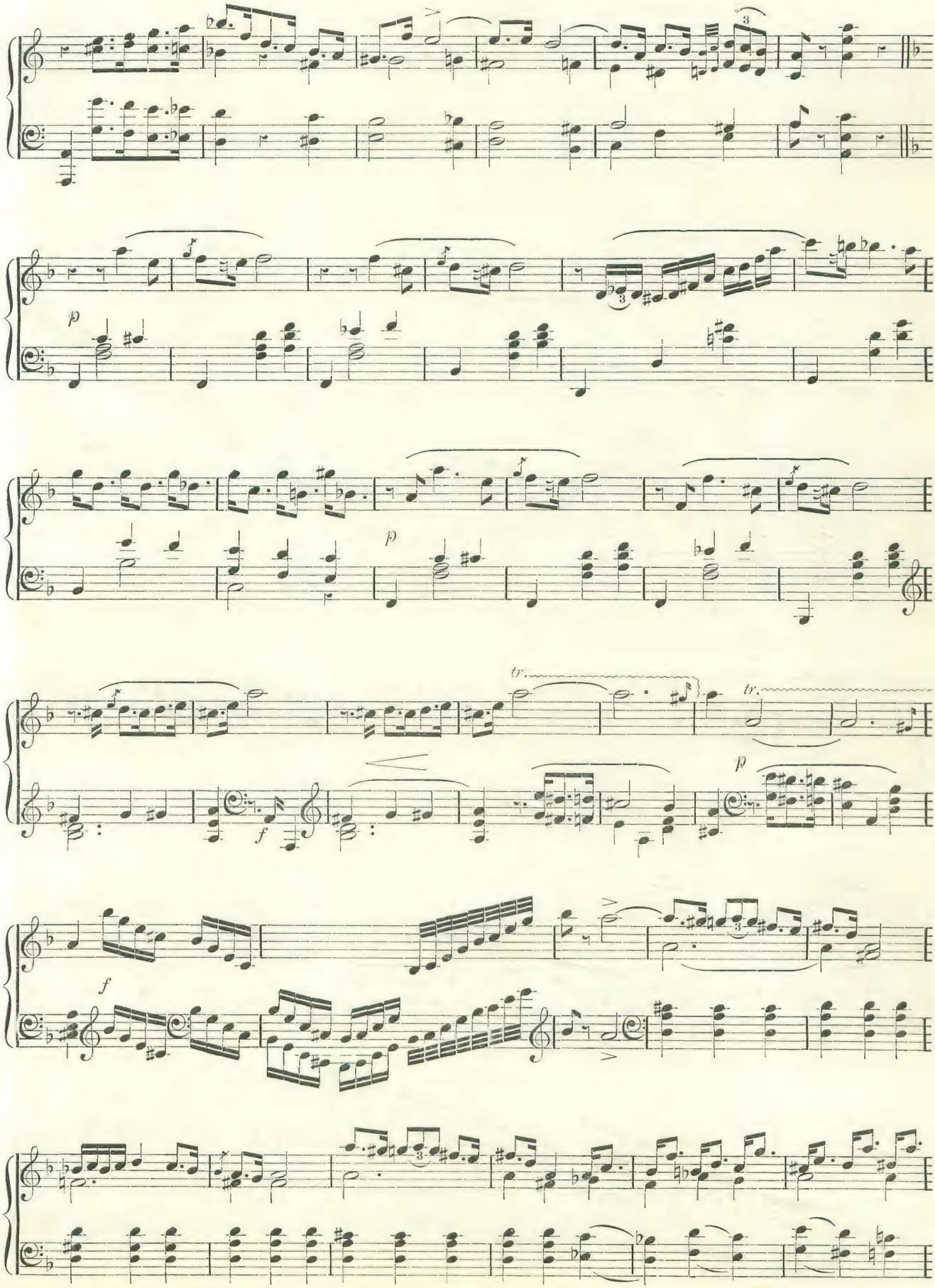
FOOLISH PEOPLE.—How many lay up riches which they never enjoy, to provide for exigencies that never happen, to prevent troubles that never come, sacrificing present comfort and enjoyment in guarding against the wants of a period they may never live to see.

A LOVER OF CATS.—Mrs. Griggs of Southampton Row in London, who died January 16th, 1792, left in her house eighty-six living, and twenty-eight dead cats. She left one hundred and fifty pounds a year to maintain her black servant and the cats.

MAZURKA.

LADY THOMPSON.

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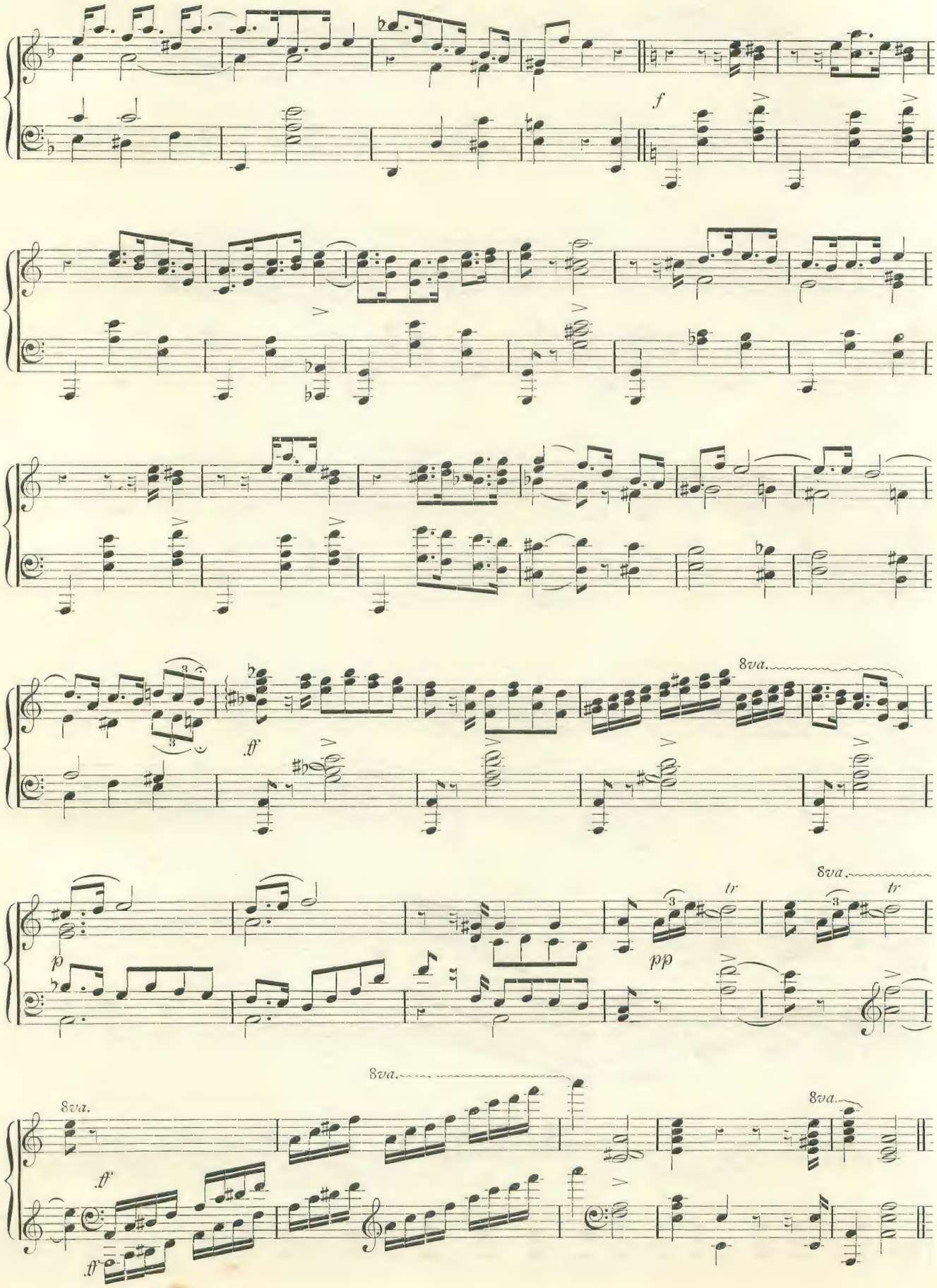
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ANOTHER COMPETITION FOR ALL GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

MY DAILY ROUND.

In consequence of the numerous requests on the part of our readers, we have decided to repeat the hand-working competition which was so successful and so interesting to everyone, not only to our ordinary readers, but to others outside. For instance, this letter expresses something of the general gratification felt at the novelty of the idea, and the interest afforded by such *Human Documents* as those given in the essays on My Daily Round:—

"Dear Mr. Editor,—What an excellent idea the 'Daily Round' competition is!

"I feel quite delighted to think that the tailoress, whose work is so minutely described, has won a prize of £5 5s. Anything that will brighten the lives of women who work so hard for their living—and that will stimulate and encourage them by widening their outlook a little—is admirable! We want to help the class of workers, more especially, I think, those who are unable, from various reasons, to enter the comparatively well-paid and comfortable occupation of domestic service.

"It is rather hard to get at such girls as the tailoress in question, and I am heartily glad this idea has been started. Pardon my troubling you."

Among the clamouring requests for another such competition we find the following—

"Dear Mr. Editor,—Please get up another competition for girls who work with their hands; should be so pleased to see one. I began the last but did not get time to finish.

"A Servant."

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I have learned the result of the 'Hand-workers' Competition,' and I hasten to thank you for the position in which I find my own essay. 'First Honourable Mention;' sixth out of nearly five hundred!

"After reading 'Ivy's' Prize Essay, I am made fully aware of the shortcomings of my own. I think her quite the rightful prize-winner, and I heartily congratulate her and wish her all the pleasures of spending it; also success, and many happy times in the days to come.

"If another competition is offered, I for one shall be very proud of the opportunity of trying again. With many thanks for your kind trouble in the matter.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"Michaelmas Daisy."

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I, being a reader of The Girl's Own Paper, was very pleased to see your offer for another 'My Daily Round' competition. I should be very pleased indeed if you could get up another competition by next month.

"An event happened concerning myself which I think all readers of The Girl's Own Paper would feel interested in. Sincerely hoping you will have enough applications for this, believe me,

"Yours obediently,

"M. M."

"Dear Mr. Editor,—It is really very kind of you to suggest another chance for us with the 'Daily Round Competition.'

"Ivy's slack time comes in winter, she tells us, but Christmas is for many of us harvest.

"I wrote a paper for the last competition but was obliged to leave it till after Christmas. The days following slipped by so quickly that it came to the Saturday before 'Twelfth Night' before I got my paper posted; then I thoughtlessly put a penny stamp on two whole sheets of foolscap. Not till it was posted did I remember that it would not be delivered. It was returned to me on the day the competition closed, so that I had not even the satisfaction of knowing whether I had failed utterly or not.

"Kind regards to one unknown friend from one of the girls."

So, then, dear readers, we will have another competition, and all who work with their hands are invited to compete. Five prizes of five, four, three, two and one guineas will be awarded to girl-workers by the hand who will best describe in clear, unaffected language on four pages (one sheet) of foolscap paper, written on both sides of the paper, the ordinary work of their ordinary day. What we want to have is a paper that if printed (and we may wish to print and publish the prize essays) would give the reader a graphic and truthful account of the real life of girl-workers in varied branches of work. The Editor of The Girl's Own Paper can tell from the previous competitions that such a competition as this will have a world-wide interest, and will help both the writer himself and his readers to see how "the other half" of the girl-world lives, moves and has its being. Particulars of companionships, masters and mistresses, hours and wages may be included, though a description of the actual daily round of their own work and how it affects the work of the general establishment is really what is most wanted, together with any note of satisfaction or aspiration that may describe the state of mind of the writer. Actual names and addresses of firms or employers must in no case be given, and if included will cause the paper to be rejected. These papers need not be certified by another, but each competitor must write these lines at the end of the paper:—I declare the statements in this paper to be true. Here follow name in full

.....

Address.....

Date.....

Should the writer wish her name withheld in case of publication, or if printed in list of Honourable Mention she may follow her signature with the name of her favourite flower, which alone would be printed in connection with her article or in the honours list.

This competition is open to English girls all the world over. The last day for receiving the essays is Thursday, September 10th, 1896. As no essay will be returned, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not, each writer is advised to keep a copy of her MS.

All essays to be sent in an envelope addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, and have the words "Hand-workers' Competition" written on the left-hand top corner.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

Being a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

Rules.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

311. What period of time elapsed between the Old and the New Testaments? During that time under how many dynasties were the Jews subjugated?

312. What is known of the books entitled "The Apocrypha?"

313. What was "the Sanhedrin?" What were its powers? How long did it exist? and where is it mentioned in the Gospel according to St. Matthew?

314. What were the three great religious sects in Judea at the time of our Lord's advent? From what fraternity did they spring?

315. Give a brief view of their respective tenets.

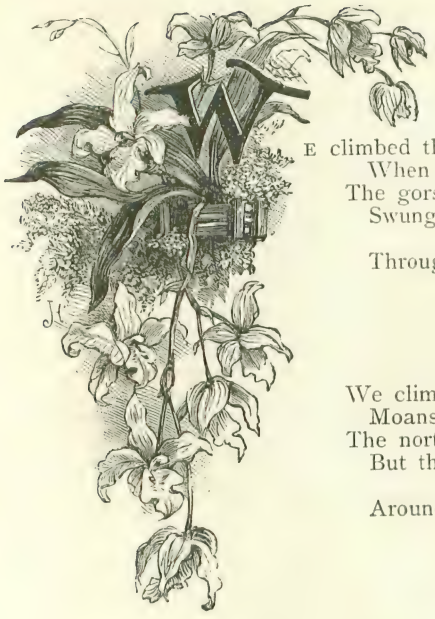
316. Who were the Herodians? What were their distinctive principles?

317. Who were the Zealots?

318. Who were the Galileans?

319. Who were the Sicarii (or Assassins)?

320. Who were the Lawyers? Where do we find passages in the New Testament proving that the Jews were allowed to administer their own laws (except in capital cases) when under Roman rule?



FOR EVER AND A DAY.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

WE climbed the grey old headland once, when June her best was showing,
When green and purple rainbow tints swept dimpling o'er the bay,
The gorse flamed golden on the hills, the tufted sea-pinks glowing,
Swung gaily on the outmost crags, and dared the tossing spray;
Few words we said, yet tidings sped
Through all that summer-laden world that love had come to stay;
More rich than ocean's trackless store,
More steadfast than its rock-hewn shore,
Love came to us for evermore,
For ever and a day!

We climb the frowning height again, when winter's lamentation
Moans round the treacherous under-ridge that cleaves the billows grey,
The north wind chafes the heaving surge with ceaseless tribulation,
But through the on-rush of the storm we still clasp hands and say,
"Light comes and goes, death ebbs and flows
Around our straitened isle of life, and bears the best away,
Yet all our treasures passed before
A sure hereafter shall restore,
Since love is ours for evermore,
For ever and a day!"

THE WITHERED BRANCH.

A SKETCH.

By ELLEN AUBERT.

CHAPTER I.

"The loppéd tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Time goes by turn, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse."—*Southwell.*

It was spring-time. The birds carolled in the air from joyousness; the very rustle of the wind-stirred trees was like a hymn of praise; the tender blades of grass, young and fresh as the morning breeze bent under the weight of the diamond dew-drops. Violets and may blossoms scented the air, hyacinths blue as the heavens above peeped from out the hedges. Everything was young and fresh, teeming with life and laughter, breathing of health and hope and love.

Nora Dennis walked under the trees. Her hair was the colour of the daffodils, her cheeks had borrowed their flush from the wild roses. She came to a bench, and sitting down looked around her sadly. She looked at the sun-kissed flowers, the clover meadows, the soft, rich landscape, and then her eyes alighted on a branch that hung above her. The branch was old and dead. Many a weary winter had it swung and creaked there. Many a year had it spread out its bare arm in defiance of its green companions. Nora had never noticed it much before; but to-day it seemed to attract her with a dread significance, and burying her face in her hands, she let the tears course slowly down her cheeks.

Presently a troop of noisy children emerged from the gabled house among the trees. There were five of them, all golden-haired and rosy-cheeked as Nora herself. Taking the smallest on her knee she kissed it tenderly and then, addressing herself to them all she told them a story. Nora's stories were always hailed with delight by her little brothers and sisters. They had no mother to fondle them, but they had not greatly missed the sweet maternal care, for Nora, ever watchful and patient, had been sister and mother at the same time.

Nora's story that day was about a rich man who was honoured and respected by all the country round. His house was a stately one, with Gothic windows and broad halls; his garden a paradise of flowers and fruit-trees.

"Like ours?" chimed in little Peggy.

Nora continued, not heeding the interruption. "The business with which this man was connected went wrong somehow, bills came in which were unable to be met. The rich man suddenly became poor. The Gothic house was exchanged for a hovel, the garden for a street dismal and neglected—the song of the birds for the everlasting din of rumbling waggons."

"You are crying," said the indomitable Peggy, trying to kiss the tears away; "and you look as white as that old ancestor in the hall."

Perhaps a glimmer of the truth came to the elder children, for they were silent, gazing up with great wondering eyes at their elder sister.

And the dead bough of the old oak-tree flapped to and fro creaking and fretting against the rugged bark. That bark which gave so much nourishment to its blithesome sisters but left it alone desolate and unfruitful.

CHAPTER II.

"As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."

It was the same blithe season of spring-time—the same day almost—the same sun shone warm and bright as it had on its anniversary last year, the same blue, cloud-flecked sky floated above changeless and unchangeable, only the scene it looked upon was different. A long street, dismal and malodorous, spread for about a quarter of a mile. The houses on either side were squalid in appearance; from some of the windows torn curtains hung, others heavily cracked or broken were stuffed up with rags or straw. The road itself was rutted and dusty. Flies provoked by the heat whizzed about; urchins, shoeless and uncombed, played marbles in the gutter.

From out of one of the houses—a cleaner specimen than the others—stepped a girl. In spite of her worn black dress and heavy boots, there was something about her different from what one would expect from the habitant of such a dim locality. No streaming feathers adorned her hat, no gaudy finery shone from her simple gear. Her face was pale, her eyes looked tired, her cheeks were hollowed with care.

Passing quickly along the dusty road, she at length emerged into a wider thoroughfare. A stationer's shop with some crude oleographs in the window arrested her attention. She entered timidly, and then with trembling hand offered a small parcel to the shop assistant for sale.

"What will you give me for it?" she asked, smothering a sigh which harassed her unawares.

The man took the parcel, uncovered it gingerly, looked at the picture inside, and then returned it without a word.

"Will you give me nothing?" said the girl, mechanically picking up the picture and gazing with weary eyes on the scene it represented; "will you give me nothing?"

"We have no sale for such articles," replied the man.

"I would sell it for so little. I must have money. My father is unable to work, my little brothers and sisters are hungry—this was my last hope."

JUNE ROSES.

The man's heart was softened. "You may leave it," he said, at the same time tossing three half-crowns on the counter to her.

Nora gathered up the money. Then she left the shop quickly, not wishing to let the man witness the emotion it caused her to part from this last reminder of bygone times.

The three half-crowns were jingling in her pocket. One she changed at a baker's shop, buying a new loaf, then she went into a grocer's store and got a pot of jam. Unheard-of delicacies! How the little ones would eat! They hadn't enjoyed a treat like that for ever so long. She almost smiled as she conjured up the delight which would overspread their eager hungry faces at sight of her purchase.

"Miss Dennis."

She was startled from her reverie by hearing herself addressed. The voice was not wholly unfamiliar. A ruddy glow suffused her face, and she trembled with an undefined fear.

"Miss Dennis. Is it you—Nora Dennis?"

She looked up now. Her eyes met the speaker's with a truthful steady gaze. The arm that held the bread quivered visibly, the pot of jam almost fell. She either could not, or would not speak, but moved rapidly towards her home.

The speaker did not attempt to follow her, but a look of pain and incredulity contracted his brow as he saw the little figure move out of sight.

"I must have been mistaken," he mused, "and yet that glance, how strange it was, how curiously like."

Breathless and fatigued, Nora did not turn to right or left until she reached her abode, 11, Southey Street, E. She looked at the tattered blinds, the unsightly, red-painted, mud-bespattered door, the worn steps. Then she entered, gave a cheery word of hope to her father, and cut bread and jam for the children, until their listless eyes grew bright with glee, and the very hollows in their cheeks seemed less cruel and pronounced.

When she had put Peggy to bed and sung her to sleep, she crept softly into her own room and sat down by the window. There was a rumbling of waggons in the street below, children were crying, men swearing and hustling each other, women scolding, but up above all was calm, serene, and beautiful. The young moon was throwing silver beams on the slate roofs, the stars were appearing and disappearing one by one in the firmament, the tiny fleeting clouds were fringed with light. Nora's eyes remained fixed on these clouds, but she did not notice their beauty, for her mind had conjured up another scene—a scene of velvet-clad hills and star-blossomed hedges. A man was at her side, not a very handsome man but one whose face was full of keen intelligence and noble resolve. He had her hand in his, and was placing on her finger a ring of curious design.

"This is our compact then," he said. She looked up. He had turned his head aside, his face was white and, strong man though he was, the tears glistened. "Say good-bye, little one," he pleaded.

"No, not 'good-bye,' but 'God-speed.' Oh, Leonard! why should we part?" and she laid her head caressingly against his rough coat.

"Because, darling, I have a fight to fight; because union with me would only mean deprivation and discomfort. How could I steal you away from your comfortable home, when I could only offer you poverty in exchange? It is because I love you so much that I am not coward enough to expect of you this sacrifice; but I am young and strong, and your image will spur me onward to success, then one day I will return to claim my brave and beautiful darling."

He had kissed her, and was gone. She could hear the ring of his horse's hoofs in the clear moonlight.

In the streets below a woman, in thick guttural tones, was scolding a child. He had spilt the beer he had been carrying home for supper. Nora was awakened rudely from her reverie. She rose from her seat and pulled down the blind. The glare of the paraffin-lamps seemed to quite obliterate the white, clear light of the stars. The noise and clatter of traffic had deadened the sound of that beloved voice in her ear. She looked round her room for a match, and having found one lit the yellow dip which was standing groggily in the candlestick. Then she felt about a drawer of her table. At the extreme corner was a tiny square box. She opened it with trembling fingers. A heavy gold ring was nestling on the velvet cushion inside. The design of the ring was curious. Two hands were placed together, knuckle to knuckle. Snakes without heads entwined round and round the gilt rim, and inside in old English characters was written the word "Forever."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE NAMES OF HOUSES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE names of houses have always seemed to me a most interesting study. In England especially they are full of suggestions, for their origins are drawn from all parts of the globe, and bear full testimony to the "globe-trotting" propensities of the Anglo-Saxon, and the wide-spreading tendencies of the race. Not only this, but we may also gather the opinions, political and otherwise, the favourite authors and books, and even the employments of the owners or present occupiers if they be the givers of the names. On this last question I am rather in doubt, for it appears that some of the names are given by the builder, some of them by the ground landlord, and others by the owner or the tenant; so perhaps they may be said to represent more fairly the opinions and thoughts that are "in the air" at the time, into which we all must, more or less, enter if we would be at all "up to date."

Others may be named from sentimental causes, and represent some especial "light of other days," and the romantic side of some one's nature is shown by the selection of "Rosebank" for a spot where roses are distinguished by their absence; "The Limes," where that tree is non-existent; and "Sunnyside" for a house which faces the north.

Any watering-place will furnish one with numberless examples of the popularity of saints' names. They seem perhaps rather more popular on the south coast, where, during a walk of very moderate length, I made a note of seven or eight. The most popular are St. John, St. Hilda, St. Ursula, St. Cyprian, St. Alban, St. David, and St. Olave's. Nor are these connected in any way with the names of churches in the vicinity; they are simply chosen because the name sounds well and is imposing. St. Catherine's Villa, it is needful to say, is probably occupied by a young lady who is by no means desirous, nor even likely, to braid St. Catherine's tresses.

If we wanted to gauge the fervour of political championship we should be rather astray however, for, unless the name happens to sound pretty like Harcourt, or grand like Cavendish, you will not find them popular; I have seen Rosebery and Primrose, but not often a Gladstone Villa, though I notice a name that resembles it in Gledstone, which is a Yorkshire name. There are many aristocratic names, apart from politics, which are popular, as Warwick, Greville, Beaufort, Devereux, Vernon, Pembroke, and Brandon; and Shirley and Rochester may be gleanings from Charlotte Brontë, or may be chosen only because they sound well.

In places like Cheltenham or Malvern you will find a great tendency to adopt the names of great soldiers or battles—Douro, Blenheim, Alma, Raglan, Trafalgar, Oudenarde, Anglesea, and Inkerman, even Agincourt, Cressy, Hawkesbury, Evesham, and Glendower—memorials of ancient history as they are—have a turn; and a walk in St. Leonards or Hastings is an expedition into the "making of England"—Saxon, Norman, Mercia, Harold, Senlac, Stamford, Battle, Gundreda, and Godwine—all jostle each other in every road, to say nothing of Pevensey, Lanfranc, Anderidæ, Wedmore, and Anselm.

Several well-known names of bishops, professors, and martyrs are commemorated in various parts of England—Selwyn and Pattison, Newman and Melanesia Houses or Villas can all be found, and so can the older martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; also Atterbury and Sidney. A great many Gordons testify to the sympathy felt with the hero-martyr; and the other day I found a Khartoum Villa and also one called Mahdi, and another Darfour, I have also seen as well as Coomassie. And in Southsea I recognised the house of a Canadian friend at once, because it was called after the Indian hero and warrior, Tecumseh. Kurrachee, Trebizond, Bellary, Alcira, Gwalior, Poona, Malabar, Honduras, Orinoco, Quetta, Belize, and Queretaro I have found applied to houses—the latter being the place where Maximilian was executed.

When we come to Italy we find a great many recruits to our "residential nomenclature." I found Alassio and Quisisana in the Isle of Wight, and plenty of Florences everywhere. I have also a note of San Remo and Sorrento; also Marino, and the Portuguese Marinka. Marica is the name of a place in Brazil, and the origin of Mariposa will be found in California. Bellvue and Bella Vesta, Belvidere, Belluno, and Belaggio are all names of Italian origin. Thelasse I have seen as the name of no less than three villas at various seaside watering-places. Cannizaro, a name that appears to be of Italian origin, belongs to a beautiful villa near Wimbledon.

The poets and writers of fiction have all a place in this world of out-door names. Melrose and Maida, Abbotsford and Montrose, Kenilworth, Waverley, Rokeby, and St. Ronan all speak to the remembrance of Scott; Newstead to Byron; and Tennyson—in various spellings, with and without the "y"—to the memory of our late Poet Laureate. Rydal

Mount and Grasmere recall Wordsworth, Aldworth the house of Tennyson in Surrey, and Hathaway House is evidently a reminder of Shakespeare. One of the names which astonished me the most was, I think, Roxabel House, the name being that of one of Mrs. Sherwood's least-known but most able stories.

The names of houses, when we come to the more sentimental description, are full of a different kind of interest; and to understand the method of their formation, and their meaning, we must betake ourselves to very early days, and a perusal of some of the writers on words and their histories. In Taylor's book we find a list of words which he calls "Teutonic suffixes," which will explain their origin. This list is as follows: Borough, by, den, bourne, don, ton, have, thorpe, cote, hurst, hill, ley, stow, sted, wick, fell, law, dale, holm, gay, ey, stone, and beck. This element in names is called by the great German writer Förstemann, the *grundwort*, or groundword, the other component part being that which distinguishes one river, island, or village from other neighbouring islands and villages.

Thus you will see that many of the names to which you have become accustomed are generally "made-up" with an honest desire to suit the locality in which the house is situated, or at least to suit the tastes of its occupants with something a little original, or a little descriptive of them, their tastes, or their interests in the past. Taking the words from our list indiscriminately, we will begin with hurst. This is from the Anglo-Saxon *hyrst*, and means a thick forest, and we find Penshurst and Lyndhurst amongst the English names of places made from it, while it allies itself to many words which may be descriptive of a private house: Inglehurst, Glenhurst, Pinehurst, Maplehurst, and Oakhurst are all pretty, and may be safely chosen by any one. "Wood" and "holt" are nearly the same in meaning as "hurst," and the first can be turned in hundreds of pretty designations for a house: Blythewood, Beechwood, Elmwood, Roughwood, Woodcliffe, Woodlands, and Ravenswood, with its reminiscences of the master and his fate. Orchardwood, a good name for a farm, and Rotherwood must certainly be a Sussex wood situated by the Sussex river, while Merlewood or Maviswood as certainly shows us a wood where, as Drayton says—

> "The merle upon her myrtle-perch,
> There the mavis sings."

Sir Walter Scott also has a verse on the merle and the mavis, and in Scotland I found a house the other day called Mavisbush.

In that vast tract of Kent and Sussex which is now called the "Weald," are the remains of a Saxon forest called the *Andredesleah*, which was 120 miles long and 30 miles in breadth. There almost every local name ends in hurst, *ley* or lea, *den* or field. The hursts and charts were the denser parts of the forest; the leas were the glades where the cattle loved to lie, the root of this word being the *verb* "to lie." The word "chart" is allied to a proper name, as Chart-Sutton in Kent, and would be a good name for any house near a wood, with the owner's name following it. The word "holt" is also found here, and means a copse, and the Holt, as the name of a house, is not uncommon in any parts of England, as well as Overholt, Northholt and Ryeholt. The dens were the deep wooded valleys where the swine pastured, and is, not improbably, a Celtic word, adopted by the Saxons. You will remember that the Ardennes is the great forest in Belgium, and the use of nearly the same word in our Arden, which great forest tract was in Warwickshire, where we find the name. This word den is a popular house name in England, where many people, I have no doubt, connect it with the den of the lion or the tiger; as I find "the Den" a name much affected by gentlemen as suitable for a bachelor residence, or for the special chamber which is devoted to their use at home. The name with an "e" added to it is rather a favourite, as I have found Brook Dene, Fern Dene, Deepdene, and Willow Dene amongst my notes. The word "by" is from the Norse "byer," and means an abode, and I find many house-names made from it—Enderby, Westby, and others. Bourne or burn means a stream, and we find it is rather popular, as Hackbourne, Millbourne, Winterbourne, and Oakbourne.

"Ton" is the Anglo-Saxon word for an enclosure. From this we have Alderton, Ashton, or Acton. "Ham" means a home, and thorpe is Norse for a village. In England you find many names in which thorpe is used as a prefix, as Thorpe St. Andrew, Thorpe-Ashton. "Cote" seems to be nearly as popular as hurst, and means only a mud cottage; but we see it applied with an addition to the finest and biggest of houses—Northcote, Southcote, the Dovecote, Woodcote, Walcot, or Waldcote, or The Cote alone.

"Holm" is an island in a river, and "eyre" means the same thing; "ey," you will, I am sure, immediately associate with the eyots (which is pronounced "aits") of the Thames. Any of these are available if you own an island; but I have found the Holm, Holmby, and Holm Clyfe as names of houses.

And now I may turn to the names of houses which seem peculiar to certain places. In Yorkshire I have found the "Edge," as the name of a house in the country, also the "Clough," a word which means a stone; the "Hatch," a word meaning a door, or half-door, common in England where the great forests were located; the "Haigh," a park or park-like enclosure; the "Chase," the "How," a mound, or the "Howlet," which is said to mean more properly an owl; the "Knoll," the "Gables," the "Craig," the "Knoll," a small round hill, the "Knock," a hill also, the "Krall," which is quite South African, the "Bungalow," the "Hoo," a spit or point of land, the "Shaws," the "Glen," the "Birket," the Arabic name for a lake, the "Mere," a marshy lake, the "Croft," the "Court." The large number of houses named from trees, plants, and flowers—Elms, Oaks, Poplars, Chestnuts, Myrtles, Ivies, Maples, Lindens, Ferns, Roses, Rosary, Lilacs, Clover, Willows, Alders, Larches, Ivy, Holly, Pines, Beeches, Brown Beeches, and Four and Seven Oaks, are all pretty names.

Amongst purely romantic names or names of this order, we find the Ingle Nook, Fernside, Mossy Hollow, or Ivy Dell; but in this branch the Americans appear to beat us "hollow." In a list of the houses of the wealthy people at a fashionable watering-place, I find some very fanciful examples, *i.e.*, Aldersea, Ocean Breeze, Sea Breeze, Nor-Nor-West, Sou-Sou-West, Blue Bay, Mossy Hollow, Grassmead, Shady Nook, Heartsease, Clovernook, Happy Heights, and Lowland Ledge.

Any locality blessed with original local colour, as it may be called, the possession of a ruined abbey or monastery, is happy indeed, for then we can have Abbey Woods, Abbey Lands, Abbey Lanes, or Gray Abbots, Grey Friars, Friars' Gate, Brown Friars, White Friars, or White Ladies, in case of an ancient nunnery. Grey Ladies and Grey Priory have also been known; and one of the prettiest of alliterative names is Grey Gables. There are also Greystones, Greystead, and Greymead, which are pretty; but we must use the word "clere," Highclere, Burghclere, and Beauclere, with a certain reverence, as they properly belong to a Royal, or Episcopal residence on a high hill, and said to be our only Norman suffix. The use of the word "gate" is also not uncommon. Thor's Gate, Norman's Gate, Edge Gate, and a pretty Sussex name is Faygate, near which was an ancient house, called "Carylls," a delightful old name.

The word "over" has been made use of in England as a means of forming some musical names. It means a "shore," and is Anglo-Saxon, I am told. From it we have Westover, Southover, Landover, Shotover; and as a suffix, Overton, Oversea, and Overbrook. For a house on a hill, we have Claymount, The Highlands, The Crest, The Blue Ridge, Stoneedge, and Rockledge.

In Chester we find the famous "God's Providence House," so named from the text engraved on its face; and a somewhat unfortunate selection in Regent's Park seems to be North Aspect. In Ireland a beautiful old country place is named Favour Royal, because it was given by a reigning sovereign as a reward for faithful service. The Rookery and Scarcity Cottage seem names of evil omen. Idlewild we get from America, and so we do Houselet and Homelet, the Button, and Small Quarters. *Mon Répos*, *Pré Choisie*, and *Bien Content* all sound pleasant places, and I have found *maisonnettes* in France, Switzerland, and England.

There is an old family residence in Quebec which has been called for many generations Darnoc, and if we spell this over we shall find that it makes the name Conrad, a Christian name which has been bestowed on the eldest son of the house for the many years the family have been dwellers under its roof. This idea seems to have taken in America, and Senga, Trebor, and Aidyl, are amongst the names found; the name Trebor I have seen in England as Trebor House. At the sea-side I have recently found "Nilbud House," which you must translate for yourselves, I think. In Scotland some of the names made from women's names are very pretty, such as Gracelands, Marylands and Maryville, Blanchelands and Blancheville, Ellenlea, Helenslüst, and Anne Arbor, are all from Irish or American houses, as well as Shirley, Bryn Alice, and Altadora.

I see in an American paper that the name of a celebrated villa at Cape May Point, is one made up from the names of the two daughters of the house. It is called Lillenmyn, the names being Lillian and Minnie. Another name of this sort is mentioned, Kajim Lodge, made up of the two names of the master and mistress, Kate and Jim. Edwyl sounds well, also made from Edith and William.

Amongst peculiar names I have recently found in London are *Grata Quies*, *Quembè Misiesta*, this last evidently meaning "my nap"; not a bad name for a real house of rest and peace.

To conclude I will give the inscription on the simple house of Ariosto the poet, which he built for himself and occupied for the last years of his life in Ferrara; it is his own composition—

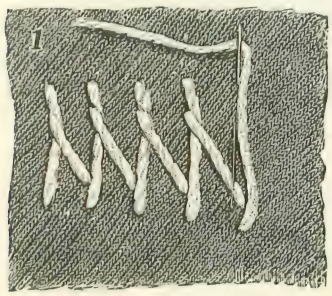
> "*Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulla obnoxia, sed non*
> *Sordida, parta meo sed tamen acre dormus.*"

NINE USEFUL STITCHES.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

A KNOWLEDGE of various kinds of fancy stitches is extremely useful, for they can often be adapted to many kinds of embroidery.

Some of the prettiest stitches are the easiest,



and strangely enough in all old embroideries the same kind of stitches are found which are often offered to us as quite new. It might almost be said about them as of other things, that there is nothing new under the sun.

For example, if we look back to the history of drawn-linen work, we discover it to be one of the most ancient forms of decorative needlework, and herring-bone stitch, with very slight variation, is found in all Eastern embroidery, whether ancient or modern.

There is an art, however, in adapting your stitches to the texture upon which you place them, and I shall quote here what Lady M. Alford says on this subject in her valuable work on embroidery. In writing of white embroidery she says :—

"I imagine it was a very ancient form of the art, and was practised first in mediæval days, when we begin to have constant notices of it. The first white laces appear to have followed close upon the first white embroideries. There is a tomb of the fourteenth century in the church of the Ara Cœli in Rome, where the effigy of the knight lies on his bed, draped with a sheet and a coverlet, both embroidered. These are evidently of linen, worked in white.

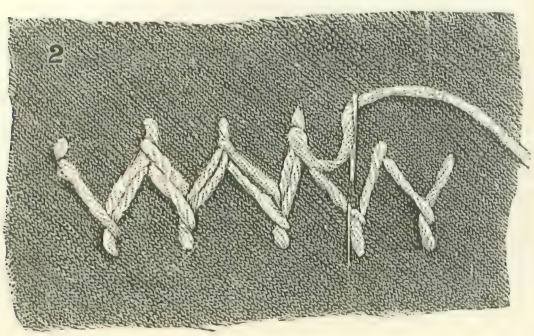
"From that date we find continually mention of such work by nuns and ladies."

In a foot-note we read :—

"St. Catherine of Sienna's winding-sheet is described as being cut-work (*punto tagliato*) on linen. This sounds like embroidery of the type called Madeira work, the pattern being cut out and the edges overcast."

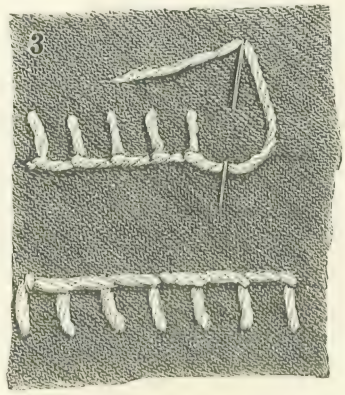
Again we read :—

"In England it was specially called nun's



work." There is a great survival of this stitchery in Italy amongst the peasantry. They have always adorned their smocks and aprons and their head coverings and the borders of sheets for great occasions with patterns in "flat stitches," "cut stitches," and "drawn work." The Greek peasants do the same. In Germany will be found much curious white embroidery of designs which show their antiquity, and from Spain we get "Spanish work" in black on white linen, which is nearly allied to the stitches of white work. In England alone the peasantry do no white work for home use, and we must suppose it has never been a domestic occupation. Indeed the love of the needle is by no means an English natural tendency in the lower classes. Nothing but the plainest work is taught in our schools. Anything approaching to decorative art with us, has been the accomplishment of educated women, and not the employment in leisure moments in the houses of the poor.

"Semper," in *Der Stil*, gives rules for white embroidery, and the reasons from which he deduces them are good. He says, that allowing it as a maxim that each textile has its own uses and its own beauties, we should place nothing on linen which would militate against its inherent qualities and merits; and that, as the great beauty of flax is its smoothness and purity, all projections and roughnesses should be avoided which would catch dust or cast a



shadow. Carrying out this idea, it would appear that satin and not lace stitches are therefore the most suitable for this kind of decoration. The accepted rule for selecting the stitch for each piece of work is this :—"On stout grounds the threads should be round and rich, whereas delicate materials carry best the most refined and shining threadwork, and in embroidering the smooth surface of linen fabrics, the flattest stitches are the most appropriate."

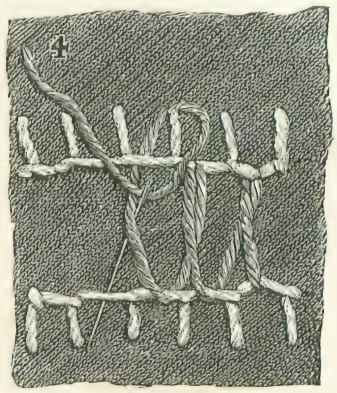
The stitches before you vary as to the purposes for which they are suited.

Figs. 1 and 2 are different stages of the same stitch, for which I have as yet not discovered any name. I have seen it used in embroidery done with fine crewels, and shading is easily accomplished by having rows of the stitch in different shades. It can be used for petals, leaves, etc., and will be found a very useful stitch.

Bring your needle up from the back to the front of the material. Then put it in above the place where your thread comes out from, at the height you wish the width of the stitch to be.

Put your needle in and then out in the same vertical direction. In short the stitch resembles herring bone as far as the upper row goes, excepting that the needle is always placed vertically and not in a horizontal direction.

Keep your thread to your right as you make the upper part of the stitch and also when you make the lower.



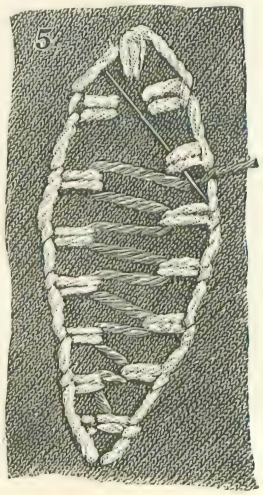
For the next row as seen in Fig. 2, you turn your work round.

Make a row exactly the same as the first, going so close to the first row that you completely conceal the material upon which your embroidery is placed. Always turn your work at the beginning of a new row. The next three examples are of Mexican stitch. This can be done so quickly and easily that it will soon become a favourite with many people, and curiously enough it is very little known.

Look at Fig. 3. You will see that keeping the thread under the needle you work exactly as if you were going to make a button-hole edging, only placing each stitch at a little distance from its predecessor.

Make the stitches of each row either opposite each other as in Fig. 3, or else intermediately as in Fig. 5. This varies the way in which the next part is done.

In Fig. 4 you see how a thread of a different



colour is passed in and out. Keep your thread over your needle and that will ensure the pretty twisted appearance seen in the illustration.

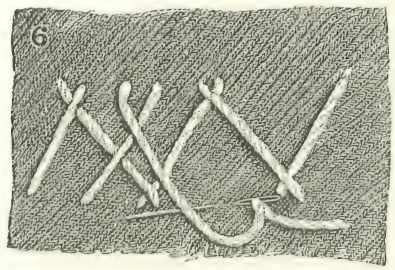
It must be remembered that both button-hole stitching as well as the centre thread must be pretty stout if the stitch is placed on a thick material. Let me give you an example of what I mean. On art serge tapestry wool is good, and a most charming variation can be made by doing your twisting with Japanese gold. If your insertion is very wide the twisted thread may need a back stitch in the middle to keep it in its place.

It is obvious, I trust, from the illustration that the needle is passed in and out the bars formed by the button-hole stitch and does not go through the material at all. For this part of the stitch I generally use a rug needle which has a big eye and blunt point. The latter feature is an advantage, as it does not then catch in anything.

On coloured linen this stitch would be very effective if done in flax. You could do the twisted cord part with a coarser number than the button-hole bars.

Once in doing a piece of work on old gold-coloured Roman satin I made a great many leaves in Mexican stitch, and the effect, if I may say so, was lovely. Instead of the button-hole stitch all round as seen in Fig. 5, I merely made little bars of thick heliotrope-coloured silk and placed the opposite sides so that the bars came alternately. Then with a thickness of another shade of heliotrope I passed the needle in and out and worked rope-stitch all round the edge.

I have also used this stitch with very fine silk on the most delicate designs for silk work.



So you see it can be used in a great many ways.

In Fig. 5 you see a leaf done with two stitches of the button-hole work done close together. This button-hole stitch by the way is also called wheeling, and can be used with great effect in embroidering some Arabesque designs, that go in curves and circles. Keep the edge near you and let the points project. A leaf for example, like Fig. 5, could be improved by an outer edge of wheeling if we are to call it by that name, the points projecting all round.

Fig. 6 is double herring-bone.

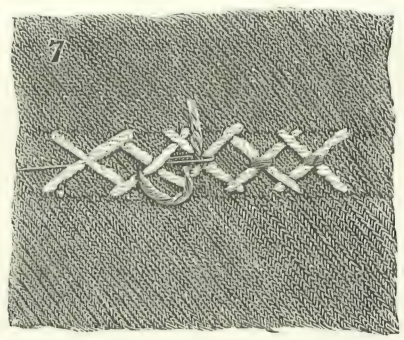
Work one row making your stitches rather far apart. Then work the next row so that the stitches are taken in between those of the first row. If you employ two colours in this, you can get a very pretty effect, and a variation which is very good is to put a back stitch where the lines of the herring-bone cross.

How this is done is seen in Fig. 7.

Fig. 8 shows another kind of herring-bone stitch. This is found in most Oriental embroideries, and you often see entire pieces of work done with this and nothing else. I have found it in Austrian work, Bulgarian, Indian and Turkish. Once I remember seeing a very beautiful table-cover which was of Turkish embroidery, and the entire design was carried out in this stitch.

Please notice carefully that though the stitch is done in the same manner as herring-bone, that the stitch is taken so that the point of the needle comes out to the left of the top line of stitches. If you will but look at the illustration you will see how this is done.

When your needle, if placed as you see it in this illustration is withdrawn, then the stitch is taken in the lower row in precisely the same way. This stitch should be done so closely that the ground is entirely covered.



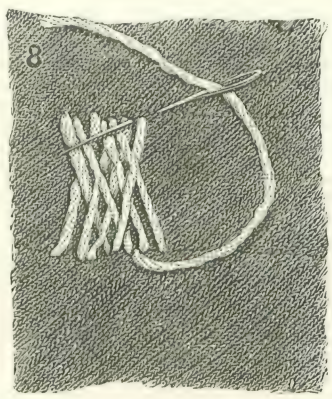
In working leaves, etc., in this stitch where the width varies you graduate down.

Fig. 9 is raised stem stitch.

Take some lengths of cotton if you are working with that material, and then work over them in a diagonal fashion as you see in the example. This is a very simple and easy way of making a raised stem and can be done in wool as well as cotton. It is better to have the cotton you use for the padding the same colour as that with which you are working. It must, however, be remembered that the padding should never show. There is one simple and most effective stitch of which I have given no example because it is so well-known that everyone knows how to do it. I mean chain-stitch.

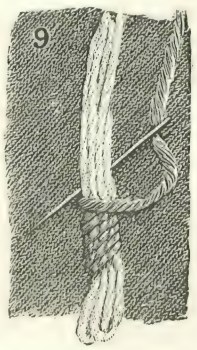
Now though everyone may know how to do this stitch, yet comparatively few understand how very successfully it can be used in embroideries. Just read what Miss May Morris, the well-known writer on these matters, says about it.

"A good look at any piece of Eastern chain-stitch embroidery will teach you more than any descriptive writing; and supposing that you have such a piece before you, in a show-case of a museum, or, better still, in your own hands for closer inspection, you will note with what certainty and regularity the little flowers are worked, and how suitable this stitch is for long stems and lines. A great deal of the Eastern work on fine muslin, that we see in such abundance in all shops now, is worked in some kind of tambour frame; that is, worked on a rather open stuff stretched



tight, the thread being passed through and back with a hook or tambour needle. It is not difficult to tell this work from the slower needle chain-stitch, as the former has a certain unmistakable evenness and flatness which the latter has not. The great cope of Syon is principally worked in chain-stitch, but worked with the most inconceivable minuteness, and here and there displaying a daring and originality never ventured on nowadays. The little figures of saints and angels, for instance, have the faces worked in a peculiar manner, starting from the high-light on the cheek-bone, and thence round and round outwards from this point to nose, chin, and throat, the features being outlined with a fine dark thread. This method of using chain-stitch for figure work requires to be seen to be understood, and I would not recommend a student to apply it to her own work, as it is not adaptable to any modern style, and needs both the nerve and simplicity of mediæval design to carry it off. . . . I have, in my mind too, an example of chain-stitch, certain work done in India in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for European buyers. It is very different in style and character, and has not, as it were, the intellectual qualities of ecclesiastical work spoken of above. It usually consists of large hangings and quilts for beds of state, worked on a fine cotton ground, entirely in chain-stitch of one colour. Very rich and effective does this work look in a brilliant yellow, with an irregularly stitched background patterned also in yellow. These hangings and bed-coverings were ordered for state gifts and marriage gifts, the centre being sometimes occupied by the arms and device of the prince or lord for whom they were intended, elaborately interwoven with the design."

The Syon cope alluded to above is a very



wonderful piece of work. It was given by Henry V. about the year 1414 to a convent at Isleworth, and then it was a hundred years old. The nuns travelled about a good deal, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth they got to Portugal, where they settled down. Not a great while ago the Syon cope was sent from Lisbon to England, and is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Those who are skilled in embroidery have it in their power to beautify many articles for home use. It is wonderful what a difference a little good work makes on some inexpensive article or material. That square of art green serge which you are using to cover that little table would look so much prettier for a little embroidery. A border all the way round in Mexican stitch done in two shades of yellow would be a great improvement.

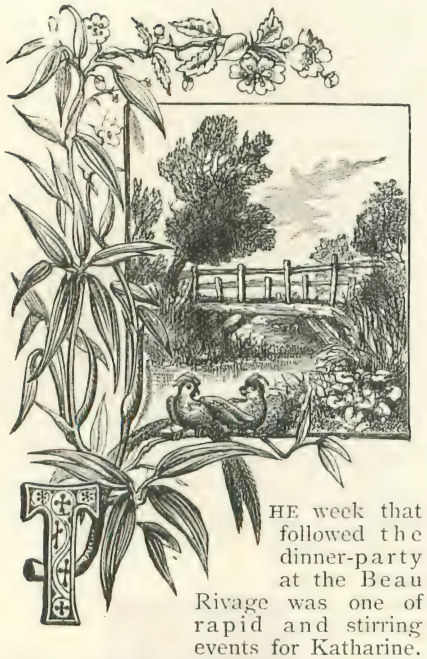
Then your toilet-covers and bed-spreads. Coloured linen can be beautified by some pretty work, and some of the stitches here named come in very usefully.

For washing materials always use what will wash, and see that your things are carefully treated when sent to the laundry. If you have any very special bit of work done on washing stuff, then let me advise you to wash it yourself. Put a little bran tied up loosely in muslin in the water, and that will keep the colour in if it is holland, and preserve your cottons, if you have worked with coloured cottons. Use no soap with alkali in it, and press, do not wring the article.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER VI



THE week that followed the dinner-party at the Beau Rivage was one of rapid and stirring events for Katharine. It will occasionally happen that a life which has been for some time comparatively monotonous, will suddenly be broken by one unlooked-for incident after another, bringing an element of unrest and excitement, especially to the young, making them feel as if nothing were ever going to be the same any more. For months Katharine had led her dissatisfied life at Belle-Rive, divided between her music and the half-affectionate, half-angry care of the five little step-brothers and sisters; feeling herself aggrieved that the English colony did not admit her into the *crême de la crême* of their society, feeling, in short, aggrieved by most of the environment of her ardent young personality. Now had come one great and startling event, the introduction of Douglas Gordon into the Duvigny household; then it was quickly followed by the appearance of these new relations, and the applause with which they hailed Katharine's musical talent; now came a third event more startling than either of the other two.

It befel on the occasion of the modest entertainment with which poor Madame Duvigny tried to repay the dinner. She had nervously invited her new-found relatives to afternoon tea, and had ordered in their honour a Swiss *gâteau* of the most imposing description. Made in the shape of an immense disc, about the size and thickness of a small carriage wheel, these cakes testify to the honour in which the visitor is held. They are composed largely of preserve and iced sugar, and are very rich, sticky, and sweet.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovell and Nora were sitting round the salon, wondering how to eat liberal slices of this delicacy without soiling their fingers, when Douglas Gordon entered in an unabashed manner and proceeded to shake hands with them all round and bestow a wide freckled smile upon the company generally. He then, having been helped to cake and weak tea, questioned Mr. Lovell freely as to his opinion of Swiss scenery, and favoured them all with several views of his own as to Belle-Rive society.

"If I were a parent, now, in England," he began, "I would never send a laddie out here to a house where he would get into the English set. Oh, the English set! They're just awfu'! The lads look down on the Swiss, and they play themselves just all the time, and they're in and out of the *câfés*, and they treat the people they live with as if they were mere keepers of lodgings! It makes me wild to see it. Because it's not common ceevility towards ladies and gentlemen better born than they. And they learn no French, because they all go together."

"As you are not a parent in England, but a very young fellow out here, I don't know that we must attach great importance to your views," said Mr. Lovell at length stemming the tide of ingenuous eloquence, half amused, half angry. "Pray what are you doing yourself?"

"Oh, I just think I've been fortunate in getting where I'm not in the English set," said Douglas innocently. "I'm progressing fine with my French."

Katharine, who was out of humour with him that day, tossed her head and was understood to say that she doubted it. Mr. Lovell frowned and fidgeted, and when the cake had been discussed, contrived to make his sister-in-law understand that he wanted to speak to her without the presence of the young folks.

"May I ask you, Elizabeth, who that very forward boy is?" he burst forth when Katharine, Nora and Douglas had gone out to see the view from the Rochers Rouges. The Professor was away that afternoon at the University.

Madame Duvigny explained in some perturbation.

"A boarder? you take a boarder! And do you think it is a desirable arrangement for Katharine—for your position here?" Mr. Lovell was inwardly fuming over what Douglas had implied, with regard to his sister-in-law being "out of the English set."

"We wanted the money," faltered Madame Duvigny—"besides, nearly all the Professors receive *pensionnaires*—it is a matter of course. And he really is a very nice lad—kind and manly and gentle—although he has a way that seems forward, it is because he is simple-hearted and not at all shy. I think you would like him if you knew more of him—and he is very well connected."

"Oh, my poor dear Elizabeth!" ejaculated kindly Mrs. Lovell, "how dreadfully hard-worked you must be, with five step-children and a boarder, and dear Katharine naturally not much use. How——"

She was going to say "how could you get into such a condition of things?" but luckily stopped herself in time.

"Well, well, as Shakespeare says, 'what's done cannot be undone,'" observed Mr. Lovell, making matters not much better by the remark. "But we naturally wish to do what we can to help you. We came up to-day prepared to make a proposition which I must now really insist upon. We want you to let Katharine come to us in England for a long visit; but it would be more to the point did I say, we are willing to adopt her, and treat her as our own child. "Don't speak at once," he continued, putting up his hand to arrest remark or remonstrance. "Think it over. Margaret and I are prepared to take charge of her education. She shall have the best music lessons that London can offer, and besides that, she shall be educated in other ways as well. I hear she doesn't go to school, and I fancy she must be very backward in the things girls know; well, you see, it won't do for that to go on. She shall have a luxurious home, and every care, and though I won't say now what I shall be prepared to do for her by-and-by, you can safely leave her interests to me. Nora and she will be companions, and I hope the whole thing may work as my poor brother would have liked. You will forgive my saying," continued Mr. Lovell with unconscious cruelty, "that he would not have cared about all *this* sort of thing, and promiscuous associations, and—that will do, Margaret—Elizabeth knows I do not mean to be unkind, quite the contrary; only it is not kindness to mince matters. We shall be ready, I expect, to receive her in about a couple of months' time or for the New Year—but these are details to settle later. So I very much hope you will see fit, for the child's sake, to consent."

Mrs. Lovell, understanding the situation better with her motherly heart, took Elizabeth Duvigny's hand in hers, and kissed her. "Don't say anything now, my dear, till you have thought it over a bit," she observed, "There's plenty of time to make up your mind. And now, Richard, let's go and look after the young folks; they'll not be far away."

The visit was over. Madame Duvigny sat alone in her stiff little salon; her mind and heart alike full. The arrival of these Australian relatives had been as a bolt out of the blue; their proposal to take Katharine from her was scarcely less startling and sudden. Her brain was in a whirl; she could hardly think. Two forces were at strife within her, she recognised ere long; care for the interests of her child, and the thought of her own happiness. She realised all at once how dear the troublesome, erratic

girl was to her; what a treasured link with the past; the sole clue by which she could feel her way back to the happy days of long, long ago. An hour went by; M. le Professeur came in from the University and found his wife sitting alone in the dusk.

He was, to give him his due, a kind and affectionate husband, and in reply to his anxious questions as to what ailed her, Madame Duvigny told him all. She was scarcely surprised at the ebullition of joy with which he received the news.

"*Chère amie!* but it is glorious! What a prospect for Katharine! What good fortune! Her future is assured! Would that the English milord had taken a fancy to my dear little Julie or Sophie, or to Louis, Armand, or Gaston! Yet it may follow; we know not what may result from so wonderful, so unhoped-for a chance. Katharine! Katharine, come hither, my child!"

Katharine was passing through the hall with a lighted candle; she entered with the mutinous expression she always wore when addressed as *mon enfant* by her step-father. But M. Duvigny, undaunted, proceeded to pour forth the great news. His wife rose hastily and stood looking out into the night, upon the lights of the town, the glimmering lake, the dusky mountains.

"Mamma! mamma! is it true?" cried the girl breathless.

And Madame Duvigny, motionless, answered "Yes, Katharine, it is true."

Katharine flung herself into a chair, trying to realise it all. "To go to England! to live there! to study music in London! to be well off! to have nice pretty dresses and no bother about money!" Then came another thought. "But we should have to be parted again, mamma!"

M. Duvigny at once grew voluble as to the advantages of the scheme. "Your mother and I, my dear child, would willingly sacrifice your society for your good."

Katharine gave him a scathing look which in the half light he did not see. "Oh, if you would only go away," she murmured. Fortunately the Professor, who like Portia had "but a poor penny-worth in the English" did not understand; fortunately also the voice of Louis screaming "Papa! papa!" and the sound of a scuffle on an upper landing, drew him at this juncture hastily from the room.

Madame Duvigny still stood gazing out of the window, but Katharine rushed at her and clasped her in an impulsive embrace. "Oh, I don't want to leave you again! I don't, though I know I am horrible and selfish to you sometimes, poor little mamma! But you would come and see me. I should always be your child whatever they might say! And perhaps they will give me heaps of money, so that I can send you some. Oh, I can hardly realise it yet! Do tell me all about it, your own self."

From that moment Madame Duvigny knew it was settled that she was to lose her daughter. She responded to Katharine's warm embrace half tenderly, half hopelessly. Mother and daughter were dissimilar, and scarcely understood each other; but the pang was keen to the woman, all the keener because it was not keen to the child. And with it there came the bitter reflection—

"Have I not by my own act, in my marriage, estranged my child from me?"

No time was lost in conveying a qualified assent to Mr. Lovell's proposal. Madame Duvigny would resign none of the rights of a parent, nor hear of the word "adoption"; but Katharine should go to England on an indefinite visit which the mother felt, with a despairing chill, would come to the same thing in reality. Kind Mrs. Lovell did all in her power to comfort her, understanding far better than her husband what it must mean. He was not slow to declare that since Madame Duvigny had a second family to look after, she could easily do without this one stray and "difficult" member of the household. Nora, only half gratified at the arrangement, but honestly anxious to do her duty, came primly up to express her kind wishes to Katharine, and acted as pleasantly as she knew how, not quite understanding what to make of her cousin. It was perhaps as well that only a day or two remained of the Lovells' brief stay in Belle-Rive when the proposal was made and accepted.

"We shall see you early in the new year, then, Katie dear; but we will write," declared Mrs. Lovell at the terminus, on the autumn evening that witnessed their departure. All the Duvigny household were there to "see them off" in the Paris express. M. le Professeur had insisted on bringing his five children, each armed with a bouquet to present to the travellers. Madame Duvigny and Katharine tendered a large and handsome one apiece. It is a pretty Swiss fashion to "speed the parting guest" with flowers, but Mr. Lovell did not appreciate it.

"What nonsense, Margaret! what on earth are we to do with all this rubbish?" he murmured irritably to his wife. "The carriage will look like a market garden—see, there's that shaggy Professor bringing up his five young ones each with more flowers! What a pity for Elizabeth to waste her money like this! sheer folly, I call it. Eh—what? Oh yes, kindly meant, no doubt, and I'm not going to wound anybody's feelings; only it's a comfort to think we can pitch them out of the carriage window as soon as we have got well away from Belle-Rive."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONNIE.—Miss Leale has won the reputation of being the best lady "rifle-shot" in Great Britain. A daughter of Lord Roberts is noted for her skill, and the Lady Eva Quin, niece of Lord Connemara, is distinguished not only as a remarkable marks-woman, but as one who dares to exercise her skill in the use of fire-arms in tiger-hunting. Six or more of these beasts have been shot by her, and she had no other protection than her howdah. Although we answer your query as to the best women "shots," we do not recommend the use of fire-arms to our girl-readers. Very far otherwise. January 9th, 1875, was a Saturday.

DOWLAIS.—Place the matter in the hands of a magistrate. Tell him you are under intimidation. A threat to do you an injury, morally or physically, is actionable; more especially a threat against your life. You can claim police protection. Have you no father, nor elder brother to undertake this for you? Confide your fears to them, but inform a magistrate of the intimidation, and get the man "sworn to keep the peace" under his own recognisances and those of his friends.

MRS. E. HARRISON.—We are happy to notify your change of address to those who require a "Seaside Home for Gentlewomen." This home used to be situated at Highbury House, Esplanade, Bognor, and is now established at Pier View, Alhambra Road, Southsea.

C. B.—In addressing Christmas, New Year's, and Easter cards direct to "Mrs. So-and-So," and inside you can write "with best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So."

A. Z.—Yes, we believe it is true that every kind of dress-suits may be hired by those who cannot afford to purchase them. Wedding dresses, and suitable ones for all occasions, for day or evening wear, are let out for a single day or night. The prices charged vary from five to twenty-one shillings for a single occasion. An almost incredible number of people avail themselves of this system of hire in London.

PARROT.—A recent writer in a well-known paper, advises that in the case of a feather-eating parrot, an old piece of ribbon, an old necktie, or anything of that sort, which the bird can pick to pieces, should be hung close to the perch, so that it can amuse itself with it and pull it into shreds. This recipe is said to be an unfailing one. We have also found that the empty reels of cotton hung in the cage, formed entertaining occupation for the bird, and were even better as a preventive than a cure. The cause is always idleness and want of some occupation for their powerful bills, which are given them on purpose for self-defence, opening nuts, "carding," etc.

NORA B. THE HON. MADELINE.—How unnecessary for you to ask the question. We have had competitions for *Girls Who Work With Their Heads* over and over again, and one was announced on the same page as the Handworkers' competition last Nov. Your question suggests several snubbings in reply, but we refrain, for, of course, we love all our readers equally.

GLADYS MORGAN (Dargeeling).—You had better send the stamps to some friend in England who can dispose of them in any shop where she sees stamps for sale in the windows.

ELLA.—We read that the first writer in shorthand and who published a work on the subject, was Dr. Timothy Bright, his book being entitled, "*Characterie*: an arte of short, swifte, and secrete writing, A.D. 1587." In 1600, one Peter Bales published a treatise on the same subject, and since then up to the present time no less than some 307 separate English systems of the art have been issued. Wales also can boast of four systems of her own; 883 systems have been printed in the various countries of the world.

MADGE.—In the present day it would be difficult to draw a line between the several athletic games in which women may play, and those more seemly to be left to their brothers; but there are two, which in our opinion are quite unsuitable for girls—i.e., football and polo. Cricket was at one time considered of too masculine a character for a girl, although in a private field she might join with her own brothers to make up the required number. Now there seems a change of general opinion on the question, therefore, if your mother make no objection to your joining the club, we have nothing to say, especially if a graceful girl. As to the date of "round-arm bowling" it was claimed for both Broadbridge and Lillywhite; but others attribute the introduction to Mr. Knight of Alton. Dr. Grace, however, claims it for Mr. John Willes, of Sutton-Valence, Bellringham, a record of which invention is inscribed on his tombstone in that parish, dated 1852. It says, "He was a patron of all the manly sports. First to introduce round-arm bowling in cricket."

DOVER.—We have read your note without any difficulty; only the words were wrongly divided.

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6. (a) *A Short Story:* **A Prize in the Lottery.** By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS. (b) **Comfortable Words.**

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, who has had considerable experience of the literary needs of bedridden sufferers in our hospital and infirmary wards, has invented and provisionally patented a novel contrivance for easy reading. Who, even in the best of health, does not know how difficult it is to read a book while in a recumbent position? The book is heavy, will not stand up straight, the inside edges of the type meet so that you cannot finish the line, and in many other ways such reading is irksome; but how exaggerated are these difficulties to invalids who are racked with pain, and whose strength is almost gone! So then the inventor has produced stories, hymns, sayings of the sages, and other matter printed upon long strips of linen which can easily be held in position by a finger, and, in addition to being warm to the touch and noiseless, it can be held without weight in the light that is best for the reading of a particular line; also there are no pages to turn over, and the printing upon the material is as perfect as it is upon paper. We wish this kindly invention as kindly a reception on the part of all true friends of invalids.—*The Sunday at Home.*

The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has solved a problem which has occasioned much anxious thought, especially in hospitals and the infirmaries of workhouses.—*St. James's Budget.*

The venture should be very useful in hospitals, or for any invalid home, and fully deserves a very wide circulation.—*Bookseller.*

Something quite new.—*The Hospital.*

The idea is an excellent one; it will meet a want which is often expressed, and we cordially wish it a wide development and much success.—*Nursing Record.*

"The R. T. S. Invalid Library" is a set of texts and short stories printed on slips of soft material instead of paper, so as to be easily used in a sick-bed . . . . The thought of St. Augustine's death-bed makes us wish to see some Psalms printed in the same way.—*The Guardian.*

The idea strikes us as excellent, and the printed linen is a marvel of technical proficiency, so clear are the characters. We quite believe that these will be found useful in hospitals and sick rooms generally where the services of an amanuensis are not available. They only cost threepence each, and are practically everlasting.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

The Religious Tract Society has struck out a new idea in its "Invalid Library." The reader who has not seen it might guess a long time without hitting upon this "witty invention."—*Christian Leader.*

A hearty word of welcome is due to "The R. T. S. Invalid's Library," in which the printing of bright stories, hymns, etc., is carried out upon strong but soft linen strips, which can be readily rolled by a recumbent reader, and which have the further advantages of not being cold to the touch, and of making no rustling as they are used. This invention is calculated to bring relief to many a wearied and weakened patient, and should be known to all who visit the sick, and especially to those who work in hospitals and infirmaries.—*The Quiver.*

READING HER PAIN AWAY.

VOL. XVII.—No. 857.] MAY 30, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Other People's Stairs

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

CHAPTER X.

CONSEQUENCES.

THE winter was a long one, and Morag had to get through it the best way she could. That is sometimes all which remains for any of us; the comfort is, that it always does remain!

There was no doubt that her life was enlarged by the sudden re-awakening of its noblest memories, caused by the appearance of Hamish Vass in Sillerton. It made what had seemed the mere past into the living present. But then life, whether in matters spiritual or physical, always means change, movement, unrest, uncertainty, and these mean pain, doubt, longing, and the consciousness of limitations unheeded before.

For the first time since she had been in Nigle, Morag was sorry she had left Sillerton. It seemed as if her own action had cost her her place in the world, as if she had torn herself from her own rightful root.

"We should often act differently, if we could foresee the consequences of our actions," she said soberly, in the course of her next visit to Miss Soutar. (Our conversation naturally tends in the direction of our feelings and the events which excite them, though these may not be named.)

"And perhaps that's the reason why we are not able to foresee results," answered Miss Soutar, "because God wants us to do what we believe to be right, come what may!"

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"But might not the consequences, could we foresee them, warn us that our action was wrong?" asked Morag.

"No," said Miss Soutar. "There is no safety in deciding on any action for any reason except whether it is right or wrong in itself. Its consequences cannot make it either the one or the other."

Morag still demurred. "Are we not warned against certain courses of conduct on account of their consequences?" she inquired.

"Rightly enough, so far," replied Miss Soutar. "Take for instance, drunkenness. Undoubtedly it leads to poverty. That may be called one of its consequences, and one which may be lawfully used as an argument against it. But the man who shuns drunkenness only because he believes it leads to poverty, would equally shun honesty if it seemed likely to take him in the same direction! And then again, no consequences of any sort can be predicted in a rough-and-ready, immediate fashion. I may say, quite truly, that

drunkenness leads to poverty, crime, misery, and early graves. But I am obliged to record that one of the worst topers I ever knew made a large fortune, lived far past man's allotted time, and in the eyes of the world seemed to achieve respectability and success—whatever might really be hidden behind that seeming! Turn your argument the other way, Morag. If an action which you felt quite sure was wrong, say a theft or a murder, led to apparently good results, would that make you think the action right?"

Morag admitted that it would not.

"But suppose you did something which certainly seemed your duty, and it ended so that you felt as if you had caused the death of somebody you loved, or had parted them from you, how would one bear it?" she pleaded.

Miss Soutar gave her a quick, keen glance. "My dear," she said, "God gives our duty into our hands, but He keeps life and death and meeting and parting in His own, and He knows their fitting season. Death and parting, too, which seem such evils in our sight, may be something quite different in the eyes of His wisdom. No. All we must allow ourselves to dwell on, is the question 'Did I try to do right?' We may search into the matter. We may ask, 'Did I do what I honestly and calmly thought to be right at the time I did it?' So far as we can answer 'yes' to these questions, so far are we clear from any results, be they what they may. There is no use in condemning ourselves for lack of wisdom which we did not possess, though we may justly reflect whether we ought not to have possessed it, had we been more diligent and observant. But by so far as we have to admit some admixture of wrong in our action—and how few actions of any sort are free from haste or heat, or from vanity or vacillation—then, so far, regret is due from us, and we carry away another experience for the future.

"And remember this, too, my dear, that the evil which is imported into actions by some strong external pressure, is to be regarded (in others at least, if not in ourselves) as very different from evil voluntarily adopted."

"I don't think I quite understand," said Morag.

"Well, I will give you a parable. Two great public assemblies are startled by a shriek. In each case there is an ugly rush, and many people are hurt. In one instance, it is found that the shriek was wilfully raised, for the purpose of attracting attention, and in the other, that it was extorted from one on whose foot a heavy weight had fallen and who was in excruciating pain. The results were similar,—but would you think those two people were equally guilty in their scream?"

"Oh dear no," said Morag.

"And yet," said Miss Soutar, with a quiver in her voice, "the innocent, the least guilty, would be always saddened by the thought that a little more self-control—one strong effort of fortitude on her part—might have spared so much misery!

"In the same way," she went on, "it has struck me that people who have borne longer and more patiently than most, often seem to explode at last, at the wrong time and in the wrong way, and then if disaster follow, nobody—not even themselves—can look back further than the explosion! The heart goes on condemning itself and is not able to take comfort even in its sense that God is greater than it and knows all things. Oh, Morag, there is no help nor comfort in self-condemnation nor in self-excuse; the only comfort is if we can still feel that we love—that, despite ourselves, and despite everything, we still love and long to be at peace. That can't be taken from us—though we may be left alone, misunderstood, misrepresented and unforgiven—aye, till the grave closes over us."

Morag said softly, "That is what Wordsworth writes:—

"'There is a comfort in the strength of love
Which makes a thing endurable, which else
Would break the heart.'"

"Yes; but even that comfort does not wholly comfort, when, in Coleridge's words—

"'To be wroth with one we love
Has worked like madness in the brain.'"

Miss Soutar spoke dreamily, more to herself than to Morag. Then she roused herself, saying suddenly—

"Why, where did this grave conversation begin?"

"With my talk about consequences," answered Morag.

"And where has it not led us?" returned Miss Soutar, sighing even as she smiled. "I think I have talked myself out to-night more than I have done for a long time."

At that moment, Morag noticed on a side table, a newspaper, whose general aspect seemed familiar to her.

"May I ask if that is the Sillerton Weekly?" she said.

"It is," answered Miss Soutar, reaching for it, and handing it to her. "I suppose you know it well."

"Do you always get it," asked Morag, handling the broad pages.

"Yes," said Miss Soutar, "it is sent to me by an old lady in the neighbourhood of Sillerton. But it is often nearly a week old before it reaches me," she added warningly, thinking that Morag wished to avail herself of its advertising sheet.

"Do you happen to know whether the bursary lists have appeared yet," asked Morag, peering down the columns.

"I think I saw them in that very paper," said the infant-mistress. "Do you know anybody who is competing?"

"Yes," answered Morag. "I hear that a boy I knew at the Kyle has come into Sillerton for that purpose. Ah, here is the list! And here is Hamish's name," she cried, her face a-glow with pleasure. "It's only for a ten pounds bursary; but that's not so bad considering Hamish will have worked by himself, and many of the others will have had tutors, and all sorts of coaching."

Miss Soutar came beside the girl, sympathetic, and read aloud the name: "Hamish Vass, Kyle Public School."

"That was father's school," said Morag.

"What! Was your father a schoolmaster?" asked the infant-mistress, with professional interest. And so she was told the story of the old home, after which it was natural to go on to the incident of Hamish's visit to the Hendersons, and it was easy to see Morag's intense disappointment that she had not been there to see him. Morag tried to disguise the chilly reception he had got, though, of course, it was implied in her feeling that he was again lost to sight as much as if he had never appeared.

"You see, aunt did not know him," she said. "He had to tell her who he was, and Hamish used to be very shy and blunt with strangers. He would have seemed quite different if I had been there."

Miss Soutar read Morag aright, and fully believed in her frank kindness for her old playmate, and her natural yearning towards home associations. But Miss Soutar knew too that all this was in the neighbourhood of dangerous ground, upon which an unwary word—a shade too much of sympathy, or too little—might lead these innocent feet. She contented herself with saying that hardily-bred students who meant work, and had no time nor money to waste, often did the best, and that Morag would soon see his name in prize-lists.

Then they had a talk on Association subjects—and Morag returned to her kitchen, feeling as if her soul had once more drawn full breath!

But Miss Soutar, left alone, stood in front of her fireplace and looked grave.

"I don't know that I am altogether so sorry she missed her old playfellow," she said to herself. "I feel that Morag is doing right to take the life she has taken, yet the chances are ten to one that she would find this young fellow would despise her for it—that he would think it made her his inferior. Yes, I know she said his sister had worked in her mother's house, and is in Edinburgh service now. That does not alter the case in the least. The chances are many that he will despise his own sister for her honest independence, and perhaps try to entice her from it into a dependence on himself which by-and-by a wife will grudge! I know what I have seen in that way! Better then that Morag should never meet this lad, if so she may keep undimmed her remembrance of kindness and comradeship. For we can't always hold by the past when the present drops away, and it is an awful thing when pleasant memories get blurred, for that seems like the temporal bankruptcy of the immortal soul."

As she soliloquised, she mechanically lifted a little framed photograph from her mantelshelf and rubbed its glass with her pocket-handkerchief. It was the portrait of a very young man, the face, full of charm, seemed to smile frankly into the grave, tired countenance

of the little infant-mistress. And yet there was a something of her own face in the picture; little enough perhaps; just a faint resemblance in the poise of the head, or in the way the crisp curls set about the brow.

She looked at it earnestly. And as she put it back in its place, she heaved a sigh which seemed to rise from the very depths of her being.

Yet the Nigle people always said that Miss Soutar was such a lively little body—and why shouldn't she be? asked complaining matrons, since she was fairly paid for work she said she liked, and had plenty of friends, and no cares and responsibilities in the world, since her only relative was a younger brother, doing very well abroad.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS FOR GIRLS.

By FREDERICK RYLAND, M.A.

PART IV. *(Continued.)*

SOCIALISM.

THE movement which I have briefly described is often called socialistic. It emphasizes the right of society over the individual, and regards with more favour the combined and compulsory action of many through the machinery of government, than the free union of individuals without government assistance.

But the term "socialism" is highly ambiguous. It is sometimes used to denote any kind of scheme which aims at equalising men and giving to all the same advantages. In this sense the Education Acts and the Poor Laws are socialistic. At other times it is applied to any scheme which aims at securing the greatest happiness for the greatest number by direct governmental interference, whether equality be aimed at or not. In this sense the term "paternal government" is socialistic, although it may only aim at securing greater liberty for each by government interference. The Factory Acts, mentioned in a previous number, are called "socialistic," because they are an interference on the part of society in order to secure certain important advantages for the wage-earners which experience has shown cannot be secured without such statutes. The copyright laws and patent laws, which help to secure to authors and inventors the reward of their skill and industry, are examples of "socialism" in this loose use of the term.

But the most accurate use of the term is much more restricted. In this sense it means a scheme of social reconstruction under which all the means of production, viz., land, factories, machinery, tools, raw material, etc., would be held in common by society, and controlled by government officers. No man would have any private means of producing commodities for sale. All the land and what is necessary to cultivate it would be in the hands of the State. Every mine, factory, workshop, and warehouse would belong to the nation. Since the word Socialism is now so loosely used, it is perhaps better to keep the term "Collectivism" for this proposal, which tries, as Professor Sidgwick says, to "substitute common for private ownership, and governmental for private management, of the instruments of production in all important departments of industry, so that the payment of interest on industrial capital may cease, and 'labour receive its full reward.'"

The advantages which the scheme offers are obvious. It tends to equalise wealth, and thus to do away with the extremes of excessive riches and excessive poverty, both of them dangerous and to some extent debasing. It tends to avoid the waste which is produced by the competition of private and individual producers. If successful it would substitute "industrial peace, mutual service, and a general diffusion of public spirit for the present conflict of classes and selfish struggles of individuals." So enamoured are the more fervid spirits among the Socialists by this vision, that they denounce the present state of things as brutal, barbarous, and immoral, for them "Property is theft."

On the other hand nearly all careful thinkers who are sufficiently well acquainted with history and political economy hold that the scheme is hopelessly impracticable. There are, first of all, the initial difficulties, the more or less forcible appropriation by society of the wealth now held by individuals, and the sullen revolt into which it would drive the most energetic and successful men.

Then there is the fact that it will be almost impossible to satisfactorily allot the functions and duties of individuals, and their scale of pay. If all are to be servants of the State, who is to decide who shall be "captains and leaders of industry," and who mere rank and file? Who is to decide whether a lad of fifteen is to be a doctor, an artist, a labourer, a mechanic, or a clerk? It cannot be left to the choice of the boy or his parents, and it will probably have to be decided by competitive examination—a most unsatisfactory test, since the best men often develop late; or by the *ipse dixit* of some government official—an insupportable tyranny, since the lot of each of us will be fixed without appeal at the disposal of some irresponsible and commonplace functionary, who may condemn a Tennyson to wheel bricks in a barrow, and make a man only fit to play a barrel-organ chief musician; or lastly by popular vote—which will give all the best situations to those with the most plausible tongues, and the most superficial abilities.

In all probability a few years' trial of Socialism in England would send abroad into exile nearly all men of energy and ability, who would put their talents at the disposal of states in which the institution of private property permitted them a free scope for their special powers, and an adequate reward for their industry.

In the next place Collectivism would in all probability greatly diminish the production of wealth. Wealth increases rapidly because men of ability are at liberty to devise new contrivances for production, to economise labour and materials, and to work as hard and as long as they choose. The chief motive which leads them to do this is the desire to produce wealth for themselves, and still more for their families. Socialism will do away with this motive. In the Collectivist state saving becomes an impossibility or a crime. No man will be able to invest money at interest. Instead of the Watts and Stephensons who raise themselves by means which double and treble the national income in a few years, we shall have only government officials paid an annual stipend. The tendency of all government officials is to do as little as possible, and to do it always in the same way. The more energetic they are, the more inconvenience they cause to those beneath them and those above them. A government by officials, a *bureaucracy*, is the most stupid and the most stereotyped of governments. What China is to-day, England may be to-morrow, if she adopts Collectivism and puts the control of her industry in the hands of men whose one great aim is not to cause trouble, to let sleeping dogs lie, and to draw their salaries in peace and quietness.

In a book which everybody ought to read—a marvel of cheapness and excellence in printing, paper, and binding as well as an admirable example of clear and interesting exposition of economic truth—I mean Mr. Mallock's *Labour and the Popular Welfare*, you will see it shown that at the close of last century Great Britain, with a population of 10,000,000 had an income of £140,000,000, or £14 a head; whereas to-day, with a population of 37,000,000, the total income is £1,300,000,000, or £35 a head. This enormous increase of wealth he shows is due to the ability of investors, merchants, and other men who obtain command of capital. The author shows that the "labouring classes of this country, in proportion to their number, receive to-day £47,000,000 a year more than the entire income of the country at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria. . . . . The same number of labourers and their families as then formed the whole labouring population of the country now possess among them every penny of the amount that then formed the income of the entire nation. They have gained every penny that they possibly could have gained if every rich man of that period, if duke, and cotton lord, and railway king, followed by all the host of minor plutocrats, had been forced to cast all they had into the treasury of Labour, and give their very last farthing to swell the labourer's wages. The labourers have gained all this; but that is not all. They have gained an annual sum of £47,000,000 more. And they have done all this not only without revolution, but without any attack on the fundamental principles of property. On the contrary, the circumstances which have enabled Labour to gain most from the proceeds of Ability, have been the circumstances which have enabled Ability to produce most itself."

This rapid growth of wealth, then, has come about in consequence of the present individualistic state of society, when each man fights primarily for himself and his family. It could not have come about with a society ruled by mere officials who tend to become lazy tyrants without initiation and without energy.

If this difficulty were overcome, many other objections would remain. Even a successful system of Collectivism would make men less prudent, less self-reliant, less capable than they are now. In the struggle which goes on between nations, not only intermittently on

the battlefield, but continuously in the markets of the world, that nation which produces men of the greatest average ability and force of character must on the whole succeed best. Socialism, even if it established comfort and ease at home for a few years, would inevitably lead to the disappearance of the nation which adopted it. Under it life would become more and more monotonous. The adventurers and the restless, the men of resource and originality, would desert us to enlist under alien flags. Even apart from the question of remuneration—and Socialism would take care that additional effort and ability did not mean additional pay—the terrible sameness of life in which everybody was middle-class, in which society had no ups-and-downs, in which there was no poverty and no wealth, no great failures and no brilliant successes—the dull, flat insipidity of such a life would drive away from us the men who, under the present *régime*, give us the greater part of our wealth, and those things which are better than wealth—beauty, truth, and freedom.

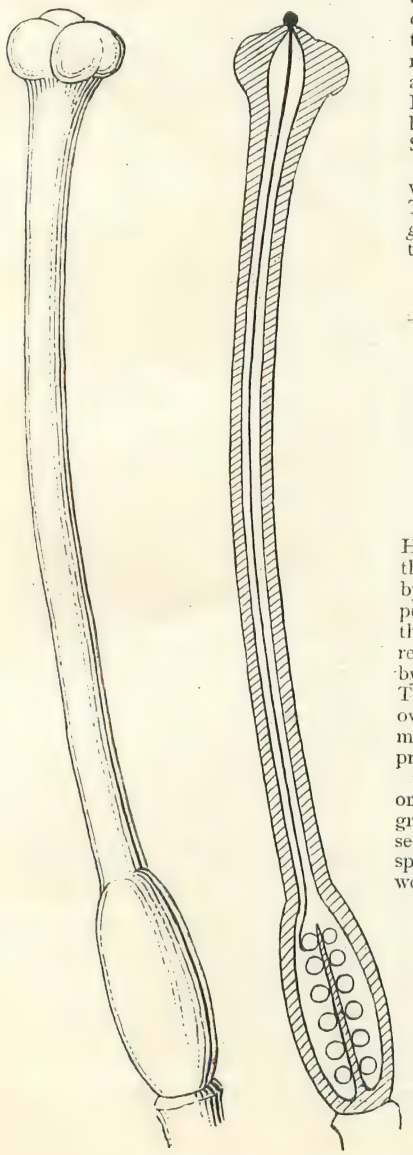
The Task before us.—What we have to do nowadays is to try and reconcile the two conflicting ideas, Individualism and Socialism. We want, as far as possible, to mitigate the evils caused by unequal distribution of wealth, without, at the same time, weakening the incentives to private effort. We want to see that, as far as possible, no man is hopelessly miserable—that even the poorest shall not starve in silent despair, that even the lowest shall have a chance of education and of the pleasures which come from literature and science and art, that the most feeble and old shall have kindly help in their weakness. But we want to take care that in shielding failure and feebleness from suffering, we do not sap the foundations of national welfare by making men mere dependants on the Government, who open their mouths and shut their eyes and see what their mighty Grandmother sends them.

In order to carry out this ideal we shall have to make many experiments, the majority of which will probably end in more or less of failure. We must not pin our faith to any one formula. It is not a sufficient objection to say that one scheme is opposed to freedom, or that another infringes the rights of property, or that a third is socialistic. All government involves an inroad on freedom; all taxation infringes the rights of a man to his property; nearly all social legislation is more or less socialistic. What we have to do is to keep ourselves free from prejudice and party feeling, and to judge each scheme on its merits. We must not object to Old Age Pensions because they are the pet scheme of a statesman whom we do not admire; or to some scheme of temperance reform because it is advocated by a High Church bishop; or to some other scheme because it comes from the barracks of the Salvation Army.

We must not forget that society is an organic whole, with a life history like other organisms. This social life is not made; like Topsy, it has *growed*. Any plan of reform which forgets this is doomed to failure. A living creature maintains itself by ceaseless small adaptations to its circumstances, and so does a nation. It cannot make a clean sweep and divest itself of its own past. Its possibilities are limited by its history. One of the wisest political thinkers, Edmund Burke, told the French Revolutionists, "You began ill because you began by despising everything that belonged to you"; but he also said that "a State without some means of change is without the means of its conservation."

The interests we have to reconcile are not diametrically opposed. It is not, as somebody stupidly and brutally said, "a struggle between the Haves and the Have-nots." What a labourer gains is not necessarily lost by the employer; what the employer gains is not necessarily lost by the workman. What the taxpayer surrenders for the use of the poor may be returned to him tenfold in increased peace, order, health, and education. The rates which keep up hospitals, sanitary arrangements, lunatic asylums, and so forth, are not spent simply for the benefit of the ailing and the poor. They also form a great insurance fund, which secures the well-to-do and comfortable from death and disease and discomfort.

In bringing these discursive articles to a close, let me once more recommend to those girls who have taken interest in them a little book for further reading. Besides Miss Anna Buckland's shilling primer, *Our National Institutions*, and Mr. Oscar Browning's fuller volume called *The Citizen*, already mentioned, I should like to name Mr. Thomas Raleigh's *Elementary Politics*, an admirable "attempt to define the terms which are commonly used in political argument." This little volume will serve as a capital stimulant to thought. If I induce you to read it you will not regret the time you have spent over my rough and desultory papers.



WHITE LILY PISTIL. SECTION OF PISTIL.

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART VIII.

FERTILISATION.

HAVING now considered some of the many wonderful arrangements by which the pollen of plants is dispersed, we will endeavour by tracing the course of the pollen-grains after they reach the stigma, to learn what is meant by the term "fertilisation of the ovules." These are the minute specks contained in the ovary which are to become seeds, and by means of which the plant will eventually reproduce itself.

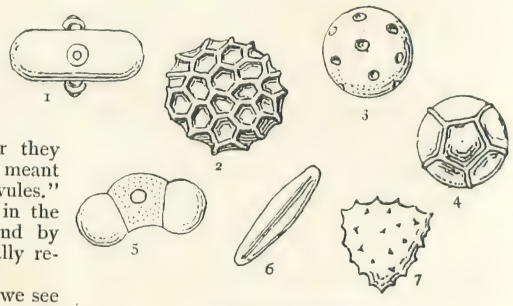
To the naked eye, the yellow pollen we see on the anthers of flowers appears as small grains; but, when magnified, these grains are seen to be singularly beautiful, each little sphere having on its surface a chequered network and delicately sculptured patterns.

The forms, too, are as varied as the ornamentation.

Some plants have triangular grains, some oval shaped and others are many-sided.

I have given a few examples and would specially call attention to the pollen-grains of the Pinus tribe (fir-trees) to which I alluded in the last chapter. These are remarkably buoyant, owing to the two little bladders with which they are furnished.

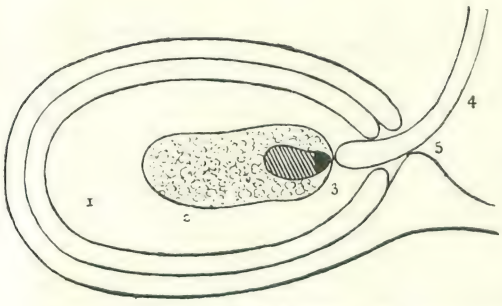
Now we are going to watch this yellow dust performing its appointed office in the central organ of a flower. In order to do so we will take a white garden lily, and remove the petals, sepals and stamens, leaving only the pistil which (as shown in the drawing) consists of three parts, the club-like stigma, a very long style, and its base the ovary, which contains three cavities. In these last we see a number of small, colourless spore-like bodies termed ovules (from *ovum* an egg), each consisting of an outer coat, and a mass of cells in the centre called the *nucellus*.



POLLEN-GRAINS.

1 *Morina.* 2 *Cobea.* 3 *Convolvulus.* 4 *Dianthus.* 5 *Pinus.* 6 *Albucca.* 7 *Buphthalmum.*

An opening exists at one end of each ovule called the micropyle (meaning a little gate or entrance), and this opening leads down into the middle of the nucellus, where lies what we may call the life principle, but what is known in botany as the embryo-sac.

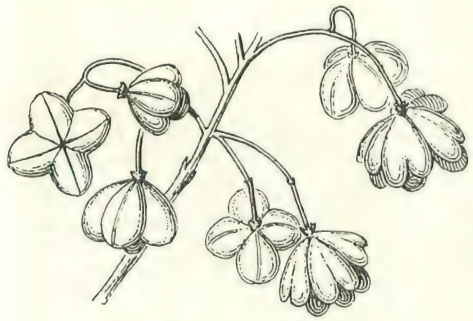


SECTION OF SEED.

1 *Nucellus.* 2 *Embryo-sac.* 3 *Embryo.* 4 *Pollen-tube.* 5 *Microbyle.*

We need the aid of a microscope to enable us to see how the pollen exerts its influence upon the ovules.

If we place a drop of very weak sugar and water upon a slip of glass, and sprinkle over it some pollen grains of the common white lily, then allowing the slide to remain for a few



SPINDLE-TREE.

hours in a dark place, it will be fit for our purpose.

When placed in the microscope we shall observe that many of the grains will have thrown out long thread-like tubes, and this is just what happens when pollen falls upon the viscid stigma of the lily. Referring to the section of a lily pistil we see that a pollen grain has rested on the stigma, and excited into growth by the sweetish fluid which holds it there, it sends down a slender tube through the centre of the pistil, which is lined with a very delicate loose tissue of cells filled with starch, oils, and food materials. The pollen-tube is stimulated and fed by this nourishment stored up in the conducting tissue and on it goes until, passing through the micropyle, it enters the embryo-sac of one of the ovules, adheres to it, and renders it fertile.

Only one grain is shown in the drawing for the sake of clearness,* but of course, each ovule is sought out and fertilised by a pollen-tube. With infinite variation this process takes place in every flower, so that even the commonest weed affords evidence of the marvellous provisions made by an All-Wise Creator for the preservation of species.

The time occupied by the passage of the pollen-tube varies considerably. In the fir tribe it takes nearly twelve months, in the hazel-nut and orchis it requires several weeks, whilst in many other plants the whole process is completed in a few hours.

One of the first results of fertilisation is a rapid withering of the style and flower; the great end of the flowering period has been attained, and so without further expense of energy the bright petals die away.

At the same time other external changes take place, which are obvious to every observer of nature. The lower end of the pistil, known as the ovary, begins its second growth, and in a short time swells into a large structure, the shape of which varies much in different species of plants. Finally, the ovary changes colour and develops other characteristics quite distinct from its former condition. These characters have reference to the distribution of its seeds, and in our chapter on fruits we shall learn something about the interesting botanical significance of the various hard and soft fruits, and see how they all arise from fertilisation.

Take for example the flower of an apple immediately after fertilisation is effected. The petals fall off, the styles shrivel up and the ovary rapidly enlarges; the tube of the calyx becomes fleshy, and finally the well-formed apple is produced. The change however does not end here; in this stage of development the little apple is bitter and is charged with a vegetable acid. As the fruit grows on, however, this acid changes into sweet juice varying in flavour according to the species of apple.

Now let us examine the interior of the ovary and see what changes have arisen as a consequence of fertilisation.

CLEMATIS OR TRAVELLERS' JOY.

NUTMEG AND MACE.

The egg cell which has received the pollen grain gives rise to an embryo, whilst the thin delicate coat of the ovule develops into a strong seed coat.

The embryo is the first germ of the young plant that is to be. It is a tiny speck indeed in its beginning, but deeply interesting to us when we realise that, because it possesses life, it will grow on and on and result, according to its species, either in a plant but a few inches in height, or in a grand forest-tree which may give shelter to man and animals for hundreds of years.

The naked eye can scarcely trace any indication of form in the embryo, but when dissected and examined with a lens it is seen to consist of a tiny plant, root, stem and leaves (cotyledons). These rapidly develop when fertilised, and the once immature ovule becomes the seed.

The size of the embryo in comparison with the other part of the seed is a point which should be observed.

As the embryo develops it absorbs the special nutrient or reserve tissue that exists in all ovules; a bean embryo for example rapidly absorbs all the nucellus of the ovule, so that at length the seed-coats contain nothing but the embryo, the two cotyledons of which are thick and filled with stores of food for the first growth of the seed.

I would advise students to plant a few broad beans in a little cocoa-fibre, and carefully watch their growth. It is advisable to dissect these beans successively at different stages, so as to watch the development of the radicle (root) and plumule (young leaf-bud). Place

* The illustration is partly diagrammatic, simply to show the passage of a pollen grain down the pistil.

the seed in what position we may, the radicle will always find its way down into the earth, while the plumule obeys its vegetable instinct, and rises into the air. The embryo of the castor-oil bean and that of the maize do not however use up all the nutritive matter in the ovule as the broad bean does, so that when the seed is ripe we find inside it, not only the embryo, but also a quantity of cheesy matter known as *albumen*, and seeds of this kind are hence called *albuminous*, whilst peas, beans, and hazel-nuts, are classed as *ex-albuminous* (without—albumen).

An interesting development consequent upon fertilisation is a growth which occurs in some plants from the base of the ovule. The pretty red coverings of the seeds of the spindle-tree, and the bright berry-like structure on the seeds of the yew-tree are examples of this growth, which is known botanically as an aril (from *arillus*, a wrapper). In the willows this aril is a very lovely covering of silky hairs, these serve to float the seeds on the atmosphere at every puff of wind.

The pretty lace-like covering on the nutmeg is another example of an aril, better known to us in the form of the fragrant spice called mace.

The style which in most plants dies as soon as the ovules are fertilised, is in other cases persistent, as in the hedge-climber called travellers' joy. The white feathery-looking seeds owe their special character to the persisting styles, which after fertilisation grow into the bunches of fluffy seeds, which hang in profusion on hedges in the country.

I will conclude this chapter with a reference to a change of quite a different character. Not unfrequently fertilisation results in the suppression of certain chambers in the ovary, and in the consequent failure of the ovules they contained.

A cross-section of a young oak ovary shows a three-chambered structure, each cavity containing two ovules, so that the ovary in this stage contains six ovules in three chambers. Soon after the act of fertilisation, one of the fertilised ovules takes the lead in growth, starves the other five ovules, and, as it grows, pushes the partitions of the other chambers aside, and thus fills up the whole interior, converting it into a one-celled structure. This change happens also in the birch: its two-chambered ovary becomes one; and in the lime, though at first it has a many-chambered ovary, yet in the ripened fruit there is rarely more than one to be found.

Specimens to be observed:—

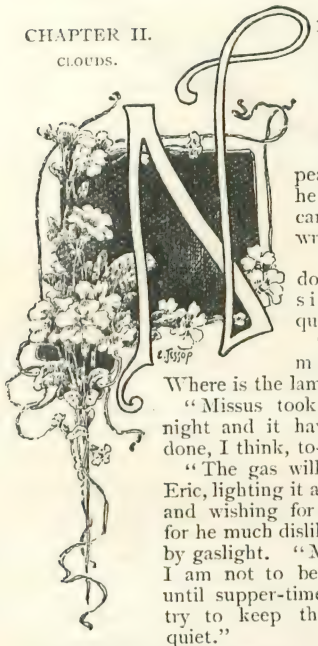
Examine pollen grains with lens or microscope, dissect white lily flower, pollen on glass slide. Observe changes in growing apple, plant broad-beans, castor-oil seeds, and maize; examine spindle-tree berries (*euonymus*), yew-tree berries, willow seeds, nutmeg, and mace; travellers' joy (clematis), section of oak ovary in the pistillate flower. Examine birch catkins and lime-tree flowers.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER II.

CLOUDS.



"NEVER mind the fire, I shall light it myself," said Eric, as Jane appeared just as he had lit a candle on his writing-table.

"Shan't I do it for you, sir?" inquired Jane.

"No, never mind it. Where is the lamp?"

"Missus took it up last night and it haven't been done, I think, to-day."

"The gas will do," said Eric, lighting it as he spoke, and wishing for the lamp, for he much disliked writing by gaslight. "Mind, Jane, I am not to be disturbed until supper-time, and pray try to keep the children quiet."

"The baby is going to bed and so are the little boys, sir, at least as soon as missus can see after them," said Jane, and then she went down banging the door at the top of the kitchen stairs after her.

Eric was cold and tired, and the fireless room was dismal and depressing. Like all brain workers he was particularly sensitive, and his surroundings had much influence on him. As he sat down he could not help contrasting the present with the past. When they they were first married, before any babies came, Winifred was usually ready to welcome him in his study, where everything was in order for him, and she herself was becomingly and prettily dressed. Never was his cup of coffee forgotten, and his little tastes about the arrangement of his books and various other things all carefully studied.

Then when he had time they used to go to town for a concert or party, dissipations which seldom cost more than the railway fare, as Eric had many journalistic friends who gave him free passes. And there were other changes. However, there was no use thinking of it, and Eric was philosophical. So he settled himself at his writing-table, noticed instinctively that there were not any flowers on it as in days gone by, and then taking out a note-book he was soon hard at work.

At eight o'clock a bell rang for supper, and Eric went down feeling rather pleased with himself at having finished what he termed a tough bit of work.

The dining-room was empty when he went down. There was the same tumbled cloth on the table, left on since the children's tea, and the supper was not one very likely to tempt Eric's usually bad appetite.

"Where is your mistress?" he inquired, as he sat down and began cutting the bread.

"She is with the baby, sir."

Eric cut himself some bread and cold ham, and by the time he had got to the pudding Winifred came down, looking anxious and tired.

"Well, old woman," said Eric, "are all the chicks in bed, and you permitted to have some supper?"

"Yes. Baby is not so well to-day, she seems feverish, and I am a little anxious about her."

"Well, come and have some supper. Of course, I did not wait for you, for it is never of any use."

"Of course not," said Winifred calmly. "I am much too busy to be able to come down to meals at the moment. But surely I ordered something else for supper besides cold ham."

"Did you?"

"Yes, I am sure I told Jane to make some rissoles of the cold beef, and to cook some fried potatoes as well."

"They sound very good," said Eric, "but neither have appeared."

"Oh, I remember now, I was going to order them and then I had to see about the perambulator, the man called at that moment and I forgot all about it. I had May Dellingham here to-day, Eric."

"May Dellingham—oh yes, I remember. Quite an event for you to have a visitor."

"Yes indeed. You know I have not time to be bothered with visits and having people here, but May is an old friend, and I did not mind her. She wants us to go there so much. They have a house in Portland Place; but, of course, I said we could not," said Winifred.

A frown came on Eric's forehead, but passed off quickly. However, there was distinct annoyance in his voice as he answered—

"Why did you refuse? They, or at least Mrs. Dellingham is an old friend of yours, and I should very much like to know her husband. He is a very clever man, and his means have given him the opportunity of studying and collecting a great deal in the way of curios, and I believe he has some most valuable Bartolozzis."

"You can call on him, or he on you, at your clubs," said Winifred. "Really, Eric, you forget that dinners, luncheons, and going out are quite out of my line."

"I do not see why they should be," said Eric. "You used to go out before you married, I am sure I met you at several little garden-parties."

"That was very different, I had not got the children or a house to see after," said Winifred, "you would not like me to neglect the children, and Jane is very inexperienced."

"Granted. No, certainly, I should be very sorry not to see you up to the mark as a mother, but if you would only do as I want you to do, you would be more free to be with me. I see next to nothing of you, and as for a party or concert, why, I can't remember when last we went to anything of the kind."

"What is it you want me to do? To neglect my children as that woman opposite does? Leaving them to the tender mercies of a nursemaid would be impossible to me."

"I have just told you that I do not wish you to neglect them, I should be a strange kind of father if I did," said Eric keeping his temper with difficulty. "I have said before that if you had a good nurse as your sister Maud has, that you would be much more free."

"I do not care to entrust the children to a nurse. How can I tell what care she would take of them? I like to have them under my own eye."

"Head nurse and Mary as nursemaid."

Winifred did not answer, but helped herself to some pudding.

Eric was silent too for a few moments, and then his voice was very gentle when he spoke.

"Winnie, old woman, don't let us misunderstand each other. I should like you to have a thorough good nurse. Give her good wages and get a trustworthy person."

"They are very difficult to get, and the

expense," said Winifred; "you do not think of that."

"They must be to be had, or what would hundreds of mothers do whose position requires them to have some free time; and as for expense, you know we can afford it. Come, now, Winnie, I want more of you and your society, that's the fact of it."

"I thought you only wanted me to go out to the Dellinghams, and places of that kind."

"I want both," said Eric. "You know you used to be interested in my career as a journalist, and have a rather good opinion of your humble servant, and it is to my interest to go about and know people, and I enjoy it better when I have my wife with me."

"I can't afford the dress," said Winifred, who had become so absorbed by nursery duties, that to get into a nice dress, and make herself look as well turned out as she was as a girl, was an ordeal she hated even to think about.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Eric. "Why, when we first married you were always well dressed, and it astonished me to think you could manage it upon your allowance. Your simple things too looked twice as well as many of the grand clothes of lots of women. Somehow you had the knack of putting them on well, and choosing what became you. And I have told you, Winnie, that I am doing rather well just now, and that you can have more if you like it."

"There are the children to save for—their education in the future," said Winnie.

"I am laying by for that, and besides that there is a very good margin."

"So you want me to spend money on clothes?" said Winnie.

"Make yourself look nice," said Eric, "and don't, pray, don't let us live quite to ourselves as we are doing. Can't you pay more visits, and give a party now and then?"

"In this little house?" asked Winifred.

"We can move into another next year; meanwhile, if you only had things more shipshape, you know, Winnie, I could have a couple of fellows to supper now and then, and we could see a little of our fellow-creatures."

Winifred did not answer, and as a matter-of-fact, she had hardly heard her husband's words. There was an absent look on her face. She was thinking of Basil's new clothes. She was rising to go upstairs when Eric spoke again.

"Winnie, could you come upstairs and just try the accompaniment of a song? You know I am such a duffer about reading music. I want to see if I have a voice left."

A look of positive horror came over Winifred's face.

"Play the piano, Eric, at this hour! why, what are you thinking of—it would wake the children."

"They ought to get accustomed to it. Oh, never mind, Winnie, it's of no consequence."

Eric sighed and then took refuge in the usual consolation of his pipe. He smoked a little, and then went up to his study again, where a bundle of proofs just come by the last post were waiting for him among many letters, etc.

He was soon immersed in his work, and it was not until late that he made his way to bed. He was a hard and conscientious worker, bringing high principle to bear upon every detail of his work.

The next day he had plenty to do, as usual, in the city, and coming back by the District Railway, in the foggy afternoon, he opened the evening paper, when he was greeted heartily by a good-looking young fellow opposite to him. It was Jim Furze.

"When are you coming down our way?" asked Jim as he lit his cigarette.

"When I can get Winifred to come," said Eric.

"Oh, domestic duties and all that kind of thing, eh?" said Jim. "Well, I suppose she likes it. I won't let Maud spend all her time over our pair of brats, and she manages capitally."

Eric was silent. Whatever he might say privately to Winifred, he was loyal to her and would never entertain any fault-finding to, or in the presence of a third person.

"You are on this line now, then?" said Eric, for he had not met Jim Furze before on his homeward journey.

"Yes, my chief has moved his office from Gray's Inn Road to the Strand, so I have a season on the District. Well, mind you come soon. Maud was saying she had not seen Winifred for a long time. And if she cannot come, run down, will you, any evening and you will find me in. Why, I don't think I have seen you since our trip."

"No, where did you go?"

"Well we took a circular tour in Switzerland, and had a capital time," said Jim, whose good-natured face was an index to his sunny character. "Really, Maud and I were like a couple of children, we enjoyed it so much."

"Was it an expensive business?"

"Not at all. We got the addresses of *pensions* and moderate hotels, and upon my word we spent much less than when we went to the seaside two years ago; but then we had to take the whole caravan, nurse, babies, and all. Three years ago we went to the Ardennes, and the year before that to France."

"I remember hearing of it," said Eric, for the Furzes were then at Hampstead, and did not meet so often. For the last year they had been at Richmond.

"It must have been very nice," he continued. "I want to see Switzerland very much again. We went there on our wedding tour, but there are heaps of places we had not time to see."

"You must go some day. When you come down we shall show you our route and the views we bought. You and Winifred had better go next year, leave the chicks behind you, and have a renewal of the honeymoon days," and Jim laughed.

Eric smiled and wondered if any power on earth would induce Winifred to leave her children behind her, and go off for a thorough holiday with him. He doubted it, even if Mrs. Barchard came and took charge of the house and children for them, as she had so often offered to do. She was a childless widow, and loved children as so many such women do.

The next evening Eric finished his work early and was off to Richmond, where he arrived just after supper, and Maud made a pleasant hostess in her pretty drawing-room which she used and lived in. Winifred had refused to come on the plea of being busy.

(*To be continued.*)

LEAVES FROM AN OLD RECIPE BOOK.

Apple Cream.—Take the pulp of one dozen large baked apples, and bruise smoothly with a spoon. Add the whites of two eggs well beaten up, and add powdered sugar by degrees until sweet enough, also a little brandy. It must be well beaten for a considerable time.

To Preserve Oranges.—Take the fairest and finest oranges you can get. If Seville oranges, grate them and steep them in cold water for three days, changing the water twice a day. Then put them down to boil in water, and lay a board on them to keep them down; and as the water wastes, fill it up again with boiling water. This must be repeated until the oranges are soft enough for a wheaten straw to go through them. Then take them up, put them into a cloth, and lay them by till the next day. Then cut a small hole in the middle of each orange and carefully scrape out the seeds. Weigh the oranges and put them into white sugar, one pound to each pound of fruit, and enough water to wet it, in a preserving pan. Set it over the fire, skim it well, and when clear, put in the oranges. Let them boil until they look clear, and then put into glasses.

Orange Jelly.—Take the juice of ten China oranges and two lemons, a little lemon-peel, one quart of water, six ounces of sugar, two ounces of isinglass dissolved in a small quantity of water. Boil altogether and strain into shapes. A small quantity of saffron improves the colour.

Two Receipts for Cheese-cakes.—No. 1. Half a pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter, blanched and pounded not too fine, yolks of five eggs well-beaten, three-quarters of a pound of white pounded sugar. These ingredients must not be mixed until just going into the oven. Half-an-hour bakes them. This quantity makes twenty small cheese-cakes. The paste round them should be thin and not very rich. No. 2. Blanch and pound finely four ounces of sweet almonds and a few bitter with a spoonful of water. Then add four ounces of pounded sugar, a spoonful of cream, the whites of two and the yolk of one egg well-beaten. Mix quickly and bake in a pretty warm oven about a quarter-of-an-hour. Cover the patty pans with light pastry, and don't fill them too full, as the almonds rise very much.

Prune Shape.—Stone one pound of prunes, blanch the kernels and boil them with the fruit, a little water, and two or three spoonfuls of port-wine, half-an-ounce of dissolved isinglass, and a table-spoonful of brown sugar. Put it into a shape, and when cold turn it out. A mould with a false centre answers best. Fill the centre with good whipped cream.

Irish Rock.—Blanch one pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter. Pick out a few sweet almonds and cut them like straws. Pound all the rest in a mortar with one spoonful of brandy, four ounces of loaf sugar pounded and sifted, and half-a-pound of salt butter well-washed. Pound all together until the mass looks very white, and set it in a cool place to stiffen. Then dip two table-spoonfuls into cold water, and with them form the paste as much like eggs as possible. Place the eggs as high on a dish as possible, putting a small saucer turned up under the napkin, ornament with the cut almonds some green sweetmeats and a spray of myrtle. It is a very pretty dish.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

NEVER was there a time when a girl with taste could so easily, and at a comparatively trifling cost, make herself "fair to see" as at the present time. Nowadays shops lay themselves out to assist the home dressmaker and milliner, and even those who can boast of a tolerably large dress allowance are glad to avail themselves of the dainty waistcoats, *fichus*, and ruffles, millinery bows, and ornamental adjuncts to dress, all ready made up, and only needing to be stitched into place. On the other hand, people without ideas of their own may be easily led astray, for bright colours are much in favour, though extreme contrasts are, perhaps, less so. This is an advantage, as it is always desirable to avoid the eccentricities and extravagances of fashion, and wear new modes in a modified form, so as not to attract undue attention.

Beginning at the head, which should naturally be accorded the place of honour, it may be noted that the hair is dressed much higher than it recently has been. The favourite style seems to be an outstanding centre, with coils round it. The front is parted, and slightly waved, and the sides left somewhat loose. A fancy tortoiseshell comb is sometimes seen, and a more ornamental kind for the evening, also *aigrettes*. This style makes the wearing of hats and bonnets much more forward, which is becoming, especially to those who wear the front hair plain.

The popular hats of white felt are now to be laid aside. They may be often cleaned, and they dye well, and are therefore not an extravagant purchase to those who have them. Coarse coloured straws in all varieties are much worn in the "toque" shape, garnished with many flowers, but these will be superseded by

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

larger ones, much bent down at the side. The home milliner is to be congratulated on the fact that *chiné* silk bows, of all colours, can be had ready-made at most shops, as also "rhine-stone" decorations, not to say flowers, rendering her work easy. Coloured *tulle* is much liked, chiefly in grass-green and violet; but it is so perishable it needs frequent renewal. The "Shazada *aigrette*" is still worn in magpie colours, and quills have been a feature of hat trimming; but the stiff "spiky" effects are losing their popularity, replaced by floral garlands encircling the crown, and resting on the hair at the back, under the brim. It is said that doctors consider the style of hat recently worn is responsible for the grievous increase of headaches, as the weight of such preposterous decorations was too excessive for the delicate nerves of the brain.

The new dress materials are presented to us in great variety; and fortunately with some reference to meet the possibilities of slender purses. The most expensive, and beyond their attainment, are the *miroir* velvet, or *moiré velours*, which has the soft look of velvet, combined with the lights and shadows of *moiré*. It is also called *véloutine*. This material is only suitable for persons, so to say, of "a certain age" (a quantity), and only provided for the comparatively wealthy. Of girlish fabrics there is no lack. There is woollen-canvas in shades of *beige*, tan, and *Suede*, grenadines, and *mousselines de laine*, made up over silk slips of contrasting colours, will be the chief favourites; including the striped silks, striped *chiné* silks, and *foulards*. Nothing prettier or more seasonable will be offered than the shot alpacas of all hues, lightly woven with black and mohair (thought to wear even better still), in white damask designs, in white on grey, fawn, and stone-colour. These will make up into dainty, as well as durable gowns; and for dark, or days, Amazon cloth, embroidered in an open-work design, through which a contrasting lining peeps out, will prove more suitable to the weather. A kind of poplin-muslin is to be seen, and the ordinary *moiré* and *glacé* silks are largely provided.

With reference to the styles in which the new gowns, coats, and other parts of our dress are to be manufactured, I am glad to say that all exaggerations are at a discount. This will be specially remarked in the proportions and shape of sleeves; and these are speedily and largely dwindling into the tight-fitting coat-sleeve, and the puffed will be slashed showing contrasting colours. Deep turn-down collars, sometimes vandyked, of white cloth, or black satin, are popular, respectively worn on dark or light bodices and blouses. Stiff white collars and cuffs have likewise a revival, and will suit tailor-made short-skirted gowns and bicycle costumes, surmounted with the orthodox sailor's hat for the latter. Bodices are to be more elaborately trimmed and draped, but skirts continue plain, and the *gôdet* specially so; and the novelty to be seen in the draped skirt will scarcely be popular as yet.

Coats and skirts of one material remain fashionable and look well in a deep plum-coloured faced cloth, and likewise in a pretty shade of blue-grey rough cloth. The "princess" style gains ground, and is so comfortable that it promises to continue in general favour. The prevailing colours are green, biscuit, Neapolitan, mauve, and grey.

Blouses hold their own firmly; but not for afternoon and out-door wear. Those of "accordion-pleated" *chiffon* are exquisitely fairy-like, but extravagant where the purse is to be consulted, as this material so soon gets out of order. It takes five yards to make a blouse, and our readers must remember that "accordion-pleated" fabrics are always pulled out plain when the shop-assistant measures the quantity required. Another note which my readers should make, is that when sleeves terminate in a "Venetian cuff," coming over the back of the hand, great care will be needed in the cutting; for, otherwise, the effect will be exceedingly clumsy. Slashing has been for some time adopted for skirts. Now it is to be seen in capes, as well as sleeves. I have seen a charming example of this style, in a fine, French-grey cloth cape, which was slashed in large tabs at intervals, to allow "accordion-pleated" white *chiffon* to appear from within. It was lined with brocade, and looked very attractive and dainty; but was far too delicate for ordinary wear. If made in more durable materials, and of darker colour, it would still look very pretty, if not so fairy-like. The newest capes are so short, that they may be described as shoulder-capes. Those of velvet and firm materials are lavishly decorated; some were double, having an outer flounce of net, *appliqué* lace, and starred with sequins; others have embroideries worked into them; and as to the diaphanel varieties, glittering with *paillettes*.

Veils are tucked well under the chin. Those of silk Russian net and chenille spots are popular, but certainly not beneficial to the eyes. As to the coming shoe and boot, we hear that the summer will see many of us in white doeskin, kid, and elk-leather, which will have to be cleaned with pipe-clay, and serve only for very dry pavements, or carriage wear.

INDOOR ATTIRE.

It may interest many to know that an "Anti-Dress League" has been inaugurated amongst fashionable people, the object of which is to keep down the tendency to over-dressing. The members are bound to refrain from indulgence in extravagance in style, and expenditure beyond the due limits of their several incomes. I most heartily commend their work, and wish them good success.

Our illustration of a single figure sitting represents a green and mauve shot silk bodice and skirt, the former flat-pleated back and front, and a vest of satin brightly brocaded in an all-over floral design on a black ground. Here our readers will see the sleeves tight from elbow to wrist, and the graceful hanging flounce from the shoulder of the same material as the skirt, sleeves, and a portion of the bodice; the vest and bodice, of shot silk, being made all in one. The bonnet this lady wears —and we may observe that she is always dressed in the best taste possible—is a black chip, trimmed with rosettes of violets on each side of the front, puffings of black net balance more or less on one side, the pretty ostrich tip, which curls gracefully inwards, on the other. Large diamond-headed pins light up and give a pleasing finish to the elegant structure.

Another of our illustrations presents two figures sitting together to our notice. That on the spectator's right wears a black brocaded silk, high-necked, and with the fashionable long sleeves. The bodice has wide *revers* reaching over the latter. Round the neck, and serving as a species of collar, there are square-cut tabs, five in number, trimmed with cream-coloured *appliqué* lace on black *chiffon*. The front of the bodice is loose and full, and covered with the same trimming as that at the neck, diminishing as it approaches the waist. At the front, depending from the waist of the bodice, there are two square tabs of a larger size than those at the neck, and two to correspond at the back. These have no lace, but are trimmed with three rows of very narrow velvet ribbon. This latter is carried down the middle of the back of the bodice, likewise in three rows. There is a cuff turned back covered with the *appliqué* lace, and finished with a sort of ruffle of the same at the outer side. The skirt is perfectly plain in front—all the fulness of the skirt is at the back—and is quite devoid of trimming. The illustration shows the shape of the sleeves.

The figure at the side wears the fashionable collar-cape, made of black satin and trimmed with deep cream-coloured lace. Both back and front views are given of this pretty *collarette*, the back being shown on one of the standing figures. That on the left wears a cotton blouse and a jetted collar, contrasting well with the light colour of the former.

The bonnet in the corner is a black chip, with a small erection of the same at the top of the crown, like that of a Vaudois peasant's hat. The five loops of trimming in front are of gold tinsel; there is a small black *aigrette*, and one ostrich tip.

Our cut paper-pattern is that of one of the new and most popular of our summer short capes with *passementerie* or jet trimming from the neck downwards, and *ruching* as represented.

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice, instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown. *Children.*—Child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt. All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

SUMMER CAPE.
(*Paper pattern.*)

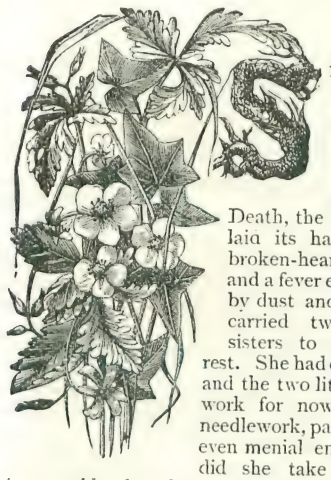
THE WITHERED BRANCH.

A SKETCH.

By ELLEN AUBERT.

CHAPTER III.

"O how fair the garden looks after rain,
The roses and the gilliflowers uprear,
And with a confidence from Heaven appear
To tell once more that joy comes after pain."



PRING had passed and summer too, a terrible season for Nora. Death, the friend, had laid its hand on her broken-hearted father, and a fever engendered by dust and heat had carried two of her sisters to everlasting rest. She had only Peggy and the two little boys to work for now. Bits of needlework, painting, and even menial employment did she take in order to provide bread for these and a shelter over their heads. The fight for life was a cruel one. It told upon her. Her dark eyes became more wistful day by day, her cheeks pinched and pale. She had made friends amongst the poor with whom she lived, and many a time by her example did she encourage them in their trials to look for health and strength from above. Peggy and the boys loved her with a devotion which amply repaid her for her hard work. She never let them know of the pain that racked her heart, of the mournful thoughts which disturbed her during those wakeful hours when they were sound asleep.

Autumn, russet-tinted, leaf-bestrewn autumn with its stormy winds and sad grey skies had given way to winter. The cold made Peggy cry. She wanted warmer clothing and more to eat, the boys complained of their chilblains, and Nora's brave heart was beginning to fail. One day in winter, the sun shining in the clear skies above, the crisp white frost scintillating in its beams below, Nora and the little ones were cooking chestnuts over the fire. Whilst thus engaged the kindly figure of Mr. Blair appeared at the window. Mr. Blair was the vicar of the parish in which Nora lived. He had always been very kind to Nora, admiring her patient cheerfulness under trials, and even seeking to brighten her life. To-day a smile illumined his face as he held out for her inspection a heavily gilt and monogramed invitation card.

"It is for to-day Miss Dennis," he said, "and I wish you to accept it."

Nora's eyes glistened as she perused the card. Lady Clare Manners was giving an evening party, and she hoped for the pleasure of Miss Dennis's company on that occasion. At the back of the card, per favour of Mr. Blair was written.

Nora thanked the kind vicar for his thoughtfulness but returned him the card with a sigh.

"It is impossible," she said, "how could I meet such distinguished company? Besides, there are the little ones. Who will look after them in my absence?"

Mr. Blair set her mind at rest on this latter point by assuring her that his wife was giving a children's party that very day, and he was commissioned to take all three back with him. Nora quite overcome by his kindness promised to carry out his wish on the subject of Lady Clare Manners. Then she begged a few moments' grace to prepare the children for the tea-party. She washed their faces until they quite shone, put them on clean pinafores, and Peggy was made resplendent by the addition of a cherry-coloured bow to her hair. When she had seen the last of these treasures trotting down the road with Mr. Blair, she thought for a moment of herself and the wonderful invitation for the coming evening.

With eager hands she took down her dresses from the pegs of her wardrobe. Poor, faded, and patched. How could she appear in one of them? She was almost despairing when a sudden thought struck her and rather a tearful smile lit up her cheeks. From a recess in her cupboard she pulled out a box. It was strapped tightly over and on the top was the dust of years. She unstrapped it and drew from it a dress. The dress had originally been of white muslin covered with little pink bows and rosebuds. It was old-fashioned, faded and dusty-looking now, its prettiness had passed like the prettiness of its owner who, with trembling hands was smoothing out the creases engendered by its long imprisonment. She put it on and then held the dingy-looking glass in a position to see as much of it at a time as possible. What a difference there was in her since the first time she had donned it. How well she remembered the day. Her hair she had worn down in curls, her cheeks had glowed under the admiring glances thrown on her from all sides. It was her seventeenth birthday, and the old squire of Thornfield had asked her for one of her charming songs. What a day of pleasure it had been—how all the hunters in their red coats had pressed around her, and how gloomy had Leonard Sinclair looked when the young lord of the manor had presented her with a lovely bouquet. At the very end Leonard had come up to speak to her, he had reproached her a little and the tears had glistened. They had had a dispute, but only a lover's dispute that had been patched up soon after by the moonlight.

How thin her neck had grown since then, and how cruelly time, that fell destroyer, had robbed the brightness from her eyes, the sunny lustre from her hair.

She put the finishing touches to her dress, smoothed back her hair and then looked round for some little ornament. There was only the ring—the ring with its curious, significant design and haunting epithet "Forever."

* * * *

The great rooms of Esher Hall were already crowded when Nora's little ill-clad figure appeared on the scene. With a shrinking feeling half of modesty, half of fear, she sought out a seat where she could be most securely screened, so to speak, from the unsympathetic mass of society stars. The brilliant costumes, the flash of the diamonds, the glare of light all numbed her senses, and she began to feel how much out of everything she was. A lady with a fashionable daughter by her side made some remark about the cut of her dress, and Nora's sharp ears detected the sneering speech.

"Old fashioned." Yes, there was no doubt about it; she was old-fashioned—old-fashioned in her mode of hair-dressing, in her clothes, in her gloves. She recognised it all in a moment—how much she was out of place in the brilliant throng like some poor earthworm amidst an array of gaudy butterflies.

The music began. The band struck up the tune of "Other Days," and Nora had to quickly brush away a tear that had sprung to her eyes unawares.

Suddenly there seemed to be a slight commotion among the people, and a whisper went round that the great guests had arrived. Who were they? What were they? Nora's eyes turned instinctively to the door. A tall fashionably-dressed woman of about fifty years of age walked in, and following closely in her wake was a very lovely girl. She was radiant with smiles, and her finger-tips rested coquettishly on the arm of a tall sunburnt man.

"Lady Cecil Hampden," whispered someone, "how splendid she looks, and I declare Mr. Sinclair grows handsomer every day."

"There ought to be a match in that quarter," continued the garrulous lady. "He amassed a large fortune in Australia and she is the descendant of a race of earls—their estates join—could anything be more appropriate?"

The visitors were seated, the conversation lulled for a moment and then ceased utterly.

Nora remained throughout as still as a statue—her fingers were numbed, she felt a dull pain from head to foot. Music, singers, everything was a blank to her, one word only, like some mournful dirge was ringing through her ears—the word "Forever."

The buzz of conversation began anew. The garrulous lady behind Nora seemed particularly excited. She bade her daughter sit upright assuring her that she had seen Mr. Sinclair regarding her intently.

"But," argued the daughter, "it was not at me he looked, it was at that dowdy girl in muslin."

The mother laughed sarcastically and again the curtain rose.

Nora had felt his eyes riveted on her. Yes, she knew that over and over again his glance quitted that of his lovely partner to rest on her. But she could not meet his gaze, she could not tell whether it rested on her in kindness or scorn; all she knew, all she felt, was an irresistible desire to be again in the clear, crisp air outside far away from the eyes of that fashionable mob—to choke down that ball of fire which was suffocating her—to give free vent to those tears which were almost blinding her downcast eyes.

The opportunity came at last. The crowd began to disperse in the direction of the dining-room and Nora was left alone.

With beating heart she rose, and passing quickly by the door of the vast salon where refreshments were being served, she came at length to the bedroom. One of the servants gave her her black wrap with faint curtesy, and Nora heard her giggle as she passed downstairs.

She was in the streets now. The snow was falling and a keen wind had risen. Her thin wrap was inadequate, but neither wind nor snow had power to hurt her now, she was suffering another pain more fierce more relentless. At length she emerged from the fashionable thoroughfare into a quieter road. She was faint with hunger and fatigue, and she leaned against an iron railing to steady herself. She must get home somehow. Who

would put the children to bed if she were not there? Who would give them their supper? She must be brave, these tears, these bitter heartfelt tears were selfish, she must awaken to the realities of life—that long-cherished dream of hers had passed now—passed as the sunshine passes, or as the wind which blows for one moment and then loses itself in calm.

An arm was suddenly gently pressed around her, a voice whispered her name. She looked up terrified and confused half fainting with fear and joy. It was Leonard. She could see his clear cut, noble features by the yellow gaslight. Why had he come? It must all be a dream. What could he want with her—poor, desolate and alone as she was? She tried to loosen his arm but could not, and in another moment her tired head had pillowed itself on his breast.

For a few moments neither spoke, and then, by the light of the stars he renewed that covenant made with her so long ago, and then he told her of his toiling in the colonies, of the courage her last words had given him, of the love he had always felt for her—that love which was at the root of all his work and all his success—that love which neither absence could banish nor poverty diminish. A great deal more was said after this—a great many confidences exchanged, and the lustre of Lady Cecil's jewels would have paled ignominiously before the sparkle in Nora's love-lit eyes.

* * * *

When Nora returned to the "Gothic Manor" the fresh and radiant bride of Leonard Sinclair it would have been difficult to have recognised in her the little pale-faced toiler of a few months back.

Her first impulse was to visit that great oak-tree under whose shelter she had so often pondered. The old, creaking bough had been severed from the bark, and in its place, fresh, young, and green a sapling had sprung forth.

"LENTILS."

By the Author of "We Wives," etc.

HERE is a quaint old-world sentiment connected with the word that heads this paper. Into the far-away ages the thought of lentils carries us. Ever since Jacob sod-pottage red lentils have formed a staple article of diet for some peoples. We like to think of him and his sportsman-like brother, in their mother's black goat-skin tent, under the blue dome of a Syrian sky, partaking of the savoury mess. We also remember how some weary desert wanderers recalled more luxurious days and longed for Egyptian food. We know the *pièce-de-résistance* in those "flesh-pots" meant for the poor slaves lentils cooked in different ways, and only sometimes diversified with melons, leeks, and mud-fish. The Israelites had eaten those grains under the blue, outspreading wings of Ra, the sun-god, and even "angels' food," white and sweet as honey, was flavourless after them.

Then in the land of the Chaldees, four beautiful, wealthy, wise young men asked for and flourished on the simple stew. They were a favourite crop too in the Holy Land during the reign of David.

What the Arab chief partook of as his simple, daily fare. What was found in the storehouse of a Babylonian monarch. What was chosen by the fairest of the children which did eat the king's meat. What was thought fit for a place in a present to royalty. (2 Sam. xvii. 28.) What was sufficient to sustain a prophet in health for 390 days. (Ezek. iv. 9.) Surely such an article of diet must be worthy of a chapter all to itself.

That is why I am writing this article upon Lentil Cookery.

Now, in spite of ancient history, many of us are almost ignorant of the virtues possessed by these dark-coloured seeds of Erum Lens. We know they are the produce of a vetch-like plant, still largely cultivated in the East. In its expensive form of Revalenta Arabica some of us may have tempted our invalids with it. Which of us have given lentils a fair trial on our own tables? Yet in point of nourishment these little orange, red-brown seeds come first in vegetarian menus. Beans and peas take secondary places. The richest of all foods in albuminoids and nitrogenous matter is this much-neglected "pulse." Surely we ought not then to banish it from our list of wholesome foods.

My first recipe will not, I think, be found in any cookery-book.

It is *Dhâl*.—A dish largely patronised in the East. I learned its secret from a poor shivering Madrasee, wandering in the streets of London. For a hot meal and small back-sheesh he taught me this economical and tasty recipe. Since then dhâl has been a frequent visitor on our table. It speaks well for its popularity that it never comes to stay! Even the servants—those dainty *gourmands*—delight in it.

Take half a pound of lentils (a breakfast-cupful). Thoroughly wash and put in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover, a pinch of salt, and a small onion. Simmer very gently, and as the dhâl drinks up the water add more until it is all a smooth, soft pulp. About half an hour it will take. Now add a spoonful of curry-powder, a pinch of turmeric (if at hand, it is not essential), a lump of butter about the size of a walnut, and a couple of cloves. Boil up and serve with a crown of nicely-fried onion-rings, and in a wall of white rice grains.

This is a pretty and economical dish, yellow, brown, white, forming a tempting combination.

Our next recipe shall be a savoury. We will call it *Erum Kouftas*. This has decidedly an Egyptian sound about it.

Take four ounces of red lentils. Soak for a few minutes, until all loose black husks rise to the surface. Strain. Put the damp seeds into enough cold water to cover them, and boil until soft. About twenty minutes will do. Now stir into the pulp a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and season with salt and pepper to taste; also add a sprinkling of grated nutmeg.

Have ready some good dripping pastry. (Quarter of a pound of fat to half a pound of flour is a good proportion.) Roll out very thin. Cut some rounds from it with the edge of a teacup. Now take your cool pottage and put a teaspoonful on to each round. Wet the edges and press well together. When stuck mould into balls, dip each into beaten egg, and roll in a saucer of well-dried, finely-sifted, slightly browned bread crumbs.

When required to be served, have ready a saucepan of boiling fat. Arrange your croquettes in a frying-basket, and when a thin blue smoke rises from the pot (not before) plunge all in. Two or three minutes and your savoury is done.

Crisp and dry and whole will emerge your Egyptian kouftas, tempting enough for any epicure. When dishing, garnish each rissole with a sprig of fried parsley, and place a pile of snow-white rice in the centre, coroneted with the same.

Lentil Porridge.—One occasionally gets tired of oatmeal stir-about. For a change try the following recipe.—Put three ounces of lentil-flour into a bowl with a little salt, and blend smoothly with a few drops of cold water. Have ready a pint of boiling water, and, after pouring on to the basin, turn quickly into a saucepan and boil for ten minutes. Just before serving stir in a good lump of butter, for we must never forget that all lentil food requires the addition of fat in some form. Send to table with a bowl of sugar and a jug of thick cream. When eating this, we no longer wonder at the choice of the four wise children of old, and do not doubt that they grew fat.

Lentil Fritters.—Take some cold lentil porridge left from our last recipe. Have ready an equal quantity of fine breadcrumbs, a spoonful of dried sweet herbs, a little pepper and salt, and half an onion chopped. Mix all together and shape into flat cakes. The lentils ought to be moist enough to bind without any additional help. If too dry, a drop of milk or cream will do no harm. When shaped according to fancy, dust with flour and fry a nice rich brown. A golden ring of onion on each cake, and a piece of bright green parsley, give the final touches to our dish of fritters.

Lentil Scones.—For these we require a little cold lentil pulp prepared as for porridge; knead into it just as much wheat-flour as will enable you to roll it out three-quarters of an inch thick. Add a little baking powder. Cut into three-corner pieces and bake in the oven. The scones will look just as if made of ordinary seconds or meal. These must be eaten hot, split open, and plentifully buttered. Whilst enjoying them, we may think of the Israelites eating this "bread to the full" on the banks of the Nile. It is exactly identical with their "cakes."

Lentil Purée.—The ingredients needed for this thick, creamy soup are—one pint of Egyptian lentils, one carrot, two large onions, a few sifted herbs, two ounces of butter, two-and-a-half pints of water. Salt and pepper to taste, and a modicum of curry powder. After washing the pulse and carefully removing every black skin, put it, with the carrot (cut up), onion (in rings), thyme and parsley (crushed), into a saucepan containing the water, which must be boiling rapidly. Let all cook for an hour until a soft mass alone is to be seen. Rub this with the back of a wooden spoon, through a wire sieve, and thin with a

little more water in which the butter has previously been melted. Let this mixture simmer gently for half-an-hour more. Just before the completion of that time, stir in a teaspoonful of curry powder. Boil up once and serve with sippets of fried bread.

Ruddy Cream or *Lentil Crécy.*—A little preparation overnight is necessary for this dish, for the quart of red lentils required must be soaked for twelve hours. We also want some ready prepared stock—a few slices of stale crumb of bread or a French roll, and half a cupful of rice. In the morning we put four carrots cut up in disks, two sliced onions, and the shred heart of a lettuce into a stewpan with two ounces of butter and simmer for five minutes. Then the lentil pulp should be added, and one pint of stock; whilst this is stewing gently, grate your slices of bread. About a quarter of a pound of crumbs will be needed. At the end of half-an-hour, add stock enough to make a quart of cream in all, and boil for another hour. Stir in and leave to soak in the mixture your heap of bread-crumbs. When well mixed and softened, rub all through a tammy and pour over a cupful of boiled rice.

Lentil Soup.—In all the preceding recipes we have been asked to use Egyptian lentils. This time we need one pint of the green German ones. The last recipe would cost one-and-sixpence a quart (including good stock). This soup could be made for sixpence. We begin by boiling our seeds for a quarter-of-an-hour, being careful to use an enamelled saucepan. Contact with an iron one would turn our lentils black. At the end of fifteen minutes we pour off any superfluous moisture and add a very small quantity of fresh water, in which two ounces of butter has been melted. Then we put our pan at the side of the range and simmer till quite soft. A quart of any liquor in which meat has been boiled, is now stirred in, and some slices of well fried onions. Boil up once and serve.

Perhaps these eight recipes of how to use lentils may lead my readers to make further experiments for themselves.

It was a maxim amongst the Stoics that, "A wise man acts always with reason, and prepares his own lentils." Would we not all wish to be wise?

Pliny has left it on record that lentils produce mildness and moderation of temper in those that eat them. Could we ask for more? Gentleness, reason and wisdom to come from a lentil diet? By all means let us try it.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAP. VII.

SWIFTLY the weeks sped on towards the close of the year. Katharine's expected departure lent lustre to her reputation in the English colony. She was going to be the adopted daughter of an Australian millionaire! So ran the report, and Miss Lovell chose to think she was treated with more respect and attention in consequence. Douglas Gordon said very little about the approaching change in the Duvigny household, until one day when the first hard frost allowed him to take Katharine skating.

The two climbed the hill behind the town and entered the forest that lends beauty and picturesqueness to the lake embosomed within it. Along the solemn silent wood path they walked side by side, until the sounds of mirth were heard from afar, and they came suddenly upon the *Lac à patiner* in the depth of the forest, with a gay throng skimming over its polished surface. Douglas was delighted. He put on his companion's skates, and away they flew together. One and another acquaintance greeted Katharine, and congratulated her on her coming change. The delight of the exercise exhilarated her and brought new colour to her cheeks, new brightness to her eye. It was a day of ecstasy.

"I shall not have such good skating in England, I expect," she observed, when the two had finally left the gay scene behind them and were walking home. "But there will be other things to make up for it."

"I'm thinking it would need a great deal to me to make up for my mother if I had one," Douglas observed gravely.

There was a hint of reproach in the tone, that Katharine felt.

"I *am* sorry to leave her! I know you think I'm not!" she burst out. "You've no sympathy for me."

"Nay, my sympathy's for her!" Douglas answered. "But I'll e'en do my best for her when she's lost her bairn."

"It's better for her," Katharine insisted. "And as for my stepfather, he's wild with joy at the prospect."

Douglas was silent, but swung his skates vigorously backwards and forwards.

"You haven't any sympathy with the pursuit of Art," Katharine continued energetically, feeling herself somehow arraigned before this youthful judge.

"I haven't any sympathy with selfishness."

"How dare you! what business have you to call me selfish, I should like to know?"

"It's just a liberty we both take at whiles, I'm thinking, to speak very plainly."

"You know it's best for me to go," urged Katharine passionately.

"I'm no saying it is not—there may be, and there are good reasons, no doubt; but you might be less selfish over it. You might see when your mother's breaking her heart, and fit to greet all day long, and show her a little kindness now and again, or let her think you've a heart too."

Douglas was evidently much excited and spoke with an earnestness unusual to him.

"You think so much of your music—your 'art' as you call it," he continued.

"One cannot think too much of Art," Katharine proudly and scornfully replied.

"Ah, but there are different ways!" cried Douglas. "If Art is worthy the name, it's just a little reflection from the light of the world. I cannot put it into fit words—you'll maybe laugh at me—but all great Art, if it's poetry, or if it's painting—and music most of all—is just trying to show us something that must come from God. With music it's so most of all, I say, for there's nothing in nature to copy from, as there is in painting or sculpture—it just comes out of the Infinite. Well then, if that's so, selfishness and small things like that are just incongruous with the majesty and beauty of it."

"I had not the faintest idea you could talk like this!" said Katharine astonished, and suddenly remembering Douglas's keen appreciation of poetry and frequent announcements that one day he too might be a poet. "I'll forgive you your abuse of me, for such beautiful thoughts about music."

"Nay, nay! I'm not abusing you!" said Douglas, looking away at her praise, while an unwonted expression stole over his freckled face. "I'm only loth to see anybody who aspires to be an artist, think that she's helping it on by selfishness and forgetting all about her duties to her own kith and kin."

"At any rate *you'll* be glad when I'm gone!" declared Katharine with asperity. "You'll learn French quicker."

"Oh, aye, I'll maybe learn French quicker," was all his response.

"You'll have no temptation to talk English then when you ought to be speaking French," she pursued. "And your study will never be made untidy; and no one will want to borrow your books."

"As you say," rejoined Douglas, "I'll doubtless be the gainer."

Nothing more was to be obtained from him, and half piqued, half impressed, Katharine marched homewards without further reference to the subject of her departure. The date was fixed now; early in January. Not very much could be done in the way of preparation, for Mr. Lovell had signified his wish that Katharine's outfit should be purchased in London. Still Madame Duvigny strove hard to put the best possible aspect on the girl's scanty wardrobe and trivial possessions.

She was to come and see her daughter by-and-by; but Mr. Lovell, who evidently was "master in his own house"

in a sense in which few men are, considered it would be better for Katharine to begin her new life alone. An escort, in the person of a schoolmistress going to London to fetch pupils, was easily found, and one cold January evening, Katharine Lovell entered upon a new phase in her history.

There they all stood on the station platform under the lamp, as she glided from view!

She could hardly see them for tears. There was the Professor, anxiously bending forward with a kind look in his eyes, nodding; there were the five children lamenting; there was Madame Duvigny, quite pale; there was Douglas Gordon, holding that lady by the hand, waving his Scotch cap, but with an expression the reverse of gladsome on his features. "At any rate I am glad he is going to be kind to her!" thought Katharine, and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, and of tenderness for every one—her step-father included—she fell a-sobbing so violently, that even the gentle schoolmistress, used to the sight of hysterical girls, was alarmed, plied her with smelling-salts, and begged her to be composed.

Katharine's grief lasted fully an hour; but as the night wore on, she slept, and awoke feeling wonderfully refreshed and interested in the drive across Paris in the early morning, and prepared for the second half of her journey. She had quitted London when she was five years old, and could scarcely remember it. Her curiosity grew absorbing, and she forgot to mourn. At Calais the sea looked grey and quiescent, and Katharine, warmly wrapped up, enjoyed the crossing. Very few people, of course, were travelling, and those who were, viewed the bright-haired, bright-cheeked girl with interest. She looked so vivid and full of the joy of life; such a contrast to the pale elderly lady beside her!

There were the white cliffs, about which people grow so poetical, but which in reality are so far from attractive in aspect. Katharine thought her native land looked rather dismal in the dusk; but she was soon speeding through the dark landscape, and ere long came the light and the bustle and confusion, the racing porters, the busy crowd of the great London terminus. Mr. Lovell was on the platform, and greeted his niece in a kindly but very business-like manner. "Your keys, child; where are your keys?" was the burden of his welcome. Then came the thanks and farewells to the schoolmistress, the inspection of the luggage—and Katharine was driving by her uncle's side in his brougham through the lighted streets, towards her new home.

"We have a long way to go, so you may as well settle down and rest in your corner," he observed, and conversation ceased. She was beginning to feel very strange indeed; the reaction had come after all the past excitement, and the journey had wearied her. For about an hour they drove on and on; the gas lamps grew fewer, the pedestrians were no longer a busy throng, as they climbed a gradual hill in south-west London. Then they seemed to diverge into a quiet by-road, where Katharine could dimly discern large houses standing in gardens. At length the carriage turned down by a lodge, and traversed an avenue until a blaze of light came from the front of what appeared to the stranger an imposing mansion.

"Here we are!" observed her uncle. "And there are your aunt and Nora."

Mrs. Lovell, on the threshold, folded her niece in a motherly embrace, and Nora kissed her kindly. How "grand" it all seemed to Katharine! It was a great square hall in which she stood, adorned by antlers and a stuffed kangaroo. A wide low staircase ascended at the back; doors on either side gave glimpses of light and comfort. The carpet under her feet was of thick pile; a fire blazed in a grate, spreading cheerful warmth around. Katharine suddenly thought of the bare shabby hall at Belle-Rive, and felt horribly inclined to burst out crying. What should she do if such an awful demonstration celebrated her arrival! She choked back her tears and found she was answering "yes" and "no" at random to the questions of her aunt and cousin respecting her journey. Fortunately she had answered "yes" to the inquiry whether she would like to be at once taken to her room, and she found herself shortly in a charming little bower of a place, furnished in flowered cretonne and polished white wood.

"This is to be your room, Katie dear," said her aunt, "and I hope you will like it. Nora is next door. We shall be having dinner in a quarter of an hour, you will hear the gong. Do you want any help? shall I send Parker? no? leave the child, Nora, she'll get on better by herself."

The maid had unfastened Katharine's box; in a state of panic at the unwonted splendour of her surroundings, but afraid to think lest she should "scream and roar" (Katharine's usual synonyms for crying), she dragged forth the creased green cashmere and made a hurried toilet, feeling as if she were in a dream. She felt so still more when she was sitting at the flower-laden, sparkling table, waited upon by a man-servant and a maid, pressed to eat a variety of new and bewildering dishes, and plied with friendly talk. Then came the evening in the resplendent smaller drawing-room. Mr. Lovell's furniture was all very new, very magnificent, and very startling; old oak, harmonious dim hues, shaded lights, were not his preference; he liked crimson velvet, and gilding, and mirrors, and Parisian timepieces, and bright steel fireplaces reflecting every gleam of the bounteous coal fires, fleecy white hearth-rugs, and thick pile carpets into which the feet sank noiselessly. There was nothing exactly ugly or tasteless in the decoration of his big rooms, though they might have been made far more beautiful had they been less demonstrative; they were undoubtedly luxurious, and to Katharine they seemed insupportably gorgeous and overwhelming. In the large drawing-room, only used for purposes of entertainment, stood the Broadwood "grand"; but in the room where they sat in state to-night, there was no piano, which made things worse. Katharine's "best frock" felt very crumpled, shabby and out of place on her crimson velvet settee, under the brilliant "incandescent" gas. She listened mechanically as Mrs. Lovell and Nora talked of what they had done that day;—unfamiliar details, giving her an added sense of strangeness.

"And we will take Katharine shopping to-morrow," concluded the good lady with an encouraging nod. "She shall have some pretty new clothes too; for you know, Katie, my dear, you are going to be my little girl now."

Mrs. Lovell put out her hand, kindly intending to take that of her niece; but she was startled and horrified at the result. With a rush came the long pent-up tears. It was all over! Katharine, never very skilled in the art of self-control, had broken down utterly. Gasping, sobbing, choking, away she fled from the drawing-room, rushed upstairs, and hurled herself on the bed.

"Mamma! oh, mamma!" Homesickness, weariness, but most of all a feeling of remorseful anguish over the mother whose grief at parting she had so lightly regarded, combined to make the girl's state a pitiable one. "'Her little girl,' aunt said. Oh, if I could only go home! But I can't. Oh, poor mamma! and oh, what will they think of me downstairs?"

Mrs. Lovell and Nora did not indeed know what to think, and sat staring at each other with an expression of dismay.

"Dear, deary me!" ejaculated the author of the mischief. "I did but mean it kindly! What a tempest! Poor child! Should I go after her, do you think?"

"I should let her alone," said Nora sedately. "Or at least, let her have her cry out first. I thought she looked very odd all dinner-time."

"She's tired and over-excited, maybe," pursued Mrs. Lovell. "But I do hope she'll be happy with us; it's not a very fortunate beginning. Dear me, Nora, what should we do if she were to be always bursting out into these fits? Now I recollect, they do say people with red hair are rather given that way. And we don't know much of her."

Nora privately felt very apprehensive. She would not have objected if her cousin had cried a little, decorously, at night on going to bed, but to burst and tear away out of the drawing-room like that! She had an instinctive horror of stormy, impulsive temperaments. But she was kind, and after a little longer time had elapsed, she went in search of the culprit.

Katharine had taken refuge in bed; the bedstead was shaken by her sobs; her clothes and possessions were strewn broadcast about the room, which was a very temple of disorder. Nora tried not to feel horrified, and soothed the sufferer to the best of her ability; then picked up and arranged the scattered garments and odds and ends as best she could. It was a miserable evening for Katharine, but in the end, sleep came to her relief.

(To be continued.)

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "MARCH WINDS."

SOLUTION.

MARCH WINDS.

The roaring wind blows hard along the land
  And strikes the trees that crouch in abject fear,
And when they rise they tremble in the sand,
  As though their hold was gone and death were near;
But all this stirs the sap and makes it flow,
Then roots extend and buds for leaves will grow.

When we are roughly blown about by care,
  And full excess of troubles seems our own,
When crow's-feet frame the eyes once set so fair,
  And when the silver 'mong the gold is sown;
Maybe that like the trees in wind-blown strife
We'll rise to stronger and to fuller life!

PRIZE WINNERS.

One Guinea.

Edmund Snell, 4, Haycraft Road, Brixton Hill.

Twelve Shillings Each.

Mrs. Grubbe, Mentmore Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard.
Nellie Lingham, Fordham Rectory, Colchester.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor Street, South Shields.
H. C. S. St. Maur, Torquay.
May D. Stephens, Parlors Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop.
C. H. Walker, c/o Mrs. Martin, The Avenue, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.
Ethel M. Warner, Ballingarry Glebe, Killenaule, co. Tipperary.

Very Highly Commended.

Annie Arnott, Miss Baldock, H. H. Barber, Walburga Daly, Miss Graves, M. E. Hancock, Rose A. Hooppell, Lily Horn, Ruby C. Inglis, Dora Jellett, Mary Jolliffe, A. S. Lewin, Johnson Miller, F. A. Powell, Annie Robinson, May Tutte, Florence Whitlock, Ethel Winship, Alice Woodhead.

Highly Commended.

Alice C. Alexander, Amy Briand, Mrs. Chance, M. A. C. Crabb, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Henry Hayward, Wm. Hughes, Amelia M. Leach, Mildred Richardson, Ada Rickards, M. Robson, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, H. H. Shepherd, Ellen R. Smith, E. W. Stilwell, M. Wilkins, Laura M. Woodward.

Honourable Mention.

Eliza Acworth, Margaret Archdale, J. J. Atkinson, Dora Mary Barling, Mary Bolingbroke, E. H. Brookfield, M. R. Bullen, W. M. Butcher, J. A. Center, Mary I. Chislett, J. J. Coulthard, Mrs. Crossman, Mrs. R. D. Davis, Robt. Davison, Leonard Duncan, Martha A. Fitzwilliam, Herbert V. French, Dora Gales, Edith E. Grundy, Mrs. Hopewell, Kate Lambert, Polly Lawrance, E. Mastin, Mary Merrall, F. Miller, Mrs. F. W. Morris, Esther M. Neighbour, A. Phillips, Hannah E. Powell, Ethel Rose, Helen Shilstone, Dorothy, Alice and Annie Shoberl, Helen J. Simpson, Mildred M. Skrine, Jenny Smedley, Eleanor Taylor, Jessie F. Thomson, Frances Webb-Gillman, Susan Whitlock, G. S. Wilkins, Emily Wilkinson, Alice P. Wotton, M. Cerise Wynne, Elizabeth Yarwood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

One competitor, and one only, gave the Author's solution perfectly, but in many other papers the deviations were exceedingly trivial, as "and" instead of *for* in line 6, and "wrinkles" for *crow's-feet* in line 9. Had the buds and leaves been all jumbled up together, we could hardly have counted "and" to be even a fraction of a mistake; as it was, we decided that a little extra credit belonged to those who accurately evolved the Author's meaning out of the *four* leaves. Even more clearly, those who identified the wrinkles as "crow's-feet" were entitled to higher distinction than those who did not. Another common but much less excusable mistake was *trouble* for "troubles" in line 8, a mistake which fails to account for the "s" after "copex." The fact that a hundred copecks make a rouble is just one of those items of information which we so generously throw in with these puzzles. The gratitude of many competitors will, we are afraid, be overshadowed by their regret that the instruction comes a little too late.

The *crouching* gentleman in line 2 was not adequately represented by *bending* or *stooping*. As for the treble divided by m (making tremble) in the following line, we were amazed that it did not give more difficulty. Nearly all the competitors solved or (but we hope not) guessed it. In line 11 *through* was judged to be equal with "in" but "wind-blown in strife" could neither be justified by the hieroglyphics nor by common sense.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

ON THE MAKING OF A SONNET.

Highly Commended.

Sadie Barrat (Montreal), Anna I. Hood (France), Helen L. M. Miller (India).

Honourable Mention.

J. A. Robertson (Montreal).

MY VALENTINE.

Very Highly Commended.

Rev. F. W. Flack (Cape Colony), Olive Hamley (Mauritius), Polly Lawrance (Barbados), Mrs. Phillips (Lille), Ida and Olga Seifert (Barbados), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Annie G. Taylor (Brisbane), Constance Taylor (Queensland).

Highly Commended.

Miss Berkeley (Benares), Margaret O. Burns (Montreal), Annie C. Duguid (Melbourne), Clara J. Hardy (Melbourne), Katherine J. Knop (Madras), Rev. Henry Lister (Lyons), Helen L. M. Miller (India), J. A. Robertson (Montreal), A. Stewart-Jones (Nova Scotia).

Honourable Mention.

Sadie Barrat (Montreal), Ada D' Rozario (India), Rev. H. J. Hoare (India), Minnie McNair (India).

ENCHANTED MANHOOD. (Late.)

Very Highly Commended:—Nina Reid, Dunedin.

VARIETIES.

BABY'S BATH.

A man went into a hardware shop in Exeter the other day and inquired "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?"

"Ten and six," was the reply.

"W—h—e—w!" whistled the customer. "We'll have to go on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till prices come down."

FRIENDSHIP.—The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

FORGIVENESS.—"If thou wouldst find much favour and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes; forgive thyself little and others much."—*Leighton.*

ALL RIGHT IN THE END.

"God's ways seem dark; but soon or late
  They touch the shining hills of day;
  The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait."
Whittier.

IN NO HURRY.—The world is full of people who want to do good, but they are in no hurry about making the start.

PROMISES.—She who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

BE WISE.—There is no more foolish foolishness than worry.

THE NEW BROTHER.

Tommy had been boasting about his new brother.

"How old is he, Tom?" asked the policeman.

"Two weeks," said Tom.

"He's very small, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Tom, "he's pretty small—that is, all except his voice."

MUSIC HAS CHARMS.—One of the charms of music is its vagueness; it says different things to different people.

IN EARNEST.—Set yourself earnestly to see what you were meant to do and then set yourself earnestly to do it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

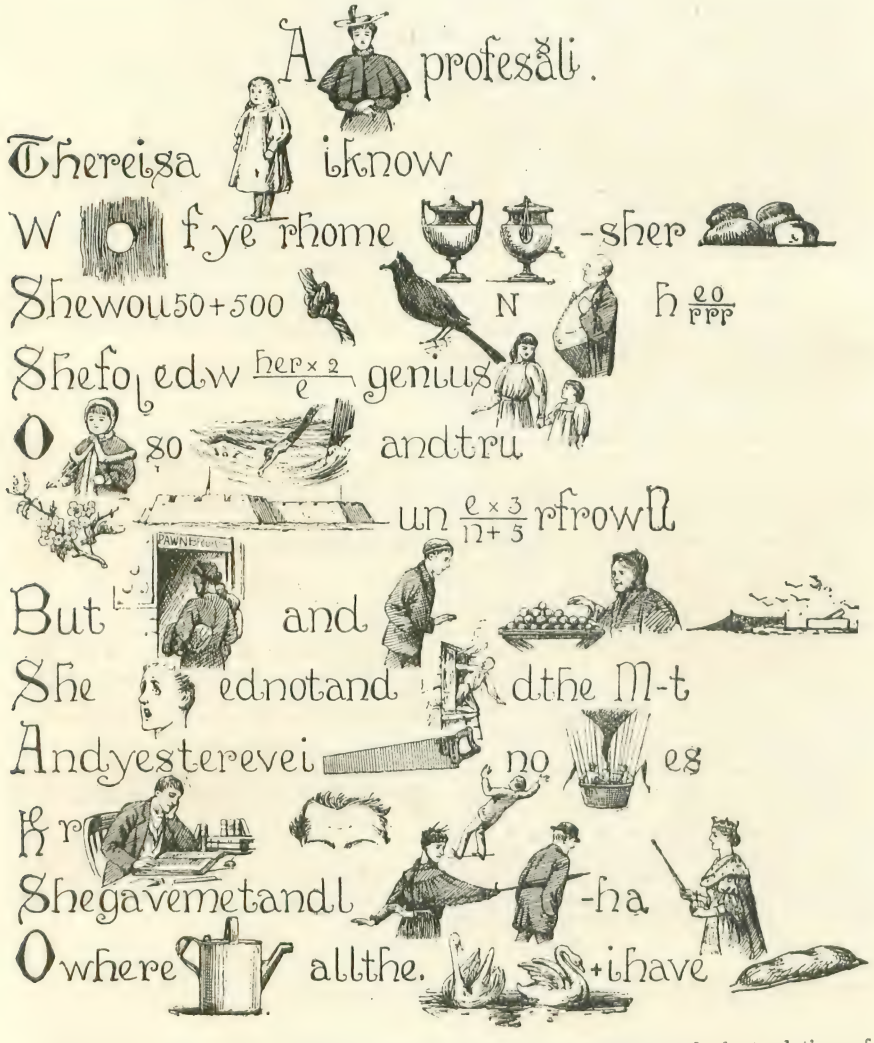
ALPHA.—We do not think a two years' engagement, or even a little longer, too long. It is generally the pleasantest and brightest period of life, and at your age and hers should pass quickly. We are glad you like our answers. You should speak now, and say when you hope to be able to marry at the same time. It will then be open to her to decline to wait so long.

MOONTA MINER (South Australia).—All depends on the pains you take in changing the blotting papers between which you press the specimens. When dry, brush a thin coat of very transparent varnish over them with a broad soft camel's hair brush.

PARLOURMAID.—You can claim a month's wages extra, dating from the day you leave, but not "board wages."

MUSICIAN.—You might blacken a white straw hat by using one of the best "shoe-glosses."

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be July 16, 1896; from Abroad, August 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

"ONE IN CONFIDENCE."—All evil thoughts come under one rule. If indulged in wilfully they become personal sins, if repudiated, confessed, and prayed against, and banished as quickly as possible by reading a book, or engaging in some employment demanding undivided thought, then the case is such as described by St. Paul, the thoughts may be regarded as "the fiery darts" levelled against us; they are temptations of the evil one's. All God's people suffer from them in some form. You must pray for grace and help to banish them. We are "not sufficient of ourselves" to "fight the good fight of faith," but "our sufficiency is in Him." We rejoice to hear that you derive "great comfort in reading many of our answers." You write a very pretty hand.

PUZZLED.—Good Friday in 1873, fell on April 11th. Thank you for telling us that you "derive much benefit" from our paper.

DAWTIE.—Your very warmly appreciative remarks and your father's great praise of our paper are pleasant to us. We thank you for your kind letter. The sentiments expressed in your poem are admirable; though we cannot promise their publication, we may observe that, for this purpose, verses require to be certified as to authorship and the age of the writer, by a governess or parent.

GEORGIE.—Yes, it is quite true that there is in England a church in which the nave is composed of half trunks of trees. It is in Greenstead, Ongar, Essex; one of the most ancient we have. The trunks are set vertically side by side, and measure about one and a half feet in diameter. They are roughly hewn; let into a sill at the lower ends, and into a plank at the top, and are secured with wooden pegs. The nave is supposed to date from about the year 1013; and erected as a shrine for the remains of the martyred king, St. Edmund.

DODO.—We recommend you to see the Herbarium of the British Museum, which comprises no less than 20,000 specimens of mosses, lichens, and hepaticæ. The collection was made by the late Mr. George Davies of Brighton. He gathered them in part himself both at home and abroad; and the rest were sent him from many quarters of the world. Here, in the United Kingdom, we have the greatest variety of mosses that can be found in the same extent of country, i.e. 290 at least, 400 comprising all that are known.

FERRET.—That Lazarus and others who were raised from the dead should have given no information of what they saw, heard, and otherwise experienced in another state, is no sort of argument to throw doubt on the passing away of the spirit for a certain time. To reveal such stupendous secrets St. Paul says was not lawful (see 2nd Cor. xii. 4). Likewise our Lord Himself utterly rejected the proposal of "Dives" to send any one from the dead to instruct his five brethren (see St. Luke xvi. 31). This is sufficient for us; but over and above it, were the soul for a time parted from the body able to recall the unutterable bliss of those departed in the Faith, in what miserable contrast would this trial state appear, and how unhappy such memories of "Paradise" make them? What Martha said respecting the condition of her brother's remains, was enough to show that he was not in a "trance," besides our Lord said, "Lazarus is dead." So there is no further question about it.

A. B. C. D.—We do not advertise for persons who describe character by handwriting. If you want to send money to any one in a different country, you can do it by a Post Office Order, for which a proper form will be supplied. After washing your hands in warm water press back the insensible skin towards the fingers with a little bone or ivory scoop made for the purpose.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We never saw nor heard of "a lady's Leap Year letter," and if it mean a proposal of marriage from a woman to a man it is a most objectionable procedure to send such a missive, degrading to any woman who stoops to make use of it.

ROSE AND LILY.—A mixed diet is, in our opinion, the best, as a general rule. Meat may be taken with advantage once a day, by weakly people twice, in smaller quantities at a time. If complexion be your chief consideration, remember that a low diet is apt to bring out spots on the face—exceptions exist to all rules. Beware of impoverishing your blood. Make your chief meal between noon and 2 P.M. Eat slowly, masticate well, and avoid study and stooping of the head for at least an hour after you have finished the meal.

MAY.—Do not waste your thoughts on one who is lukewarm and capricious. Show your teeth to a dentist. Better to save them by timely stopping, than have them extracted.

A. M.—According to the report published in 1893, the Post Office employs more than 27,000 women, in fact one hundred more less three. Now the number is probably greater.

ADVOCATE OF "G. O. P."—We thank you for your praise of our paper; and as you have become a competitor for one of our competitions, we hope you will prove successful.

VOL. XVII.—No. 858.] JUNE 6, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR ARTIST.

TOO INTENT TO BE DISTURBED.

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HOW I LEARNED TO BICYCLE.

By CONSTANCE HASTINGS.

I WANTED a bicycle, of course I did. Everybody rode the bicycle, and why shouldn't I? But wanting and possessing are by no means synonymous terms with me, so I set about the arduous task of getting one somehow or other. If I want anything I have always found the best way to gratify my desire is to talk about it. I don't mind being generous and giving anyone, who may happen to read this, a hint. If you want anything and cannot afford to buy it, don't keep that want a dead secret locked in your own breast until you have managed to save the requisite amount for purchasing the article. Just mention the thing seasonably and appropriately, morning noon and night.

Now I talked to mother about a bicycle, then I talked to father. I talked to my brothers and I talked to my friends about it. As father rides a bicycle it was very easy to get him to see how very pleasant a companion in his rides would be, and he was the one upon whom I built my hopes of possession.

One morning at breakfast father said, "You are always talking about a bicycle"—it was perfectly true I always was doing so—"if you could only ride I would manage to get you one." "Will you?" said I, feeling much pleased. "I'll soon ride, I'll go over to Battersea Park and see about it to-day." I won't repeat the pretty little speeches I made, but I was quite excited and certainly felt very grateful. It seemed as if I really should soon be the proud possessor of two wheels.

I thought I would not begin to learn until I had a proper riding costume. Hence I ordered a skirt made of a rather heavy black serge with pleats let in at the sides. It is lined throughout and fastens with three buttons on one side, while on the other side there is a pocket also fastened over by three buttons. The advantage of this is that neither the pocket nor the placket-hole can gape open. I have been devoutly thankful that I adopted that style, especially when I have seen ladies riding gracefully but unconsciously with two or three inches of white bodice sticking out from their placket-holes.

Some skirts have little elastic arrangements inside, which seem to require a good deal of fastening before mounting. I do not know how they answer as I have never tried them. Neither do I know whether my skirt is the best sort of thing to have, as I have never tried anything else. I can only say that it is very comfortable and has never blown or worked up at all. It is short and comes to about an inch above my ankles, while under it I wear just ordinary serge knickers.

I have seen some ladies ride in petticoats, but I am sure that that is a mistake. I have also seen ladies wearing knickers with no skirt above them; the "rational dress" as this is called. It may be rational but it certainly is not ornamental. When on a machine, the costume does not look so bad; but of the machine it is quite another matter. The prettiest woman dressed in that style looks a fright when walking or standing; that is, according to my idea. It may be also much easier to ride in and more convenient in many ways, but I should think it would be a trifle awkward in calling on any friend. At any rate I distinctly object to dressing like a ballet girl, so I wear a skirt and shall continue to do so unless the "rational costume" becomes general. If it does I shall have to follow, I suppose, the fashion.

The morning after my dress came home I walked over to Battersea Park for my first lesson. As we live in Chelsea I had not very far to go, but all the way I was thinking, "This time next week I shall be able to ride." Riding looked so easy and I had heard so many people say something to this effect, "Yes, you know, I learnt in three lessons," or "I could ride the second time I was on a machine." Naturally I believed them and being young and agile thought a week left a large margin. Indeed, I thought I should be very stupid if I did not become quite a grand rider in six lessons. I know better now; but that morning I crossed the Chelsea bridge in a very hopeful frame of mind. I did not even stop to watch the boats, but hurried into the park. I went up to a bicycle stand belonging to a well-known firm and said I wanted a bicycle lesson. One of the men came forward and said that he would teach me, so I walked on a little way and he followed with a machine. I shall never forget the first sensation when I mounted. It really was most curious. Walker, as he told me his name was, held the machine up and trundled me along for some distance. My hopes for riding in a week then vanished into thin air. Indeed, I felt quite hopeless as well as helpless.

IN THE PARK.

I thought I should never ride at all, and I cast many an envious glance at others speeding merrily by. It seemed to me as if I could not even turn my eyes without upsetting the balance of the thing, and as for my front wheel it went all ways.

"How many lessons do people usually have before they can ride?"

"Well, miss," said Walker, "there are some as learn in ten or twelve lessons and some want thirty or forty. You see that young lady there, I taught her in about three weeks."

I thought I should be about three months but I intended to try to learn at any rate.

"What have I to pay for the lesson, Walker?"

"Each lesson miss, is one and sixpence, but the best way would be for you to have a course. You see, miss, it's this way, you pay ten shillings for the course and we undertake to give you lessons until you know how to ride."

"Oh! I'll have a course, but suppose I want fifty lessons?"

"You won't want fifty lessons, miss, in a week or so you will be able to ride round the park. If you like to fix a time I'll keep it for you and then you won't have anyone else to teach you."

I thought it a very good idea to have the same instructor every day, and I was very fortunate in getting a good one. Walker was a great favourite. I found afterwards that most people wanted him to teach them, and I have known ladies wait for over an hour in the cold rather than have another instructor.

I went to the park every morning and found that learning cycling was not at all pleasant.

I felt so very stupid rolling about on a machine in the vain endeavour to keep straight, while other people looked as if it were the easiest thing in the world. I tried to express these sentiments to Walker but he said consolingly—

"They all had to learn."

"I know a lady who learnt in three lessons," I said to him one day.

"Now don't you believe that, miss, I've taught hundreds, and none of them learnt so easy."

He was very amusing occasionally and told me about the different people we passed. One was a general who had fought in the Indian Mutiny, while among the ladies there were several well-known actresses, with whom he was acquainted. One old lady who amused me very much I had seen once or twice having a lesson. She was apparently about fifty-five years of age, and wrapped up in a long ulster and a big shawl.

"That old lady will never learn, will she?" I remarked.

"No, poor old soul," said Walker, "I had her landed on to me the other day, and I did have a time."

"Did you?" in an interested sort of way.

"Yes, she's that heavy."

By this time I rode just a little bit, well enough for Walker to bring his bicycle and ride by my side, holding my sleeve at difficult places in the road.

"It was this way, there was nobody at the stand but me, and I was waiting for my gentleman to come for a lesson, when that old lady came up and asked me to teach her. She had on that long cloak and that shawl, and I said to her, 'You can't ride in that ma'm, won't you leave it here?'

"'What! take my cloak off? I'm not going to do without it for anybody in such weather as this, young man.' She mounted the machine and I held her up and pushed her along, but, poor old soul, she'll never learn, she's too old. She said the handles were cold, so she took off her shawl and wrapped it round them. Since that time when I see her coming I always get out of the way; but the worst of it is she always asks for me."

"I wonder why she is learning?"

"She said she lived in the country"—she looked like it—"and one night at a farmhouse, near where she lived, five miles away from a town, a fire broke out. One of the girls at the farm cycled, so she took her machine and rode into the town for the fire-engine. The old lady thinks it was a wonderful thing to do, and says she means to learn to ride, but she won't, she's too old, poor old soul."

There evidently is, according to Walker's idea, a period at which people cannot acquire the art of balancing themselves.

I had been round the park once or twice with him, and thought I could manage by myself, so I told father with great pride that I could ride, and he bought me a machine. It is a very good one and looked beautifully bright after the dirty old things I had been using.

I said I would go for a ride with my brother on the Saturday afternoon. In the morning Walker came and took my machine to the park for me, as I wasn't clever enough to ride through the streets.

I was sorry for my brother that afternoon, I was sorry for myself also, and I was intensely grieved for my new bicycle. Whether it was nervousness or not I couldn't say, but I certainly couldn't ride a bit. I kept falling off in the most ignominious style. Not once or twice, but eight or nine times I picked myself up and started afresh, and at last I gave up altogether. Twice it really wasn't my fault. Once somebody ran into me, and the other time, some horses were coming at a great rate behind, and I got so nervous that I forgot to pedal. Of course I fell off, fortunately into the fence and not under the horses' hoofs.

Walker told me afterwards that I was in too much of a hurry.

After that unfortunate episode, in which I bruised both my elbows and both my knees, I got on better. At the end of that week I could ride quite well and only had to practise getting on and off. Up to that time, unless Walker were holding the machine, I had usually fallen off somehow.

The accomplishment of mounting and dismounting took a good deal of learning, but I managed it in time. After that Walker declared me "finished" and looked for the "tip" which he had well earned.

There are two ways of mounting a machine, the English and the American. The one is to get on from the curbstone, while the other is to jump on, giving the machine a push at the same time so as to start it.

Walker taught me both ways, and as he has declared me "finished," I have no more to say except that thanks to his teaching, I can ride fearlessly through the London traffic and along the country roads, anywhere in fact, on my beloved friend and companion, my bicycle. And in the extra Summer No. of "The Girl's Own" you may read about a little tour I attempted with father.

CHAFING-DISH COOKING.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

I HAVE no doubt that many of my readers will be surprised to hear that the word "chafing-dish" (with a hyphen) is to be found in all the large English dictionaries, and that "chafer" is given as a dish or a pan. The term was originally *chaufe*, an old English word obtained from the French *chauffer*, which came, in its turn, through the provincial *calfer*, from the Latin *calefacere*, to "make warm." Chafing-dish means a dish or vessel to hold coals for heating anything on it; but to-day the meaning has widened, and comprehends not only the means of warming but the thing warmed as well. The word "chafing," as applied to the method of warming the feet and hands by means of friction, is in common use, and familiar to all.

The history of the chafing-dish extends probably back not less than three thousand years. We find traces of it in the domestic life of the Egyptians, when it was used in the way of a heating-dish. There is no doubt that it was a very familiar object at the tables of the ancient Greeks and Romans, where it performed the office of keeping the choice and costly dishes of their *cuisine* at the proper heat, to please the epicurean diners-out of that classic day, when the hosts wasted fortunes on a single luxury, and fed their fish with slaves!

Both Cicero and Seneca speak of the chafing-dish. The latter gives a full account of the magnificence to which it attained in his time, and says that "each of these elegant utensils is supported by three geese measuring seven inches from the extremity of one bird's beak to the opposite edge. The tray was one inch and a half deep; the supporting geese have their wings spread, and are terminated by neats' feet. The heads are raised and bent over the breast, and form handles; and these dishes, he concludes, arranged on the *sigma*, produce a delightful effect." Now this description, a little less magnificent perhaps, would fit the Swiss dinner-table of to-day, where in private families the silver chafing-dish remains as a family treasure and heirloom in daily use.

The writings of Soyer, the famous French cook, who did so much towards feeding our starved soldiers in the Crimea, mention the chafing-dish frequently; and he wrote a book called *Patropheon*, a history of the culinary art in all times. In this you will find a description of a Roman kitchen of two thousand years ago, in which it is said that the slaves were cleaning the bronze chafing-dishes, used to prevent the plates from becoming cold before they were needed. It is evident from this that we get our ideas about hot plates from the Roman occupation of Britain. On the Continent, however, the Romans do not seem to have inculcated the lesson; or, at least, it has not remained unto this day.

In our English writers before and after the fifteenth century, we find mention of the chafing-dish as a familiar object, and the word is spelt either chafer or chaffer, the latter being mentioned as a vessel used for frying, which seems to have been done at table, when the guests were seated. In the form of an article to keep meats and vegetables hot, the chafing-dish has always been in use in England; and it may be seen to-day, in one form in the windows of the eating-house, where they keep the sausages always at frizzling point thereby. The frame for the lamp which constituted the chafing-dish in England may be found still cherished by many old-fashioned families, and we illustrate a beautifully fine silver one, which came from Ireland not very long ago. Plenty of similar things used to be found in Switzerland, both for sale in the shops, and used at private tables; and we should do well to introduce them here. When we are worried by the advent of chilled meat and vegetables from the kitchen, the presence of the chafing-frame and its lamp would set all straight, and make our meat hot and palatable.

The heat for the chafing-dish has been supplied in various ways. Hot embers even now form the heat-supply in Russia; charcoal in the brass braziers, the *calderajo* of Italy, and our hot-water dishes are another well-known form. The spirit-lamp, however, is more useful and practical than any other kind of heat-supplier, and I am sure we shall all recall various excellent forms of patented lamps and food-warmers.

Another method of warming-up was the old-fashioned bed-warmer, which is now most generally seen in museums, or hanging up in the halls and dining-rooms of collectors of quaint and curious articles. Some of these are of very fine brass or copper, beautifully chased, and evidently they were, as we know, a very cherished article of household comfort and kitchen decoration, when the latter were more beautiful than they are now, with bright coppers, and lovely big clocks. The bed-warmer used to be called a "bed-chafer," a word which may be found in the dictionaries of the last century.

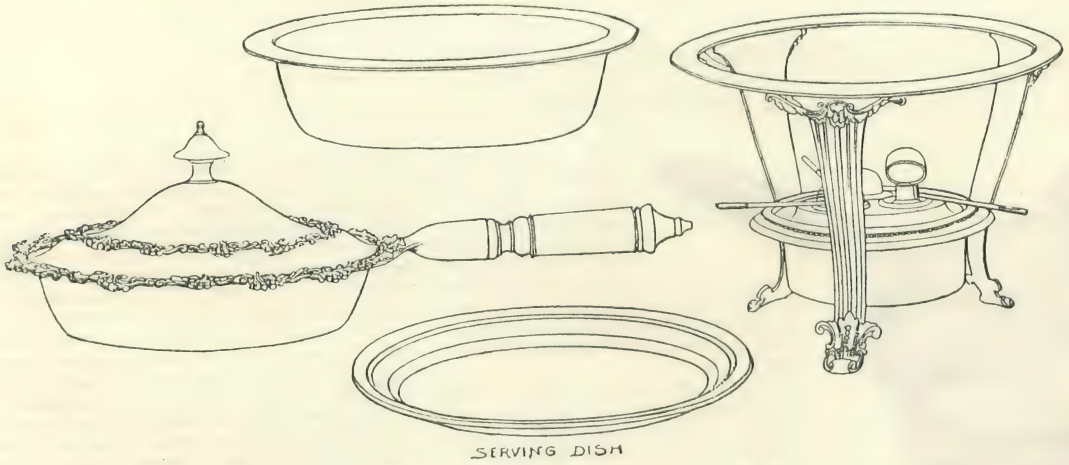
And now that we have cleared the way by

an explanation of what the chafing-dish is, and the history attached to it, we may proceed to the modern adaptation of the term which, after all, is not new, for what is called an oyster-cooker, *i.e.*, a tin dish on a tin frame, with a small lamp for stewing oysters at table, has always been used, and sold in the tinsmiths' shops in Canada, and most likely in America too. I can myself recall the stewing of oysters for supper many a time. This form of cooking was generally performed by masculine hands. Men considered that they only could give the appropriate flavour and the exact degree of thickening needed to the big American oysters, so popular there, and so plentiful. It must be remembered that the cooking of oysters is a great art, as they so easily shrivel if over-boiled, as well as lose their flavour, and a tough oyster is, alas! a thing that we are perfectly acquainted with in England, where really good oyster-sauce is rarely to be tasted, and where the habit of taking off the "beard" quite ruins the oyster, by adding to the sauce the remembrance of the previous manipulation of the cook's fingers.

In a land where service of the best kind is scarce and dear, a luxury for the rich, and quite unknown to those of even modest means, where the mistress is often the servant as well, or has only occasional help to depend upon, it is natural that the popularity of the chafing-dish should have become unbounded, and that it should have sprung into a perfectly wonderful and extended use. To those who live alone, the spinster or the widow, the student, and the other workers, it offers a valuable method of procuring nourishment at a moderate cost, and I hear that recipes and models for it are in much demand. Here, in England, we have been acquainted with spirit-lamp cookery for many years, and the chafing-dish answers the same purpose, only far better in practice and principle.

Through the kindness of the American manufacturers of the chafing-dish, of Meridere, Connecticut, I am enabled to give a sketch of its most modern form, some recipes, and a full description. So far as I can find out there are none manufactured as yet in England, but the American ones seem beautiful, and varied enough in price to suit the dimensions of every purse; as in England silver is the material for the best dishes, and these are the most costly, from £16 to £20 being paid for them. Then follow very artistic patterns in copper, brass, nickel, aluminium, agate ware, and porcelain-lined. It is evident from an inspection of the catalogue of the "Britannia Company," that the elegant and artistic dishes represented in it are intended for table use, and not for the lower sphere of the kitchen. The chafing-dish consists of a stand and lamp, a serving-dish, a hot-water dish, and a saucepan, in which the things are cooked, either placed in the hot water to be stewed, or else heated directly over the lamp. The best lamp has an asbestos burner, which distributes an equal heat all over the pan placed on it. The size varies from ten inches, holding five half-pints, to the same size, rather deeper, holding six. Smaller ones, eight inches, hold only three half-pints. They may also be procured with two or three ordinary small spirit-lamps, the one we illustrate has three, it will be seen. The nickel-plated, or "planished" copper ones are the most moderate in price on this list, being sold at about £2, and they are beautifully designed, and quite fit occupants of a prominent position at table.

The American recipes, which I have copied as I found them, are, of course, different to our own. For instance, the sweetbreads are not mentioned as having been put through the parboiling in milk and water, which we think is needful to blanch and cook them, before further cooking. In the next recipe the cupful of rice must have been cooked already, or it could not have been done in the five minutes allotted to it. Nor is anything said about the picking or shelling of the shrimps in the next recipe. Toast and soda biscuits we are well acquainted with here; but we do not know the true American "cracker," which is a small, round, and rather thick biscuit, of the shape of an old-fashioned "captain's biscuit," only of a very small size. Both the "cracker" and the soda biscuit are used to thicken where we should otherwise use bread-crumbs; and for delicate things like oysters, they are far better and lighter, as they seem to melt away, and if once used would always be preferred to bread-crumbs. Where we buy oysters by the dozen, in America they are bought "in bulk," as it is called, by the quart or pint; and I have added a sketch of one of the paper boxes or baskets which are used in the shops, for the purchasers to carry home the oysters. It is said that they may be cooked in them also, but I never tried this feat.



The first chafing-dish recipe that I shall give, is that of a

Welsh Rarebit.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter, and add one pound of cheese, grated, or cut in small pieces. Beat an egg thoroughly, and with it mix one small teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt; a pinch of cayenne, and add this to the cheese when nearly melted. Lastly, stir in slowly one cupful of ale or beer, or milk can be used, with a teaspoonful of sauce. Cook until it thicken, stirring constantly, and taking care that it do not curdle. Serve hot on toast or soda "crackers."

Maryland Oyster Roast.—Put into the chafing-dish one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and a little celery salt. Add one pint of oysters, and cook for two minutes, or until the edges begin to curl. Have ready hot slices of toast, buttered, upon which serve the oysters, adding a little hot water if necessary.

Oysters en Coquille.—Put into the chafing-dish as many oysters in the shell as it will hold. Steam thoroughly for twenty or thirty minutes, or until the shells will open. Remove the upper shells, season with butter, salt and pepper, and serve immediately, with slices of lemon.

Cream Oysters.—Add to half a pint of cream, one tablespoonful of flour, which has been mixed with a little water until smooth, and the liquor from which a pint of oysters has been drained. Heat this until boiling, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper, and mace if desired. Lastly, add the oysters, cooking only until heated through. To be eaten upon toast, or with cold rolls and chutney sauce.

Sweetbreads.—Wash the sweetbreads thoroughly and wipe with a dry cloth. Roll alternately in fine "cracker" crumbs and beaten egg, and cook until done through in melted butter; or fry with slices of bacon in the chafing-dish, serving the two with "*petits pois*" (French peas) which have previously been heated with butter, salt and pepper for about ten minutes.

Chickens à la Creole.—Take one can of tomatoes, strain, adding salt, pepper, small piece of butter, curry powder, and onion juice if desired. Put into the chafing-dish and boil with one cupful of rice for about five minutes. Add the contents of a can of chicken or about a pint of cold chicken cut into square-inch pieces, heat thoroughly and serve at once.

Blanquette of Shrimps.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, and to this add half a pint of cream, one saltspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and half an onion, grated. Let it come to a boil, and then add one can of shrimps, or one pint of fresh ones, and slowly heat for five minutes.

Scrambled Eggs.—Beat up half a dozen eggs, and add half a pint of milk, salt, pepper, butter, and curry-powder, if liked. Put into the chafing-dish, in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. Stir constantly for two or three minutes. Serve and garnish with parsley; and eat with hot buttered toast, or cold rolls.

Stewed Lobster.—Cut up the lobster as for salad. Put it in half a pint of milk, and let it boil up at once. Add a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and a small pinch of salt, and let it simmer gently. Serve on "crackers."

Rechauffé of Fish.—Take a pint of cold boiled fish, cut in small pieces. Put into the chafing-dish with two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of milk or cream, a cupful of fine "cracker," or bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and one egg slightly beaten. Let it simmer for five or six minutes.

Lobster à la Newbery.—The meat of a two-pound lobster cut in small pieces, two tablespoonfuls of butter, season with pepper and salt. Add a gill of sherry. Cook for ten minutes, and then add three well-beaten eggs, and half a pint of milk or cream. Serve as soon as it comes to a boil.

Plain Omelet.—Break four fresh eggs into a bowl with four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, whip very thoroughly. Put a walnut of butter in the chafing-dish when very hot; run the eggs into it. Use a thin-bladed knife until the bottom is loosened, but do not stir. When done carefully roll the edge over until all be rolled up. Serve on a hot plate.

Smelts.—Take two dozen smelts which have been properly prepared, thoroughly washed and drained. Take half a cupful of flour, and half a cupful of Indian meal; salt the fish, and roll them in it. Put two or three strips of pork dripping, or an ounce of lard (the dripping is preferable) into the chafing-dish, and when hot, drop in the smelts, and fry brown. Do not put in too many at a time, or they will not crisp well.

Creamed Potatoes.—One pint of cold potatoes, cut into cubes, or thin slices. Put them in the chafing-dish, cover with milk, and cook until the potatoes have absorbed the milk. Then add one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and a little chopped parsley.

Reading the life of G. A. Sala the other day, I was much amused by his account of the cookery which he was taught in his youth, and of that which he afterwards did with his wife; and I wished that all boys could share a little in this kind of sensible training. I also believe a man would enjoy his dinner doubly if he knew something about the dishes he was eating, and the trouble they cost the cook. In these days of incompetent household help it is not enough to be a critic, it is needful and wise to be fully qualified to tell other people how to do things, and to give clear directions in plain language which even the dull and slow-witted can understand.

In England, though the beautiful chafing-dish seems to be almost unattainable, we can still do much, if we wish it, with a good spirit-lamp of tin—one of those made for travellers—and one or two of those delightful fireproof saucepans which are so easy to handle, and clean. The dressing of eggs is quite within our powers, and of mushrooms, and tomatoes—excellent with curries of cold meat. There are so many recipe books now for people of small means and purses, that it is easy to select some to try, and chops, cutlets and steaks are all possible, even the renowned pork chops and tomato sauce, so fatal to Mr. Pickwick!

The following is a simple way to make curry with either a spirit-lamp or a chafing-dish. Slice a small onion and half a small apple in the kitchen before you need them, if you were going to cook in the dining-room, and fry for a few minutes till the onion colour with half an ounce of butter. Add a teacupful of gravy, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a tablespoonful of good curry-powder (or paste). If a hot curry-powder, a dessertspoonful of it and the same of flour will be sufficient. Stir all together for a few minutes, and then lay in whatever cold materials you may wish to curry—fish, meat, chicken, or eggs, or the remains of vegetables, and let it get very hot, without boiling, and then serve. If you need the rice which, to my mind, is necessary with curry, you should boil it first, and have it kept hot in the kitchen, or keep it hot by covering it over while you make the curry.

HOW TO MANAGE A BAND OF MERCY.

"Well, Mildred, I must say I thought your Band of Mercy entertainment a great success. I expected it to be dreadfully tedious when you told me that every item on the programme would be in some way or other appropriate to the work, and I groaned inwardly at the prospect; but really I quite enjoyed the whole thing."

"Praise from Miss Eleanor Richmond is praise indeed," said Mildred, smiling; "but you know what is the sincerest flattery, and that is the kind for which I am anxious. Why not have a band of your own, Nelly?"

"Truth to tell, I have been thinking about it, and so has Kate; she suggests she might work it in with her Band of Hope."

"Capitally; you could either have the meetings in alternate weeks, Kate, or blend the two, and thus avoid whatever of monotony there may be in speaking and teaching on one subject—though, mind you, I don't acknowledge the monotony as regards Band of Mercy work, for it covers such a large and interesting field."

"And I don't acknowledge it as regards temperance work," said Kate.

"Now don't you two begin to argue as to the respective merits of your fads," interrupted Eleanor. "Take your entertainment as the text, and give us an exposition of your Mercy work, Mildred. Where did you get all those pretty songs?"

"You mean the songs the children sang? Nearly all are in the books of *Band of Mercy Melodies*, which are reprinted, I believe, from the *Band of Mercy Magazine*; and one or two others came from Mrs. Hibbert's *Infant Action Song Book*. But if you come across any words you consider suitable—or if you can write any that refer particularly to lessons you desire to impress—you can easily fit them to some popular tune, sacred or secular. As for the songs of the grown-up folk, I begged them to choose something after the fashion of "The Old Grey Mare," or "The Owl," or anything about nature and birds, asking to see the words, however; for somebody might imagine a hunting-song or some comic horror was appropriate. Not that I object to a good humorous song, such as "The Boy and the Bee" or "Three Little Pigs"; but one has to be careful."

"Just as I have to be in order to avoid drinking-songs at our temperance concerts," said Kate. "Would you not prefer to have the whole programme given by children, if you could get plenty of pieces?"

"My dear, I could find pieces enough to carry it on till midnight, but the admixture of adults seems to me far better. I want to interest the grown-ups and to have a really good entertainment. The little folk do their part very well, though I says it as shouldn't, and audiences are always kind in applauding the dear little souls; but a song from a lady or gentleman makes a pleasant variety, and is apppreciated by those who haven't children, and are perhaps not yet enlisted in the cause. I am very anxious to widen our circle of sympathy and help, and, between ourselves, that is really almost the only way of drawing in the upper classes. They will come to perform when they would not dream of coming to listen."

"And they may pick up an idea now and then," remarked Kate. "It is often harder to reach rich people; they are such slaves to fashion, and have such a dread of betraying serious or original opinions. At least, I find that the case with temperance work."

"And what about your action piece, 'The Animals on Strike'? I thought that especially good, for the children were so much in earnest and so delightfully comic when the servants come in one after another and tell Mr. Muggleton that he cannot have milk or butter or eggs for breakfast because the cows and the fowls have departed, or drive to the station, because the horses are off on strike, and so on. Did you write that yourself? for, let me tell you, I am not equal to that kind of thing."

"Not I indeed. It was written by Miss Julia Goddard, and you will find it in *The Humane Educator*, edited by Mrs. Suckling. If you start a Band, I would certainly advise you to have that book, you will find so many helps in it, such as addresses which you can read until your own eloquence is sufficient for you, suitable hymns and prayers for opening and closing meetings, and an immense store of pieces for recitation. With that and the *Melodies* you will be well provided, so far as the more showy part of the work is concerned. There remains, of course, the actual teaching on the subject."

"I was going to ask whether you had anything of that sort, over and above what is taught by songs and recitations."

"Certainly; we look upon the singing and so on as merely recreation, for we appeal to sense and reason as well as to sentiment. Get Mrs. Bray's *Our Duty to Animals* to begin with; it has useful chapters for reading to the children, and questions to ask them. But of course you will not be satisfied with what you obtain from books, however good they may be. You will have to take an active interest in the habits and ways of creatures, and to learn how domestic animals should be treated, for you will find that as they become interested the boys in particular will ply you with plenty of questions and expect you to be a walking volume on natural history."

"It always appears to me," said Nelly, "that natural history is a deadly enemy to mercy teaching, and I am sorry for it. If I tell a boy what a dissected caterpillar is like, I am sure he will want to dissect one for himself, and if he is told to classify birds' eggs or butterflies, he will at once be out stealing the one and pinning the other."

"I don't call that natural history," said Mildred. "I think it is un-natural history. Pray leave dissections to the learned people who want to build up clever theories; the ghastly idea of them is utterly out of place in a child's mind. And with the aid of pictures you can study birds and butterflies and every other creature without meddling with and injuring them. What one wishes to teach children is all about how birds, animals, and insects live at home, their ways of obtaining a livelihood, their skill and cleverness, and their care for their young. When they come to regard them as conscious and intelligent beings, I believe boys and girls will soon cease being cruel. They should also be taught the uses of the lower creation to man, how they are fellow-workers as well as fellow-creatures, not only directly, as the horse, cow, etc., but less obviously, as the birds which save our crops by destroying injurious insects, and the many other little beings which help in ways we seldom consider to make the world fruitful so that it may bring forth grass for the cattle and green herb for the service of men."

"Children sorely need teaching to be kind,"

said Kate, with a sigh. "They are dreadfully cruel by nature."

"Do you think so?" said Mildred. "I do not. At least, *I think they are only* naturally cruel as they are naturally ignorant—until they are taught better. So far as the naturalness of it goes, it is surely natural that children, themselves helpless and weak, should be the friends and champions of those more helpless than themselves; and the manliest boys and the most womanly girls feel that instinctively. With the rest, want of thought produces cruelty, and, still more, the example of the grown-up folk round them."

"You are right there," said Kate. "One really ought to begin with the mothers," she added laughing. "They let their children, the boys especially, pull animals about frightfully without the slightest interference, while they beat them for accidentally breaking a twopenny-halfpenny jug."

"But to return to business," put in Eleanor. "You have these lessons at your meetings; are they always in the form of lectures with questions?"

"The very best things are lantern lectures, which always delight children and keep them quiet and good. You can borrow slides, and readings too, from the R. S. P. C. A.; but if you have an amateur photographer among your friends—and most of us have nowadays—you can soon learn to prepare your own slides, and write or select your own lectures, throwing in plenty of anecdote to make them amusing, but having at the same time a solid basis of instruction. The children can have marks for answering questions, or for writing papers on the subject; and of course you will have essay competitions on set subjects—such as the treatment of cats, uses of the earthworm, birds as the gardener's friends, and so on—for which you will have nice book prizes carefully chosen to inculcate lessons of kindness. You will find a list of books in *The Humane Educator*."

"I thought you gave medals?"

"Medals can be added, if you like; or they can be reserved as rewards for definite acts of kindness, such as finding homes for stray animals, or for length of membership. This is one of our medals."

"Gold, on a crimson ribbon; very pretty. One side, I see, has the Royal Arms and the words, 'Justice, kindness. Be merciful after thy power'; and on the other side is 'Band of Mercy, R. S. P. C. A.,' and a group of animals—horse, cow, donkey, dog, cat, sheep, goat and fowl."

"The cat was added by the Queen's command; it was omitted from the original design, and the omission was discovered by her quick eyes. You can buy the medals for a shilling a dozen, from the Society, or with ribbons and pins for two or three shillings. The membership cards are a shilling a dozen."

"They are very handsome too; quite fit for framing."

"Yes; and do, Nelly, encourage the members by every means in your power to have them framed. I often give frames as rewards; for instance, if one child brings in half-a-dozen new members, I have his or her card framed."

"And then they will bring in another dozen," said Kate. "That is just my experience in Band of Hope work. A nicely framed card keeps clean, is never lost, and is a constant and most valuable reminder to the member of the pledge; and, besides that, speaks splendidly to fathers and mothers and all who see it. If I could afford it, I would have every card framed as soon as it is signed. What is your pledge?"

"Very simple. 'We agree to be kind to animals, and to do all in our power to protect them from cruelty and promote their humane treatment.'"

"And what is the first step to take to form a Band, now that we have some idea how to work it?"

"Well, I should say very much what Kate told you with regard to the Band of Hope. Have a meeting of two or three friends who will help you; settle upon a distinctive name for your Band; appoint a committee and secretary, and adopt rules. Then proceed to interest everybody you can, particularly parents and school-teachers. Point out the necessity for teaching boys and girls to be kind and humane for their own sakes, as well as the animals'; that is tremendously important, and would be reason enough for any number of Bands of Mercy, even without considering the feelings of the lower creation; nothing is so demoralising and hardening to the moral nature as cruelty, and no one who can torture an animal is to be trusted with the care of a human being, either as parent, nurse, or doctor. Finally, affiliate yourselves with the Ladies' Committee of the R. S. P. C. A., and send for their little pamphlet, supplied gratis, 'Information respecting Bands of Mercy.'"

"Well, I will try," said Eleanor. "The work is wanted. I only hope it may do some good."

"Hope!" cried Mildred brightly. "The time has gone by for merely hoping. You may be perfectly certain it will. When a society has a history like ours, and hundreds and thousands of eager boy and girl members—the coming men and women—in all parts of the world, you may trust, not hope. Besides, Nelly, don't you think our Heavenly Father's blessing is especially upon such a work—a work for His creatures, done without thought or promise of reward; in some poor little feeble way, a saviour's work for the helpless. Only, I must remind you of one thing. We must be consistent and practise what we preach. There must be no aigrettes or bird corpses in our hats; no bearing-reins or docked tails on our horses; no *foie gras* on our tables and caged linnets or larks in our rooms; no going to races or meets of hounds! It is no use working half-heartedly, as Kate will tell you, and this is a work worth all one's heart, for, as Dean Stanley has told us, 'Any act of mercy, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures, is an act that brings us nearer God.'"

LINDA GARDINER.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. LOVELL had returned to London in order to become the English partner of the great Australian firm of Lovell & Jackson. He had selected his home upon a breezy hill in Surrey, in what seemed to him the most agreeable and healthy of the suburbs. To enter "society," strictly so called, spelt with a capital "S," he had no ambition whatever. As became a colonist, he was democratic in all his tendencies, and was not, as democrats occasionally are, in the least ashamed of his opinions. He meant to live happily, luxuriously, and easily, with no struggling towards a sphere he could not reach, no pretence of assuming knowledge of things he could not understand. His wife, and his daughter when she came out, were to queen it among their social equals and inferiors, rather than to struggle to find a place among great people, who would tolerate them for their wealth, but scorn them for their middle class origin and for their trade. Such was his scheme of life.

He was a thoroughly honest man and had perhaps an exaggerated scorn of shallow social pretences. His views as to the education of Nora and Katharine were plain and practical. He had heard there was a specially good High School in the neighbourhood of Clevedon Hill; here he meant to send the girls, while for the musical part of her education, Katharine was to go to the "National School of Music," "where she would receive the best of teaching, without overstrain for the present," he informed his wife.

Mrs. Lovell, kind easy soul, was only too well contented to let her husband settle all details connected with the matter, which, indeed, he proceeded to do as soon as they were established in their new home.

He congratulated himself, and with reason, on acquiring so charming a property, so secluded, even in the midst of a suburb, as Clevedon House. The avenue by which it was reached led to a large lawn shaded by elms, while a sharp turn to the left disclosed the house, facing the lawn and the fields beyond it. The kitchen gardens and hot-houses lay on the right of the avenue, and the small flower-garden was on the other side of the house. In spring and summer it was a delightful country-like home, where the birds sang all day long. Even in winter it had its attractions, for a large pond offered good skating as soon as there was ice anywhere.

The servants, the furniture, the food, were all of the best; and Katharine, in Mr. Lovell's opinion, ought to have considered herself a very fortunate girl.

"But upon my word, Margaret, I believe we shall have to send her back again to Switzerland!" he uttered in great vexation to his wife, a few days after Katharine's arrival. It was Sunday, and he had been irritated to note tears stealing down his niece's cheek all the time of the morning service in church. "She does nothing but mope! I like to see cheerful faces round me. One would think we had kidnapped the girl. I'm sure she seemed to want to come, when I proposed it; I half repent, upon my word I do."

"She'll be all right soon, I hope," said Mrs. Lovell comfortably. "Elizabeth told us she wished to come, from the first. I think she feels a little strange yet. You see, it's a change."

"A change! Good gracious! I should think so, from that untidy shabby house and that Swiss Professor with all

his children!" ejaculated Mr. Lovell. "A change for the better, I should say."

"There was the leaving her mother. I fancy the child feels sorry for her."

"Well, Elizabeth Duvigny, if she wanted her child, should not have married again," said Mr. Lovell, with practical common-sense. "She did that, and it was easy to see with half an eye that the girl could never find a niche in the new home, but——"

"Don't say anything to Katharine about going back," pleaded Mrs. Lovell. "She'll jump at it if you do, I believe, and then it would really be awkward. For I don't suppose they could manage with her now. And for the child's own sake, she is better off here."

"Better off! I should rather think she *was!*" Mr. Lovell was generous, but he liked his generosity to be fully appreciated, and his niece's silent misery was an annoyance to him.

Katharine was learning some valuable lessons during those first unhappy days at Clevedon House. She had before her a constant picture of her mother's sad face, and she realised, too late, that, although her departure might have been the best for both of them, she had gravely erred in lack of tenderness and sympathy. Douglas Gordon's words of reproof rang in her memory. She felt, with the exaggeration to which such natures are prone, that she would gladly have given all the luxury around her for the old life in the plain tall Swiss house. It will always be true that absence and deprivation are apt to lend glowing colours to what is left behind and lost. Had Katharine been carried back to Belle-Rive, she would ere long have been in her old state of revolt against the surroundings; at the noisy children, the bare stone stairs, the unkempt Swiss maid-servants, the shabby cobble-paved yard with its forlorn poultry and rarely-swept dead leaves and rubbish. But now she only remembered the freedom and familiarity of her life there; and really they had all been very kind to her! The instances of friction between her mother and herself were forgotten; she only thought upon the real affection that subsisted below it all, and her own heedlessness of that love.

Then the luxury and comfort of Clevedon House had serious drawbacks to a girl like Katharine, disorderly, untrained. At first she was allowed to make hay of her possessions, and strew her pretty room with clothes, but after a few days her aunt expostulated in plain downright fashion.

"Come, come, child! I've got plenty of servants, it's true; but I don't choose Parker should do for you what every young lady should do for herself. You must learn to keep your things tidy! Dear me; I should have been ashamed when I was a girl to have such a litter about me!"

This remonstrance brought on a fresh fit of home-sickness. Then the first "at home" day was a great trial. Mrs. Lovell was "at home the first and third Thursday," and already people were beginning to call on her; the notabilities of the district had heard of the rich Australian merchant, and one or two visitants from another sphere, Members' wives, colonial friends, and so on, paid the attention of a visit. These "afternoons" were the occasion of much delight and excitement to good Mrs. Lovell, and also to Nora, who would soon be cut off by study from the privilege of being present. But poor Katharine, on her first *début*, appeared with her hair far from tidy. Her new frocks had not come home, and the green cashmere dress—now the worse for wear—was tumbled and carelessly put on; she leant back in a chair, quite still, with an air of dismal endurance, and when Mrs. Lovell called upon her and Nora to help wait upon the guests, she stumbled and spilt a cup of tea. "Altogether a very odd and clumsy girl," reflected the ladies, who sat there in their furs, contrasting her with her neat, quick attentive cousin, so graceful and alert, though she too was only a school-girl.

When the visitors had gone, Mrs. Lovell, who had none of Madame Duvigny's nervous hesitation at giving reproof "spoke her mind" once more. "When ladies come and see us, it's not the thing to sit there hunched up, looking so glum! tut, tut, child! you should make the best of yourself, and brush your hair nicely, and see that there's fresh frilling in your frock, and keep from tumbling about, and try and be a credit to us. There, there! there's nothing to cry about! you've been here ten days now, and it's getting time you learnt to bear a word or two without bursting into tears, as if we wanted to be unkind to you!"

It was a strange thing that the very luxury and wealth of surroundings for which Katharine had sighed so ardently, should oppress and alarm her when she was introduced into them, but so it was. However, use is second nature, and of course the condition of strangeness and misery which we are trying to depict did not last. Katharine began, in spite of herself, to revive; to enjoy the comfort, the delicious food, the beautiful surroundings of her home, though she thought regretfully of the lake and the mountains. It was very delightful, when the aching pain at the recollection of her mother had subsided, to be driven to Oxford Street and have pretty new frocks, hats, and jackets, ordered for her with no hesitation as to cost; it was interesting to see London, to attend service in the Abbey, to go to a Popular Concert in St. James's Hall, and a Saturday afternoon concert in the Crystal Palace. Most delightful of all was it to sit at the "Broadwood grand" in the state drawing-room, such a piano as she had never before played upon, and to hear the ringing notes thrill beneath her touch. Many an hour of ecstasy did she spend in this way. The girls had a cottage piano for practice in their own sitting-room—a sort of study with bookcases and plain furniture, given up to Nora and Katharine—but Mr. Lovell was wise enough to allow his niece to play daily on the magnificent new instrument he had bought, stipulating only that scales and exercises should be confined to the cottage piano.

How Katharine loved those hours alone! She would often feel surprised herself at the depth of meaning she wooed from the ivory keys. Around her there seemed to rise a "palace of music" as Abt Vogler says, through which she wonderingly strayed. Chord on chord built up the celestial fabric; and as she gazed shudderingly at its aërial pinnacles, it would vanish and melt away. When she went to the piano it was not to "play certain pieces"; she entered a new world: the gates of the Infinite seemed opened, though only a little way, to the girl-votary.

Needless to state, she was now looking forward with ardent and breathless expectation to her music lessons. She had begged her uncle to let her go to the Royal College or the Royal Academy, and give up all her time to music in its various branches, but he was inexorable.

"Plenty of time for that by-and-by if necessary; you're nearly seventeen, and what you have to do, my dear, is to pull up your education all round. Why, you write shockingly for a girl of your age——"

"That's because I was so long in Germany; the German writing is so pointed it spoils any English hand," burst out Katharine indignantly.

"Very likely, very likely, but the fact remains. Then you know no geography; why, the other day you didn't know where the Newfoundland fisheries were! And you know no history either, except what you've got out of a stray novel or two of Scott. So you must just build up these matters or else you'll be an ignorant musician, which is a very bad sort of thing; and you can never take your place in society at all, for you'll make some fearful blunder when least expected. Your poor father would not have liked it, and I wonder at your mother for giving in to you so far as to let you neglect everything else for the sake of music."

"Uncle, it is so absorbing!" pleaded Katharine. "You cannot understand! I don't know what I am to do! The best masters expect so much practice daily. How can I get it if I go to a High School?"

"I've thought of all that, and I'm not so unable to understand as you suppose," returned Mr. Lovell. "You do speak and read French and German fluently, so those two subjects with perhaps one or two others you will not take at school. Your music lesson will be on Saturday, and with the time set free from languages, and so on, you will have quite as much practising as is good for you. I've talked to Miss Seymour, who is a most sensible and cultivated woman, and it is all settled; so if you please, my dear, we will hear no more about it."

With this Katharine was forced to be content, and she could not help acknowledging that her uncle was of a very practical and sagacious turn of mind. The "National School of Music" and the High School both re-opened in the last week in January, and to this date, now close at hand, the girl was looking forward with all the eagerness of her enthusiastic nature.

(*To be continued.*)

A DREAM OF OLD.

By ERIC BROAD.

It comes to me when the sunset dies
And the twilight greys the land;
When the stars besprinkle the quiet skies,
And the tide creeps up the strand;
When the boats come homing from out the west,
And the owl flits over the lea—
A dream, that of dreams is the sweetest and best,
Comes back once again to me.

I wander again in a garden fair,
'Tis a garden near the sea,
Where the noise of the waves fills the twilit air
With a soothing melody;
And the scent of flowers hangs heavy and sweet—
A perfume of mignonette—
O'er the paths I wandered with childish feet
In the days I cannot forget.

But the years have passed! 'Mid the city's din
I labour from day to day
For the prize so great that I fain would win,
But is ever so far away!
And my heart would break with its task I've
Were it not for the dream that cheers;
For 'tis then that the present I forget,
And my eyes smile through their tears!

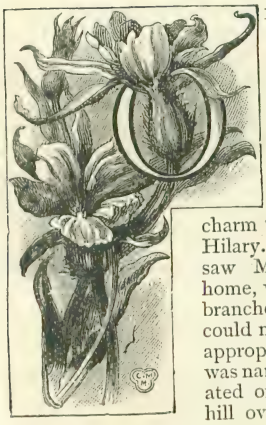
Oh, say, what matter the flight of years,
The moil and the toil of life,
The searchings vain through the mists of tears,
The falling amid the strife,
If only our thoughts, for a brief, brief space,
Can but turn to the past again
And picture the gold of a dead day's grace,
By the sickle of old Time slain?

HILARY; OR, THE AMATEUR SURGEON.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ROSECLEER.



If the posey of bright young people, who made "Rosecleer" as gay as one of your garden-walks in July, not one had a more irresistible charm to my mind than Hilary. When I first saw Mrs. Gladwin at home, with all her olive-branches round her, I could not but think how appropriately her house was named. It was situated on the slope of a hill overlooking Hampstead Heath, where it commanded a wide view of the Metropolis and adjacent counties. As the Heath lay quite open before it the air brought treasures of ozone, which were of more value to the growing life within than all the glories of Regent Street or Piccadilly.

The late Staff-Captain Pearce Gladwin, as surveying officer in the Hydrographic Department of the Naval Service, had enjoyed during his days of active service a good income, but in consequence of a break in his health he had been obliged to retire early on half-pay.

He was disappointed of seeing some of his children settled in life, for an epidemic that touched lightly other members of his family, extinguished even with a gentle breath his slow decaying lamp. It was in the hope that the fine air blowing from the Heath would invigorate him that "Rosecleer" had been taken. The extension of the North London Railway enabled the young people to go daily on their separate paths. Two of the girls went to the Camden High School, where they changed, one of them naughtily said, the train for the Buss. It was the youngest who perpetrated that little pun, so she must be forgiven. The students of law went to Chancery Lane and the Inner Temple, and there was a general dispersion of the Gladwin family until the evening hour brought them together again.

The father's removal by death, at the critical time when his lads had taken their degree and were duly certificated as qualified to plead, dealt a severe blow to their prospects for the future; it also greatly affected the present position of every member of the family.

By no effort and denial on her own part could Mrs. Gladwin secure for her children the privileges which would have been purchased for them, had the father been spared to do what was in his heart. Gladly would she have left "Rosecleer" and gone into a smaller house, but the children, one and all, protested. Eveline, the eldest daughter proposed as an amendment that they should keep one servant instead of two.

She was as good as her word. She turned her attention to the study of domestic detail and domestic economy with a steadiness which no one would have expected of her in her careless days. But she was a girl of a generous and loyal nature; truly one of those ministering spirits who learn the Father's will and do it, though they dwell in houses of clay. She had the sense to know that all good work puts honour on the doer.

Lizzie I sometimes heard alluded to as the Mouse, because her extreme quietness and timidity, coupled with a certain perseverance, reminded her frank critics of the rodent who starts and trembles at a sound, and yet nibbles his little way through wooden wainscots, mortared chinks: Lizzie's cat was either never out of the way, or else it was always present to her imagination. She could neither dream of facing the world, nor taking an important part in home rule, like Eveline. But without any self-revelation in words, she showed her bias, by cutting her own little expenses down to the minimum and diligently improving some artistic talent which she possessed, in the hope that she might find employment for brush and pencil in decorative work, and in originating designs for needlework.

I shall not attempt to enumerate the charming characteristics of the Gladwin girls, because there were so many of them. Of the sons, too, it is enough to say that their virtues were far in excess of their faults, and that perhaps the reason why there were so many Gladwins might be found in the discovery of the old Scotchwoman, that "Providence aye gies maist of the finest craps."

There was one deviation from the old order, however, which Mrs. Gladwin did not regard with approval. She complained to me that Hilary had shelved all her books and that she was neglecting her music practice. Ambulance classes at the Polytechnic, scientific dressmaking, Frœbel's methods of tuition, and Kensington cookery, took her from home every day in the week, and it seemed that she was in danger of marring her life and weakening her energies by expending them over a multiplicity of aims. "I wish you would give her a hint," said my friend. "Tell her not to undo the education that we have given her, but to build upon it. You may wonder that I ask this favour, but there are reasons for it. I have such a dread of chafing and fretting the spirits of my children by too frequent interference with them, that if I can get them to see a thing for themselves by a kind of side light, I am thankful to do it. Then they do not feel they have been opposed."

"Still I hope you have not to apologise to them because your opinion happens to conflict with theirs."

"No, not that exactly; but because discussion is irritating, it is well to avoid it. Besides, the young are often more influenced by a word that comes to them from outside the home circle, than by one spoken within it."

I knew that to be the case, and the Gladwin girls taking kindly to me, I was not afraid to come to the mother's help, by giving Hilary the little word in season for which she asked. So one afternoon, when she was enlarging the pattern of a child's pelisse, in tinted tissue paper, and tacking it together, I watched her till her task was completed, and then asked her if she believed it possible for a Jack-of-all-trades to be master of one. I knew how well she could play, and also what Herr Schröter had said of her proficiency in German, which she had studied for five years. I ventured to ask if she was not afraid that the talents hid in napkins would gather rust.

She laughed as it was her wont, if obliged to speak about herself, and the rose upon her brow glowed like the rose upon her cheek.

"Why, you see, there is not time for everything! The new things one takes up require more time than the old, but that may be only while they are new. Practice makes perfect; the future will show what is wanted most."

IN ROSE-LAND.

"Do not be too sure, Hilary. The future is always a vanishing point."

"I am only trying to acquire useful things," she said, and she laughed again, like a child whose hands you hold and who is all the time trying to get away from you.

"Yes, I see you are going in for what is useful; but supposing you devoted an hour or two every evening to the old interests. If one evening you practised steadily, and another translated a leaderette into French, and a third read a German author in the original, would it not be better than putting all the accomplishments on the shelf, as we know many of those young ladies do who pass over to the United States?"

"The evenings are not my own," she replied. "If only we all came home together like Mother Bo-peep's sheep, we could have our dinner-tea earlier; but it is nearly half-past six when that is done with. The little girls are home early in the afternoon, but they have two hours' preparation work to go through before tea. So taking into account that they were tired to begin, they really do want a little amusement before bedtime. I am at all kinds of expedients for procuring them an hour's fun and laughter, and I do not see who is to recreate them if I do not, Lizzie is too quiet. She would give them everything she has; but she is afraid of the sound of her own voice. After the children have had their hour Lisle must have his in the breakfast-room; he is practising shorthand, and while I read he follows with his fountain-pen as fast as he can. That is all necessary. Leonard too wants me to play his accompaniments for him after he has put his books away and had his moonlight stroll. He and Pussy have one taste in common—late excursions. The weather is seldom too rough for him. He sits up later than we do, but before we retire he either sings or gets out his violin. That is Leonard's little dissipation. It is only fair that I should be the one to take up these duties. Eveline is too tired. She rises every morning soon after the servant and gives all her time and attention to keeping things right; making us

"'As comfy as comfy can be.'

But she is not strong. She does nothing important in the evenings; she likes then to be free. Lizzie devotes herself to the work-basket. If she did not, mother would be overwhelmed with stocking-darning and mending. Well, then the very last thing of all, I go through my ambulance exercises with Ben. It is curious to note the different habits of the members of a large family, is it not?"

Certainly Hilary had made out a very good case, and I knew how true it was, that she went from one thing to another, always assisting the plans of others, and never appearing to think that any claims of her own ought to be paramount. Still, with so much to do, she was hardly justified in crowding the "common round" with tasks extraneous to it.

"But if one has a reason," pleaded Hilary, in a reluctant and yet insinuating tone, the inveterate blush returning, while she still laughed, as if her shyness only finding relief in that way, she might as well take full advantage of it.

"Oh, now I begin to see. There is something behind all this assiduity and the new departure. Do you want a confessor, Hilary?"

"If you will listen to me and keep my secret," she said, and then she proceeded to unfold a very important and large idea which she and the Mouse and Hilda had matured between them. The secret was arrived at with so much hesitation on her part, and encouragement on mine, that I think it better not to pass it on in her words, but to employ my own.

And indeed it nearly took away my breath. I should as soon have imagined that, put Hilary back into the middle ages, she would have wandered through England as a glee-maiden, living by her song in summer, and her dancing-bears in winter, as that she would leave her happy home and go all the way to Australia in quest of a career for herself and her sisters. I knew the gentle pride and exclusiveness that clung to the Gladwins by inheritance. Were they not demanding too much endurance of their own sensitive, shrinking spirits, apt though they were in learning this deep truth, that faith is the victory which overcometh the world?

* * * *

These girls, it appears, had put their heads together upon their present circumstances and future prospects. They had agreed that they would ask of others only such help as would enable them to help themselves. They would scorn to trade upon the generosity of relatives who had children of their own to provide for; but if they allowed themselves simply to drift, they did not know what might become of them when there was no longer mother to look to in all their numerous wants. Were not the younger children likely to suffer from the strain that the older were making on her resources?

It had been laid down as an axiom in their family that the boys were to help the girls; but these girls took the position of their brothers to heart, and they saw they would have enough to do to help themselves. And if they prospered they would not choose to be a drag on their prosperity, a hindrance to their getting married, or a crook in the lot of their wives.

Yet they were greatly exercised as to what they could do to render themselves independent.

"If teachers," said Hilary, "might, like the ancient wisdom, cry aloud in the streets for the pupils to come to them, they would not make themselves heard in London. If it were good form for you to walk abroad with all your certificates stitched where they could be seen, you would speedily be put out of countenance by legions of ladies who had more to show."

Lizzie declared that she would rather die than face a class. She believed that she was competent to teach drawing and painting as an accomplishment, but she should never have the courage. Hilda liked teaching, but having been disappointed of a high school appointment, she found that private tuition was ill-paid, and offered no chances of promotion. Of course she considered her present engagement better than none at all, but when Colonel Smythe returned from India he would very likely send his girls to school. Casting an envious glance at the higher professions that are opening for women, she wished that it were possible to qualify for a physician to women and children.

Hilary did not know whether her ideas were practicable, because she said "declining surgery." With surgery or without, the problem before them was not to be solved by aspiring to a profession which would cost both time and money to acquire. When it came to choosing work on a lower plane, they were met by a great difficulty.

They knew the strength of caste prejudices. They were not superior to slights they had received in their own circle, from persons whose pretensions were supported by larger means. They did not pretend to philosophic indifference to public opinion, but were, I am bound to say, keenly sensitive to it; so nursing, millinery, ornamental needlework, and telegraphy were pronounced impossible, because to introduce social inequality in their own family circle would not be pleasant, nor would it be helpful to those who were aiming higher. And let them be prepared to do "whatsoever their hand found to do," the same heartbreak of disappointment was to be seen wherever one turned.

Then an idea presented itself to Hilary, which she did not nurse in silence. "Why not seek a country where there was more room, and womanly independence was less fettered by conventional restrictions? They had an uncle in Melbourne, and friends in Sydney and Adelaide. So we have written *re* these matters to Uncle Dallas," said Hilary, "and I have a foreshadowing that he is going to be favourable to our plans, and that he will promise to be very kind to us. I told him that if we could only get mother's consent to our going, I did not doubt that she would provide us against all the risks of being unemployed for a year."

"And your mother knows nothing of this?"

"We do not wish to spring it upon her till uncle's letter comes, and we see how things will shape. It will be hard to get her consent, but large families must separate sooner or later, and the world is not as wide as it was, when one could only go to Australia by sailing-vessel."

"Then it is for Australia you are making yourself so clever?"

"Of course. You see we must be able to help ourselves, and others at need. I have had a good deal of home-practice in nursing, but the knowledge I have gained is not of a kind to show me what to do in case of accident. I shall be only too thankful if my ambulance lessons enable me to serve anyone who wants a good Samaritan; also if my lessons in dressmaking qualify me to cut out and make for myself and Lizzie. But if there was never any opportunity for the ambulance work, do you not think that that kind of practice must tend to make one more capable, and self-reliant and ready?"

"There is not a doubt of it, Hilary. You may adopt the Prince of Wales's motto, 'I serve,' for you have both the heart and the ability. When such girls as you get homes of their own, they know how to make the best of them, and they lighten their husbands' burden, by sharing it."

"No," she said lightly, "girls who set themselves to work and win must not think of husbands, because they acknowledge that they have very little money, and so nobody wants them."

I looked at her, and I wondered if such a blossom could be permitted to remain long upon the bough. The clear-complexioned, pretty-featured face, with its roseate hue shadowed by dark hair, the well-poised head and full, white throat. And then what a revelation of sense and sweet simplicity in her dress and in her bearing. She was in mourning, but the black was relieved by a broad-pleated little frill and a pretty apron. Nothing artificial about her, no compression, but every movement as free and unrestrained as if she had been attired for the gymnasium.

My heart ached for the mother if she should be brought to the ordeal of parting with her girls. As for Lizzie, it astonished me that she could be induced to contemplate such a change and uprooting, even with Hilary and Hilda to stand by her. Much I feared that in a land of strangers she would pine from sheer nostalgia, as poor Emily Brontë did when taken away from her native moors. However, it was not for me, with my half knowledge, to suggest doubts; I could not but pray that He who guides the swallows would bring these young folks in all their counsels to a safe conclusion. I could imagine that Lizzie would, more easily than most, learn the lesson of silent endurance. She was a girl of very few words, but she thought much and felt deeply.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE ON A TRANSVAAL SALT FARM.

NEVER shall I forget the autumn of 1894, when I left my English home, and set sail for South Africa in the *Gaul*, one of the comfortable steamers of the Union Line. I am the youngest of our family, and unfortunately early developed a delicacy of the chest. After spending two or three winters in Bournemouth, I gradually became so ill, the doctors feared I should not live through the following year, and urgently recommended my trying a sojourn in a warmer climate. Arrangements were therefore made for me to spend the winter at the Cape. We heard through a friend of ours of a Salt Farm in the Transvaal where dwelt delightful people who would let me make my home with them for a few months, returning to England for the summer.

At the time of sailing I was twenty-four years of age, and it did seem lonely to bid good-bye to all I loved, and start by myself for a strange country. On the pleasures of the voyage I must not touch, suffice it to say I enjoyed it from first to last, and was heartily sorry when we reached Cape Town. It seemed almost like leaving home again when I quitted the ship, and landed alone in a strange place, for of course the people from the Salt Farm could not come so far to meet me. I did feel a little lump in my throat when the steamer got alongside, and I saw the rapturous greetings between those who rushed on board to meet their absent ones. It seemed to me all were met but myself. At last feeling a more solitary girl than I have ever felt in my life, I drove from the *Gaul* in a hansom driven by a Malay, to a boarding-house, the address of which had been given me.

To the great relief of my mind I found they were able to take me in. I stayed there a few days before starting on the long journey up-country. I was delighted with Cape Town and its surroundings, which are very beautiful. The wild flowers are simply gorgeous and very plentiful. To me it was amusing to see the many coloured people (five to every one white) of every nationality, and wearing in some cases most picturesque costumes. It was with feelings of regret I left Cape Town one Sunday night and started on my long journey. I had no choice in the matter, I was obliged to start on a Sunday if I wanted to arrive that week, the post-cart service (part of the way by which I had to travel) not at other times of the week fitting in with the trains. Unfortunately I had a trouble about my luggage. Usually in going up-country it is sent by ox-waggon, and arrives in process of time, but when I wanted to go, I was sorry to hear foot-and-mouth disease had broken out, and ox-waggons were not allowed to cross the border between the Free State and the Transvaal. Consequently I had to take my luggage with me, which was expensive. They allow you very little free, and charge exorbitantly for what is over weight. I left my heavy baggage in Cape Town, and only took one moderate-sized box, for which I had to pay 13s. 6d. for extra weight by rail, and £1 10s. by post-cart. My travelling expenses amounted to £12. and this was second class. Oh, it was a wearisome journey! I started at nine o'clock on the Sunday night, and travelled by rail as far as Warrenton. From there I went on by post-cart to Christiana. This post-cart was drawn by six mules; they were changed twice during the journey, which took four and a half hours.

Christiana is a small place boasting about a hundred inhabitants. A political meeting was being held in the grassy main street when we arrived, and I saw Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal. He was smoking a pipe while the audience asked him questions, and this he would remove for a moment, reply, and put back again.

Mr. Jones, the owner of the Salt Farm, drove to Christiana to meet me, which was very kind, as it meant a day's journey. I was thankful to find he had taken a room for me at the hotel. Such a place! Ant-hills in the corners of the room, a canvas ceiling, through which I could see the roof, and everything else in the same style. However, I got a wash and a sleep, both of which I sadly needed. We were on the road again next morning at five o'clock, and did eighteen miles before breakfast. We finally reached our destination at sun-down after seventy-two hours travelling on my part. The kind people of the farm gave me such a warm welcome, and I fell in love with Mrs. Jones at once, and have never wavered in my first impression of her. She and her husband are English, and had lately returned from a visit to the old country, so we had much to talk over.

And now I want to tell you a little of what life on a Salt Farm is like. The chief work is obtaining the salt, which is done in this way. Holes are dug in the soil from which a briny spring wells up, the water evaporates, leaving salt. This is collected, and still in the unrefined state, is done up into small packets which are mostly sold to the coloured people. The salt pan as it is called, around the edges of which they continue to work, looks like a big lake away in front of the house, with willow trees, mealies, etc., growing around. This farm contains 8000 acres, and is situated at an altitude of 6000 feet above sea-level. It is fifteen miles from the nearest house, and many miles from any town, consequently as far as possible it was the object of Mr. Jones to be as independent of outside help in the matter of food as possible.

Groceries were sent up once in six months, and with that exception the farm produced what else was wanted. You understand that the salt was the industry of the farm, and cattle, sheep and poultry-rearing, grain-growing, etc., were only carried on as a means of living for the household. The distance was too great to send for coal, so their fuel consisted of dried cow-dung, but this was so prepared as to be perfectly inoffensive, and I should never have guessed what it was.

When I was there we numbered only eleven white people, six of whom were children. All the labour was done by coloured folks, Kaffirs, Bushmen and Boers. Of these there seemed any number about, and at night when they all came up to the homestead for rations they looked quite an army of darkies.

The house is long and white, of one storey, with a thatched roof; the rooms opening one out of the other. To reach my bedroom I had to pass through five rooms. The other bedrooms were at the further end of the house. I could not help thinking, if I screamed in the night no one could hear me, and just at first I felt a wee bit nervous, for they had no locks on any of the doors, only latches, nor any fastenings on the windows, and there were any number of Kaffirs, snakes, and horrid crawley things about.

Mrs. Jones led a more than busy life. She was up early and worked hard all day, having to make the bread, see to the cooking, superintend the dairy, sew for the family, in fact, she regularly slaved. I did admire her energy and disposition to make the best of things. Naturally she loved society, was fond of reading, and it was most praiseworthy the way she tried to keep up with the times, making leisure to read the magazines and papers of the day which came from Cape Town. She had a governess for the children, and all being fond of music, they often had musical evenings.

But oh! the solitude, the loneliness! Unless you have been right up-country away from civilisation you cannot realise it. Kind as they were to me, I felt I could not live or rather vegetate all my life in such a place. Living in such solitude has many drawbacks. One is the lack of a church, and another, there is no doctor within eighty miles. And, oh! it does seem such a long way from England, and so utterly out of the world. Then the Post is a most uncertain affair, for it is only occasionally they can drive into the town, which is a long journey off, and your letters and newspapers reach you in no other way.

Unexpectedly, my stay was shortened to six weeks instead of six months, as was originally intended.

When I arrived, the middle of December, the weather was perfect. We had chronic sunshine and refreshing cool breezes, and I was feeling wonderfully well. Soon however my throat began to trouble me. I wrote to a doctor at Cape Town for a remedy, but it took ten days to come. He said if my throat continued painful, no doubt it was caused by the air at such an altitude passing over the salt pan, proving too irritating. I grew so much worse, that arrangements were made for me to return to Cape Town.

The Christmas spent at the Salt Farm was one of the jolliest in my life. On Christmas Eve we all sat up till twelve o'clock, a violent thunder-storm was going on, but it usually thunders some part of the day in the Transvaal. We told ghost stories and reached an eerie stage of feeling, when twelve struck, then we all shook hands one with the other, sang "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," and retired to rest. Next morning the excitement of the children was beautiful to see. Presents were put on every one's plate at the breakfast-table; the room was decorated with willow and mimosa, and looked very pretty.

Mr. Jones conducted a service during the morning, to which the coloured people also came.

We had a regular English dinner, a bullock had been killed for the occasion, and the pudding contained the money, ring and thimble of old renown. Some visitors from Kimberley were spending the festive season on the farm, and in the evening the young folks had a gay time, with tableaux and dancing, the blacks forming a very appreciative audience.

One night about the beginning of the new year, it had been too hot to go out by day, so we all took a walk by moonlight.

We went to some huts across the veldt and saw a number of Kaffirs and Basutos dancing.

They play a monotonous tune on the concertina, and the blacks in curious costume dance away with a peculiar sort of revolving step. It looked so weird by moonlight.

I cannot imagine anything more health-

giving than life on the veldt, though in a few cases, as in mine, the air has been proved to be too irritating.

As I had to return to Cape Town so much sooner than was expected, Mrs. Jones kindly said she would hurry on her plans, and travel with me. She had for some time talked of placing the orphaned niece she was mothering in a good school at Cape Town. Accordingly one Saturday we started by bullock-waggon, which took us as far as Warrenton, and occupied four days. We had twelve oxen, and trecked three times in the twenty-four hours. We rather enjoyed it by day, but at night it was horrid, for the waggon jolted dreadfully. After dark we enjoyed sitting on the waggon-rail, watching the wonderful stars, and feeling the air cooler and more refreshing. It was a strange Sunday, camping right out on the open veldt, with the glorious blue sky overhead. We took the train at a little siding called Border, only one tiny tin house in the place—no station, of course. The scene that last night was really picturesque. Imagine the lonely veldt, then there was our bright fire, the black boys (our drivers) lying around it, the waggon looming up, and the cattle sighing and puffing. Myriads of stars, and the Southern Cross flaming away, and we all crouched on a karoos, talking quietly, as befitted the scene, waiting for the train.

At 2.30 A.M. we got into the middle of the line, and waved a red light to stop the train; there was not a soul about, it seemed quite weird, and I was glad not to be alone. I was glad to feel myself going further and further away from this hideous, God-forsaken looking country, so utterly flat and treeless. The railway journey occupied rather more than two days, making a six days' journey in all. I felt quite excited as we neared Cape Town and caught the first view of the sea; why, I felt close to England!

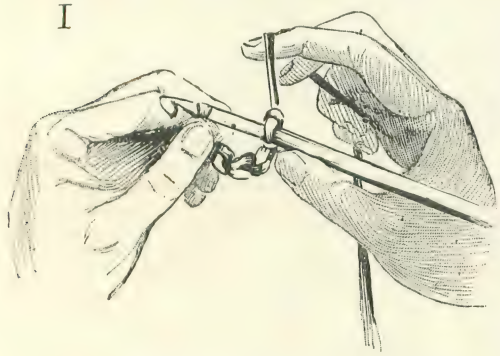
I must now bring this brief sketch to a close, and before doing so must confess I am lonely no more. In Cape Town I met my ideal, and I most emphatically can say, "Marriage is not a failure." I feel I owe a deep debt of gratitude to South Africa for giving me first of all renewed health, and then the kindest and best of husbands. R. M. W.

A PRETTY BED-QUILT.

USING UP THE ODD PIECES.

"WHAT can I do with all these odds and ends of wool?" is a question one often asks when necessity calls for a thorough clearing out of work-baskets and drawers, when short

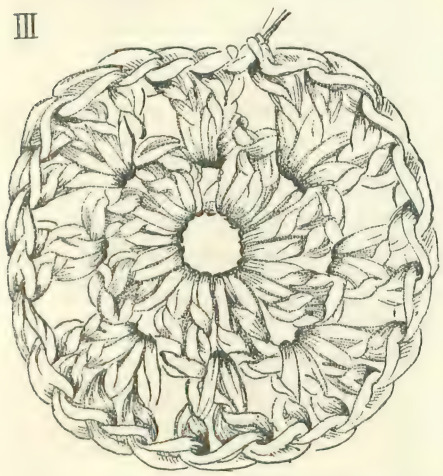
I



lengths of wool of every shade and thickness have been accumulating for months and even years, and almost invariably the answer is, "Throw them away, they are quite useless."

Yet these same despised fragments might have been worked up into the prettiest of bed-quilts and covers for perambulators for poor people, who value them extremely both for their warmth and brightness; they give to the cottage or the attic just the bit of

III



colour wanted; and to the sick or crippled children in their perambulators they are a perpetual source of pleasure and amusement.

There are many ladies who would only be too glad to work for the poor and sick if they knew in what direction to employ their efforts, and it is for these and all who have a little leisure that the following directions are given.

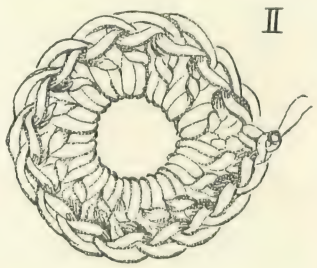
Just a few hints to start with. A fair sized crochet hook is required, and the work must not be tightly done, as it spoils the effect.

Double crochet consists in putting the wool once over the needle before making a stitch; in single crochet you omit this.

All kinds of wool can be used in the same quilt, for Shetland and other thin wools may be doubled or trebled to match "fingering" or "single Berlin," except for the outside edge where only black "fingering" or "single Berlin" may be used.

Every colour under the sun may be used indiscriminately for the centres; the greater the variety the more charming the quilt, indeed the effect is much

II



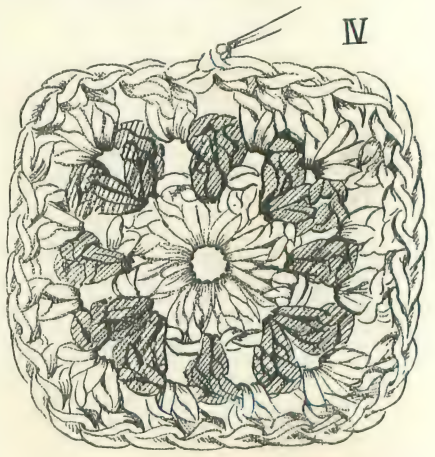
prettier if you mix the colours with Oriental recklessness rather than try to harmonise or shade them.

Now to business. Select a length of wool, say, two yards, of any colour you like, and crochet a chain of six stitches, see Diagram I.; join this in a circle and work into it sixteen stitches of double crochet, Diagram II., fasten off and you have a little star.

If you consider each two of the sixteen stitches you have just made as one, you will have eight spaces.

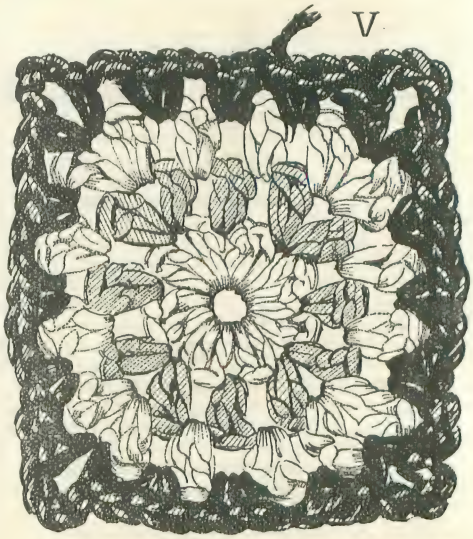
Now take a rather longer fragment of wool, it may be blue, green or any colour you please, and work two double crochet stitches into the first space, and four double into the second space; two double into the third space, and four double into the fourth; two double into the fifth space, and four double in the sixth; two double into the seventh space and four double into the eighth; fasten off at the point from which you started, and you have completed the second stage, see Diagram III.

IV



Take a yet longer length of a wholly different colour and work two double stitches on either side of the stitch, consisting of two

V



double crochet in the row just complete, and in the middle of the four make four double stitches again. Continue this till you come

to the point from which you started, and if you look at Diagram IV. you will find you have four corners and two stitches between each corner.

Now discard colours for the time and take black "single Berlin" or "Fingering."

For this last stage single crochet is imperative.

Work two stitches between each group of two and make two chain between; but when you come to the groups of four, work one stitch in the centre, then three chain and lastly another stitch, all into the same centre, see Diagram V.

Now suppose you have two squares complete down to the black edging just described, place the wrong sides together and single crochet them, using the little loops provided by the two and three chain.

This forms a little ridge on the right side; you can add others as you get them ready, making the quilt as large or as small as you wish.

Do not line it, as it is healthier without a lining, and if all ends are neatly finished off it will look as well on the wrong side as the right.

I have taught many servants about to marry how to make these quilts for their new homes. I see that many of those whose "daily round" is given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER use their leisure in crocheting either for themselves or others, and I think they would be glad to know what to do with odds and ends of wool.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BADENOCH ARMS.

THE winter wore away. Morag enjoyed her weekly readings and writings in her solitude. And she made a stand in their defence. For one Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Cay came into the kitchen, and glancing with strong disapproval at the outspread book, remarked reproachfully—

"I am sorry to see you are not at the quilt, Annie," Morag answered, very quietly and gently—

"This is my evening out, ma'am."

Mrs. Cay cast upon her a look of unutterable significance, and retired to the parlour without another word.

Morag often thought of the poor wild girl whose suggestion had opened up this pleasant variety in her monotonous life. Miss Soutar had carried out her intention of writing to Robina, and her letter had educed a message, brought to the school-house by the pot-boy, "that Miss MacTavish thanked Miss Soutar kindly, and would be calling on her some evening soon," a promise which secured delay, and was never fulfilled.

As for Morag herself she was little likely to see Robina, as she was scarcely outside Mrs. Cay's house through the winter, save for Sunday evening service, and her rare visits to Miss Soutar. On one of these occasions she thought she heard Robina's light laugh rise from the centre of a group of idlers, lounging in the shadows of the market-cross. Remembering Miss Soutar's warning, this seemed neither fit place nor season of meeting, and poor Morag sped away half-frightened. Yet at the end of the street she paused, questioning herself, and returned on her own steps. But the group at the market-cross had dispersed, and Robina MacTavish was nowhere to be seen.

The Sunnyside Association did have a little exhibition of its home-made "greeting cards" at Christmas, and Miss Soutar took Morag's and put hers with the rest, and one of them was "Highly Commended" by the two ladies who were made judges of the work. Morag sent six, and they were all admired. Miss Soutar herself brought them back to Mrs. Cay, that Morag might get the use of them for the season of remembrance and good wish.

The girl pored over them. Yes, of course she must send one to the household in the Talbot Road. She chose one of the showiest, with some bits of rare fern and rather bright leaf, the card bearing the legend, "A Happy New Year to you." Certainly she wished her aunt and Gladys to have a happy new year, though her happiness and theirs might not be of the same material. Then she felt that, after all, she would like to put something beside Mrs. Cay's breakfast-plate on New Year's Day, and she set aside another card with the same legend, and a rather more sombre wreath. The highly commended performance, with its verse from Wordsworth, and its soft trail of moss, was for Miss Soutar herself.

Three cards remained. Well, that with the dried heartsease and the words, "With all best wishes" should be sent to Miss MacTavish at the Badenoch Arms, and Morag wrote on the back of it "From M. Henderson, at Mrs. Cay's."

She wrote also on the back of the others. Nevertheless she folded them in soft white paper, and stored them away in her writing-case. Those two cards were almost alike. Both had real ivy leaves and little sprays of forget-me-nots, which Morag had painted in with infinite effort. One was inscribed, "With loving memories," and the other "For Auld Lang Syne." And on the back of the first she had written, "For Elspeth, from Morag," with the date, and on the other simply, "Hamish." Perhaps some day, if ever she found them, she would give them these.

Morag said to herself that she need expect no souvenirs this season, and yet she found that she did watch for the postman's knock, and did cherish a fancy that her aunt or Gladys would remember her at the last moment, and send her a card or a calendar. But Christmas Day and New Year's Eve passed and the postman never came near the house at all. She and her mistress retired to rest at their usual hour on New Year's Eve, but Morag lay awake and heard the people in the Market Square shout their welcome to the New Year, and listened to the flying steps of eager first-footers hurrying through the streets. She cried a little. There is perhaps nothing harder to bear in this world than the feeling of being left out of everything. Where there can be any sense of community, even in loss and sorrow, there is some comfort.

Next morning, just for one moment, she thought to herself, "What is the use of giving the card to Mrs. Cay? I can't profess to care for her, and she won't care for it. If she gave her thoughts to such things she would have made some little difference in the house. I'd be ready to share anything if I'd had anything; but when nobody has even thought of me, what is the use of my doing anything?"

But there was another and better voice audible in Morag's soul. It was not very articulate, but it seemed to remind her that Jesus had not bidden us to do unto others as others have done to us, but to do unto others as we wish others had done to us, which is a very different thing, and which, if universally obeyed, would make the whole world to blossom with happiness within a week's time!

So Morag put the card beside the plate, and set out the table, and retired into the kitchen to wait till her mistress came downstairs and called her. She heard Mrs. Cay descend. She did not call her in as quickly as usual. But when she did, and the girl shyly raised her eyes to the old lady's eyes, it seemed, to her surprise, as if the hard eyes were red.

"Thank you for the card, Annie," she said. "You have made it quite neatly. But I take very little account of anniversaries nowadays."

She spoke coldly and drily, though not unkindly. Little as Morag guessed it, her mistress had done a battle with herself over that card. The poor old lady had sons, who had both gone away and married, and forgotten her, except that their wives wrote after another baby was born, or when a baby died. Their mother never let them know that she cared—she knew bitterly that it would not matter if she did. But so keen was the hard woman's constant pain, that

when she saw Morag's little offering, her first impulse was to fling it on the fire, because a stranger had thought of civility to her, when "her own" did not remember love!

Yet she too had her narrow sense of what was right. "The girl had meant well. It was not her fault that others did not do their duty." And then a few tears had come—the slow scalding tears of old age.

Over her breakfast, her suspicious nature re-asserted itself. Even her jealous maternal pride clung to it. "I don't suppose my boys are worse than other people. I daresay they remember to be civil to their employers or customers."

So when Morag returned to the parlour, Mrs. Cay said tentatively—

"I hope you didn't forget to send a card to your Aunt Henderson, Annie."

"Oh no, ma'am," answered Morag. "I got it posted yesterday. She'll have it at breakfast this morning."

"I suppose everybody receives decent behaviour except me," was Mrs. Cay's silent reflection. "Of course this girl feels indebted to her aunt because she is only her aunt, and needn't have had anything to do with her if she hadn't chosen. I'm my boys' mother, and I suppose they feel they had a right to all I could do for them."

What would she have thought had she known of the card for Miss Soutar, and for the barmaid at the Badenoch, and the two cards actually put away? Very likely she would have only said that it proved Morag acted from no sense of duty, but just as she enjoyed to act!

For poor Mrs. Cay was one of those unhappy people who feel there is something quite inferior in being so right, that it is easy and joyful to do what is right. Such would think a bird's flight more commendable if it rose with a shriek instead of with a song!

While Morag was going through her morning's work upstairs, the door-bell rang and the mistress herself went to answer it. It was Miss Soutar who had called with a letter and a packet for Morag. The infant-mistress looked so bright and beaming that her apparent contentment was an offence to Mrs. Cay's sore spirit.

"She hasn't any children to forget her," she thought grimly. "I reckon she doesn't care for anybody more than it's quite easy to tell 'em, and that sort always get back three times what they give."

How could such as Mrs. Cay imagine that the smiling service which Miss Soutar rendered on every side was simply her measure of what she would have liked to receive from dear cruel hands which withheld everything—not in hard cold indifference as was the case with the Cays, who had derived their nature and their training from their mother herself—but in implacable and undue wrath which was but the deadly frozen form of the very heat whose intensity it could not forgive.

So Morag had her little bit of New Year remembrance after all. But she could not help thinking that the best bit was a sort of change in the relationship between her mistress and herself. Morag thought that Mrs. Cay seemed kinder. In reality, the change was all in Morag!

The year was only a very few days old when Nigle got a sensation in the rumour that the barmaid of the Badenoch arms was missing! A few hours later, it was whispered that she was clearly missing of her own will and purpose, and next day the *Nigle Runner* came out with a flaming headline announcing—

"Elopement of a Local Barmaid," and the *Precinct Post* followed up with the more sentimental announcement—

"Romantic Love Affair in Nigle."

Of course the papers were eagerly bought up by the local gossips. As a matter of fact, they had wonderfully little to tell. Morag, who heard the newsboys shouting their contents, looked in the copy which her mistress regularly took, and this was all she read.

"We understand that the heads of a popular house of entertainment for man and beast (not a hundred miles from our market square) were yesterday thrown into great consternation, by the discovery that a young woman in their employment was nowhere to be found. A little inquiry, however, satisfied them that as she had carefully gone away in her very best finery, they had little reason to fear that her disappearance was due to suicide or any other of the tragic causes which had, at first, been mooted. A letter from the girl herself soon set them completely at rest. The young lady, who is of most attractive appearance and vivacious manners, announces that she has gone away to be immediately married to a young gentleman of wealth and position who, judging that his relatives might be averse to the match, desires secrecy until he can propitiate them and prepare his bride to make fit entrance into a very different sphere of society. We are sure that all of those who have had opportunity of knowing her in that which she has already adorned, will envy the bridegroom while they wish well to the bride."

So much for the penny-a-liner. Of course, all Nigle was agog! The man "of wealth and position" must be a local man, and if so, who? Name after name of young men who had lately left their parents' homes for business or study were most unjustifiably gossiped over; some with a certain amount of reason drawn from fast habits and doubtful associations, others for no reason whatever, but because it was said "still waters run deep," and "one never knew."

Mrs. Cay remarked to her friends that she always knew that MacTavish girl was a downright bad one, and that she pitied the poor young man she'd befooled, and she pitied his friends even more. And the Nigle servant-girls observed to each other that it was only the barmaids who got the grand chances in life, and when the landlady of the Badenoch Arms advertised the vacant situation, she got fifty answers by one post, while the doctor's wife, who advertised in the same paper for a good plain cook, with a year's personal character, did not receive a single application.

"What puzzles me so," said Morag, talking over the matter with Miss Soutar, "is, what has become of Jem? I am sure by the way Robina spoke of him that he was a working-man, and he made no secrecy in his courting, for she usually met him in the Cathedral precinct, where she expected him the night she spoke to me."

Miss Soutar shook her head. "I have terrible doubts, Morag," she said.

"What, don't you think she has really gone to be married?" asked Morag in a horrified whisper.

"I think this," said Miss Soutar, "though Robina may be married, and though her husband should prove a nobleman, and the pair should seem to live happy ever after, nothing will alter the fact that a girl who goes to be a barmaid, courts her own destruction, and if we could get at the solid facts behind the tinsel 'romances' with which that career is adorned, they would be a better warning than anything we could say."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

FOR THE DESPONDING.—Either cast your care—great or small—on Him who careth for you, or cast it away from you altogether; if it be unfit for His sympathy it is unworthy of you.

PERSONAL QUESTIONS.—Whom have you made happier to-day? Whom have you spoken kindly to? Have you been a helper or a hinderer? Well will it be for us if every day we can make sure that we have been a blessing to somebody.

A HARD THING.—One of the hardest of tasks sometimes is to believe that she is honest who does not look at things exactly as we do.

IS IT SO?—Rubinstein, the famous pianist, not long before his death was bold enough to assert that the great increase of women composers and executants was one of the signs of the decline in the art of music.

READY TO FORGIVE.—If we could know all it would not be so hard to forgive all.

HOW TO SPEAK KIND WORDS.—If you would speak kind words you must cultivate kind feelings.

STRONG PEOPLE.—There are no really strong people in this world but good people.

FASHION CHANGES.

"I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style."

"Kindly take a seat, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing."

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

At this time of the year we have recourse to lamb and veal—both in prime condition—forming as they do a most welcome change in our somewhat limited choice of meats.

Ribs of lamb, bought without the shoulder, is the least expensive part of the animal, and in the opinion of most people, it is the sweetest in flavour. It is economical too. From the neck and scrag part an excellent pie may be made for eating hot or cold; and the remaining piece will be a delicious roast.

Lamb requires gentle roasting and a fire not too brisk—in this particular resembling veal and pork.

A delicious stew from breast of veal is the following, and this also is an inexpensive dish.

Poitrine de veau aux câpres.—About two pounds of the breast of veal is cut into convenient pieces some two inches in length. Each piece is rolled in seasoned flour, then laid in a stewpan. A slice of unsmoked bacon or salted pork is cut into strips and laid over the meat, also three or four spring onions finely chopped, three or four leaves of fresh sorrel, thyme, etc., with a sprinkling of seasoning; then pour over a teacupful of warm water and set the stewpan in a corner of the oven to cook gently for an hour and a half. When quite tender, take out the meat and arrange neatly on a hot dish. Remove the fat from the gravy, and then add to it half a small bottleful of capers with about a tablespoonful of the vinegar. Make hot and pour over the meat.

A dish of spinach should accompany this, then it becomes true summer faring.

A Veal Pie is an excellent reserve or picnic dish. Was it not "Sam Weller" who pronounced it good "for mellering the orgin?"

A slice off the leg near to the knuckle, or piece from the shoulder blade makes up in this way better than the expensive fillet. Shape neat pieces, flour them slightly, and sprinkle in among them strips of unsmoked bacon or ham, a spoonful of minced sweet herbs, slices of hard boiled egg, and fill up spaces with small forcemeat balls. Add just enough clear well-seasoned stock to cover the meat, and covering the pie with a lid, allow it to simmer gently for at least an hour. Make a rather rich "short" or "flakey" crust, roll it out to half an inch in thickness, fit it over the pie, then brush with beaten egg and ornament according to fancy. Let the crust also be well baked.

Braised Leg of Lamb.—When the joint is not to be eaten until cold this is a far better way of cooking it than roasting.

To braise properly doubtless requires a braising-pan, but an excellent substitute for this is an earthenware or stone jar (glazed, of course) with well-fitting lid. Whatever the vessel, it must be large enough to take in the whole joint and allow of the lid to fit securely down.

A small teacupful of water, or a little clear dripping is all that is needed in addition to the meat, although a bunch of sweet herbs may be put in for the sake of their flavour.

Very gentle cooking for some three or four hours in a slow oven will be needed according to the weight of the piece. When done let the vessel be put aside in the larder that the meat may cool in its own gravy, only tilting the lid slightly that the steam may escape. The gravy will be found a solid jelly when cold and may be used for ornamenting the joint. The latter will be proved to be much more juicy and tender than when simply roasted, and its weight not so much lessened.

Veal Cutlet aux Petits pois.—Take about a pound and a half of veal cutlet, cut it into pieces two inches square. Dip each one in beaten egg and breadcrumbs and fry on both sides in very clear fat until nicely browned.

Stew the peas by preference, rather than boil them, doing them in a covered stewpan with a little butter, seasoning, a spring onion and half a lettuce. They will take about half an hour to cook them through, and should be ready by the time the cutlet is done. Remove the lettuce and onion and pour the peas into the middle of a round dish, heaping them towards the centre. Place the veal around the outer edge, and pour a small quantity of nicely-made and slightly thickened gravy around also.

Veal Croquettes.—The remains of cold roast or boiled veal to be minced finely with a little fat bacon or ham and an ounce or two of sausage meat. Mix with enough nicely flavoured gravy to moisten it well, add seasoning and a few breadcrumbs or a tablespoonful of mashed potato.

Roll out a sheet of very light flakey pastry, not too thin, cut into small rounds and place a teaspoonful of mince in the centre of each; roll up the pastry and close the edges with a touch of egg.

Have ready a saucepan containing some boiling lard. Drop each croquette into this and fry them until slightly browned and crisp. Serve on a d'oyley and garnished with parsley.

Tomatoes are plentiful and cheap this month. An excellent and savoury dish is:—

Stuffed Tomatoes.—For this choose them of even size and rather large. Scoop out a piece from the stalk end and take a portion of the inside with it; in place of this put a spoonful of savoury forcemeat highly seasoned, and scatter some breadraspings over the top. Place the tomatoes in a buttered baking-tin and put a few bits of butter among them. Bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes.

Tomatoes cut in quarters and frizzled in the fat make a delicious accompaniment to grilled or fried bacon.

A *purée* of tomatoes (cooked until soft in a little nice dripping, then passed through a sieve), well seasoned and slightly thickened, makes an admirable medium for warming-up the remains of cold meat. The meat should be cut into small, neat pieces and slightly frizzled on both sides before putting it into the *purée*.

With a dish of cauliflower and macaroni boiled and dressed in the usual manner—with or without grated cheese, a pleasant change from white sauce is to serve a *purée* of tomatoes in its place.

Tomato Salad.—Cut them in slices and place in a glass dish laying morsels of ice among them. Make a fringe of sprigs of watercress around the edge of the dish, and dress with pepper, salt and vinegar, oil if liked.

Light Scones (made from sour or "butter"-milk).—Stir a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into a pint of sour or buttermilk until it froths. Rub a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking-powder into a quart of flour. Make into a dough with the milk, roll out to the thickness of an inch, cut into shapes, and bake either in a quick oven or on a girdle. To be eaten either hot or cold, but whilst fresh.

Rice Shape to eat cold with custard or stewed fruit.—A pint and a half of milk and four ounces of best Patna rice; place these in a saucepan with a dozen lumps of sugar, a pinch of salt and a morsel of lemon rind. Let simmer gently for fully an hour or until the rice has absorbed nearly all the milk, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking at the bottom. Pour into a wetted mould, removing the lemon rind. Turn out when cold, pour custard or cream around it.

A delicious Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—The secret of success with this is to make the pudding some two or three hours before it is to be cooked. Butter a mould and sprinkle it inside with desiccated cocoanut and shred lemon peel, then about half fill it with pieces of bread and butter without crust, putting them in lightly and sprinkling more cocoanut between. Pour over this a custard made with two beaten eggs and a pint of sweetened milk made hot; let the pudding stand aside covered with a buttered paper, then bake in gentle oven for thirty or forty minutes. Turn out and serve either with more custard (boiled) or cream, or a little dissolved jelly.

Raspberry Cream Tart.—A summer dainty. Roll out some light short pastry, line a shallow tart tin, put in raspberries and sprinkle castor sugar thickly over them; then roll out an upper crust, place it over but do not fasten the edges closely. Ornament, and glaze if you will, then bake the tart, and when done remove the upper crust, pour in half a pint of custard or sixpennyworth of cream, replace the cover and let it stand till cold before it is sent to table. Gooseberry or currant tart may be made the same way, but will not be so rich as the raspberry.

Green Gooseberry Jam.—The berries are best for this purpose when just on the point of turning colour. Pick them on a dry day. Boil the fruit until it is thoroughly cooked before adding the sugar to it, add this in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to a pint of fruit, and boil for twenty minutes after boiling has once well begun. Pour into hot jars. For gooseberry jelly strain the fruit through a jelly bag; a little water may have been added to the berries while cooking to make more juice when they are intended for this purpose. To the strained juice put sugar in proportion of a pound to a pint, boil this also for twenty minutes after it has come to boiling-point. Jam should be kept well stirred, but not so with jelly, which is best left to boil gently until ready to put into jars.

L. H. Yates.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ATTERCLIFFE.—"M.B." are the initial letters that denote the first degree in medicine; "M.D." is indicative of second taken, or "Doctor's Degree." "M.R.C.S." means a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

DOROTHY and CLARA OWEN.—The National Home-Reading Union, for encouraging and directing home-study; Secretary, Miss Mondy, Central Office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

MISS DAVIES and MISS HATHAWAY.—We are happy to comply with your request to give your "Essay Club" a new notice. Intending members must address the Secretary at Habberlay Villa, Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester. Also, Correspondence Lessons, in Italian, French, Composition, etc. Address, Miss Hathaway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

MOTHER.—There are many institutions, or schools, where stammering is cured; we do not advertise them, but your own medical man could give you addresses. You might do a good deal for the child at home, by making him read aloud to you regularly every day. Every syllable must be marked by a rap on the table, keeping time with great regularity and precision. He should rap with a pencil or any little stick simultaneously with yourself. Hesitation in speaking as well as stammering (or repeating the first letter or syllable of a word several times) are most inimical to a boy's prospects in life. The Church, Navy and Army, and the Bar are closed to them; and a seat in the House of Commons.

M. M. D.—You should write to the Secretary of some Blind Asylum for the address you require. Of course they have every necessary appliance for teaching the blind, and could give you all necessary information.

ROSE LONGTON.—Apply to the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., which admits women to the lectures of the Society given daily, and to the exams. The fee is £4 4s. There is also the South London School of Pharmacy at 325, Kennington Road, at which the fees for training for one year amount to £15. Here also women are admitted to the lectures and laboratory. Classes for ladies in practical pharmacy and dispensing are likewise held at the Middlesex College of Chemistry, 40, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W. Apply to the Principal, Mr. F. Herbert Painter.

DOREEN.—You had better procure a manual for teaching "shorthand" at any librarian's, if you do not wish to attend a class.

MUSIC.

STUDENT.—The Royal Alexandra Home for art and musical students, South Kensington, W.

CONTRALTO.—You will probably find in your exercise-book some studies intended to improve breathing. Practice, however, under a teacher, if possible. You must remember that some people have naturally much greater power of maintaining the breath than others.

IDAHO.—The prospectus of the "R. A. M." would probably give the information about the scales.

A. E. J.—1. The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music, and the Royal College of Music, Local Centre Examination. Fee, £2 2s. for one subject, and £1 1s. extra for each additional subject. Examinations are held in Feb., March, and April. Secretary, George Watson, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.—2. The Guildhall School of Music also holds examinations by means of local representation; for information, apply to the Secretary, Mr. F. W. Renant.

C. E. C. and POPSIE.—1. The zither is a very sweet-sounding instrument, and is not so loud as to disturb others; but it is very difficult to acquire any proficiency in playing it, and you should take lessons. Music adapted to it could be supplied by any large music publishing establishment.—2. July 29th, 1870, was a Friday.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—1. The playing of the mandoline (or rather the first learning of that instrument) is rather difficult. All stringed instruments require that the performer should have a correct ear for tune, as well as for time. How long it would take you to learn it, with the aid of a master, we cannot tell you. It depends on your own ability and perseverance, and on the amount of time devoted to its practice.—2. We are not acquainted with the sect you name, but think it seems uncharitable to say that these mission services are carried on "as a cloak for sin." It is a very grave charge. Why should you leave your church or chapel to join a sect about which you admit you know nothing? It may be very unsound in doctrine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOLLY.—Try a soup-plate full of very strong cold green tea sweetened with sugar in your kitchen, and the flies will certainly be attracted to it and be destroyed. Or place it in two or three saucers. A pint of "infusion of quassia," four ounces of brown sugar and two ounces of ground pepper well mixed together and placed in shallow plates or saucers will also be found satisfactory. As for cupboards and shelves infested with ants, camphor is obnoxious to them, and a sponge dipped in creosote.

VIOLET.—"Crinoline" had its origin in the vertugale worn in the 16th century by French and Spanish ladies, and introduced from Spain into England in the reign of Queen Mary under the corrupted name of "farthingale." In the reign of Elizabeth they extended to preposterous dimensions. They remained in fashion till the reign of Charles II., and began to diminish in size and then died out, but returned in the 18th century, and lasted till the adoption of it by maidservants caused its disuse about 1866.

CYCLIST.—The cyclist who has won prizes to the highest amount of value is said to be Mr. A. A. Zimmerman. In 1893 they were computed at 11,848 dollars. These prizes were acquired at thirty-two race meetings given in five different countries.

FLORENCE.—In reply to your query respecting the career adopted by Miss Millicent Fawcett, who took a place above that of the Senior Wrangler in 1890, she adopted the profession of electrical engineer. Another distinguished woman (of London University and Durham College of Science), Miss Mary Bryart, is practising in the same profession with great ability. In engineering, we may add, Miss Annie de Barr is a distinguished and fully qualified professor in Chicago; and so great is Edison's opinion of woman's delicacy of touch and "finer sense about machinery," that he employs no less than 200 of the sex in his extensive works.

NELLY BLY.—We thank you for your useful recipe for getting rid of the tavern-like smell of tobacco smoke from furniture and curtains after the men of the family have been smoking. "Sprinkle some coffee (ground) on a shovel, set fire to it and carry it about the room" and the fumes, which are specially efficacious where disinfecting is desirable, will remove the smell of tobacco.

TINY.—Yes, it is perfectly "lamfull" (lawful) to marry any cousin of whatever degree, unless that cousin were connected with you by some other marriage tie. For instance, you could not marry your deceased sister's husband, nor your widowed stepfather, who might likewise be cousins. You should improve both your spelling and writing. The 14th of January, 1875, was a Thursday.

NORA.—We have made very many suggestions for earning a small amount of money at home, and you should refer to our answers to other inquirers on this subject as well as our articles ("Occupation for Women" for example). If you can knit well, and are so far from shops, you might supply your neighbours with stockings, comforters and mittens, small handkerchief shawls and such like articles, and obtain orders from shops.

B. K. L.—You send us prose, not "poetry" either good or bad. It is irregular in the length of the lines, no regular beat (or emphasis), no rhymes, and is certainly not in any respect "blank verse." Your young friend should study the best examples of metre of various kinds.

GIUSEPPA.—According to English and divine law marriage is legal with a cousin of any degree, provided there be no connexion previously formed by marriage. A man cannot marry his sister-in-law because a cousin, nor a woman her brother-in-law.

A. J. M.—Your verses need rhymes as you are not writing "blank verse." Also, you cannot say, "Is it of he thou dreamest." Your grammar needs attention. You write a nice hand. We are glad you like our answers, and regret there should be space for so few at present.

BRIGHT EYES.—As you are anxious to be guided by our opinion, we have no hesitation in saying, that no woman should under any circumstances make the first advance. It would lower her in the opinion of any sensible, right-minded man. A woman should be won; and she should beware of "making herself cheap." It is simply indelicate to do so.

SNOBBY.—There is only one way of eating cheese. Place a small piece on one of biscuit or bread, so convey it to your mouth. Never employ a knife to do service as a fork or spoon.

E. L. H. (Galway).—We regret to say that the verses are quite below par. For example, you cannot say

"It was the Lord's ordain."

You have confounded the verb with the substantive. "Ordination" would be grammatical, but would not suit the metre. You should make all inquiries respecting books at our publishing office.

A LITTLE GIRL.—The original county town of Middlesex was Westminster. The river Brent rises near Chipping-Barnet, Herts, and flows into the Thames at Brentford, and thus it is in Middlesex. After the accession of James I. Westminster and London were united

TEACHER.—We do not answer puzzles for competitors. You must earn the prize for yourself honestly.

DISTRESSED ONE.—We fear the peculiar indications you name, and with which we are entirely unacquainted, point to a very disordered state of health. You had better show yourself to a "skin doctor" or go to a hospital for "Diseases of the Skin" for advice.

"NIOBE ALL SMILES."—Of course the use of the word "My" prefixed to "dear" indicates a greater feeling of affection. You may address a mere stranger as "Dear Madam or Sir," and "Dear Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So." "My" is a term of appropriation, and indicates a closer connection and greater intimacy. Your writing is legible and fairly good, but not graceful nor artistic.

SAILOR LASS.—You are too young for a stewardess. For such a situation application should be made at the various great shipping offices.

ROYAL NAVY.—Consult "Whitaker's Almanack" for such information. If you or your friends can tack yourselves on to the Thorpes of Coddington Hall, Notts, and Ardbreknish, in Argyleshire, their arms are described as Az a fesse arg. between three lions rampant or and the Crest, On a Chapeau gu. turned up erm. a stag ppr. No motto. "Thorp" without the final "e" does not appear either in "the Landed Gentry" nor in the "Peerage."

DAISY.—Greasing your hands after washing them at night, and wearing gloves till morning may help in the removal of dirt in the cracks produced by soda and hot water.

THREE ADMIRERS OF THE "G. O. P."—Tell your mother, and ask her opinion, and be guided by her counsel in future.

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A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE GIRLS ASCENDED A BROAD FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS."

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It was a day of great excitement to both Katharine and Nora when they mingled with a stream of girls taking their way towards the Clevedon Hill High School. This was a large and imposing building, fitted up with every appliance to make study agreeable and healthful. The girls ascended a broad flight of outer and inner stone steps and found themselves in a beautiful hall, with a platform at one end, an organ at the other, and a carven roof. High along one side ran a gallery with balustrades, leading to the different class-rooms and to the studio, which was separated by a glass partition from the upper end of the hall. Pictures, all good and choice, engravings of works by the great masters, hung upon the walls.

The first duty was to lay aside outdoor dress in the cloak-room below, where each girl had her appointed place; then all met in the hall for prayers. The new girls, who formed no inconsiderable contingent of the two hundred pupils, kept together, with a sense of strangeness. The head-mistress, Miss Seymour, a tall, dignified woman with a kind, thoughtful face and very keen dark eyes, now appeared on the platform, surrounded by her subordinates, save one, who took her place at the organ. The fresh young voices were blended in a hymn, asking the Divine blessing and sanction upon daily work and daily duty.

Katharine felt, in spite of herself, touched and impressed. Was she accustomed to refer all the acts of life to a standard beyond the earthly one? Her life at Belle-Rive, though she attended the English church regularly, had been but little affected by the influence of religion. It did not enter into her daily life. The words of the hymn she sung on this first morning were destined to follow and influence her.

Prayers were over, and the head-mistress went through the roll-call. When the pupils had answered to their names she dismissed all excepting the "new girls." She approached the little group of strangers, and with a pleasant smile and word of greeting to each, bade them follow her to a class-room for the preliminary examination.

Katharine sat on the high-backed chair before her desk (each made on the most hygienic of principles) with a feeling of angry despair. How on earth was she to answer the questions written on three blackboards before her, in history, geography, arithmetic? Her knowledge on these subjects might have been described in the words of Lewis Carroll, as—

"A perfect and absolute blank."

The other girls, some much younger than herself, were glibly writing away; she stared at her paper with eyes that were blinded by slowly-gathering tears. Forgetful of her music she began to wish she might study French and German, that she might startle Miss Seymour by the correctness of her knowledge.

However, by dint of foraging about in her memory, she managed to write something in her queer, cramped, angular hand on two or three of the questions set. Nora appeared to be at no loss, but then she had been to a good school in Melbourne, as Katharine knew.

At eleven o'clock there was a welcome interruption, and the girls streamed downstairs to purchase biscuits, buns, cakes, and glasses of milk at a counter on the ground-floor; after which they went into the covered gymnasium for recreation.

The morning ended at length, and Katharine and Nora walked home, wondering what would be the result of their preliminary examination. Katharine's loudly-expressed dismay drew from her uncle at dinner the sensible remark—

"You don't go to school to show off your knowledge, my dear, but to study. The less you know, the more need there is for you to learn. So don't be disheartened, but do your best."

The next morning the girls were all allotted to their different classes. Nora was in the fifth form, but Katharine's apprehension was justified, it must be confessed, by finding herself among girls, very much her juniors, in the fourth. No one, however, seemed aghast or indignant, or in any way disturbed by this circumstance, and Miss Seymour spoke a few encouraging words to her new pupil.

"Oh yes, my dear, I know you have been so much abroad that you are behindhand in these English subjects, and you see, if I were to put you with girls who are well-advanced in them, you would have a constant struggle to keep up, and, probably, feel bewildered at the outset; but you will work well, and soon get promotion."

Each form had a mistress of its own. Katharine was favourably impressed by hers, a brisk, tall young lady, with a rapid enunciation and a clear way of teaching. The morning passed quickly away, and she and Nora, who had been separated during its hours, were interested to compare notes as they walked home to luncheon.

"Oh, there are two forms between me and Nora, auntie. It sounds as if there were not, as I am in the fourth and she in the fifth, but there are above me, the upper fourth, and the fifth remove."

"Ah, well, it wasn't so when I was a girl, and there were not all these fusses about forms, and so on; we were content to call them classes," observed Mrs. Lovell comfortably. "However, I suppose it's all right, so long as they don't work you too hard, my dears."

The life of the cousins was planned out differently. Nora was to follow the curriculum of the school throughout and to return there after luncheon to study her lessons for the next day. Katharine on the other hand was only taking certain English subjects; her preparation could be partly done at school each morning, and, as Mr. Lovell had foreshadowed, she would have the afternoon largely to herself, for the purpose of practising. How she longed for the beginning of her musical studies!

When she had been at the High School a few days, the all-important hour arrived. She found herself one of a number of expectant pupils, crowding the waiting-room in the "National School of Music." Beside her sat her aunt. Katharine had been elated and eager, but in spite of herself she began to feel nervous as the time went on. A man in uniform appeared at intervals shouting a surname in a gloomy and fate-like manner. Katharine felt very hostile to the other girls, who were, some evidently getting cross at the delay, some agitated, some lethargic: at last the name "Lovell" was shouted, and she was led to a great room.

At a table sat a secretary in spectacles, with a huge book; at another table sat the Principal of wide renown, Sir Michael Harrington, who was to hear Katharine play and allot her a fitting teacher. An imposing "grand" appeared before her.

The summons sent by post had bidden Katharine bring "music she could perform" to the interview, and eager to produce a good impression, she had been practising hard at Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*. "Play something difficult and showy, my dear; do not let him think you're nobody," Aunt Margaret had urged. "Play something short and easy you can play *well*," her uncle had advised. But Katharine was certain she could produce an impression by the *Variations Sérieuses*, and ambitious to make a good beginning, had resolved to select that for her *début*.

Sir Michael Harrington was a middle-aged gentleman, slightly bald, with a short brown beard, kind though very searching eyes behind gold spectacles, and a courteous encouraging manner. He wore a black gown, which made him seem rather alarming to the neophyte. When Katharine walked to the piano with no music under her arm, he looked a little surprised, but made no remark. She played the slow majestic air with breadth and feeling; he listened attentively. The silence of the great room around the music began to grow appalling. Katharine's heart gave a sudden throb as she thought of the stupendous length and difficulty of her chosen piece. It seemed to her that her fingers were careering along with less precision and brilliance than usual; she began to think of herself, not of her music, which is a fatal error for a would-be artist. "What is he thinking of me? Shall I make a good impression? Oh dear, oh dear, what does come next? Can I be going to break down? I wish I had taken my uncle's advice and played Bach's Gavotte. But I thought I knew this! Oh! oh! I must stop soon! I hope I shan't cry! I wish the floor would open and hide me!"

Katharine was indeed "confounding herself" now; she grew confused, harked back to a former bar, grew confused again, and after wild, frantic efforts,

careering in all directions over the keyboard, to try and cover her despair, she suddenly threw up her hands and hid her face in them. "I can't, oh, I can't," she wailed.

"A *little* ambitious," said a kind even voice. "Do not be discouraged. That is extremely difficult music for a student of your age to play by heart."

Katharine felt she must recover herself, or perish in the attempt. What should she do? Rise from the piano and confess to failure? Never! She could see that Sir Michael was about to bid her leave the keyboard. "I will play you something of my own, an Autumn Reverie," she cried, to the astonished hearers, and, palpitating with alarm, yet conscious that this at least was at her finger-tips, she glided into the opening bars of the composition which had been nurtured by the mists, and delicate half tints and glowing colours of a Swiss autumn.

It was very unusual for a new student to burst into original composition, and Sir Michael was interested as well as amused. He was not deceived by the merits of the little piece, which were, as has been said, not phenomenal, but he caught traces in it of decided talent; it was mystical and sweet, showing signs of the influence of Grieg. Katharine played it through with no further mishap, and then sat awaiting the verdict with cheeks that burnt and heart that throbbed.

Sir Michael began to catechise her rapidly as to where she had studied, her German master, and so on. He then said—

"I think it will be well for you to have a German master again, and I shall place you with Herr von Drachenfels. Of course you must also study composition and harmony." He named a professor. "It is easy to see that music is a favourite study of yours. I shall look forward with great interest to hearing of your progress from time to time."

Negotiations followed with the gentleman of the large book as to hour and date of lessons, which were both fixed for Saturday morning; then the interview was over, ended by a kindly farewell and smile from the Principal.

Was this all? Katharine felt rather disappointed as she withdrew. She had entertained wild visions of what would ensue! She would have liked Sir Michael to fall into a condition of breathless excitement; to hear him exclaim, "What have we here? This indeed is genius! The National School of Music will gain lustre by the introduction of this votary."

Why, oh why? had she broken down at the critical point *au beau milieu* of the *Variations Sérieuses?* "I knew it! I knew it *quite well!*" she cried to the sympathetic ear of her aunt, who sat in the waiting-room ready to escort her back.

She repeated this over and over again on the homeward drive with an accent of such vexation, that Mrs. Lovell, although herself slightly disappointed and surprised at the outcome of her advice, fell to consoling her.

"That you did, my dear! I'll answer for it, for you played it so beautifully to us last night. However, what does it matter? Sir Michael won't take it to heart, don't you fear. He's forgotten all about it by this time. Why, bless you! he's used to hear people break down every day! he won't think anything of it."

This was not quite the strain of comfort Katharine wanted; but she found some relief in reflecting that at least people did not play an original composition every day to the Principal of the National School of Music, and that she would have many opportunities later on of producing an impression upon him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

AND ITS SOLUTION.

By HARRY HALL, B.A.

PART I.

THE READING OF THE RIDDLE: LANGUAGE AND WRITING OF EGYPT.

THE Riddle of the Sphinx! We all know the old Greek tale of the Sphinx, "the beast with the face and breast of a very fair woman, but the feet and claws of a lion, who was wont to ask a riddle of such as encountered her," a riddle which Œdĭpûs* the Kadmeian alone of men was able to solve; we know Flaxman's drawing of her sitting on her crag, while Œdipus, with spear in hand and petasos hanging on his back, stands in front of her answering her riddle; and to all the great impassive form which rests in the sands of Gîzeh, with its mighty background of pyramids, is familiar: we know it, it is the Sphinx. The very word seems to call up in our minds ideas of mystery and gloom; the thing itself, if we have seen it either with our own eyes or with those of the Sun, seems, with its grand impassive face looking through us, over us, towards the distant horizon, to be, indeed, the incarnation of all mystery, to be eternally asking the question—"Tell Me, what am I?"

The Sphinx of Hellas found her Œdipus—has her Egyptian prototype ever yet found his? Some will shake their heads in doubt, others will boldly tell you "no." Ignorantly, for he (the Egyptian Sphinx was masculine) has, indeed, found his Œdipus, now seventy years ago, and his name was Champollion. He it was who first answered the riddle which many others had essayed to answer and had failed; it is upon the foundation of his work that the modern science of "Egyptology" has been built up.

"Egyptology"! the word seems almost as mysterious as "Sphinx." What does it portend to the average reader? Chiefly mummies, we fear, with hazy ideas of pyramids, two kings, one named "Pharaoh" and the other "Rameses," mysterious hieroglyphics, and bird-headed gods—but, first and foremost, mummies. One is told, also, most confidently that "nobody, of course, can read those absurd hieroglyphics and all that!"

And yet it is all so simple and interesting! Now that Champollion has given us the key, the Riddle of the Sphinx can be so easily read! Yet it was many centuries before this Œdipus arose. Greek tourists and Roman soldiers, Christian fathers, grave Arab historians and curious English travellers of the Middle Ages, all had speculated as to the meaning of the countless inscriptions which covered every ruined temple and tomb in the Nile-valley; all had speculated, but with no result. The Renascence turned again the thoughts of the learned beyond Rome and Greece to the primeval civilisation of Egypt, the speculator set again to work, and the results of his work, erroneous, laboured, and *bizarre* though they are, yet were the stepping-stones towards the final unravelling of the mystery by Champollion in 1824.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century there lived a learned Jesuit named Athanasius Kircher. He was learned in all the tongues of the East, but specially was he master of Coptic, the ancient speech of Egypt, which is now extinct, being only used for church services. He rightly reasoned that this must be the language of the Hieroglyphs, and so he set to work to translate them; but he had not the key, he wrongly assumed that every sign he copied was a *symbol* of some abstruse idea, he was still possessed by the ancient idea that behind these birds and beasts and fishes lay an unfathomable mystery of primeval wisdom instead of the ordinary ideas of an ordinary civilised people expressed in the ordinary way. And then, finding he could not really translate the hieroglyphics, he proceeded to something very like imposture; his mighty tomes, which laid claim to the proud title of "Œdipus Aegyptiacus" are simply a farrago of nonsense; as Jablonski said, he "sold smoke." His volumes are curious and amusing, his effrontery amazing.

Zoega, in 1797, was the first to rise above the Kircherian level, and to show that the hieroglyphics were *letters*, not *symbols*, and that the "ovals," or "cartouches," which had puzzled so many inquirers, must contain royal names. But it was the discovery of the famous "Rosetta Stone" which gave the final impulse to the *savants* of Europe, which resulted in the discoveries of Champollion. It stands near the entrance of the Great Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum, this black stone with its triliteral yet bilingual inscription, the Egyptian in the stately

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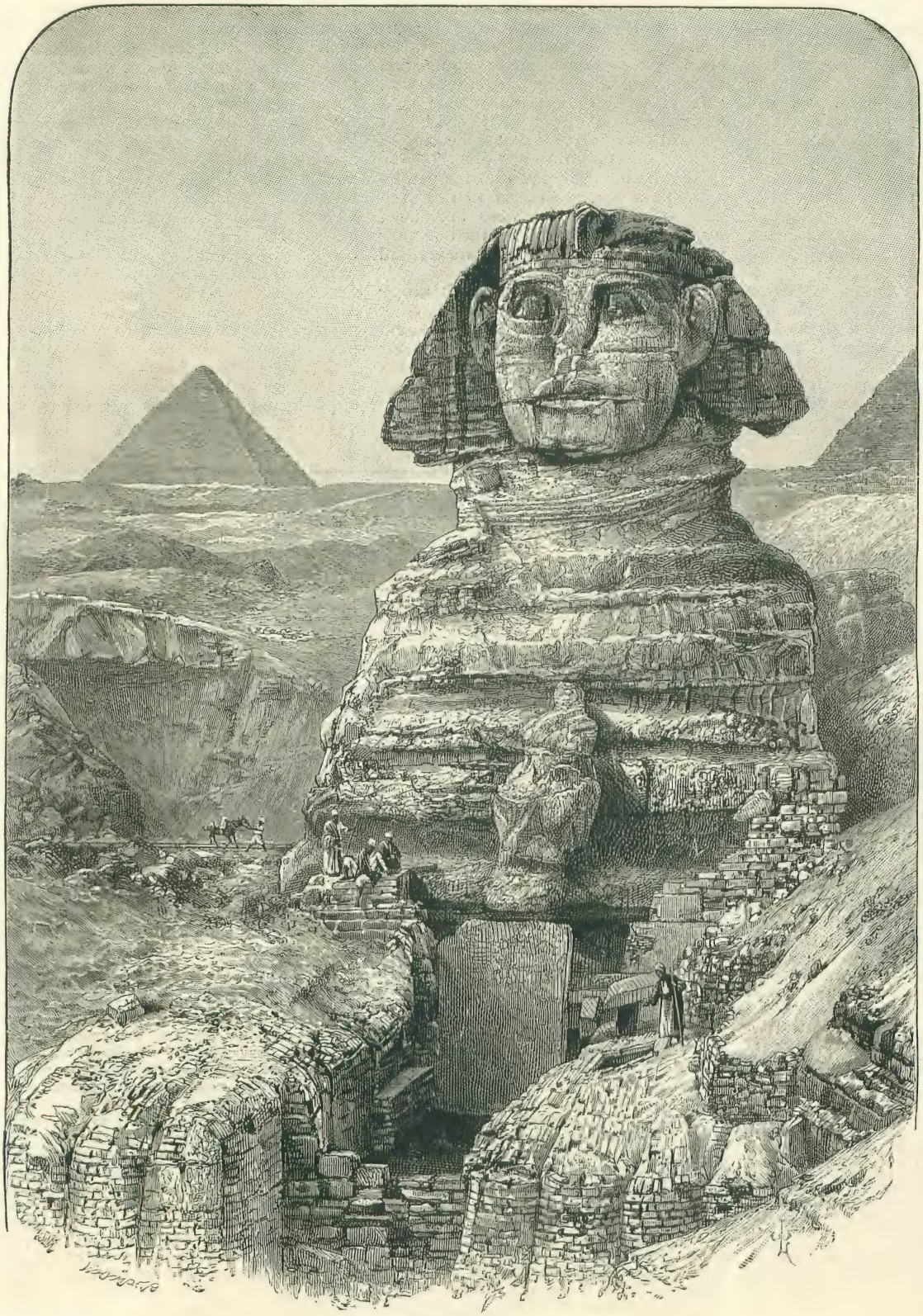
* I hope that no reader will pronounce this "Ee-*die*-pus" or "Ee-dip-us"; it should be pronounced "Oy-dip-oos," and ought to be spelt Oidipous, as the Greek is Οἰδιπους. Eventually we shall no doubt abandon our absurd habit of spelling *Greek* names as if they were *Latin*. It may be remarked here that Egyptian vowels are pronounced as follows—*â* as *a* in *hat*, *ā* as *a* in *father*, *a* as *a* in *ball*, *û* as *oo* in *stool*, *e* as *e* in *met*, *i* as *i* in *machine*, *o* usually long, as in *bone*. Note also that *m̂* is pronounced *em*, *ḫ* very hard, *ḳh* as the *German ch*; thus, *Horûm̂ḳhti* is pronounced something like "Hhoroo-em-akhtee." The ordinary U is used here also to denote a short vowel.

hieroglyphic and the cursive demotic scripts, the Greek in the old familiar characters. It stands, poised obliquely, on its massive granite pedestal, carefully protected by its covering of thick glass. It was this stone that gave us the key to the Riddle of the Sphinx. Like various other monuments in the British Museum, it is one of the trophies of our expedition to Egypt in 1801; but though captured from the French, it was left to the French Champollion to place the study of these trophies upon a sound and scientific basis, since the happy guess-work of the English doctor Young can hardly be said to have been scientific study. It was by comparing the letters of the royal names in the "cartouches" in the hieroglyphic part of the inscription with the letters of the corresponding royal names in the Greek portion that Young and Champollion arrived at the values of certain Egyptian signs, some of which evidently represented simple letters, others syllables, while others had, seemingly, no phonetic value, but were simply signs "determinative" of the whole word which had gone before. But beyond this Young could not go far; he never saw that the language possessed real alphabetic letters, he would obtain the correct syllabic value of two signs, and would then conclude that they formed one syllabic sign instead of being simply two alphabetic letters. Altogether, his results, though important, were haphazard and unscientific; it was Champollion who recognised the existence of ordinary letters in Egyptian, and carried out so far the comparison of the Egyptian words he thus discovered with their Coptic representatives and their Greek equivalents that he was able, first to translate the hieroglyphic inscription of the Rosetta Stone, and finally to publish his epoch-making *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens* at Paris in 1824, the book in which he showed to the world that the master-key had been found, that the Riddle of the Sphinx might now be read by all who chose to study it. It was all clearly, logically, and simply set forth; to the mind free from the "mummy-and-mystery" prejudice the exposition was absolutely convincing, yet there were some, like the German *savants* Klaproth and Seyffarth, who still clung to the old symbolism-idea, and continued to exhibit themselves to the world as still lingering in Kircherian darkness. But nobody listened to Seyffarth, and the knowledge of the Ancient Egyptians, of their works and ways, which had been thrown open to us by the publication of the "Précis" increased by leaps and bounds. Of the elder Egyptologists, the names of Champollion-Figeac, elder brother of the discoverer, of de Rougé,



THE SPHINX.

of Chabas and of Mariette, in France, of Lepsius and Brugsch in Germany, of Leemans in Holland, of Wilkinson, Birch, and Renouf in England, all mark successive stages of our knowledge of the Ancient Egyptian language and of the manners and customs of the people who spoke it. At the present time the younger generation of Egyptologists, MM. Maspero in France, Erman in Germany, Pleijte in Holland, and Budge in England, and men still junior to them, MM. Petrie and Griffith in England, Kurt Sethe in Germany, Max Müller junior in America, and de Morgan in Egypt, are opening up before our eyes an Egyptological panorama of which neither Champollion nor Wilkinson could ever have dreamed. We can now live in our minds among the Ancient Egyptians as we can among the Ancient Greeks and Romans. All round us clouds of uncertainty are rolling up and away, our horizon widens as each number of the famous *Zeitschrift für Aegyptische Sprache und Altertumskunde* appears, we are no longer groping in the dark, to paraphrase the opening words of the Egyptian Ritual, or "Book of the Dead," "*Àu-ne ḥer per m ḥrû*" ("We are coming forth into the day)."

And what do we see around us? Let us take the subject of the *language* first. It is, as we have seen, really what is known to us now as Coptic; this is the latest and most debased form of the language of the hieroglyphs, the progress of which we can trace from its rather crude form under the early dynasties (4000–3000 B.C.), through its Augustan Age at the time of the twelfth dynasty (about 2500 B.C.), through its gradual decadence under the "New Empire" (1700–1000 B.C.) to its final decay. It ceased to be commonly spoken about 1600 A.D.: thus we can trace its history for nearly six thousand years. It was a fine language and a sonorous; its flights of full swift vowels punctuated by harsh guttural consonants may well have made it, as a Greek writer said, resemble the song of birds. It presented a marked contrast to Greek in that, being devoid of case-endings or complicated verbal inflexion, a very large proportion of its words were monosyllabic. It possessed numbers of synonymous words which must have expressed different shades of meaning which we cannot now quite grasp, and many combinations of ideas, some of them rather crude, which are very difficult to comprehend. What can we make, for instance, of the following epithet applied to a scribe:—"*pega ḫrå*," literally, "he who grasps the face"? It means practically "a man of good comprehension"; there are many such compounds formed with the words "*ḫrå*," Face, "*tep*," Head, "*å*," Arm, and "*åb*," Heart, in Egyptian, expressing various abstract notions in a rather primitive way. Absolute sureness of translation of certain difficult passages cannot yet be attained; but it may suffice to say that a trained Egyptologist can, armed with Erman's "Grammar"* and Brugsch's "Dictionary," † and provided with a knowledge of Coptic, and a certain amount of intuitive reason or "νοῦς," translate the language of the hieroglyphs at least as easily as he can translate Thucydides; he knows his words and his grammar, the greater part can be translated easily enough, but in some cases the exact sense will baffle him.

We have spoken of the *Hieroglyphic* and *Demotic* scripts; the Ancient Egyptians also possessed a third script, the *Hieratic*. The *Hieroglyphic* is, as we all know, a picture-writing; but it is a picture-writing so wonderfully developed that it is able to express its meaning as well and as conveniently as our present simplified scripts, and far more obviously and picturesquely—even to redundance. Things may be expressed in it either simply by their pictures—such signs are called *ideograms*—or we may spell them in the ordinary way, using certain signs which were used to represent *alphabetical letters;* but if we do this we must place an ideogram afterwards as a *determinative* of the word. Thus the word "*thesem*," a Hound, may be written by means of the simple picture of a Hound, or it may be spelt þ-*s*-*m*, with either the Hound following to *determine* the word meant or with a conventional sign, originally representing the skin and tail of an animal, which is used to *determine* an animal or anything to do with animals. These determinatives are really necessary, since, as in Chinese, the same sound may have many meanings; thus the word "*åb*" may mean a Heart, a Kid, to dance, or to be thirsty.* We know which meaning we are to take to a great extent from the determinatives, for "to dance" we have a man dancing, for "to be thirsty" a man touching his mouth with his hand, often supplemented by three wavy lines, the ideogram of water. But the ideogram a man touching his mouth with his hand is used not only to determine thirst, but also words meaning eating and drinking, speaking and thinking; thus "*åmåm*," to devour, "*sura*," to drink, "*medût*," a Word, and "*s'khåy*," to remember, are all determined in this way. To devise an ideogram of memory would have been difficult.

"*Hieratic*" was a cursive development of the hieroglyphic system. We first find it on papyri of about 3000 B.C.: the hieroglyphics being retained on the monuments, on which they first appear, fully elaborated, about 4200 B.C.; how long before that they took to develop no man can tell, we cannot as yet dig deeper into the centuries than the fifth millennium B.C. The Hieratic script was used for all ordinary purposes till very late in Egyptian history, about 900 B.C., when it was superseded by the *Demotic* script, of which we have spoken, which was more cursive still. By 500 B.C. all real knowledge of the hieroglyphs had died out except among the scribes, while hieratic had passed out of use altogether; thus Herodotus only knew of two, not three, Egyptian scripts, and the Egyptian inscription of Rosetta is cut in hieroglyphic and demotic characters only, not in hieratic. During its life, the extensive use of the hieratic writing and the lessening knowledge of the hieroglyphs caused many hieratic corruptions to creep into the latter, which are very interesting to note. The last known hieroglyphic inscription is one of the Roman Emperor Decius, about 250 A.D. Demotic was superseded by an adaptation of the Greek script somewhat later, and it is with modified Greek letters that Coptic is now written. When one is familiar with the hieroglyphics, hieratic can easily be read; but to read Demotic requires years of special study, and those who have devoted themselves to it deal little with the other branches of Egyptology; the names of Akerblad (a contemporary of Champollion), Revillout and Hess are connected solely with the study of demotic, but Brugsch, a great demotic scholar, was also an all-round Egyptologist. The number of living students of demotic may be counted on one's ten fingers.

And what is the *literature* of this language? it will be asked. The students of the old-established tongues of Greece and Rome may laugh at the claims of newly-discovered Egyptian to possess a literature; but that is because they know nought of it, and still remain with their heads in the sand. The ancient Egyptians, like all other civilised nations, had a great and varied literature; great official inscriptions relating to war, commerce, and religion; private inscriptions in the tombs relating to daily life, the ceremonies of death, and the life beyond the grave; religious books like the monumental *Book of the Dead*, the *Book of Breathings*, and the *Lamentations of Isis and Nephthys:* lofty hymns to Rå, the sun-god, or to Åten his brilliant disk; prayers to all the gods; moral treatises like the *Precepts* of the authors Kagemnå and Ptaḥḥotep; epics like the *Ramessiad* of Pentaûr; wonder stories like the *Tales of the Magicians;* old folk-tales like the *Story of the Importunate Peasant;* novels like *The Doomed Prince* (there was a great Egyptian novelist named Ånena, about 1200 B.C.); witty letters like that of the secretary of the royal stud to that great traveller, Nekhtsotep, the secretary for war; and odes, sonnets, letters, essays, political brochures and caricatures, commercial documents, contracts, wills, etc., innumerable.

Some specimens of Egyptian literature we will give later; at present we must leave it. The discussion of the Egyptian language and its antiquity leads up to the vast subject of Egyptian history. A vast subject indeed! The known history of the Egyptians extends over a period of about four millennia before the Persian conquest in 525 B.C., and it must be remembered that the Roman Emperors were reckoned as the XXXIVth dynasty of Kings of Egypt, and that the Emperor Decius (250 A.D.) figures in Dr. Budge's list* as the 296th King of Egypt. But few dynasties, also, ever reigned contemporaneously in different parts of the country, and one, the XIIIth, reigned for nearly 500 years over all Egypt. The early Egyptologists were terrified at the vast extent of the new corridor of time of which they had unlocked the door, as previously they had never gone beyond the first Olympiad (776 B.C.). Some never got over their terror, but remained near the door, resolutely refusing to move a step further, and, in the teeth of all evidence, continued till the end of their days to refuse to go beyond 2000 B.C. The result is, that whenever Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Samuel Sharpe, or Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, touch early Egyptian history in their works, they are often misleading, and should not be followed; Sharpe's *History of Egypt*, † published in 1870, is, indeed, as far as the Pharaonic period is concerned, a farrago of the veriest nonsense, and his "translations" of historical inscriptions are worthy to rank with the absurdities of Father Kircher or the eccentric Egyptologist Lauth. The work of Mr. Piazzi Smyth on the Pyramids, and his speculations as to their date, have also no historical worth whatever; they merely set forth the opinions of an astronomical student who was absolutely ignorant of Egyptology. Nowadays no living Egyptologist is dominated by this irrational desire to falsify history in order to reduce alarming dates. For, indeed, *causa finita est:* Egyptology is now an exact science.

(To be continued.)

* *Egyptian Grammar, with Table of Signs, Bibliography, Exercises for Reading, and Glossary*, by Prof. A. Erman, in *Porta Linguarum* Series, London, Williams and Norgate, 1894, 15s. Dr. Budge's *First Steps in Egyptian*, lately published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, would be more useful to a beginner.

† *Hieroglyphische Wörterbuch*, 7 vols., by Prof. H. Brugsch, Berlin, 1867–81.

* It also has other meanings, but these four are sufficient for our purpose.

* In *The Mummy*, p. 107, many unimportant names are omitted (Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, *The Mummy*, Cambridge University Press, 1893, 12s. 6d.).

† The *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*—Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson's great work—however, is (except Chapters i. and ii., pp. 1–143 of vol. i. of the 1878 edition, which should not be read as they are full of historical errors) still of the greatest value. The best edition of it is that edited and partly improved by Dr. Birch, published in three vols. by John Murray, London, 1878.

HILARY; OR, THE AMATEUR SURGEON.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The Dove of Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER II.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

THE chimes of the little clock over the mantelpiece had rung for ten o'clock, when a very mysterious performance began.

Ben Gladwin was sitting before the fire with eyes intent on the "Idylls of the King" when Miss Hilary came behind him and enveloped his thoughtful brows in a spectral white bandage. For a moment I was puzzled; then remembered what she had told me in the afternoon of her ambulance practice, and watched her attentively. Ben continued his reading as if he was hardly conscious that he was being experimented upon as a surgical dumb-dolly. Presently I asked Hilary to assist my intelligence by telling me what she was treating the subject for, as she quickly passed from one manipulation to another. She complied; but speaking to the patient, not to me, she said, "Now the temporal artery is bleeding. It must be stopped and requires pressure." Ben suspended his reading to make sure that he had a temporal artery. She put her finger on a certain little blue vein and then went on with her work.

"Now you have dislocated your right shoulder." By turns he had sprained his thumb and wrist, fractured the tibia and done mischief enough one would suppose to engage the attention of half a dozen surgeons. An umbrella served as a splint for a broken leg, and at one stage of the proceedings, the fire-brush being at hand, was converted into a tourniquet. That she had learned her lesson well was proved by the quietness and despatch with which she went about the whole business.

"For practice you require a less passive subject," I said. "Ben gives you every assistance; but what would you do with a patient who was clutching your hand, and calling out 'Oh, don't touch me! For pity's sake leave me alone.'"

"She would laugh," said Ben, "even if she cried next minute. But there's something in that idea, Hilary. Next time I will take the part of a refractory patient. Do you think you could keep your head if your ears were regaled with piercing shrieks and deep, sepulchral groans?"

"I don't know. Don't try me. Pretend that you have fainted. The patient generally faints, and that is a very good thing for the doctor."

"Hitherto I have always presented a very fair case of suspended animation; but such consideration may spoil the amateur, so I warn you you'll have to wrestle with the agonies next time you take me in hand. But given a fainting subject, I wonder if Hilary would prove equal to a case in the street, if she suddenly found herself the centre of a gaping crowd making all kinds of incongruous and personal remarks."

"Oh!" said Hilary. "My best educated self would want to do her duty, but my natural self would prompt me to run away."

"Poor little, naughty, natural self, you are very hard on her," exclaimed Ben. "Now I say that natural self is too kind for that. She would want to give relief whatever it might cost her."

"The grievance of some of the ambulance pupils is that they never find an opportunity for distinguishing or rather testing themselves," remarked the young lady.

That she was destined to find hers the next day, illustrates the fact that in these matters it is not those who seek shall find.

I had been with Mrs. Gladwin to her mothers' meeting, and we were having a little rest and some tea before the home-coming of the city folks, when Ben came in, in a great state of excitement, and told us that Hilary had actually given a public example of her skill in bandaging a broken leg.

"But where is she" inquired Mrs. Gladwin.

"She has followed her patient into the Charing Cross Hospital to see how he gets on, and to hear what the doctors think of her performance. Also to recover her umbrella, for she used it for a splint."

"And you were on the spot?"

"No, but next time she practices abroad, may I be there to see. I missed all the fun, but I heard about it from Ada Crane, who has only just begun to ambulance. She and Hilary were walking down the Strand together, when they got mixed in a crowd, gathered round a gentleman who had been knocked down by a hansom cab. One policeman had gone for a stretcher, another was trying to keep the crowd from the fainting man. One leg was doubled under him and the other drawn up in an angle, Ada said.

"'What has happened?' asked Hilary.

"'When I picked him up and dragged him here he said as his leg were broke,' a man told her. 'And it looks like it, don't it?' Then he fainted clean off.

"'I'm an ambulance pupil,' said Hilary to the policeman, and she straightened out the crooked leg and snapped at Ada for looking faint, till Ada felt alive to the finger-tips. So with their scarves and handkerchiefs Hilary fixed up the leg with the umbrella to keep it straight. And she looked so stern and business-like all the time as if she neither saw nor heard anything that was going on around her.

"When they lifted the man and laid him on the stretcher he came out of his swoon, and groaned so terribly that Hilary lost all her colour, but she spoke cheerfully to him and told him that the leg was bandaged so firmly, it would almost set itself. Ada was obliged to come away. She and I met in the train. Hilary will be very much relieved when she finds that she has not to relate her own exploits."

It was easy to see how the Gladwin girls came by their habit of blushing by the wave of colour that swept over their mother's face. Evidently she was very much pleased.

"After all," she said, "we do not know why we do things. I thought that Hilary had too many irons in the fire; but if this poor fellow's case goes on more favourably through her prompt attention to it, well, it is so much pain and sorrow saved; therefore worth all the trouble she has expended in learning."

Nothing else was talked about at tea-time, and the little girls who had learned from Ben where to look for their "temporary artery," wanted to know what the Victoria Cross was like, that they might have a ribbon and pasteboard decoration ready for Hilary as soon as she came in. They thought that with a little gilt paper it might be made to look really handsome.

But they had not had time to carry out their benevolent intentions when the amateur surgeon appeared, and was greatly surprised to find that the fame of her achievement had run before her. There she stood blushing and laughing; yet with a little suspicious quiver of the lips.

"One would think you had done something to be ashamed of, Hilary," said her mother; "but we are impatient to hear the end of the story. How is your patient?"

"I did not see him after he was carried into the hospital. I might have done, but I declined; for what could he want with me when he was surrounded by doctors and nurses? He will not stay where he is, but insists on being removed to his own home."

"What a pity! They will remove him before they set the leg, will they not? What of your bandaging? Was it a success?" She laughed, but again there was that little suspicious quiver of the lip.

"They brought me the scarves and handkerchiefs and the umbrella," she said, "and a young surgeon with a rather pompous manner but a funny twinkle in his eye told me that the bandaging left nothing to be desired. It was really very firm and neat, but I had made one mistake which was a grave one."

A pause and a general depression.

"And what was that, Hilary?"

"Only that I had bandaged the wrong leg," said she.

"Oh!" But there the matter dropped, for not even Ben had the heart to banter her. Tears were trembling under her eyelids. Her mother said: "We learn from our mistakes. Another time you will try to find out for yourself what the injury is, you will not accept the opinion of a bystander."

"Yet," said Hilary, "the leg doubled under him was much more likely to be the injured one. It was seeing the sound limb drawn up in a peculiar manner, and stiffened through fainting that misled me."

On the day following Hilary's little excitement was forgotten in a much greater one, for the postman brought a letter from Melbourne. There was one for her mother enclosed which she dared not hand to her until she had prepared her for its contents. Her previsions were correct as to her uncle's countenance and good-will. Hilary and Eveline came with the letter to my room, Lizzie following as silently as the ghost comes in in *Hamlet*. As Hilary read her letter aloud, her sisters hung upon every word. When she had finished it, she said—

"Uncle is like mother, he thinks deeply and weighs everything. There are cons, but the pros exceed. Do you not think so?"

"I do indeed, Hilary."

"I believe he will be disappointed if we do not decide to go. He counsels us to take our time, and indeed several months will be required for us to get ready. That will make it all the better for mother. She won't be startled by a sudden rush from the nest; so we need not speak of it at first as a thing that is near."

But how to tell her? The magnitude of the disclosure that must be made, caused beatings of heart and an amount of trepidation which affected even me. I promised, however, that I would be present when the subject was broached, and I would take their part, if the mother was grieved at having been kept so long in the dark.

As my dear friend sat at breakfast that morning, she looked serenely unconscious of any disturbance to the general order. Presently she would understand the signs of the times, the meaning of certain things that had been done under her very eyes. We delayed more than usual over breakfast, anxious it may be to put off the dreaded

disclosure, and to prolong her peace of mind. For all her sagacity, she was as little apprehensive of a plot as she was of a dynamite charge. The two conspirators were quiet enough. They made very little breakfast. Suddenly Mrs. Gladwin said to Hilary: "Did the hero of yesterday limp into your dreams, Hilary, and reproach you for having bandaged the wrong leg?"

"No," said Hilary, "I had forgotten him, I dreamed about Australia."

"It did not take long then for your thoughts to wander from the subject in hand."

"Was it the attraction of the young to young countries made her dream of Australia, I wonder?"

Hilary rewarded me with a grateful glance for taking the cue in the manner she intended.

"No!" said Mrs. Gladwin. "Any country where you have friends comes often to the mind. The children know that a large piece of my heart is in Australia with their uncle George. I was his favourite sister, and really it seems as if 'spreading into bands' himself had never made the least difference in his affection for me. He takes such an interest too in all the children. Always wants to know what everyone is doing. It may not be right to wish things altered, but I often wish now that we were near each other."

Save me from being often present at such a family conference as took place an hour after. You cannot always get what wears the guise of a trouble to walk in upon people in velvet slippers and show a smiling face. Under a placid, well-disciplined exterior, Mrs. Gladwin hid deep, strong currents of feeling, and they quickened and showed the force that was in them now that she was startled and agitated by the prospect of losing three of her girls. She declared that she would never give her consent, that she wondered they had the heart to make such a proposal, they must also have taken leave of their common sense.

Eveline's face paled when her mother spoke of such a parting as was premeditated being final; but she had promised to stand by her sisters, and, however her heart might misgive her, she really believed that they were contemplating a splendid move. She could see that it was her duty to stay with her mother and the boys and little girls. But why not allow three girls whose services were not imperatively required at home to strike out for themselves and work up new ground, if they had the courage and energy to do it? Eveline put her views very forcibly before her mother and gained a fair hearing; for it was not Mrs. Gladwin's way to silence opposition. She would hear both sides of a thing, although,

> "A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

I was silent until appealed to, and then on both sides at once. But was I not like Eveline, pledged? So I said a little word in defence of the conspirators, and pleaded that they might not be refused their heart's desire, without sufficient evidence that denial was the best for themselves and all belonging to them. I shall never forget the mother's look of reproach when she found that she had not one on her own side; that even I was against her. "Me, wouldst thou bereave?" her eyes indignantly inquired.

But there was another voice to be listened to; one that could speak more eloquently to her than we could do. Hilary, when the day's engagements called both herself and Lizzie away, gave both letters into her mother's hands.

Eveline wiped the tears from her cheek, and went to look after the functionary in the kitchen; and Mrs. Gladwin was left to peruse what her brother had written to herself. After she had duly pondered his letters, she said to me with a little deprecatory smile—

"My brother's view of this proposal differs very much from mine. He does not perceive the foolhardiness there is in young, unsophisticated girls making such a venture; or understand how I must feel at being the last to be consulted, to say nothing of the pain of finding that they are so willing to leave me."

So she spoke in her sore trouble, but I knew how to correct the impression which Hilary had made by her over-eagerness, and I told her that the contemplated change was indeed a Hill of Sacrifice to all of them, that they dare not speak much or think much of the disruption of old ties. One must admire their heroism, even if their judgment was at fault.

"My brother tells me that they have heroic souls, and are for that reason the very girls to get on in a new country. He says that I should be proud to have such daughters. Well, I do not deny that there is much in them to be thankful for; but we did not educate them for the Bush or for roughing it in elementary towns."

"They are not candidates for the Bush," I said, "but rather for a precocious civilisation, where their separate individuality and cultivated powers will tell in a way that is not possible here."

"Their uncle argues in that strain: but it is temperately. He does not forbear to show the risks, nor does he assume the responsibility of advising them to go. He only tells me that it may prove a very good thing for the whole family, and if the experiment does not answer he will see that the girls come to no harm. He knows what the struggle of life is in this country, and he has the deepest sympathy with the anxieties and responsibilities of my position. Indeed, he reminds me that our position is critical, and that after all that has been done for the children, they may find it easier to go down than to go up."

"That is a grave consideration."

"Yes, it is a very grave consideration, but we must not let it betray us into doing rash things. Recklessness may spring more from want of faith than from any real heroism."

During the day I saw less than usual of Mrs. Gladwin, but more of Eveline, who brought her work and sat beside me, and gave free vent to all she thought and felt on her mother's account and her sisters'. She thought it was so bitter for them to have even to appear cruel, when they were actuated by the unselfish desire to keep up the family honour and lighten the burden of care at home.

"All that will come in evidence, Eveline," I said. "Even if your mother does not come round to their point of view, and she may, she will do them full justice."

The subject was not openly alluded to when the family re-assembled; but every one was very quiet. And yet there was nothing strained in the manner of one to the other, such as would betoken real misunderstanding.

The mother and I did not separate till twelve that night, because, as she foresaw utter sleeplessness, I thought it only kind to sit up with her for awhile. We did not speak on the subject that was uppermost. At twelve I yielded to persuasion and left her in the room that was below my own. I think that she was very little in bed; for I laid awake a long time, and when once I woke out of sleep, I heard her foot on the stairs.

I could not wonder that next day she found herself unable to attend a meeting of ladies which she had promised to address on the claims of the Zenana.

"It has been remarked that when Balaam could not speak for himself, his ass spoke for him," I said, as she gave me her notes. "Do you still feel so distressed and anxious?"

"No!" she said. "Reading my brother's letter again last night, the thought pressed upon me, that possibly I am mistaken, and not the girls. You cannot wonder that I quail at the thought of losing them if only for awhile; still I must not let my feelings stand in the way of their good, if God has put this thought in their hearts. All I can do is simply to stand still, neither help nor hinder, till I see some indication that Providence is working either for the scheme or against it. They who love to watch the workings of Providence, it is said, will never want a Providence to watch."

Returning from the Zenana meeting, I found Eveline and Hilary on the platform of the railway station, with faces excited and eager.

"One of the angels of the churches with great, white wings tucked away somewhere, has appeared all *en règle* to mother, and whispered her that she is not to harden her heart like Pharaoh, she is 'to let the children go,'" said Hilary when we were clear of the crowd. "The Bishop of Cottonchester, formerly Bishop of Adelaide, who knew dear papa so well when he was Rector of Springvale, called to see mother this afternoon and to ask after us. So we were all summoned into the drawing-room for tea and a long talk. Mother told him our plans and what uncle said, and asked him his opinion. And, wasn't it delightful of him; he said that we were good girls, whether we went or stayed. He advised her not to stand in our way. We had had a foretaste of the seriousness of life here, and possibly we might have to realise as much struggle and disappointment there as here; but he had noticed that in those countries people bore their troubles better and were more buoyant. The lighter atmosphere made lighter hearts, and he was sure that there was a healthy moral effect in being freed from the red-tapeism, the stereotyped conventionalisms of this country and getting into touch with what was young and growing; not old, and fusty, and cross, and crotchety. Those were his very words; he thought that beginning well, and having a kind uncle to back us, we were not likely to come to any harm. He is often asked to give his advice to young men, but he said that this was the first time it had been solicited for young women in our position, and that he thought our views about the disposal of ourselves were perfectly safe and sound. Mother ought to take it that she has received a message from one of the angels of the churches, a bishop's apron must come next to wings in her respect; she can't insist on our moral obtuseness and want of natural affection, after what the bishop has said, can she?"

This day was to me the last of a long and happy visit. I left the Gladwins with both heart and mind full of their separate concerns, for I loved them one and all. As soon as I reached my lonely abode, however, a fresh excitement awaited me. I found a letter from another friend, who begged that I would give her the support of my valuable presence in a time of need.

"My dear boy Geoffrey," she wrote, "has broken his leg, and will be on his back for weeks. This when he was on the point of returning to Australia. He would get low-spirited if I did not sit with him a great deal; but I have not the most reliable maids at present. If they knew that there was someone downstairs, who would have an eye on what was going on, it would be a wholesome restraint, and a great relief to me. I know you will not take offence at being asked to serve an old friend."

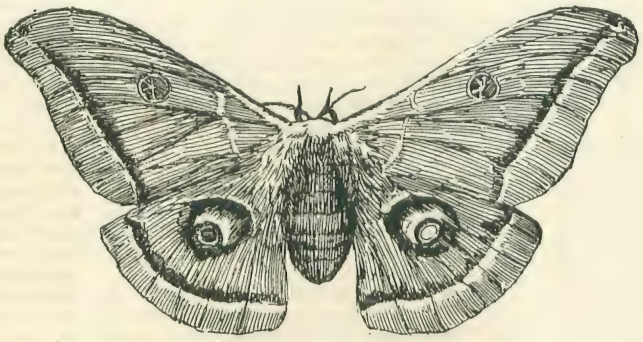
"Dear! dear! Something is always happening!" I should like to have kept in my shell for awhile; *but I did not* even unpack my trunk. I attended to a few little household matters, and was off the next morning.

(To be continued.)

BUTTERFLIES, MOTHS AND OTHER STRANGE INSECTS AT THE ZOO.

THE nursery of many beautiful, rare and strange insects is situate on the north side of the canal, and is approached by an iron bridge. It is one of the latest additions to the Zoological Society's Gardens, though it has been built some fourteen years. I don't think it is as well known as it deserves to be, and possibly a good many visitors are hardly aware of its existence, placed as it is in a comparatively out-of-the-way corner of the Zoo. Yet this insect house carries on a most interesting work, rearing insects from the eggs or showing insects which have rarely, if ever before been seen alive in England. The Tarantula spider for instance, which I sketched as he was crawling up the glass of his dwelling, is a creature well-known from descriptions, and yet inhabiting much warmer countries than this, has rarely been seen alive by stay-at-home folk. Butterflies and moths, both British and foreign, are reared every year either from eggs laid in the house, or from imported chrysalides, and altogether this insectarium is full of interest to the visitor who does not attempt to see the whole place in an hour or two. As I have studied and sketched in this insect-house a good deal from time to time, let me act as *cicerone* to the readers of the G. O. P.

The moths claim our first attention, and in Fig. 1 I give a drawing (adapted from a photograph taken by Mr. Dresser) of a case of the Polyphemus silk moth, in which can be seen the perfect insect and also the moth just as it emerges from the cocoon. Now it may be as well here to make it clear to the reader



POLYPHEMUS MOTH.

the life history of a moth, for a good deal of misconception exists as to the transformation these insects undergo. The caterpillar or worm is the produce of an egg laid by the female moth. The eggs vary in size from a very small to a large pin's head, and when hatched the worm is very minute, but grows very rapidly, for he is a voracious feeder, until he is from one to three or more inches long, and bulky in proportion.

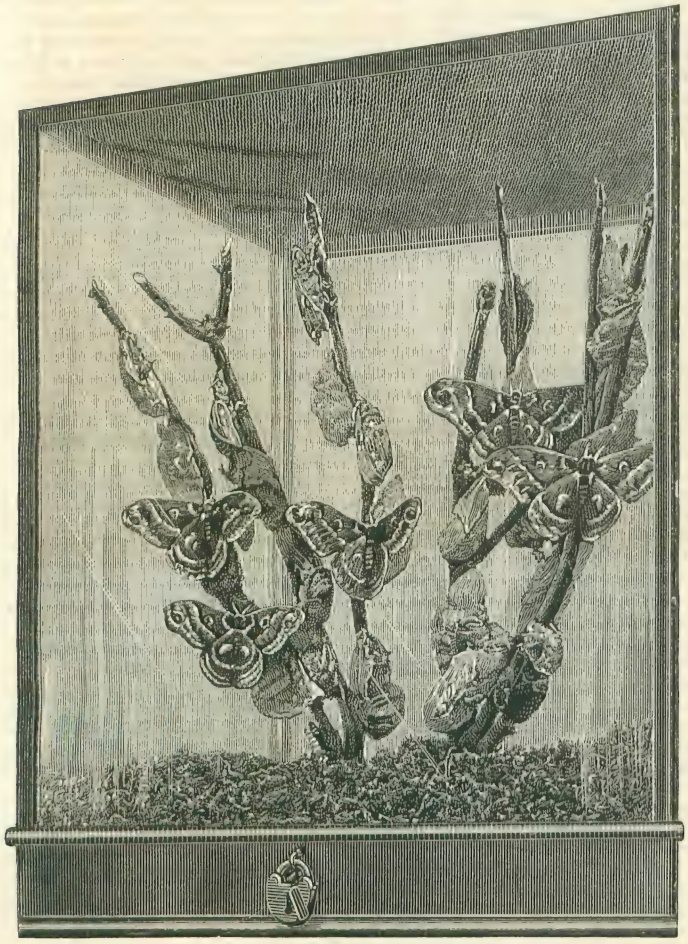


FIG. 1.—CASE OF SILKWORM MOTHS IN ZOO.
(*Adapted from photo by A. R. Dresser.*)

As a general rule moth worms are much larger than butterfly larvæ, the bodies of moths being so much more bricky than butterflies, but the size of the worm is not always in relation to the imago, for the common silk-worm moth is a small insect; yet the worm is nearly as large as that of one of the large moths. When full grown the worm (or *larva* as it is called) passes into the chrysalis state (or *pupa*), in due time to re-appear as a moth (or *imago*) whose life is very brief, and in the case of the female terminates when she has laid her eggs. There are four stages then; the egg, or *ova*, the *larva*, the *pupa* and the *imago*, for it is as well to become familiar with these scientific terms.

In many cases the insects are reared from eggs laid in the house, but in others from chrysalides sent over from abroad, for eggs would be very liable to hatch out on the journey and the young, for want of food, would therefore die. Some of the most perfect insects are procured by collectors in this way, for the imago is at its best before it has knocked its wings about.

Now let us take a more detailed view of this polyphemus moth, for it is the only one among some eight species of American silk producers which is likely to have any textile value. But here let me say that some moths before passing into the chrysalis or pupa state spin themselves a home in which to undergo this curious transformation away from prying eyes. This home, usually oval in shape, is called a cocoon, and in the case of the silk-bearing moth, gives us the well-known fibre known as silk.

This Polyphemus spins a strong, dense oval cocoon with silk of a very strong and glossy fibre.

In 1860 L. Trouvelot began his experiments in raising these silk-worms, but it was two years before he could raise a stock of worms from eggs. The larva feed on oak trees, and the difficulty was to protect the caterpillars from birds, who, though the enclosure where the larva fed was netted over, the small birds worked through the mesh, while larger ones found or made holes in the net.

Early in the summer the chrysalis, which has been imprisoned for eight or nine months in the cocoon, begins to awaken from his torpor. As the creature has no teeth or instrument to cut through the hard gummy substance enclosing it, he is provided with two glands which secrete a liquid composed of a great part of bombyic acid (this family of moths are called Bombycidæ) which softens the cocoon and enables the inmate to push its way out without breaking the fibre.

Its wings at first are small pad-like members, and the swollen abdomen contains the nutriment which flows to the wings to develop them and enable them to grow to the large size of the perfect insect.

The incubation of the eggs lasts ten or twelve days. As soon as the larva is fairly hatched out it continues for some time eating its egg-shell, and then crawling upon a leaf goes to the end of it, and after waiting a few hours, begins to eat. The Polyphemus, like other silk worms, changes its skin five times during its larval life. This moulting takes place at regular intervals, which come round about every ten days during the first four moultings, while about twenty days elapse between the fourth and last. The worm ceases to eat for a day before moulting, and spins some silk on the vein of the under surface of a leaf; it then secures the hooks of its hind legs in this web it has spun, and then remains motionless. The moulting generally takes place after four o'clock in the afternoon; a little before this time the worm holds its body erect, grasping the leaf or twig with two pair of hind legs only. The skin is wrinkled and detached from the body by a fluid which circulates between it and the worm, whose contractions, which increase in energy, burst the old skin, and the worm finally crawls out newly-clothed. In these moultings the colouring and markings are changed or modified, a worm turning from a deep red brown to pale green, to mention the instance of our own death's-head moth.

The great atlas moth, a native of India, has been reared very successfully in this house. It is one of the largest known, one bred in the

gardens measuring eleven inches and a half across from tip to tip! Its general colouring is a deep-red brown with yellowish markings, forming a beautiful pattern around the wings, and it has conspicuous bands of black and white crossing the wings. A striking feature are the four triangular spaces, which are transparent, and look like pieces of thin talc let in the wings. These "windows" are found in many moths, and also in some butterflies, and I have drawn three where they occur. I believe there is a legend in India that in the Tusseh these spots, which are round, were caused by Buddah rubbing off the feathers with his fingers when he picked up the moth.

The ornaments suggested by moths are full of decorative quality, and I have added two borders derived from the atlas, both of which are to be seen on the wings.

The Cynthia or Ailanthus is a native of India, but has been bred in America, and in spinning its cocoon it folds a leaf around it, as can be seen in the sketch. The caterpillar is hardy, and being covered with a fine white powder can withstand rain. It drinks greedily, and the branches upon which it feeds should be dipped in water or sprinkled freely, particularly after the third moult.

The Tusseh silk-moth is a native of Bengal, Behar, and Assam, and from its cocoons is obtained the silk of that name. Its cocoon is attached to the branches of the tree upon which it feeds by a ligature which it spins, so that the chrysalis is kept out of the damp by swinging in the wind during its pupa state. Its cousin, the Japanese variety called Yamamai, is a handsome moth of a deep golden-brown or golden-ochre, with slightly darker markings, and has four conspicuous circular "windows," one of which I have enlarged.

I want you to look at these four moths and notice the modifications the patterning of the wings undergo. The "windows" are crescent-shaped in Cynthia, triangular in atlas, circular in Yamai-mai, while the bands and markings undergo interesting changes, yet preserve a family likeness which shows their kinship.

The moon-moth, with its lower wings prolonged into tails, is a beautiful insect of a very pale sea-green colour with reddish-brown markings. To see it in the insect-house is alone worth a visit, as it clings to an old cocoon or the branch placed inside its case. It spins a web so frail and thin that it is impossible to reel it.

The caterpillars of all these moths are striking objects, being ornamented in various ways with bands, spots, tufts of hair, etc. The one drawn with tubercles (Cynthia) is a pale bluish-green, though the moth itself is dark-coloured. The other is the Tusseh. They are provided with three pairs of hook-like feet near the head, and four pairs of elephant-looking ones in the centre of the body, while the end of the creature is bifurcated so that the worm can grasp a leaf, stalk, or twig, allowing the rest of the body to move freely in searching for food. While the caterpillars are voracious creatures and consume an immense amount of food, the moths themselves do not feed, and live but a brief space. The antennæ of most of these moths is like a feather, as can be seen in sketch.

Silk and its Producers.—It may not be out of place here, as we have been dealing with silk-producing moths, to just glance very briefly at the subject of its production and manufacture. Though used in China for a long period of time, stretching back indeed to a past so remote as to become mythical, silk has not been used extensively in Europe for more than a few hundreds of years. The Romans valued silk at its weight in gold, and it was only worn by the few. The story of two monks secreting the eggs of the small mulberry-moth in a cane when they journeyed from China to Constantinople in the sixth

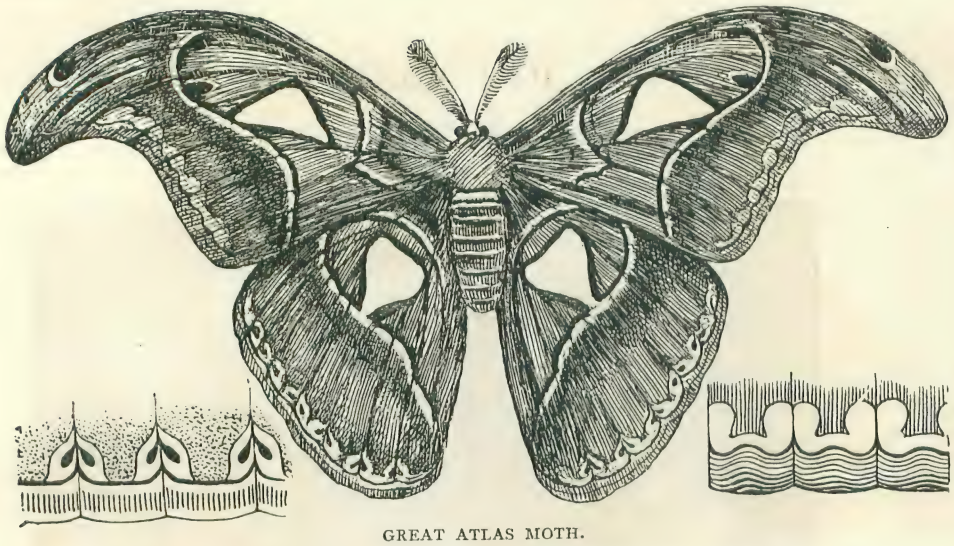
HER COMING.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

THERE'S a rustle in the roses
  That tells me she is nigh,
And a lark has sprung to heaven
  To flash the news on high.
The old gate will swing open
  And she'll come smiling thro',
Just like a living sunbeam
  'Twixt the sentinels of yew.

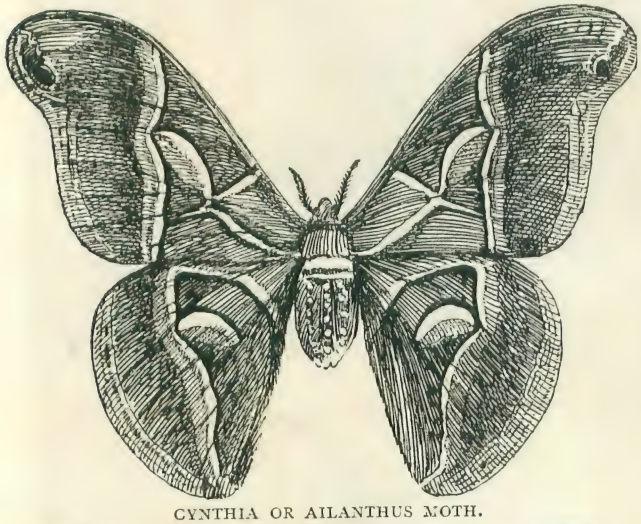
The great world lies beyond her,
  She knows not of its ways;
In quiet and contentment
  Pass her uneventful days.
The lilies are not purer
  Nor whiter soul'd than she;
She wears her crown of beauty
  In sweet humility.

My heart is glad and grateful
  That it finds joy and rest
In the love of one, who loveth
  God, and home and nature best.
There's a rustle in the roses
  That tells me she is nigh
And the lark that springs to heaven
  Bears my thankfulness on high.



GREAT ATLAS MOTH.

ANTENNÆ OF ATLAS MOTH.

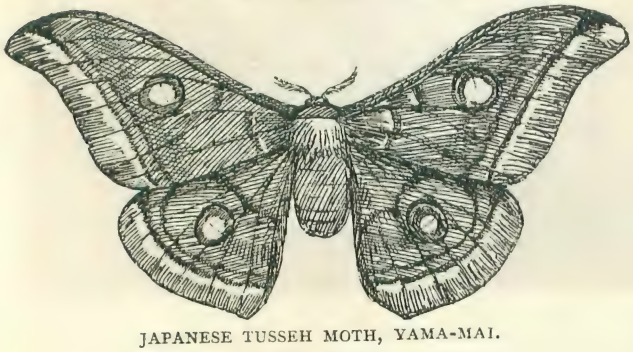


CYNTHIA OR AILANTHUS MOTH.

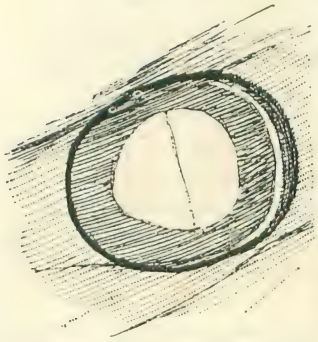
AILANTHUS MOTH LARVA.

TUSSEH COCOON AFTER IMAGO HAS ESCAPED.

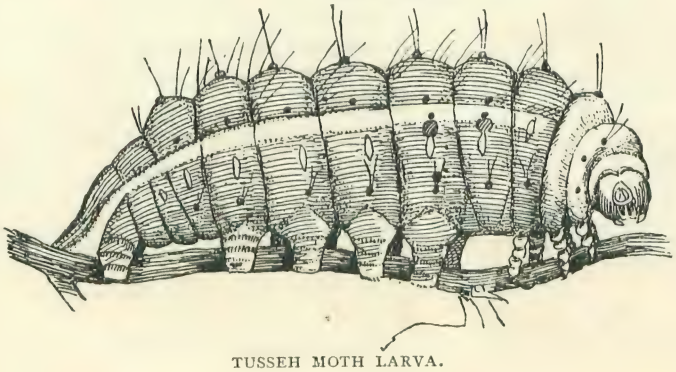
AILANTHUS COCOON.



JAPANESE TUSSEH MOTH, YAMA-MAI.

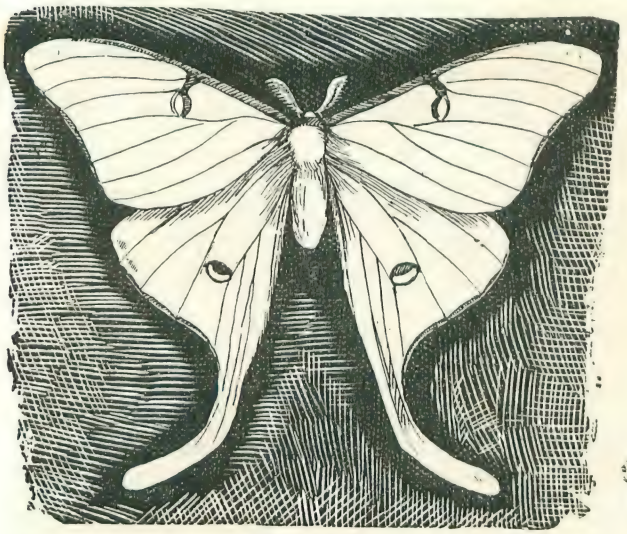


EYE FROM WING OF YAMA-MAI, ENLARGED.

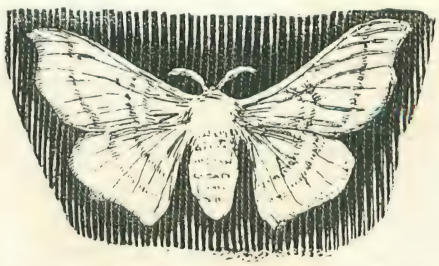


TUSSEH MOTH LARVA.

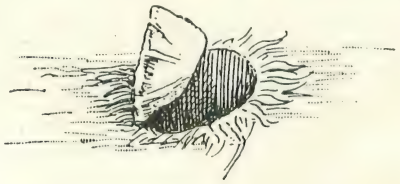
TUSSEH COCOON.



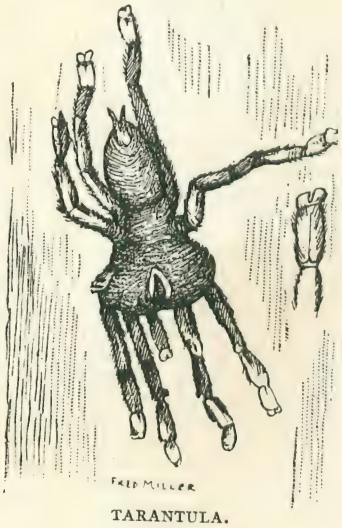
MOON MOTH.



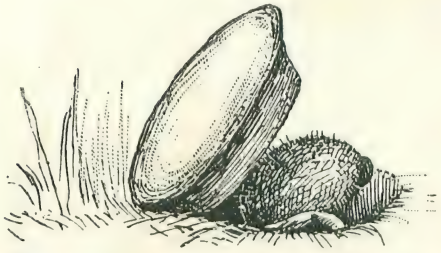
MULBERRY MOTH (*Bombyx mori*), THE COMMON SILKWORM.



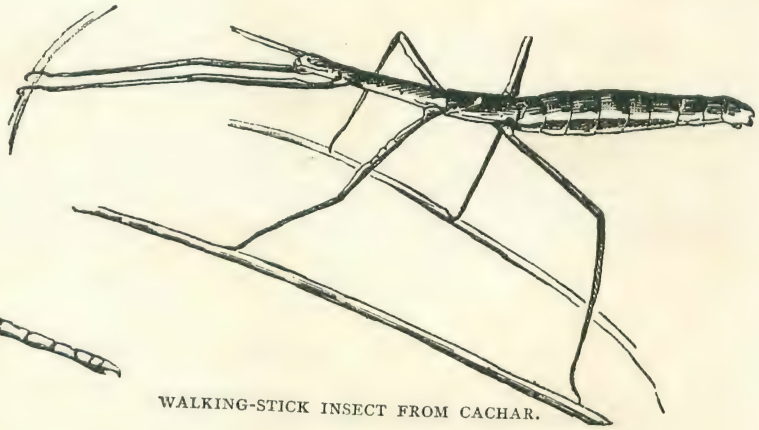
NATAL TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.



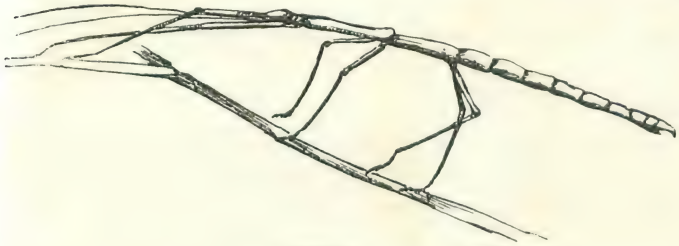
TARANTULA.

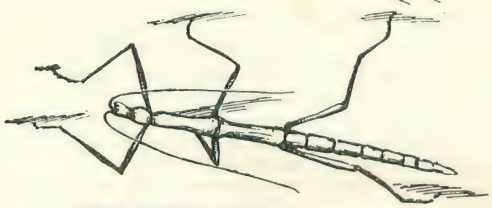


TRAP-DOOR SPIDER'S HOLES. (*Showing two kinds of lids.*)

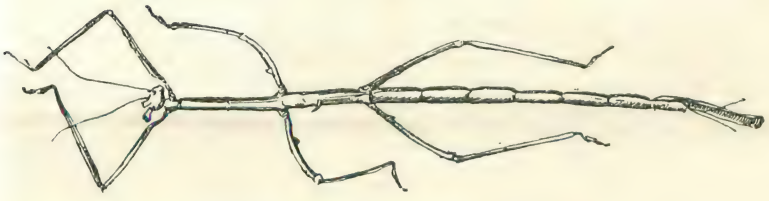


WALKING-STICK INSECT FROM CACHAR.





TEXAS WALKING-STICK INSECTS.



WALKING-STICK INSECT FROM BRAZIL.

WALKING-LEAF INSECT FROM SEYCHELLES.

century, is one of those legends which we can accept or reject: proof is wanting. The length of time such a journey would take in those days, and the liability of the eggs hatching out before they reached their destination, needs explanation.

Another story, and one which seems credible, is that the Crusaders introduced the rearing of the silkworms into Sicily in the twelfth century, the cultivation of the silk-worm having spread from China eastward by slow degrees. The Saracens obtained a monoply of the trade, and established it in the thriving cities of Asia Minor. Sicilian silks, with Saracen patterns, dating from the twelfth century, have come down to us. Silk has been an important industry in Italy and the South of France for the last three or four hundred years. Silk-weaving was introduced at Tours by Louis XI. in 1480, and Francis I. brought the industry of rearing silkworms to the Rhone Valley in 1520.

I daresay many of my readers either keep or have brothers who keep silkworms; such know what an insignificant insect this moth is compared to those I have been speaking about. It is whitish, with faint yellow-brown markings, which follow the same arrangement as those of its larger and more striking kinsfolk. It is a native of China, but has been so long domesticated that it is said to be no longer found wild. Domestication has produced varieties of it, and has also induced diseases of various kinds, which have played great havoc with the rearing of silkworms in Southern Europe. It only thrives on the mulberry, while atlas, polyphemus, and others feed on oak, willow, elm, and many other trees. This worm spins a cocoon of glossy soft silk, from white to yellow in colour, and unquestionably when woven yields the most beautiful textile known.

Several attempts have been made to introduce the rearing of silkworms into England. Henry VI. and James I. lent it their patronage, and tried hard to induce people to plant mulberry-trees to feed the worms upon. But, though no success attended the production of silk, the influx of weavers from the Low Countries in the sixteenth century, and of the refugees who came here after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in the seventeenth century, made silk-weaving an important industry. A guild of silk throwsters was incorporated in Spitalfields in 1585.

Tusseh or Tussore silk on the other hand is a coarser, heavier fibre, and as the cocoons are larger than the mulberry moth, the yield is greater and the price consequently much less. Its scientific name is *Antheræa mylitta*, and in India it is not domesticated, for the moths so soon as they emerge from the chrysalis take flight. The natives look under the trees upon which the larva feeds, and upon finding evidence of their presence cut down the branches upon which the caterpillars are feeding, and place them near their homes on Asseen trees. The hill people guard the insects night and day to preserve them from crows and other birds by day and bats by night.

To wind the cocoons, for the silk is glued together with a secretion which the worm emits, the natives steep them for about two hours into plantain ashes and water, afterwards placing them in an earthen vessel until soft enough. The implement used for taking off the thread is a reel of four bars which is turned by the right hand. The thread of four or five cocoons is made to pass over the left thigh of the spinner who gives the thread thus formed a twist with his left hand on his thigh.

The natives of Central Africa use the fibre spun by a colony of caterpillars, which is found in large branches on trees, for the production of a fibre; but this has to be spun like cotton into a thread whereas in the silkworm and Tusseh, the cocoon itself is unwound. The silk from Cynthia cannot be wound but has to be spun. The web of spiders has been used, but the difficulty of collecting the webs and the impossibility of breeding spiders in numbers, confines such efforts to the region of scientific playing. The silky beard of a large bivalve found in the Pacific has also been used for weaving and in the museum at Oxford is shown a pair of gloves of a soft, warm, green colour made of a fibre spun from this fish beard.

* * * *

Trap-door spiders have several times been kept in the insect house. Their habit of travelling in the ground and covering the entrance with a lid composed of particles of earth and other matter glued together with a secretion is well known. The spider itself is larger and of thicker build than any in this country, and somewhat resembles a small tarantula.

Tarantulas are found in many parts of the globe; those from South Africa and Texas have both been on view in the gardens. They are forbidding-looking creatures, and though their bite is rarely if ever fatal to an adult it produces severe illness which may last several days. Those in the Zoo are fed on small mice and cockroaches.

In the sketch I have enlarged one of the feet to show how the creature can cling to glass, as the feet act not unlike a sucker.

Among the interesting insects I have sketched in this house the "walking sticks" are certainly the most unique. These creatures, classed under the name of Phasma, so nearly resemble dry twigs that when clinging to a shrub they are hardly visible. A case in the Natural History Museum is mounted to show how these insects and their allies the "walking leaves" are so like their surroundings as to be seen only when carefully searched for. This "protective mimicry," as it is called, though strikingly manifested in these creatures, may be said to be shown by all living forms to a greater or less degree, from the bars of black on a tiger's skin like dark reeds in the jungle to the colouring of insects to resemble their surroundings. These stick insects and walking leaves have so imitated their environment that finding them in a wild state is a matter of considerable difficulty. The colouring too changes with their surroundings which is a further help to them. There are an enormous number of species, three of them are shown in sketches, and they are found in North America, South Africa while Central America gives us some of the largest and most grotesque varieties. Ugly as they look these Phasma are purely vegetable feeders.

The "walking leaves" from Seychelles imitate their surroundings in a still more striking way, the body of the insect being green and marked just like a leaf.

Numbers of British moths and butterflies are also reared in this insect house, and I shall have something more to say about the former in the subsequent articles on butterflies.

FRED MILLER.

SOME AUSTRIAN RECIPES.

Vanilla Sugar.—Vanilla sugar so often finds a place in Austrian cookery that a recipe for it must preface the following directions for making some very delicious dishes often enjoyed in that country. The pod of vanilla bean can be had at most grocers, and the flavouring it gives is most delicate and preferable to any of the liquid essences. Take a piece of this vanilla bean and some sifted sugar and pound the two together until quite fine. You must judge of the quantity of both vanilla and sugar by adding the latter gradually until on tasting it, it is well-flavoured with vanilla. Pass this through a sieve and keep it in a tin. When required for use add it to other fine sugar according to taste.

Vanilla Crescents.—Ingredients: Eight ounces of best flour, six ounces of fresh butter, three ounces of peeled almonds chopped very finely indeed, and two yolks of egg. Mix all this up with a knife on your pastry board, and then roll it out with a rolling pin. Cut the paste thus formed into small pieces and form them into little crescents about two or three inches long and as thick as your thumb—if you have a small hand. Bake in a very moderate oven, and remember that they must not brown. Cover with finest vanilla sugar powdered thickly over them. These biscuits, if properly made, should be very light and extremely brittle. They keep good and fresh if placed in an air-tight tin.

Lemon Soufflé.—The Austrian recipe for the above is as follows:—

Ingredients: Five tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, five yolks of egg, the flavour of one rind of a lemon, and the juice of one lemon. This should all be stirred for half an hour, and then a hard snow-like mixture should be added, made of the five whites of egg whipped until quite consistent. Bake about fifteen minutes in a brisk oven, in an ordinary pie-dish in which the mixture has been heaped up. Serve immediately it is done.

Apricot Soufflé.—Take five tablespoonfuls of apricot jam, passed through a sieve. Two spoonfuls of fine sifted sugar. Stir this up well for half an hour. Make a stiff snow of five whites of egg, and add very lightly to the above. Heap this up lightly in any pie or soufflé-dish, and ornament with some sliced almonds on the top. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a brisk oven. Serve immediately it is cooked.

Chestnut Cream.—Boil some large chestnuts, peel them and pass them through a sieve. Mix with a little cream and vanilla sugar to taste. Heap part of this paste in the middle of a dish. With a fancy forcing bag make part of it into balls the size of a chestnut, and glaze these balls with sugar. Surround the centre heap with whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla sugar, on which the glazed chestnuts are to be laid.

Chocolate Pudding.—Dissolve three ounces of the best chocolate in half a pint of single cream which is on the fire. Let this get cold and then gradually mix it with two spoonfuls of flour and two ounces of white sugar. This should be done while the mixture is on the fire until it is of the consistence of a thick batter. Let this cool in one basin, and in another stir well two ounces of fresh butter with five yolks of egg; then add the cold batter and mix it up well. Next beat up five whites of egg until they are in a stiff froth, and add slowly but lightly to the aforenamed mixture. Bake this in a soufflé dish for about twenty to twenty-five minutes. The same mixture can be made with essence of coffee instead of the chocolate.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

SERVANTS AND SLAVEYS.

As the spring brightened, Morag began to consider her own prospects. Her first year of service with Mrs. Cay was drawing to a close, and she could not feel that it was either pleasure or duty to renew it. Her wage was very small, existence was but imprisonment, and her mistress showed no tangible sign of appreciation. Also the unvarying narrow life offered her the minimum opportunity for improvement on any line of household duty.

Two decisions Morag made entirely for herself.

First, that she must make up her mind quite definitely that she meant to leave Mrs. Cay, before she even mentioned the matter to Miss Soutar. She felt that it would be unkind and unfair to her friend to put her in the painful position, on the one hand, of advising Morag to put up with disadvantages, or on the other, of seeming to encourage her to desert Miss Soutar's neighbour, Mrs. Cay.

Second, that she must use the utmost endeavour to "place herself" before leaving her present situation. She had a wholesome horror of going back to Sillerton to await developments. She longed indeed to visit Sillerton—in hopes of something, she scarcely knew what, —and trusted that she might snatch a brief holiday for that purpose between leaving the old situation and going to a new one. But she did not want to be in Mrs. Henderson's house for any indefinite period and with an uncertain destiny. A day or two would amply suffice. She knew well enough that both her aunt Rebecca and her cousin would suspect her of a desire to shirk the humble independence they despised, and would resentfully credit her with designs of preying on their hospitality.

Therefore she saw that she must rely on her own promptitude and tact to make these decisions work out well.

She must at once begin to make inquiries for fresh employment. That fairly done, she was free to consult Miss Soutar.

But somehow Morag did not like to feel herself beginning to look for a new mistress, a single day before Mrs. Cay was warned to look for a new servant. So she resolved that the first thing to do was to speak to the old lady herself.

"Please, ma'am," she said one morning as she was receiving the day's "stores," "I have been with you nearly a year. The time will be up soon."

Mrs. Cay looked up sharply. "I suppose you are wanting a rise in your wages?" she said.

"No, ma'am" said Morag, "it is not that. But I feel I ought to tell you at once that I wish to leave."

Mrs. Cay was vexed to the soul. She had begun to trust Morag—so far—though she never let her know it. She had even begun to boast among her acquaintances of her good servant, and to lay the credit to her own door, as due to Morag's being a novice, encompassed from the first by Mrs. Cay's superior training and discipline.

"Just sheer love of change and gadding, I suppose," she remarked.

"I feel I ought to be learning more of my work than I can learn here," said Morag, very mildly.

"That's the new excuse with girls who set themselves up a little," snapped the old lady. "I suppose Miss Soutar has been putting that idea into your head—with her Sunnyside Association and her invalid cookery and lace-dressing."

How glad Morag was that she could plainly answer. "No, ma'am, Miss Soutar does not even know yet that I am thinking of leaving."

The mistress looked keenly at the girl. Yes, she judged she was speaking truth. "Does your Aunt Henderson know then?" she asked.

"No," answered Morag, "I haven't told her yet."

"You seem to go about your changes in a pretty independent fashion," she said.

"Ma'am," said Morag, "I thought you had a right to know first. I wouldn't speak to any one till I had spoken to you."

Of course Mrs. Cay noted this unusual touch of honourable straightforwardness and consideration, but it only roused her keener vexation as enhancing the value of something she felt she had lost. Yet her habits of suspicion and self-justification speedily came to her aid, and she thought within herself—

"I suppose the girl fancied she might make terms with me, without anybody being the wiser. But she finds her mistake. If I had been properly asked for a rise of wage, I might have granted it. Yet I don't see why I should. If one takes to putting up wages, one puts up conceit also. And there are girls to be got for eight pounds a year. They will have to smash a good deal to get through the extra pound which I daresay my lady thinks I ought to have offered her."

With all her screwing thrift, Mrs. Cay was quite unable to grasp the wiser economy, which recognises that it is better to reward faithful, careful service with fit recompense, than to be perpetually called upon to replace the breakages and repair the damages of ignorant or reckless waste.

Having thus spoken to her mistress, Morag opened the matter to Miss Soutar next time she saw her.

Now Miss Soutar knew that she had often said to herself when she heard of people vainly looking for work, and of all the ensuing disheartenment and misery, that at least no domestic servant need ever be at a loss, with so many well-paid situations going a-begging. Yet now, when her counsel and furtherance were sought by this young girl, in whom her interest had grown to be that of personal attraction ripening into affection, somehow she felt that she saw the matter in a different light. There were not so very many houses, after all, in which she would like to see Morag take service. Yet other girls were quite as innocent, as well-meaning and as impressionable. Morag was only differentiated from many by her dash of native refinement and her capacity for intellectual pleasures, characteristics which really diminished the risks of her position. Kind and considerate of everybody as Margaret Soutar was, she felt she would have unhesitatingly recommended the other girls to seek places which she would not recommend to this one, *because she loved her*.

Miss Soutar said to herself that we never see the inside of any sphere of life until somebody we love is there.

There were the Fergusons of Castle House, they were wanting a parlour-maid just now, and Miss Ferguson, who was such a zealous member of the Sunnyside Association, was herself an excellent young woman. But the Ferguson young men had not a good repute. Miss Soutar knew sad truths about them—as women doing any real work in the world often know. When she had seen their names at local entertainments, she had said to herself, "If only the young ladies knew the kind of men they are, surely they would not dance with them!" Perhaps some of the young ladies would not have been so particular. But was Miss Soutar going to send Morag to work for hire under the roof of these men? Certainly not! It was not to be thought of!

Then there were the Dalrymples, nice people, with a well-conducted family. But their servant had just left them, in consumption, and she was the second who had done so, and Miss Soutar, having seen the servant's bedroom, did not wonder, for not a ray of sunlight ever shone into its window, and it opened from a passage so dark that gas had to be kept burning there all day long. No, Morag must not be sent there.

Then there was Dr. Purves' household. He was a man of the highest repute in the town, looked up to by everybody and adored by the poor. But in

his home everybody knew there was a skeleton of some sort, though nobody was quite sure of what sort it was. Some said Mrs. Purves went out of her mind at times, others said she drank. A few reported that the doctor beat his wife, but that was generally declared to be a lie. At any rate, Mrs. Purves was occasionally seen, draggled, demented; and in the house there was always a stern-faced woman, who seemed something between a nurse and a keeper. At intervals everything was right with Mrs. Purves, and she entertained her neighbours, and was very affable and charming. Miss Soutar had taken afternoon tea on several occasions. But was this a house to which to send an impressionable young girl—this house that might well, at any moment, be the scene of terrible tragedy? No, Miss Soutar felt she could not do it.

Then there were the Maws, who changed their servants every month or two because of Mrs. Maw's temper. If Morag went there and remained longer, it would be by submitting to a perpetual storm of railing and abuse enough to scald all the bloom from a sensitive spirit.

Lastly, there were the Whites—yes, there were ten of the Whites—and they none of them did anything for themselves, and they kept but one servant, a good little drudge, who was now going away to be married to a man whom she had waited for ten years. Miss Soutar had seen her beating mats at half-past five in the morning, and known her to be cleaning silver at ten o'clock at night, and she had scarcely ever been seen without a black mark on her face, or with clean hands. That would not be a good exchange from Mrs. Cay's. As the Whites never spoke to their drudge except to give orders, it would be but solitary slavery in place of solitary confinement. Possibly the last poor little woman had been upheld by the thought of the absent lover, and Miss Soutar hoped that he would not show too much dismay at his bride's worn-down looks when she joined him in America.

Miss Soutar reflected silently that one may go to take tea with a great many people into whose kitchens one would not readily put a girl whom one loved.

"And of course, that means that no girl ought to be there!" she thought.

But she kept all these reflections to herself. She was not going to magnify the difficulties of Morag's position, and to own the truth, she was rather afraid that if she revealed some of these obstacles, this rash young experimenter might insist on tackling them!

Of course Miss Soutar knew of a great many nice people in whose well-arranged households servants were kept. But the thing was they were really kept—they stayed! It was only death, marriage, or some extraordinary domestic crisis of their own which made an opening in their ranks. There was no such opening now. There was no reason to suppose there would be any.

"If Morag were but a little older, it would be different," considered the kind little infant-mistress. "By the time a woman is three or four-and-twenty, she ought to have an atmosphere of her own, with which she can surrouned herself and act on other people. But these young things of seventeen or so are still in a state of solution. I am not sure that Morag has not something of an atmosphere about her already; but if she has, that only makes one the more anxious that it should not get dispersed before it is settled. Of one thing I am clear. I will not myself recommend this girl to any place unless I am quite sure its influences are good. If she is to run any risk, she must do so on her account, for then she will be the more on her guard."

The result of their conference was that Morag put an advertisement into the *Northern Light*, a journal which had a circulation over a wide area of country.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME COLD MEAT COOKERY.

By AMY S. WOODS.

"WHAT to do with cold meat?" is, even in these modern days when we are blessed with so much technical education, so many classes to initiate us into the mysteries of "High class," "middle class," and "artizan" cookery, a question of no little importance to many housekeepers, especially to those who have the management of small households and small incomes, to whom the sirloin of beef or leg of mutton after its first appearance as a hot joint, and its second as a cold one, is apt to assume the character of a too-well-known bug-bear which must be disposed of somehow before any newer and daintier dish can grace the family table.

The beef can be minced, it is true, and the mutton hashed, but the minced beef and hashed mutton of the ordinary "plain cook" are as a rule more economical and homely than appetising, and their too frequent appearance is apt to call forth the displeasure of at any rate the masculine members of the household. So in despair the poor house-mistress, dreading the difficulty of disposing of the remains of the joints, adopts the practice of providing steaks and cutlets and fancy dishes in preference to the more nutritious, but too-lasting joints. In most cases this plan is not a good one, for as we all know, a large or medium-sized joint of meat loses less of its nourishment in the process of cooking, and contains more of the red juices and blood and flesh-forming properties than smaller dishes, with the exception of a perfectly-grilled steak or mutton-chop, besides which, the household stock-pot suffers from the loss of the liquor in which a joint has been boiled, and which serves as a foundation for many soups; there is little or no dripping for frying, or, when properly clarified, to use for plain cakes and pastry; and last, but by no means least, no large bones to provide the gelatinous substance which should form such an important and nourishing item in every soup.

It is therefore to the younger and less-experienced housekeepers, and to those elder ones who, though they have to study economy in the arranging of their menus, yet shrink alike from the insipidity of mutton cold and mutton hashed (though the latter dish is by no means to be despised if carefully prepared), that I offer these few suggestions for cold meat cookery. Having referred to hashed mutton, perhaps it will not be inappropriate for me to commence by giving a recipe for

Hachis de Mouton à la Parisienne.—For this dish take some cold mutton perfectly free from fat, skin and gristle; chop it finely with the same weight of chestnuts, roasted till floury and weighed after the removal of the skins. Put into a saucepan a teaspoonful of flour mixed with a quarter of an ounce of fresh butter previously melted; when nicely browned put in the chopped meat and chestnuts moistened with a little good stock or gravy, and seasoned with salt, black pepper, and a suspicion of nutmeg; well mix over the fire, then cover the saucepan and allow it to remain for an hour over a very slow fire, then serve the hash on a hot dish—silver if you possess one—garnished with *croûtons* of bread fried very dry, alternated with tiny bunches of fried parsley.

A pleasing variety may be made by substituting mushrooms, tinned or fresh, for the chestnuts, and adding a good tablespoonful of ketchup to the gravy; or a larger quantity of meat may be used without any additions beyond the seasoning and gravy except two tablespoonfuls of Brand's or Worcester sauce, and the hash served garnished with alternate baked tomatoes and little heaps of plain boiled rice. The simplest way of cooking the former is to place them in a deep baking-tin, putting on each one a tiny scrap of butter, a pinch of salt, and a dust of pepper, and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. The rice should be boiled in a large saucepan full of salt and water, so that each grain is perfectly separate, and dried for a few minutes on a sieve before the fire.

Hachis du rôtis de Bœuf may be made in the same way from the remainder of a joint of roast beef, substituting two sheep's brains slightly boiled in salt and water for the chestnuts or mushrooms, and adding a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup as a flavouring.

Another excellent way of using minced meat, though it cannot boast of such a grand name as the two foregoing recipes, is to form it into a shape or mould with macaroni.

For this dish you will require three quarters of a pound of cold roast or boiled fresh meat, finely chopped, one tablespoonful of gravy, a quarter of a pound of fine bread-crumbs, a

quarter of a pound of maccaroni, one or two eggs, and a small piece of butter. Boil the maccaroni in salt and water till tender, drain it well, and having buttered a basin or plain mould, line it at the bottom and up the sides with maccaroni. Mix together thoroughly the meat, bread-crumbs, and gravy, season highly with pepper and salt, and bind with one egg, or two if required; fill the mould with the forcemeat, placing any maccaroni you may have left in layers between it, press down firmly, set a small plate or saucer on the mould and steam for half-an-hour. Turn out carefully, and serve with some good thick brown gravy poured round, but not over the mould. It may be garnished in many tasteful ways, according to the fancy of the cook; the simplest plan is to place a cluster of parsley in the centre, but in a mould composed of mutton a ring of boiled carrot pressed through a sieve may edge the top, or alternate horse-radish and parsley on one made of beef; or when veal and ham is used the edging may be of hot grated ham interspersed with parsley, of tiny slices of lemon or little heaps of grated lemon rind.

This dish admits of many varieties; besides the beef, mutton, or veal and ham, to which I have referred, turkey and ham, chicken and ham, or game with a little lean bacon are excellent served in the same way. When using veal, chicken, or turkey the addition of a little chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of fine herbs will be generally considered an improvement. Rissoles of beef or mutton are common enough in most households, but the following mode of preparing them will be found superior to the general method.

Take half a pint of stock or gravy, thicken with an ounce of flour, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, and, if liked, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce; stir over the fire until the rawness of the flour is removed, then add sufficient finely chopped and pounded meat to make a thick paste; add one beaten egg, stir the mixture over the fire for five minutes, then turn on to a floured dish to cool. When cold, form into long rolls, egg and bread-crumb, and fry in very hot fat. Arrange the rissoles on a d'oyley or dish-paper with a bunch of fried parsley in the centre.

Fish rissoles are excellent made in the same way, substituting a thick white sauce made with half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, and one ounce of flour for the stock, and any kind of white fish, well pounded, for the meat. The sauce should be well seasoned. The secret of success in frying rissoles, as well as every kind of fried dish, is to have the fat so far beyond boiling point that it has ceased to bubble, and to use plenty of it. No frying will be successful if the quantity of fat used is too small, and as the same fat can be clarified and used over and over again there is no economy in not using a sufficient quantity.

Croûtes aux Jambon is a useful breakfast dish for using up a ham which is no longer presentable for the table. For it allow two ounces of finely chopped ham, which should be lean, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and one of fine herbs, and a seasoning of salt and pepper, with a little cayenne. Mix well. Melt the butter in a saucepan and adding the mixture stir over the fire till thoroughly hot. Have ready some slices of bread—not too thin—cut them into rounds with a pastry-cutter and fry a nice delicate brown in hot fat. On each one pile up some of the hot meat, garnish with fried parsley and serve at once.

Although fish dishes can hardly be correctly termed cold meat cookery, I think my readers will find the following recipes so excellent, that they will pardon me for giving them here.

Fish Soufflé is a pleasant change from the orthodox fish pie or pudding. Melt in a lined saucepan two ounces of butter, stir in (off the fire to prevent lumps) two ounce of flour and a good teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Season with salt and a little cayenne and add the yolks of two eggs and a gill of milk. Continue stirring over the fire till the mixture is at boiling-point, then add five ounces of white fish, well pounded, and a tablespoonful of cream. Mix thoroughly, then stir in very lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, pour into a *soufflé* dish, or failing this, an ordinary pie-dish, and bake for half-an-hour. The top should be nicely browned before serving.

Turbot au gratin is a general favourite, and if a little care is taken in the preparation of the sauce cannot fail to be a success.

To make the sauce, which is a very important item in this dish, and one which raises it above the ordinary level of fish pies, place in a stew-pan one pint of new milk, half a pint of water, one onion, one blade of mace, a small bunch of parsley, the trimmings of six medium-sized mushrooms or a dozen small ones, and a little salt. Leave them to simmer over the fire for twenty minutes, and meanwhile melt in another saucepan one ounce of butter, thickened with the same quantity of flour; strain the liquor from the stew-pan and add it very gradually to the paste, continue stirring till it boils, then remove it to the side of the fire and stir till perfectly smooth, then add the strained juice of half a lemon; beat up the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and strain them to the sauce; keep stirring over the fire until thoroughly cooked, but beware of letting the sauce boil, as it will quickly curdle.

Remove from the flesh of a cold boiled turbot all the skin and bone and cut it into small dice. Place in a buttered pie-dish a layer of fine bread-crumbs, then half your mushrooms cut into quarters, then add alternate layers of fish and sauce until the dish is full; but place over your last layer of fish the remainder of your mushrooms, then the sauce, and finally a covering of bread-crumbs with tiny scraps of butter amongst them. Bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour.

A deep pie-dish is necessary for this dish, and better than an earthen one will be found the enamelled iron pans which can be hidden by a "pie-dish collar," or a folded napkin when the dish is sent to table.

Should mushrooms be thought too extravagant their omission will not spoil the dish, though it will not be quite so *recherché* without them, and in winter when eggs are scarce, half the quantity of sauce made with one egg will be found sufficient for a small dish.

With one more recipe for "Curried Fish" I will close. This will be found a favourite dish in cold weather. For it you will require the remains of any cold white fish, which must be flaked and fried a nice brown with three ounces of butter and a sliced onion; place the fish in a stew-pan and add some white stock prepared as below; give one boil and serve with a border of rice boiled as directed in the recipe for hashed mutton.

For the stock, take a teacupful of white stock and simmer in it for one hour a small teaspoonful of curry-powder, then thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, add the juice of half a lemon and a seasoning of salt and cayenne. After the stock has been added to the fish stir in gradually a quarter of a pint of cream, and finish as directed above. Should cream not be procurable allow a quarter of a pint more stock with half the quantity more of the curry-powder, etc.

In conclusion let me advise all housekeepers and cooks who desire to produce tempting dishes from the commonplace material of cold meat or fish, to beware of carelessness in their preparation. It is carelessness that is usually to blame when stews and hashes are tough and insipid, or when curries either burn the mouths of those who partake of them, or have little flavour beyond a lurking suspicion of onions and pepper.

If you wish to make your cold meat cookery acceptable to those for whom you cater, see, by personal supervision, that each dish is delicately and carefully prepared, tastefully garnished, and served as hot as it can possibly be, with the all-important accompaniments of a clean table-cloth, bright silver, hot plates, and a smiling face.

VARIETIES.

B. A. kindly sends us the following information:—

1. St. Paul's choir is the largest cathedral choir in England, and costs the most to keep up.
2. It consists of thirty boys and eighteen men.
3. It is true that at certain great festivals the choir is assisted by some two hundred men and boys from outside; but these have nothing to do with the cathedral.
4. Other choirs are certainly as good as Durham, *e.g.* those of Westminster Abbey, the Chapels Royal, and Oxford Cathedral.
5. Probably St. Paul's fights King's College, Cambridge, for second place amongst English choirs.
6. But it is fully acknowledged by all competent judges that for some years past the best choir in the world has been that of Magdalen College, Oxford. This choir, which consists of sixteen boys and ten men, costs the college £3000 a year. When a vacancy arises for an adult voice, almost every cathedral in the country is represented at the competition. At the last trial of voices for a tenor there were nearly eighty competitors; and about twenty-five boys try for each vacancy amongst the trebles. A mistake during service is practically unknown to the choir.

The Magdalen chapel for sound is considered to be absolutely perfect.

GREAT PEOPLE.—"The truly great people are those who have done everything thoroughly and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making."—*Ruskin.*

BE IN EARNEST.—Charles Dickens in one of his letters says: "Every day of my life I feel more and more that to be thoroughly in earnest is everything, while to be anything short of it is nothing."

THE POET'S TESTIMONY.—Shortly before his death the poet Whittier wrote as follows:—"The foundations seem breaking up. I only hope that if the planks and stagings of human device give way, we shall find the Eternal rock beneath. We cannot do without God; and of Him we are sure. *All that* science and criticism can urge cannot shake the self-evident truth that He asks me to be true, just, merciful and loving; and because He asks me to be so, I know that He is Himself what He requires me to be."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

VIOLETTA.—You give no address, so we cannot tell whether you reside near any "night school" which you could attend after attendance in the shop is over. Inquire at the nearest Board School where there is any place in the near neighbourhood where "evening classes" are held for young people in business who cannot spare time by day.

META MUNROE.—You had better write to the Vice-Principal of King's College (London), Miss Faithfull, 13, Kensington Square, W., who will be able to give you all the information you require.

MARIGOLD.—Unless you can get some friend to teach you book-keeping and bill-writing, you must manage to get a few lessons in the work. We could not undertake to teach you in our brief answers to correspondents. There is a college for working women at 7, Fitzroy Street; also at the College for Men and Women at 29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. As you give no address, we cannot tell whether either of these, or some we have not named, are near you.

DOLPHIN.—Yes, there are two swimming baths where classes are held for girls, *i.e.*, at King Street, St. Pancras, and at 2, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

KATIE.—You might obtain training for the out-door nursing of the sick poor under the auspices and teaching of the Church Army Institution. There is a house in Edgware Road; also, there is the South London District Nursing Association for Nursing Sick Poor, Marmion Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

DAGMAR.—The National Home-Reading Union. Central Office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.; Secretary, Miss Mondy. Also, the Home Education Society, Hon. Secretary, Miss Ralfe, 102, Easton Terrace, S.W.

WORK.

NERISSA.—1. There is a special branch of dressmaking by a simple system taught at the London Institute of Plain Needlework. Apply to the acting Secretary, 16, Stafford St., Marylebone Road, W., enclosing a stamped envelope.—2. The nearest School of Art would be the best place. We think it would be the North London, Sandringham Road, Kingsland. You could apply for further information to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, S.W.

A MINOR SCALE.—If you wish to make little articles for a bazaar, we suggest veil-cases, made of the size of a folded veil with a line or two in verse embroidered on the top—"Inside this dainty case, are veils for your fair face." Nightdress-cases likewise would be saleable, probably more so than those for veils, and embroidered with a suitable motto, and a space prepared for the purchaser's initials. Another novelty is a pincushion made in the form of an elf; its body (the size of a bantam's egg) is made in two materials, the upper part in brown plush, and the lower or under part of brown satin, and is filled with emery powder. The face is covered with white kid, and the features marked or outlined with Indian ink, and the head is dressed in a long brown satin cap ending in a point. The arms and legs are of stout bonnet-wire covered with stout sewing silk, and pads of white kid form the hands and feet. The arms and legs should be sewn to the inner lining of the body before the latter is dressed in its brown covering.

MRS. A. ALLARD.—*The English Woman's Year Book* of the current year is responsible for the two addresses (Miss Barlee, Institution for Needlewomen, 10, Bermondsey Square, S.E.; and the Thimble League, Mrs. Robertson Aikman, 7, Queen's Gate, S.W.; central depôt, 28, Fulham Road, S.W.). See pages 78 and 87.

JACK AND JILL.—The balloon bladders could be dyed with diluted dyes.

OLIVE.—We believe that the Working Ladies' Guild, 251, Brompton Road, S.W., assists in obtaining training in the things you require. Write, enclosing a stamped envelope. You would have to pay for your training, of course.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVE.—We sympathise with you, but cannot help you in the way you suggest—translating and copying.

AMY EDINGER had better apply to the librarian of a second-hand book shop.

LOMISBETH.—A George III. crown-piece, date 1819, if in good condition (not "indistinct") would be worth from 7s. 6d. to 15s., and half-a-crown of the same reign and date from 3s. 6d. to 6s.

FORSIE.—We do not see the necessity for dosing yourself because the spring season has come in. In ancient almanacks you may see recommendations of "blood-letting" (by a barber) as an item in the essential rules for preserving the health, whether the victim to prejudice and custom were in excellent condition or not. Do not take any course of medicine, nor of any special diet, nor certainly of mineral waters, excepting by order of a physician who has seen you.

M. B.—Much may be done with one hand only available. Perhaps you could find amusement in putting puzzles together—we mean "Puzzle Pictures." Also a box of letters (several alphabets complete) may afford much amusement. One person thinks of a word and gives you the disarranged letters which you have put together in due order. You can also make scrap, and stamp books; play "Bouts rhymés" and many little card games; and you can draw and paint, and work in cross-stitch on a standing frame.

F. H. I. B.—1. When the mayor gives a reception of a public character in his civic capacity, it is he who receives, not his wife; and you bow or slightly curtsey to him as to the law and all local authority. At home, in his own house, it is his wife who should first be recognised, and when you have presented yourself to her, then turn to him.—2. Chiffon had better be sent to a cleaner; any attempts made at home-cleaning would probably prove disastrous.

IVY SNELHIS.—Your writing is not legible. Damping your hair before curling it is not likely either to lighten or darken the colour; but it may become brittle under the treatment.

LOUIE.—The word you want in lieu of "satirical" is "jocular."

"TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE."—The invitation to call or dine should be sent by note from the girl's mother to the young man, and after that, from his mother to the girl. We are glad you derive so much pleasure from our paper.

VOL. XVII.—No. 860.] JUNE 20, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BY
ISABELLA
FYVIE MAYO.

Other People's Stairs

CHAPTER XIII.

ROBINA'S RELICS.

Morag got several answers to her advertisement, and evidently she would have got more, if she could have laid greater stress on cooking skill, for nearly all applications which came pressed questions on this point.

She and Miss Soutar went through the letters together. As Miss Soutar read these, she felt more and more convinced of the risk one runs when one announces that one knows of a servant who wants a place. Every acquaintance who has an acquaintance in need of a maid, will probably be hurt if the vacancy is not at once jumped at without any inquiry, possibly offended for ever if it is finally set aside.

So many of these women of the employing class had strangely unformed hand-writings, and were oddly weak in their spelling! Yet Miss Soutar knew the world enough to know that this is the very type of woman who is apt to think that because she herself sits in her parlour, doing nothing, she is a lady; while the other woman, doing useful work in her kitchen, is "a common person" who has no right to any leisure because "she would not know what to do with it."

To own the truth, Morag's first interest was in studying the directions whence the letters came! She would have liked to stay in Nigle to remain near Miss Soutar. But, oddly enough, not one eligible reply came from Nigle. Then she would have been very ready to entertain any offers from that land of her memories and her dreams—the Northern Highlands. No letters, however, came from there, though there were two or three from small agricultural or fishing towns on the North East Coast, and one from Sillerton itself. But most of the letters came from London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; there were one or two from Liverpool and Manchester.

Several of these puzzled Morag a little. She could not at once see the

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drift of the terms in which they were couched. But Miss Soutar understood and explained. They came from metropolitan registry-office keepers, keenly on the watch for new and desirable material wherewith to satisfy the demands of their employers.

Each of these correspondents held out one vacant situation which "would exactly suit the advertiser's requirements." High wages were mentioned, though Morag had asked a sum that was but a modest increase on what Mrs. Cay had paid, but "if in any way it failed to suit then there were several more on hand to choose from." Hints were given that personal interviews were very desirable, and that the best situations were liable to be snapped up by applicants on the spot.

So this was the method by which simple country lasses were allured to leave their familiar neighbourhoods and enticed to great cities, to be thrown unregarded and undifferentiated, upon their huge labour-swamp, and presently sucked under, out of sight, while new arrivals filled their places! Miss Soutar explained these letters to Morag and advised her to put them in the fire, and pay no regard whatever to any temptation they offered.

The Sillerton answer was undeniably a good one. Morag knew the very house from which it came, a fine old-fashioned cottage, left standing in its own greenery among rows of villas which had sprung up and shut it off from the country to which it really belonged. Morag had even noticed the owners of that cottage, pottering in their garden on a summer evening—a cheery old lady and gentleman. It was the old lady who wrote, with old-world precision of caligraphy and phrase. "There are only our two selves. Our family are grown up and gone away. Our place is quiet and regular, and could be a very comfortable home for a good girl. I know how things should be done, because when I was younger I did my own work, so that I also know what it is unreasonable to expect. We would begin at the wages you name, and my husband makes it a rule to advance wages one pound for every year a girl stays with us. We had one with us for seven years: the last was with us for three years."

Miss Soutar and Morag looked at each other.

"That is the kind of place in which I should like to see you, my dear," said the infant mistress.

"I should like to take it," Morag answered; "but it cannot be. It would hurt Aunt Rebecca dreadfully, and I believe my Cousin Gladys would never forgive me. They have friends who know my relationship to them, and who would think the less of them if they knew I am a servant."

"It seems rather hard that you should lose a good opportunity for this false and foolish feeling," said Miss Soutar.

"Maybe," returned Morag. "I don't say I would let it stand in my way if I had no choice except between this and something dreadful. But there must be plenty as good, or nearly as good. And for many reasons, too, it may be better that I shouldn't be too near Talbot Road."

Miss Soutar wondered what reasons Morag would assign? Had she already attained the wisdom of knowing that there are some ties, for which we cannot help cherishing a lingering regard, which are yet so fragile that they are best kept folded apart from the wear and tear of much intercourse? Or did Morag fear lest her own independence was not strong enough to resist adverse and contemptuous regards? Miss Soutar wisely asked no question, but contented herself by admitting—

"Maybe you are right, my dear."

Out of the remaining letters, that which seemed most attractive—owing to some knowledge of the quarter whence it came—was from a widow-lady living in a very genteel suburb of Edinburgh. Miss Soutar knew the lady by name. Her husband had been a highly-respected minister of the Scotch church, and before Miss Soutar came to Nigle she had frequently heard him preach when he came to visit his unmarried sisters, two delightful women, who kept a school in the Perthshire town where Miss Soutar had then resided. Miss Soutar had never, to her knowledge, seen his wife, though he had once or twice been accompanied by his daughters, then little girls. It was one of these who now replied to Morag's advertisement, writing for her mother.

The young lady wrote that she would be explicit in the first instance, as a personal interview would be necessary before any engagement could be made. The family consisted of her mother, herself, and two sisters who were always at home, a third sister and brother who came home occasionally. They kept three servants—cook, housemaid, and parlourmaid. It was a parlourmaid they required at present. They would pay advertiser the wage she asked, but as their housemaid was soon to leave them, the advertiser would also have the opportunity of changing into that situation if she desired, its wage being higher. It was requested that advertiser should tell them who her parents were, what domestic training she had received, and should furnish two superior references as to ability and personal character.

"The Rev. Mr. Garth was an excellent man," mused Miss Soutar, "and his sisters made admirable mistresses. I know, because a maid of theirs was in my Bible class. I only wish this place was not in Edinburgh."

"I would as lief go to Edinburgh as anywhere," said Morag. She was thinking of Elspeth Vass. "Only I fear these people will require first-class service."

Miss Soutar knew too well how glad people of that style would be to get such material as Morag was in the way of mere intelligence and conscientiousness. But she was not going to thrust upon the girl's notice the low standards to which the occupation of her life had fallen. So she simply remarked—

"You are neat and quick, Morag. What is necessary for you to learn you will soon pick up."

"Let me write my letter here, then," Morag pleaded, "and you will help me as to what I ought to say!"

There was little difficulty in that. Morag had only to relate that she was the orphan daughter of a schoolmaster, had been brought up by an aunt, and had had one year of quiet "general service" in Nigle.

"Now about the references?" questioned Morag. "Will you be one, Miss Soutar?"

"Certainly," said her friend. "Describe me as the Infant Mistress in Nigle School, and you may add that I was formerly second mistress at the Crossways Schools, in Perthshire. The young ladies may remember the Crossways Schools, and it may make them feel as if they knew me, just as my having seen their father and aunts makes me feel as if I knew them."

"I suppose Mrs. Cay will say a good word for me?" suggested Morag rather plaintively.

"I do not think she will refuse it," answered Miss Soutar.

Mrs. Cay did not refuse it, though she granted the request ungraciously, saying—

"Humph, tell them I'll give you a character. But I daresay they won't ask for it. I've scarcely ever been asked for a character by any of the people who have hired the hussies who have left me."

To Miss Soutar's astonishment, not to say disappointment, the grim old woman's prognostication proved right. Notwithstanding all that Miss Garth had said in her first letter, her reply to Morag's response was to the effect that everything seemed satisfactory, and Morag might regard herself as engaged. They would be glad if she could come to them sharp at term, and a sum was enclosed to defray travelling expenses.

"I told you so," triumphed Mrs. Cay. "People are so determined to have servants nowadays, that they are not very particular what they take. That's not my fashion. I'll do my own work for a month before I'd take a girl without a character. If it's a false one—as it generally is—that's not my fault."

Her sense of having prophesied aright, and her consciousness of being "superior" to "most people," made her almost gracious to Morag during those last days, so that Morag took courage to proffer the petition that Mrs. Cay would release her one day before the term, that she might spend it with her aunt in Sillerton on her way south.

"Oh, certainly! you can take off two days if you think they want you," said the dame, feeling within herself, "that will surely keep Rebecca Henderson from gossiping about me as a hard mistress."

Morag's last visit to Miss Soutar was saddened by some tidings of Robina which that lady had just received. These were not new tidings, only a new glimpse of the reality, without the coloured light cast on it by the "imagination" of the Nigle penny-a-liner. A worthy old woman, a sick nurse well-known to Miss Soutar, had been summoned to attend on the mistress of the

Badenoch Arms. Her patient had talked to her of Robina, and had shown her Robina's farewell letter, and the nurse had asked to be allowed to show it to the Infant-mistress, as she knew she had taken interest in the lost girl. The mistress of the public-house had given permission, and had said Miss Soutar could keep the letter if she liked, together with two or three other trifles which Robina had left behind her.

The pitiful little parcel lay on Miss Soutar's table. The old nurse had said that the innkeeper's wife did not seem to like to destroy them, and did not seem to want to keep them. And indeed that might well be the description of anybody's feeling towards such relics.

There was a little, dirty, ill-used birthday book. Robina's name and an old date were written on the fly-leaf, and scattered through the pages were other MacTavish names, painfully written in poor, faded ink. Then there were a few childish scrawls—records, thought Morag, of Robina's first situation. Then girls' Christian names only, in showy flourishes—Katies and Maggies and Nellies—and then men's names (Nigle names), written (perhaps not always by their owners) in vulgar levity, with all sorts of notes of exclamation or interrogation, mocking the quaint little verses of poetry assigned to each date. And the book smelled of beer and tobacco.

Then there was a silver finger-ring, with "Mizpah" engraved on it; an old marker of perforated card, worked with the words, "To my dear sister," and sewn upon a piece of tartan ribbon; an old valentine, whose strongly-indicated folds showed that it had laid by for years—it was a picture of a windmill and a church, with a couple hand-in-hand, apparently walking from the one to the other: among its border of hearts and forget-me-nots was the printed inscription, "For my Sweetheart," but on the back, in clumsy, laborious writing, were the lines—

"The lily's white, the vi'let's blue,
The rose is sweet, and so are you."

Then, last, fresh and new, beside its battered surroundings, there was Morag's poor little Christmas card. Robina had not cared to take the "Best wishes" that had reached her on the very eve of her flight.

Miss Soutar let Morag read Robina's letter to the publican's wife. It ran:—

"Don't be frightened about me. I'm all right. I'd got to go, and there was no use making a fuss. I'll fall on my feet. I've made my bed and I must lie on it—and not such a bad bed either! Don't be surprised if I come back in a carriage and pair. I won't pass the Badenoch Arms without stopping, and them that wouldn't look at me now will then say I always had my good points."

"That is all that the newspaper-man founded his showy story on," said Miss Soutar, "and the Badenoch Arms people did not contradict him, for the romance and the mystery brought custom to the house. The nurse says the newspaper-man himself is one who is always hanging about the bar, and has a long score. And very likely that paragraph has turned a dozen silly girls into barmaids, or would-be barmaids. By such base breath the public weathercock is blown!"

Morag Henderson carried away with her from Nigle two gifts. The one was from Miss Soutar, and was a small, strong album, with Miss Soutar's own photograph therein. The other was a dress-piece of light-grey merino. That actually was bestowed by Mrs. Cay! It had lain in that lady's wardrobe for six years, having been presented to her by one of her sons' wives, when she was only a prospective and propitiatory daughter-in-law. Mrs. Cay considered it too "light" for her own wear. But Morag knew nothing of all this, and was highly gratified by this tardy mark of approbation.

"Be sure and show it to your Aunt Rebecca, and tell her that I gave it to you," said Mrs. Cay, "because she will be pleased to know that I must have been satisfied with you." In her own heart she added, "Rebecca Henderson can't call me stingy, after that."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC SERVICE

AS REVEALED IN THE PAPERS SENT IN FOR COMPETITION CALLED "MY DAILY ROUND."

THIS competition has done much to dispel many erroneous notions which have been tenaciously held for many years concerning domestic service generally, and the bond between mistress and maid particularly, and if for nothing else it has done good service; it has cleared the atmosphere and given us a chance of seeing things as they are, and we thank the competitors, one and all, for the honest, fearless way in which they have put their daily round before us.

It is the fashion to think that between mistress and maid there is an ever-existing antagonism, and that the old-fashioned servant, living for many years in the same situation, has died out: the majority of our competitors tell quite a different story—for example:—

"I am a general servant and have been with my present mistress for twenty-three years."

"I came to my mistress twenty-two years ago. Sons and daughters all grown up but were all babies when I came to this my first situation. My mistress does all she can to make things pleasant for me."

"Mistress is a true friend; have been here seven years."

"I have been here ten years; I do the washing, baking and gardening. Mistress very kind."

"I have been here seven years and a half; it is my first place. Mistress is very kind, a true friend."

"The five years I have spent in this house have been happy ones."

"I came here at the age of 16 and have remained for over 13 years."

"I am working housekeeper, have been in my situation nine years and hope to remain here until I retire to my cottage which I have had built."

"I have been here seven years; my mistress says I have been a comfort in her home."

A "GINERAL" IN A ROUGH LODGING HOUSE.

"My mistress is always most kind and studies our comfort; have been here five years."

This is the tone and length of service of

the majority of the two hundred and twenty-two servants who sent in papers; some few found fault with the mistresses for being thoughtless, fidgety, and late in giving orders, the last being, as they declare, disastrous to the proper working of the house.

The amount of work done by some servants is simply marvellous, and, strangely enough, the more they have to do the happier they seem; they are up at five in the morning, and at work the whole day; this is usually the case with dairymaids, kitchenmaids, farm-servants, and mothers' helps.

A farm-servant says: "I never worked so hard in my life and have never felt better in health."

A mixture of general servant and dairy-maid in Argyleshire says: "My daily round is a very busy one; there is hardly a moment all day that I can get some quiet and leisure."

Here is the work of a "mother's help" at a farm some miles from a town. She is up at six, sweeps the kitchen, and while the dust is "pitching" gets the sitting-room in order, prepares breakfast, feeds the poultry, three hundred in number, dresses and bathes the little girl. After breakfast she clears away and goes to the dairy, where she makes everything clean, and then goes upstairs, makes the beds and turns out rooms; then comes back to the kitchen and makes puddings or pies, and puts meat and vegetables on to cook, then sits down to give the little girl lessons; next she cleans the lamps. As soon as dinner is over and she has washed up, she goes out to feed the ducks, chickens, and turkeys; she then cleans the knives and makes herself tidy, then gives the little girl more lessons, including music.

When she has prepared tea she goes out to look up the eggs and give the poultry supper. After tea she washes up and helps in the dairy. It is now about six o'clock, and she can sit down to needlework until it is time to get the children's supper; she then bathes them and puts them to bed, then she prepares supper at nine o'clock. After this meal she lays the kitchen-fire for the morning, clears away the supper and goes to bed. In the summer she is much busier, because of cheese-making and a greatly-increased number of poultry. She finishes up by saying: "Mine is a very busy daily round, I have very few idle moments, I am generally happy. I have a very kind mistress, and I like her very much."

The most unsatisfactory position appears to be that of "lady-help," she neither belongs to the drawing-room nor to the kitchen. One says: "When we have a party I sit and chat in the drawing-room for a short time; this is one of my worst trials, for I feel terribly in the way when I am with the visitors, because I am sure some of them look down on me, and I cannot stand it; the servants too are jealous of me." And another says: "The want of respect and consideration is very marked, and I feel that a 'lady-help' is, so to speak, all 'help' without the 'lady.'"

One thing has struck us very much in looking through the papers, which is the late hour at which servants as a rule rise; considering the enormous amount of work to be done before eight o'clock, the one hour allowed for it seems to us so little; it seems that something has to be omitted, either the toilette, or the prayers, or the work.

The principle which governs domestic service nowadays appears to be "Forbearance on all sides."

Servants claim to be considered as flesh and blood with the failings, desires and longings which belong to human beings, which is quite right.

Mistresses, on their side, expect to be faithfully served for the wages asked and received, and it seems to us from the papers sent in that mistresses are conceding much to the modern idea of service, and that servants are parting with many of the prejudices which used to form a barrier between mistress and maid, and thus it will be possible to have happy home-life both upstairs and down.

The Aspirations of Servants.—Some girls desire to bring sunshine into the lives of those with whom they live; others long to become trained hospital nurses, while some of the dairy-maids look forward to means and opportunity of going through a course at the Dairy Institute at Kilmarnock, and not a few are made happy by the thought that they are engaged and hope soon to be married.

The Sunday.—The way this day is spent by the servants is in almost every case satisfactory. It is a day of rest; they go to church or to chapel morning or evening, or both; many are Sunday School teachers, and as a rule have plenty of time for quiet reading. Very many of the competitors are communicants.

Phrases.—In some parts of England the competitors speak of "mashing" the tea, "infusing" the tea, "brooming" the carpet, "pitching" the dust and "making out" the lights.

A few of the competitors are laundresses, and it is interesting to learn something of their work. One says, "I am what is called a packer and sorter in a steam laundry. I start work at seven in the morning and keep on till seven at night with intervals for meals. When the work is first brought to be washed it is my duty to sort it into different lots and see if each has our mark on it. When all is sorted I go into the packing-room and sort the clean clothes putting them into the different racks. The racks are square places provided for the different families washing. About eight girls are employed to do the packing and sorting, and between sixty and seventy in the laundry.

"I live close to my work and go home to dinner; one half the time allowed I practise the harmonium."

Another says—

"Commenced work in the laundry at the age of fifteen and have worked at that alone for several years. Work in the laundry is arduous at all times if carried on to any extent but as with most work in getting used to it grew to like it. We have no machinery but a wringing machine so it all has to be done by hand; neither do we use any chemicals nothing but the best yellow soap and soda. Flannels and coloured pieces must not be put into soda water as it would cause them to shrink and turn colour. Sunday is a day of rest sweet and welcome to us as to all toilers. Laundry work is thought by some to be a dull, hard, monotonous kind of work; this I think depends upon whom we live and have to work with. I do not think a young girl should be kept entirely to laundry work as she is kept from learning so many things that is necessary to domestic life. After a hard day's work in the laundry one does not feel to want to sit at needlework in the evening if there is an hour to spare before bed time for the hands feel so stiff and awkward; after washing therefore a good book is very nice."

Another:—"I am a laundry-maid living at a boy's school where there are sixty-five persons. With help three days a week I wash and iron for fifty-six of them house and table-linen included. I begin each morning at seven the heavier things we do through a machine, scrub them and do them through again before putting them into the copper. Some people object to the scrubbing they think it wears things out so quickly. I find it does not any more than rubbing with your hands. My evenings I spend in going to meetings or sewing or reading. On Sundays I go to Chapel and Sunday School. I own I have plenty to do but I believe if a person, especially a young woman, has a will to work and has set times for different things and keeps to them she will find work as easy again."

"I am head of three laundry maids in a gentleman's private cottage laundry. We board ourselves and do our own cooking. We finish our days work at half past eight and have supper at nine; there is then an hour we can spend as we please in writing reading or music. We cannot be out after nine without permission from the steward and must not go out for a night without permission of the mistress.

"Our work does not leave us much time to go out except on Saturdays and Sundays. Wages £25. £18. £14."

Ironer in a collar factory says:—"Ironing though seeming simple to an onlooker is really a profession of its own and requires a large amount of skill; the way to iron has to be learned—to iron the materials the right way of the threads, to give due and not too much pressure of the iron, to be able to handle the work properly and lightly so as not to soil it and last not least to be able to give a good and entire finish to it and show that it is the work of one who knows how to use her tools thoroughly and who takes a pride in the finish and style of her workmanship.

"The materials for our work consist of an ironing slab, ironing blanket and ironing cloth. The stone slabs are supplied to us gratis by the firm while we have to pay for the blanket and calico, the former costs a shilling and the latter is supplied to us at two pence a yard."

Another collar-ironer says:—"Old unused heaters are called 'trifles.' It takes about twenty to twenty-five minutes to iron twelve collars. We pay each week eighteenpence for heaters. The box irons are rubbed first on a piece of old calico which has a piece of Japanese wax tied in one corner; this cleaning prevents the box iron from sticking to the wet starched work. By nine o'clock we ought to finish off about a gross but this is not always the case as we chat upon different topics and what we have read."

A PLAIN TALK WITH SENSIBLE GIRLS.

By "MEDICUS."

No, girl readers mine, I'm not breaking up—not from age, anyhow—and I believe I have much more good advice to give you yet before I lay down my pen for ever and for aye.

But I have lately broken down for a month, and I am not sure that I am not behind with my work for the dear old "G.O.P." It was like this: I had worn myself out book-writing, and went north to Edinburgh for a breath of my native air. I suffered from dull headache for some days, then came a violent fit of sneezing, and immediately after terrible hæmorrhage from the nostrils.

Well, this pulls even an athletic gentleman-gipsy down, and since then my strength has been about equal to that of a baby-mouse.

People who suffer from nose-bleeding should never over-eat, nor take iron nor port-wine. It is better to be below par in such a case.

I would not during my illness have a doctor of any kind. But, although I am a doctor myself, in this I was wrong. Don't you girls do as I do, but do as I bid you. Loss of blood is always serious, and quickly pu'ls one down. Then you have to get up again, and that is not always so easy.

Well, now, to get off a disagreeable subject, I want to write for this month just a few old-fashioned paragraphs that it will do you good to read, I think.

We've got through the spring months and have entered those of summer. And there is truly a deal that may be done in the sweet summer by the invalid who wishes to get well, by the not over-strong who wish to become healthy and happy, and for girls in health who wish to improve beauty of complexion, without the aid of quack remedies with pretty names and high prices. I can easily address all three classes at one and the same time.

1. A word about early rising. Many poets have eulogised it who never saw a sunrise in their lives. Now no young girl should be compelled to rise even in summer before half-past seven. If she feels unrested she will be nervous, and go about her work in a half-hearted kind of way all day, perhaps with hot brow and eyes. But let her go early to bed. Indeed it is true that two hours' sleep before midnight are better than three after. Older people—sometimes the young too—often feel a difficulty in dropping off after they lie down. Well, narcotics are out of the question. The best plan is to read for awhile, till you seem to want to doze, or to close your eyes and repeat verses to yourself, hymns, or even the dreamy, delightful poems of Longfellow.

Another excellent way of dozing off is to forget all worldly cares, and try to get hold of your last night's dream. Think it over, and you are sure to go off peaceably and have a good night.

2. But now you are awake, and your bath—cold—is ready, for you have had the water put in the night before.

If you bathe in cold water every morning and take a hot bath in the evening once a week, you won't need soap except for the hands and feet. But let it be the purest soap you can get, anyhow; no soft, dyed, cheap, frothy trash. This is destruction itself to the complexion. As I write on scientific and medical subjects, I have made quite a host of converts to my ideas of healthful life. Many hundreds of letters reach me, eulogising the system. Here is an extract from one: "Since reading your papers months and months ago, I have practised the morning tub, even in winter: I open my bedroom-windows top and bottom and never take cold; I also buy only the best tea, and never infuse it longer than three minutes, when I pour it off into a warm, fresh teapot. I never eat meat with tea. I have left off the use of patent pills entirely, and feel quite a new man."

As to the cold tub, just sponge well over, then towel well, first the smooth then the rougher towel. If inclined to take colds, rub the lower part of the neck and upper portion of the chest till red. Dress slowly. Pay particular attention to the teeth and nails; they are favourite resorts of dangerous microbes. Don't use powder for the face. It blocks up the pores and the complexion becomes speedily aged and lost. Let nature paint your cheeks. The hair needs particular care and no applications; good brushing will cause the natural oil to be secreted.

If you want a good wash for the gums you may make it yourself; equal parts of eau de cologne and tincture of myrrh. Charcoal tooth-powder is best and safest. Brush the teeth up and down as well as across, and inside as well as out, and this after every meal.

3. *Hurrying for Breakfast.*—Well, after all, bathing and dressing and ten minutes in the garden you ought to have a good appetite. But if not, commence the plan of taking half a pint of hot water first thing every morning with a squeeze of lemon in it.

Don't eat too heartily in the morning, and take cocoa or milk instead of tea. Eat your breakfast slowly, and drink the cocoa after. No girl or grown woman either is in good health who has to sit and shiver over a "cuppie o' tea" before eating something solid. Eat leisurely and you will not over-eat. If you over-eat at breakfast, you will feel languid and inactive all the forenoon.

4. *Exercise.*—Don't expect to retain good health if you do not attend to this. I cannot here record all the good that exercise does, or how it stirs the blood and sends it singing to every organ and muscle of the body, causing every gland and surface to do its duty pleasantly and well. Why, as I have said before, the very trees take exercise, or they get it when the wind blows and when they toss their arms in the glorious breeze. Were it a perpetual calm, they would soon wither and die. Probably the animal that takes the least exercise is the toad. I have owned some rather intelligent toads, but as a rule they are somewhat lethargic, to say the least. A toad of mine standing near his own door, when he heard any footstep, save mine, approaching, was too lazy to turn round to re-enter his home, he just backed astern and retreated in that formation. That toad is, I believe, alive now, but I don't think he will ever write a book, or do anything very brilliant. He wouldn't even go after moths or flies. They have to come to him to be eaten.

All kinds of exercise do good; walking for the weakly, cycling and rowing for the stronger, the dumb-bells and Indian clubs before breakfast or in the afternoon for all.

5. *Dress for Lady Cyclists.*—I agree with all right-minded women who write on this subject, that those horrible knickerbockers should be tabooed, and a short—not too short—skirt worn. Thus I can look with pleasure at girls on the bicycle. If when out riding I pass or meet a girl dressed in the loud style, I feel pleased when she is out of sight. For not until then do the birds' songs seem once more worth listening to, or the modest wild flowers look skywards.

If a girl wants to remain an old maid all her life, she can dress as she pleases; for she is certain never to have a proposal from a good man. I have a habit of speaking plainly, and I tell you, my readers, that if a girl whirling through the streets of a village dressed in knickers could only hear the remarks made, she would borrow a nose-bag from the nearest cab-horse and hide her head in that.

6. *Recreation.*—The less wearily time hangs on one's hands the more happy and healthy will one become, and so I think that every girl ought to have a pleasant fad or fancy of some kind. I know of none much more delightful than that of drawing and painting, especially painting from nature and out of doors. But a girl must have some taste for this art, else she had better try something else. Drawing should be studied first, the best of paint can't hide bad drawing. There is no royal road to learning, but the girls who keep pegging away nearly always do good in the end.

However, I do not care what the fancy you adopt is, so long as you go in for it *con amore*. If it does no other good it will keep you from reading the every-day novel, which gives no more idea of real life than boys get in two-penny theatres. Avoid them if you would be happy and good. I don't advise you to read goody-goody books, remember, but there are hundreds of healthy books in the market written by big-hearted, healthy authors—read those.

7. *A Word about Clothing for Summer.*—I am not going to say anything about what is called "dress." Birds' plumage, I believe, is going out except grebe. I think if girls only saw grebes in their own happy homes on lakes and among the reeds, say, on the Norfolk Broads, I am sure they would abjure even this. As a man, I am like other men, and hate the new and awful hats, with flower-shows on top of them—impossible flowers too, for hat-makers are not naturalists, and make the most laughable mistakes. No real lover of nature can look on the flower-show hat without a shudder, no matter how pretty the face may be under it. For my own part I would rather meet a beautiful girl wearing a dish-clout than a flower-show hat.

The big sleeves will soon go the way of all other fads in finery. This is prophetic. Mary Jane is wearing them now, you know. Tall, graceful girls may wear moderately wide sleeves, but a short, dumpy lassie with very wide sleeves looks ridiculous, and has no more figure than a carpet tack.

Well, I advise delicate girls to wear thin, all-wool underclothing in summer as well as winter. I am sure that linen is the cause of many a severe illness and many a death.

I hope I have not offended any of my fair readers by writing thus plainly. Plain talk really does good at times, and the one who flatters you is not always your friend. A true friend is the greatest comfort we can have in this somewhat weary world. Alas! such friends are rare, and false friends fly from us when the first blast of adversity blows in our direction.

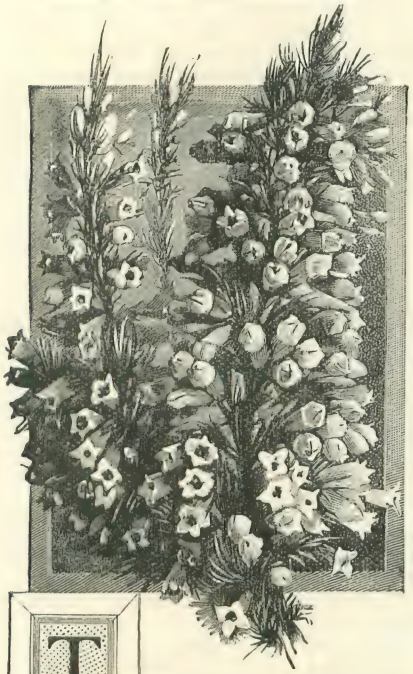
"But think not I mean that a' mankind are sae,
It's the butterfly frien's that misfortune should fear aye.
There are frien's worth the name, Guid sen' they were mae
Wha, the caulder the blast the closer draw near ye.
The frien' wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,
But aye from our foes, in our absence, defends us,
Leeze me on sic hearts! O' life's pack the ace,
Wha scorn to disown us when naebody kens us."

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER X.

ROOM 51: "HERR VON DRACHENFELS."



THE fateful letters appeared on a board in the hall on the morning of the following Saturday. Katharine departed in search of the room in question, and walked up and down outside the glass door, too much alarmed to venture in for several moments. Strains of a rather uninspired kind were proceeding from the piano within, and she could see that several people were present. At length she mustered up courage to push open the door and enter. An uncarpeted interior furnished with little else save a grand piano and a few chairs, a fire burning cheerfully in the grate, two or three girls with music-cases sitting about, a young man playing Chopin at the piano, and a tall gentleman, with a long fair moustache, keen, spectacled blue eyes, long fair hair, and an excited mien, striding fiercely about the room, —these made up the *tout ensemble* of the scene.

"But, my dear sir! my dear sir! that will not do! The Nocturne is not the hammering of iron! neither is it the chopping of wood! I did not mean to make a—how do you call it?—a pun," said Herr von Drachenfels looking anxiously round. "Chopin is emotion! he is not mechanics! Oh!" as the performer laboured conscientiously on. There was a movement, a confusion for a second or two, and the pupil spun abruptly from the music-stool, replaced, as in a conjuring trick, suddenly by his master. How the two had changed places Katharine could not see. She felt very much inclined to laugh; but she was in an instant enthralled by the exquisite music that succeeded the former laborious performance. This was a touch so light as to recall Tennyson's words—

> "There is sweet music here, that softer falls
> Than petals of blown roses on the grass,"

and yet so firm and strong on occasion as to thunder out in reverberating force. All the passion, the sadness of Chopin sighed forth in the melancholy strain, and again the strength of the music thrilled in the magnificent chords that succeeded the tender and mournful dreaming. Certainly the Nocturne thus rendered was quite a different thing. One or two people outside in the passage were looking through the glass door.

Herr von Drachenfels played on, with not a hint of self-consciousness, absorbed in the music, till, springing from the seat, he motioned the unfortunate young man to resume it, exclaiming "Now!"

It was impossible not to catch something of the master's spirit; the student tried again, and this time with less of the mechanical style.

"He has only just come to me, do you see?" murmured the master without preface, dropping into a chair next to Katharine. "He has been taught by a correct mechanician, in private. But we musicians are not machines! If we were, why not have a musical box, a barrel-organ, at once? Less trouble, and more correct! But the musician must have soul in his playing, else why play at all?"

He seemed to pause for a reply, and Katharine stammered something in token of acquiescence.

"Better!" cried the master, walking up to the young man; "but still too hard—too wooden—do you see? You must feel the music; not think so much of the notes; they are necessary, but they are only the framework. You must inspire them with life, or of what good are they?"

A further lecture followed on the genius of Chopin. Katharine forgot the funny English, the excited gestures, in the real musical knowledge and the artistic discrimination shown by the Professor.

"Chopin," he said in effect, "is the last of all artists whose works should be rendered mechanically. He was to the piano what Schubert was to song; and was emphatically of the romantic school as contrasted with the classical. Schubert, Chopin and Liszt are men whose names are bound up with romanticism. But Chopin, whose fragility of constitution, melancholy of disposition and shrinking sensitiveness are well known, was more tender, dreamy, delicate, pathetic in expression than the other two. When listening to his music, we seem to hear the sighing of the west wind on a summer evening; to feel something of the emotion that is indescribable, that comes with the spring, or that is known on a starry night. He puts into tone for us what we cannot understand; he is to music what Keats and Shelley are to poetry."

The young man was listening to this exordium, and to a good deal more, with somewhat stolid but respectful attention. Katharine drank in every word of it. When the tide of Herr von Drachenfels' eloquence was stemmed, his masculine pupil departed, and appealing suddenly to Katharine, the musician went on:

"That is partly why music is so divine an art. It puts into sound for us what words cannot convey, and puts it so into sound, that people of different nationalities, who cannot understand each other's speech, can listen, and comprehend, and admire. See you, Chopin is loved by Poles, by French, by German, by English, by all—all who have a heart for music. He speaks to all; for music is the universal language."

Katharine longed, yet dreaded for her turn to come. She listened to another lesson, given to a new pupil, whose idea of music seemed to be to course over the keys in a "there or thereabouts" style, making as much noise as possible. Of her performance might be said, to quote Shakespeare:

> "'Tis a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> And signifying nothing."

The fury was not all on her side. Herr von Drachenfels marched about the room and stormed, until Katharine feared the young lady would burst into tears. He appeared to have no personal virulence in his attacks: of the girl as a girl he thought not at all; it was the travesty of his art that infuriated him. The pupil, who was a self-conceited and shallow young person, at length retired in an evident condition of suppressed wrath.

Taught by experience, Katharine did not attempt the *Variations Sérieuses* again, but played "music that she could perform," when her turn came in the ordeal. Herr von Drachenfels strode about the room, exclaiming at the close of every piece, "Play! Play more!" Bach's Gavotte, pieces by Grieg, Schumann, Mendelssohn—on she played, emboldened by the absence of remark. When she had given a pianoforte recital on a small scale, Herr von Drachenfels stopped in his rapid march, and turning towards her, cried, "Enough! You can be a musician!

"I say you can be, not you are," he pursued, sitting down by her. "Your touch is too heavy; you are not accurate enough. But you have soul. You love your art. Am I not right?"

"I do indeed!" cried Katharine, almost weeping.

"You must then not be satisfied with anything below excellence," he continued, "and that excellence, I will

help you to attain it, if you do as I say."

Now began a rapid and exhaustive criticism of the performance, which showed that all the while he was silent, not an error, not an inadequate rendering, not a false emphasis or misplaced rhythm had been lost upon him. He was assuredly a wonderful man.

When the lesson was over, Katharine felt quite exhausted, as if she had undergone some severe strain; and yet it had been delightful.

Herr von Drachenfels had the sense not to insist on excessive practice, even in cases where it could be given. Katharine, he saw at once, might be trusted to work to the utmost extent of her opportunities, and with encouraging words he bade her farewell.

So now the educational programme was fully organised. After a week or two Katharine had grown thoroughly into the routine; and how delightful it was! Every morning she and Nora went off to the High School, where they were beginning to make friends, and in the *esprit de corps* of which they began heartily to share. After the long interesting morning's work—for that it was interesting Katharine could not deny, in spite of the lowness of her form—they came home to lunch. Then Nora started forth again, while Katharine had a busy afternoon of study spent chiefly at the piano. Nothing, by Mr. Lovell's orders, was allowed to disturb the girls on week-days, until dinner-time, when he came home from town. He was always much interested to hear any items of the school news; the position the two had taken in their weekly marks, or any forthcoming event of interest. On Saturday came the crowning delight of Katharine's week—her music lesson. Herr von Drachenfels showed himself a severe master, and did not repeat his laudatory remarks, but rather criticised from beginning to end; still, it was the criticism of a kind man and a good musician. And how enthusiastic he was! Each week he communicated a spark of his own inspiration to the student who strove with all her might to learn what he could teach her. He would sometimes ask concerning her German life, and would show much interest in hearing of her Professor, Herr Lichtenstein.

Then Sundays, when a complete cessation came from work, were days of real enjoyment. Mr. Lovell laid aside all thought, all talk of business. He liked, practical man though he was, to quote old George Herbert's lines—

"O day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way."

They attended a church where the vicar adapted what he had to say to the interest of young and old. In the afternoon Nora took a class in the Sunday-school, diligently and regularly, but Katharine had hitherto resisted any suggestion that she should do the like, with extreme emphasis.

And Katharine and Nora—were they friends?

Nora had sometimes a hard part to play. She had not wanted a companion in her home; in Australia, her father and mother had sufficed her. But she was a girl of conscientious principle, and she tried with all her might not to show her inmost feeling that she would rather Katharine had been away. There were compensations: it was pleasant to have a companion in the daily walks to and from school; but oh! if that companion had been of a more equable disposition! Nora could not understand Katharine's varying moods; sometimes of passionate affection towards herself, sometimes of anger; sometimes the High School would be all that was delightful, anon it would be "hateful," and the mistresses would be offenders of the deepest dye.

Nora's bedroom was always the pink of neatness, Katharine's was sometimes, though less often than formerly, strewn with relics, as if a storm-wind had hurried through it.

On the other hand, Katharine's really affectionate disposition clung to Nora. Her cousin's soft, smooth hair, orderly, dainty dress, neat, unruffled personality seemed all the more admirable to her because she was conscious of being so much the opposite herself. Far from her mother, and with no ties in this strange land, she felt the need of somebody to love, ardently, tumultuously. Nora had not scorned her, as she at first feared, but had been very kind, and soothed her in her homesick misery. So it was not wonderful that, after a week or two of their life together, Katharine began to idolise Nora with might and main. The ecstatic caresses and fits of jealousy were a little trying to the newly-constituted divinity. It was pleasant to be loved; but she did wish that Katharine could be a little less demonstrative, and remember that it was "not English" to throw so very much ardour into the intercourse of every-day life. "Il y a toujours l'un qui baise, l'autre qui tend la joue," says the French proverb; and "l'une qui baisait" was in this instance certainly not Nora.

(*To be continued.*)

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QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

321. What was the name of the last Jewish dynasty? From what great Levite were its rulers descended, and in what line? What was their end?

322. From whom did Herod derive his title of "King of Judea," and into what celebrated family did he marry?

323. What is the meaning of the word "gospel?" In what two senses is it employed? When did it first become current in the latter sense?

324. From whence is the designation "New Testament" derived? By whom was it first used?

325. When and where was the Gospel according to St. Matthew written, and in what language? What are its main characteristics?

326. How is the true character of the Messiah attested in this Gospel?

327. Which of the two Gospels were written by eye-witnesses of the events recorded; and which from trustworthy information and united testimony of men of unquestionable veracity?

328. What is the meaning of the word "synoptical?" and why is this epithet applied to the first three Gospels?

329. Who was St. Matthew? What do we know of him, and where is he last mentioned?

330. Name the three miracles and the ten parables recorded by St. Matthew, and not mentioned by the other Evangelists.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice;
  Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
  Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind.
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
  Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
  There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
  Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
  Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan* and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good-morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
  And angle on; and beg to have
  A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.

* Supposed to be the name of his dog.

HILARY; OR, THE AMATEUR SURGEON.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER III.

NO ANGEL BUT A HEBE.

MRS. CLAVERS lived at that end of the Mildmay Park Road which opens on the Green Lanes. Her husband took train to the city every morning and left his business-house punctually at 4 P.M. from Monday till Friday.

They had two married daughters, one of whom lived in Wales, the other in the North of England. Their only son being of a restless, roving disposition had not, after leaving school, settled to business like a chip of the old block; he had been, his father said, "like a corn-fed steed chafing at the bit;" so to obviate the risk of breaking his heart and spoiling his temper, the old gentleman had hit on the happy expedient of employing him as agent to the firm abroad. For five years so much business had been done with Hobart and Melbourne and other large towns through his enterprise and ability, that he had highly commended himself, even to Mr. Clavers' exacting partners. Now, after a visit home, he was going abroad again, because that disposal of himself answered so well for all parties that the only dissentient voice was his mother's. Then there occurred the episode of the broken leg, and I felt sure that if knocking about the world had not subdued a little of his exuberant vitality, Mrs. Clavers would find it a harder task to keep him quiet than ever it was in the stormiest days of his infancy.

Mrs. Clavers was a very lively little woman; though she was fifty years and odd, her step was as light as a girl's, and her movements put one in mind of a squirrel; her eyes and the colour of her hair were also reminiscent of the bright-eyed denizen of sylvan shades.

I was glad to hear from her that it was a good case, one that did not threaten permanent stiffness or lameness. "But oh," she exclaimed, "what a tiresome boy! If he could dismember the aching limb and crawl away without it, I believe he would. Then he is ridiculously ashamed of having been run over, and makes comparisons between London and African jungles, odious to London. 'Take a drop of ditch water, add to that a drop of clear, watch the struggle of life through a microscope, and you have humanity from Cheapside to Charing Cross,' says he."

"Will he permit me to see him?"

"Oh yes! It was by his advice that I sent for Nantie. 'You know she can talk,' he said, 'and that is amusing when you are tied up from doing anything. She will guard the proprieties of Ethel Mary, and Albertina Louisa; since she would as lief undertake to discharge a Gatling gun as interfere with either of them. Only there'll be no Joe in the copper, or policeman at the area railings, when it is understood that Nantie of the Gorgon eye is engrossed in bazaar work in the parlour.'"

"He is not too ill to make fun of me, it appears." If the suspicion of something more than a coincidence occurred to me when talking with Mrs. Clavers, I did not name it, either then, or after luncheon when I was hearing further particulars from the invalid.

He greeted me with a comically rueful face and many expressions of disgust at his truly painful and pitiable condition, anathematising his own impatience in crossing at an inopportune moment. He said he had been emboldened to it by seeing how some street boys dodged the horses and threaded their way in and out the traffic. "I forgot that inches may go where feet cannot follow. Then I was knocked down, and though I wriggled like an eel I couldn't bring myself on the pavement. Oh, the horrible grind and the horror! It's a mercy that it was no worse, isn't it? I fainted like a woman. When I came round I could hardly make out what was up. They were carrying me along with one leg under an inquisitor's screw as far as pain was concerned, and the other tightly strapped to an umbrella, as I found when I put down my hand to touch it. At last my stunned head cleared. Then I guessed what had happened; 'some hospital dunce or amateur surgeon has set the wrong leg,' thought I, and I was about to invoke the best of blessings on the duffer's head, when I saw a vision; one that made me hold my tongue and forbear making a vow."

"The Angel of Patience, perhaps?"

"Yes, if the Angel of Patience wears a broad black hat and is arrayed in mourning. The face was more like the face of a Hebe than an angel as portrayed on a church window, it was hardly pious enough for that. Hebe with her roguery frightened away because Jove has been scolding her, and she is in a pretty scare. This Hebe looked prettily and pathetically down on me and said, 'You will soon be over the worst of your pain. You have broken your leg, but it is so firmly bandaged now that it will almost set itself.'

"I was struck dumb with astonishment. She retreated into the background, and I nearly dislocated my neck in trying to get another look at her. I said nothing for I was afraid of having the stretcher stopped and the bad leg touched. The moment I felt the surgeon's hand, I fainted off again. However, I heard that the bandaging had been the work of an ambulance pupil, a lady; that she was waiting to hear how it answered and how I was getting on. There was a good deal of joking, for broken limbs don't melt the accustomed hearts of hospital surgeons and dressers. I begged them not to let her know of the mistake, but just to praise the bandaging. 'I wouldn't have her know for the world,' I said. I very much wanted to see her again; but no, she would not grant me the favour of a word. No one knows anything about her; though it has been blown to me by a side wind, that that wooden Rider, who saw her in the waiting-room, has been hanging about the Polytechnic when the ambulance class was on. He is also, without any encouragement, taking an interest in me, which is, to say the least of it, bad form and altogether unprofessional, as I am in the hands of our own doctor."

Here was news, but I did not betray any particular interest.

"Why do you call Mr. Rider wooden?"

"IN THESE FLOWERY MEADS."

"Because he holds his head as if he had a stiff-starched collar beneath his chin—a veritable choker. His walk is a slow march and his eye tells that he has only enough of the vital spark to live by, there is nothing in him to kindle and *enthuse*. In calculating the proportions of Rider I should allow a drachm of soul to a pound of flesh."

"You are bitter!" I said. "What am I to think?"

"That my bitterness doesn't hurt him; if it did, he has self-esteem enough to sustain twenty people. The gall and wormwood is mine, lying here, with every bit of me that was good for anything involved in one great ache. If I hadn't the relief of abusing people I should go mad."

"Now that you have discharged your venom you must be quiet for awhile, or Nantie will leave you!" said Mrs. Clavers. "If you talk too much, you will get light-headed, as you did last night."

Reduced to silence, my ear caught sundry exp'e'ives which might be vented on the aching member or the wooden Rider; who could tell?

(Ah, Miss Hilary, keep your attention fixed on the dry bones of your Professor's lectures and on the skeleton he cunningly uncurtains before your young bright eyes. I will not distract your attention from the gruesome object, or imperil your self-possession, by telling you that you have two admirers outside the class-room; one of whom is trying to find the clue which shall bring him through a labyrinth to Rosamond's bower, while the other frets and fumes because he is held "in durance vile."

No one who has seen anything of fractures or luxations will be surprised to learn that young Clavers had a tedious time of it. Though it cannot be said that he practised the passive graces to perfection, he behaved as well as could be expected, taking his temperament into consideration. He was not as reasonable with his nurse as we could have desired; I daresay she sometimes fervently wished that he was in the hospital, that she might have the upper hand of him; but though he irritated her, he gave himself credit for exemplary forbearance. "I put up with her because she is a woman, you know, though womanliness has not found its highest expression in her, any more than in Sairey Gamp."

The bush of copper-coloured curls, sun-embrowned face, with the inquiring eyes, that showed such cognisance of every sound, every fresh entrance into the room, always reminded me of the mischievous predilections which had made Geoffrey a terror to quiet people in by-gone days.

But now, even while I allowed for what he had gained in the experiences of the last five years; for the rapid development of his mind and character, it was clear to me that in the past I had never done him justice. I had only thought of him as a handsome lad, dominated by dread of books and love of fun; a mere book-worm might have won from me more respect than this glowing, intense, energetic young fellow, with his keen enjoyment of the hour, zest for action, and fine, poetic sensitiveness to the impressions made by nature and the shifting scenes of human life. How was it that I had been so blind? I inquired of myself, with no small measure of self-contempt.

Oh, chiefly because I had never tried to win his confidence! He had always come in my presence as a disturbing element; and an over-recluse, vegetative existence had fostered a selfish yearning for peace and quiet. And then I had heard of his unsettledness; and that was too readily accepted as another word for "wildness," which may mean again anything that charity hides under her mantle. Now I tried to atone for disparagements by cultivating an all-round acquaintance with him. After feverish symptoms subsided and convalescence became assured, it did not press hardly on us to keep him amused with games, books and pleasant chat. He regaled us in turn with performances on the concertina, which he played well.

I remarked on his new affection for books.

"I am not a general reader or a critical one," he said. "The books I do read, however, take possession of me, and afford me such delight, as I never knew when at home. It begun in this way; perhaps on a sea-voyage, or camping out, or wearied with real hard work and knocking about, I would apply to a book as a kill-time. The effect was quite novel; everything I read seemed so fresh, so vivid, so exciting, that it was as if a spell was thrown over me, waking up my imagination and leading me to think. And really I believe that the best preparation for the good there is in books is to be found in action.

"Depend upon it, it is not the literary voluptuary, who judges a book according to rule, and then translates his impressions into neat paragraphs, which he pepper-boxes with wit, who is always to be depended upon to tear the heart out of a book and give you the very life and soul of it. Were I an author I would look abroad and see what the warrior in his bivouac thought about it. If it makes him glad then it has power; if the weary household drudge, who finds that she must leave the French and German, they crammed into her unwilling noddle at school, for pots and pans and dinners and darning needles, reddens her eyes by poring over it when she ought to be in bed, that means sympathy and a new voice crying in the wilderness of life."

With this revolution in his ideas, I was not surprised to hear him say that he had read more books during the years he had been abroad than in all his school and home-life. His favourites were books of descriptive poetry, travel, and adventure. Among them were some French novels, with strangely-realistic descriptions of soldier-life on the Dark Continent. "Negro villages," he said, "tropical jungles, night in the equatorial region, with beasts and birds of prey in full cry. Ghostly armies of unburied skeletons, camels whose death was watched by flights of carrion-seeking birds, and hungry jackals. These have left them so clean that the moonlight gleams upon them, giving them the yellow smoothness of ivory."

Why did he not woo better visions to his couch? I asked him if he courted strange, fantastic dreams. "Dreaming is an excellent diversion when you have nothing to do but drowse and sleep," he said. In one of his thoughtful moods he confessed to a deep interest in agricultural chemistry. "If I had only wakened up to it in time, I would have chosen above all things to be an agricultural chemist, and to have gone about inspecting land and giving advice to landowners and companies."

However, there were certain large purposes at work within his brain, urging him to more travel, more thought, more observation, in the belief that he might take part in representing the wealth of Australian soil, in many districts now given up to sheep-farming. He saw that the great markets in South America, where the seasons are reversed, might receive rich fruit-supplies from lands whose soil was red and black; fertilised by running streams, timbered by trees bearing fruit and gum, and clothed by grass so thick and tall, that the lambs screening in it from the heat are lost to view.

He talked like a poet about the Durling Downs of Queensland, with Toowoomba, buried among gardens of surpassing loveliness, where orange and lemon and peach trees grow together in sweet rivalry. "I visited Toowoomba in November," he said, "when the golden-brown wheat and the silver barley were ready for the sickle. The new Canaan, the new Land of Promise, only wants energy and enterprise to develop it. In some parts of Australia and Tasmania the farmers say that they have only to scratch the soil to ensure luxuriant growth. I will lend you some numbers of the *Sugar Journal*, and you will read about the cane-fields at Mackay and the mills at Bundaberg. I have opened up a branch at Mackay for our firm in pineapples and mangoes, but mangoes are not yet much in demand.

"These colonies have a grand future before them. The reason of the present commercial depression is that so many colonial capitalists have been running on wrong lines. It requires a few men of exploiting tendencies, who can send the surveyor's rod through what ought to be blooming farmsteads and well-kept estates; ascertain by the divining rod where fresh streams will gush out. And then, given a few mouthpieces and lungs to fill a trumpet, and a few ready pens, thousands will leap to the prize, I am sure they will."

"And you aspire to be one of these representative men?"

"Who knows? I shall be up and doing as soon as I get this nuisance of nursing and inaction over. Before I go I should like to catch sight of my Hebe. Fate is too cross-grained to throw her again in my way. One teasing glimpse must be a haunting memory."

"You had better resign yourself, Geoffrey, for your wooden doctor has been before you. He has seen her, and he has managed to call on her at her own house."

"How do you know?"

"I met her brother in the City the other day, and he told me. The family are highly amused."

"What a riddle you are! Pretend to care for a fellow, and you knew that girl all the time, and yet never told me."

"I thought it was better not, you excitable boy. Remember that we had warnings of fever and inflammation, and I do not know what beside, if you were not kept perfectly quiet."

"Oh, that's all very fine, and now while I'm still helpless, you tell me that another fellow's got before me, and has been to see her. Talk of the tender mercies of women!"

"Console yourself, she will only laugh either at him or at you."

"I've no objection to her laughing, but I'm bound to see her. It might have occurred to you that I should like to thank her."

"She would not accept any thanks for bandaging the sound leg."

"What is her name? She seems to be a friend of yours. Isn't it within the compass of your wish and good-will to bring her here?"

"She would not come. Besides she is very busy. Her head is full of other matters."

"Oh, that's all nonsense! Well, now you've let the cat out of the bag, you must tell me all about her."

"Just what I think proper; not a word more."

I did not of course tell him that the young lady had any thought of going to Australia, for the matter was still regarded as a family secret, and no one knew what frustrations or complications another year might bring.

While I was speaking about her, it struck me that he put a sudden check on the interest he had shown in the subject. Seeing that I turned it, he said abruptly—

"I have not yet shown you the jewels I brought home. If you will open that drawer

you will find a case. The key is in my purse."

I readily assented, for it always gave me pleasure to look at jewellery, though I wore very little.

"These are all set in Australian gold," he said, as he disclosed a jewelled watch, locket, anchor, seal, and bracelet.

The things were exquisite, and much I wondered that he should buy them. He pressed on my acceptance a tiny cross, studded with diamonds.

"I really did buy that for you, Nantie," he said, "and should have brought you it before sailing. The garnet anchor is for my mother. It opens here." He touched a spring, and disclosed a miniature of himself. "The seal has father's monogram."

For whom was that costly watch, the pendants and the beautiful bracelet? I did not venture to ask him, not even when he said—

"I shall reserve this bracelet until I can clasp it on the arm of Miss Hilary Gladwin."

"Geoffrey!" I exclaimed, "you must not dream of such a thing. The dear girl would be hurt at having so much obligation forced upon her."

"I do not see it. Why may not a traveller give a trifle from his spoils, to one who has befriended him, and whom he wants to think of him a little."

"You do not know the world and the ideas that influence young ladies in these matters."

"Very likely I don't. All the same, these Queensland opals are Miss Hilary Gladwin's."

"Are you not aware that the opal is said to be the emblem of misfortune."

"All the better; for the misfortune was to me. The accident in the Strand introduced us to one another. Trust me, the opal shall bring her nothing worse."

"You will frighten her away from you, if you accompany your acknowledgments with a costly gift."

"Nay then; the spirit of prophecy is on me," he said, clapping his hands. "I shall clasp that bracelet on Miss Hilary's wrist and we shall be friends. She will not run away."

"If you imagine you have the spirit of prophecy, it is high time you sought the god of sleep," I said, and I carefully put the jewels away and gave up my place to the nurse.

I told Mrs. Clavers that night of the little plot that was thickening around the ambulance pupil, without mentioning the bracelet. She was quite surprised to hear me speak of Miss Hilary Gladwin in such a connection, though she had often heard through me of the Gladwin girls.

"Geoffrey may be possessed with a desire to see the young lady," she said; "but his heart is in Liverpool. Though the course of true love does not run smooth, he still has hopes. I believe he would have been well pleased if he could have been married during this visit to us. That the flame has not died out I know, because he will sail from Liverpool not from London. However, the thing settles itself, he tells me that he shall never marry a Colonial girl. Men born and brought up in the old country can only feel in perfect sympathy with a wife taken from England."

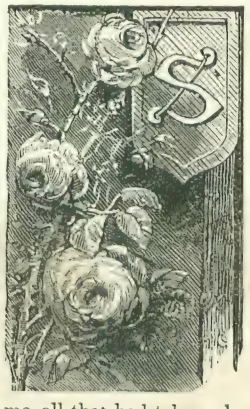
Mrs. Gladwin entered into fuller details respecting the attraction at Liverpool, and the effect of her story was to dispossess me of the notion that Geoffrey in wishing to see my friend at Rosecleer, entertained any motives which need be fatal to Dr. Woodenhead's peace of mind.

When I took my leave of the bright youth he was able to go in the garden and as far as the little green in the square.

Wondering that I had not heard from Mrs. Gladwin for some weeks, I took advantage of a fine afternoon to go to Hampstead and inquire how the Australian scheme was getting on. To my dismay I found the house filled with an almost funereal sadness; for the rose of Rosecleer was among the vanished things which time may bring back, or hide forever from our eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

A PLAIN PATH.



SAILED for Australia! Sailed without her sisters! How could you let her go alone?" I thoughtlessly exclaimed; when Mrs. Gladwin's troubled face made me sorry that my words had come so fast.

"No, not alone. The child will be well cared for, for she has gone with the Pembertons," and then she told me all that had taken place since I met Ben in the City. I had heard of the Pembertons, but recollections of them were not distinct in my mind. Mrs. Gladwin's brother was married to Mr. Pemberton's sister, so that there was a family connection. It was the state of Mrs. Pemberton's health that had brought her with her husband and children to England. She could not bear to leave the little ones behind, and yet was too weak to bear the fatigue and responsibility of them; but Mr. Pemberton was determined to get the best medical advice for her, and he hoped that the sea voyage would prove beneficial. She had, however, benefited very little in coming, and the specialist whom she consulted told her husband that while there was no reason to despair of her ultimate recovery, convalescence would probably be slow and fluctuating. It might be years before she fairly recovered her health. She must be kept free from all fatigue and worry, if possible have none but cheerful people around her, and enjoy frequent changes of air and scene.

It was a pain to Mr. Pemberton to reflect that everything had not been in her favour during the voyage. He had proved but an indifferent sailor, and so the children had been thrown more on their mother's care than was good for her. When she could not be with them she was nervously anxious on their account. Mr. Pemberton was therefore dreading the return journey, and had almost made up his mind to offer a free passage to any young lady who wished to go to Melbourne, and would be willing *pro tem.* to act as companion to his wife or governess to the children. Yet he knew that there were grave risks attending such an offer. Acceptance might come from an undesirable quarter, and the difficulties of the position be increased rather than lessened.

The Pembertons responded with colonial heartiness to Mrs. Gladwin's cordial reception of them. They stayed for a few days by her invitation at Rosecleer, and the sweet quiet and rest that the young ladies secured for the invalid by their devotion to the youngsters, was highly appreciated. Neither were the glories of Hampstead Heath nor the fine air upon it of small consequence to one suffering from nervous debility. It was only natural that the Pembertons should be taken into confidence by the intending emigrants and their mother. It was an easy thing to enlist their sympathy and interest, and the cheerful view they took of the position inspired Hilary with fresh confidence.

Hilda was not at home at the time. Lizzie's unconquerable timidity kept her in the shade; but Mr. Pemberton watched Hilary with a critical and appreciative eye. And he earnestly counselled her mother not to cross her.

"Carry a peach where peaches are scarce, and you know what will happen," he said to his wife; and she said, "Yes indeed," but having less perception than candour, betrayed the oracle to Mrs. Gladwin and Eveline, and then saw that she had blundered. Seeing that his wife was attracted to Hilary, a thought occurred to Mr. Pemberton which he named with great delicacy, but subsequently urged with a persistency which would take no denial.

If Mrs. Gladwin would allow Hilary to go out under their protection, she would do them the greatest favour and Hilary might help her sisters more effectually by being on the ground before them, than in actually going with them.

It was hard for Mrs. Gladwin to bring her mind to this. To have the separation brought so near increased the violence of the wrench. Hilary felt it acutely, and took alarm at the interference with her plans and preconceived ideas. Hilda and Lizzie both protested against the arrangement, for they felt that for them union was strength.

"I only looked on myself as a make-weight," said Lizzie meekly. "It will be hard for Hilda to go with only me; certainly she has spirit and talent for both of us, but Hilary would have been her other self."

However, things seldom shape themselves according to our wish. There were considerations which could not but influence Mrs. Gladwin. Mrs. Pemberton's real need of Hilary's help; the friendship that would well repay the sacrifice of a little time and feeling, and, too, a desire to oblige her brother. He would be sure to appreciate a kindness done to his sister-in-law, and he well-deserved that his feelings should be consulted in the matter. So Hilary had to get out of England, like the Israelites out of Egypt, in haste, trusting her sisters to bring the main part of her outfit with them.

The dear girl had left a very sweet message for me, but she had not said good-bye to anyone. She had preferred confining last looks and last words and tears and farewells to her own family. I had gone in the morning to Hampstead, and as there was so much to tell I was easily persuaded into remaining till next day.

The story of Dr. Rider's attentions to Hilary was not news, nor was I surprised to hear of her amusement at the same. When he found that she was on the wing, he became as earnest as a man of his temperament could possibly be, and his sore disappointment at her indifference was a thorn in Hilary's tender heart, the subject too of a sonnet from Lizzie, which expressed with suitable poetic imagery, a kindly hope that he would outlive his trouble.

During a painful interview, which she was obliged to grant him, it dawned upon Hilary that hearts were harder to bind than limbs. All her gentle words seemed to be thrown away, because she could not take back her woman's "No;" however, she had learned by one mistake in the binding-up business not to perpetrate another, or one might have feared for the success of her practice in young Australia.

Now that very afternoon, as we were sitting by a cosy fire in the drawing-room, watching the grey shadow without creep nearer to the window-panes, judge of my surprise when Mr. Clavers' carriage with Mr. Clavers' coachman came into view, as necessary to the arrival

of a visitor, who had to be assisted out of the carriage, and who could not yet be independent of a crutch.

My startled use of the interjections apprised Mrs. Gladwin and Eveline, even before the visitor was formally announced.

"I know," said Eveline. "It's the man who broke the wrong leg. I mean the man who got the wrong leg bandaged, or some trouble that Hilary was mixed up with."

I could not help feeling sorry for Mrs. Gladwin, for, though she was self-possessed in manner, her change of colour betrayed to me that she was as shy in receiving Geoffrey as even her daughter might have been.

He again was very much taken aback by seeing me at Rosecleer. It put him out of his reckoning, and the apology he made for the intrusion was a lame one indeed. Mrs. Gladwin disclaimed the acknowledgments he so profusely tendered, because of Hilary's mistake, and when he insisted that he might at least be permitted to thank the young lady for her kind intentions and the trouble she took, he had to be informed that she had set sail for the sunny South. I never saw such a look of blank dismay settle on the features of any man. But Mrs. Gladwin, turning the subject, made inquiries about his illness and progress in convalescence, and insisted on his taking a cup of tea. Her motherliness in the end reassured him, though he could not conceal his disappointment that the bird was flown. And then I was so unmistakably *de trop*, that I wished I had run away and hidden myself as soon as the carriage came in sight.

As after a short visit he drove home again in the cheerless evening, I thought of the attraction at Liverpool, and for the first time I doubted that the pole-star of his thoughts and affections was to be looked for in that direction. Even mothers cannot always keep up with the latest intelligence in these matters, and it is not a thing unheard of for young men and maidens to mistake their own feelings, and to learn that they have done so when love's true awakening comes.

"I can't help thinking," said Eveline, "that we have narrowly escaped another chapter of romance. There may have been more spirit and go in this one. Hilary did not tell us what a handsome young fellow her patient was. Perhaps his good looks did not show when he was picked up in the streets, and was either fainting or in dreadful pain. How amusing that you went to his house as soon as you left ours! You are a link between them," she said.

"Yes! and I was a link that Geoffrey did not scruple to make use of, though he was dreadfully offended with me, until he learned that I had only known of her swallow flight a few hours before he did. Still I believe that he considered my reticence about the whole affair an almost guilty thing."

And now to indicate briefly the course of events. Geoffrey Clavers returned to Australia as soon as he could throw away his crutch, and he sailed from Liverpool. His mother told me, however, that she could see he had grown weary of a courtship which threatened to be as long as a Chancery-suit. He had come to see what in the days of his boyish devotion he could not be made to see, that the lady was very half-hearted in her professions of attachment to him.

She belonged on her mother's side to an old county family. Her father was one of the civic magnates of Liverpool; so that she too consciously looked upon poor Geoffrey from a height. She screened herself from giving anything but a conditional promise, or from committing herself to much correspondence, for fear of offending her family.

It was a very convenient excuse, for she was meanly keeping herself free while he was bound.

The *arrière pensée* was to share his future if no better prospect opened to her.

Now the desirable *parti* had come, and he did not ride away; so Geoffrey was received with profuse regrets and assurances of undiminished friendly regard which he curtly declined with thanks.

"It was all of a piece," said Mrs. Clavers, "with the way she played with his feelings from the first. The manner in which she treated his illness showed her hollowness, and no doubt caused my proud boy more pain and mortification than he would show. I took care to show him a cold, formal note her ladyship sent me, in reply to an invitation to visit us when he was abroad. Being anxious for Geoffrey's sake to make her acquaintance, I wrote to her as to a future daughter. She promised me that some time, when she was in London, she would try to call. I knew then that he held her by a very slender thread.

"When he saw the letter, he said, 'Not very demonstrative, mother, I admit, but when she comes among us she will see that we are not daws, and that she may show a little heart without our pecking at it.'"

"All very well if she had had any heart to show."

"If I mistake not," I said, "he is too conscious of a counter-attraction to be inconsolable," and I told her of his visit to Rosecleer, and of his very evident disappointment at finding that he could not see Miss Hilary. I took care to speak very warmly in praise of the sweet girl, whom I had begun to regard as Geoffrey's fate, and Mrs. Clavers looked thoughtful.

"And yet," she said, "when he called at Rosecleer, his intention was to bring Miss Compton to the point and have no more trifling."

"That may be. Miss Compton may have tried his patience severely, and even worn out his affection for her; but he considered himself in honour bound to her. Now he is free, and he can see Hilary Gladwin when the time to see her comes, for he persuaded me to give him her uncle's address."

"Time will show," she said. "Hilary Gladwin must be much more adapted for such a life as Geoffrey has marked out for himself than Laura Compton. Incompatibility must have made trouble for both parties. The thing I can't forgive in Laura Compton is her partial engagement to Geoffrey. An unselfish nature is worth more than a bank of minted gold. One cannot help loving girls like Miss Hilary; but how often do they either 'waste their sweetness on the desert air,' or marry men quite unworthy of them."

The Rosecleer folk looked anxiously for Hilary's first letter from Melbourne. She sent them what we will by courtesy call her log; though it was more chatty than systematic.

Her sorrow on leaving home and friends was soon forgotten in sea-sickness, which tyrannized over her for a week, and then left her to enjoy the remainder of the voyage in the best of health.

And it had been a pleasant experience on the whole. She liked most of the passengers, and became friendly with some of them.

I must not follow her in the record of incidents and impressions. It was evident that she had endeared herself to the Pembertons; for they made a difficulty of resigning her to her uncle on her arrival at Melbourne. The worthy gentleman, however, stood on his rights; but she was not destined to spend much time at his house, simply looking round her and asking what she was to do. The Pembertons longed to have her back with them.

Someone was needed to relieve Mrs. Pemberton of the responsibility of the children, and to carry on their education during the two years of change and rest which were thought so necessary for her; and her heart was set on having Hilary.

Warm-hearted Hilary would have fallen in with the proposal at once; but she was afraid that she might be standing in the way of her sisters, who certainly expected to come out to her before a year had expired. What could she do to prepare their way, if she fastened herself to the Pembertons for two years, allowed herself to be absorbed into their family-life? Still it was no small consideration that she should be saved the alternative of dependence on her uncle, or of additional expense to her mother. Mr. Dallas soon cut the Gordian knot of difficulty; he told her, that as her way had opened for the present, she must leave the future till she came where there was another part to choose. He advised a provisional arrangement with the Pembertons. "You need have no fears on the score of your independence, my child, for we are all one family, and you are one of us. You have begun by serving us instead of letting us serve you as we expected, but I daresay you like that way best. We all hope you may be able to bring Emily back to her former self. She used to be such a bright creature, and now, what with her headaches, and her depressions, and her nervous fancies, one would think that she had made an exchange of mind and soul with some other person."

"That would be a funny transmigration of souls, uncle, but perhaps that is really what has happened."

"Hardly; with such a transmigration there would be a change of memories, but her memory still stands up for her. You will, I am sure, devise means for drawing her out of herself and lightening the weight that is on her; she says that you understand her exactly and know just what she wants when she is ill. That is a rare gift in one so young; you will not lack opportunity for cultivating it."

"I owe it mostly to the lessons taught me by my father's long affliction, uncle. His nerves used to cry out though he was so wonderfully patient. Mrs. Pemberton has a little of his look at times, and I do love her; she thinks her condition is a trying one for other people, but I do not find it so. It does not make her self-engrossed, she always seems afraid that I will not take all the pleasure I can if I come to her."

"See how matters arrange themselves!" he said. "If Hilda and Lizzie have to spend another year in the old country, they will find it turn out for the best. It is certain the mother won't fret."

With that he drew her on to talk of father and mother and all the varied details of home-life.

Hilary found that he could never hear too much of his sister, though he had not seen her for twenty years.

So the young girl's dream of breaking up new ground and starting herself and sisters on an independent career after a weary struggle, resolved itself into duties almost as pleasant as they were light, participation in every luxury that heart could desire, and facilities for seeing new places such as she would never have thought of, had she been thrown on her own resources.

It is not the wont of dreams to be sterner than the realities which come out of them.

I need not say that Mrs. Gladwin was delighted at the turn things had taken and the girls were more then acquiescent. There was so much to do and so much they should like to learn before being loosed from their moorings. Two years even seemed a short space of time in the anticipation.

(*To be concluded.*)

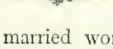
Odds and Ends.

ONE of the most interesting buildings in a country full of interest is the great Buddhist Cathedral in Japan. It is built in a purely Oriental style, and has only been recently finished, the work having been commenced eighteen years ago. The wood-carving is supposed to be the finest in Japan, and as the cost of the structure from first to last has been considerably over three million pounds, its size and beauty can well be imagined, since labour is particularly cheap in the land of the chrysanthemum. In order to provide against fire, a number of powerful fountains have been constructed both inside and outside, which can be made to play on all parts of the building at the same time. As a rule, one huge ornamental fountain is playing every day in one of the many courts, sending a jet of water into the air one hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. This is said to be the largest artificial fountain in existence.

GARDENERS have come to the conclusion that the electric light will revolutionise flower-growing, for they have discovered that its influence upon the colour and production of blossoms is nothing less than extraordinary. For instance, tulips that have been exposed to the electric light have deeper and richer tints, they flower more freely, and develop longer stems and bigger leaves than those grown in the ordinary way. Fuchsias too, under like conditions, bloom much earlier, as do petunias also, growing taller and much more slender. In some greenhouses the use of electric light is already being tried with a view to forcing flowers.

A LAW passed five years ago by the State of Maine in America ought to be placed in the code of every nation of the world. The enactment reads, "It shall be the duty of all teachers in the public schools of this State to devote not less than ten minutes of each week of the school term to teaching the principles of kindness to birds and animals." Maine is the only State in the whole world where such a law is in force, and its example is worthy of imitation by other legislatures, since that which is learnt early is never forgotten in after life.

IN Antwerp Cathedral there are some of the most interesting bells in Europe in point of age. The most famous is the "Carolus," which was given to the cathedral by Charles V., who was at once King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, and Archduke of Austria. This bell is only rung twice a year, when it requires sixteen men to move it. Its value is estimated at over £20,000, it being made of an amalgam of gold, silver and copper.



IN Alaska a married woman, instead of endeavouring to conceal her age, is so proud of it that she wears a sign of her years upon her lip. A piece of bone or wood is thrust through the lower lip, its size indicating the wearer's age. When a girl is married a piece of wood or bone about the size of a pea is inserted in her lower lip, the size being increased as she grows older. Naturally Alaskan women present a most unsightly appearance.

AN excellent imitation of ivory can be made from potatoes by a very simple process. Care must be taken in the choice of the potato, which should be quite good and not in the least bruised. It should first be washed in diluted sulphuric acid until the surface is quite clean, then it should be boiled in the same solution in which it has been washed until it is perfectly dense and solid. After being thoroughly washed in tepid water followed by cold water until all traces of the acid have been removed, it should be dried in a warm cupboard or some such place. When quite dry it will be found that it can be carved with the greatest ease and that it will take any dye.

IN Sweden a pretty custom is prevalent on the First of May. At twelve o'clock at night on the 30th of April a band of young people in every town and village begin visiting each house in the neighbourhood, singing the "Song of May" until each resident gives them either money or food for the benefit of the May Ball which takes place two days later, its expenses being entirely paid by the proceeds of this midnight singing. Over each door the party leaves a branch of red or white may to bring luck to the household during the coming year.

"GOD offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"THE growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength; we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula."—*George Eliot.*

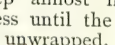
THE oldest rose-bush in the world is at Hildesheim, a small city in Hanover. Its roots are in the subsoil of a church in the cemetery, and although the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, the new stems have found their way through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the whole church with their branches for a height and width of forty feet. According to tradition this rose-tree was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and the church having been burnt down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. A book has been published recently giving the history of this venerable rose-tree, which, casting tradition aside, is known to be at least three hundred years old, it having been mentioned in a book published in 1673, and in a poem bearing the date of 1690.

TWO young American girls who have graduated at a university in the States, after taking their diplomas as engineers, have started for Matabeleland, there to pursue their profession.

A STRANGE fact is told by travellers who declare that the Arabs in the deserts of Africa have contracted a violent dislike to running water, and will only drink from stagnant pools when on journeys. This has become so much a matter of habit, that while the most poisonous-looking water agrees with them perfectly, pure running water will in a few hours make them violently sick. This prejudice against fresh water is common amongst the animals of the desert also, and is frequently acquired by European travellers. At first, however, when the latter drink of stagnant water it produces nausea and even fever, but when once the system becomes inured to it, running water affects them in precisely the same way as it affects the Arabs.

THE most remarkable clock in the world is owned by a Hindoo prince. In place of the ordinary dial is a gong, whilst beneath it on a metal plate lie artificial human skulls and bones in a heap, there being a sufficient number to make twelve complete skeletons. When the hands mark the hour of one, the number of bones necessary to make one human skeleton come together with a snap, the skeleton by invisible mechanism springs to its feet, seizes a mallet, strikes the gong one blow, and then returning to its pile, falls to pieces. According to the hour so many skeletons rise from the heap, and at noon or midnight the spectacle presented by twelve skeletons striking the hour is said to be very gruesome and awe-inspiring.

THAT humanity can bear anything to which it is accustomed in early life is proved by the selection of sleeping-places for their children by the native women living on the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains. They are obliged to work in the fields for the greater part of the day, and have lighted upon this extraordinary expedient for keeping their children quiet whilst they are away from home. Before going to work in the morning they swaddle their infants completely with bandages, leaving only the face exposed. Then they place them under a ledge of rock from which water is dripping. By means of a bamboo-rod a tiny stream of water is made to fall on the baby's forehead. The dripping of the water seems to have a lulling effect upon the children, for they drop asleep almost immediately, and remain motionless until the mothers return. Then they are unwrapped, dried, and fed. The natives declare this system to be most beneficial to the child's health, and, oddly enough, very few of them succumb to the treatment, growing up, for the most part, into strong, healthy men and women.



"ALL quarrels, mischiefs, hatred, and destruction arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors, out of which thy enemies shall ever take the most dangerous advantage."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

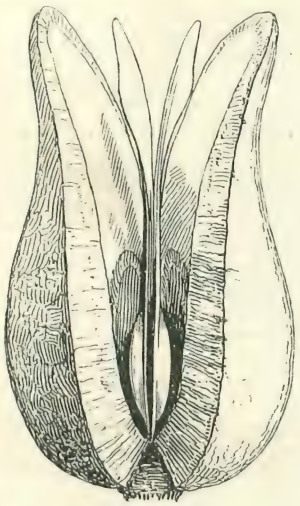
By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART IX.

FRUIT.

If we are shown a collection of delicious apples, pears, grapes, peaches, and cherries, we form a very appreciative opinion of the use and function of fruit, but that opinion is somewhat modified when we are shown a basket of poppy-heads, acorns, the light downy seeds of the thistle, the small dry carpels of the buttercup or the winged fruits of the maple. We usually connect the term fruit with some luscious product of the vinery or kitchen-garden, and we may include as such the brightly-coloured berries of the hawthorn and wild rose which are so conspicuous on trees and hedges in autumn; but if we examine the subject botanically we shall have to widen our ordinary conception of the term.

There is probably no part of a plant so difficult to understand as its fruit, and this difficulty is due to those many changes which I described in my last chapter. A very general definition of fruit is that it consists of the ripened ovary, and this will be found to

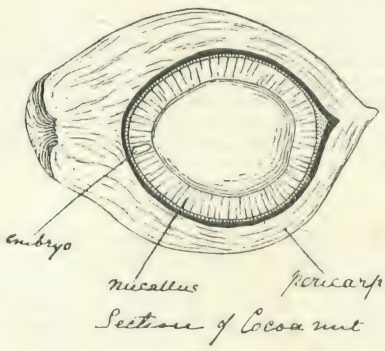


WOODY PEAR.

be correct in a great number of cases, but this term is not exactly wide enough to express the general formation of all fruit. In some cases it is composed of ripened ovary with the parts of the stalk or the original flower, enlarged and incorporated in the structure of the fruit, but in other specimens we find the ovary, although present, very little enlarged, and playing but a minor part in the ultimate character of the mature fruit.

No fact seems so emphatic to the observant botanist as that which upsets his artificial rules and classifications of plants and the parts of plants. We say, for instance, that fruit is the ripened ovary, and yet directly we leave our books and go out to study botany in the fields and woods, we find a large group of fruits perfectly innocent of any such structure. The firs and pines have no organ of this kind, and yet their fruits are most important and extremely interesting. Scarcely any part of a plant varies so much in different species as the fruit does. Although leaves may be found of every size and shape, they still have some general similarity of form, but we hasten to observe what an immense contrast there is between the huge *Musa* fruit (banana) and that of the oak (acorn), although the former is, compared to the latter, but a poor weakly plant.

Again, let us note the difference between the cocoa-nut palm fruit, a nut, which with



its outer husk is almost as large as a peck measure, and that of the St. John's Wort or any other of our native wild flowers.

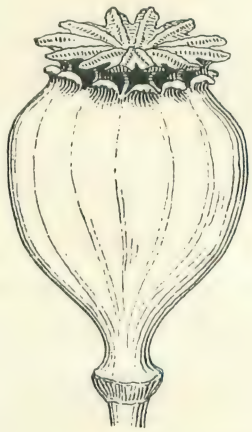
These differences in size have their counterparts in other directions. We generally think of fruits as being soft, luscious, and pleasant to the taste. Many fruits of delightful colour and texture are however bitter as gall and possess highly noxious qualities. I well remember gathering a plateful of rich purple berries from a plant I discovered in one of my childish rambles and carrying them home as a great prize; I was not a little disappointed when I learned that they were the poisonous fruits of the deadly nightshade; their deceitful resemblance to plums, as well as the berries of the woody nightshade to red currants, make these two of our most dangerous native plants. Since the perfected seed of any plant is its fruit, we may give instances of its occurring in every form size and colour: some are smooth and shining, others rough and hairy, some full of refreshing juice, while others are delicate structures like the airy seeds of the dandelion which children love to play with, or again may be as heavy as stones and drop to the ground exactly where they have ripened.

These differences in external form are

SECTION OF PEACH.

multiplied when we examine fruit more minutely. We shall then find a useful dividing line in the manner in which fruits allow their seeds to escape. In one large division the fruit when perfectly ripe splits open and allows the seed to fall out; such fruits are termed dehiscent (from *dehisco*, I gape). In the other division the fruit remains closed, and the substance of it must decay before the seeds can escape and grow; these are classed as indehiscent (I gape not). Before referring to a few examples of each division we will endeavour to distinguish clearly the various parts of a fruit and learn their proper botanical names.

We must be careful not to confound the seed and the coats of the ovary; the latter is termed the pericarp (*peri*, around, *karpos*, a fruit). In some fruits this pericarp is developed into distinct coats, or layers. In a peach, for instance, the outer coat is rough and hairy, this is called the epicarp (*epi*, upon, *karpos*, a fruit); the middle coat is the succulent delicious fruit, and is known as the mesocarp (*mesos*, middle, *karpos*, fruit), whilst the inner coat is the hard stone, or endocarp (*endon*, within, *karpos*, fruit), and inside it lies the kernel, or true seed. As a type of a dehiscent fruit we may select a pea-pod; here we get no division of the coats into distinct parts, the pericarp is dry and tough, and when



POPPY CAPSULE.

perfectly ripe it bursts open, and allows the seeds to escape.

It would be very interesting to make a collection of various seed-vessels, and note the immense variety of ways in which the seeds find their way out of the dry capsules. A poppy-head, campanula and antirrhinum sprays, henbane, columbine, stramonium, and many other plants would afford good examples.

The horse-chestnut is a conspicuous instance of a dehiscing fruit, the rough prickly part is the pericarp, and when the fruit is mature this splits open and allows the two large chestnuts (seeds) to escape. In the sweet-chestnut we get an altogether different structure. If we pick up one of its spiny burrs, we hold in our hand what is called in botany an involucre (from *involucrum*, a cover), that is a number of bracts which have grown together and formed an outer case to the fruit. The acorn-cup is an involucre, and we may find other good examples in composite flowers and those of the umbelliferæ. The small green whorl in which a daisy-flower is set is, therefore, not a calyx, but an involucre consisting of minute bracts grown together. The true fruit of the sweet-chestnut is enclosed in a mass of spiny bracts, and thus differs entirely from the pericarp of the horse-chestnut; if we wish to

speak of it correctly we must call it either a cupule or involucre. We will now select a few examples of fruits that are indehiscent.

On the outside of an orange we find the yellow coat of the pericarp, next to it is the white mesocarp, and inside is the juicy endocarp,* in which the seeds are embedded. When an orange falls to the ground these different coats simply decay, and the seeds are aided in their effort to grow by the succulent flesh of the fruit, which affords them moisture and nutriment. The hazel-nut is a fruit of another texture altogether. The hard shell is the pericarp, and the one or two seeds within it must remain enclosed there until the shell decays and the kernels can germinate and become new plants.

In the currant, gooseberry, and date we find examples of indehiscent fruits with a sweet fleshy pericarp. In the date there is only one seed in each fruit, and a curious thin endocarp can be observed enveloping the solitary seed. Many allied species, as well as the date, possess this sweet pericarp, which must decay in order to liberate the seeds, and in the case of succulent fruits the process is frequently assisted by the fruit-eating birds.

It may be well to draw attention to the very simple kind of fruit possessed by the buttercup and other similar plants. It is a dry membranous pericarp, and inside one seed exists free from the pericarp; this remains closed, like other forms of the indehiscent types, and technically this fruit is known as an achene (from *achanes*, not gaping), and it is well-named, as it remains closed until decay enables the growing radicle to break through the pericarp and enter the ground. The curious after-development in the strawberry fruit is worth a little careful study.

The flower is known as apocarpous (*apo*, apart, *karpos*, fruit), consisting of a number of distinct ovaries each with one ovule; these ovaries when ripe are exactly like the achenes of the buttercup, but they are developed upon a receptacle which, when fertilisation has taken place, begins to dilate and swell, with the result that the little achenes are gradually scattered over the surface of a large fleshy receptacle which, as it nears its time of perfection, becomes of a most tempting crimson colour. The little seed-like dots we notice on the strawberry are distinct and perfect fruits embedded in a sweet succulent floral receptacle. Thus we find that the strawberry, speaking botanically, is not a berry but a collection of achenes, the term "berry" being usually restricted to such fruits as the currant and gooseberry. For this reason the strawberry and the common fig are sometimes termed spurious fruits, for in these the soft pulpy flesh is really the receptacle and the little round so-called seeds are the true fruit.

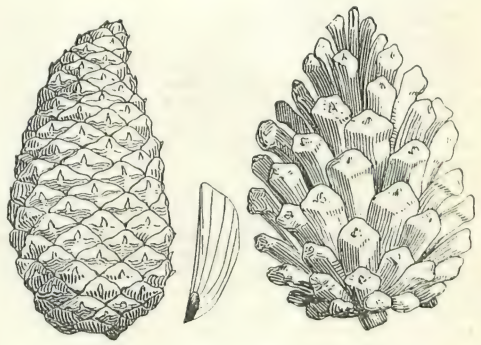
There is a very different formation in the pine-apple, since this fruit is the development of an entire spike of flowers; these in their early stage are crowded together on the flower stalk, but as time goes on they coalesce and fuse with their ovaries, bracts, and receptacles, into a succulent mass the various parts of which can be well defined if we cut a section through a pineapple before it is quite ripe.

This chapter may fittingly conclude with a brief reference to the ultimate purpose of these varied forms and textures of fruit, for that they each have their special work, and that there is a meaning for every form is a truism we may accept without doubt. The fruit is in reality the storehouse for the seeds, the latter being the vital part of the plant. If we review the life-history of a plant, first its producing flowers, then the special and intricate processes of pollination and fertilisation, and subsequently the growth of that wonderful little part, the ovule, into a seed, and further if we reflect that the whole strength of the plant has been concentrated on producing that seed, we shall then comprehend the true significance of fruit.

The seed is first stored up in the recesses of the ovary; clearly then the ovary, which subsequently becomes the fruit (pericarp) is intended to protect the seeds, and it is interesting to note some of the various ways in which this protection is afforded. Take first the soft and sweet fruits so plentiful in the autumn; this edible sweet flesh is not developed until the seeds are quite ripe. All through the period of growth and ripening the pericarp is hard or stringy or it may be also sour and acid. This is especially true of hedgerow fruit, such as crab-apples, sloes, and wild pears, texture and juice alike affording complete protection.

Again, such fruit as the walnut and chestnut are protected by their rough covering and hard shells, and many others have their outer coats covered with prickles and spines for the same reason. The most extreme case is perhaps that of *Mucuna pruriens*, a leguminous climber found in the tropics; this has downy pods not unlike those of a sweet pea, and these pods are covered with brownish hairs which, if incautiously touched, enter the pores of the skin and cause a most intolerable irritation; a truly formidable protection this to the seed.

Let me now point out how the seed is protected in some of the pine family (firs), where there is no pericarp. During the growth and development of the pine-seeds, the woody cone is rich in resin, and should an enterprising nuthatch try to peck out the seeds, he finds his beak covered with the resin and his effort baffled.



PINE CONES.

Protection is also afforded to the seed by the movements of fruit after fertilisation, and of this the cyclamen flower affords a good illustration. As soon as fertilisation has taken place the flower stalk coils up like a watch-spring, and the seed-pod is thus placed safely beneath the leaves to ripen.

In crevices of old walls we may often find that charming little wilding the ivy-leaved toad-flax, it has a highly-intelligent method of protecting its seeds. When the flower is fertilised its stalk bends its point round to the wall, and places the tiny ovary in a cranny of the brickwork to mature and ripen its seeds. These are but two instances out of hundreds of plants whose fruits are protected by what we call instinctive movements.

It is of essential importance to young seedlings that they should have sufficient soil, light, and air, to ensure their healthy growth. To begin life directly under the leaves of the parent plant is to court failure and starvation, and so we find in fruit that wonderful provisions are made to ensure the dispersion of the seed when it leaves the parent plant, and so endless are the contrivances for the dispersion of fruits and seeds, that it will be needful to devote the next chapter entirely to that subject.

Objects to collect and examine: Compare various fruits, fir-cone, banana, acorn, seeds, and berrries, etc. Examine a peach and pea-pod. Collect seed-vessels, horse-chestnut, sweet-chestnut, daisy-flower, orange, hazel-nut, date-fruit, strawberry, pineapple.

* Strictly speaking the endocarp of the orange is a thin membrane, and the pulp grows from it and fills up the ovary cavities.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MEAT sandwiches are much nicer if the meat is minced before it is placed between the slices of bread. The sandwich should then be pressed well with a clean cloth, to keep it together. Great variety can be made in the seasonings, and hard-boiled egg finely chopped with watercress may be used instead of meat.

NEVER put potatoes on the dinner-table in a closed dish, the moisture from the steam on the dish-cover runs back into the dish and makes the potatoes sodden.

MIRRORS should be washed with warm soapsuds, then dusted over with powdered whitening in a muslin bag, and finally polished with a soft leather.

A GRAND remedy for rheumatic-gout is a boiled-potato poultice applied to the part affected.

SO many people use enamel for renovating and adorning articles of furniture, that it is well to know that it should be used warm. Care should also be taken to use a good and fine brush for painting it on, otherwise it is apt to be smeary, and the hairs come out and stick on the enamel.

THE misery of cold feet on a railway journey may be obviated by the use of a newspaper wrapped round the legs and feet. A penny spent on a paper for that purpose is money well spent.

IF you want window-plants to keep fresh and look well, a spray-producer, with a fine spray and lukewarm water, should be used over the plants once or twice a week, and in summer every day when the sun is not on them; this keeps the foliage from getting too dry and dusty. Ferns especially enjoy this treatment.

KID-GLOVES get very dirty inside long before they are worn out. They should then be turned inside out, and cleaned with bread-crumbs.

A BAG of flax-seed soaked in water for some time makes a good wash for varnished paint, and keeps the paint bright.

ART.

R. R. RICHARDS.—1. The glossy appearance mentioned as shown by flowers painted in oils, is produced by the use of "glazes," applied as the last touch. "Glaze colours" are those that are thin, and will allow the previous painting to show through them. When the whole picture is finished, it must be varnished with a white transparent varnish, which you can procure at an artists' colourman's.—2. Volumes iv. and v. are out of print, and can only be obtained through a keeper of secondhand books and magazines. You might make up a volume by obtaining single monthly parts.

CROWQUILL inquires why artists are often called "Bohemians." We believe it has reference to their wandering habits, necessitated by the search for subjects of interest for their work—the beauties of Nature and Art, and of antiquities only to be found in foreign travel. It is the French term to denote "gipsies," whom they, we believe ignorantly, regarded as tribes of "Hussites," who were expelled from Bohemia.

L. C.—Send an accurate description of the old picture to a first-class exhibitor, or owner of a gallery; or, still better, take it to be examined. Possibly initials, name, or date, may be discovered, if cleaned.

MISS K. D. WARNER.—*The Dictionary of Girls' Clubs* has not been republished; but we have pleasure in acceding to your request, and making known that you have vacancies for new pupils in your Minerva Painting Society. Any of our readers desiring to join the association must write to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. F. Warner, Shernbourne, Grove Park, Wanstead, Essex.

SMOKELESS.—The tinted sheets of wax for modelling flowers, etc., are sold at the artists' colourmen's shops, that keep the rest of the materials for wax flower-work. We cannot give addresses.

AASH.—You will find the addresses of art studios, where ladies are employed, in *The Englishwoman's Year Book*, if, as you say, there be such establishments. We do not give addresses in our columns.

HOUSEKEEPING.

FARMER.—Why not buy a tin half-pint measure, which will answer for all by simply multiplying it. An "imperial pint" really measures a pint, but the ordinary pint not so much.

L. H.—Preserved ginger would be difficult to make, and it is generally to be obtained at a cheap rate at the grocer's.

BEATRICE B. F. very kindly sends us a recipe, which she has tried and found absolutely successful, to get rid of black beetles; and that is simply to put plenty of carbonate of soda all round the kitchen grate and the floor, or anywhere they come from.

LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.—Sift a little powdered sugar into the cream as you are whipping it. I suppose you know that there are two kinds of cream—"single" and "double."

ROSE.—We should think the aprons were washed before you tried to take out the ink-spots. Perhaps if you washed them now with a strong solution of cream-of-tartar and water, you might do some good. Repeat several times, if need be, and dry in the sun.

POOR OLD POLLO.—*Ennui* is the general cause when a parrot pecks out its feathers. Hang an empty reel in the cage, so that it may amuse itself by pecking at it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONA CRAIGE.—The oldest account of the history of Kent still extant was written by the monk Gildas, who gave the native story of the conquest of Kent. His is the only record from the side of the conquered.

NANCY.—You appear to be in good health, and this condition should not be interfered with. We cannot recommend any process of treatment that could give you a beautiful figure, in the style of a Venus; if not possessing the "lines of beauty and grace" by Nature. You have attained a good height, and your waist is of reasonable proportions; and if your cheeks be round and plump you should be well satisfied.

C. PAYNE.—You have our sympathy; but we regret that we cannot help you in reference to your verses, as they would be of no value to any publisher.

MARGARET.—You are quite right. Tell your brother that it is erroneous to say that, even in England, there has only been one lady Freemason (the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth), for there have been two or three. Besides, the exclusion of the sex was not a rule of the Order, as may be proved by reference to the Archives of the lodge at York. In the "Constitutions of Masonrie" (translated from the Latin) the following passage may be seen: "Then one of the Elders, taking the Book, and that hee, or shee, that is to be made Mason, shall lay their hands thereon, and the charge shall be given." They have never been excluded in Spain, but are on equal terms in the Lodges with men, and share their work. In France they have Lodges, though not recognised by the authorities of the Order in Paris—i.e. those of La Candeur (opened in 1785); the Grand Mistress a Duchess; and the Droit Humaine. It was only after the institution of the Grand Lodges—in England 1717; Scotland 1736; and Ireland 1721–30, that changes took place, and women were excluded in the United Kingdom.

HOME NURSE.—Certain flowers may be kept in a sick-room, quite as safely to its occupant, as if in a "living-room." Brightly-coloured ones are recommended (quite as much as pictures) to gladden the eyes of the sufferer by Florence Lees, author of the *Handbook for Hospital Sisters*, provided that they be not of the strong-scented order. In Australia the practice has been adopted of placing green branches of the eucalyptus in the sick-room as a disinfectant, especially under the bed. The bedding then undergoes disinfection, the vapour penetrates the mattress, and becomes invaluable, both as an antiseptic, and likewise as a sedative.

H. M. L.—When you have already met and bowed to a man, appear to be looking at something, and so not to see him when meeting again. But if in a narrow path, you can make a very slight inclination of the head and smile in passing. Should your gentleman friend be accompanied by others (who of course raise their hats to you likewise) give a bow in passing to all at once, but not when meeting any of them another time, apart from him.

J. and M.—You can obtain full information respecting the Colonies, the arrangements for emigrants on landing, the best time for arriving; the names and addresses of the several Colonial representatives in this country, in the "Penny Handbooks" and Free Quarterly Circulars, to be procured at the "Emigrant's Information Office," 21, Broadway, Westminster. The office is open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., excepting on Saturday, when it closes at 1.30 P.M. There are free passages to Western Australia for a limited number of female domestic servants. There is a good demand at present in nearly every part of Canada and the Australian Colonies, and some demand (though in a less degree) at the Cape and Natal for female domestic servants.

MONICA.—You could not oblige your friend's brother to take your share of the charge for the boat; but it would have saved trouble had you said, "Very well; I thank you for my pleasant trip; but it must be quite understood that, should we go out again, I must share in the payment of the hire." In any case, you can tell your friend that you could not go out again with them on any other terms.

A CONSTANT READER is very kind in telling us of her great appreciation of our paper, and of the help received from our advice and teaching as regards a higher life. "Medicus" will also be glad that his prescription has proved so beneficial in her case.

MARIE.—We gave two articles last year on Inventions and Patents taken out by women. Amongst others the invention of the "Deep Sea Telescope" was a woman's discovery, or rather two women, Mrs. and Miss Mather, by the aid of which submerged vessels can be inspected, and of course river-beds searched. Also the "Screw-Crank for Steamships, and the Rotary Loom Furnace," used in smelting ores; the "Horse-shoe machine," making a shoe in three minutes, and one for the instant separation of a carriage from a runaway horse, and "last, not least" of this brief specimen list of what women can do, the "Fire Escape." As their brain is remarkable for quick intuitive perception, much may be expected of them in the future.

STELLA.—You may well ask how the stars are counted. It is now being accomplished by means of the telescope and photography. A photograph was obtained by Mr. Isaac Roberts, representing a small portion of the constellation of The Swan, of about the size of a page of a copy-book, the stars in that space having been counted, and numbered 16,000. It would require about 10,000 of such plates to cover the heavens as seen by us, and by measurement, and even mapping-out the heavens in compartments, and calculating the number of stars in each, the average number of stars is taken in each compartment.

EDGAR.—Certainly; show some self-respect. Never share any man's attentions (as a lover) with any one else, more especially when he has himself told you "he finds he still loves her" to whom he was once engaged. Take no notice of him, only be perfectly polite, and take care that you show no appearance of pique and offence. All the same, keep out of his way, and give his first choice a chance of a renewal of their engagement. Keep some friend or acquaintance always near you when he is present.

MA CHERIE.—Write to the publisher of the edition which you possess for all such information. The publisher of the Pansy Series would doubtless be able to tell you all you want to know.

MAUD M.—Your general health is in need of careful attention. Your blood is thin and poor. The spots you name, and the weakness of nerves are results, and some medical man who has seen you and your surroundings, and can ascertain any hereditary tendencies may be able to do you some good, if not effect a cure.

"PRUDE'S PROGRESS."—We do not understand the origin, nor the drift of your request, viz., "Speak kindly of stepmothers and sisters." Stepmothers are often unjustly regarded, and there is too wholesale a denunciation of them. The prejudice often dates back to the nursery days, when some old servant has poisoned the mind of the child against her new mistress. We knew of one, long gone to her happy rest, who, being told by her daughter that she would hate her (possible) successor, replied, "My child, whoever makes your dear father happy should be loved and respected by you." As to sisters, it is a very unnatural and unlovely sight, when they are not devoted to one another.

SISSY.—You ought to have a face made of gutta-percha. We have no recipe for making a large face small. Do not trouble yourself about the coarse remarks of ill-bred, vulgar people. Nothing can be more grossly ill-bred than to make personally disparaging remarks. No one will notice any facial defect, if you have a sweet countenance and gentle manner.

EVADNE.—Your mother is perfectly right in prescribing what you her daughter are to read, and in forbidding you to read the books you named she did her duty. Your rebellion against her authority, and your reading of French novels in secret (the badness of which you acknowledge) has shocked us greatly. It was necessary that your mother should have formed an opinion of her own, and not relied on hearsay as to the suitability of any book for her young daughter's reading. You employed the word "awfully" four times in a dozen lines.

BUTTERFLY.—We regret to say we should discourage such verse-making as that you have sent. There is no beauty, originality, nor even uniformity in them, and the tendency and object are bad. They give a wrong and injurious impression of the care bestowed on idiots in asylums. The nurses are not hardened villains, and they do not drag them by the hair. We are glad you so much appreciate our answers to correspondents. Your handwriting is good, and would be still better if a little reduced in size.

J. W.—In sending a card of good wishes on any public or private anniversary, or other occasion, to a brother or sister, never subscribe yourself with the prefix Mrs.; give your Christian name. Your good wishes would be quite nullified by such unsisterly formality.

DOROTHY.—Your father's first cousin's son is your second cousin—a near relative; but there is no legal nor divine impediment to your marriage with him.

AGNES.—The best recipe that I can at present give you for destroying moths' eggs in your fur, is to apply a solution of acetate of potash dissolved in rosemary, fifteen grains of the former to one pint of the latter. Avoid wetting the fur so far as possible, applying it to the skin only.

LILIAN ADAMS.—We cannot copy out poems for you to learn. You will find many that are suitable in those of Longfellow.

VOL. XVII.—No. 861.] JUNE 27, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FALLING WATERS.

BY THE REV. CANON WILTON, M.A.

IN front of falling waters I reclined,
Which down a chasm tore their thundrous way;
Birches before them rose, with emerald spray
Screening the silvery foam which shone behind.
With every fitful wafting of the wind
The leafy veil was lifted, to display
The crystal splendour in its white array—
The changing drops in changeless form confined.
Thus earth's fair dreams and fancies intervene,
And veil Heaven's glory from our mortal eye,
Dimming things hoped for by things felt and seen:
O for God's breath—the Spirit from on high—
To flash upon us, through the sundered screen,
The living waters of Eternity!

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HILARY; OR, THE AMATEUR SURGEON.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER V.

HIDE AND SEEK.

HAD a curious, teasing sensation of watching the fortunes of two people who ought, for satisfaction's sake, to meet, but who always seemed destined to miss each other.

Geoffrey was very anxious that his first introduction to Miss Gladwin should be informal, without any appearance of premeditation on his own side. I daresay he thought it a master-stroke of genius, when pledging himself to do his part in helping to raise funds for a new orphanage, he made that a pretext for calling on Mr. Dallas. The yearly subscription he entered in his book was well-earned, for he had had much ado to ingratiate himself and pave the way for future intimacy. If he had not taken a mutual friend with him, the experiment must have failed.

But it was not till he had called again and again that he found, by much beating about the bush, that Miss Gladwin was with the Pembertons. Accordingly he had to pull wires to get an entrance there. He succeeded, just after Mrs. Pemberton had gone to Adelaide to visit her mother, and had taken Miss Gladwin and the children with her.

Before her return the intricacies of business obliged Geoffrey to leave Melbourne. Mrs. Pemberton was not many weeks at home before, like Lady Dedlock, she looked bored and became low-spirited, whereupon Mr. Pemberton sent her off, with her train, to a spot in Tasmania, that had honeymoon associations.

The house he took for her was on high ground. The air was pure and salubrious, and if she could only have been expected to find the enchantment in her environments the second time that she did the first, her recovery must almost have been assured.

Thorn Villa was nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, the beautiful valley of Newtown lay beneath, and Hobart might be reached by a walk which was a gentle descent through the Royal Domain and the Glebe. Mrs. Pemberton loved gardening, and here was a beautiful little garden of two acres, in which she might improve the tastes handed down from her Eden mother. Then Mr. Pemberton promised to run over for a few days whenever he could spare the time. Hilary did not wonder that Mrs. Pemberton thought it worth her while to get well again for the sake of such a husband. He was so lavish in his kindness to her, and all his sacrifices for her were so cheerfully made.

This last bade fair to be crowned with success, for in a short time there was a wonderful improvement. The languor, alternating with a morbid restlessness, gave place to a real interest in her surroundings, and a desire to explore all the lovely places round. No better sign of returning health could have been desired.

Perched on her mountain eyrie, our little Hilary might have remained inaccessible to any knight who had set out in quest of her, and was not accurately informed as to her whereabouts; but "Fortune favours the brave." Hilary left her eyrie sometimes and went down into the plains, and when there she was destined to find that, though the world is wide, we never know where or how we may meet some who we think are in Dan, while we are tabernacling at Beersheba. Mrs. Pemberton had known at Melbourne two families, now resident at New Norfolk, and in certain of the pretty little villas that overlook the Royal Domain. She was therefore at no loss for friends to invite when she wanted a little society. Indeed, she would have considered it a selfish waste of the good gifts of Providence, if she had not made others welcome to this beautiful villa, with the glorious prospect from it, and the lovely garden so rich in flowers and fruit.

So it came to pass that Hilary soon made acquaintance with a few girls of her own age, who regarded her as a delightful acquisition, and looked her up for pic-nics and excursions to Mount Wellington and other enjoyable spots.

Though Hilary declined many of the invitations she received, without even referring them to Mrs. Pemberton, she was obliged to accept others in deference to that lady's strongly-expressed desire.

Among these was a visit of a few days to an English family, residing near the German settlement of Bismarck, a scattered township, some sixteen miles from Hobart, and unapproached by rail or river. Among the inhabitants might be reckoned a dozen English families, some of whom lived on estates of their own outside the town. Fanny Joyson, a deliciously-unconventional Bismarck girl, was one of Mrs. Pemberton's visitors. She at once laid siege to Hilary's affections, because she was fresh from the old country, and because there was no one like her among all the daughters of the land; especially Bismarck, with its Gretchens and Lores and Margarethes, and not English belles enough to make a good posy with even at a dance.

Still the picture she drew of Bismarck life was fresh and fair. The freedom, the utter absence either of shackles or patronage, the real brotherliness and neighbourliness, which some unwritten laws of deference, and consideration and self-respect, kept from degenerating into over-familiarity and obtrusiveness. She described piquantly the Teutonic characteristics of the settlement. The Germans had brought with them from the Fatherland the hearty enjoyment of Christmas.

At the approach of Noel they laid in stores of good things and fattened their geese and turkeys, with anticipations as festive as if they were to sing their carols amid scenes of frost and snow. Santa Claus found a stocking hung for him from every bed-post; for his errand was not only to children but to grown-up people. The walls of the wooden huts were covered with choice branches which had been ruthlessly torn from the adjacent trees, and ribbons and coloured candles made a royal show in the decorations.

The finest shops in Hobart were stripped of their treasures to find presents for the trees which bear all manner of fruits.

But going to Hobart at any time of the year was to most of the good Bismarck people a great treat. They generally set out burdened with commissions, and on their return had to sustain a prolonged battery of queries, such as—

"What ships are in the harbour? What additions have been made to the museum? Any new pictures in the art gallery? Have any sharks been caught in the Derwent of late? What is going at the theatre?"

As Mr. Pemberton was coming over from Melbourne according to promise, Hilary was not loath to accept Fanny Joyson's invitation to return with her on Friday to her home. She was to remain till the following Wednesday, when Mr. Joyson would drive her back. Fanny told her that they were seldom without a visitor. Sometimes they had several, and there was nothing she liked so much as entertaining. Most of the people she knew were hospitable, and one diversion of which the Bismarckians never tired, was evening visiting of an informal character.

As one of Geoffrey Clavers' letters to his mother will not only add to the thread of my little yarn, but also furnish a peep into a Bismarck interior, I will with her permission transcribe it—

"DEAREST MOTHER,—Some men who run out to seek their fate, find their fate follow them. This will not be a dark saying when I get to the end of my letter.

"I don't remember whether I ever told you of my friend Raber, who I met with in Hobart two years ago, and who invited me to spend a few days with him in his log-house at Bismarck, when I could make it convenient to do so. The opportunity never presented itself till a fortnight ago, when the project I have in mind took me to Hobart. Then I thought I would see as much of Tasmania as I could, and report on its prospects to a Committee I have formed at Melbourne.

"Well, when I was on the spot, Bismarck and Raber soon came to my mind; so I thought I would look up Raber, and see if he had still a welcome for me.

"Such a welcome as the fellow gave me! Being a German, he might have kissed me; but the years he spent in England, where he finished his education, taught him better. He had other prospects than coming out here. But when his uncle on his mother's side died, (Mrs. Raber was an Englishwoman), Hans found himself alone in the world with only a few hundreds at his disposal. He was in doubt what to do for the best. Then he reflected that his little capital would go further abroad than at home, and turned up in this country determined to rough it.

"So he settled down near Bismarck, bought some land, and at a cost of two hundred pounds built a log house on it, and made himself a member of a little community cut off from the rest of the world; but enjoying among themselves a wonderful amount of freedom and friendly intercourse. Every man's library is a circulating library; and music and songs, and recitations, with carving on wood and beautiful needlework, keep the ball rolling among the young people. Raber's log house consists of four large and two small rooms; of

one he has made a very pretty parlour, and for that the very genius of knack and taste was required. It is in the large house-place that he entertains his friends. He holds himself at liberty every Friday night to receive such of them as care to drop in. He is seldom disappointed of visitors, especially in the winter when the logs are aglow. The men chat and smoke with the consent of the ladies, who prefer the fragrant weed to the institution of a smoking-room. When several get together they have games, and music, and travellers' yarns, whatever they like best at the time. Now I betook myself to Raber's on a Saturday; because Sunday being a free day it involved no loss of time. Raber, however, had another visitor, who he had brought from Hobart for a week's rest. The latent idealism of his Teutonic nature had brought him into a worshipful admiration of a delicate little man, with an Italian face, dark eyes and long sweeping lashes such as a lady might envy. His look is more wistful and confiding than any of the advanced ladies will suffer on their pretty faces; but Raber told me that he was rarely gifted, though ineffective through great bodily weakness.

"'Do your best to know him while you are here!' he said. 'He is well worth cultivating; a rare blend of Byron and Lamb.'

"'Man, you are infatuated!' I exclaimed; and I really thought so; but I do not think so now.

"On Sunday morning we went to the little Lutheran chapel where Raber is choir-master. Such singing in the rude structure! You know what musicians these Germans are! The thought in their souls and the music seem to go together.

"I don't profess to be a judge of sermons, but I suppose the sermon was as good as any you can hear outside the Conference Hall. Considering that my ideal is 'short and sweet,' I kept my attention pretty well up to the mark. It were a shame to let it wander, for the subject was, 'The Love of God,' and there's been enough of that shown in this wayward life, to inspire gratitude in a careless heart. It isn't often I say so much, mother; but in a congregation of simple, homely people, like these Bismarckians, whose lives are all 'wed to duty,' one feels what a blessed thing it is to be pure and good. If I were only half what I ought to be, I have a great deal to make me happy.

"'Many men, many minds,' I wondered at the length of the sermon; but Sandford, my friend's visitor, remarked upon its breadth; and then he talked about Luther, his great heart and broad views, till I felt as if the man was not sleeping with the dust of four centuries heaped upon him; but there he was alive, here in Bismarck, and might turn up at the evening service. The dead men have to rise and look alive for me to feel any interest in them; that was why history palled upon me at school, but this Sandford is gifted with large wonder and admiration, and a quaint humour which lays hold of you and converts you to his opinions; even when his swans are geese, as sometimes Raber says they are. I caught the delicate Charles Lamb flavour many a time as I listened to his talk.

"We dined sumptuously off the best of the animal and vegetable produce of Raber's farm, and it appears that the fellow's courtesy to the ladies in the neighbourhood is not sustained by mere self-approval. Things find their way into his larder which were never evolved from his consciousness, or the boys he calls his servants. He knows how to make life a success, that's clear.

"On Saturday afternoon when other people are dozing over good books or reading a novel on the sly, he has an 'At Home.'

"His visitors are some of the young married ladies and girls in his choir, who drop in to have tea with him after Sunday School. It is quite pretty to observe how they do the thing. You never see anything like it in a bachelor's den in England. A group of them will come in as pleasantly and familiarly as if they were first cousins to him; they sit about and fan themselves and chat till it is tea-time. Then they get the table-cloth, and the silver, and his best china, and exploit his larder for the goodies, such as cheesecakes and German pancakes. And he looks on like a great, heavy, helpless mortal visited by Peris. I must tell you that though he can wait as well on himself and his friends as if he were an Irish host and a German waiter rolled into one, he is always struck stupid if a woman's eyes are fixed upon him. He feels as awkward then as a bull in a china shop; so as he is too proud to make a fool of himself, he just reverses the order of things, and allows his guests to wait upon him. Very well it answers. A mistress is no doubt a desideratum, but he would not take a wife to the log house.

"The Sunday afternoon I was there, he had four visitors, and they came in twos. First a little fair-haired married lady with a younger sister who was nearly six feet high. She looked down on poor Sandford, the girl did, as if she was his good angel commissioned to carry him up. I believe she could have carried him if she had tried. The missus did all the talking, miss sat looking at Sandford with a long-drawn face of sympathy.

"All the young ladies are ready to be sisters to Sandford, Raber says. They tell him all their secrets. He is too sagacious to be flattered by their partiality; for he knows the kind of sentiment it springs from.

"Preparations for tea were commencing, and missus was cutting the bread and butter, when rippling waves of laughter breaking on the ear made our host exclaim, 'There comes Fanny Joyson! Yes, and she is bringing a stranger with her! That need not matter, for no one remains a stranger at Bismarck.' Perhaps Miss Joyson's merriment was over the bashfulness of the stranger, for a young lady followed her blushing to the roots of her hair, and looking as if she had been brought into our presence against her will. I could not get hold of her name when she was introduced; for Miss Joyson's enunciation is more rapid than distinct. Raber did not catch the name either; but he did not ask for it. He gave her a pleased welcome, and asked her if this was her first visit to Bismarck.

"'Yes; I brought her to see the kind of queer people we are, and our "goings-on" Sunday and week-days,' explained Miss Joyson. 'She has been with me to the School, and we were tired and hot, and I knew I might bring my friend here. Then I wanted to ask you if the copies of our New Cantata have come, Mr. Raber. If they have I should like to have mine.'

"How was it that an indefinable nervousness and tremulousness all at once came over me; an agitation that I was concerned to hide and yet found it difficult to restrain.

"When Raber rose and went to his pine-wood bureau to produce Roots' Cantata, 'The Pilgrim Fathers,' I followed him, in order that I might break the spell I was under when looking at the stranger.

"But it is a curious fact, illustrating how the nervous centres may be affected by a memory; the long forgotten pain in the leg came back, and with it such a stiffness that I could scarcely walk across the floor. Yet I was not at all sure that that girl's face bore anything more than a chance resemblance to a face that had for some time haunted me.

"As I came limping back I saw her looking earnestly at my steps; then she raised her eyes to my hair, and my face, and I saw that her lips slightly quivered and that she lost a little of her rich colour. However, I threw off my tremor. I sat near her at tea, and as the others sought the air, I walked in the garden with her after tea. I talked to her in an unsuspecting yet friendly manner. I took every opportunity of improving her acquaintance, and distracting her attention from the interesting Sandford, on whom she looked with all the sympathy that his too finely chiselled features were calculated to inspire. At last I took her to the lowest walk in the garden to show her some New Zealand ferns, where from the log-house was wafted the opening strains of the Cantata, accompanied by Raber's violin.

"'The music sounds sweet here,' she said.

"'Yes; very sweet. Perhaps sweeter for the distance. Tell me, are you the ambulance-pupil who came to the help of a poor fellow in the Strand, who had broken his leg, and who bandaged the wrong one?'

"'Be sure your sin will find you out,' she said, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"'You did not think it would find you out here,' I exclaimed.

"'No, indeed. *Fiat justitia*; only I hope you will never tell anyone that you were a patient of mine, Mr. Clavers; even if you do not expose my egregious blunder.'

"'I will not. But it was an excellent joke and one that need not cost you a sigh.'

"'Are you sure of that?' she said. 'I could hardly hope that the loss of time it caused had not done harm.'

"I reassured her on that point as I walked with her to the church. I saw a little more of Miss Joyson after church. Consequently I was invited to an excursion that was coming off the next day, when I devoted myself to Miss Gladwin like a man who knows that it is not always May. So now I feel that I know the young lady. Know her right well.

"You need not be surprised at any further development. 'Shy natures cannot be hurried; but strong ones know how to wait.'"

* * * *

Three months after I saw Hilary's version of the affair in a letter to her mother. She seemed to think that her deviation from the path she had first marked out for herself required many apologies, with professions of penitence, which she possibly deluded herself into believing sincere. She hoped it was not selfish to give herself to Geoffrey when others wanted her. She would still advise her sisters to come out, for she would do all that in her lay to help them. Perhaps she could help them all the better for being married and having a home of her own. She was sure they would find Geoffrey one of the best of brothers. He declared that if they came, he would be as accommodating as Traddles in *David Copperfield*.

"'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,'"

said Mrs. Gladwin.

They showed me a cabinet portrait which she had sent them from Melbourne. She was taken in evening dress. I thought I recognised the bracelet that she wore.

They told me that the stones in it were Queensland opals; that it was the first present Geoffrey had made her, and that when he clasped it on her arm he said he had carried it about with him ever since he was on her track, hoping that he might prevail upon her to accept it, even if it was never to be anything more than a pledge of friendship.

I asked Hilda and Lizzie if it was still their intention to go to Australia.

"It is all undecided," they replied. "Mr. Geoffrey Clavers may have to leave Australia, and come home. And in any case, Hilary has got such a start of us that now we cannot hope to overtake her."

[THE END.]

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MEETING IN MAIN STREET.

NOBODY met Morag when she arrived at Sillerton Station. Aunt Rebecca and Gladys had a little discussion over that at breakfast. Aunt Rebecca thought that, as a matter of course, Gladys would go. But Gladys pouted. She said that she remembered Morag's box had looked "terribly servant-girl like," and who knew how Morag herself might look "after her year's scrubbing." No, let Morag come up by herself. She was not arriving in a strange place. And though Aunt Rebecca did not actually say so, she thought that on the whole Gladys was right, and felt thankful that her daughter had shrewdness and foresight wherewith to save herself from any derogation which might arise from Aunt Rebecca's own "old-fashioned ways" as she was accustomed to hear her daughter call them.

Morag felt a little chilled to see no familiar face on the platform. But Gladys need not have been afraid of Morag's appendages; Morag had her own plan. The big box was to be left in the office to go south with her next day, and she walked off to her aunt's house burdened by nothing save the neat bag of her own manufacture, in which she carried her nightdress, her slippers, and her brush and comb.

Of course she had never seen the new house, but she knew her way to the Talbot Road. It struck her, however, that she had better take this opportunity of visiting her old favourite, the cat, and its custodian, for it might not be easy to get out again after she had once gone to her aunt's.

She found puss flourishing, and the old woman quite proud of her charge, which she declared to be grand company and sagacious beyond belief. She gave the old woman a month's prepayment of her little fee, and left her her future address in Edinburgh. The old woman declared that "puss knew her," but Morag had her doubts on that point, but was satisfied that if it was not so, at any rate puss recognised her as a friend.

"Ah, puss," said the old dame, "whatever you know—and I reckon you know more than we think—you don't know that that's the young lady who saved ye from being a poor starveling in the streets."

That gave Morag something to think over as she went on her way. The animals cannot understand all our best relations to them, and have we much more grasp on the higher order of invisible beings, who may be far more busy in our affairs and careful of our interests? No; we do not see and we cannot know, and all we can do is to lift up our hearts in perpetual thanksgiving to that pervading spirit of love, which now shows us a sunset or gives us a perfumed flower, or blesses us with a dear friend, or finds worthy work for us to do.

On she went, with the glad light of pleasant thoughts shining on her face.

At the corner of the Talbot Road she threw a glance at the Milnes' grand house, and caught sight of that root of bitterness, Martha, alias Mabel, lounging behind a window-table of plants, and watching the passers-by. Martha jumped up when she saw Morag, and nodded with great cordiality, making as though she would invite her in. But Morag only returned the salutation and hurried on.

Aunt Rebecca and Gladys both seemed pleased to see her. Indeed, Gladys was ready to "gush." They enjoyed showing her the house and all the new things. She did not make any of the spiteful little criticisms which often marred this pleasure, and if she was not so appreciative as they would have liked concerning the "cost" of this or that, she was warm in admiration of anything which struck her as really pretty or convenient.

She found that they called their early dinner "lunch," and in her simplicity asked if they had late dinner now? Gladys laughed.

"No," said she. "We do dine at six sometimes, when we have a friend. That's very seldom, for unfortunately it can't be our way of entertaining. But we just say 'lunch,' and then nobody knows when we dine."

But the first distinctly jarring note of the visit was struck when this meal was served, for Gladys whispered to Morag to be careful what she spoke about during its course, "as Jane does a good deal of waiting, and hasn't the ghost of an idea that you are anything but an independent lady."

Morag winced, and perhaps Gladys was keen enough to notice this. At any rate, she really wished to propitiate Morag, partly because she had no active desire to make herself disagreeable, partly because she felt her own "gentility" lay somewhat at Morag's mercy. So she went on, at the first opportunity.

"Upon my word, Morag, you've improved in your appearance rather than otherwise. How well you hold yourself! You've got a better carriage than any girl I know. I was afraid you'd be all dragged down, round-shouldered, and poke-chinned."

"Work does not do that," said Morag austerely, "unless one has too much of it or neglects oneself."

"And your hands! They look all right. May I examine them closer?" Morag submitted. "Yes, one can see that you do hard work, but there are no marks on them and they feel pleasant and the nails are beautiful! How can you manage this?"

"I just wash my hands in soft water directly I have done any bit of dirty work," Morag answered. "I don't go with dirty hands. And I attend to my nails as I always did."

"Ah, you were ever a paragon! Don't you remember when I used to bite mine? It's an awful shame, Morag, that you haven't got a little money of your own, so that you need do nothing and could live with us. We could go about together and enjoy ourselves. As it is, I have to take any girl I can get, and I don't care much for any of them. They are always trying to take some mean advantage of one, or else making mischief."

"But can't you persuade aunt to walk out more, now that you live in this pleasant quiet part?" asked Morag.

"Aunt—mother, you mean!" cried Gladys. "And 'pleasant quiet part' indeed. Very lively it would be for me to trail about with mother between the hedgerows! Mother does not care for walking, and when she does, she can take a little gentle trot by herself. I like going down Main Street, looking at the shops and meeting people. Suppose we go this afternoon. It will be quite a treat to you. Sillerton must seem a gay city after Nigle."

"I grew to like Nigle very much," said Morag loyally.

"Did you really? Oh, cousin mine, what is this? What attraction did you find?" piped Gladys.

"I don't know what you mean," said Morag.

Gladys changed her tone. "I just mean did you make any nice friends?"

"Yes, one," Morag answered, "the infant-mistress at Nigle School, Miss Soutar."

"An infant-mistress! An old maid! Morag, you will make me die with laughter!" but the giggling face suddenly clouded into vexation and dismay.

"Here's that wretched Milne girl ringing the bell! Oh, Morag darling, I know she is just as curious as she can be about you. I believe she suspects something. You'll see she'll lay all sorts of little traps for you. Don't you fall into them! Don't you gratify her by giving her food for spiteful gossip. Put her off the scent."

"I shall not say anything that is not true," said Morag firmly.

"Nobody asked you to," snapped Gladys. "But you needn't tell her the whole truth. Why should she know all your affairs? And oh, Morag, remember it is I and not you who have got to live beside her and put up with her."

It was an argument on Gladys' side that the root of bitterness was already at the drawing-room door, and there was no chance for Morag to protest.

Gladys and Martha kissed each other with every appearance of fondness, and Martha seemed about to extend the caress to Morag, but Morag was taller than she was and stood like a poker! Martha could only squeeze her hand!

"I saw this dear girl pass our window," she went on addressing Gladys, "and I said 'Now there is an unexpected pleasure for the Hendersons,' for of course I knew you would have told me of such an event if you had known of it beforehand. I was ready to put on my hat and run here straightway, but I respected family feeling and let you have two hours alone first. And is Morag come home to stay?"

"Oh no," said Gladys, "isn't it dreadful? She is actually going away to-morrow. She is to spend some time in Edinburgh."

"In Edinburgh, oh, delightful! But, Morag dear, don't you find term-time an awkward season for travelling—with so many servants going about."

"I find no inconvenience," replied Morag stiffly, conscious of flushing face.

"No? But it doesn't seem quite kind that anybody who is not obliged should travel just when everything is so full of the poor dear creatures who must go. Do you think it is?"

"Perhaps not," said Morag.

"And did you like Nigle? Did you get to know many people? Nigle people are said to be very gay. Did you hear of the wonderful ball they had last winter. A sort of fancy ball, where grown-up people were to dress and behave 'as children?' The invitations were sent out written in round hand, on torn bits of paper, and I know one of the leading townsmen went as a baby boy, in a short frock with a low cut bodice."

"I never heard a word about it," said Morag.

"Why, all Nigle rang with it," exclaimed Martha; "some people thought it a sort of scandal. I think it must have been a great joke!"

Gladys broke in: "Morag's old friend is a very religious, retired old lady, and Morag moved among educational, superior people, who would not be likely to talk of such things. But who do you know so well in Nigle, Martha, that you get all the local news?"

Morag sat appalled. Especially was she struck by the artfulness with which Gladys gave a cloak of badinage to the question which she really wanted answered in the interests of her own falsities.

Martha simpered, and side-glanced at Morag. "Oh, Gladys dear," she said, "don't ask questions with such brutal plainness, or I shall begin to inquire after Mr. Lumsden, you know. I daresay your old friend was very grieved to lose you, Miss Henderson."

Gladys sprang up. She felt that Morag would not bear much more, and that something must be done.

"We were just going for a walk down Main Street, when you came in," she said, "so now I vote you join us, and we'll all go together."

While Gladys and Morag put on their hats, Morag vigorously protested against her cousin's attitude, but Gladys assured her she was an angel, and that she, Gladys, would keep between her and Martha all the time and take care there was no more trouble. And in that fashion they started.

Suddenly, as they turned from looking into a florist's shop-window, two young men who had been peering into a bookseller's, also turned away, and as the three and the two confronted each other, Martha Milne exclaimed in greeting, and the caps of both the lads were instantly raised.

Martha shook hands with one young man. Gladys turned her head aside and the other seemed about to stand apart, when he looked from Gladys to the girl with her, and exclaimed—

"Why, Morag!"

"Hamish Vass!" she returned, as she traced the familiar features of her old playfellow in the face of the tall young man who beamed down upon her for a moment, with that sort of inborn delight which it warms the heart to feel is awakened by one's presence. But it faded all too swiftly. For newer impressions had overlain the old glad sense of *camaraderie*. Hamish remembered they were in Main Street—that this other young lady was the daughter of the smart house which had given him such scant welcome, and that "little Morag" was now "Miss Morag Henderson."

He and Gladys exchanged chill civilities. Then, as Martha had done, he asked if Miss Morag was to make a stay in Sillerton.

"Only till to-morrow," Morag replied Oh, if he would but offer to come to see her that evening! Or if she could but venture to say how glad she would be of a talk with him! Oh, if Gladys would but remember what a treat this would be to her, and so extend to him an invitation to her mother's house!

There was an awkward pause.

"How is your sister Elspeth?" asked Morag. She spoke with a timidity strange to her, due partly to her restrained emotion and partly to the unsympathetic, impatient atmosphere of which Gladys made her painfully aware. The timidity struck Hamish as coldness. Manlike, he could not distinguish it from the chill of the Henderson *ménage*.

"She is quite well," he answered. "I saw her last week. She passed through Sillerton on her way to the North."

"Then she has left Edinburgh?" asked Morag. "I am going there—I thought I might see her."

"You knew she was in Edinburgh?" asked Hamish interrogatively.

"My cousin told me so," said Morag glancing at Gladys. "I'm so sorry she is away." (How poor the words sounded).

Hamish was about to say something but Gladys put in the remark:

"Anyhow, Edinburgh is a big place: people can live there a long while without seeing each other. You would not likely have come much in each other's way."

"Is Elspeth gone back to the Kyle?" inquired Morag forlornly.

"Oh no," replied Hamish. "She is just moving about with the family with whom she is nurse. Shall you be long in Edinburgh?"

"Morag does not know yet; it will depend a great deal upon circumstances," said Gladys hastily answering for her cousin, and making a movement by which Martha Milne understood that the group was to separate.

"Well, I'm very glad to have at least seen you, Miss Morag," said Hamish, holding her hand for just one moment, as parting brought the tide of old feeling once more across the strange new barrier which chilled it.

And then the two young men passed on in one direction and the three girls in the other.

"Why are you so silent, Vass?" asked his companion, "that little interview seems to have put your pipe out, as the saying is."

"Because it's hard to find yourself far off where once you were near," said young Vass. "That young lady used to love my sister Elspeth dearly when she was in her mother's kitchen, but now Miss Morag has learned your city ways, she seems to feel she must mark a difference between herself and 'a servant.' She asked about her as one might ask about a mere acquaintance."

Out of the pain of his heart Hamish spoke bitterly.

The other laughed. "I don't know anything about the young lady or Miss Morag or what you're talking of," he said. "But it puzzled me to find a smart little piece like Patty Milne walking in Main Street with a slavey!—for that's all the tall one is, though she's a mighty good-looking lass."

"What do you mean?" asked Hamish, fierce. "And who are 'slaveys,' if you please, in this land of boasted freedom?"

"Now, Vass, don't think I'd use such a word to your sister. She's a children's nurse, and that's quite as good as my own mother, who's a hospital matron. (Fact, mother says it is more important). But this one is just a maid-of-all-work at Nigle."

Hamish knew his companion spent his holidays in Nigle, and his knowledge that Morag had come from there indicated that he was not speaking without some grounds.

"She has lived there with an old friend—her aunt told me so—I daresay she made herself useful," he said.

"Well, all I know is she did all there was to do. When I used to be out early coming and going from bathing in the river, I used to see her beating the mats and putting the ash-bucket into the road. I lived just round the corner from her mistress's house—a Mrs. Cay, a regular old termagant, who has had a course of all the slaveys in Nigle."

"I am glad to hear it," said Hamish. "I like real women doing real work. I hate the snobbery of your ladies' companions, dusting cups and saucers, and yawning and agreeing with everything and everybody."

For one moment Hamish's heart leaped up; this tall, stately girl was then a working woman, used to simple ways, such as his were, and such as he would always love. The next, it yearned over her, the free, happy little Morag of old working for hire in strangers' houses, exposed to the slighting tongues of careless youths like the one beside him. Another moment and his heart hardened against her.

For it seemed to him that she was ashamed where no shame was, and in his severe young eyes that was as degrading as to be shameless where shame should be.

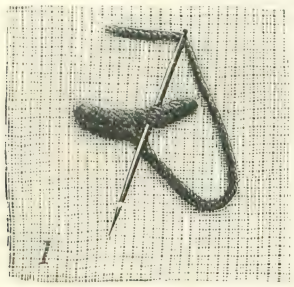
"I wish I had not ever gone near the Hendersons, and I wish I had not met her to-day," he said to himself. "It drops a sort of cloud over even the old days."

And poor Morag went back to the Talbot Road, and as her visit was to be so brief, she could snatch no opportunity even to hide away and have a little cry!

(*To be continued.*)

EYELET-HOLES, BUTTON-HOLES, AND LOOPS.

Button-Stitch Loops.—Fig. 1 shows you how button-stitch loops are made. These are often put upon bodices, blouses, the wrist-bands of sleeves, fastenings of collars, etc.



These loops must always be made on double material. Mark the place very accurately where you wish to place your loop, and then thread your needle and push it through the folds of the stuff, so that the beginning may not be seen.

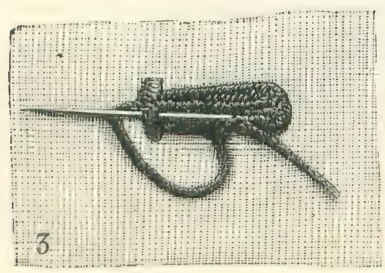
Make your bar by taking your thread four or five times across the space allotted for the loop, and then bringing out your needle at the left-hand side, work your button-hole stitches upon the strands very evenly and firmly, working from left to right. Then when completed, push your needle through at the end of the bar, and finish off at the back.

It will be understood that the button-hole work over the bar is made over the strands of silk or cotton alone, and that the needle does not pass through the material.

A Button-hole.—It is very strange how great a difficulty making button-holes presents to some people, who otherwise are fairly skilful with their needles. One often sees some article, in which no fault can be found with any of the details excepting the button-hole. In some cases the edges are so uneven that it is extremely ugly, in others it pulls away from the material it is worked upon, and in many instances it never does to look at the wrong side of it. Now if any of my readers wish to learn how to make good strong button-holes, it will be quite easy for them to do so if they will but follow these instructions, though I must warn them that perfection only comes from practice.

If you are going to make several button-holes in a row, they must each be precisely the same size.

Rounded button-holes are usually placed upon calico work, and sometimes one end only is rounded, the other barred. Dress-button-holes nearly always have a bar across the outer end, and sometimes a bar is placed at each end.



Cut your button-holes with button-hole scissors if you have them, and remember that you must always make button-holes upon double materials. If you require to put a button-hole upon a single material, then you must cut a small piece of stuff, and fell it down very neatly on the back of the place where the button-hole is to go.

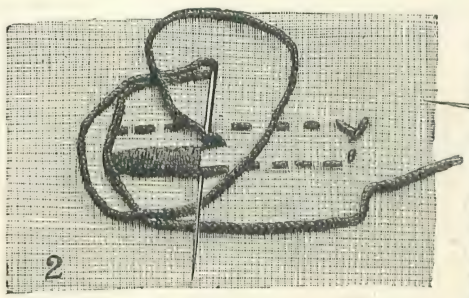
For the size of the button-hole you must be guided by the diameter of the button. Place the button on the stuff, and then put a pin at opposite sides of the button. Take off the button, and then make a pencil mark across.

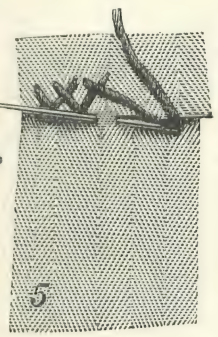
Look at Fig. 2.

When the pencil mark has been made, then make a line of running stitches just at the distance above the line you see in the illustration.

Next double your material together in the place you intend your button-hole to be. Make a very tiny snip in the doubled stuff, and then open it out again and cut to the button-hole left and right, making quite sure to cut by the thread.

Next bring your needle up to the left-hand corner of the slit, and holding your cotton down to the left press it against the stuff with the third finger of your left hand. Put your needle behind the slit and bring the point out just below the line of running. Leave your needle in this position—look at example—and then with your right hand take the double cotton coming from the needle's eye and pass it from left to right under the point of your needle. Draw through firmly, letting the cotton be free as you do so. This makes the pretty little twist, or knot, which adds such finish to the button-hole.



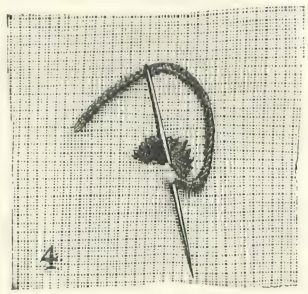


When you want to make turned ends, finish both sides of your button-hole, and then place some strands of cotton across the end and make your button-hole stitch on them, or through them and the stuff as you please. As you will notice in Fig. 3, the edge of the button-holing is away from the button-hole itself.

Use thicker cotton for making button-holes than that which you employ for making the article. It is well to measure off a length, which will enable you to make the button-hole without taking a fresh needleful.

Eyelet-holes.—Eyelet-holes are much used on baby-linen, for the fastening of blouses, bodices, etc., as well as for lacing purposes and the ends of slots for narrow ribbon or tape. They are extremely neat, and less observable than hooks, and stronger than button-stitch eyes.

Always work an eyelet-hole upon double material. A stiletto, which is found in most workboxes, is the best thing to pierce the hole with, but if you do not possess one, the point of your scissors must answer instead. Be careful, however, not to make your hole too large. In very fine materials, such as cambric, etc., the very smallest hole will be quite enough for you to work on.



You will understand that, though a hole is made by scissors or stiletto, you do not cut out any of the stuff.

Use coarse cotton or silk, in proportion to what you work the rest of the article with, and overcast your eyelet-hole all round, working from right to left.

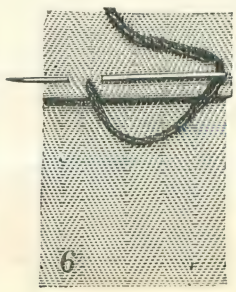
Look at the illustration, and you cannot go wrong. If you wish to button-hole your eyelet-hole, then make the edge of the button-hole work on to the stuff in a circle round the hole. This leaves the actual hole quite smooth and clear.

Fasten your eyelet-hole off securely at the back.

Ends of Waistbands.—These should always be fastened off neatly. Look at Figs. 5 and 6, and you will see two ways, both equally good, for doing this.

Fig. 5 is done herring-bone fashion, and Fig. 6 is only back-stitching.

For the purposes of illustration the needle has been left in as you see it, and this way of working will answer well for tape or any soft material. For actual waistband webbing, the thickness is so great that the needle has to be pricked in and out.



OUR PUZZLE POEM: "THE MONTH OF RAIN."

SOLUTION.

THE MONTH OF RAIN.

The world is all in tears—but flowers upspring,
The leaves are quivering on the trees again;
Around my cottage home the damp mists cling,
My poor heart laughs to over-ride its pain.

Come, love, with homing birds upon the wing—
For Mother Nature made us ever twain—
So let us nestle breast-to-breast and sing
Ere summer in the heart begin to wane.

Ah! joy to singing-birds seems no new thing,
Must I alone sob forth a hope in vain?
Hush! O repining strain!—remembering
That birds sing sweetest in the Month of Rain!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Fourteen Shillings Each.

Amy Briand, 47, Hanley Road, Finsbury Park, N.
Florence H. Strickland, 3, Elton Road, Tyndall Park, Bristol.
Ellen Thurtell, Clarendon House, Unthanks Road, Norwich.

Seven Shillings Each.

Richard William Elsey, Peterborough.
Martha Heron, Balcombe Place, Balcombe, Surrey.
Walter W. Hetherington, 4, Favart Road, Fulham, S.W.
Caroline Lee-Warner, The Rectory, Beckley, Sussex.
Eleanor Marian Shaw, South End House, Loddon, Norfolk.
Miss E. H. Brookfield, c/o Rev. A. Thornley, South Leverton Vicarage by Lincoln.
Violet C. Todd, Ford, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland.
W. H. Willcox, 2, Radipole Road, Fulham, S.W.
Isabel Yewdall, Calverley, near Leeds.

Very Highly Commended.

Margaret Archdale, Ethel M. Atkins, Mary Bolingbroke, E. Bourchier, J. J. Coulthard, Mrs. Annie D. Harris, Beatrice Rafford, Constance R. Tasker, Caroline E. Thurgar, A. W. Wright.

Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson, Eliza Acworth, Edith Ashworth, Elsie Bayley, William H. Bedford, Mary Bennett, E. Benson, Clara Bowman, Rebecca Clarke, J. S. Clemens, C. A. Cooper, Mrs. Crossman, Rose D. Davis, Nellie Eachus, A. J. Foster, Edith E. Grundy, Maud E. Hayes, Henry Hayward, A. C. Hazle, Mary Hinkson, Mrs. L. Hopewell, Edith Howse, Jonathan Lancaster, Polly Lawrence, Carlina Leggett, F. Miller, Mrs. F. W. Morris, E. Morrison, Charles A. Murton, Mrs. K. Musgrave, Carrie Nicholson, Ida Rafford, Gladys Raper, Irene F. Reynolds, Mildred Richardson, Ada Rickards, Jessie C. Savory, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Alice M. Shoberl, Dorothy W. Shoberl, Violet Shoberl, Lilian Short, James J. Slade, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Melita Stanley, May D. Stephens, Ellen C. Tarrant, E. C. Tayler, Hubert Tutte, M. Cerise Wynne, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Honourable Mention.

Mary Bannister, Adelaide G. Barnes, M. Barker, E. K. Baxter, Lydia Belling, Evelyn M. Blott, Ruth Bollam, Margaret Bourne, Margaret Bretherton, Emma Brett, Ellen L. Brigham, Ethel Burlingham, J. A. Center, Alice H. Chater, Mary Chislett, Edith R. Clegg, Mrs. Letitia A. Collins, Minnie Cornwell, Helen M. Coulthard, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Irene Day, Jeanie Dobbs, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Annie J. Geake, Alice Gill, M. E. Hancock, Alice Hill, J. Hunt, William Janes, Fanny Jones, H. M. Morris, Edith Overton, F. S. Parry, Hannah E. Powell, Lucy Richardson, A. Mary Rivers, Mrs. Robertson, E. Roe, Florence E. Russell, H. Shepherd, Helen Shilstone, Helen Simpson, Norah Priestley Smith, Edmund Snell, E. H. Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, Constance Tyacke, C. H. Walker, E. B. Wanton, Frances H. Webb-Gillman, Alice M. West, Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Hilda M. Wheeler, E. M. Wood, Alice Woodhead, Laura Woodward, Sophie Yeo.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

The solutions beginning, "The world is always wet," and "the world is all afloat," must surely have been written on board ship, or in a diving-bell, for surely no one abiding on ordinary land would commit oneself to such an obviously inaccurate statement. Another reading, "The world is all ablurr," is probably the outcome of more common experiences—indigestion or overwork. In our case the symptom is always due to the latter cause and we find that a day in bed is an excellent and agreeable remedy. It is distressing to reflect how many solvers have to forego a share in the prizes because they failed to observe that the S before the spring was raised above the ordinary level of the line. We say it is distressing but it is not surprising, in the first place because of position of the preceding letter, and secondly because, allowing two syllables to flowers, the line is long enough without the extra word. Still the S was undoubtedly up, and those who didn't find it out need not expect to find their names in the prize list.

We are so glad to notice the almost universal identification of Spain in the fourth line. In the old days a girl's knowledge of geography was usually remarkable only for its incompleteness. As to ornithology much has evidently to be learned yet. The bird in line five is neither a humming bird, a pigeon, a robin, a cuckoo, a linnet, nor a swallow. Indeed, excepting for the features common to most birds, such as feathers, beak, wings and tail, it does not resemble any one of them. In fact it is clearly, as it was meant to be, simply a bird. We rejoice to find that "sparrow" does not appear in any solution, for it shows that there is at least one bird known to all. A little careful observation of pigeons, robins and swallows and others may have equally useful results. The study of humming birds must, as far as most of us are concerned, be postponed for the present. Of the alternatives for birds, songsters, warblers and swallows have been adjudged the best, and only a fraction of a mistake has been marked against each.

All praise is due to the few solvers who finished the sixth line correctly. The u severed was a stumbling-block indeed, and only exceptional skill could have surmounted it. As to the contraction "Eer" in line 8, where was the difficulty? Surely the principle which converts 2 into to and "vane" into vain is also strong enough to convert "eer" into ere, and might be applied without expostulation. Happily for their chances of success many solvers did so apply it, and they who did not must bewail their lack of observation.

But the readings of this line are chiefly remarkable for the frequent insertion of S after begin. Grammatically the insertion does not spoil the line, but solvers cannot introduce letters from nowhere with impunity, and begins has been reckoned as half a mistake.

Excepting the test tube in the last line no remaining parts of the puzzle gave any general trouble. The solvers who failed to identify the object usually spoiled the sense of the whole poem by substituting words like "little" and "seldom."

We have received several energetic applications for prizes this month, and pocket-money is evidently in demand. One competitor assures us that the number of sheets of paper she has "wasted" over these puzzles "would melt a heart of stone." That it has made no impression upon ours is a fact full of encouragement for us. For two other solvers of long standing we are really sorry, but their work is so excellent that we advise them not to despair yet. Let them think what a triumph it would be to win their way into the front rank after all.

C. A. M.—It was a pity your type-writer wrote "above" instead of alone in line 10.

MATERFAMILIAS.—Certainly we will excuse your little growl, and we regret that there should be any cause for it. At the same time you must remember that competitors do not suffer for such errors in the adjudication. To withhold a solution because it falls short of absolute perfection is not the way to win prizes. By incorrect form of the verse we meant that the lines were not properly indented. Your keen interest is very stimulating. We will consider the question of the fines.

A DISGUSTED COMPETITOR.—Don't be disgusted; read the answer given above and send in your imperfect (?) solutions for the future.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

"STILL harping on my daughter!" said old Polonius; and so, month by month, our magazines must ever be found "harping" on the same old strings, to the tune of the daughters' frocks and head-gear, and the manifold little changes and improvements, or otherwise, in the same, till the end of time. Alas, for the very existence of trade, if the exigencies of the seasons, and the fickle fancies of the "fair ones," gave us nothing thereon to say.

As I observed in my notes of last month, though the colours remain in harmony with the brightness of the season, with its sunshine and its flowers, the form of our clothes and the style of wearing their decorations have shown a marked improvement in good taste. This fact is specially noticeable in the dress of our princesses, and must have been apparent to those who read the details of the latest *trousseau*, acquired by one of these royal ladies—I refer to the Princess Alexandra, of Saxe-Coburg. Of course it was very costly, befitting her rank; but it was perfectly free from startling effects both in fashion and colour. All our royal and noble ladies are devoted to out-door exercises and sports, and

IN THE PARK.

a gown of dark blue serge is never absent from their wardrobe. In the *trousseau* above-named it was included, together with several plain, tailor-made companions, and looked refreshingly home-like amongst so many rich and elaborate *toilettes*. The newly-revived *poil de chèvre* was present amongst the simpler dresses, which, it may be remembered, is a very silky material, resembling an unusually lustrous alpaca, only lighter, and similarly dust-resisting. Of this we shall see a good deal, and consider its purchase—as well as of the many varieties of alpaca—most desirable investments for the summer and autumn.

The newest embroidered "grass-lawns" are extremely pretty; but we must give a kindly hint to our pale-complexioned sisters respecting them, for they are not becoming to those who are not more or less florid. To the pale, pink or blue are more suitable. The frilly basques are apparently going out, and short "bolero jackets" are preferred, both for in, and out-door wear. These reach only a short way towards the waist, showing the broad, folded satin belt of the gown. They are equally short in front, and no further out-door covering is intended to be worn with them. Although these broad belts appear to be folded round the waist, they are made up on a foundation, and considerably boned to keep them at their full width. If well cut they are rather becoming.

The new tight coat-sleeve is "rucked" (as if slightly gathered) from the shoulder down to the wrist, in slight summer dresses; and a kind of epaulette consisting of a "butterfly bow," gives a little width to the shoulder. For garden-parties elbow-sleeves may be worn, met by long *mousquetaire* gloves.

For slight figures corseleted bodices are coming in. Small points are worn in front, and the skirts—in view of summer walks—are made short all round. All shades of dove, pigeon, and sea-gull greys are much worn, and amongst brighter colours, some shades of green seem the most popular, especially when they have a pink tinge perceptible in them. Black and white gowns, relieved by a bright colour in the trimming, are worn with them, and are much in vogue.

As to evening costumes, they are worn either low, or in a compromise form, which latter is a boon to very thin girls, who distress the eyes of their friends by a sad exhibition of collar-bones. I have seen the use of *chiffon* over silk, and a neck-ruffle of the former, connected with an ordinary square-cut bodice by straps of ribbon and embroidery placed at regular intervals all round, employed to veil the deficiency of symmetrical form; and I recommend it to my insufficiently robust sisters.

Belts of jet, gold, silver, iridescent sequins, tinsel ribbon, and white leather hand-painted, are all to be seen; and the latter is likewise employed as a trimming for gowns. Speaking of trimmings, I may observe that Irish crochet and *duchesse-appliqué* are much in vogue, and the white *chiffon*. Gainsborough *fichus* are trimmed with cream-coloured Valenciennes lace. The *fichus* of "Bréton net," and spotted net and lace, are called "Charlotte Corday."

Capes are as much worn as ever, the newest have "Watteau" backs. Those called *Henri deux* are slung at the back from the shoulders, and were much admired when seen, at a recent wedding, on the bridesmaids; they were of velvet of a bright, yet delicate shade, and were only used for effect—not as a wrap. Some have appeared of white and of black satin, covered with flowers, for which about three yards of material would be required. There are also fitting shapes, cut in at the back like an Eton coat; with a frill of lace for a basque, and fastening down in front with wide *révers* of *moiré*, terminating in long stole-like ends. For elderly people black *velours du nord* holds its own; and *velours moiré* would certainly take its place, could the purchaser afford it. The cape should be quite a plain one, and lined with satin or brocade of a lavender shade would be pretty and suitable. The collar should be upstanding, and flaring a little for the sake of greater coolness. Varieties of the "sacque jacket" are very popular. Some have a "Watteau" back, and loose front, of course. When of black satin, it is usually trimmed, very profusely with jet, or iridescent gimp, fringe and sequins. For girls, simpler ones are preferable, made in fawn-coloured, or grey cloth, with or without white *révers* and cuffs to match.

It seems scarcely necessary to give a list of all the light materials offered for summer wear, such as muslins (silk included), for so long a memory of the past, and banished by unseasonable summers—*foulards*, *grenadines*, *de laines*, mohair, challis, etc., old friends in dozens, cropping up in cheery summer beauty; and recalling the pleasant bygone "days, when we went gipsying a long time ago." Dark blue *foulards*, spotted or figured with white or yellow, will be found very useful to those, especially, who cannot afford the purchase of a variety of dresses. These are sometimes trimmed with satin or lace.

Bonnets are decidedly smaller than they were, but the hats are, naturally, larger and wider in the brim, as desirable, in the interests of the complexion. The brims seem much bent about, and often turned up at the back, which is a mistake, as the head and neck need special shelter from the heat of the sun. However, some little attempt to remedy this mistake is made by wearing a sort of bower of drooping flowers over the back hair. In our illustrations for the month, our readers can judge for themselves as to the prettiest and least *outré* styles of our present hats. We exhort them not to adopt exaggerated descriptions of head-dress, nor anything to attract

A VISITOR.

remark. The friend of a lady known to me was punished by a loudly-proclaimed criticism vouchsafed by a coalheaver on her bonnet, which seemed to represent all the flowers, as he said, in "Covint Garding." And not alone do our street-critics take note of our head-gear, they survey us from head to foot, and their comments are perfectly reasonable and in good taste, if not too polite! The conspicuous-looking white boots, with brown goloshes, tops and seams, such as are worn by those who court observation, for cycling, skating, and even for ordinary use, do not meet with approval amongst them. "Her cud goo a-ditchin' in they shoes!" observed a navvy to his brother of the spade.

In stockings there is scarcely anything specially new to note. Black lisle-thread are, as usual, our summer-hose; plain, open-worked, or embroidered in a colour. When tan-coloured shoes are worn, the stockings should be of the same colour, but plain. Steel, or silver shoe-buckles are much seen.

Caps are quite at a discount; and now that hairdressers are so clever in their art, even if "hairless," you need not be "cappy," and your "happiness" need not be diminished by the lack of the natural growth of that valuable feature in a woman's beauty, her hair. White hair is much admired.

Our illustrations represent several new designs among gowns, capes, blouses and summer hats. The sitting figure facing the spectator, shows a black chip hat, trimmed with folds of white silk, edged with black *tulle*, on one side; and on the other, an *aigrette* of narcissus and white osprey. The gown is of plain black alpaca, and the bodice, which has *révers*, is buttoned on each side, upon a white silk vest, closely embroidered in gold. The cuffs correspond with the vest, cut with a Vandyck point, turned back over the wrist, and the buttons at the wrist are only for decoration, as the cuff is left open on the inside, with a hanging Honiton lace ruffle connecting the two sides under the wrist. A scarf of the same lace is worn round the neck, tied in front with a wide hanging bow and ends. The figure of the same group with her back turned to the spectator, wears a *visite* of black silk with bands, like bracers, of satin ribbon, and the triple rows of frilling are of *chiffon*. The large-squared, fancy-plaid silk blouse, worn by the standing figure with her hand on the dog's head, is of Paris manufacture, and forms an exceedingly pretty in-door costume. It has three loose bands down the front, almost covered with *guipure* lace, the centre one from the throat collar, the others coming from over the shoulders to the waist. This blouse fastens behind, and the buttons are covered with a strap. The sleeves are loose, caught-in with a few gathers over the elbows in front, but left loose at the back and under the elbow, thus making a second puff; and then continue close and plain to the hand. We have also given an evening blouse-shaped bodice, on a sitting figure in a group of two (the figure associated with her standing.) It is of black *chiffon*, amply full, over *eau de nil* silk. The sleeves are loose to the wrist, and the *chiffon* caught-in at the outside, but not all round. That on the bodice only rises part of the way upwards; and the *appliqué* lace above it shows the silk through it. Three bands of jet trimming, with long fringes of the same, are laid down the front; and the effect is that of a "square-cut" bodice. The back corresponds with the front, (being "square-cut") and there is a high band round the throat of black *chiffon*, with two vertical frills, on each side respectively, and another behind. This model is also from Paris. The standing figure, beside it, wears a kind of "Eton jacket," with square tabs at the waist, and a small bow over the second. A belt is seen where the jacket opens, and the material of the bodice is of the same brocaded silk as the skirt. Further description is unnecessary.

The cut paper pattern for this month is specially designed for comfort, as an article of summer wear, when loose garments are preferable to tightly-fitting ones. The material is designed to be of black silk, and is made in eight pieces (six in the paper pattern) the front and back of the yoke, and the loose pleated jacket; and the two portions of the sleeve. The trimmings at the neck, and on the cuffs, may be a *ruching* of lace or *chiffon*. It will be observed that, in the illustration, the yoke is outlined with three parallel lines of narrow velvet ribbon.

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice, instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown. *Children.*—Child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt. All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

PAPER PATTERN.

"O, THANK YOU, IT IS VERY KIND!" SHE ANXIOUSLY REJOINED.

A Child of Genius, p. 619.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Nora and Katharine were first introduced into the world of girls at the High School, it seemed as though there would never be any personalities detached from the rest, to awaken attention and friendliness. But in a very short time this state of things altered; they began to recognise individual characteristics, to feel repelled by some girls, attracted to others. Katharine was struck early in her school-life by a pupil whom she saw at work in the great studio. Her artistic ability was evidently of no mean order; she was copying a sketch of one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's pictures, and from something Katharine overheard she gathered that by-and-by the student was to go to the National Gallery, to copy the original. The drawing mistress evidently had the highest opinion of her abilities. Her name was Mary Percival; she was a year or two older than Katharine and only came to the High School now to study a few subjects. The large, well-lighted studio and the abundance of models, with the excellent instruction, might well tempt any one of artistic ability to linger there past the ordinary limit of school days.

Katharine felt at first sight strongly attracted by this girl, she could not tell why. Miss Percival had a very sweet face, gentle and patient as if she had known trouble; her dress, though neat, was of the plainest and least expensive material. She had a low voice of a peculiarly sweet tone, and was apparently quiet and shrinking, which was the more noticeable as some of the girls were very much the reverse.

Katharine's own skill and knowledge in drawing were of the slenderest description, and she was not brought into contact with Miss Percival at all during the class, but she stole a glance in her direction whenever she could do so.

"I wonder who that Miss Percival is?" she exclaimed to Nora.

"I don't know I am sure; she is very insignificant, isn't she?" returned her cousin. "I should think her parents were quite common people."

"Oh, I don't believe anything of the kind!" cried Katharine. "I think she is quite distinguished in her way."

"Well, poor girl, she is a little lame," responded Nora. "Do you not notice, she limps when she walks, as if one foot were shorter than the other?"

Katharine had not observed it, and the fact increased her interest in the stranger. She looked out for an opportunity of introducing herself to her notice, which was not long in presenting itself. The girls were congregated downstairs at eleven o'clock one morning for lunch, and were buying biscuits, cakes and glasses of milk. Miss Percival sat apart, and ate nothing. Katharine thought she looked very pale and tired, and obeying a sudden impulse, went up and spoke to her.

"Excuse me, but can I get you anything?"

"I should like a glass of water," said the other, with a grateful smile. Katharine divined that her lameness was more than usually troublesome, and that it was pleasanter to sit quiet than to mingle with the throng of girls who were pressing round the saleswoman. She rushed into the fray, and following out the idea that was uppermost in her mind, bought as extensive a lunch as the resources of the establishment would allow; a large glass of milk and an assortment of cakes, which she brought triumphantly and placed before Miss Percival.

"I thought these would be better than water, you look so tired and faint," she said apologetically; but she was dismayed to see the sudden flush that crimsoned the other's face.

"Oh, thank you, it is very kind!" she anxiously rejoined, at the same time drawing forth a thin shabby little purse. It was empty—that could be divined by its limpness, and by its owner's look of distress.

"How much do I owe you? I am afraid I must ask you to let it wait till to-morrow," she said.

"You owe me five pounds!" said Katharine gleefully. She had of course intended the luncheon as an offering at Miss Percival's shrine.

The other laughed in response; but she was still crimson, and had a look on her face Katharine did not understand; the pride of poverty was up in arms. Had this stranger girl divined that she, Mary Percival, had not just then even the poor little pence necessary for the schoolgirl fare which would have been grateful and welcome?

Katharine had no such idea; she had, in her impulsive way, seen that the object of her interest and admiration needed refreshment, so refreshment she had straightway brought her. But, observing that something was wrong, she abruptly plunged into the breach.

"Really, I am very sorry if I have offended you! Pray forgive me! I know I am always doing stupid things," she said ruefully. "I bought the cakes for you myself and I hope you won't mind eating them; they only cost fourpence halfpenny altogether."

Miss Percival's brow relaxed and she broke into a smile.

"I will eat some of them with pleasure and I thank you very much," she said heartily. Katharine squatted at her feet and was delighted to see a part of the delicacies vanish, together with the glass of milk.

"I have often watched you in the studio, and although you do not know me, I have wanted to speak to you," she observed.

"I have noticed you too," said Miss Percival quietly.

"Have you noticed my cousin Nora? I think you must have done; she is one of the prettiest girls here," continued Katharine enthusiastically. "As you are such an artist, you must admire her, I am sure. She is the tall girl in dark green with the smooth hair and the pretty pink cheeks."

Greatly to Katharine's amazement Miss Percival did not seem to have noticed Nora. "But I have noticed you," she said, "and I am very glad you have spoken to me. Will you tell me your name?"

Katharine complied, with a rapid biographical sketch thrown in.

"When you know me better, I should like to ask a great favour of you," continued the other, to Katharine's boundless astonishment.

"A favour of me? How funny! Oh, do tell me what it is?"

"Not yet," rejoined Miss Percival.

"I would say 'yes' in a minute," urged Katharine; but her new friend declined for the present to say what the favour was.

Katharine hastened to relate this mystic conversation to Nora, but it was not encouragingly received.

"You know, Katie, mother has warned us against making friends indiscriminately," she said, with a prim little air she frequently assumed to her harum-scarum cousin.

"Indiscriminately? I don't call that indiscriminately!" retorted Katharine, up in arms in a moment.

"We don't know much about Miss Percival," argued Nora.

"And we are not likely to, if we stand aloof from her."

"Well, there are the three Fortescues, such charming girls; I think if you want friends you might choose them; or the Nicholsons; or——"

"I don't like the Fortescues; they are always thinking about their dress and their good looks."

"They are not!" retorted Nora warmly; "but of course there is no denying that they are of a superior class to the majority of the girls."

The Fortescues were in fact an extremely pretty trio, whose parents occupied a large house "on the hill," and whose presence was supposed to shed lustre on the High School.

"I hate all your social distinctions," cried Katharine, waxing warm.

"That is because you have lived in a republican country," sagely observed Nora.

"So have you!" exclaimed Katharine

hotly. A skirmish ensued, which ended as such encounters generally did, by Katharine throwing her arms around Nora's neck. In this instance, however, she privately resolved to hold her own in the matter of Mary Percival.

It must not be supposed that she forgot her mother, or her late home at Belle-Rive, now that she had settled into her English life. Madame Duvigny had wept over the first frantic effusions of home-sickness, yet her tears were not all bitterness; Katharine did really care for her, did really feel the separation. As time went on, the letters grew less frequent, and the wild despair vanished out of them altogether. The mother was glad of this, and yet cherished and re-read the first outbursts of affection and wretchedness. All was well in the Professor's household. Douglas Gordon was studying hard at various University "Cours," and learning French. He wrote, about the middle of March, a long letter to Katharine in that language as a proof of his progress. Her reply may be transcribed.

"Clevedon House,
"Clevedon Hill,
"London, S.W.
"March 26.

"MY DEAR DOUGLAS,

"Your letter is not bad, only you don't always "remarquer l'accord du participe passé. I think you are, as I said you would, making more progress now your teasing English-speaking comrade has departed. I am glad the children are all well, and that you are looking after my mother. I can't say you are doing it in my place, because I didn't do it, I am afraid, or at least not as well as I ought to have done. But do keep on taking as much care of her in little ways as you can.

"I am as happy here as ever I can be. On Saturdays I go to the 'Nationai School of Music' and have the most delightful, wonderful lessons from Herr von Drachenfels. If you see Monsieur Dumaresq, you can tell him that my Belle-Rive lessons were simply an empty farce compared to these! I am getting on in harmony and composition too.

"During the week I go to the High School, which is great fun. I am very fond now of my Cousin Nora, though I didn't like her (do you remember?) when we met in Switzerland. She never plays that 'Air with Variations' now. In fact she won't play much; she always tells people that I am the musical one. I have other friends too at the High School. My days are neatly divided between study at the school, and study and practising at home.

"Of course we don't go out much yet, but auntie has friends who call in state 'every other Thursday,' and sometimes, very rarely, I am had in to play to them.

"I wish you could see our home. Clevedon House is the most delightful place you can imagine for a London suburb. In February we had skating on the pond—very different from the skating you recollect in the forest, that day you scolded me so! Still, it was skating. Now the birds are beginning to sing and to build in the tall elms on the lawn, and I can see the tiny leaf buds coming. There is that feeling in the air which tells you it is spring. I feel as if I must exclaim with joy sometimes.

"As you were like a sort of brother, you won't mind this long scrawl. Give my love to mother, and if you like, my kind regards to the Professor.

"Yours sincerely,
"KATHARINE LOVELL."

"What is she writing to that Scotch lad about?" inquired Mr. Lovell, when he came home and found the envelope addressed to Douglas Gordon awaiting postage with others, in the letter-rack.

"She'll tell you if you ask her, but I don't know, I'm sure," rejoined Mrs. Lovell, with a comfortable easy-going smile. "They're both children."

"Well, yes, I suppose they are," observed Mr. Lovell.

"Why, Richard, I should think so. She showed me a letter she had from him, at least she translated it, and it was all about schoolboy sports: tobogganing, or *luging* they call it, and skating, and rowing on the lake, and such-like."

"All right," assented her husband. "Only mind; Katharine is seventeen, and when she really is a grown-up young lady, we won't have any nonsense."

"Katharine grown up!" laughed Mrs. Lovell. "Why, she hasn't put her hair up! She's a child as yet, if ever there was one, with all the ways of a child—careless, and heedless, and racing hither and thither. She won't be grown up just yet awhile!"

"Well, she's a good girl, and improving fast," said Mr. Lovell, putting the letter back, "and I'm very glad we took her from her home at Belle-Rive."

(To be continued.)

MADAME SCHUMANN.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The History of Music."

THE greatest woman performer on the pianoforte has passed away. It is seventy-seven years ago since Madame Schumann was born. Many things have happened in that lengthy interval of time. Great changes have taken place in the musical world. Beethoven has died. Spohr, Rossini, Donizetti, Weber, and Schubert have passed away. Mendelssohn has made his appearance before the world, written his first composition, closed a short life of singular brilliancy, and joined the great majority in death. Madame Schumann was a contemporary and friend of many of these gifted men of a glorious past.

Since the death of her gifted husband, who was the last of a long line of great German composers, very little has been done really great or edifying in the music of Germany. Theorising musicians have arisen who have attempted to compose music on certain fixed principles which, while a few zealous partisans commend, half the world objects to and abhors. There has been a plentiful crop of little men who, like the frog in the fable, have blown out their sides and imagined themselves as big as an ox—we allude to such composers as the disciples of Wagner—but the really great and glorious German musicians seem to have been extinguished at the death of Robert Schumann. Taking her all in all, Clara Schumann was probably the greatest musical genius who has existed in Germany for the last thirty years or more, although her talents have been confined to the sphere of execution, and were not extended like those of her illustrious husband to the sphere of composition likewise.

She was born at Leipsic, a town whose musical traditions may rival those even of Vienna itself, since it can point back through a long series of celebrities to the days when John Sebastian Bach was cantor at St. Thomas's church in the town, and wrote for the benefit of the good people of Leipsic his immortal compositions. Clara Wieck, for that was Madame Schumann's maiden name, had no sooner entered the world than her father resolved that she should be a musician, "and the greatest," he was accustomed to add, "which all my care and attention can make her." Here was a prospect for a little baby in the cradle—foredoomed to pass her life, or at least her girlhood, in playing exercises and scales from morning to night! We tremble to think what would have been the young girl's misery, if by chance she had had no "ear" for music or an aversion to it, which comes to the same thing. Fortunately for herself, and fortunately too for posterity, neither of these two things was the case. No sooner were the child's baby-fingers big enough to grasp the keys of the piano than she was placed before the instrument by her indefatigable and sedulous father, who forthwith proceeded to instruct her in the art of playing a scale.

We may imagine the little baby-girl demurely seated at the instrument for her first lesson in the piano, while bending over her was her grim and inexorable instructor, who had determined that, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, she should be made to play the pianoforte, and become the greatest performer in Europe. Herr Wieck, Clara's father, delighted in the appellation "the schoolmaster," by which title he was familiarly addressed by his numerous music pupils. He earned the name owing to the diligence with which he inculcated his principles of tuition, and the care with which he insisted on the methodical repetition of stated exercises and scales. Some pupils finding that the title of "old schoolmaster" was too mild a term for

his severity and castigation, called Wieck "the old drill sergeant," who, they declared, drilled them as effectually and as remorselessly in the routine of keys and scales as the sergeants of the regiments exercised recruits in the "goose-step."

Such was the future instructor who bent over tiny Clara Wieck on that day in her early childhood when she received her first lesson in the pianoforte. He must have been exceedingly anxious, although determined. Fortunately his fears, if he had any, as to the child's ability for music were completely dispelled by the result. She showed herself from the very first moment when she sat down to the piano endowed with a remarkable affection for the instrument. In place of having to be driven to the pianoforte, there was no getting her away from it, and the only fear in this earliest stage of her instruction was lest she might work herself into an illness rather than waste her time in idleness. No apprehension of that nature seems to have troubled "Schoolmaster" Wieck. He kept the girl constantly at scales, exercises, and pieces from morning to night. All the favourite difficulties wherewith he was wont to render miserable his other pupils, were enforced with treble energy upon her. The child, however, seems to have made light work of all Wieck's armoury of difficulties, and to have astonished her father by the display of a capacity which in his most sanguine moments he had never dreamt of her possessing.

The rapid advances which she daily made rendered her quite able to play the pianoforte in public by the age of nine. Her father was anxious that she should face the ordeal. She on her part had no objection—in fact she must have looked forward to such an incident as an agreeable change from the harsh routine of her everyday life. In order to introduce her effectively to the public, advantage was taken of a concert given by Mdlle. Perthaler in Leipsic, and the young girl was announced as about to play at it. Her performance at the pianoforte that evening was sufficient to stamp her as a most remarkable executant, young as she was, and all Herr Wieck's friends united in praise of his wonderfully talented child.

Her instruction was carried on unremittingly by her father until she arrived at her teens. She was suffered to learn little else but music, kept in an atmosphere of music from morn till night, and indeed worked so terribly hard that any but the most splendid constitution would have sunk under the strain. Her father, with all his tremendous enthusiasm for the girl's development, seems to have overlooked entirely every consideration of her health. Fortunately for him she was a strong girl, or else his system of instruction would, in this instance, have resulted only in a deplorable failure and breakdown both of spirits and frame. As it was, she stood the ordeal admirably. By the time she was thirteen her proficiency was so great that there was no piece of music which she could not execute, no difficulty so great as to deter her from attempting and overcoming it. It was at this time of her life that she met Mendelssohn, and the influence of that master on her musical taste was very marked and very important. From him she learnt that the true end of music is not to astonish or even to amuse, but to touch the emotions, to awaken the sympathies, to strike the chords of the heart. Her style of playing, as may readily be imagined from the method of tuition which her father adopted with her, was that florid, brilliant, dazzling style of transcendent execution, which electrifies, astonishes, appals. She knew no other. She had been taught by the whole course of her training that the main object of musical practice is to overcome difficulties, and beyond this triumph over difficulties she paid little regard to the requirements of the art. Mendelssohn changed all this, and from the day she met him she was conscious of a new aim gradually making itself felt within her. She proposed to herself now the interpretation of the composer's thought rather than the display of her own matchless execution. She tried to suppress her own personality as a pianist, and bring forward as prominently as she could the sentiments and intentions of the composer. The

CLARA SCHUMANN.
(*From the photograph by F. Ganz, Brussels.*)

pursuit of such an aim speedily lifted her above the common level into a new and higher atmosphere, and it is this peculiar secret of her playing, steadfastly adhered to from that day forth, which has made her what she was—the greatest pianist in Europe of her day.

When she was barely nine years old, she had met the man who was destined in course of time to be her husband. Robert Schumann, at that time a youth of about nineteen or twenty, had come to Herr Wieck's house in the double capacity of a lodger and a pupil. Destined for a profession very different from that of music by his mother, viz., the law, he had at length thrown up his law-books in very weariness and disgust, and comparatively late in life had commenced the study of music. To whom better than to Herr Wieck could he entrust the task of his education? There was probably not a better man in Germany for the purpose; and to Herr Wieck accordingly he came. At Wieck's house the musical novice aged nineteen came to know the little girl aged nine who could play much better than himself on the piano, and who easily outstripped him in general intelligence. His wonder and astonishment at the faithful prodigy deepened into admiration, and admiration deepened into a warmer feeling as the girl grew up to womanhood. When Clara Wieck herself became of an age capable of understanding his sentiments, she began to reciprocate them, and little by little the friendship of the two, although marked by disparity of years, developed into love, strong and abiding. Like all German lovers, the two young people plighted their troth together and solemnly pledged their words to each other that at a certain period in the not very far distant future they would become man and wife. Their happiness was naturally extreme, and they looked forward with ardent pleasure to the happy day which would make them one, when suddenly a thunderbolt fell on their mutual felicity. Herr Wieck got to hear of their secret betrothal; declared that he would not have a penniless musician for a son-in-law, and banished Schumann from the house, forbidding him even to write a letter to the object of his adoration. The marriage, said Herr Wieck flatly, was a preposterous one, and should never, never take place. He forbade his daughter under any circumstances to read any letter which the now disgraced composer might send her; and to make sure that no communication should reach her hands, made a point of going to the letter-box at all hours of the day, and opening every note—no matter in what handwriting—which was addressed to Clara.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," is an old saying and a true one. We might supplement it in the present instance with another one, equally veracious and more to the purpose: "Love laughs at letter-boxes." While the remorseless and indignant father was deluding himself with the idea that he had effectually put a stop to any interchange of communication between his daughter and the disgraced pupil, the two lovers were all the time carrying on a correspondence under his very eyes by a particular means not easily paralleled in the history of love-making. Robert Schumann at this period of his life varied the labours of composition with the task of editing a musical newspaper called the *Neue Zeitschrift der Musik*. He was forbidden to correspond with the young lady. But he knew that the *Neue Zeitschrift* was taken in at her house, and in lieu of getting letters to her through the letter-box, he determined to print anonymous letters to her in the newspaper itself, on the chance that she might open the paper and read them. This extraordinary plan he executed with the greatest boldness, and once a week a letter never failed to appear in print, and was regularly delivered at Herr Wieck's house. Herr Wieck put on his spectacles as usual, read the news, read the letter, could make nothing out of the latter, and in the ordinary course of things handed the paper to his daughter.

These letters have been preserved and reprinted. They are entitled *Schwärmbriefe of Eusebius to Chiara*. It will be noticed that the name Clara was disguised by the adoption of the Italian form of the name by the astute editor. This was done in order to deceive Wieck, who was ignorant of the Italian language. Of these extraordinary epistles,

the following may be taken as a specimen: "Amid all our musical soul-feasts, there's always peeping out an angel face, which more than resembles the divine lineaments of a certain Chiara. How thou must have thought of us last night, Chiara, at the concert, where thou wert playing those compositions which the editor of this paper loves so well. I also thought of thee, Chiara, pure one, bright one, whose hands are ever stretched towards Italy—whither thy longing draws thee—but thy dreamy eyes still turned to the editor of this paper." If Mr. Jacques, the editor of the *Musical World*, were to incorporate a series of such extravagances in his paper, we may imagine what commotion there would be among its readers. No less commotion prevailed among the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift*, who were completely mystified as to what it was all about. The only person who fully appreciated every expression in the ardent letters, was a certain young lady at No. 36 Grimmisch Strasse, Leipsic, who had suddenly become a most diligent reader of the paper.

Such a pertinacious wooer would take no denying, and in due course Herr Wieck relented, and promised that the marriage so ardently desired should take place. It proved a very happy one. No better partner in life could have been vouchsafed to the meditative, dreamy composer than the young maiden whom he had wooed and won so romantically. She proved herself first and foremost an admirable housewife and economist, not the least important of the many qualifications which go to making up a good wife. In addition to this she shared and fully sympathised with his poetical nature, his musical day-dreams, and studied that he might indulge his reveries without interference, while she faced the more serious side of life, which her more practical nature was better able to cope with. She encouraged him to continue the labour of composition, and played his music in public in a way which achieved it ready popularity. A happy household they were in after years, with seven children running about, and everything proving joy and prosperity. Schumann's painful illness and sad death destroyed that happiness, but the energy of the mother prevented a blight to the family prosperity. She continued her admirable pianoforte performances; she became the wonder and delight of Europe, and in every capital city her name is well-known and her talents admired.

She generally resided at Frankfort-on-the-Main or at Wiesbaden, and was held in esteem and veneration by all who knew her. She used to write to the Editor of this magazine some interesting letters, and it is his great pride, as it must have been that of his readers, that she contributed a pianoforte-solo of her own composition to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is also worthy of note that her best pupils, Mademoiselle Janotha and Miss Fanny Davies, are contributors to the same magazine.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER III.

PORTLAND PLACE.

MAY DELLINGHAM had had a busy winter. Both she and her husband liked going out, and did so in moderation. To them both it was recreation and not the business of life, and an earnestness of purpose and high standard was never lost sight of. They generally went out together, for Mr. Dellingham was proud of his lovely wife, who received admiration with dignity and never allowed the "sweet briery fence," as Moore poetically calls it, to be broken down in her intercourse with men. Those who knew her were often reminded of Mrs. Browning's "My Kate," and certainly her influence was greater than she was at all aware of herself.

Every morning of her life May offered all the actions of the day to God, her recreations, her amusements, social duties, etc., remembering always that if such ordinary matters as eating and drinking were to be done to the greater glory of God, much more could that spirit affect all other duties and pleasures.

From May's lips detractions never came. She knew well that it was a sin—robbing those who were the object of it of their good name—and society scandals were never spoken of by her. Many an illnatured story or scandalous piece of gossip was nipped in the bud when in her own house she silenced it by a deft turn of the conversation or marked silence eloquent of disapproval.

May read a great deal but chose her books with care, and was never ashamed of saying she had not read a popular novel which she knew was by an author who wrote of those things, of which no modest woman would care to hear.

"No, I have not read it," she said to a lady one day who asked her if she had read a new French novel which was making a sensation, "and I shall not do so."

"Of course it's rather *risque*," said the lady, "but when one is married one can read anything, and it's so clever."

"Possibly," said May coldly, "but because I am married I do not think I am more free to sully the purity of my mind than when I was a girl. And besides I should loathe the book. I have read reviews of it and know the line it takes. Evil and sin for some inscrutable purpose exists in the world, but we should not without necessity inform ourselves of its details or learn more of it than we can help. It always seems to me that books of that kind are as if you took up some filthy mud that had accumulated in the street and placing it before you contemplated it."

The lady laughed and said how very prim and proper Mrs. Dellingham was—she would soon learn better in London society.

But May did not learn what this lady would have termed better. She was careful in all ways to what she exposed herself to see, hear and read, knowing that the mind and soul is of greater value than the body.

How careful people are lest they run into danger which may affect the latter, and yet how reckless they are of what they let come to influence the mind and soul!

May and her husband did much for the poor and suffering in the way of money but did not stop there.

As May was not very strong Mr. Dellingham did not care for her to undertake any "slumming," but both of them rendered personal service to their Master in very many ways, the medium through which they did it often being some poor artist or struggling governess, young men who needed a helping hand and the exercise of interest to push them on, or girls to whom education meant endowing them with a fortune which could be used but never spent.

May had several poor gentlewomen whom she visited often in their humble lodgings or tiny flats. Many of them according to the decision of their friends were fit subjects for homes and the various asylums which exist for impecunious or distressed gentlewomen. These May and her husband exerted themselves to help by getting votes, etc., but there were others who shrank from any charities of the kind and who clung to their one room with a pertinacity few understood. May's sympathetic nature helped her to comfort these and give a great deal of help in various ways. These ladies are of a most difficult class to help, so people say generally, but May did not find it so. Hers was a "heart at leisure from itself" from which soothing and sympathy flowed spontaneously. With tact and courtesy she won her way and was able to help in many ways. There were newspapers sent regularly from Portland Place, and however busy May was she always undertook the addressing of these herself. There were flowers and fruit sent, delicacies in time of illness, a nurse when needed, a doctor's bill mysteriously paid, anonymous gifts sent through the post, according to the old Russian plan when the receiver is asked to accept the offering "For Christ's sake," and many other things in kind.

May was quick and observant, and thus soon discovered what the needs of her friends were, and much as she assisted them materially she also often helped them more by the very fact of her sweet presence and her visits.

What with one thing and another, although she had no children May's hands were always full, and she had to plan out her time and use method or else she would never have got through half she did and yet be always able to go about with her husband, for whom she felt increasing admiration, the more she knew of him and his sterling, unselfish character. The servants of the house all loved their master and mistress, who treated one and all with respect and courtesy. Although in their rambling life abroad May had not had much to do with servants beyond her own maid and the man-servant who had been for many years with Mr. Dellingham, she soon discovered how to govern her house. Her housekeeper took much trouble off her hands, but May did not consider that her existence freed her from all responsibility.

One February day when the wind was very keen Winifred called at Portland Place on her return from a long afternoon of shopping. May had gone to the Queen's drawing-room and Winifred had promised to look in if she had time and see her on her return, which

would be late, as she had to go to a couple of drawing-room teas before her return.

Winifred went up to the drawing-room which was lighted with softly-shaded lamps held by most beautiful bronze figures. There were lovely flowers about the room and everything struck Winifred, as it generally did as being very charming. The house was very still and quiet, and as Winifred leant back in a chair which realised the most perfect ideal of comfort she felt that not for all May's wealth and luxury would she exchange her house where there were pattering feet on the stairs all day long, the sound of children's voices and all the cares and anxieties of her motherhood.

Presently there was a loud knock at the door, and in a minute or two May came in looking very sweet and very lovely with her pale blue velvet train, her diamonds and well arranged feathers decorating bodice and hair.

"Are you tired?" asked Winifred when she had duly admired May's attire and asked all the questions a woman was likely to do about the dresses and how the Queen looked.

"Yes, I am rather," said May laying down her bouquet and seating herself. "I hope you had some tea."

"Yes, it was brought me very soon after I came."

"I am very glad you were able to come in Winnie, it was very good of you. Godfrey will be in in a minute or two, he is taking off his warpaint."

"I can scarcely realise that it is you, May," said Winifred; "it seems a contrast to our girl days, does it not, when we lived at Richmond?"

"Yes, I never thought I should marry a rich man and go out a good deal," said May.

"Don't you find, May, that it is all rather a hindrance to the things we used to care for so much—not used, I hope," said Winifred, shyly, "for I suppose we care for them now."

"I know what you mean. They could be if I was not on my guard. But I am quite at rest on the matter, and feel that I am doing the will of God as much by going into society and living a good deal in the world, as if I led the quietest life imaginable. There are many temptations and difficulties, but there would have to be some in every state of life."

"I suppose so," said Winifred. "I am glad my lot is not cast in the world, for I dislike going out. I never cared very much for it as a girl, and now I simply hate it. You must spend a great deal of time over dress, thinking about it and planning new clothes and all that. It would seem to me such waste of time. You see I am talking out as freely as in the old days," and Winifred laughed.

May smiled. "Do you know, Winifred, that I do not as a matter of fact spend a very great deal of time on dress. I have a very good dressmaker and an excellent maid, and when I have new things I really have not got to spend so much time as if I had to plan and contrive how to get them."

"They must cost a great deal, your dresses I mean," said Winifred.

"Yes, they do," said May, "but do you remember a talk we had when we were girls before we married about dressing in accordance with our station?"

Winifred shook her head.

"Well, I do. And so as I know my husband's means allow of it I am able to get the dresses and all I want for going out with a perfectly easy conscience."

"It would seem very difficult to me, I think," said Winifred, who seemed to have forgotten the old rules that guided her as a girl.

"Not at all; you see we are not without a guide, and if we pray to be led aright in these things we are shown somehow or other what we ought to do; and, Winifred, when one's heart is satisfied with the love of our Lord—you understand what I mean—gaiety and all those things are so much more easy to enter into, as one simply uses them as a means to an end and not as an object in themselves."

"Yes, I think I understand; well, as I say, I am very glad I can live among my babies and never put on a smart dress."

May did not answer for a moment. She could not help thinking that Winifred in the old days would never have appeared in such an untidy jacket, the fur of which much wanted sewing on in several places, and the dress under it was extremely shabby. May felt on delicate ground, for she feared that they must be very poor.

"I suppose Mr. Despard is too much taken up with his work to care about society," said May.

"No, he likes going out a little, and he wants to take a larger house in the Barrowgate Road so that we could receive—just imagine!" and Winifred laughed.

"Why not?" inquired May, rather relieved at the information about the house, as that looked as if they were prospering.

"Fancy receiving in a small house—such a bother."

"Yes, if you attempted a big 'At Home' or smart dinner-parties," said May; "but our house at Richmond was not large, and yet Uncle John used to have his friends, and you used to give parties at Beverly Lodge."

"Oh yes, but the bother and trouble; mother had a genius for that kind of thing, and used always to be pleased if father wired that he wished to bring a friend back to dinner."

"Well, if Mr. Despard likes it—don't you think perhaps that it is a pity that you should not take the trouble?"

"With five children?" inquired Winifred satirically, when further conversation was ended by the entrance of Mr. Dellingham.

"Well, Mrs. Despard," said he, "you are going to stay to dinner, so we can have a nice chat. I want to hear more about your husband. I am so sorry not to have had the pleasure of meeting him yet."

"I cannot possibly stay," said Winifred.

"Never mind your dress," said May, "we are all by ourselves."

"Thank you, May, but I must get back."

In a short time Winifred was taking her departure much to the Dellinghams' regret.

"Mind you tell Mr. Despard that you must both come—lunch, dinner, anything that suits you best," said May. "I know a literary man is always busy."

"If I knew when he would come I would ask Howson of the *Inkpot* to meet him, he was saying the other day how much he wished to know him," said Mr. Dellingham.

Winifred reached home to find that her husband had been and gone, leaving a message for her that he might be late.

Winifred had a shade on her face as she heard the message, but she was soon engrossed with her children and forgot all about it. She did not go down to supper, but had some sandwiches and cocoa brought up into her room where baby was sleeping.

Winifred knitted on as she sat by her side, and it never occurred to her to read. Beyond a chapter in her Testament which she never failed to read every day, she seldom opened a book, and her husband had ceased to bring her new magazines and books as he used to do, having discovered that they were usually left unread.

Meanwhile Eric had gone to Richmond.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

REPENTANCE.—The beginning of repentance may be with clouds and storms, with perplexity and distress and anguish of heart. But let it be repentance in earnest; the earnest and honest breaking off from what is evil and sinful; and the clouds will soon give way to calm and sunshine, and it will be to us the path leading us through peace and contentment, and the rest of a good conscience here, to the rest of glory, without regret and without stain, in God's kingdom in heaven.—*Dean Church.*

PRAYERFULNESS. — Prayerfulness means more than prayer, for it means prayer become an abiding principle of the life, a permanent attribute of the character, a perpetual state. It is possible to say stated prayers at stated intervals, on stated days; and to be regular in morning and evening, and even in noon-day devotion, and yet to be very far removed from the real life of prayer. Prayer has been defined to be a wish referred to God; and if we could keep this thought before us, it would help us to acquire the habit of prayer, by making us refer each wish, as it came into our minds, to God, for His assistance in furtherance or frustration, and the way to this is to practise short, informal, spontaneous prayer; ejaculatory, as it is called from being darted arrow-like to heaven.

NEITHER ought we to sorrow for those our brethren who, by the Lord's summons, have been set at liberty from the life below; assured that they are not gone away, but gone forward; that in departing from us they are but leading the way, as is men's wont in a journey, or upon a voyage; that we owe them our affection rather than our lamentations, and ought not to put on the garb of black, while they have already put on their white raiment there; so that we must not mourn for them as extinct and perished, who are alive with God.—*St. Cyprian.*

A WOMAN cycling in traffic should remember certain rules: to ride slowly and near to the kerbstone; to avoid steering at an angle when the roadway is wet; never to ride close behind a vehicle moving at any speed; to dismount rather than to ride immediately in front of a heavy vehicle; never to ride in traffic at all until she is able to dismount at any moment, without regard to the position of her pedals. Of course there are women-cyclists who ride every bit as well as men, but these are rare, and the better the rider the less avoidable risk she takes.

THE *Athenæum* says that "The refusal of Oxford and the reluctance of Cambridge to grant degrees to women are emphasised by the steadily increasing number of women-graduates at other universities. Seventy-seven women have taken the B.A. degree at London University this term, in addition to thirty-six who were presented for other degrees."

SUMMER SPICES

BEING THE

Extra Summer Number

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.

Tennyson.

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A MODERN BO-PEEP. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

A HOLIDAY AT HOME. By "Medicus."

OUR GIRLS IN SWITZERLAND. By Josepha Crane.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR SUMMER-TIME.

SUMMER SPICES. Flower Songs. By Helen Marion Burnside.

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T HOLD HER TONGUE.

PRETTY MISS MINA. A Story in Six Chapters. By Ruth Lamb.

HOME PARTIES OF THE POOR.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING." By Lady William Lennox.

TWELVE SUMMER BEVERAGES. By Amy S. Woods.

SOME ONE ELSE. By Ida Lemon.

BARCAROLLE. From the "Mountain Scenes." New Pianoforte Piece. By Natalie Janotha.

VARIETIES.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS: Handwriting, Photography, and a New Puzzle Poem.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Beginner of The "G. O. P."—The name "astrophel" is a compound of "Phil," and "Sid," the abbreviations of "Philip Sidney," and their apparent Greek and Latin synonyms. Thus, "Phil" for Φίλος, "the friend," and "Sid," as from the Latin *Sidus*, a star; the whole meaning being, "the friend (or lover) of the star." The lover was Sidney, and the star was his lady-love, "Stella," or Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex.

Une jeune fille.—Your mother is quite right in objecting to your bringing French novels into the house; and, in any case, it is she who should direct your studies and reading for recreation.

A Young Bride inquires whether it be "a correct thing to kiss your brother-in-law." We should say that, as a general rule, it would be better not to do so. If your husband's brother, consult your good man; if your sister's husband, consult her.

Rosa.—No girl in a position of life to go into society is ever introduced before the age of eighteen. A little girl of fourteen should wear a short frock, and be engaged at her studies in the school-room. Seventeen is far too early for any girl to marry unless she were an Indian, negress, or in fact an Eastern. Europeans develop much later.

Melpomene.—See our advice to Velocipedestrian, etc. You are wrong to stigmatise your parents as prejudiced and bigoted. Of course they would forbid your leaving, especially to be near a man who is not your husband! At seventeen you are only a minor, and not at all old enough to judge for yourself.

Flower of Kent.—The north of Norway is called the land of the midnight sun, as it shines all night. All rights reserved, means to say that the right of republication and translation into any other language is reserved by the author.

Baby.—February 18, 1874, was a Wednesday. We are glad you so much appreciate our paper.

Velocipedestrian.—So long as you are only a minor, dependent on your parents for everything, it is your duty to submit to their wishes, and respect their opinions. Therefore, if your "pa and ma" refuse to allow you to ride a bicycle through the streets, you should not say they were unjust. Submit patiently, and later on they may see fit to give their permission.

Nellie.—Having often responded courteously to the salutation of your husband's acquaintance, it would be impolite to pass him without a slight recognition. With a quick glance before he came close, you could see whether he recognised you and looked for a slight bow in passing.

Maysie.—1. Anthony Foster was the father of Janet Foster, characters represented in Sir W. Scott's *Kenilworth*. The latter was Amy Robsart's waiting-woman.—2. Buy prepared board for oil-painting.

Bessie.—The address of the "Girl's Friendly Society," is 39, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., central office. Secretary, Miss Wright.

"What are the wild waves saying"

From the painting by W. J. Wyllie R.B.A.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 862.] JULY 4, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOME DRESSMAKING UP TO DATE.

BY DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

As I began my recent article on "Home Millinery" by saying that the sphere of it had entirely altered in character, so I must commence the present one on "Dressmaking at Home" by the same statement; and I think that many of the women I see would dress far better, and look more "up to date," if they could fully realise what this means to them and to every woman and girl who reads this paper. For certain gowns—which used to be thought absolutely needful—have almost become obsolete, save and except so far as entertainments or women much advanced in life, are concerned. One of these gowns is what used to be called the visiting, calling, or best walking dress. The dress for these purposes seems to have been dropped out of its position, and its place has been taken by the ubiquitous "Tailor-made" skirt and jacket, with a blouse beneath it, or a waistcoat, as the case demands. The smart gown is only used or needed now by those who have or attend the summer garden-parties, or in the winter afternoon "at-homes" and teas to consider; and for these something, at once stylish and pretty, is demanded. But even in town, so far as I see, the usual day's round is accomplished by many women entirely habited in the well-cut and smart-looking tailor-made gown of serge, homespun, tweed, or, last winter's favourite, frieze. In which case the only change needed is an evening-gown of some sort suitable to the place where it is to be worn. A good and sensible change seems about to take place, on the initiation of the Princess of Wales and her daughters, and that is the introduction of the

HOME DRESSMAKING *NOT* UP TO DATE.

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foreign custom of wearing high-necked, but distinctly smart, gowns, instead of low ones, at concerts, the opera, and other public places. This is a step in advance, although there is no doubt it lessens the brilliancy of the spectacle, which has been in the past at times one of great splendour and magnificence.

The great miracle-worker in the way of dress in our day may be said to have been the blouse, which, in its inception, was a singularly inelegant, rather loose and baggy garment; apt to get separated from the skirt of its temporary adoption, and so to give one the appearance of coming unscrewed at the waist. It had also a tendency to become inflated at the back and make everyone look round-shouldered, and in the struggle to keep it tidy, so many pins had to be used that one became a travelling pincushion. The introduction of the gold safety-pin at the back, to ensure the neatness of the belt and skirt, did not mend matters much, besides giving one the feeling that the safety-pin was distinctly out of place.

The addition of the fitted lining was the last stage in the perfecting of this useful article of dress; and just at present, in spite of all prophecies, it holds its own both in morning and evening dress, and it has become a little difficult to say just where the blouse ends and the bodice—either high or low—begins. With the fitted lining there are no more fears of the blouse either becoming baggy or making any needless revelations between the skirt and the band; and even if it did not stay in its place, are we not armed if we like it with the skirt-holders, which can be bought of all drapers for a penny the pair, and which will hold the two together with no trouble, save that of putting one on each, and remembering to hook them together before we put on our bodice.

As a rule, I feel sure that blouses can be made at home; or, aided by that most useful person, a dressmaker who goes out to work by the day, we may certainly accomplish the feat. But I must again maintain what I said in regard to bonnets and hats, i.e., the main thing is to look about you, study the shop windows, and make up your mind as to what is worn, and what will suit you best, and tone in with your general wardrobe, and then proceed to get it made up as well as you can manage. Now if, when the shops are selling off, you are able to purchase some remnants, you will be the possessor of a blouse which has cost less than those exhibited in the shops, and which will look quite as well. I should always advise every girl, or woman, to have some lessons in dressmaking, if only to learn how to make a bodice—for I consider that, however clever you may be, that is a thing which requires learning. The most important part, after the bodice is cut out, is the tacking together, or "basting" it, as the dressmakers most frequently say. This must be performed on a perfectly smooth flat surface—a table or a board made for the purpose. Round the waist of the bodice you must hold the lining loose, and the material tight, that the outside may stretch, and thus avoid the tiny wrinkles that are so vexatious when they come. All seams must be pressed open, no matter where they are. The next most important feature of the bodice is boning it. Indeed, I am not sure whether I do not think this the most serious matter of all. But now that bone-casings can be purchased ready to be put in, it is easier than it was. Do not be stingy about the whalebone, nor about the silk for stitching. In fact, you must remember that, in these things, which constitute the chief part of the finish of your work, the beauty of it will be found.

Some one is sure to put in a purely personal, but most important question here, and that is, "If you knew nothing whatever about dressmaking, where would you begin?" The answer to this is, "I should have some lessons; or, failing this likewise, I should get a pleasant, civil dressmaker to work in the house, and should learn all I could from her." If you can do none of these things, then I should fall back on the refuge of many an ignorant woman, and pick a half worn dress to pieces, and try to remake it. If it will turn, so much the better for you. Should the dress fit you well, cut a new lining, and save the old one for a pattern. But, whatever you do, take the greatest pains, and never mind if the material be middle-aged, when you are learning your lesson from it you must treat it like new. Dressmaking is not to be learnt at once; but I really think almost all women could learn it, if they really wished to do so, by using one or other of the methods I have suggested, and in default of all of them, you must fall back on a paper pattern from some well-known source. This, however, is the most difficult of all, to my mind, for of course you really do need a certain amount of special knowledge, even to use them. For instance, you must know exactly the right way of the material; and in the case of some stuffs, like velvet, velveteen, and serge, they must be cut in a certain manner to look well. This holds good also in case of trimmings, which must be cut in a correct way. A good deal of special knowledge is also required about the linings of both skirts and bodices, and the various kinds which are most suitable to our varied classes of materials. So that, if the dressmaking lessons be not available, I should strongly advise that a visiting dressmaker should be secured, and that you should give to her and her methods your very best attention.

One of the greatest difficulties about the skirt used to consist in putting in the foot lining at the hem of the gown. Nowadays these have become quite out of date, and the edge of our dresses is simply hemmed up and the braid put on, no lining being considered needful. Certainly, when one looks back on the generations of women who have slaved over, and been made miserable by, these same linings, and the real difficulties of getting them straight and well-fitting, it seems a pity we did not find out their utter uselessness before. They were always perfect dust-traps. They wore out with the least provocation, and they added much to the weight and expense of each gown. Still, the modern method needs extreme care to make it look and set well, and so to manage our stitches that they will not show on the right side, while making them firm and strong on the lining. Much tacking, and patient fixing are needed, and either a large table or a skirt-board, to ensure the absolute success of the attempt. Even the putting-on of the usual skirt frill must be done with care and niceness.

There are two methods of putting in the linings; but the easiest, though not the neatest, is the one most generally chosen. This is done by tacking the lining and the material together very exactly, and then placing the seams together. In doing this, great care must be taken not to pull one against the other, when you come to the bias seams. With thin materials it is best to make the seams to show in the under part of the skirt, even with a silk lining, for by this means you take in the outside material, the lining, and the interlining together at every seam. The neater way is to cut the outer material and the lining exactly alike, and to shape the stiffening, or interlining, to each width separately. Then join up the seams of each separately, and when you have so done, lay them together with their seams facing each other inside. The interlining you have tacked and sewn-in with the seams of the material. This gives an absolutely neat lining, and for thin dresses it is really the best way. The interlining or stiffening used is of tailors' canvas. Lately, however, I have seen a new material called *fibre chamois*, that has been much recommended here as well as in America. The tops of skirts require fitting, and should lie very snugly, without wrinkling at all.

For the present style of very wide skirts, about thirteen yards of material would be required of about twenty-two inches wide silk, thirty-inch cotton, or five-and-a-half yards of a forty-four-inch woollen material—that is, if it were made with the much-worn *godet* pleats. There need be no waste in cutting the skirt, because if carefully arranged into the right place, one piece fits in with another in a wonderful way when the maker exercises her brains a little. In most of the *godet* skirts, a long length of half-inch wide elastic is sewn upon each of the seams at about fourteen inches from the top, beginning at the second front gore. This holds the pleats in their places, and at the same time gives an elastic yet permanent position.

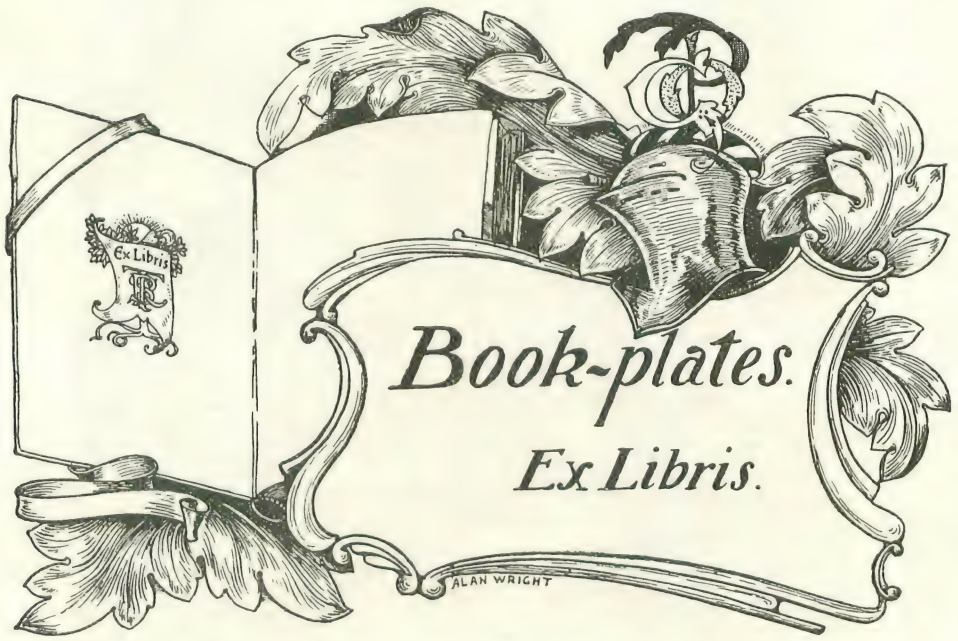
We will suppose that you have obtained a pattern, purchased your material and lining, and are prepared to begin cutting out your gown. You must begin with the skirt first, for the material required for the bodice will be found in the cuttings left from the skirt. The best lining is, of course, silk; but if you cannot afford that, there is linenette, a material called "marshallette," and also "silkette," the latter with a satin face. These linings are, however, called by different names in different shops, and so you must not be surprised if you have to explain what you want. If you can obtain both the skirt material and the lining of double width, they can be cut in a much more economical manner. The stiffening of the skirt is of tailors' canvas, and this will set much better if you damp it a little, and iron it lightly afterwards. It makes it easier to put the skirt together if you bear in mind that the straight side of the seams goes to the front, and the bias side turns to the back; and when stitching them in the machine, you must be careful to have the selvedge edge underneath. When you do this you avoid the risk of puckering the seam. I have told you that skirts must be very carefully prepared by tacking for the final machine-sewing, and unless this be done, you may expect a disappointment. The interlining of the front and side seams is usually about sixteen inches high, and at the back may rise to twenty-six or thirty inches, and in some gowns to the waist, or nearly so. The top of this interlining is generally rounded off, so as to make a gradually ascending line from the front to the back. This stiffening must be sewn on the lining with the machine, so as to keep it firm. One of the newest methods of making a skirt is to make the material and the lining separately, and then tack them together.

Let us hope that you may find some clever assistant who will turn your skirt up at the edge. But, even though you may do so, you must take very careful measurements of your exact length, so that you may be sure to have something to help you rectify all mistakes. One of the faults in cutting the skirts of to-day seems to me to be in sloping off the gores too sharply at the waist. This makes it look overstrained at the hips, and the painful effect is not altered by the slight fulness which one often sees given at the band. The skirt should fit absolutely well without any fulness at all. Some of the newest tailor-made gowns of cloth have a divided band at the waist, half at the back and half to the front, the fastenings being carried to the back and front respectively. This raises the weight in a measure from the back, and prevents a dragging that is sometimes painful. The under-arm seam in a present-day bodice is brought well forward, and the first dart made as near to the front as possible. There are two side-pieces, and great care is taken to cut the bodice long, so as to come below the waist-line, so that it may be seen above the edge of the bodice.

Do not be in the least degree put out if I go on to advise you to have, at all times, as few dresses as possible, and do not envy any of your neighbours who have it in their power to wear half-a-dozen new gowns in as many days. As a well-known writer has recently said—

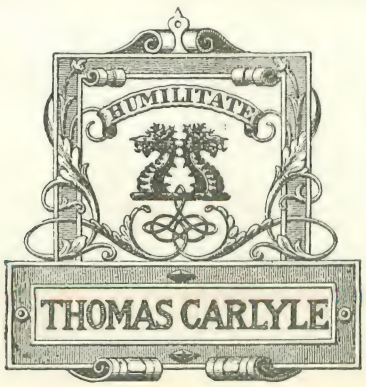
"Such lavishness cannot, at all events, claim the countenance of one who is not only almost the highest, but by common consent also one of the best-dressed women in the land. The Princess of Wales seldom wears very costly attire in the daytime, and she goes on wearing her dresses as long as they look nice. I have repeatedly seen her at intervals during two successive seasons in the same gown; and at an important ceremony in the Jubilee year Her Royal Highness appeared in a striking costume of green velvet brocaded with strawberries in their natural colour, which she had worn new in Ireland two years earlier. With regard to her daughters, simplicity has been carried to its utmost limit in their costume. But, in point of fact, dressing beyond what elegance and refinement demand, and dressing for the sake merely of showing how many and how expensive one's new gowns can be, is essentially vulgar; and gross and wasteful extravagance in this respect is no more truly 'ladylike' than it is morally justifiable.

"But the more reasonable a woman is about her dress expenditure, the more needful it is that she should pay due attention to having what she does purchase to suit her, and made in accordance with the mode. Otherwise she soon gets dowdy and conspicuously unfashionable, or tires of her things. It is a penance of no mean description to wear what one feels is either out of style or unbecoming. That is a sensation as trying to the temper as it is distracting to the intellectual and social faculties. By all means, then, let us know what the fashions are and how they are veering, and let us try to discover what suits our faces and figures, and 'see that we get it.' This is quite another matter from the reckless ordering of the eternal new clothes, and wearing something fresh on every occasion of display, regardless of the fact that this means throwing aside costly clothes scarcely worn."



A SHORT article on the origin and development of Book-plates (*Ex Libris*) must of necessity only skim the subject; but in so doing let us be careful to get only the cream, then those who feel themselves more deeply interested in the matter may turn for greater repletion to the wholesome milk—those authorities to whom we are, remember, indebted in a great measure for the cream we intend to condense, if possible, into a few columns.

Book-plates, to quote *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, is the somewhat awkward name given to the labels denoting ownership fastened inside volumes. These labels may be anything, from a simple typographical inscription to the ambitious armorial, or the allegorical, symbolical, or pictorial design suggested by the tastes or hobbies of their respective owners; but the prince of all devices is the handsome, richly mantled armorial plate—the plate proper—although to appreciate these thoroughly one must possess some knowledge of that most cunning and fascinating art, heraldry.



The typographical label is in these days certainly inexcusable; for one may have a design reproduced and quite a quantity of prints made for a few shillings, and even if one cannot design for one's self, our little circles of friends must in this era of Government Art Schools, include at least one artist with sufficient talent to produce the necessary small design.

On the continent, book-plates are invariably termed *Ex Libris*, and in England the Latin phrase also is often used. Our only book-plate society styles itself The Ex Libris Society, and issues monthly an interesting journal devoted entirely to book-plate lore, and freely illustrated after famous old plates or noticeable modern ones.

The phrases *Ex Libris*, *Ex Bibliotheca*, *Ex Catalogo Bibliotheca*, *Ex Musæo*, etc., were not used generally on French book-plates until about 1700; but the German plates bear the *Ex Libris* on some of the earliest prints.

Book-plates, roughly speaking, may be said to have come into use contemporaneously with printing, of course not generally; but it would be difficult to say how uncommon they were in the early years of the printer's press, since though but very few have survived the four

THE BUXHEIM PLATE.

centuries elapsed, we cannot ascertain how many may "have gone their destined way;" and if two or three were printed, why not half a score or more?

About the earliest extant book-plate there seems some little uncertainty; but the honour of producing the first *Ex Libris* belongs, without any doubt, to Germany, and it seems but fitting that the fatherland of the printing press and of heraldry should also claim the same honour for *Ex Libris*.

The first known book-plate is a rough wood-cut representing a hedgehog with a flower in its mouth, and beneath, the motto, "*Hanns Igler das dich ein Igel kuss*"; it belonged to the chaplain to the family of Schönstett. This plate is approximately dated 1450.

The next, chronologically, is the Buxheim *Ex Libris*, a quaint little wood-cut of an angel with a shield bearing arms, an azure field upon which is a silver ox having a black ring through its nose. These plates were fixed into books presented by Brother Hildebrand Brandenburg of Biberach to the Carthusian Monastery at Buxheim, about 1480.

The earliest French and English plates bear, curiously, the same date (1574), by which it will be seen that the Germans forestalled us, and indeed all other nations, in the use of *Ex Libris*, by quite a century. This may be accounted for by the fact that they did not indulge in the richly embroidered and embossed covers that were common to their more luxurious neighbours, particularly the Italians. These covers bearing often the arms, in colour or gold, or monogram, or other personal device of owners, may be in a manner styled *Ex Libris*, though it would not be at all permissible to call them book-plates. In this manner we see that the former term may have a wider significance than its English equivalent within limitations.

In England we find but three book-plates dating from the sixteenth century; one bearing the date 1518—the earliest dated book-plate in existence, *Liber Hieronymi Ebner*, is its senior by but two years; the second, the plate of Sir Thomas Treshame, 1585; and that of 1574, the beautiful armorial plate of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the celebrated Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England and Essayist.

The earliest extant French *Ex Libris* bears the same date, viz., 1574, but cannot be compared with the English plate, as it is only a typographical label which belonged to one Alboise of Autun.

The earliest book-plates are almost entirely armorial; indeed, it would be surprising if it were otherwise at a period when almost everybody could read coat armour and but few a typographical label.

It is curious to note that the first *Ex Libris* were of large size as if intended only for great volumes, although one would more readily expect small books to go astray. Prints of coat armour exceeding ten inches by eight inches were possibly too large for *Ex Libris*; at any rate the extreme limit might be set at thirteen inches by ten inches, though there are none at present known of such a size, says one authority, and certainly it seems an ungainly size for the purpose. The plate has gradually decreased in size, and now a small plate is usually made to serve for all volumes. Some book-owners, however, indulge in several sizes, and others, even, in many designs; but of the latter fashion it is difficult to discover the advantages.

We have already seen that the earliest dated book-plate is that of *Liber Hieronymi Ebner*, 1516; the earliest signed book-plate is but a few years later, being that of Dr. Pomer, by "R.A.," 1525.

It may be mentioned here that a manuscript date upon a book-plate does not constitute a dated plate, and in a few cases the printed date upon a plate may be greatly anterior to the execution of the design.

Upon the latter point Mr. Walter Hamilton, in his thorough and interesting work, *Dated Book-plates*, says: "Of the many thousands of dated plates I have examined, I should say that not more than one per cent. have false dates, and even these, in nearly every case, prove of interest, as fixing the period of the acquisition of some property or a title, or a change of name, or a record of some other event in the history of a family."

It sometimes happens that of two prints of identically the same plate, one bears a date, and is therefore of course the more valuable.

The various mottoes, verses, etc., on book-plates are in themselves a source of amusement and instruction. The following, directed chiefly against the unconscientious borrower, are interesting:—

"The ungodly borroweth and payeth not again" (Psalm xxxvii. 21), occurs on a plate of 1756 and another of 1760.

In Latin, on a plate of 1730, belonging to the Cloister of Wessenbrunn:

"I am the good possession of the Cloister of Wessenbrunn,
Ho, there! Restore me to my master; so right demands."

Yet another indulges in quite a lengthy exhortation of the volume:

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books I find if often lent
Return to me no more."

And so the mottoes run on *ad infinitum*.

On a coloured plate belonging to one John Giles Knoringen, are some lines which the Hon. Leicester Warren translates as follows:—

"These are the famed insignia of my sires
Which in their proper tinctures thou may'st see,
Not bribes, as is the fashion of these days,
But virtue raised them to nobility."

The translator remarks of coloured armorial plates that they are all probably prior to 1600, accounted for by the fact that the present system of tincture lines in heraldry came into use about 1640, and made application of colour to coat-armour designs unnecessary, though the early specimens of the new method are not always trustworthy.

The amount of detail crammed on to some book-plates is astonishing. On one plate alone will be found over and above owner's name and device, his horoscope, occupation,

REBUS PLATE.

an epitaph, and address. Another will have all his quarterings on separate shields, himself, in full panoply of war, mounted on a careering charger surrounded by allegorical figures or symbols of such virtues as Truth, Justice, Piety, etc.; or the professions, the Army, Navy, Church, State, Law, Art.

The list of artists who have lent their genius to the designing and engraving of book-plates contains many an illustrious name. Albert Durer produced some twenty plates, and surely no genius could have been more apt to the work. His love of detail, care, and crispness of touch, and his superb decorative qualities made him an ideal book-plate designer.

Glancing through the long lists we catch sight of such names as Lucas Cranach, Siebenburgher, Hogarth, Bartolozzi, and Bewick, to quote but a few men familiar to us from childhood, and promising valuable artistic interest as an additional lure to the study of *Ex Libris*.

With regard to the arrangement of collections of book-plates, the best authorities are agreed that the most convenient is that which is guided by style. Space forbids entering minutely into explanation, but the following list of terms will sufficiently explain themselves. They are: (1) Early English, or Early Armorial; (2) Jacobean; (3) Chippendale; (4) Allegorical; (5) Wreath and Ribbon, *circa* 1770 to 1790; Festoon; (6) Urn; Landscape; (7) Seal book-plates; (8) Rebus, *i.e.*, name of owner represented by objects, as an eye and a tun for Eyton; Ash-bee, an ash-tree and a bee; Canting Arms, similar to Rebus plates only taking heraldic form; Mock Heraldry, *i.e.*, made-up arms, for example, a collector of postage-stamps might have a shield charged with a postage-stamp; argent, a postage-stamp gules; (9) Portrait Book-plates; (10) Book-pile, Library Interior, and Literary Book-plates.

JACOBEAN.

CHIPPENDALE.

Those of my readers who are fortunate enough to live in Town, and have the *entrée* of any of the large libraries, will be able to gain fuller information from the following authorities:—

The Hon. Leicester Warren, *A Guide to the Study of Book-plates*. This is the first English work on the subject (1880).

Walter Hamilton, *Dated Book-plates*, 1894, published in three parts. A most exhaustive and thorough work.

By the same author, *French Book-plates*.

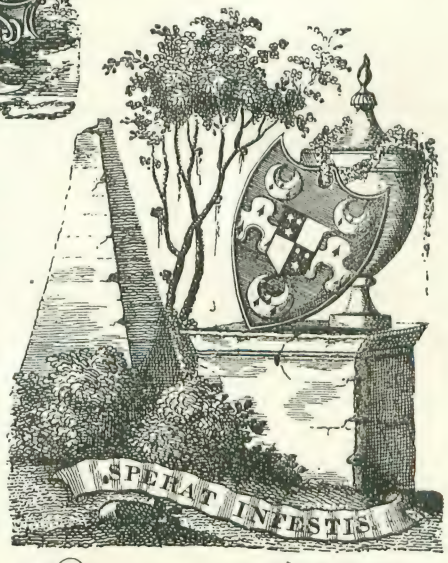
Egerton Castle, *English Book-plates*.

These authorities will be found ample, and will themselves give further references to foreign works on the subject if required.

WREATH AND RIBBON PERIOD.

The collector will at the commencement find it perhaps most convenient to simply keep the plates loose or pasted upon thin boards. Only the tiniest corner should be pasted, so that at any time the plate may be easily removed. Each board bearing a plate should be numbered and indexed, and they may be best kept in an ordinary letter-case made in book form. As the collection increases the collector will add a case until, perhaps, he will find it necessary to have a separate case, or even two or more for each style.

The easiest method of removing book-plates from old covers, without doing harm to either book or book-plate, is to soak a piece of thick white blotting-paper, slightly larger than the plate to be removed, in boiling water and lay it over the plate for five minutes, more or less as the case requires, then gently raise an edge with a blunt paper-knife, and the plate should come away without the least trouble; but, above all, be careful to ascertain first that the plate and book together have no peculiar value in their association.



URN AND LANDSCAPE.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

KATHARINE'S curiosity and interest respecting Mary Percival increased day by day, and were fed by the fact that nobody in the school seemed to know very much about her. That she was poor was undeniable. She did not subscribe to the little collections that were sometimes made for one and another object among the schoolgirls, and kept herself generally in the background.

One day Katharine, feeling that she was making little progress with the acquaintance, rose early and hunted for violets in the sheltered border under the old red wall of the kitchen garden. She was delighted to find a number lurking among the leaves, and arranged a tempting bunch, which she placed beside Miss Percival's easel in the studio. She was rewarded by a grateful smile, and saw the violets pinned into the serge dress.

"I gathered them for you, myself, before breakfast," said Katharine, in the luncheon interval.

"Gathered them yourself! Oh, how delightful to be able to do such a thing!" exclaimed the other, with a sigh. "I have not gathered a flower for years."

"Not gathered a flower for years!" Katharine was stupefied.

"How can I? We have no garden, and we don't go out of town. I cannot walk on the Common; it tires me too much."

"And you wouldn't find many flowers there if you did," commented Katharine. "But haven't you any friends with gardens who would like you to pick their flowers?"

"We know very few people," answered Mary, with averted face.

"I wish you would let *me* know you." Katharine was growing bold.

Miss Percival did not speak for a minute or two, and then said hurriedly—

"If you wish that, and if you would like to come to tea with us some day, we should be very glad."

"So should I!" cried Katharine overjoyed, and as children do, when vague invitations are proffered, she added; "When shall I come?"

An evening was accordingly fixed, and Katharine proclaimed the news in high glee to Nora as they walked homeward. Her cousin damped her joy by saying she probably would not be allowed to go; but Mrs. Lovell took an indulgent view of the matter, and Katharine found herself one April afternoon in the omnibus with her new acquaintance.

"It is so fortunate for me that the school is near the omnibus route, or I could not come easily," Mary said. Katharine felt overflowing with pity for her friend. To be lame, and poor, never to gather a flower, and to require omnibuses as the sole means of getting about! she could imagine nothing much more depressing.

They stopped at length at the end of a terrace of mean little houses right on the verge of the suburb, and Mary with her latch-key ushered Katharine into a tiny hall; an uncarpeted flight of stairs gave an indescribable look of bareness to the place, and the pattern of the floor-cloth was worn past recognition.

"Will you see my mother first?" she asked, and showed her guest into the back room of the two sitting-rooms. A lady with an anxious look upon her brow, hair streaked with grey, and a thin face, rose from a basket of needlework. Katharine had time to observe that the tablecloth was of a common red and black check, the window looking out on the back-yard was uncurtained, and the floor was covered with a square of cheap drugget. The little room was redeemed from sordidness by some sketches, evidently Mary's, on the walls.

Mrs. Percival greeted Katharine kindly, but with a certain awkwardness and reserve that showed isolation from society. There was a touch of Scotch accent in her voice.

"Shall I take Miss Lovell in to see father?" asked Mary.

"Let her take her hat and jacket off first; and you had better tap at the door to make sure he is disengaged," said Mrs. Percival.

A knock at the door of the front room was answered by a gracious "Come in," and the girls entered.

What a contrast to the other interior! A Persian carpet, not new indeed, but still soft and luxurious, covered the floor. A piano stood with its back draped in Indian tapestry; bookcases of black wood, with silken curtains hung on rods to protect the books, lined the walls. The grate was tiled, and a brisk little fire was reflected in the blue and white hearth. The windows were draped with soft frilled muslin; a Satsuma vase of daffodils stood on a bracket, and sketches covered the walls. There were one or two easy chairs in the room. Its occupant sat at a particularly comfortable and complete writing-table, placed sideways to the window so as to catch the light. He was a man of middle age, easily to be recognised as Mary's father; with broad brow, luxuriant hair, expressive dark blue eyes, and a pointed brown beard.

"Welcome, my children!" he cried, laying down his pen with an air of fatigue and relief. "This shall be the signal to cease work for to-day! Pray, Mary, my love, introduce me to your friend, of whom I have often heard you speak."

There was a refined drawl in Mr. Percival's voice, and his hand, when he took Katharine's, felt extremely soft.

"You enter a workshop, Miss Lovell, when you come here," he continued, waving his hand around. "These are my tools; the instruments of my craft."

"It is a very pretty workshop," said Katharine bluntly, staring at the profusion of artistic detail. She was wondering how all this could be reconciled with the poverty of the other room, and Mary's evident lack of money. Acquaintance with the household detail at Belle-Rive had taught her how extremely difficult it is to keep up a dainty *entourage* in little matters, which cost so much to renew. It seems a trifle to hang soft muslin curtains, to drape bits of Indian silk about, to have a few daffodils in a pretty vase; but how soon the drapery grows soiled and faded! for how brief a season do the flowers bloom! and the constant expenditure of money in such matters is impossible to the poor. So Katharine was reflecting.

"Ah, I cannot work without beauty around me," said Mr. Percival languidly. "I am one of those so constituted—call it a weakness if you will—that I must have fair sights to greet my eye, or inspiration refuses to come. My darling Mary here, and her mother are, fortunately for them, less dependent on externals."

He looked caressingly at his daughter who replied by an adoring glance, and slipped her hand into his.

"Now it may seem a trifle to obtain four or five daffodils, and keep them fresh and fair," said Mr. Percival, with a gesture towards the vase. "What is there, indeed, to the ordinary observer in a bunch of flowers that cost a few miserable pence? But the lover of nature knows better. They are to him as to Shakespeare:

'Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.'

"Notice the exquisite contrast of the deep yellow bell in the centre with the fainter tint of the outstanding petals. A daffodil always seems to me a dress for a fairy queen. Even in the poor sordid room of a suburban villa such as this, a few flowers bring a touch from another sphere. They help the dreamer, at any rate, to a little of his illusion. Ah me!"

Mr. Percival sighed, and Katharine fell a-wondering whether Mrs. Percival were not, too, fond of daffodils, and whether she did not want a little illusion. It was early in her intercourse with the family for such speculations, but she was very much astonished.

"Enough of vain longings, which I will confess the vision of spring flowers always awakens within me," continued he. "Will you not play to me? My

daughter tells me you have a gift for music."

The request was rather sudden, but Katharine gladly complied. The piano was an "upright grand" by Broadwood, and the notes would sing. So she chose Grieg's "Frühlingslied," and rendered the sweet, plaintive music with full appreciation. Herr von Drachenfels was pre-eminently a pianist of the romantic school, and encouraged his pupil in the delicacy of touch, the half-veiled expression of emotion, which such music demands. It was indeed music; no downright banging or scurrying, but the translation into sound of vague mysterious emotion; such emotion as comes with the spring anew each year; as old, and still as uncomprehended, as humanity itself.

Katharine had two appreciative listeners. Mr. Percival hung over the piano and was thoroughly absorbed.

"Exquisite! Delightful!" cried he at length, drawing a deep breath. "I had no idea you were such a musician, my dear Miss Lovell, though, indeed, Mary has never heard you play, and could not, therefore, describe the joy in store for me. Ah, what a boon for those who dwell with you!" he continued. "If I had anyone in my house who could awaken such music, I should be too happy. Who knows what the effect might be? If harmonious surroundings are so helpful, what would be the effect of harmony itself!"

Mr. Percival then proceeded to rhapsodise about the meaning of Grieg's "Frühlingslied." Katharine, who was accustomed to the finer discrimination of her music-master, was not so impressed as he intended she should be, and was more occupied in noting a pained expression on Mary's face as her father again and again incidentally alluded to the rapture he would feel if he only had a musical daughter of like genius.

"No one can paint and play as well," Katharine brusquely interposed.

Mr. Percival, who had expected grateful delight at his praise, wonder at his musical insight, looked and felt a little confounded at this home-thrust.

"I trust I know too surely the requirements of Art to suppose anything of the sort," he responded. "You take things too much *au pied de la lettre*, my dear Miss Lovell."

"I think tea must be ready," Mary interposed, and they migrated to the shabby back parlour where Mrs. Percival was occupied in putting the finishing touches to the table.

"Fetch the daffodils," said Mr. Percival to Mary, "or stay—I will go myself."

He came with an air of condescension and deposited his vase of daffodils in the centre of the tea-table as if it were a priceless gift. During tea, which evidently ranked as a substantial meal, Mrs. Percival went to and from the kitchen when fresh hot water or fresh toast was needed, her husband always rising and opening the door for her with a courtly grace. He was lavish in little attentions to his wife and daughter, who obviously regarded him with boundless adoration. He held the conversation, and discoursed away in an interesting manner, but Katharine instinctively did not like him. When Mrs. Percival had disappeared into the kitchen for the third time, he said apologetically to the guest—

"My wife kindly spares me the sight of our maid-of-all-work as much as possible. I hold that it interferes with the pleasure of a meal to have an uncouth personality thrusting itself before the vision. Though we live simply, we need not be degraded."

He thanked Mrs. Percival so sweetly when she returned with a fresh supply of toast, that she evidently thought the burden of gratitude lay with her. Who was this man, and what was his work? Katharine felt boundless curiosity on the subject, and hoped that her friend would satisfy it ere long.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Women in Finland.

A husband in Finland has no claim to anything earned by a wife, who may moreover by antenuptial agreements retain all she has, as well as all she may acquire, and may reserve to herself the privilege of managing her property and its income.

Women have certain municipal, though no political rights, and are eligible as members of schoolboards.

As infants they are taught in ambulatory, preparatory, and Kindergarten schools; as little girls, in the folk or public elementary institutions, of which every commune supports at least one with the assistance of the State. Afterwards they continue to learn in "practical continuation classes," or in practical schools for the training of housewives. Next come the people's colleges for male and female students, of which there are eight, and six Finnish and five Swedish high schools for girls, besides numerous private institutions and technical schools.

As a consequence of the excellent education they receive, ladies are largely employed in Finland as clerks in Government, railway, and private offices, in town councils, courts, and local boards, and as local relieving officers. They almost invariably give satisfaction to their employers, and to the public, and are paid only a slightly lower rate than men.

Cheerfulness.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavour while passing along
To make it as smooth as we can.

Encouragement.

"Look up! look up!
A father's loving eye o'erlooketh all;
Nay more—He all upholds, however small,
Unknown to Him a sparrow cannot fall.
Look up! look up!"

Anna Maria Sargeant.

Telling Time by the Cat's Eyes.—It is supposed that cats can see in the dark. In a moderate light the pupil of the eye of a cat is small and of an oval shape, and in the bright glare of the sun at midday it becomes narrow, but in the dark it grows round and full, and is so expanded that it nearly fills the surface of the eyeball. The Chinese and some of the negro tribes in Africa often examine the eyes of their pets in order to ascertain the time of day. Some of the natives of the East Indies can tell you very near the time of day by this means.

How the Passion-Flower Gets its Name.—The name passion-flower—*flos passionis*—arose from the supposed resemblance of the corona to the crown of thorns, and of the other parts of the flower to the nails or wounds, while the five sepals and five petals were taken to symbolise the ten apostles. Peter, who denied his Master and Judas who betrayed Him, being left out of account. In some of the botanical works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries very curious representations of passion-flowers are given, in which the artist's faith or imagination has certainly got the better of actual fact.

Conquer Yourself.

"Real glory
Springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves,
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the first slave."—*Thomson.*

Double Acrostic IV.

Pillars of Church and State
Were both these men;
Low-born, becoming great,
To fall again.

1. Martyr in heathen lands,
He proved his faith;
Suffering at heathen hands
A cruel death.
2. A river, flowing by
An ancient town
Where woman's courage high
Won great renown.
Besieged, the town withstood
Its foreign foes;
'Mid danger, death, and blood
Her spirit rose.
Where peril most appeared
She took her part;
Her dauntless courage cheered
Each soldier's heart.
3. The tiny workmen build
Their bony frame,
So exquisitely skilled—
What is its name?
4. On oaks these insects live
Neath southern sky,
And to the dyer give
Their crimson dye.
5. Astronomer of fame
And widely known,
Whose comet bears no name
Except his own.
6. A Cambrian river flows
Between two shires;
Thither the angler goes,
With flies and wires,
To catch the silvery prey
That unseen keeps
Along its upward way
To dare its leaps.

XIMENA.

"THEY HAD THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH AND HEALTH."

AT DINNER-TIME.

COME, lassies, rest awhile now work is done
And listen to my dream of yesternight—
I was once more below Atlantic's sun
Tending the kine upon an island bright;
The springing heather gave me joyful scope
To nestle there upon the mountain slope.

On either side sea-pink and thrift and fern
Throve on the breeze that pierced my plaited band,
The waves below a somersault did turn
On granite boulders ere they climbed the land;
And through the spray the kittiwake and murre
(A full five thousand) kept up quite a stir.

Ah me! that life and this, those days and these—
The music of the waves, the peace, the health—
Come often back again my soul to ease,
And this is worth the dolt's unearnéd wealth.
But list! 'tis two o'clock, and we must run
To toil in heated room till day be done!

C. P.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

By IDA LEMON

CHAPTER I.

THE sky was as blue as the sky of Italy, and as cloudless. The water was still; and there was no sound but that made as the punt was propelled by one of its fair occupants. The other was in a position of ease reading Whittier's poems. It was not she who presently gave vent to the brilliant remark, "It is hot!" neither did she trouble to assent to it, and they went on as before for a little longer.

"Kathleen," said the former speaker then somewhat impatiently.

The girl addressed raised a pair of lovely, long-lashed, Irish-blue eyes.

"You might talk, at any rate, if you won't work."

"I will talk certainly, darling, if you wish it."

It is so easy to be amiable when one is cool and comfortable.

"Of course I don't want you to talk if you have nothing to say, but you usually have."

"Yes! Well, I was laying in a stock of new ideas, wherewith to edify you on some future occasion. You do look warm, poor thing. Why do you exert yourself so much?"

"I call that gratitude."

"Look here! There is a delightful spot. Let us stop, and get under the shade of that tree. What beautiful marguerites."

"It would be nice. But, oh, Kathleen, there is a notice up, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' I suppose we had better not go there."

"Oh, nonsense, Dolly! That isn't meant for people like us. It means tramps and that sort of person; and men who would go smoking and perhaps set the grass on fire. We can't do any harm!

"Well, I hope no one will see us and drive us away," said Dorothy, nevertheless preparing to land.

"Oh, if we see anyone coming we can just get into the boat and be off."

And without more ado Kathleen prepared to step on shore. In a few minutes they were comfortably settled, Dolly perched on the stump of a tree and Kathleen seated beneath the shade of its branches, one hand deep in the cool grass, her eyes feasting on the beautiful landscape spread out before her.

They made a pretty picture, these two young girls in their dainty summer gowns, with the green flower-decked meadow in the foreground and the river and the sky beyond them. Not that they needed these accessories of nature to set them off. They had the beauty of youth and health, of charming colouring and well-cut features, and in both were to be found the Irish eyes which they inherited from their grandmother, whose name is remembered even now in a certain section of Dublin society as the reigning beauty of her day.

The girls were sufficiently alike to pass for sisters, but as a matter of fact they were cousins. Their fathers had been brothers, and had married two sisters. Kathleen's mother was dead and her father was a sailor. It was natural that during his frequent absences she should often make Dr. Forrest's house her home, and she and Dorothy, who were about the same age, loved each other dearly. They were still very young, and had an enjoyment of the simple pleasures of life enviable to most people who met them. But light-hearted as they were there was no lack of depth in their natures. In Kathleen especially, enthusiastic, impetuous Kathleen, there were great possibilities. She was so loving and so lovable that even Dorothy was fascinated by her.

"There is only one thing against you, Kitty," she once said. "You are rather obstinate. I think you stick to a thing because you have said it, even after you know you are wrong. But then, one can't help forgiving you."

And Kathleen pinched her own chin, and answered: "Blame this, dear. But I don't call myself obstinate, you know. Some one said 'Firmness is a strong will, and obstinacy is a strong won't!'"

Dorothy laughed.

"The first time old Mr. Russell saw you he said to father, 'That's a very sweet girl that niece of yours, and she has charming manners, but there's a firmness somewhere,' and he looked as if he thought father ought to take a warning."

There was not much look of obstinacy in her face that sunny afternoon down in the meadow. Her expression was peculiarly sweet and gentle. The beauty of the summer day appealed to her. The influence of the poetry she had been reading was with her still, and created for her mind an atmosphere of its own. Her mood was pensive, calm, exalted. A lark soared up from its nest singing as it went its thrilling exultant song. She followed it with her eyes smiling.

"Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest."

"Kitty!" broke in Dorothy, in a tone of alarm, "there's someone coming; and we ought not to be here!"

It was a descent indeed from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the thoughts of Shelley to the notice that trespassers would be prosecuted.

"Oh, never mind," said Kathleen, who resented this forced return to mundane things. "They can't hurt us." But she rose nevertheless.

"Of course they can't hurt us," repeated Dolly, "and I'm not afraid. But still, it would be uncomfortable if we were spoken to."

"Yes, dear, so it would; and keepers and people of that sort have to be strict."

"Yes, and they might make an example of us."

"And then what would uncle say?"

"Besides, we might be fined."

"Yes, of course, I'm not afraid, dear."

"Oh, no, darling, nor am I."

But in spite of their assertions of equanimity, the young ladies' approach to the boat was more precipitate than dignified, and their colours were heightened; and as the last words were spoken the punt was pushed out.

The man, meanwhile, was coming steadily towards them. For a moment a tree hid him from their sight. When they looked again he was waving his arm to them.

"Don't look," said Dolly.

"I can't help it," replied Kitty.

"He is shouting."

"Yes, and running along the bank."

"Well, we shall soon be out of his reach. The river winds just here."

"What a rude man! How thankful I am there is no one else about. Am I very red, dear?"

"A little. Am I?"

"Yes, darling. Is he still following us?"

"Yes—no. Why, Dolly, there is a little boat lying under the bank. It belongs to that place I suppose.—Should you think he'll come after us?"

"Oh, Kitty, I hope not. I never felt so ashamed in my life."

"It's rather ridiculous though, isn't it? Such a fuss about so small a thing. I really wish we had stayed and faced him. I acted on impulse in getting away."

"Has he got into the boat?"

"No. It's all right, he has left off running."

"Ah. I breathe freely again. But you are right, dear, I wish we had stayed. We were so happy there. Still, I couldn't reason at the moment."

"Never mind. There's no harm done. Whose place is that?"

"It is part of Lord T——'s estate. Oh, I know, it belongs to the New Farm. There's a strange man there; he came while you were in Ireland."

"A gentleman?"

"Oh, yes. Very rich. He owns several farms. He bought this when Mr. Brookes died. Father knows him, I think. Kitty!"

"What?"

"Do you think it could have been he?"

"Oh dear no. Even if it was, I doubt if he would know us again. We didn't give him much opportunity of seeing our faces." She laughed.

Suddenly she gave an exclamation. "I have lost my bracelet!"

"Kitty!"

"The fastening was rather insecure. I am sorry. It was one of dear mother's."

"So am I sorry. Do you think you lost it in the meadow?"

"I expect so, hurrying. That horrid man. I hate him!"

"So do I, dear. Shall we go back and look for it?"

"Oh no, not on any account."

"We had better."

"Well, I should like my bracelet. I have half a mind to go back."

"We will wait a little while, and when that wretched man is out of the way we might go back quietly. There is one thing to be said, we did not go far into the field."

"No."

Meanwhile poor Mr. Caben, who had had no intention of disturbing the young ladies, was standing with Kathleen's bracelet in his hand, wondering what he should do with it.

He had been on his way to his boat when he caught sight of the girls, and recognised Dorothy, who had not chosen a very wise position if she wished to escape observation. He knew her father, and Miss Forrest had been pointed out to him. He would have taken no notice of them beyond perhaps raising his hat, if their precipitate flight had not urged him to hasten and reassure them; for it would never have occurred to him to regard the beautiful trespassers as doing him anything but honour by their presence.

Seeing, however, that they were bent on departure, he was about to go his own way when he caught sight of something bright on the ground. It was Kathleen's bracelet, which had slipped from her wrist into the grass unobserved by her.

Mr. Caben shouted to them, but they paid no attention.

Half annoyed and half amused he put it in his pocket, wondering how to restore it to its foolish little owner.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDY OF NATURE FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

By "MEDICUS."

"O! nature, a' thy shows and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts have charms,
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang dark night."

WHEN I looked out from my bedroom window one bonnie morning not very long ago, having duly tubbed and dressed, I was surprised to find the sun shining so brightly and my tall and weirdly poplar trees still with their green backs to the East. I sometimes set up for a weather prophet, and the worst of it is I am nearly always wrong. But being nearly always wrong is just as handy as being always right. For example a little lassie of mine catches me by the sleeve as I am walking hastily off to my wigwam to finish that chapter.

"Oh, pa, what sort of a day will it be on Tuesday?"

"Why, dear?"

"Because I'm going to a children's party at Miss Y.'s, and it will be nearly all out of doors."

"I'm afraid, then, for your sake," I reply, "that it will be a plump of rain, but——"

She waits for no "buts." She rushes off rejoicing exceedingly.

"Inie and Kennie!" she shouts, "it's going to be a glorious day on Tuesday, 'cause pa says it's going to be a plump!"

But last night I had assured every one who consulted me that the long-continued drought was nearly at an end.

"Why," I said, "the wind has gone round nearly south, and the glass is going steadily down."

And now, well, never mind, if I prophecy rain every day it is sure to come. At sea, I know for a fact that you can bring wind by whistling for it, only you've got to whistle till it comes. That is the worst of it.

I am in a gossiping humour this morning. This you will say is very wrong, and that when I sit down to write my monthly "Medicus" I should wear my M.D. gown with its crimson hood, instead of a cap and bells.

Come to think of it I believe you are right. But you see one cannot always do what one ought to do.

I remembered, however, I had a health sermon due to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and that if I did not write it I might get a wire from the Editor, couched in beautiful and poetic language thus—"Waiting for you."

Do you ever have songs or verses come cantering through your brain, reader, without knowing in the least what suggested them.

When I put my head and shoulders out

through the window this morning, and a gush of cool delicious air filled my lungs, two blackbirds and a thrush were having breakfast on my woodland lawn. Then out from under the great solemn deodar cedar popped a lovely mahogany-coloured squirrel. He crossed the lawn hurriedly, his long tail trailing behind him, and ran up the nearest alpine pine tree. Was that what brought this tender old song to my memory, I wonder:

THE LASS OF MOREDUN.

"When summer comes smiling o'er mountain and lea,
The green boughs of Moredun are pleasant to see,
An' pleasant the hum o' the merry wild bee
When the rose, when the rose and the lily are blawin',
An' blythely the mavis salutes the gay morn
As sweetly he sings on yon snawy-white thorn,
While the lav'rock soars high o'er the lang yellow corn,
An' the moorcocks, the moorcocks are cheerily crawin'."

There is a touch of nature in those lines that goes straight to the heart on a day like this, but how inartistically sweet and pure is the last verse of this bonnie love-lilt:

"We sat by the streamlet that wimpled sae* clear,
And fond did I gaze on my lassie sae dear
Till the wail o' the cushat fell low on the ear,
An' the moon thro' the blue lift was roaming.
Oh! wae was my heart when she parted from me,
An' saft fell the tears frae her dark hazel 'ee;
As cheerless and sad, by yon auld rowan tree
We whispered 'farewell' at the gloamin'."

I had to pick up my guitar and sing that song before I came out to the balcony of my wigwam to write to you, readers.

Sometimes girls ask me what is the best "fad" to take up for health and pleasure's sake in summer. This depends upon whether you have a mind or soul of a calibre worth mentioning, and whether there is music in that soul, innate music I mean, music that can't be repressed and that wells forth into unison with everything that is beautiful in Nature. A girl who cannot play or sing with feeling is a mere machine, and I would rather sit and listen to the rattle of an old windmill, than be anywhere near when she is grinding forth the notes that books and teachers and not God taught her.

But for a girl who has a real soul I look upon natural history as the best of all studies (I hate that word "fad") and by far the most pleasant.

Now some great savant was asked once upon a time by a king if he—His Majesty—could not be taught science by some easy and simple method.

"Sire," was the sage's reply, "there is no royal road to learning."

But, readers, there *is* a royal road to the study of natural history. I advise you of course to make yourself acquainted with the elements of botany and the classification of fauna and flora, but pray do not mistake me. Suppose you knew every flower, every beast, bird, and insect in this kingdom, and could give them all their Latin names and name their orders and families, still, had you not a soul for the beautiful, for nature that is, you would be no more a naturalist than the black-faced greasy driver of an engine is a scholar and a savant.

What is it that lends such a charm to the note-books of White of Selbourne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Burroughs or my friend Luke Ellis, who writes delightfully in the *Echo*. Why, what but their innate love of nature and this backed up by the faculty of observation. If you have a mind to study nature truly and well, you will keep notes; you must let nothing escape you, however trivial it may seem. Make collections if you please, and there is a delight in looking over your summer flowers pressed carefully in a proper book in the long forenights of winter.

You must take rambles though, and you may write the Scotch, English or Irish names of the flowers in a page by itself, with its rank and order (classified), and also—this is important—the place where you found it, the soil, the scenery, time of year, etc. A collection like this is indeed delightful.

But you must not forget the fauna. You cannot take up much of this perhaps, but the more common birds and beasts—the weasel, pole-cat, mole, vole, field-mouse, etc., and butterflies and bright-winged insects do come in with flowers very charmingly.

But let me warn you to look upon no flower or living creature as beneath your notice, for our Father made all. I want you to look up through nature to nature's God.

I wore a very beautiful but common yellow flower as a button-hole the other evening.

"Oh, dear," said a lady with as I thought a covert sneer, "do you know what you have in your button-hole?"

"Yes," I said, perhaps haughtily—for a soulless woman has no charm for me—"to your eye it is a dandelion, to mine, my dear lady, it is a poem."

But even in the humblest garden there is much to admire, and one of my chief delights as I trot along the road in my wanderer caravan in summer and autumn is to look at the cottagers' gardens, especially up north in Scotland—on Deeside for instance—where gardening is a craze and the humblest cot is gay with flowers.

I am sitting outside my wigwam to-day writing, with as usual my beautiful St. Bernard, Lassie, lying close beside me. If no one else in the world loves me *she* does.

My balcony looks on to the paddock and orchard. Well, I do not go in for a splendidly kept-up place, and can only afford one gardener. My place is called The Jungle, and a real wildery it is as far as trees and shrubs go.

But a walk through a place even like this may be suggestive on such a lovely morning.

Will you take a tour with me through the grounds, reader.

"No, Lassie, you must stay on the balcony, for on rare occasions you *do* put your feet on the flower-beds."

From my wigwam verandah with its little flower-garden in front, the orchard-paddock sweeps downwards to the junction of two roads. To my right is the commencement of a row of the noblest poplar trees in England, and I've seen all in my wanderings. They ascend from the hedge-row, bushy at the very commencement, and tower high into the blue sky for ninety feet at least. To-day the wind is whispering and sighing through their light-green foliage—it was olive yellow in early spring—while every leaf is tipped with sunshine. So tall are those poplars, that, how still soe'er the night is, there is always a light breeze aloft yonder, enough to move the topmost twigs, which seem to sigh even in the starlight as if they had some mystery to communicate, some strange tale to tell if they only had voice. But I would like you to see those poplar trees at night sometimes when the moon is shining between them.

The lower portions of their stems are encircled with ivy; here my wrens make their nests, and the blackbird and mavis; higher up in the hollows the starlings live and breed, and right away aloft swing the sparrows in their hammock-nests.

These latter I breed in thousands every year, and they save my rose-trees and apples from blight. The hedgerow to the left is laurel, prettily tipped now with young shoots of tenderest green, with here and there a sycamore or ash tree. The hedge to the right is may, snowed over with blossom. But young sycamore bushes grow there too, and the leaves are very broad, and many of a beautiful burnt sienna colour. Why should this be so? Why? Well, I'll tell you. Nature gives beauty, rich and rare, to every creature and thing in this world when young. Those young sycamores are for ever in the

* In all Scottish words ending in "*ae*" the vowels are pronounced like the "*ay*" in say.

fresh air, the sun smiles upon them and the summer winds blow through them and wave them, and that is their exercise.

In this paddock-orchard of mine is many a gnarled old apple-tree, that weeks ago were adorned with masses of blossom, bedecked more beautifully than any bride at the altar. But there are Scottish pine trees and Austrian pines here as well. Their plumes are darkest green, but at this sweet season of the year all are tipped with long white fingers, which add much to their beauty.

On the grass beneath, blackbirds are busy looking for food, and sparrows are gathering hay to build their swinging nests.

Close to the wigwam, and running up strings nine inches apart, is a mass of white wild convolvulus, that curtain all the verandah with green leaves and huge, bell-like, snow-white flowers. But let us pass through this wigwam, which is in reality a charming bungalow, through a corridor and into the lesser wigwam or book-room, and a door opens on to the green mound, down which by rustic steps we descend to the flower and kitchen garden, an interesting comminglement of everything that is useful with that which is beautiful and gay.

I rather think that early in the year young foliage is quite as pretty as the flowers.

Cockrobin is here to greet us. As in winter so in summer he follows me everywhere, and his song is kept up long, long after sunset. He and the blackbird are the latest singers of a night, always excepting the nightingale, which is with us till June singing by night and by day.

Every border all round my kitchen flower-garden is edged with grass, and close inside this are two rows of blue and white forget-me-nots. They are still in bloom as I write. By-and-by when the seeds are on the lower portion of the stalks, the blue bloom still on the top, you may see my sparrows flying about each with a sprig of beautiful forget-me-not in its bill. You would think they were having a garden-party, till told that they were taking these button-holes to their nests that the young might have the delicious seeds as food.

I have broad flower borders round all the kitchen-garden. My primroses have now gone out of bloom; London pride is pretty and bee-loved, the huge bushes of wall-flower perfume the whole air, roses—standards—are in bloom, and on these borders gorgeous sweet-William, with sages and irises are out, and later on the gladioli and foxgloves, whose bonnie red bells are so lovely a set-off to the feathery fern's green. Later on still the dahlias.

Farther along among the walks, look where you like, you will find gooseberry and currant bushes, prophetic of plenty. Look at the light green tips on those young spruces, and those on the arbor-vitæ.

Right opposite the children's Indian room—we are still in the large garden—is a daisied ferny lawn, overshadowed by an apple-tree of huge dimensions, but lately, the blossom was everywhere falling like snow.

Here, in a bonnie wee spruce-tree, a blackbird's nest is placed. The young are just out, so the husband has ceased to sing by day. He is far too happily, hopefully busy gathering food for his wife and wee ones. But he sits there within a yard of us—he knows we love him—on the edge of his nest, ramming worms down the gaping yellow gabs of the struggling youngsters.

Birds' nests are everywhere, in every bush and tree, and in the holes of the trees also, rarest among them being the blue tit, the wren, the golden-crested wren, the nightingale, the greenfinch (late arrivals), and the spotted flycatcher.

The swallows—one at least—came this year on the twenty-fifth of April. Poor fellow, he sat on an apple-tree not two yards above my head, looking *so* tired and *so* weary.

"So you've got back," I said sympathisingly.

"O yes," he replied, or seemed to, "but so beaten out!"

"You look so. Flown far?"

"From Algeria this time. Wintered south of there. Have flown over the Straits of Gibraltar—you know them well, doctor——"

"Very."

"But such a drought! You know we drink rain-drops in the air, just as we catch flies, and no rain has fallen!"

This swallow was joined next day by more, and now they are here in dozens, and very sweetly do they twitter and sing as they sit snug among the apple and pear blossom, or on the stable-roof.

We have hedges to penetrate by archways and glorious trees of lilac, white and mauve, and Portuguese and other tree-laurels before we get to the lawn, where blackbirds run and squirrels play.

This is not the tennis-lawn, only just a kind of wild arboretum, where there is much indeed to study in hollies, and pines and willows and rhododendrons. Do you know that the flower-buds of the latter come late out in autumn? Giant trees, too, from foreign lands, darkest green in their hard, thorny foliage, but beautifully backed by the tender green of giant oaks and elms.

The wych-elms have now thrown down their flat seeds, bigger than sixpenny-pieces. I should rather say that each seed is in itself no bigger than a pin's head, but is implanted in the centre of a kind of paper-kite, that carries it far and away on the wings of the summer winds. Of all the billions of seeds that flutter and fall very few take root!

The linden or limes that grow near to the other front of the house are in June laden with strange green flowers, and to every flower there is a bee. The perfume is rich and delicious, but the seeds are all useless. It is not an indigenous tree. Out through another gate and a hedgerow, and we find ourselves in an orchard flower-garden and kitchen-garden all combined, and here is the tennis-lawn.

Want of space forbids me to say more, though I should like to show you my ivies, my laburnums, and the mauve-flowered wistarias that cover the other front; also my lovely Loden lilies and wild (now cultivated) hyacinths.

Now if I have given you one moment's pleasure, girls, I am rewarded; if I have suggested to you a new study for health and pleasure, the very thought that I have done so shall rejoice the heart of your "Medicus."

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET AGAIN.

TEN years have passed since I first made acquaintance with the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and poured out to them unreservedly the history of my life from the day I was born in Mercers Hall July 27th, 1694, up to the year I introduced myself to them, 1886.

They were such good listeners and so appreciative of my story that I said to myself many times, "If I can one day do them a kindness, as surely as I am the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street I'll do it."

The first opportunity of serving them occurred two years later when Mr. Goschen, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, deprived me of my three children "Three Per Cents.," "reduced threes" and "new threes," and brought me in their place a child of his own called, "Two and three quarters new consolidated."

He desired me to mother and cherish her, telling me at the same time that she would be worth all my trouble, and that her attractions would be so great that none would be able to withstand them.

While I was trying to comfort myself with these assurances the thought suddenly occured to me that this new family arrangement would prove a calamity to many of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, especially to those who were sick and aged and unable to improve their income by mental or physical labour, and who probably depended upon the one or two thousand pounds in consols for their sole existence. Of course I saw with dismay that the quarter per cent. less which the Government intended to offer would mean starvation to many.

I adopted the only way of helping them in my power, and that was to beg the editor to allow me a space in his paper to explain the matter simply and thoroughly, and to point out to those who would suffer, how they could obtain certain advantages from the transfer of their money which would in a degree lessen the loss; and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had done some good, for many took my advice and so lessened the blow which might have fallen upon them in full force.

It seems to me that a second opportunity has occurred for showing my regard for the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is not my intention to weary them with an account of the "ups and downs" of my life since 1888, suffice it to say that though they have been many I am none the worse for them, on the contrary I am vigorous in mind and body, keen and watchful over all business transactions, and I flatter myself that no one to look at me or speak to me would think for a moment that I had passed my two hundredth birthday.

My intention on the contrary is to speak of certain work entrusted to me lately by the treasury, and which I believe if clearly understood and taken advantage of by readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, would be of great benefit to them and still further cement the friendship which for ten years has existed between them and me. I know that an idea is very generally entertained that all matters connected with the Bank of England are outside the circle of girls' comprehension, but I, speaking from experience, say that this is an error. If a girl has money it is her bounden duty to learn all about stocks and shares; if she can master mathematics, she can certainly overcome the difficulties of the science of banking. But to business; the work to which I have referred as having been entrusted to me is known in my

establishment as "accumulative investments" in consols and in India Stock, intended chiefly for the benefit of people of small means; the rules governing these investments are the same in one as the other.

Suppose a girl has saved four or five pounds and is in no immediate need either of this sum or the interest accruing from it, and even hopes from time to time to add to it, she would do wisely to place this in, for example, say, "Accumulative India Stock" at three or three and a half per cent.

This being accomplished, my people would, at her order, undertake to receive the quarterly interest or dividends, and with them purchase like stock and add it to the original investment for the charge of one penny for each pound or part of a pound they invest, paying themselves out of the interest before they invest it. This they would continue to do every quarter for the girl with regularity.

Should the girl wish to be told whenever an investment is made, my people will send her the information for an additional charge of threepence a quarter.

This use of her savings is called accumulative investment, because the first sum put in is ever growing or accumulating.

It is quite allowable for friends or sisters to unite in these investments. Supposing they combine and put in, say, a hundred pounds in accumulative three per cent. India stock; well, at the end of the first quarter, fifteen shillings minus a penny would be added to the original, and at the end of the second quarter, interest would be taken on the £100 15s. minus the penny, and so as regularly as clockwork the original sum goes on ever accumulating until it reaches a thousand pounds or until notice is given by the stockholders to pause.

Suppose on the birth of a child the parents put £5 into an accumulative investment and leave it there ever increasing till the child comes of age, it would prove quite a nice sum.

I would advise those who desire to invest their savings in accumulative investments to apply personally at the head office of the Bank of England, or any of its branches, for forms and information, and if this should be inconvenient apply by letter to "the Chief Accountant, Bank of England, London," for forms and instructions.

Any girl under twenty-one years of age must lodge the proof of the date of her birth with the Bank of England before she can be a stockholder, and when two or more join in investing each one under age must do the same.

Let the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER think all well over, and if they are doubtful upon any point, my chief accountant is very courteous, and will gladly afford information. At all events they will see that I, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, remember them.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAP. XV.

IN THE BACKGROUND.

EXT morning the hour of Morag's departure by train involved the Hendersons taking breakfast half-an-hour earlier than their wont. The consequence was, Gladys did not appear, and Aunt Rebecca and Morag were left *tête-à-tête*.

Morag felt that her aunt was somehow altered. There was a curious nervousness and restlessness about her, and her familiar self-appraisement and self-gratulation alternated with a deprecatoriness which puzzled the girl. Mrs. Henderson spoke of this and that, of the changes about her, as being necessary for Gladys' sake, as if she would fain excuse herself for having made them. She said that parents were anxious to stretch a point in the children's interest—that young people were only young once and must make the most of it. She spoke of several of their new friends—among them of young Mr. Lumsden, saying that of course Gladys had talked of him to Morag. It struck Morag that her aunt hoped to receive, through her, some confidences which her daughter withheld. But Morag had none to give. She could say that she had heard of young Mr. Lumsden, and she could say nothing more. She would have thought it an insult to her aunt to hint at the "nonsense" as Morag called it, with which Gladys had surrounded his name, and indeed it had made but little impression on Morag, for Gladys had spoken in the same way of other people.

Also Aunt Rebecca had some questions to ask about Mrs. Cay. She said probably Morag had not found her easy to get on with; she shouldn't wonder if she were rather scrimpy and hard. But Morag was loyal to the grim old woman. She had felt so many "prickles" since she had been in the Talbot Road, that she now looked back on the silent Nigle kitchen with a sense of gratitude. Also her heart had been touched by what she believed to be Mrs. Cay's final softening, and she did not forget the injunction to tell Aunt Rebecca of the parting gift.

Gladys lounged down to the breakfast-table just as the meal was over, called for some fresh coffee and nibbled a little toast. She looked pale and heavy-eyed, and spoke snappishly.

Morag's appearance having proved so satisfactory, Gladys condescended to accompany her to the station, and on their way there, excused her yawning languor by saying that she had not got to sleep till three in the morning, having sat up to finish a novel which she had found so entrancing she could not put it down.

Once seated in the train, speeding south, Morag owned to herself, sorrowfully, that she was conscious of a sense of relief.

A meeting after absence often effectually convinces us, either that we have never really been apart in the spirit, or that we have never really been together. There was not now the least sense of wrench in her departure.

She was soon passing through country entirely unfamiliar to her, and she surrendered herself to observe and enjoy it.

The sky was bright and clear, giving silvery lights to the sea, and bringing out the soft green of the verdure clinging to the mighty rocks of that wild eastern coast. Morag made up pretty little idylls of her own, linking the rude cottages of the fishing villages with the full-sailed boats far off on the horizon.

But before she reached her destination the weather had changed. She approached Edinburgh under dull skies and in a drizzle of rain, and she looked with dismay at the huge, squalid buildings which close in upon the railway line, nor from that point of view did even Holyrood seem to justify itself as a home of history and romance.

It was Morag's first metropolitan experience. What struck her the most, was not the hugeness of the station, nor the noise nor even the crowd, as such. No, it was that the people having eyes, did not seem to see: that nobody looked at one! The very cabman whom she hired seemed as if he did not see the "fare," whose boxes he hoisted up and whose direction he received. It was different from Nigle and even from Sillerton, where everybody looked at everybody, either with the recognition of familiarity, or with the interest due to a stranger.

Morag drove through the whole length of the city, which on that dismal day did not reveal one trait of its enchanting beauty. Presently the cab passed out of the busier thoroughfares into a sombre region of residential mansions, all so wonderfully alike in their size and construction, that country-bred Morag marvelled how so many households could be found exactly similar in size and requirements, and she speculated on the number of rooms which must surely have been built merely to stand empty.

To her consternation the cab stopped in front of one of these houses. Was this, then, her destination? With that quick appraisement which one soon learns to make from one's own point of view, Morag said to herself that the three servants in such a house must have more than three times the work which she had done in Nigle.

The cabman might not have seemed to see his fare, but he had evidently seen enough to guess his duties to such a fare on term day.

"Area gate, I s'pose, miss?" said he.

"Yes, yes," Morag answered, scarcely grasping what he said, till she saw him push open the gate at the top of the kitchen steps.

Two women met her at the kitchen door, one stout, middle-aged, and fiery-faced—the other tall, slight, and sallow. It was she who spoke.

"The new parlourmaid, of course," she said, "and here's a warm welcome to you, for I'm run off my feet."

"And you'll be that yet, Christina," put in the elder woman. "For a stranger to the place can't run them arrants till she knows her way about. Come your ways in, lassie, and let the man give your box a lift into the bedroom."

The maid named Christina led the way. They passed the large, gloomy kitchen, of which Morag caught a glimpse through its open door, and went further down an ill-lit passage, passing sundry other doors, till they came to the last. Christina pushed it open and stood aside to let them go in. Morag paid the man, at what seemed to her a ruinous rate, and Christina followed to shut the outer door behind him.

Morag was alone. She looked round, and her heart felt heavy within her, though she would not own it to herself. The room was large and lofty, and so was its window. But this was blocked up by a high bank of green turf, which sloping steeply away, allowed the entrance of such light as the chamber enjoyed. The room smelled close and musty, and that was not to be wondered at, since Morag afterwards discovered that no sunbeam had ever entered it since it was built, and that therefore everything in it must have been overgrown by those miserably minute and mysterious fungi to whom sunshine brings death. It had rather a plethora of furniture of the sort which may be called "comfort" by those to whom that word does not mean freshness and cleanliness. There was an old carpet on the floor—a very solid Brussels which had probably lasted fifty years before it came down in the world. There were two or three old chairs covered with frowsy chintz. There was a big, spindly, four-post bedstead, evidently intended for two people, and a rickety-looking "chair-bed" for one, which Morag devoutly hoped might fall to her lot. There was a small wash-hand-stand and basin, and two hanging pegs behind the door, from which many garments were already dependent, but beyond these there seemed no provision for putting away clothes, except a shallow drawer in the little table where a beclouded mirror stood.

"Well, I must make the best of it," vowed Morag bravely, though she could not stifle the fear that just as there were worse things than Mrs. Cay's bald cleanliness, so there might be worse trials than the severe solitude of the Nigle kitchen. Morag did not feel attracted by either of her fellow-servants. It is a trying thing, this close proximity of those whom we do not choose, and with whom we may have nothing in common. There is scarcely any way of life so all-pervaded by this trail as is household service, and the possible hardship is in exact relation to the character and intelligence possessed. Possibly if many employers would study more how to put themselves into the place and feelings of others on this particular point, they might find character and intelligence more frequently at their disposal.

Morag opened her box and arrayed herself in her neat uniform, the serge dress, white apron and dainty yet austerely simple little muslin cap, which Miss Soutar and she had decided to be the attire best suited to a parlourmaid's afternoon. There was no doubt that it was most becoming! Morag did not feel very light-hearted, but in the sheer irrepressible sprightliness of innocent self-approval, she caught herself smiling at her own dim image in the muddy looking-glass.

"I suppose I had better go upstairs and present myself to Mrs. Garth," she said, as she entered the kitchen.

"It may be as well," answered Christina, "but the house is in that sort of upset that they'll hardly notice you're a new face till it's all over. There's to be a party to-night. Not much of a party, you know, but a precious lot of show for a very little money, and that means taking it out of us, don't you see?"

Morag asked where the mistress was to be found.

"I saw her last in the front drawing-room," Christina answered; "though there's scarcely a corner for the sole of her foot for the furniture being all shoved about. The carpet's up, and the floor's waxed. Our young ladies think they are such good dancers they could not do themselves justice on less. They've done the waxing—so they'll say, telling their friends so as to show what useful clever girls they are, keeping me hanging about doing this and that and running to and fro, so that it would have been easier for me to do the whole job."

"The pianny's going there now," put in the cook, "it's been agoing all day."

"Miss Elsa is working at a grand piece to show off to the Herr," scoffed Christina.

"Oh, perhaps she is practising for the dances!" protested Morag with a good-natured laugh.

"Catch Miss Elsa playing for other people to foot it!" said the housemaid. "When you've been here a week you won't be so charitable. No, they have utility people who do the things and they get the credit. There's a utility lady coming to-night. She was invited just to play for the dance-party. She doesn't suspect that, but I know it, for they said so at lunch the day before they sent her the card."

Morag was not inclined to prolong this conversation. She went upstairs and found Mrs. Garth, and proved that Christina was right and that everybody was too—well, not exactly busy—but say absorbed—to take much notice of her.

"Christina opens the street door for the guests and sees after their wraps, and I suppose you know how to usher them into the drawing-room?" said Mrs. Garth.

Morag hoped she would do satisfactorily. She was a little nonplused by the coldly critical regards of a young creature seated by the mistress. She learned after that this was the youngest daughter, Miss Henrietta, said to be her mother's favourite and considered to be a beauty—at least by herself (but that was Christina's malicious addition). The young lady at the piano glanced aside at Morag as she entered, but went on with her playing, while her mother talked to her, which, added to a curious jerky mannerism on the part of Mrs. Garth, considerably complicated the difficulties of the little interview.

As Morag retired, she caught sight of Christina tackling some upholstery difficulties in the back drawing-room, and entered it by the other door to help her. The consequence was that through all the rattle of the complicated harmonies, she caught enough of the words of the following conversation to make out its drift.

Said Miss Henrietta, "That girl will have to alter her style of dress somehow."

"Why, I thought she looked rather neat and pretty!" answered the mother.

"Rather too pretty, perhaps," returned Miss Henrietta. "Why, mamma, her dress is just like a uniform, and people will mistake her for our sister, knowing that our Helena is a nursing sister."

"Servants have no right to dress like nurses," spoke Miss Elsa from the piano, "because you see many ladies are nurses."

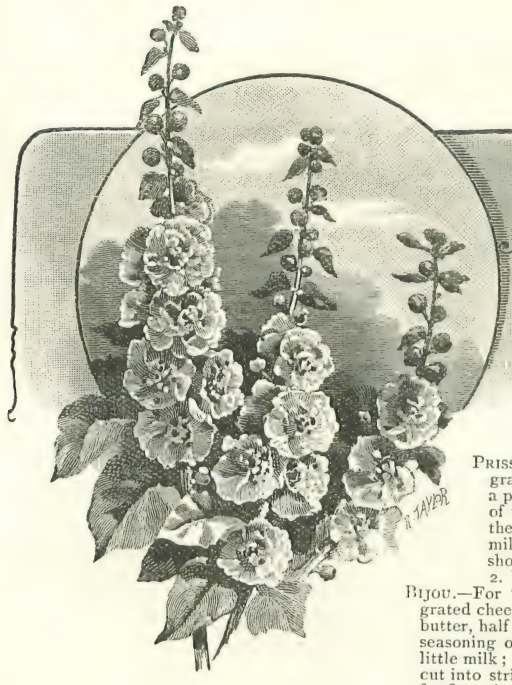
Morag felt her face flush. By the curl of the cynical Christina's thin lip she saw that she also heard enough.

Could they have also known what was said when their retirement from the back drawing-room first disclosed that they had been there, they would have heard—

"My dear, if those girls were attending to us, they must have caught your remarks."

"All the better if they did, mamma. Sometimes it spares one the irritation of speaking to them directly. I like to avoid friction, if possible. It spoils one terribly."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

Tessie.—It is perfectly easy to paint in water-colours upon satin or silk. The only thing to do, different to ordinary water-colour painting, is to use Miss Turck's medium with the colours, which prevents their sinking into the material and becoming deadened. This medium is sold by most artists' colourmen.

Buttercup.—We advise you to persevere in your drawing-lessons, and most particularly to study from the "round," and from life. To attain real success, you must learn perspective, geometry, and anatomy, besides the control of the pencil.

Robin R. H.—You will find it difficult to paint an enamel surface with water-colours; but you could be helped by using the "medium" recommended to "Jessie."

An Ancient Party.—The picture you ask about is called "Eastward Ho!" and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857. The painter was Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. The same artist exhibited the companion-picture, "Home Again," in 1858. From what you describe of your print, we think it is of but little value. A great many prints of the two above-named pictures were produced, some so bad as to be quite worthless, and the best not of high-class merit.

Esperance.—A picture painted with oils on canvas must be varnished when completed. The time between the finishing and the varnishing varies; but two or three months is the average, though some artists wait much longer. The varnish used is sold by all artists' colourmen ready prepared. Varnishing should be done in a room that is perfectly free from draughts, and well heated. The varnish is laid on with a brush, and the worker must not go over the same spot twice, nor leave streaky lines on the surface. Three coats of varnish are generally given, but all the coats must be thoroughly dry before recommencing work.

M. E. M.—The plate for a good engraving is produced by hand-labour, and an artist copies the picture, transfers the outline to a finely-burnished plate of copper, and cuts the lines and shadings, with engravers' tools, deeply into the copper. The excellence of the work depends upon the beauty of these lines—their depth, and feeling for light and shade.

Jeanie.—Write to the secretary of the Artists' Guild, office, Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, S.W., where instruction is given in fan-painting on any material—in satin, silk, or velvet.

Une Parisienne.—We are gratified by your partiality for our magazine, and that of your friends. You express yourself very well in English, and you write a very neat little hand, and very legible.

Silhouette.—1. We cannot furnish you with any addresses where you are "certain to obtain orders" for "silhouette painting" on terra-cotta plates. Most dealers have their own staff of work-people, and will not employ outside labour. But, if you took your work to large firms, and if it were good, they might sell it on commission.—2. Church embroidery orders can be obtained from church furnishers, if the work be extremely good; otherwise they will not look at it, as now it is so beautifully done at Protestant sisterhoods, the supply exceeds the demand. Can you not apply to clergymen privately through friends.

COOKERY.

Prissie.—1. To make horseradish sauce, grate the horseradish root very finely, add a pinch of salt, and about a tablespoonful of vinegar, just as much as will moisten the whole; stir in two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, mixing it carefully. It should be quite smooth. Serve cold.—2. Your writing promises well.

Bijou.—For "cheese-fingers," mix three ounces of grated cheese, three ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a seasoning of salt and cayenne, to a paste with a little milk; it should be rather stiff. Roll out and cut into strips, and bake on a tin in a brisk oven for five minutes, to a very light brown.

M. B. and Professor would find chocolate and "Turkish delight" far too difficult to make for themselves. They would be able to buy both sweetmeats for much less money, probably, than it would cost to make them at home.

Muriel.—See the recipe for "doughnuts," in the paper "Afternoon Tea Dainties, in "G.O.P." for April 6th, 1895, p. 429.

Charlie's Aunt.—1. You ask a question of too comprehensive a character for our short answers. 2. Yes; the bride always puts the knife into the bride-cake first.

A Girl of Athens (Vienna).—To make a gingerbread cake you will require one pound and a half of flour, one pound of treacle, half a pound of butter or lard, quarter of a pound of peel (candied citron, orange, or lemon), half a pound of sugar, three eggs, one gill of milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and one ounce and a half of ground ginger. Pass the flour and ginger through a sieve into a basin; shred the candied peel and add it; dissolve the butter, treacle, and sugar in a stewpan. Beat up the eggs in a small basin, and lastly, add the milk to them. Then mix the flour with the treacle and eggs (the whole of the ingredients) and beat all well together; turn the mixture into a greased cake-tin and bake for two hours and a half.

Aggie.—You would find making a wedding-cake somewhat tiresome and expensive. We should recommend you to buy one at a good confectioner's.

Eliz. H. Le Kent.—1. To make "mayonnaise sauce" without oil, place in a basin the yolk of an egg, add to it one teaspoonful of flour of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and some pepper; mix all this smoothly, with half a pint of cream; then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and mix well. Finally (with a whisk) beat this till it is stiff; then throw it over the salmon. 2. "G.O.P.," September 14th, 1889, p. 799.

F. W.—We do not quite understand what you mean by "Easter cake," but repeat a recipe for "simnel cake," given some years ago. Beat a pound of butter to a cream; add the whites of six eggs, beaten to a froth, and the yolks, also well beaten, ten ounces of powdered sugar, from one to ten ounces of currants, one pound of flour, five ounces of candied citron, and three ounces of candied lemon cut into thin pieces, five ounces of almonds, blanched and pounded, grated nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, and a little salt. It will take some time to beat in these ingredients separately. Make a paste of flour and water, and roll it out; fill with the mixture, and tie it up in a cloth like a pudding. Boil for three hours; then take off the fire, remove the cloth, and, after brushing over with egg, bake in a slow oven till the crust be hard.

Daffodil.—1. We cannot tell you of any school in Dublin such as that for which you ask.—2. Will this recipe do? Jam roll:—Two eggs, the weight of one in flour, and a quarter of a pound of fine white sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs well, mix in the sugar carefully, beat the whites to a stiff froth, and mix in lightly; then add the flour by degrees, beating well all the time. Grease a square tin, put in the mixture, and bake in a quick oven from ten to fifteen minutes; turn out quickly and carefully upon the pastry-board, which should be sprinkled with sugar; spread jam on it, and roll up. It must be quickly rolled, and not too much baked, or it will be stiff, and break.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memory.—No, you could not contribute to the Working-Girl Competition, being a teacher of music. We intend having a competition for professional girls only, and you can help in that when it is announced.

Blanche.—1. The Queen has no surname.—2. July 2nd, 1875, was a Friday.

Christabel Moore.—Many people are incapable of any feeling of romance, and of falling in love, as a romantic infatuation is called; but they can feel a sincere attachment, and a strong preference for one person above another. This, if the object be thoroughly worthy, and entertaining a similar feeling in return, may suffice to render a marriage happy to them, although quite inadequate for one differently constituted. Under the circumstances you name, and with your parents' consent, there could be nothing wrong in permitting your admirer to continue his attentions.

No Signature.—Wishing to help one in much distress, but who neglects to give a name, we take chance for her reading our reply. She is in a very morbid, unhealthy state of mind. The arch-enemy of mankind is tormenting a naturally sensitive conscience. Let her pray for sound judgment, and for strength to banish all such suppositions of evil, present or in possible prospect. The dogma of intention is not to be found in the Scriptures. It is not a Christian doctrine. Ask your Heavenly Father for His grace, for pardon of all sin through the Blood of the Covenant, and the merits of your Redeemer, and remember that "His blood cleanseth us from all sin," and that "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him."

Daisy.—1. The word "humbug" had its origin in the issues of base coin in Ireland; the worst and most worthless kind was produced at the Dublin Mint by James II., and William III. had an issue of coin quite as bad of a soft mixed metal called by the Irish "uim bog," and pronounced "oombug," meaning worthless money, of mere nominal value like paper-money; so people used to say of what was rubbish, "that's a piece of 'oombug.'" Now the term is of universal application to all kinds of imposition, in statements as well as in substance.—2. We cannot recommend you to raise silk from silkworms, as small quantities find no sale.

Amateur Gardener.—All insects are not injurious to plant life; on the contrary, the "ladybirds" of which you complain are most useful. They destroy every species of *aphis*. Crops and flowers, especially rose-trees, are attacked by the *aphides*, otherwise called "blight." In the hop districts and in fruit and flower farms, ladybirds are invaluable, as they are altogether carnivorous and devour the enemies of our crops. The *ichneumon* likewise destroys all species of the *coleoptera*, caterpillars and clover weevil, and so save the cabbage and turnip crops.

Iphis.—There are homes for governesses at the following places. Oakley Street Flats, Oakley Street, Chelsea, Miss O'Regan, from 4s. upwards weekly. "St. Mary's Home," 128 Clarendon Street, Paddington, sister in charge, at 15s. "Home for Unemployed Governesses," 16, St. Stephen's Square, Westbourne Park. "Governesses Home," 47, Harley Street, 15s., admission by ladies and committee. There are many others, including some for foreigners.

Crossley.—The 6th February, 1869, was a Saturday. The seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords is called "the Woolsack," and has its origin from the time of Queen Elizabeth. An Act of Parliament was then passed to prevent the exportation of wool; and in order to keep this law, in regard to a great source of our national wealth, woolsacks were placed in the Upper House as seats, instead of chairs, for the judges, as may be seen represented in some old engravings.

A. B. C.—It is said that amongst the healthiest localities in the world, New Zealand and Tasmania rank very high, at all events in our own colonies, the death-rate amounting to no more than between eleven and twelve per thousand. Infant mortality is particularly low in Tasmania.

RECIPES FOR AUGUST.

Nasturtium Seeds.—The seeds of the nasturtium plant, which we gather this month, are excellent as a substitute for capers, or as an addition to other pickles. Gather them while they are young and green, let them soak in cold water with salt until the next day. Dry them, put them into glass bottles and cover them entirely with boiling vinegar. An ounce of salt, a dozen peppercorns, and a few leaves of tarragon should be put into each pint of vinegar. Cork up tightly at once, and keep in a cool dry place. If the bottles are held in a basin of boiling water while filling them, there is no need to fear their cracking.

Mushrooms are ripe for those who can seek them in the fields and on waste lands. They should be eaten whilst fresh, or not at all. The objection urged by many people against mushrooms is that there are so many poisonous ones, but this is not an objection that deters a great number from enjoying those which are good. Dr. Badham, a great authority on fungi, enumerates no less than forty-eight species of mushroom, all of which are good to eat. A great deal depends upon the place in which they grow; those which grow in woods or shady places are generally unwholesome, also those which grow in tufts on the trunks and stumps of trees. If doubtful about them, an easy way of detecting the presence of poisonous fungi is to hold a silver spoon, or drop an onion into the pan while they are stewing. If there are any poisonous ones there the spoon will immediately on being taken out turn a dark or black colour, so will the onion. If, on the contrary, these keep their natural colour and appearance there is nothing to fear.

Broiled Mushrooms.—Remove the stalks, peel, and dip each one (the large flap mushrooms are the best for the purpose) into a marinade of oil, pepper and salt, lay them on a gridiron if they are firm enough, and broil over a clear fire. It is easier to set them on a tin and cook in a quick oven, and quite as nice in result. Serve on a hot dish, with a squeeze of lemon-juice and a piece of butter on each one.

Dried Mushrooms will be found very useful when fresh ones are not to be had. For drying use the white or button mushrooms, lay them out separately on sheets of white paper, and let them dry in the oven or on the top of the range. They will shrivel up, but only require to be laid in cold gravy or stock, and warmed up slowly to make them swell to their original size.

The large dark mushrooms make a powder, if dried slowly and then rubbed through a sieve. Store in a canister. A pinch of this powder is an immense improvement to stews, hashes, etc.

There are many other ways of using this free harvest of the pastures; while they are in season it is a great pity not to avail ourselves of them.

Poached Eggs with Mushrooms make a variation, and also make this dish a little more substantial. Lay the eggs like snowballs lightly on the top of each square of toast that is mushroom-covered.

Mushrooms on Toast.—A breakfast dish. Peel, and place them in a stewpan with a little butter, a sprinkling of flour, pepper and salt, and a very little water. Cover up and set in a corner of the oven, and cook for twenty or thirty minutes. Have ready meanwhile a slice of fried bread or buttered toast, pour the mushrooms over it, and serve very hot at once. A spoonful of vinegar will make them more piquant.

Mushroom Sauce for boiled fowls.—Use button or white mushrooms for this; scald them, then mince small, and cook in a little butter until tender, but do not let them colour. Turn into half-a-pint (or more) of good white sauce, add lemon-juice to make it piquant, and serve hot, poured over boiled fowls.

Housewife's Cream.—Rub the yellow rind of a fresh lemon upon a dozen lumps of sugar. Crush the sugar and stir it into a half-a-pint of thick cream. Strain the juice also carefully into the cream and whisk until it grows thick. Serve in custard-glasses, and keep in a cold place until required. Serve these with a *compôte* of plums or peaches.

Golden Pudding.—Shred and chop very finely four ounces of fresh beef-suet, add six ounces of fine white breadcrumbs, three ounces of orange marmalade and the same of castor sugar. Beat three eggs, mix the ingredients with these without milk. Let the mixture remain a few hours, then put into a buttered pudding-basin, tie down with white paper, and boil or steam for three hours. Turn out and serve with custard sauce.

General Satisfaction Pudding.—Make a custard by mixing a tablespoonful of cornflour with two of new milk, pour on to this half-a-pint of boiling milk flavoured with lemon-rind; add two spoonfuls of castor sugar and an ounce of sweet butter, also the yolks of two eggs. Line the edge of a pie-dish with light pastry, and ornament. Three-parts fill it with sponge-biscuits spread with jam or jelly. Pour the custard over them, and bake in a moderate oven. When nicely cooked whip the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth with a little more sugar, pile on the top of the pudding and return it to the oven just to set the *méringue*. Serve either hot or cold.

Sweet Pickled Plums, Peaches, etc.—Prick the plums or damsons (or tomatoes), put them in a preserving-pan, with alternate layers of fruit and sugar; add vinegar enough to just barely cover, bring slowly to a boil, boil five minutes. A few cloves and a morsel of stick-cinnamon should be put into the vinegar. Take the plums out with a perforated ladle, spread them on dishes to cool. Boil the syrup a little longer, pack the fruit into glass jars, and pour the syrup on while boiling-hot.

Cherry-tomatoes are particularly good put up in this way—they should not lose their shape.

Invalid's Cutlet.—A cutlet should be cut from the loin or best end of neck of well-grown mutton. Trim off all fat, make into a nice shape; lay in a stewpan with just enough water to cover it. Stew gently for at least thirty minutes; remove all fat, and add to the gravy a half-teaspoonful of celery-salt, a good pinch of pepper, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and pour over the cutlet on a hot plate. Serve a light vegetable with it, or some whipped potato if liked.

Pickled Mushrooms.—Use the smallest white ones or button mushrooms, peel them, removing the stalk, throw them into boiling salted water; as soon as tender lift them out and drain on a cloth. Boil vinegar according to the quantity of mushrooms, allowing enough to well cover them. Add peppercorns and a little spice; pour over the mushrooms while hot, and cover the jars when cold.

Pickled Cabbage.—Take off any superfluous leaves and the greater part of the white root. Quarter the cabbage, and then with a sharp knife shred it finely on to a dish with a perforated bottom. Sprinkle alternately handfuls of coarse salt and layers of cabbage. Set in a cold place for twenty-four hours. Drain off the brine and lay the cabbage out in the sun for awhile. In the meantime prepare the vinegar. To every pint of clear brown vinegar allow an ounce of rase ginger, a dozen Jamaica peppercorns, a teaspoonful of black pepper and a few cloves. Boil these together for five minutes, pack the cabbage into jars, pour the vinegar over it whilst boiling hot.

This will be ripe in four weeks' time.

Poor Man's Galette.—A nice breakfast-cake. Rub an ounce of clarified beef-dripping into half-a-pound of flour, with also a small teaspoonful of baking-powder and the same of salt. Mix with milk to a dough, roll out to an inch thick, brush over with milk and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. Split, butter, and eat whilst hot.

Pickled Cucumber.—Pare some cucumbers and cut them down and across, then into inch-lengths. To a quart of vinegar allow a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ginger, one of celery seed, one of black pepper, a pinch of mace and a few cloves; add a few shalots and two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. Boil the vinegar well, then strain it, put in the cucumbers and stew gently for two hours. This is ready to eat as soon as it is cold.

Candied Plums.—Boil a pound of lump-sugar with a very small teacupful of water until quite a thick syrup. Drop the plums into this after previously pricking them with a fork, let them simmer very gently for at least an hour; lift out carefully and dry them in the sun, then coat each one with powdered sugar, and arrange them on a glass dish.

LUCY H. YATES.

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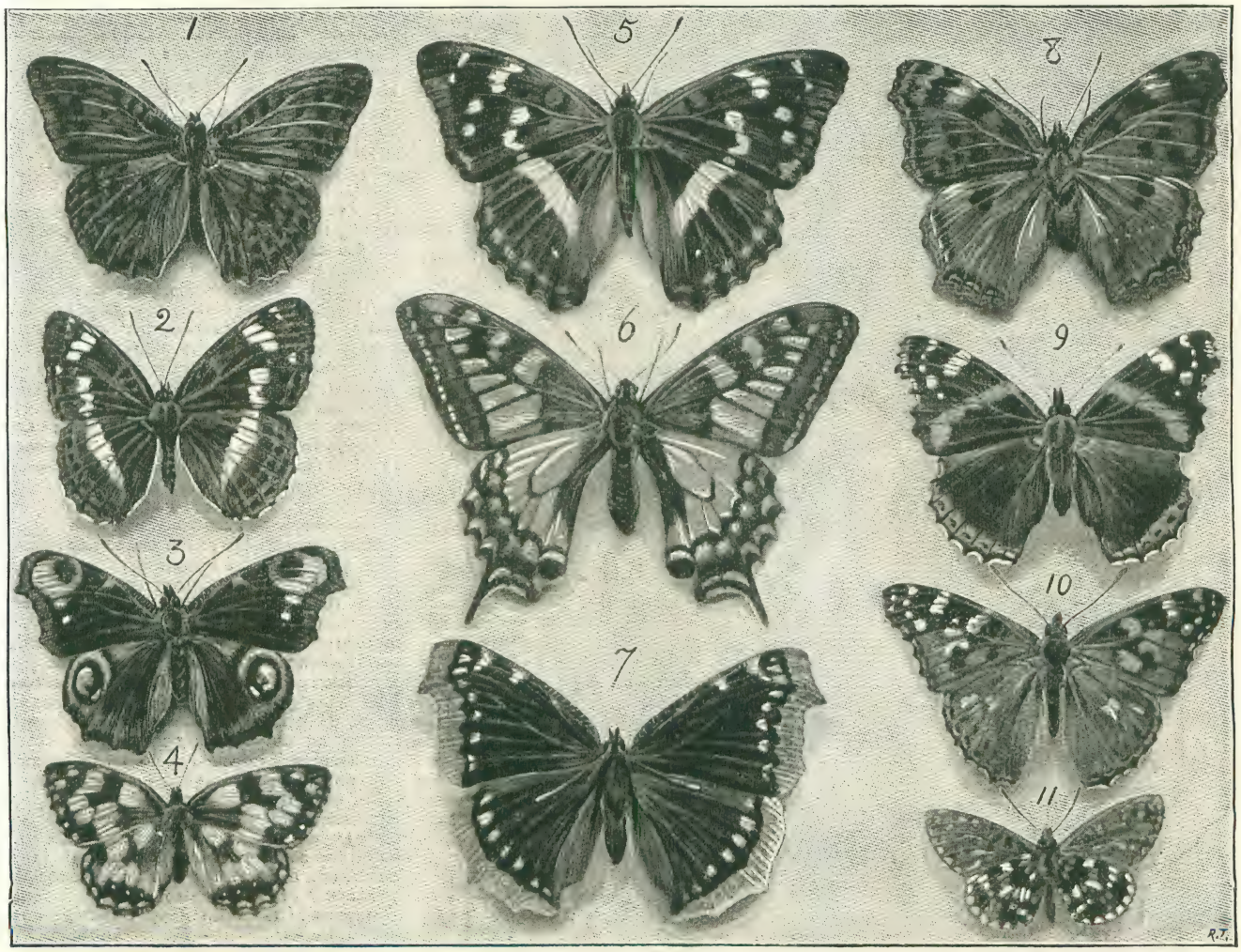
THE STUDY OF BUTTERFLIES.



1. FRITILLARY. 2. WHITE ADMIRAL. 3. PEACOCK. 4. MARBLE WHITE. 5. PURPLE EMPEROR. 6. SWALLOW-TAIL. 7. CAMBERWELL BEAUTY. 8. TORTOISESHELL. 9. RED ADMIRAL. 10. PAINTED LADY. 11. SILVER WASHED FRITILLARY (UNDER WINGS).

(*From specimens bred in the Insect House in the Zoological Gardens.*)

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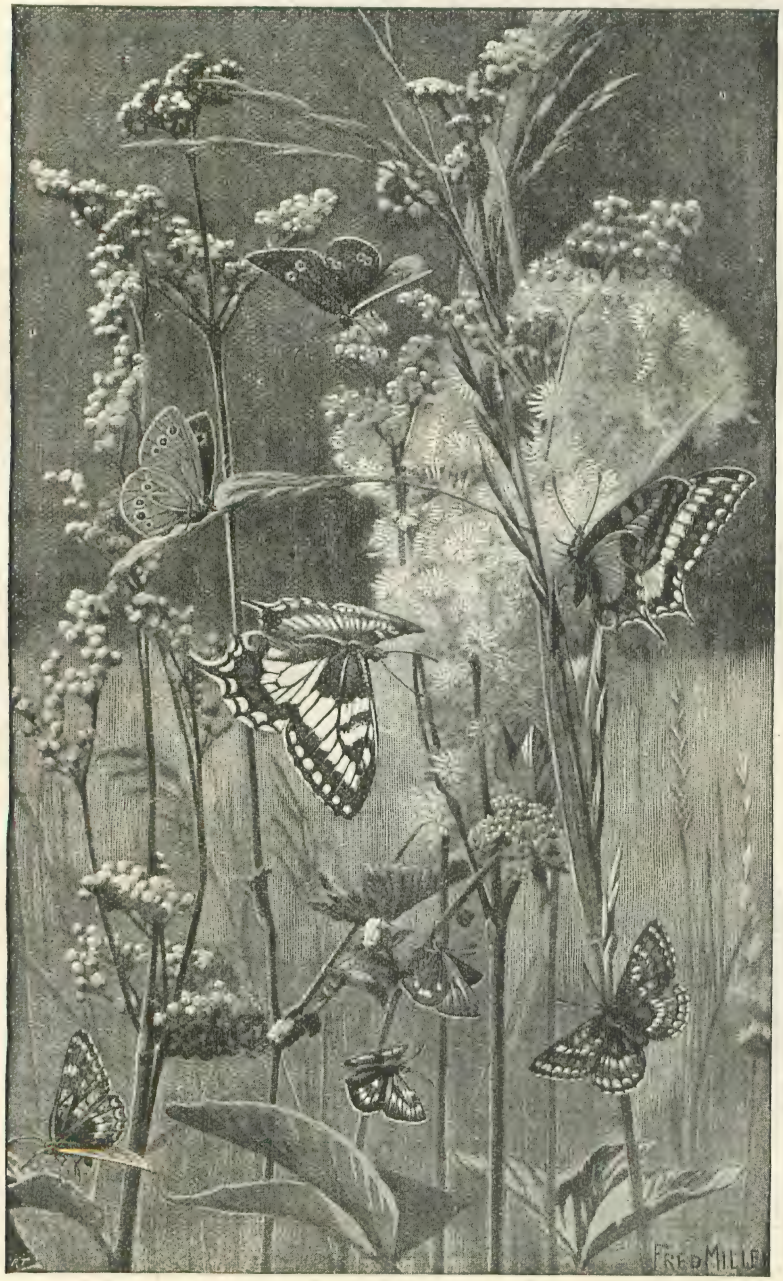
PART I.

"The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His proud outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,
His glorious colours and his glistening eye."—*Spenser.*

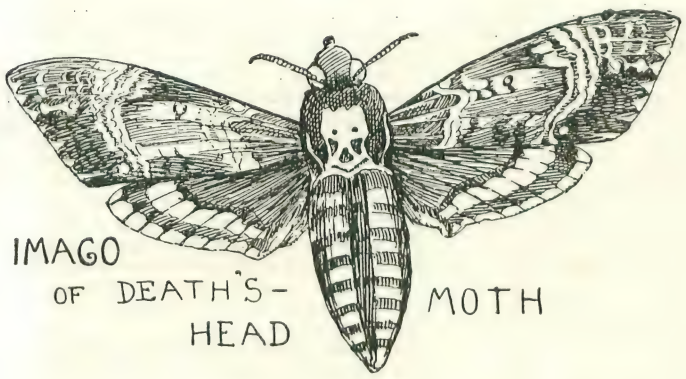
THE study of insects, especially our native butterflies, is one more easily followed than many other branches of natural history, because specimens are procured at little or no cost, so that a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER could, during one season, collect a large number of specimens of both "day" and "night"-flying butterflies, or moths as we usually call the latter, though the distinction between these two groups of insects is a purely arbitrary one. If I were to ask my readers, can you tell a moth from a butterfly, they would most probably answer promptly "of course." And I daresay they could in a good many cases, for they would take some very familiar butterfly such as the red admiral and compare it to an emphatic-looking moth as, say, the death's head, the largest specimen of the lepidoptera in our country. (Lepidoptera is the name given to the group of insects included in the terms butterflies and moths.) But if we look down the list of butterflies in any entomological work, say that one of Kirby's, or Westwood and Humphrey's, we shall find at the end of the diurnal insects or day-fliers some eight known as skippers, and called *Hesperidæ*, insects which partake of the characters of the day and night-fliers. They have the clubbed antennæ (those two projecting feelers which stick out in front of the head) which roughly speaking indicates the butterfly, though these if examined are found to be hooked at the end, and yet their bodies are thick and hairy and just like a moth in general build. Also as a further link the caterpillar has the habit of enclosing itself in a curled-up leaf, which is the habit of moth larvæ. These skippers are indeed a link between the two groups which we commonly call butterflies and moths, and whatever branch of natural history we take up we shall find that the arbitrary divisions which were made when knowledge was very limited (because so much less was known about the subject of natural history in all parts of the world), cannot be upheld as our facts increase and our observation widens. To make this clearer we have only to refer to exotic lepidoptera to see how difficult is this classification into butterflies and moths. There are two groups of more or less gaily-coloured insects, which fly in the bright sunshine called uranias and castnias, which were long classed as butterflies, but which are now shifted into the second division or moths. The former look not unlike a papilio (swallow-tail), and are beautifully coloured, black bands running across the wings which are of a metallic emerald blue. The antennæ are clubbed not plumose (or feathery), and altogether the observer is confronted with one of the constantly occurring difficulties in classification. I can hear some reader saying, "Why all this bother about names; what does it matter?" Order is as necessary here as in your drawers or desk. If you are wanting in method in your everyday affairs see what a waste of time ensues. Your editor, for instance, who has hundreds of articles to look through to select from and keep by him until wanted, if he hadn't a series of pigeon-holes in his desk into which he placed his papers in some intelligible order so that he can put his hand upon any one without delay would spend his time and energy in looking for things instead of doing things. I think this simple illustration will bring home to my readers the equal importance of the pigeon-hole system with insects, the number of which is computed at two millions, out of which we know up to the present time some two hundred and seventy thousand! of which twelve thousand are found in our own country. I have been working to obtain the matter for these papers partly in the Zoo insect-house, and partly in the Hope Museum of Entomology at Oxford, and you can only value a perfectly orderly arrangement when you are obtaining information about particular specimens where many thousands are stored, and though of course the wranglings of scientific men among themselves as to minute points in classification does not concern us here it is necessary, as a don said to me, "for us here in Oxford to be absolutely accurate (or as nearly so as human infirmity allows) in order that the general accuracy in the world may be maintained at a high level."



MEADOW-SWEET. SWALLOW-TAIL, RINGLET, GREASY FRITILLARY, AND SKIPPER.

In no department of life has nature shown such prodigality of invention as in insects. What a wide range of form and colouring there is in the lepidoptera of our own country, between the swallow-tail butterfly to the plume moth whose wings look like separate feathers, and the bee moth, hardly like a moth you will say. Their enormous number evidences this, for besides butterflies and moths called lepidoptera we have beetles or *Coleoptera*, flies or *Diptera*, locusts or *Orthoptera*, and so on. These orders are again divided up into families and split up still further into sub-families.

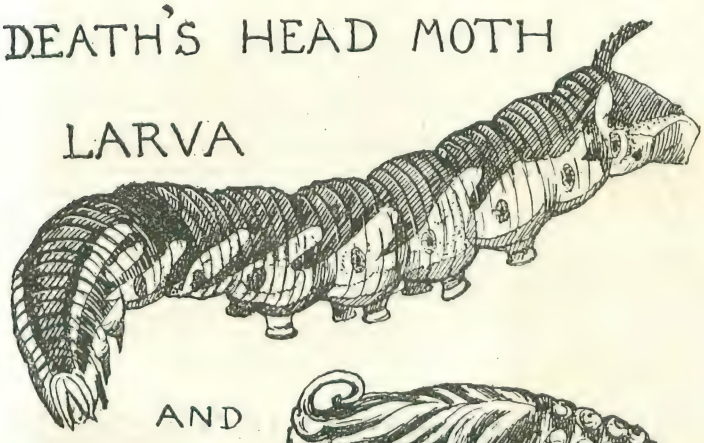
To obtain a complete collection of the lepidoptera of this country would be an undertaking of some magnitude, for while the butterflies alone number some sixty-seven the moths are between two and three thousand, and many of these are so exceedingly rare, that even in the magnificent collection presented to the Natural History Museum by Lord Walsingham, their collector, several spaces are at present blank, waiting for the capture of the absent ones. This collection, which is accessible to the general public and



IMAGO OF DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH

DEATH'S HEAD MOTH

LARVA



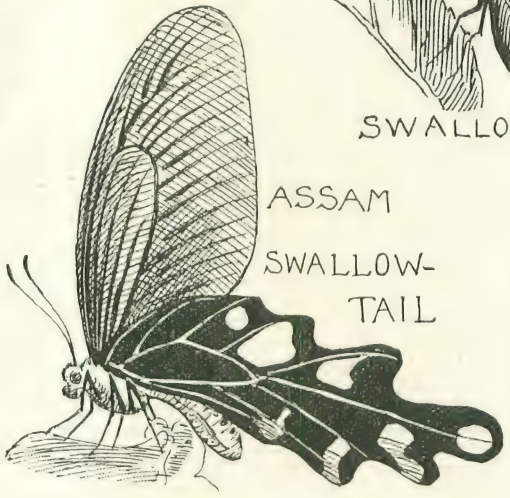
BEE MOTH

CURIUS

AND PUPA

SWALLOW-TAILS AT REST

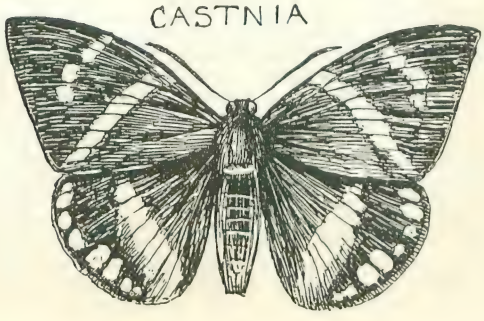
URANIA

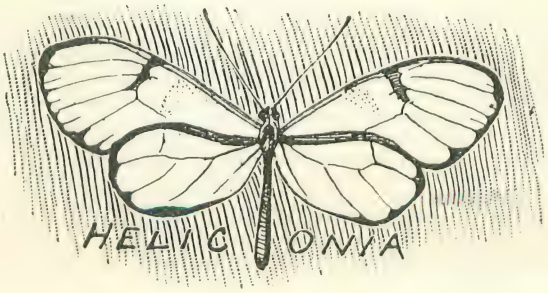


ASSAM SWALLOW-TAIL

OAK-LAPPET MOTH AT REST

CASTNIA





HELICONIA

includes all the English butterflies, shows in the majority of species the larva or caterpillar state, the plant upon which it feeds, the pupa or chrysalis state, and the imago or perfect insect, and is a munificent bequest to the nation.

It is just the collection for the tyro to refer to, for many of the best specimens are reared from the larva or pupa state, and by collecting either of these and keeping them until the imago appears, and killing this as soon as its wings are fully developed you obtain insects without blemish, for the scales or powder covering the wings giving it colour and pattern are easily brushed off, and the insect in the act of flying about and knocking itself against flowers and plants soon loses some of its feathers, and it is just these feathers which make a fine insect.

With such an enormous number of insects to deal with, we can see that entomology is a complex and life-long study. The late Hope Professor at Oxford, T. O. Westwood, who died in 1891 at the great age of eighty-seven, had spent his life in this study, and became perhaps the most eminent entomologist of his day. He named a large number of insects which were then new to science, and his work on their classification is a classic. He began life as a solicitor, but soon abandoned the law for his favourite study of insects. When Hope died he left his entomological collection to Oxford, and founded a chair there which was first filled, and that till 1891, by T. O. Westwood, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that no one has ever had a wider knowledge of the subject than the late professor. He published many works beautifully illustrated by himself, for he was an "artist"-naturalist.

Westwood is a link between the old and new school of entomologists. He takes us back to those eminent men of the last century, Hübner, Fabricius, Linnæus, Reaumur and Drury. What a work these pioneers in natural history had to grapple with! It may be faintly illustrated by imagining yourself given many thousands of foreign stamps, and told to arrange them and give their values and the names of the countries using them, and with no works on the subject to refer to but incomplete dictionaries and an atlas.

Just for a moment ask yourself how you would decide as to the grouping say of butterflies and moths, for it is very clear that judging superficially by the eye would lead one into strange errors, as it did the entomologists of the past. Fabricius' plan was to look to their mouths for their classification, yet, as the most conspicuous organs are the wings, while the mouths are inconspicuous, we, in these days, wonder how it was that so eminent a naturalist to a great extent ignored the wings in classifying the lepidoptera, a race of winged insects. Linnæus, who had a genius for "system," divided the lepidoptera into butterflies, *papilio* or day-fliers, *sphingidæ* or twilight-fliers, and *phælana* or moths. The neuration or veining of the wings is perhaps the important feature in classifying butterflies and moths, though the stages in their metamorphosis and other anatomical characteristics are matters of great value in grouping insects.

If we dust off the colouring-matter, we find that the wings consist of a semi-transparent membrane supported upon a network of veins running more or less to a point where the wings join the body and outward to the edges of the wings. This neuration classifies butterflies into families. Thus the swallow-tail, which is at the head of the butterflies, belongs to the Papilios, and though many of the butterflies bear an outward kinship, others again are only alike in this neuration and not in colouring or shape. A glance at two exotic papilios, curius and the Assam swallow-tails, will show the variation which may occur in insects closely related. You see in attempting to classify insects some one trait which is common or persistent in all individuals is the only possible plan to adopt—a natural as opposed to an artificial system. Thus to say that all insects having clubbed antennæ are butterflies, and all having plumose are moths is a very general truth, and which in this country holds

good. Butterflies again, when at rest, close their wings, keeping them vertical, while moths on the other hand fold theirs over their backs.

If all papilios have the veins arranged on the same plan, a plan differing from all others, we have some trait common to all members of this family, whereas the shape of the wings and the colouring may be very dissimilar. Two people may have a strong resemblance facially and yet be in no way kinsfolk, and this is true of butterflies.

Butterflies are divided into five families, and in England we have representatives of them all. Their beauty is obvious. They may be likened to most brilliant pieces of winged embroidery. Endless variations of such forms as the tortoise-shell and fritillaries are found all over the world, while the painted lady appears to remain the same wherever it be found. Our butterflies are small compared to some exotic specimens, some of which measure six or seven inches from tip to tip, and we find that insect life only reaches its fullest development in countries much warmer than ours.

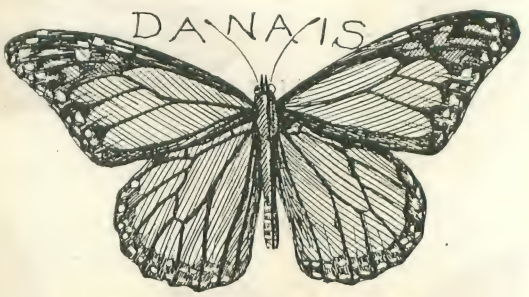
One family called heliconias differs from any of our butterflies in having perfectly transparent or gauze-like wings. They are found only in the district of the Amazons. Other butterflies again have transparent eyes and spots, a peculiarity we remarked in many of the silkworm moths. Many of our butterflies are common to the continent, while just across the channel some which are exceedingly rare with us, like the Camberwell beauty are plentiful. In any work on English butterflies there are some included which have only been taken a few times and that not for many years. The scarce swallow-tail is now never found here, and the Camberwell beauty, so named from its being taken in the past in that "village," appears also to be all but extinct, though it has been taken in numbers many years ago. Those reared in the Zoo of these two rarities in this country are from imported pupa from Germany.

It is singular, seeing how thoroughly the lepidoptera of this country has been worked, that an addition to it should have been made so recently as 1888, when Mr. F. W. Hawes, desiring to improve his series of the small skipper (*H. linea*), collected a number in Essex, and among them were three which were thought to be varieties of *linea* but which are classed as distinct under the name *lineola*.

A butterfly which has been taken on several occasions in '76, '81, '84 and '86, *Danais archippus*, is a handsome insect, a native of North America. "This butterfly I have often seen," says Doubleday, "cross the Ohio and Mississippi, where these streams were more than a mile in breadth. It is abundant even in the largest towns of the middle and northern states. Its Australian kin was found by Captain King in countless myriads on the northern coast of Australia, and is probably the species which Captain Cook saw in 1770, when he found a space of three or four acres covered by millions of them on the wing, and every twig and branch loaded with almost equal numbers at rest."

In Columbus's voyages it is mentioned that one day in June 1494 there came to the ships, then off the coast of Cuba, innumerable butterflies, so numerous that they obscured the sky and continued passing until night, when a sudden storm of rain destroyed them.

Foreign insects which have been taken here from time to time have probably been brought over in the pupa state with imported plants or produce. In some future work on the subject this Danais may be classed as British, and yet it may be many years before another is seen or taken here, for those which have been taken are evidently only stray migrants. There can be no question that many butterflies with advancing civilisation will tend to become extinct. The large copper, the glory of the fens, has not been taken for many years, and is supposed to have been destroyed when Whittlesea Mere was drained. It is now valued at £6, while forty years ago specimens



were to be had for a shilling or you could go and catch them yourself.

Another peculiarity of butterflies is the intermittent way many of them appear. The clouded yellow for instance will be strikingly plentiful in one year, and two or three years may go by with very few being seen. Various theories have been started to account for these visitations of particular butterflies. One is that the ova, like some plant seeds, may remain dormant for a long period. We know that butterfly eggs or ova have been subjected to extremes of cold without destroying their fertility, but heat on the other hand acts upon them quickly bringing out the larva, and one of the difficulties experienced in importing ova is, their liability to emerge during the journey.

Butterflies like animals and birds are subject to variation, and in any good work some of these variations are given. These variations have in some instances been so marked as to have led to their being classed under a new name. In all good collections it is usual to have a series of each species to show if possible variations in colouring and markings.

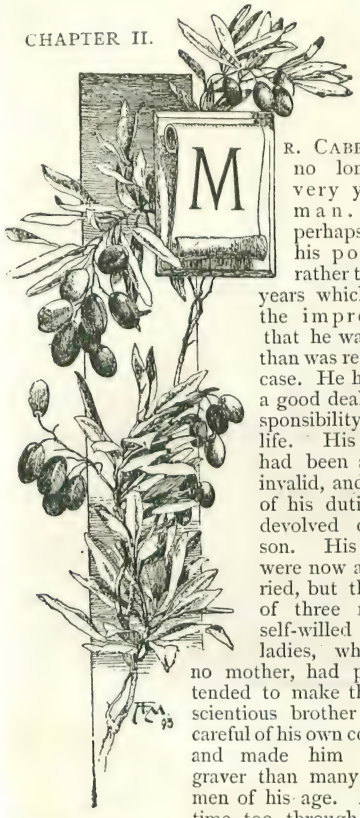
The sex again of some butterflies has led to error, for the colouring of the female in some cases would lead one to suspect a different insect altogether, so unlike are the two. Even Linnæus mistook the female of our common meadow brown for a different species. In the case of two moths, *Nyssia zonoria* and *Hybernia defoliaria*, the females are apterous or wingless.

(*To be continued.*)

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

By IDA LEMON.

CHAPTER II.



MR. CABEN was no longer a very young man. But perhaps it was his position rather than his years which gave the impression that he was older than was really the case. He had had a good deal of responsibility in his life. His father had been a great invalid, and many of his duties had devolved on the son. His sisters were now all married, but the care of three rather self-willed young ladies, who had no mother, had perhaps tended to make the conscientious brother rather careful of his own conduct, and made him appear graver than many young men of his age. At one time, too, through a mistaken action of his father's, there had been some difficult financial crisis. All had gone well eventually, but the possibility of ruin for the family had made the only son strain every nerve, and had perhaps told upon him a little.

Now his father was dead, his sisters had husbands, and he had, to use a phrase which is perhaps strictly true of no one in the world, only himself to consider. He had acquired a good deal of property, was on the school-board, was chairman of his district council, and was looked upon generally as rather a weighty person in Barleford.

People expected him to marry, but Mr. Caben did not seem likely to gratify their expectations. He was lonely at times, but not so much so but that he could fill the void by some of the many interests that occupied him. He was more fond of the society of men than of women. Like many men who have had the responsibilities of family life without its pleasures, he was apt to undervalue the happiness of marriage, and did not perhaps do justice to the young ladies he met. He had been fond of his sisters but he did not respect them. Maybe he did not understand women very well. He was apt to make too much of their little weaknesses. It was a joke among his friends that Horace Caben never talked to a woman under forty. Perhaps he was more popular with matrons than with young girls, who were wont to consider him patronising.

But men had him in high estimation. And among those who had never anything but good to say of him was Dr. Forrest.

"Papa," said Dorothy, on the evening of their little adventure, "will you tell me what Mr. Caben looks like?"

"Why this curiosity, Miss Dolly? You have often heard me speak of him before and never asked that question?"

"Oh," said Dorothy, her colour rising, "it is only that Kitty and I saw a man on one of the river meadows this morning, and we wondered if it was he?"

"Did he speak to you?" asked the doctor.

"Certainly not!" replied Miss Dorothy, with all the dignity of seventeen years. "We have never been introduced!"

"Haven't you, really? I thought you had met him when you were out with me. Do you want me to describe him? Well, he is about my size, but not quite so stout, and he has a moustache, and a big nose, and a great many freckles. That doesn't sound a fascinating picture, but Caben is a good-looking fellow in reality."

Dolly looked interrogatively at her cousin, who nodded.

"Then it was he," said Kathleen to herself, and hoped she would never meet him.

But as it happened, the allusion to the farmer reminded Dr. Forrest that there was something he wanted to ask Caben before the next board meeting, and when he was sitting in his own room after the girls had gone to bed, he wrote a note, asking him to come to dinner the next day but one.

Caben had made up his mind to post Miss Forrest's bracelet, when the doctor's letter arrived. He then concluded that it would be best to present it in person.

He was pleased at the invitation, for he admired Dr. Forrest, and in spite of the general opinion concerning him, he was glad of the opportunity of being introduced to the two young girls whose beauty had struck him even in the brief glimpse they had permitted him to obtain. He would have been surprised had he seen the perturbation into which they were thrown when Dr. Forrest announced that he was coming to dinner. He was aware that he had involuntarily driven them away from his field, but he could not be expected to realise how deeply they felt the indignity of having fled from his presence.

"I suppose we can't escape him," said Kathleen, when the doctor left them alone.

"Oh, no," replied Dorothy. "Papa will want us to help to entertain him. You will have to sing to him, Kitty."

"I shall do no such thing," said Kathleen, whose anger against the innocent offender was most unjust. And it was yet to be increased.

Mr. Caben came. He was duly introduced to the girls, who, in the capacity of hostesses, could not be other than polite, and who were too real ladies to let their uncle's guest feel uncomfortable. But their usual flow of talk was wanting, and they were certainly not so charming as they could be on occasion. No one noticed that, however. Dr. Forrest and Horace had plenty to talk about of great interest to themselves, and though the doctor was too chivalrous to omit including his daughter and his niece in the conversation, their part in it was small. However, as the meal progressed, and no allusion to the other day was made, and as they had the opportunity of observing Mr. Caben, and seeing how sensible and well-informed he was, they began to form a favourable opinion of him, and were even prepared to forgive him. Dorothy especially, to whom her father's judgment was the greatest test as to a person's merit, was soon won over, and spoke of him quite enthusiastically to Kathleen when they returned to the drawing-room. But Miss Kathleen said only "I wonder if he knows anything of my bracelet."

"Ask him," said Dorothy.

Kathleen shook her head. "We'll see if he says anything," she answered dubiously.

Now nobody could be more well-intentioned than Mr. Caben, but there are well-intentioned and excellent people who are capable of being very exasperating to impulsive and rather obstinate young girls. Kathleen, with all her high ideals and really sweet nature, was undisciplined. She was apt to do and say things she was sorry for afterwards. She herself could be aggravating at times. And as it fell out, Mr. Caben did not choose the best way in which to deal with her.

Dr. Forrest had been summoned to the consulting-room, and Horace returned alone to the drawing-room.

There was a momentary silence after Dorothy's "Isn't papa coming?" had been answered.

Horace thought to himself, "Now is the time to return the bracelet."

Had he been a wise man he would simply have left it without a word, and Miss Kathleen would have liked him out of gratitude for his consideration. As it was he felt in his waistcoat-pocket, and began with a preamble—

"I am sorry you young ladies ran away from me the other day."

Kathleen's chin went up a little.

"I should not have prosecuted you, I assure you," said Horace laughing.

Kathleen's face showed he had made a false step, and he was torn between a little nervousness at having unconsciously displeased her, and an irresistible desire to tease her for her absurd dignity.

"We did not know it was you," said the more reasonable Dorothy.

"No. Then I need not take it as showing a disbelief in my mercy to intruders. I only hope I may see you there frequently."

"Thank you," said Dorothy.

"One of you," went on Horace emboldened by Dolly's manner, but wishing that her cousin would speak too, "one of you must have dropped a bracelet, I think. I found it close to where you were."

"Oh, have you got it?" cried Dorothy. "I am glad. It is Kathleen's."

He turned to Kitty. He meant to hold out the bracelet to her. But when he caught her eyes and realised that she was in his power, the teasing desire mastered him.

"Now, Miss Forrest," he said. "As a punishment for not having paid any attention when I called to you, I shall expect you to ask for your bracelet."

It was not so much his words as his manner which incensed Kathleen. As she afterwards said to Dolly, "He treated me as if I were a child," to which, had he heard it, Horace would have answered, "You behaved like one." Indeed, at the minute, she did seem merely a child to him, who had had the control of girls three or four years her senior. But Kathleen had other and higher moods, which he had yet to learn.

"I shall expect you to ask for your bracelet," said Mr. Caben.

"That," said Kathleen, "I shall never do."

Mr. Caben looked surprised. "Oh," he said. "In that case am I to keep it?"

"Let me have it, Mr. Caben," said Dorothy.

"No," said Kitty, half laughing, half in earnest, "I forbid it, Dolly."

"My cousin," said Dorothy to Horace, "is very obstinate."

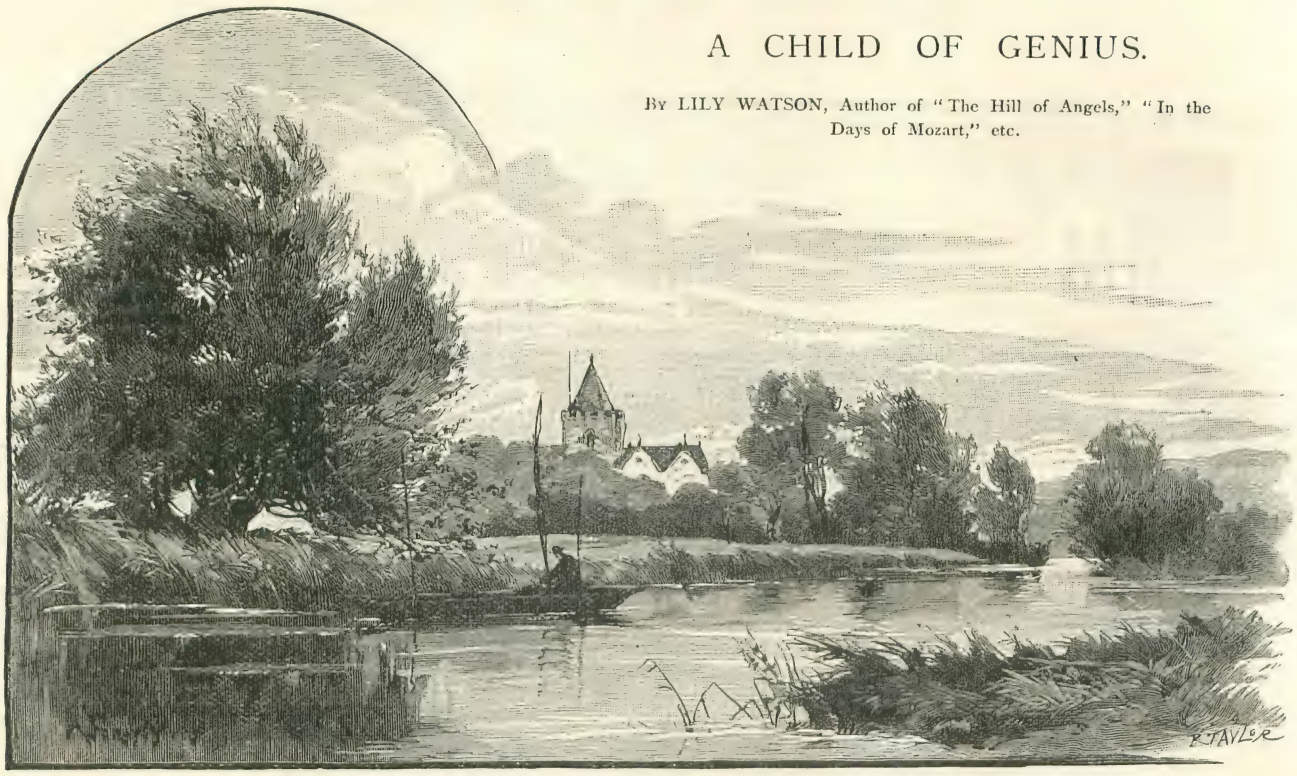
"Evidently," said Horace; "and so am I. Miss Forrest shall have her bracelet when she asks for it, however. I have no intention of being dishonest."

When he said that, he had no idea how long Kathleen would leave the bracelet in his keeping, or he would not have made terms. But, as he said, he too could be obstinate.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.



CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER tea, the two girls retired to Mary's peculiar sanctum at the very top of the house; a little garret, which had been converted with much ingenuity into a miniature studio. A skylight and another window gave abundant light; a small oil stove afforded heat enough to make the room tolerably comfortable on the chill spring evening. An easel, a table, a couple of rickety chairs, constituted the chief part of the furniture. It was plain and poverty-stricken in the last degree, but its owner regarded it with boundless pride.

"Tell me now what the favour is you wanted to ask of me," urged Katharine, sitting gingerly down on one of the chairs.

"Soon I will," said Mary, "but first, don't you want to know something more about us?"

Katharine confessed to a large share of interest and curiosity.

"Well then," said Mary, "you have perhaps guessed already that my father is a literary man."

"How interesting! What does he write? Where do his things come out?" cried Katharine, impressed to find she had been *tête-à-tête* with greatness unawares. "What is his *nom de plume?*"

"Oh, he has not one," responded Mary, looking a little nonplussed. "And he has not as yet done very much. It is so hard, he says, to find one's true vocation. He has written part of a novel, but has laid it aside just now, because, he says, he felt the spring bade him express himself in poetry. So he is writing a series of sonnets. He has written some articles in magazines; but, he says, that is such ephemeral work, he cannot bind himself to it. He has some friends in the literary world.

"You know it is very hard for a genius, as I am sure my father is, to hawk his productions round to editors. He says that he could produce so much better work, if he only had not to think about money.

"You must have seen already that we are very poor. We used to be well off once; but father was unfortunate in money matters. Poor dear father! he does not understand much about business, I am afraid. So we left our pretty home in Hampshire, and came up here, that father might be near his London friends. It is my one desire to get on with my work and become a great artist, or at least earn enough to make my mother and father more comfortable. Then he need not be trammelled, and his genius could have full play."

Mary sighed so bitterly that Katharine made haste to comfort her.

"You are sure to get on; everyone says you have such talent."

"Well, you see, I want to go now to the Slade School, and afterwards to Italy for a year or two—but money, money! oh dear!

"However, I don't know why I run on like this. You are the only girl I have ever told our affairs to," said Mary. "I thought somehow you would be interested in us."

Katharine felt a great rush of affectionate sympathy, and looked at her friend with tear-filled eyes.

"And now I can tell you my request," said Mary bashfully. "I want you to let me paint you."

"Paint *me?*"

"Yes! your hair has just the ruddy colour I want to get. Only if it will take up too much of your time you must tell me," Mary added, with a return to shyness.

Katharine's heart swelled with pride and delight. Of course she would be only too much overjoyed. Time! oh, that could be arranged. She was very busy with her music certainly, but she would get up early; she could come on Saturday afternoons, she would settle it all with her aunt.

Now that this mighty matter was decided, the two girls waxed more and more confidential. A favourite theme of Mary Percival's was her father's genius.

"Of course you would see at once that he is no ordinary man," she said.

Katharine could truthfully acquiesce.

"Does not he talk beautifully?" asked the loyal daughter. "And it was not put on because you were here. He always speaks in that poetic, charming way. It is terrible for anyone of such a nature to have to live like this. He could so thoroughly appreciate beautiful surroundings. And yet he is almost always cheerful! always so kind and courteous to mother and myself."

A step was heard slowly ascending the stairs, and the hero of this eulogium tapped at the door.

"Am I to have no more music?" he asked plaintively as he entered. "Well, and what do you think of my poor Mary's studio, Miss Lovell?" He glanced pityingly around. "I think I should change the aspect of the place did I make it my artistic home; and yet if she is contented, why disturb her? Good, dear, industrious child!"

He patted Mary's cheek as they descended to the front sitting-room. The more Katharine saw of the house, the

more clearly did she perceive that every article of beauty or luxury the place possessed had been collected and crowded into its master's study. The bareness of every other room was poverty-stricken in the extreme. Mr. Percival evidently reigned in his "workshop" as sole occupant, and only admitted the others as a matter of favour. They were both there to-night, and Katharine played to them to her heart's content. Mrs. Percival sat quietly with her sewing, a look of rest stealing over her worn face.

"Do you know any Scotch melodies, dear?" she inquired timidly, when a pause came.

"My darling Jean! the music we have just been hearing is of an altogether different stamp!" said Mr. Percival pityingly. Mrs. Percival coloured.

"Of course I do!" cried Katharine eagerly, anxious to please her gentle hostess. She began at once and went on through many a sweet, plaintive air: "The Banks of Allan Water," "Hunting-tower," "The Land o' the Leal," and so forth. Mr. Percival sat with a smile of condescension; after the intricate strains of Grieg, Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt, this was indeed infantile! But Mrs. Percival seemed to enjoy it.

"I am Scotch by extraction," she said apologetically, as she thanked Katharine. Mr. Percival at that moment remembered he had not reclaimed his daffodils, and went to fetch them.

"Yes; my name is Mary Gordon, after mother's family," said Mary.

"Gordon? Oh, I wonder if you know my friend Douglas? Douglas Gordon?" cried Katharine.

"Douglas Gordon of Craigentulloch? Why, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival, flushing scarlet. "The Laird is my brother; Douglas is my nephew; his parents are dead, and——"

"Hush!" breathed Mary, as her father returned.

This was indeed a delightful coincidence. Katharine burned with anxiety to pursue it into all its details, but the subject was evidently a dangerous one. For the rest of the evening Mr. Percival—having lighted an antique silver lamp and arranged its yellow shade with much care and pride—entertained his guest by taking down one and another volume, chiefly of poetry, from his shelves, reading a line or two here and there, and discoursing on the meaning and beauty therein contained. It was very charming, and might have been very profitable, but Katharine was glad when, after sandwiches and lemonade, she could escape upstairs to put on her hat, and hear more.

"Yes, Douglas Gordon is really my cousin, mother's nephew, but we never meet," hurriedly uttered Mary. "The Laird, Mr. Gordon, my Uncle Andrew, was very angry with poor father about money—I can't explain it all now—and of course mother could not hear father blamed, so it has made a breach; but I am afraid mother feels it. How do you know him?"

"Know him? Why, he is living in my mother's house at Belle-Rive," and hereupon began a long recital of all the story of Douglas Gordon and his connection with the Professor's household. Mary listened in absorbed interest, and the tale was only cut short by the sudden apparition of the Lovell carriage—much too big for the terrace. All family communication had evidently been stopped, so neither Mary nor her mother knew that Douglas had gone to Switzerland. The coincidence seemed most wonderful to both the girls; and yet such coincidences are frequent in the tangled maze of life.

"I knew there was some reason why we should be friends!" cried Katharine, again and again in her delight; and she flew to relate the whole wonderful story to her aunt, uncle and cousin.

"I should think the man is a scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Lovell, as he heard Katharine's description of her host.

"Oh, no, uncle!" cried she. "I did not mean to give that idea at all; he is very clever and poetical, and talks beautifully, and Mrs. Percival and Mary adore him."

"More fools they!" muttered Mr. Lovell. But he did not refuse permission to Katharine's sitting for her portrait, provided her music and other studies did not suffer.

This was the beginning of one of those friendships from which girls derive such happiness. Katharine's love for Mary was fed by pity, strengthened by admiration for her artistic talent and respect for her courage. Mary, frail and inclined to timidity, adored Katharine's abounding vitality, vigorous health, frank enthusiasm and impetuosity. Dissimilar as they were, they suited each other admirably. It must be confessed that Katharine's adoration of Nora, though she was still affectionate, suffered considerable abatement. Nora had felt it tiresome while it was in its heyday of vigour, and yet did not like its abrupt diminution, nor care very much for the source of it. However, in her usual conscientious way she strove to be "good" about it, only warning Katharine in plain terms that she must mind what she was doing.

"It will be very unkind if you run after that poor lame girl, and make her think she is all the world to you, then toss her aside like an old glove," she observed didactically. "If you mean to do anything of that kind, I hope you will pull up while there is time."

"I shall never change," cried Katharine ardently.

"Well, I hope not, for Miss Percival's sake," said Nora.

The two girls spent hours together up in the "studio" at No. 26, Laburnum Terrace. Mr. Percival seemed always "busy" in his picturesque study, though more often than not Katharine saw him through the front window reclining with a book in his easy chair. Mrs. Percival made no pretence of artistic or literary powers of appreciation, but toiled after her ignorant young servant most of the day, striving to keep the *ménage*, on an insufficient income, in a condition not too far below her lord and master's requirements. It never seemed to enter the head of either mother or daughter that it was not the fittest state of things for them to offer up their lives at his shrine. Perhaps Mrs. Percival would also have enjoyed the leisurely reading of prose and poetry, as well as pretty things about her; but the very thought would have been deemed treachery. Hers it was to sacrifice all the powers of her being to the daily household domesticities.

Occasionally Mr. Percival appeared to earn a couple of guineas by an article in some minor periodical. Great joy was always excited in the family by such an occurrence, which was never kept secret from Katharine. Literary fame and fortune were regarded as well within reach. "Dear Ambrose is beginning to be appreciated," Mrs. Percival would say with pathetic joy. There was, however, generally some book to be bought, or some small decorative expenditure to be made, which materially lessened the benefit to the household of such a windfall.

The portrait was advancing apace. It was small and unpretentious, but even Katharine could see that Mary had real talent. One day, the artist surprised her sitter by a very odd question.

"Should you mind being 'The Fair One with Golden Locks?'"

"What on earth do you mean, Mary? Have you taken leave of your senses?" demanded Katharine.

Then the mighty secret came out. Mary had actually got an order for illustrations to a fairy-tale book; one of the thin flat kind with gay covers, sold for sixpence or a shilling, and usually conveying the idea of being printed in Germany. The story she had to illustrate was "The Fair One with Golden Locks," and she thought that Katharine's red gold hair and bright complexion would adorn her heroine's presentment.

Katharine consented instantly, and congratulated her friend in the warmest terms on such an advance in life.

"Father thinks it is a little derogatory; but he is very sweet about it, and I am to do as I like," Mary said wistfully. "After all, I am only too glad to feel that I can earn something."

"I should think so!" cried Katharine; and the artistic work went on merrily through the spring days.

(To be continued.)

THE SAILOR'S WIFE AND CHILD.

ACROSS THE SEA.

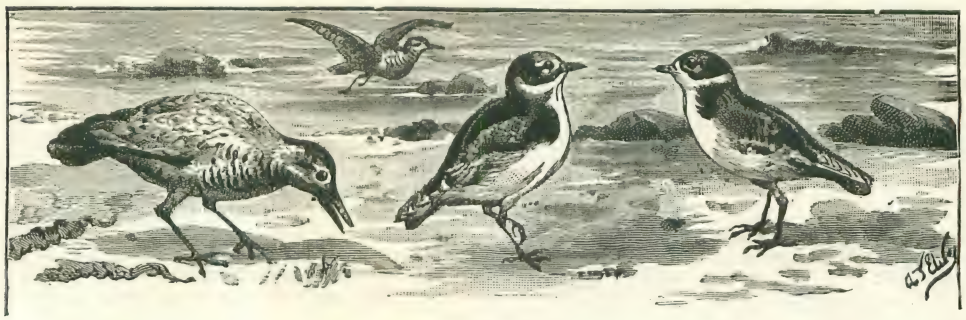
By L. G. MOBERLY.

I FANCY that if I could only be
  Quite close to the far-off rim
Where the sunset sky and the shimmering sea
  Seem one, in the distance dim—
Ah! surely I might lean down and see,
  Perchance, one glimpse of him.

On this still, still day when the sea-blue sky
  And the wind-swept silent plain
Make one vast silence, I think that I
  Might listen, and not in vain—
That, though all the world between us lie
  I could hear his voice again!

But the silence brings no whisper low,
  And even if I could stand
On the far horizon's rim, I know
  There are worlds of sea and of land,
Thousands and thousands of miles to go,
  Before I could touch his hand.

And yet, though nothing may ever break
  The silence over the sea,
Though my heart will ache for him—will ache
  For all that can never be—
I know full well that for one year's sake
  He has never forgotten me.



THE CINDERELLAS OF THE NATIONAL HOUSEHOLD.

JUTE GIRLS IN THE EAST END.

"All that inhabit this great earth,
  Whatever be their name or worth,
  Are kindred and allied by birth,
  And made of the same clay."
Kéramos.

POOR little neglected Cinderella, beloved heroine of our nursery days, sitting beside the kitchen hearth in rags, while your selfish step-sisters enjoyed their pleasure; how we entered into your troubles, sympathised with your sorrows, and exulted when all came right and the fairy slipper made you a princess. Sweet old story of our childhood, have you quite lost your charm? Even now we know that the story is no myth; but the veritable story of a fair Egyptian girl of long ago, which has been handed on from one generation to another, giving for all time a name by which we aptly designate girls of our own day, whose place in the national household justly entitles them to the appellation. Like their prototype, our Cinderellas are simply indispensable to the other members of that household's comfort and convenience. I hope those of us who profit so greatly by their services will be disposed to copy the part of the fairy god-mother rather than that of the disagreeable and haughty step-sisters; and, instead of ignoring and despising our modern Cinderellas, seek to carry on the analogy by using every effort possible to cheer, aid, and encourage them to higher aspirations. For, girls—listen, I want to just whisper—it is true of many at least of our Cinderellas that they are the Great King's daughters, and will some day go home to His Glorious Palace, when their earthly toil is over. Meanwhile they have to work hard, live out their lives patiently and faithfully, nobly fulfilling the duty laid upon them. I sometimes think that girls in more favoured homes are not half so faithful as their less fortunate sisters, whom we should respect sincerely for the simple plodding steadfastness of their daily service to society at large. You will argue perhaps that their motive is a very prosaic one, merely to earn enough to keep themselves in food and clothing. True. But a girl whose independent character prefers to give her work as honest equivalent for the money requisite to provide these things is a worthy member of the State—one of its most practical supporters, in fact, contributing loyally her individual quota of industry to the common-weal which must be benefited thereby. Remember, then, all who are truly entitled to the name of working-girls, whether the labour be mental or manual, are not merely getting their own living, but in a widely comprehensive sense helping to earn that of the nation, and are as necessary to its progress as statesman, ruler, or capitalist in their respective spheres.

Our Cinderella's "kitchen" (one of them) is situated in a region technically and tersely denominated the "East End"; so if you wish to see the present heroine at her work, imitate the example of a certain hero in the *Arabian Nights*, and take your seat on my magic carpet, which will convey us to the spinning-mills of a well-known jute factory in the briefest space of time.

This firm employ about six hundred and fifty girls and women, and the material they prepare for the market is the serviceable article called jute, the variety of whose uses range from a silk web to a potato-sack.

There is a vague but very general belief abroad that jute-girls have a very hard time of it all round, and I must confess I shared the same opinion, considering the work itself to be a particularly rough occupation. But since my visit to the mills I have modified my ideas considerably. Excepting in one or two departments I shall have occasion to mention more in detail presently, I do not see that a jute-worker labours under worse conditions than a match-hand, or any girl in similar occupation, if all the surroundings are carefully taken into account. The work is certainly no heavier, the hours no longer, the wages average much the same as in other branches of female labour. But—yes, there is a "but," and a very important one—jute-girls have undoubtedly been considered to be among the rougher class, and are regarded as such on account of their special work. This is not quite correct however. It is not their employment, but home-life, and the utter absence of home training which cause the low standard of habit and custom, the objectionable behaviour those who most truly love the girls are bound to deprecate so sorrowfully. Many are quite steady, quiet, even refined, but then they have been trained in good homes, or have yielded to Christian influences. Some belong to families once well-off, but through losses are compelled to earn their honest daily bread in a jute-mill. Only lately I was told of the orphan daughters of a sea-captain who may be found in the ranks of a class too often looked down upon by fortunate people. The fact still remains, nevertheless, that the large majority of jute-girls belong to the lower working-class, and having, as I said above, from childhood little restraint or

guidance from their parents, when they enter the mill or the factory they speedily become independent of all outside salutary control. It is no uncommon thing for a couple or three girls to share a room between them, although their respective parents are still alive and keeping a roof over their families, and thus, with no check or guide, it is no wonder that the foolish girls become still more foolish, rough, and careless of better things, more impatient than ever of any curb, however gentle or beneficial. Do not then blame the mill or the factory, so far as the work is concerned, for degrading our girls. Where this does occur it can in great measure be traced to the gross neglect, amounting to a crime, on the part of indifferent or morally-weak parents, too many of whom are found setting an evil example to their children, actively as well as passively.

But I promised to show you Cinderella at work, as I saw her first on a sunny August morning, and if I can awaken as much interest in her on the part of my readers as I felt myself, I shall not have written in vain. The very first remark of the pleasant gentleman deputed to guide me through the mysteries of jute-spinning, gave a clue to the probable ordeal awaiting me.

"The gentlemen usually wear linen jackets when visiting our departments," said he, "but I am afraid we have none adapted for a lady. Still, if you would care to put one over your dress—the 'softening' room is very dusty," with a warning glance at my blue serge frock, certainly of all materials the identical fabric to catch every scrap of lint and grain of dust on its rough surface. But I did not quite fancy the white jacket, so politely declined the honour of wearing it, but had I realised what lay before me, I should have been glad of even a sack to protect my dress. Crossing a narrow stone-paved yard, my guide introduced me to a huge room, apparently full of a slight mist, caused by thousands of light fluffy particles floating about in the air, while on the floor great bundles of a tow-like substance were stacked in readiness for the girls to carry off to a huge pair of scales, to be weighed prior to being placed in a series of machines, which are technically styled "breaking machines." Now if I was writing this article for your brothers, I should describe the cleverly-planned mechanical contrivances I saw for getting the hard lumps of tow into a condition of pliability, by the aid of a mixture of oil and water, and should tell you of the tiny pins—not dressing-pins, remember—which tear and mangle and separate the thick twists, until the jute finally emerges in a much cleaner state, no longer clotted together, but working off the machine in long sinuous strands, quite shining with the dressing received. But much as I should like to describe these things, I fear some lively young critic may say—

"We want to hear about the girls, not that horrid machinery."

Quite true. But the two are closely associated. Out among the bales of rough stuff are the rough-aproned, dust-covered Cinderellas, looking like so many millers, only not so white. One girl looked up at me as we passed from her nest amidst a pile of jute—she had such a pretty face and her red kerchief suited its gipsy beauty well—and I noticed how worn her hands were in dealing with the rough stuff. This department is the worst undoubtedly, but a good system of ventilation keeps the room, which is lofty and fairly light, in a healthy condition, and the workers looked well enough. They certainly were cheerful and chatted freely with each other as they passed to and fro. Then at the machines stand others occupied in "feeding" the iron giants whose big drums revolve monotonously, keeping up a dull, heavy noise, trying to unaccustomed ears. These machines, of which I was shown several, are very graphically called "breakers," simply because, as I have already said, the rollers covered with fine steel points—much after the fashion of a musical box's tiny rollers—in a certain number of revolutions recorded by a clock on the machine "break" the lumps and soften the material for further use. Then there are "roving machines," numbers I. and II., where the jute is still further manipulated. Then there are the carding and dressing processes, until finally my guide conducted me to another huge department where speech became impossible except by shouting at top pitch. In and out, past busy workmen, now lingering to watch the girls carefully tending the spinning frames tying on fresh threads, knotting here, disentangling there with swift light fingers that never seemed to miss their aim; again pausing to notice the great lengths of jute stretching along on frames ready for winding; until at last I was brought to a halt in front of a beaming machine, and requested to notice carefully the performance. Now a beaming machine does not by any means imply a bright, lustrous article polished up until one can see their face in it. We are in fairyland just now remember, and things are called by strange names in Cinderella's domain. Beaming there means the winding of spools ready for the weavers. Gigantic reels they are too, and apparently without number. As I looked on I thought of the useful sacking-cloth which we think so common and so unworthy of notice; little dreaming in our ignorance what a vast amount of inventive genius, skill and time is required before even that humble form of jute can be given for public use, and serve an important if lowly part in the army of civilisation's indispensables.

Meditation, however, was not very much required at that particular moment, for there remained yet much to be looked at. My kind Mentor was anxious to show me another department, a clean, light, airy building, quite a haven of peace after the noisy spinning-room. Here we saw several little girls just commencing their working life by picking out the bits of warp, etc., from the "eyes" which form part of the weaving apparatus. They were merry-looking little maidens of fourteen or so, much pleased to show me what they were doing, but the special work I had come there to see was the warping machine, where the spun threads were being wound off round a warping mill, in shape something like a miniature gasometer without the internal structure, at least it pleased me to fancy the resemblance, somewhat to the amusement of my companion, who explained the absolute precision necessary in the exact measurement of each "camb" or hank of yarn.

"Round this warping mill a continuous length of two hundred yards can be wound. The number to each bale must be fourteen thousand four hundred. No matter what the thickness or fineness of the spun thread, this is the standard by which we make up each bale, fourteen thousand four hundred yards."

After I had listened to the carefully given information upon this all-important—from the manufacturing point of view—matter, and watched operations at the machine, or mill, guided by a nice-looking girl, I was reluctantly obliged to quit this quiet nook for the huge, noisy, weaving department, and introduced for the first time in my life to a steam-power loom. The girls, whose duty it is to watch these machines, are a bright, clever set for the most part. Their part of the business is to see to the shuttles and attend to the web as it swiftly flows from the rapid loom, bearing very little resemblance now to the dirty, dingy masses of nondescript stuff I was first introduced to. The flying shuttle—tossed back and forth by the iron arm fascinated me very much, and as I lingered to watch its monotonous flight to and fro across the growing web, my thoughts went to some words of Ruskin upon weaving—not a perishing fabric—but one's life—and other lives too. In that solemn sense we are all weavers, and inasmuch as the sage of Coniston addressed his words to maidens who will some day have most likely to care for household and home, I, looking upon the light-hearted, thoughtless, fun-loving girls about me at that moment, thought also how blessed a thing it would be if they and girls like them would earnestly endeavour themselves to be weavers, of true lives, of womanly faith, of purity, of holy home influence. One other thought dwelt with me as I noticed in many webs a coloured line of thread all the way through. My guide told me at the time the reason for this distinctive mark in the fabric, but I have forgotten it now. Yet the suggested lesson abides for us all. In the weft of our lives, girls, is there such a distinguishing thread interwoven—some high purpose, some stedfast lofty aim, some path of duty which makes your life an individual one, apart from others, our own, not the mere replica of Fanny or Dora, or Lucy, but a honest personality, that is at once resolute to think and act, with all gentleness but unswerving strength according to the highest ideal of womanhood.

After studying the lesson taught by my young friends the weavers, I was conducted to a department where the woven stuff is duly inspected and then submitted to the cropping "scissors," a large machine whose touch renders the surface smooth from any knots or uneven little lumps. The final operation bears a strong likeness to that domestic process familiarly called "damping for the mangle," only oil is mixed with the water and the great press or "mangle" itself, with its huge rollers, one driven by steam, is on a gigantic scale, fit for the laundry of that fabulous nursery orge, Corcoran.

"Now I think you have seen the whole business of preparing jute," said Mr. ——. "There remains the sack-making, which you will like to see; but first let me show you the sack-cutting machine, and I must trouble you to follow me this way." As we mounted a particularly steep, ladder-like flight of stairs I inquired how many women the firm employed.

"About six hundred and fifty on an average. Many of them are married and some middle-aged, as you have no doubt noticed. We employ a great many outside 'hands,' actually making the sacks, beside those in the factory. Here"—as we stepped into a somewhat extensive room filled with piles of sacks, machines and workers—"is the place where we make the sacks ourselves, as you see."

This was an interesting department to me, for I recognised a more familiar type of work. True, the sewing-machines were not suggestive of fine tucks and lawn ruffles, but nevertheless they were sewing-machines, and as such attractive. The girls were so nice and willing to show me how they worked them, that I would have lingered some time here. I was informed that this special branch turns out about five hundred sacks *per diem*. This sack-making is the only form in which this firm use the prepared material, great quantities of yarn and bales of stuff being sent away to manufactories far and wide to be used in different articles. I was presently shown some carpet patterns made of this jute, but as the managing partner laughingly informed me, they are not made at these spinning mills.

A look at the great packing-press worked by hydraulic power, and one or two other machines for facilitating the despatch of goods from the mills, completed my tour of

the establishment so far as the business side of things went, but there remained one other department which we should consider very important, and that was the large, very comfortable eating-room nicely painted, and furnished with long tables and, I think, chairs not benches, but am not quite sure now which, for the use of those girls who live at a distance and bring their dinners with them. There is a nice hot-water oven where they can have the food warmed. At one end of this room is the well-furnished library, but I fear the girls do not use this so much as they ought. On Mondays they have entertainments in the room, and I believe a kind of club is held for the girls. A mission has been working quietly in the vicinity for their benefit, but of this I will speak presently. As we quitted the eating-room and came once more into the stone-paved yard, I caught sight of the engine-house, and to my very real pleasure, had the privilege of viewing that spotless place which reflected the greatest credit upon the engineer. His machinery was the very pink of order and brightness. Here we beheld the source of power which kept all those manifold machines we had been watching, smoothly fulfilling their allotted tasks.

Before I said good-bye to my kind friends, I was shown a collection of photographs of workers which I enjoyed looking at and wish very much I could show you, for then you would see the different faces and degrees of neatness as I saw them in the originals. I asked Mr. —— if he thought the jute-workers as a class had not greatly improved of late years, and he so far coincided with me as to say the tendency was undoubtedly upward, as a result of better education, and the loving patient efforts of those who for many years have tried to lead our dear girl-toilers to higher levels of life.

After a thorough brush down, a most requisite process, I took my leave of the spinning mills, just as the whistle sounded the hour for dinner, and preceded by a minute or so the stream of workers which thronged out into the roadway, and then diverged swiftly down bye-streets where very many of them live. I should like to take you there, too, and show you the home-life and surroundings of our jute workers, which vary, of course, considerably—some being fairly comfortable, some the reverse, but all are more or less marked by the signs of struggle and privation. The houses thereabouts are chiefly little five or six-roomed cottages with a tiny yard at the back, and a small strip in the front, perhaps. Two families at least is the average in each house, and frequently a single lodger in addition; so you see Cinderella's quarters are not very luxurious. The plenishing is not remarkable for quality or quantity in the majority of cases, although a good minority try to keep a decent little home. But it is a struggle; what with narrow quarters, uncertain work when times are bad, and the inevitable difficulty of a crowded household. Unfortunately the lack of what has been called French thrift helps to keep our friends from getting the most they can out of their earnings. Cinderella sadly needs the fairy godmother to come to her aid and teach her how to use the magic charm of forethought. Poor girls! we must not judge them too severely. I remember, some years ago, when as a very young girl just emancipated from lesson-books, I visited a woman of this class to inquire about her daughters whose absence from the night-school had sent me after the truants. She—the mother—was a gaunt, hungry-looking woman, clad in ragged skirt without a bodice, and in lieu of that a small shawl was pinned across her thin shoulders. The half-defiant, half-pathetic look in her hollow eyes haunted me for weeks. "I know'd how 'twould be, miss," she said shortly, "my girls are wild—I ain't sure who's to blame for that; but can you blame 'em for havin' their spree at nights, when they've bin up at five to get to work by six, and just moiled on till evenin'. It ain't nateral to expect as they'll keep indoors or go to quiet classes like young ladies who've all the comforts and playthings to amuse 'em."

I ventured to suggest that home was a safer place than the streets, but she caught me up sharply.

"An' it's beggin' your pardon, miss, but would you keer to stop in a hole like this evenin's after you'd bin shut in a noisy factory all day. I'm thinkin'," she added with a grim humour in her tone, "your 'ome and ourn are different places, miss. We keep body an' soul together, but 'ome—the likes o' us ain't used to 'omes."

Poor woman. Her words were true enough, as I have since found, but they did not quite cover the point. If the working women—I am speaking in a general sense—did not visit the publican so often, they would be more frequently found in the grocer's and butcher's, and if—ah, that little momentous word—if they would only study to become home-makers and teach the little ones to love home, however shabby or humble it might be, then we should find no longer the wild intractability, the mad passion for street life, which are the most formidable obstacles in the path of poor little Cinderella towards better things. I press this point with some emphasis, for I am convinced that the true source of the roughness, the low ideals, the corresponding carelessness of the average factory girl is, not the fact of being a match-maker or a jute-hand, but the wild, untrained childhood which knows little or no parental restraint, and certainly, in the majority of instances, anything but beneficent parental example.

To remedy this deficiency is no easy task, but the institutions which exist for Cinderella's benefit attempt to do it with marked success. The endeavour to awaken the dormant love for domestic pursuits which is inherent in most girlish natures, meets with many, if hardly-obtained, victories. Among the very jute-girls I saw at their toil, a noble work has been quietly going on for something like eighteen or twenty years past. Beginning as most good things do in a very small way, the Factory Girl's Mission as it is called, has now a pretty little church of its own, beside the schoolrooms where classes of all kinds are carried on under the devoted superintendence of Mr. J. Dowding Sansom, who has all through those years laboured faithfully for the good of the girls in every possible way, assisted by his wife until her delicate health necessitated the relinquishing of the work she loved so well. I spent a very profitable evening among the girls some time ago, and it was easy to see the difference between those who had only lately joined the classes, etc., and the girls who were "at home." The one thing that I noticed most was the great difficulty experienced in winning them to exercise a little self-control; and steadily persevere with the work in hand. Yet the lassies wanted to learn, it was evident, only they lacked the requisite amount of patience. We must not judge them too hardly. Think how great the mere effort to settle down to a quiet evening at needlework or reading or even games must be to them, used only to hurry-scurry and the unchecked freedom of the streets. The very attempt to do anything different is a hopeful sign of Cinderella's ultimate success in attaining the royal heritage of a pure and honoured womanhood.

LLOYD LESTER.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

AND ITS SOLUTION.

By HARRY HALL, B.A.

PART II.

HISTORY.

THE first king of all Egypt was, so we are told by the Egyptians themselves, Menâ ("firm").* The earliest king of whom we have any nearly contemporary monuments is King Sendâ ("terrible") of the Third dynasty, who reigned over Egypt two thousand years before Abraham and Sarai came to the court of "Pharaoh." The mention of this monarch of eld occurs in an inscription of Shêrâ ("little one"), a priest of the king's deified spirit, about a century after his death; the block of stone with the inscription and the basrelief of Sherâ seated with the lady Khenttek opposite to him is the greatest treasure of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The first kings of whom we have actual contemporary monuments are Zôser ("holy") of the Third, and S'nĕfĕrû ("he who makes good") of the Fourth dynasty. S'neferû conquered the tribes of Sinai, and his immediate successor was Khûfû, whose name is better known to us in its Greek form Χεώψ (Khĕôps). He built the Great Pyramid at Gîzeh, and reigned over all Egypt from the Mediterranean to Aswân about 3950 B.C. Napoleon said to his soldiers in Egypt, "Four hundred centuries look down upon you from the pyramids"; he ought to have said six hundred, for the three pyramids of Gîzeh, so well known to us, are indeed nearly six thousand years old. It is almost awe-inspiring to think that these mighty works of man's hand have seen eighteen thousand generations of men come and go at their feet. And yet what are six thousand years compared with the long ages during which anthropology tells us that man has existed upon the earth; and what are these ages themselves compared with the immeasurable æons of geological time? And the Sphinx, who seems to keep watch and ward at their gates, did he see the Pyramids built? Perhaps; for no one knows who fashioned him, or when. Khûfû was the builder of the Great Pyramid, and he built it for his tomb, his "eternal home," as the Egyptians called it. It is simply a gigantic tomb and nothing

* The words in brackets are the meanings of the Egyptian names.

else whatever; it is as well to at once dismiss from one's mind all ideas about its having been intended for an astronomical observatory or for any more mysterious purpose;* astronomers utterly ignorant of Egyptology have been pleased with certain coincidences, and have proceeded to draw from these, in the most unscientific way, conclusions which unluckily happen to be totally at variance with the known facts of history. So also the "second" Pyramid of Gîzeh is the tomb of Khûfû's successor Khâfrâ (Gk. Χεφρην, Khĕphrên, "The Sun is his appearing"), whose beautiful statues are the greatest treasures of the museum at Gîzeh; and the "third" pyramid, the smallest of the three, was built by King Menkaûrâ (Gk. Μυκερινος Mŷkĕrĭnŏs, "The Sun makes stable his doubles"), part of whose inscribed coffin (perhaps reworked in later times) is in the British Museum, with what may be the remains of his skeleton. The three "Great Pyramids" and the three kings who built them were the subjects of innumerable legends among the later Egyptians; they were said to be the dens of three great sorcerers, or they were built by three wicked and tyrannical kings, or they were the folds in which a mythical shepherd kept his sheep, while on the small pyramid of Menkaûrâ were centred the Cinderella-like legends of the slipper of the beautiful Greek lady Rhŏdôpis. Hĕrŏdŏtŏs, "The Father of History," tells us many of these stories as they were current in his day, while others we know from the Egyptian manuscripts themselves.

Two great kings of the name of Pĕpŷ next arrest our attention; they reigned, the first Pepy Mĕrŷrâ from about 3467 to 3447 B.C.; the other Pepy Neferkarâ,† from about 3443 to 3348 B.C.; tradition tells us indeed that he reigned the full hundred years; he was but a little child when he "put on the double crown and ascended the throne of Horus," as the Egyptian phrase has it. Between them reigned the son of the one and the elder brother of the other, Merṇrâ Mehtiṁsaf, who died at the age of sixteen, and whose mummy is in Gîzeh Museum. Under these two last kings lived the great nobles Ûnâ and Ḥerkhûf, who have left us their biographies on the walls of their tombs. Ḥerkhûf's is especially interesting; he was constantly being sent to explore the Sûdân, where he acted as peace-maker between the different tribes and made treaties with them in the name of his master the Pharaoh, while he brought back their tribute of ivory, ebony, gold and precious woods to Egypt. One thing he brought back to his little lord King Pepy II., who was then about six years old, was something which, says the copy of the royal letter to him, which is inscribed on the walls of his tomb, "pleased His Majesty more than anything else." This was a specimen of a "donga," a little dwarf who danced in the services of the gods, who had been brought back from Central Africa by the indefatigable explorer Ḥerkhûf "safe, sound, and well." So delighted was Ḥerkhûf with the royal appreciation of his efforts to "sweeten the heart of His Majesty" that he caused the words of the royal rescript acknowledging the receipt of the donga to be inscribed upon the walls of his tomb, not forgetting to add that his donga was a much better specimen than one which had been brought to Egypt by a certain Baûrdad some time before. Ûnâ, besides being a royal judge "in camerâ" and an Administrator of the South, was also a general; the way in which he describes on the walls of his tomb his conduct of an expedition against the Ḥĕrû-shâ ("They who are on the sand"), the inhabitants of the deserts and mountains to the east of the Delta, is almost terrifying in its pitiless, almost sarcastic, swing of words—

> "Came this army in peace, it broke up the land of the Ḥeru-shâ. Came this army in peace, it beat down the land of the Ḥeru-shâ. Came this army in peace, it besieged its stockades. Came this army in peace, it cut down its fig-trees and its vines. Came this army in peace, it set fire to the dwellings of all its inhabitants. Came this army in peace, it slaughtered its warriors by myriads."

Egypt in the days of Merṇrâ Mehtiṁsaf was by no means a broken reed.*

To a rather earlier date than this belongs the tomb of Thy at Sakkarah, which is so well-known to all visitors to Cairo.

Probably most of us have been reading in the newspapers lately something about a "New Race," lately discovered in Egypt by Professor Flinders Petrie. With his usual good fortune in digging, Professor Petrie has discovered the remains of a town inhabited by a non-Egyptian race, who used no writing of any kind, and in many respects, especially in their mode of making pottery, resembled the modern Kabyles of Algeria. This race intruded themselves into part of the Nile-valley, driving out the Egyptian inhabitants of that part, and lived there, to judge from the gradual evolution of their ceramic style, for two or three centuries at least. During this time they appear to have had no relations whatever with the native Egyptians, and no Egyptian traces are found in their houses or tombs. Some misconceptions, it may be remarked, have been rife lately as to this mysterious folk, which it may be as well to remove. The impression that they were a prehistoric race is entirely erroneous, for they were not even, as one journalist with much daring has dubbed them, "pre-pyramidal"; they were probably post-pyramidal by about five hundred years. For they seem to have come into Egypt from the west, via the Oases, during the long period of anarchy and confusion with which the "Ancient Empire" or "Old Kingdom" closed, about 3000 B.C. What became of them we know not.

At this time lived the half-legendary queen Nitâqrit ("victorious Neith," † better known to us in the Greek form Νιτώκρις, Nitôkris), who was said to have drowned the murderers of her brother by letting in the waters of the Nile upon them, as they sat at a banquet to which she had invited them.

The next period of Egyptian history is that known as the "Middle Empire," which included the XIth.–XIVth. dynasties, and lasted from about 3000 B.C. till about 1950 B.C. It was at this time that the Egyptian official capital was shifted from Memphis (near Cairo) to Thettawï (probably near Beni Hasan), in Middle Egypt, while the metropolitan life of the country migrated further south to Thebes, in Upper Egypt. It was also at this time that the "classical" period of the Egyptian language began. The most famous of these dynasties was the XIIth., consisting of seven kings of the names of Ámenṁḥât and Ûsertĕsĕn, and one queen named Sôbknĕfĕrûrâ. The first of these names means "Amen,‡ at the head," the third means "Sôbk,§ the beauties of the sun." Under these kings Nubia as far as Wady Halfa was first definitely conquered by the Egyptians. The civilisation of this period, though neither so simple as that of the early time nor so rich and ostentatious as that of a thousand years later, was yet at a very high pitch of development; the sculpture of the time is wonderfully delicate and pure, and we have every trace of a healthy state of peaceful progress. For specimens of Egyptian handicraft of this period, we need only remind our readers of the beautiful jewellery discovered by M. de Morgan at Dahshûr, in Middle Egypt, last year. Some of these wonderful jewels belonged to a royal princess named Sat-Het-Horû ("daughter of Hathor"*), who was probably a sister of King Usertesen III., who reigned about 2660–2622 B.C. Among them we may mention a "pectoral"† of gold, richly inlaid with minute work in cornelian and light and dark blue stone, or paste; in the centre of the design is the "cartouche" with the king's name, surmounted by the words *nĕthârû ḥôtep*, "may the gods grant luck!" On each side is a crowned hawk, the emblem of the god Horus, standing on the hieroglyph for "gold" (*nûb*), while by the side of each hawk is a cornelian sun with depending from it a royal snake in enamel and gold, from the neck of which hangs the sign for "life" (*ânkh*). The whole is enclosed within a border of gold, cornelian and blue enamel. Besides this and other pectorals, bracelets, necklaces of gold cowries, pendants of lions and lions' claws in gold, and strings of golden beads, amethysts, and emeralds make up this splendid equipment of an Egyptian princess.‡

The "Middle Empire" came to an end when Egypt was conquered and held by a foreign, apparently Mongolian, race, known as the "Shepherds" or Hyksôs (Gk. Ὑκσώς, from the Eg. *Ḥaqû-Shasu*, "Chiefs of the Nomads"), whose kings are ranked as dynasties XV. and XVI. Egypt, however, rebelled against their domination, drove them out, and under the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties (B.C. 1630–1200), entered into a career of foreign conquest which gave her a wide empire. Under Thothmes III.§ (B.C. 1503–1449) and Ámenhotep III.‖ (B.C. 1435–1395), two well-known Pharaohs, the Egyptian Empire outside Egypt comprised Nubia and part of the Sudan, the Libyan coastland, all Palestine, Phœnicia, and Mesopotamia, while Assyria, Babylon, and the islands of the Mediterranean paid tribute. A famous poem, known as the "Song of Ámen," gives some hint of the extent of Egyptian dominion at this time it will be quoted later.¶

A member of this, the XVIIIth., dynasty was the great Queen Ḥâtshepsû, who equipped a great naval expedition to go to Pûnt (Southern Arabia) to bring back gold, myrrh, and rare trees, just as Solomon's ships did from Ophir. Pûnt may, in fact, very possibly be the Hebrew "Ophir," to which the apes and peacocks may have been brought from India, with which land we know there existed trade at this period. Another monarch of this time was a certain Ákhṇâten, who was a heretic in every possible way—in religion, in art, in manners and customs generally. He was a monotheist, worshipping the sun alone; and because he found he could not convert his people to his views, he withdrew to his palace at what is now Tell-el-Amarna, where

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* *E.g.* MM. Piazzi Smyth and Proctor. Some foolish people have even asserted that the Great Pyramid was especially created by God (!), and is symbolical of the Bible, while a Mr. Marsham Adams has lately informed us that it is a kind of stone edition of the Book of the Dead: particulars, reasons, and proofs are things which he does not apparently consider it necessary to give us!

† The meaning of these names is "Pepy beloved of the sun," and "Pepy sun beautiful of double."

* The inscription of Unâ is translated by M. Maspero in the second vol. of the second series of *Records of The Past*, edited by Prof. Sayce.

† The war-goddess of Lower Egypt.

‡ Ammon, chief god of Thebes.

§ Or Sĕbĕk, crocodile god of the "Fayûm," for which the map of Egypt should be consulted.

* A goddess, usually represented as cow-headed; see articles iii. and iv.

† A "pectoral" was an amulet, usually worked in cloisonné enamel, which was placed on the breast of the mummy.

‡ J. De Morgan, "*Fouilles de Dahchour*," Vienna. 1895.

§ "Child of Thoth."

‖ "Peace of Amen."

¶ In article vi.

he built a town, and surrounded it and the adjacent territory with inscribed boundary-stones, beyond which he solemnly swore never to set his foot. Nor did he; he remained in his palace, where he devoted himself to founding a new and renascent school of Egyptian art, the really beautiful products of which may now be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. He was undoubtedly a genius, and is one of the most interesting figures in the whole range of ancient history.* But meanwhile his country and his empire went to wrack and ruin: the Canaanites and Amorites revolted, and a Hittite invasion of Palestine took place; we have in the British Museum innumerable letters and despatches of the time, written on clay tablets in the cuneiform characters of the Semitic diplomatic and court language of the period, which contain complaint after complaint of the dilatoriness of the king, reports of Hittite victories in northern Palestine, etc., etc. The following is a specimen of one of these letters. It is from Abdkhiba, King of Jerusalem, and dates to about 1380 B.C.:—

> "To the King my Lord speak thus: I, Abdkhiba thy servant, at the feet of the king my lord seven times seven times do I bow. The king knoweth the deed which they have done, even Ilimalik and Shuyardatum, against the country of the King my lord, in bribing the warriors of the city of Gezer, the forces of the city of Gath, and the warriors of the city of Keilah. They have occupied the country of the city of Rabbah, and the country of the King hath gone over to the confederated tribes. And now at this moment a city of the territory of Jerusalem, the name of which is 'House of Ninib,'† a city of the king, hath separated from the country of the people of Keilah. May the King listen to Abdkhiba thy servant, and mayest thou despatch troops that he may restore the country of the King to the King. But if no troops arrive, the country of the King is gone over unto the men, even the confederated tribes. This deed is the deed of Shuyardatum and Ilimalik."

At the edge of the tablet is the distressful postscript, "And may the King send help to his land!" ‡

But the King never moved; he was deaf to all entreaties, as the following despatch, from Rib-Adda, Governor of Byblos in Phœnicia, shows:—

> "Thus saith Rib-Adda to the Lord and King of the World, the Great King, the King of the Universe: 'May the Lady of Byblos§ give strength to the King my Lord! Seven times and seven times do I prostrate myself before the feet of my Lord and my Sun. The city of Byblos, which from time immemorial hath been the faithful handmaiden of the King of Egypt and of his ancestors, is now utterly lost, because the king hath taken no thought for its safety. Would that he would protect that which belongeth to his father's house! The inhabitants of Byblos are not faithful, and therefore are not fit to be the King's servants; moreover, the enmity of the rebels is great, and the gods have suffered our sons and our daughters to be led astray, and they have departed to the land of Yarimûta . . . . Abd-Ashirta hath sent to the soldiers in "The House of Ninib," saying "Gather yourselves together, and let us go up against Byblos, and let us occupy the lands through which we pass, and let us appoint our rulers over them!" Thus all the lands have rebelled, and there is no one faithful left in them; our sons and our daughters have submitted to abide under the rule of the rebels . . . . The rebels have made a league among themselves, and there is no one who will deliver thy servant out of their hands, for being shut up in the King's territory in Byblos, thy servant is like unto a bird shut up in a cage. Why doth the King continue to be careless about his land? I have told the King everything, but he hath not minded my words. If he doubts . . . let him ask of Amanappa, who both knoweth of it and hath seen it. Would that the King would listen to the words of his servant and save his life, for then could he protect his loyal city! . . . The King my Lord is merciful, and I pray every night to remain under his rule: if not, what will become of me?'"

But Rib-Adda's prayers had no effect; eventually Byblos fell, and Palestine was lost.

The empire was restored by two royal soldiers, Râmĕses I. and Sĕty I., the founders of the XIXth. dynasty, while the son of the last-named, Râmeses II., is perhaps the one Pharaoh of whom we have all heard. He reigned sixty-seven years, and his mummy is in the Gîzeh Museum. He defeated the Hittites in the great Battle of Kadesh (about 1300 B.C.), and Pentaûr, the poet, wrote a great ode in honour of the event. After this he concluded a treaty of commerce and extradition with the Hittite king, and married his daughter. He is commonly supposed to have been the Pharaoh of the Oppression, while his fourteenth son and successor, Merḥptaḥ, is thought to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus; from Egyptian sources we have no proof either for or against this supposition. Prof. Petrie thinks he has discovered a mention of the Israelites on a monument just lately discovered at Thebes, but his "*Ysraal*" were more probably the Jezreelites. The reigns of Merḥptaḥ and Râmeses III., the first king of the XXth dynasty (1135 B.C.), were, however, remarkable for two great invasions of Egypt by piratical tribes of the Mediterranean islands and coasts, which were repulsed. Among these tribes the Achaian Greeks have been supposed to figure, with the Eastern Tyrrhenians, of whom Hêrodotos speaks, the Sardinians, and the Philistines. The mention of the Achaians is doubtful, but that of the Tyrrhenians (*Tuirsha*), Sardinians (*Shardana*), and Philistines (*Pulistha*),* is certain; and Egypt was undoubtedly invaded by these tribes in the 12th century B.C., just about the time when the great Mykênaian civilization of Greece was declining to its fall.

From this time onwards, when the "New Empire" closes, Egyptian history loses much of its interest; the nation becomes debased, the kings are either *fainéants*, like the later Ramessids, usurping priests, like Herhorû and his successors, or successful foreign mercenaries, like Shishanq (the Biblical Shishak); the country is conquered by Ethiopians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Persians; "hundred-gated Thebes," proud "No-Amon, situate in the midst of the waters," is destroyed; and, except for a few flickers of life under Psămĕthik I. (Psammetichos), Ââḥmes II. (Amasis), and later kings, the nation is rapidly going down hill, when the strong hand of Alexander the Great arrests it, and by Hellenizing it braces it up for a further lease of life.

But with Hellenistic Egypt our interest is dead, and it is a relief to turn back from the contemplation of Egypt as the "Broken Reed" to the days of her power and greatness. And a great and powerful people the Egyptians certainly were; we owe much more of our present civilisation to them than we think.† And here another question strikes us as being as yet herein unanswered:—Who were the Egyptians? whence did they come? Where are we to seek the cradle of the Sphinx?

(*To be continued.*)

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* The best and latest account of him is that of Prof. Petrie, in his *Tell el Amarna*, lately published.

† *Bît NINIB.* "Ninib" was a Babylonian god whose functions and name are doubtful.

‡ This translation is modified from that of Dr. Zimmern, in the *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie*, vol. vi., p. 263. The best edition of these tablets published in English is that edited by Drs. Budge and Bezold, and lately published by the Trustees of the British Museum. The translation of the ensuing letter is modified from that of Dr. Bezold on p. xliv. of this work.

§ *I.e.* the goddess Ishtar (Ashtaroth).

* The Philistines, from whom Palestine took its name, seem to have come originally from Crete (Kaphtor), and were thus probably of Greek, or at least Pelasgic, blood.

† It may be as well here to give a brief list of the best and most trustworthy works in English upon the several branches of Egyptology:—History: *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, by Dr. Brugsch, 2 vols. (London, John Murray, 1879); *A History of Egypt from the Earliest Times till the XVIth. Dynasty*, by Prof. Petrie (London, Methuen, 1894). A second vol. of this work will shortly appear. General Archæology: Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* (London, Murray, 1878); Prof. Erman, *Ancient Egypt* (London, Macmillan, 1894); Prof. Maspero, *The Dawn of Civilisation* (London, S. P. C. K., 1894); Dr. Budge, *The Dwellers by the Nile* (London, R. T. S., 1885), and *The Mummy* (Cambridge University Press, 1893); the various publications of the Egypt Exploration Fund, edited by MM. Naville and F. L. Griffith, 1883-1895; and the various publications of Prof. Petrie, 1881-1895. Language and Literature: Prof. Erman, *Egyptian Grammar*, with Table of Signs, Bibliography, Exercises for Reading, and Glossary, in the "Porta Linguarum" Series (London, Williams and Norgate, 1894); Dr. Budge, *Egyptian Reading Book*, in hieroglyphic type (London, D. Nutt, 1888); and *First Steps in Egyptian* (London, Kegan Paul, 1895); the two series of *Records of the Past*, published under the sanction of the Society for Biblical Archæology (the 2nd series edited by Prof. Sayce), London, S. Bagster: and Prof. Petrie; *Egyptian Tales*, 2 vols. (London, Methuen, 1895). To those who can read French and German a far greater range of profitable reading is open.

VARIETIES.

Never Despair.

"Every day is a fresh beginning
Every day is the world made new:
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you."

Susan Coolidge.

A Valuable Possession.—There is more real good in a cheerful disposition than in a pedigree running back to the Norman Conquest.

An Opportunity.—When an opportunity knocks at your door don't stop to ask why it is there or it will be gone.

Not a Natural Death.

A novel historical fact was brought to light at a fashionable boarding-school at Brighton during a recent examination. The question was put, "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?"

"No," replied a young lady; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

In Trouble and Sorrow.—We are wise if we learn never to waste a moment in worrying over what no human power can give us again. This is true even in sorrow. Sadness only unfits us for duty! We need all our strength, in order to be faithful in our more lonely condition.

What is Her Age?

How old is she? She is not old,
This statement's always true;
The years that number woman's growth,
Stop short at twenty-two.

An Easy Art.—"The art of spoiling," says George Eliot, "is within the reach of the dullest faculty. The coarsest clown, with a hammer in his hand, might chip the nose of every statue and bust in the Vatican, and stand grinning at the effect of his work."

How to be Loved.—If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A SOCIAL DUTY."

THOUGH Morag was naturally nervous at finding herself so suddenly thrown upon her new functions, yet she could not help feeling interested and excited in the bustle, all the more, possibly, because the strangeness of the whole surroundings, and the sense that not a person knew or cared anything about her or her past history, gave her that sense of surrendered identity which one gets in a charade, a sense which, though it grows sad and burdensome, is often pleasant enough for a while. She would have thoroughly enjoyed the running to and fro of preparation, but that Miss Henrietta's words rankled a little, making her realise the truth of that young lady's last remark, that friction is very bad for one!

She did not see the eldest daughter, Miss Griselda, till quite late in the afternoon. Christina had informed her that Miss Griselda was the housekeeper, and that the servants dealt much more with her than with the old lady. Miss Griselda was a short, active woman, much nearer forty than thirty. She dressed both as regards hair and garments as if she was fifteen years younger; she was not at all bad-looking, and as she "went in" for philanthropy, she met everybody with a manner of studied graciousness and cordiality, producing the impression that she wanted to do you good, to set you right, and to teach you all the many things which she knew better than you did.

"Glad to see you so busily at work already, Morag," were the words with which she greeted the new maid. "There is nothing like work, is there? We are miserable when we are idle. What a nice cap and apron you are wearing—so different to the flimsy things some poor girls like." (Morag knew what was coming next—Miss Henrietta had primed her sister.) "But don't you think, Morag, that they are just a lee-tle too plain for a bright young creature like you. If you'll give me your cap, I'll prink it up with a wee bit of lace, and I do think a bow—a little blue bow—would suit you very well, at least for this evening. And I'll give you some Swiss lace to run round your apron. Now it isn't every servant whose mistress wants to smarten her up, is it? But I think girls, whoever they are, should take a pride in looking pretty."

Morag submitted. She felt this was not a matter to wrangle over on the day of her arrival, and with a party imminent, though she felt she would have been very much puzzled if she had not overheard Miss Henrietta's speech.

So with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, Miss Griselda bore away the simple cap which had given such quaint beauty to Morag's face. Christina standing by, shook her head significantly behind Miss Griselda's retreating figure.

"Oh, the sly pussy cat!" she burst forth when she was out of hearing. "You know what Miss Henrietta said, don't you? You must have heard as well as I did, and yet you yielded as mum as a mouse! Haven't you a bit more spirit than that?"

"I gave the lady her way about such a trifle," said Morag rather stiffly, "just as I would have given way to anybody else. If I was one of the visitors I wouldn't mind wearing what my hostess expressed a wish for."

"But it isn't a trifle, coming from her," said Christina. "Can't you see that, stupid? Why, a cap of any sort is the badge of our servitude! It's bad enough to wear one at all, and I'd sooner have given up my place than be dictated to as to its style. You'd have easily got another place within the month!"

"I can't see why a cap is more the 'badge of servitude' in household work than in nursing," said Morag, "and I believe in some hospitals nurses have to wear the style of caps peculiar to the institution, and some are pretty and some ugly. You would not think a nurse had much respect for her calling who just chose the hospital where the cap happened to be pretty!"

"Well, please yourself!" retorted Christina. "You're a new hand here yet. Wait till they've driven the iron into your soul, that's all."

When Morag's appearance satisfied Miss Griselda, Morag was perfectly aware that she was vulgarised. But what did it matter? It was not Morag's friends—not Miss Soutar nor Hamish Vass—who would see her that evening. And did it not prove that the Misses Garth felt their superiority was only realisable by the depression of others? Morag remembered a story which Miss Soutar had told her of a fine old lady mistress, who was so conscious of the dignity and "presence" of her faithful attendant, that when travelling she liked to send her in advance. "I suppose Jean gets things ready for you?" Miss Soutar had remarked on one occasion. And the old lady had answered, "Aye, but Jean's a preparation in herself, for when the folk see her they say among themselves, 'if this is the maid, what must the mistress be?'"

The visitors were not very numerous. There were one or two ladies whose appearance sadly puzzled Morag, in short they would have even alarmed her, but that Miss Soutar's acquaintance with the Garth family testified to their undeniable respectability, in the ordinary meaning of that word. For Morag had a wholesome horror of hair dyed into ruddy gold, of enamelled skin, of eyes made pathetic by darkened underlids, and garments which gave a terrifying impression that they were slipping off! It comforted her somewhat that these apparitions looked rather out of place among the other ladies in simple dark velvets or artistically made, softly tinted cachemires. Certainly there was no fault to be found with the Misses Garth's own attire. It was inexpensive and tasteful both in material and style, but Morag beheld it with a jaundiced eye knowing now that they wore it rather as their own privilege, than as an ideal they would wish to become as general as possible.

It seemed to Morag that the men were somehow inferior to the majority of the women in the little gathering. They seemed lacking in force and fibre. As one or two were "professors" and others "doctors," Morag inferred that their learning had secluded them unduly from fresh air and active life. The thin ones looked as if they never enjoyed their food, and the stout ones as if they ate too much! Also, they had a very bored air. As most of them accompanied ladies, it might be inferred that they had been dragged out by those fair tyrants. But one or two of the dreariest and most disheartened were alone, and it was hard to say why they had come. Morag overheard one of these remark to another—

"If I was pleasing myself I should be at home, in my old reading-jacket."

To which the other replied, "Yes, dress clothes awful bore, but social duty, you know."

If they were not pleasing themselves Morag could not help wondering who they were pleasing, for whenever she looked into the room the two were standing, leaning against the wall, discharging the social duty of speaking to nobody beyond the exchange of an apparent monosyllable with each other.

There was one gentleman, however, whose face struck Morag's attention, as standing on the landing she looked down upon him, seen under the hall light, at pause while Christina divested his companion of her wraps. Surely she knew that face! Yet not quite this face, and in some widely different association. Across her mind flitted one of those phantom memories too vague to grasp, and which, probably, would never have yielded its secret, but that when the newly-arrived pair mounted the staircase, the names they gave her to announce were—

"Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Soutar."

Yes, that was it! It was some resemblance to her Nigle friend which made this young man's face seem familiar to her. And as Morag remembered Miss Soutar's former acquaintance with the Garths, nothing was more feasible than that he was of her kindred in some degree, though Miss Soutar had never referred to any existing connections while she had talked freely of her

childhood's home, and of the long departed.

The resemblance both of face and name gave Morag quite a personal interest in these strangers in the crowd. But going in and out of the room, the oftener she saw them the less could she see the likeness between the young man and her old friend. She even felt that her first impression of recognition would have vanished altogether without the name to back it. This gentleman had all the healthfulness, geniality and animation which seemed lacking in the other masculine guests, and he was a handsome man according to standards which would have placed Margaret Soutar as a plain little woman. And yet it seemed to Morag almost as if his good looks were a disguise which concealed her friend's traits as unworthily as if Margaret Soutar had decorated herself in the fashion of those lady-visitors of whom Morag disapproved.

He was evidently a very popular person. He did not seem bored, and clearly took a different view of "social duty" from that held by the gentlemen who discharged it by vegetating as "wallflowers." Mr. Hugh Soutar was here, there, and everywhere. After a little of his conversation, each face beamed with complacency. He went about, bee-like, but apparently bestowing honey rather than gathering it.

As for Mrs. Hugh Soutar, she was about her husband's age, and not without good looks, but appearance, manner, and dress, alike were only to be described as conventional. She looked, and acted, and wore the "proper thing." Whatever the real woman might be of good or bad did not show.

Only once, when Morag quietly inducted a belated guest, who arrived in the middle of a solo, she caught sight of Mr. Hugh Soutar in quite a new aspect He stood, leaning against a tall cabinet, his face turned towards the singer, his eyes with that look of withdrawn vision which means looking upon the past or into the unseen. The bright face was unutterably sad, and oddly enough looked younger than when he was smiling. Aye, and the resemblance to Margaret Soutar was there once more.

And the singer's voice rang out in the words of Mackay's song :—

"If wrong you do, if false you play
In summer among the flowers;
You must atone, you shall repay
In winter among the showers."

This song was over, and a general movement passed through the room. Morag, retreating, heard one of the Garths saying, "Very commonplace, not at all artistic. I always prefer instrumentalism." (None of the Garths had singing voices.)

Light refreshments (very light, as Christina remarked) were set forth in the dining-room downstairs, and there she and Morag were found in attendance by the guests, as they straggled down by twos and threes, and there they heard those stray scraps of conversation which are often uttered in the presence of "menials" with as much frankness as before dogs and cats.

"Lemonade and wafers? H'm, warm evening, so not so bad. Went to a very grand house on a beastly night last winter. Never got a seat. Could not get into rooms. Stood on stairs. Beastly draught; and finally they brought us out ices. That settled me! There was enough ice outside without taking any in!"

Thus spoke one of the "socially dutiful" to another.

Then two ladies were whispering—

"My dear, was it ever known who she was?"

Reply inaudible, then. "He has not changed much."

"No; at least one cannot see how he is changed. Yet he is somehow different. Not wonderful; he has been away fully five years."

More inaudible remarks with much genuflexion and gesture. Then after an apparent change of subject—

"Popular? No. People have a pretty active dislike to them, I think. They are too clever."

"Too clever in their own opinion, my dear. That's a very different thing."

Morag was glad when it was all over. The brilliant light, the music, the whirl of the dance, the confusion of a score of dialogues were rather exhausting for a hermit from a Nigle solitude. She had never been off her feet from the time she entered the Garths' house, and it was nearly two o'clock before she and Christina crept down to the sleeping-apartment, where the cook was already reposing. Morag was so utterly tired, that she could not shrink even from the discovery that she was but a sharer in the big bed, and sleep came to the worn-out girl so swiftly that it was on that night that she discovered the cook to be a snorer of the most powerful possibilities.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

SNOWDROP.—Pictures copied at the studio of a living artist cannot be sold without his permission. Any London Directory will give you the addresses of picture dealers. There are several in King Street, St. James's.

DAFFODIL.—The method of "French polishing" is too intricate to condense into an answer. Consult *Workshop Recipes.*

T. D. C.—The reason that the platinum point for "poker-work" will not remain hot is, that there is an air-hole in some part of your apparatus. This generally comes where the tubing enters the spirit-bottle. Apply sealing-wax there in large quantities. A platinum point that has been much used, and pressed very hard, will sometimes be pierced through, and so let in the air. If this be the case, you must buy a new point. They are sold separately at stores.

JASMINE.—To prepare canvas for oil-painting, you must give several coats of white paint, and rub them down each time, when perfectly dry, with glass-paper. The process is a slow and a difficult one; and you had much better buy the canvas ready-prepared; it is very cheap.

TRY.—We are afraid that there is not sufficient demand for "chip carving" to give much hope of a situation to be obtained for that only. If you can learn wood-carving, and succeed in that, you will have a much better chance of employment.

IMPATIENT.—Messrs. Barnard & Son publish a one shilling guide to *Paper-Flower Making.* It is written by C. Pepper.

V. de V.—It is allowable to copy non-copyright paintings of deceased artists, when your copy is of a different size to the original, and upon a different material—such as wood. The only way of obtaining orders for such work is to take it to furniture and art dealers, and to trade with them.

KITTY.—Your little sketches show promise of much inventive power and observation, and we advise you to join some art class, and learn "freehand" drawing. Tell your mother of our good opinion of them.

COOKERY.

R. A.—Your best plan would be to write for particulars to the London National Training School for Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The training for "cookery instructor" in plain cooking costs thirteen guineas for full course of twenty-four weeks. For high-class cooking, twenty guineas for twenty weeks.

HOUSEKEEPER.—I think you would find that this recipe for cooking rhubarb will please all your family. Stew the rhubarb till it be quite a pulp, with sugar, lemon rind and juice, and a little water. Dissolve some gelatine in water, and when the rhubarb is sufficiently boiled, stir in the melted gelatine, beating it well for two or three minutes. Pour into a wetted mould, and let it stand in a cool place to set. The proportions are: To one quart of rhubarb, three quarters of a pound of sugar, one lemon, one gill of water, and half an ounce of gelatine. The gelatine should be quite liquid when added to the rhubarb; this can be done by warming it a little.

EPICURE.—Spanish onions are excellent when pickled in this way, but require keeping a few months before using. Put twelve large onions into a strong brine of salt water; let them remain so for ten days. Take them out, drain, and wipe them dry. Put two tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper to sufficient vinegar to cover them; boil it, and pour it over them. This is rather a large quantity, unless your family be large; half of it would be enough in the usual way.

MOLASSES.—Do you know this way of making a treacle pudding? Grease a pie-dish well; spread some slices of bread with dripping, or butter if you prefer it. Put a layer of the bread in the dish, sprinkle over it some chopped lemon-peel, and pour over it enough "golden syrup" to cover it thinly; also squeeze some lemon-juice on the treacle. Proceed in this manner till the dish be full; then put a few bits of dripping on the top, and bake in a moderate oven. The pudding tastes like lemon toffee, and is somewhat rich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIGER-LILY.—1. The shilling of George II., 1739, is worth from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., depending on its condition. The threepenny-piece, probably of the "Maundy money" of George III., 1763, is not usually purchased separately, but the whole set, valued at from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.—2. Nov. 3rd, 1874, was a Tuesday.

ETTA.—What you require may be afforded you through the "Friendly Letter Mission," Secretary, Miss Skinner, 5, St. James's Square, Bath; or the "London Needlework Guild," Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Basil Ellis, 9, Southwick Street, W.; or the "Mission to the Deep Sea Fishermen," Secretary, Francis H. Wood, Esq., Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; or the "Friendly Letter Mission," for the benefit of cabmen, washerwomen (twenty-eight different classes), and to foreigners in four languages. Also apply to Miss Skinner, Bath. The "Society for Watchers and Workers for Invalids," Miss Randolph, Bagford. Likewise, "Christmas Letters to Prisoners," Secretary. "Letter Work Conference Hall," Clapham Road, S.W., and the "Discharged Prisoners Aid Society," Secretary, 32, Charing Cross, S. W.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.—St. Lucy was deprived of her sight by Paschasius, for her Christian faith. The age of the contributor of articles or poems does not matter, provided clever, useful and interesting work be offered for acceptance, the verses be real poetry, and the authorship certified.

LITTLE PUG.—A Willoughby pug differs from the ordinary breed in being smaller and lighter in colour on the body.

SOJÉ.—You are right, the word "sixpence" is not struck upon the "jubilee sixpences." It is like the half-sovereign of that occasion. You should compare yours with those of others who have them.

PANSY.—Persons in the upper ranks of society bow to gentlemen, and only make a sort of pretence at rising from their chairs, but do not stand up.

CYMRI.—Chess is essentially a game of skill, not one of chance.

REPLIES TO OFTEN-ASKED QUESTIONS.

Is bicycling to be recommended for girls generally or only in particular cases?—There is certainly no objection to girls bicycling, on condition that they do not lean forward too much or ride to the exclusion of walking or other physical exercises. It is not advisable for weak or anæmic women, nor those suffering from palpitation or breathlessness to take to bicycling, but excepting these, there is no reason for anyone who can ride the machine properly, not to take to it, since it is a fairly good form of exercise though inferior to walking or such athletic games as tennis.

One should always sit upright on a bicycle, as leaning forwards embarrasses the heart and lungs, leading to shortness of breath and corpulency.

"I am seventeen years old, six feet high and very thin, my general health is not good. I am at a high school but am not strong enough to carry on any serious employment. Could you advise me what to do?"—I should certainly advise you to give up work for a time and get a change of air at a bracing watering-place, such as Margate or Folkestone. At the present time you are unfit to carry on any active work, but you should walk a little every day, not sufficiently to tire yourself. Good food and plenty of it with possibly iron or codliver oil will greatly improve your condition. Your clothing should be warm but not too tight or heavy. When you get a little stronger you would derive benefit from light gymnastic exercise, the best form of which is dumb-bell practice. The dumb-bells should be from one and a half to two and a half pounds weight each, and the exercise should be carried out for half-an-hour daily.

Is it desirable for a girl who is unable to take up the study of medicine seriously, to read medical works?—It is certainly most undesirable for anyone to read medical books who does not intend to take up the subject professionally. The habit that some people have of reading every book and pamphlet on medical matters that they can lay their hands on, cannot be too strongly discountenanced. Let alone the fact that the knowledge they gain from such sources may be and usually is false, even if it were true it could not be of the least value, as medicine is not learnt from books but from practical study, reading being of very secondary importance. It may be asked, would not a slight knowledge of medicine be of value to women who intend to become the wives of emigrants? Undoubtedly it would, but such a slight knowledge can only be gained by practical work. If therefore a woman, who is to become the wife of a colonist, wishes to know how to treat the simpler ills that flesh is heir to, she had far better study at a hospital as a nurse, or if she be unable to do this, to leave the treatment of the sick to those whose life is occupied with the study of disease. There is therefore no value in a slight book-knowledge of medicine to anybody, and the harm it may do is considerable. Who, when they read of disease of the heart or other organ, does not imagine that they are suffering from the affection which they are studying? Even among those who take up medicine professionally, there are many who suffer from this terrible evil, and were it not that by physical signs a physician can dispel these delusions, the majority of the faculty would end their days in a lunatic asylum. The effect of constantly trying to discover evidences of bodily disease is followed after a time by far more serious impairment of the mind than the affection of the body would be, even if real.

Is it advisable for a girl to take alcohol in any form with meals?—It is not advisable for a healthy girl to take beer, wine or spirits, as she is decidedly better without any. But for sickly girls, to whom the doctor prescribes alcohol with meals, the best are claret, hock, or the light ales; but for delicate or anæmic women, stout or port wine may be ordered. If the light wines are taken, about one wineglassful is the amount that should be taken at each meal. Spirits are never advisable except in cases of rare necessity. Wines should not be used between meals, nor should liqueurs be taken after dinner or at any other time unless ordered by the medical man.

Which is the best way to relieve varicose veins?—Varicose veins are usually met with in people who stand or sit a great deal, and in delicate persons in whom the circulation of the blood is sluggish.

In ordinary circumstances the treatment for the condition is rest in bed with the legs elevated slightly on a pillow. Walking and lying down are good for varicose veins, standing and sitting increase them. If there is irritation, a cooling wash should be used to allay the pain. Various preparations are used for this purpose, of which the three following are the most generally used at the present time—calamine lotion, lotion of the subacetate of lead, or a solution of ichthiol, half an ounce to a pint. In all cases where the veins are large, elastic stockings or bandages should be worn. When the circulation is feeble, attention to the general health is necessary for the treatment.

What is the best method of treating the bites or stings of mosquitoes, midges and other insects?—Innumerable substances have been vaunted for the prevention and cure of the bites of insects, amongst the best of which are rubbing the hands and face with turpentine or petroleum, or the various forms of disinfectants of which tar in its numerous preparations is the most popular. Soap rubbed on and left to dry is also advised by some people. Of these the most efficacious but also the most unpleasant is petroleum, this method is extensively employed in the New Forest to keep off the attacks of the botfly, an insect which is extremely common in the neighbourhood, and causes great annoyance to strangers.

For the majority of people to whom these curative agents are worse than the stings for which they are employed, and though they suffer from the attacks of insects yet do not like washing their face in petroleum, the use of carbolic soap, elder-flower water or best of all, equal parts of the genuine eau de Cologne and water will be found to answer very well.

The treatment of the stings themselves vary according to whether the sting is left in the skin or not. If the sting is left in the flesh it should be removed at once, when the pain will often cease immediately; if it does not the application of ammonia or oil will quickly subdue all irritation. Of those insects which leave their stings in the flesh, the most familiar is the bee.

For the stings of insects which do not leave their stings behind, as the wasp, and for the bites of mosquitoes and midges, the best treatment is the application of ammonia or carbonate of soda (1 part to 6 of water), or equal parts of spirit and water. If one should be unfortunate enough to be stung in a large number of places near each other, it is advisable to apply some soothing material such as cold cream or the following preparation which is of the colour and consistence of thick cream—Ry oxide of zinc, lime water, and olive oil, equal parts.

I suffer frequently from housemaids' knee. Could you tell me of any way by which I could get rid of this complaint?—Housemaids' knee is a serious matter, and one cannot be too careful to avoid all causes which might produce it. Of course the great factor in its production is kneeling on hard floors, but as there are many women who are obliged by their occupation to be on their knees a great deal, it is useless to tell them to avoid kneeling, but its evil effects are greatly diminished by the use of the mats made for the purpose. These should always be employed while scrubbing floors or doing other work which requires much kneeling. These mats are kept in nearly every house, and where there is not one already, the housemaid should ask her mistress to procure one for her. Housemaids often have a great objection to using these mats, but they should overcome their dislikes, as they save the knees to a very marked degree. When the knees become tender and swollen, rest in bed for a few days, and wrapping the knees in warm wool will often effect a cure; internal medication is of no avail, and the popular remedy of painting the knee with iodine is equally useless. If the knees get chronically swollen and painful, strapping them with adhesive plaster gives great relief; but if this is insufficient and the swelling becomes worse, or the knee gets red and hot, and matter forms, the best treatment is to submit to a surgical operation, after which the knees will cease to give trouble.

What is the best way to treat a relaxed throat?—The treatment for relaxed throats falls under four heads.

1st. Use the voice as little as possible. 2nd. Avoid draughts of cold air. 3rd. Do not take very hot or cold fluids, or food that is highly salted or spiced. And lastly, as regards the medicinal treatment—inhalations of steam are the most satisfactory. The best inhalation is, 2 drachms of compound tincture of benzoin (Friar's balsam), and 1 drachm of compound tincture of camphor (paregoric) to a pint of hot water. Of other measures, a mouth-wash of alum, 1 in 20 of water or chlorate of potash of the same strength, together with some astringent lozenges, such as the "glycerine and tannin," or "rhatany and black currant," of the throat hospital pharmacopœia, are the most efficacious.

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Other People's Stairs

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

CHAPTER XVII.

A KITCHEN CYNIC.

Christina grumbling and yawning, woke Morag next morning.

"If they would let us lie a-bed an hour or two later after keeping us up for half the night, there would be some sense in it. But not they! Breakfast has to be set at the same hour as usual, though after their parties not one of them ever comes down except Miss Griselda, and then the old lady a little later on. We have to take their breakfast up to the others—at least you'll have that to do now. I've had it to do once or twice since the last parlour-maid left, and it has half-killed me."

Alas, Morag could not wonder at Christina's complaint, when she found that this duty consisted of carrying two elaborately set-out trays from the dining-room to bed-rooms on the third storey. The ground floor and the drawing-room flat being specially lofty, the flights of stairs seemed unending. Each young lady had a bath in her bed-room, and directed Morag to see that these were duly filled in the course of the next hour. Miss Elsa used lukewarm water—the cold water could be got on the drawing-room floor, the other had to be fetched from the kitchen—and then an hour afterwards the baths had to be emptied and the pails of water carried down. By the time Morag had made all these journeys with these weights, she felt quite breathless and exhausted. She half-wondered whether this was parlour-maid's work—such certainly had not fallen into the scheme of duty which Miss Soutar and she had devised as

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pertaining to that post—but it occurred to Morag that as attendance was one of a parlour-maid's functions, this might be included under that head. She ventured to ask Christina for her opinion on this point.

Christina looked at her knowingly.

"I'll tell you whose duty it is," she said. "It is just the duty of whoever is silly enough to do it. I did it, as housemaid, when I came first; then I struck. So it was turned over to the parlour-maid. She stood it for six weeks; and now it's put upon you. I don't mind giving you a hand while I'm here, but that won't help you much, as I'm off, thank goodness, in a fortnight.

"You see, they just want everything for themselves at both ends of every stick," she went on. "Nearly every other house in this terrace has got hot and cold water laid through; but you see they are old houses, and it has had to be done specially. And our old lady (this house belongs to her) does not want to do it. Why should she invest her money that way, when she can take the value out of our backs and legs, and have the more to spare for the young madams' violin lessons and dresses and travelling? Yet, all the same, they must have their baths, for their health's sake, but let me tell them that if each filled for herself over-night and emptied again next morning, it would be healthier still for them, great idle things, playing at their gymnastics as they do!"

"It would not be good for their figures, it would drag them down," said Morag, with a sad little laugh, for between the excitement, the late hours, and the recent effort, she was utterly overstrained. "I feel something like a lapsed mass," she added in pitiful jest.

Christina had her retort. "No need to drag them down," she said. "Let them learn to carry the pails on their heads! If their classes for physical education taught them that it would be something worth while. It's no more than all the women in the East and West Indies know already; aye, and a good many Irishwomen too. I can do it myself—I taught myself for a lark—though I'm out of practice now. But servants wouldn't be allowed to do such a thing. 'It's not the usual way,' that's what mistresses would say, never stopping to ask what is the best way."

Christina could throw a great deal of intense expression into her speeches, and she dramatised the tone and words of the conventional mistress with considerable power. She puzzled Morag, who felt half-fascinated by her, and at the same time half-repelled. She had not the tone or the manner of a well-taught or a carefully-bred woman, and yet when Morag thought, not only of the meretricious gentilities of her Cousin "Gladys'" circle, but of the glimpse she had just had of the social world through the Garths' drawing-room, it almost seemed as if Christina had a touch of so-called "society" about her. There was something wonderful too, in the contrast between Christina up-stairs in her duties, still, respectful, and conventional to the last degree, and Christina down-stairs, free and fluent, cynical and audacious.

She seemed to have had no end of experiences, but by-and-by it struck Morag that these shed no light on Christina's own personal history. She told of a great many people and events, but they seemed to stand in little more relation to herself than do the scenes of a panorama to one who watches them as they roll past. It seemed to Morag that she was a mystery. If Morag had cared to ask questions, it might have been cleared up or have grown denser, but she had the good sense to feel that between people, placed by arbitrary circumstances in close associations, there should be no forcing of confidences. She had not been in the house many days before she felt that when Christina left, she would leave a great blank, which though not exactly of her virtues, yet would take very satisfactory virtues in another to fill up.

It was different in every way with the old cook, Jean Grieve. Morag soon knew all there was to know about her. She had been a servant all her life, save for five years of marriage with a drunkard who met his death by accident. Morag heard of the trouble she had had to get his "club money," of her "bad leg," and the hospital doctor's opinion of it, of the necessity for her taking "a little drop of stimilant, because her spirits were so low," and she "had no appytite, through hanging over them scorching ranges." Morag could not help pitying the poor old woman, tossing about in change and neglect, at a time when her years should have secured her repose and respect. She was not an attractive personality now; possibly never had been, but she seemed honest and hardworking, and to have been always so. She was a type of the common, dingy life which has no inward force to rise into brightness of any sort, and she seemed never to have received a helping hand. Now that the last glamour of youthful and earthly possibilities had faded, there was no interior sunshine to illume, and the poor coarse life was sinking into ever deepening shadow.

Jean Grieve's wage had stood, at highest, at sixteen pounds a year, and it had stood there but for a brief period when she was between thirty and forty years of age. She had done "a little" for her old father; but, of course, had not been able to keep him from the poorhouse. She had given futile doles to necessitous nephews and nieces, of whom she said bitterly that, "she supposed they'd got on better since, as she never heard anything of them now." Of late, long gaps between one service and another, had eaten into her petty savings. She was too old for most places, looked older, and was "glad to get in anywhere," however her wasting capital of health and strength might be preyed upon by discomfort and slavery. At the Garths, she regarded herself as in clover; she had been there nearly a year, so that, as she confided to Morag, she had been able to replace her stock of underclothing and flannels which had nearly run out. She had eleven pounds in a savings bank, and that was all that stood between her and the poorhouse.

"It'll come to that at last," she said doggedly, "unless I die first. But if I'd done better than I did and been luckier, I shouldn't have saved myself any the more. There was an old acquaintance of mine who hadn't kith or kin in the world, and never broke up her life by marrying nobody, and she was forty years in service. She saved money. Before she was fifty she had nigh two hundred pounds. But soon after she had a long illness, and she was a proud piece and wouldn't go into hospital, but took a lodging and paid her nurse and doctor. What had she saved money for? she asked. She wasn't going to even herself with them that go into wards and shelters, and then are found dead with a pocketful of notes under the pillow. But when she began to get better, I thought she was kind of sorry—I think she half wished she'd died. I reckon there was a hole in her money! An' from that time, she was always breaking down, and having to go in and out of situations, and to keep herself between times. Why, she would take a light place just for board and lodging! But she broke down badly at last, and knew she'd never work again (she were nigh sixty) and then she'd only seventy pounds left; that wouldn't do nothing for her. She shut herself up in a bit of a room, and lived on it long, still a-thinking she might die, but she didn't, and she had to go into the poorhouse at last, and she's there yet. I says to her just to cheer her up a bit, 'Louey, I'll be in the same box soon; an' it would be somethin' to look forward to, if we could be together, but we shan't, seeing our "settlements is different." But please God, I'll keep on till I drop. I don't mind if I die in the infirmary.'"

Jean Grieve's story made Morag sadly thoughtful. Its shadow fell across her own future, and hovered over the giddy, pretty, merry girls whom she saw flitting about area steps and hall doors; she once hinted something of this sort to Jean herself.

"They look to get married," said the old woman. "Girls think there's salvation in getting married. They never looks beyond that; they spends their money a-prinkin of theirselves to catch a man. An' what good would it do them, if they saved it, as Louey did? My worst troubles came after the weddin'-day. An' even if a man's steady—as my poor chap wasn't—a wedding-day brings on a widowin' day, sooner or later, and when that same comes, it finds a many worse put to it than I was, maybe with one bairn at their skirts and another in their arms. I'd had but one, and he died in his cradle."

"But if he'd lived he'd have helped you, Jean," cried Morag.

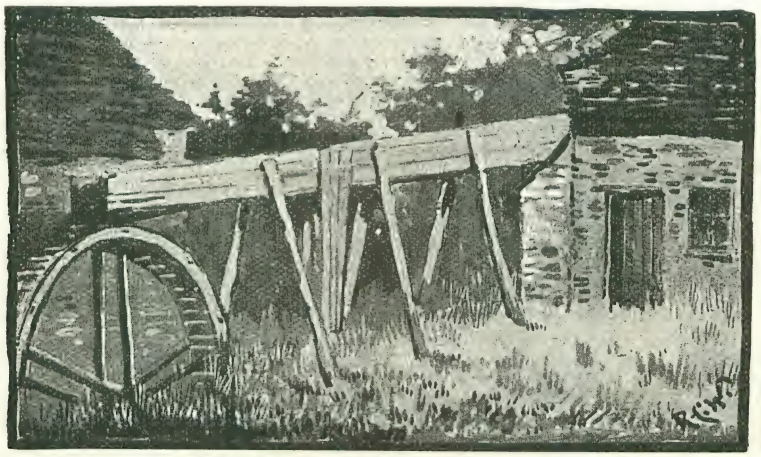
Jean shook her head. "It's easy to hope he would, as he isn't here to show us different," she said. "Yes, I own I kind o' like to think he would. But they don't. Even the Board can't make 'em do it, though it's ever so willin'. For they get married and have heaps of children, and can't do for themselves, and not the Board itself can get the breeks off a Hielandman! Or they go abroad, and you don't know where

they are, nor the Board can't find 'em. No, lassie, it's neither here nor there. Louey didn't marry an' I did, and I have no children livin', and another acquaintance of mine has four (that she's never heard are dead), but Louey and she are in the poorhouse a'ready, an' I'll be there by-and-by. It's just sooner or later; and when I hear o' folks who are goin' to put the world to rights, I wish they'd begin with showin' poor folk how they're to manage to hold up honest heads from their cradle to their grave. I believe if that were once done, there's a lot more troubles would come right o' theirselves. It's hard that those who've always worked—and been willing to work—should be paupers at last, while them that never did a hand's turn even for themselves has plenty o' their own."

That was the solitary drop of philosophy which Jean Grieve had distilled from her bitter life. She did not resent nor rebel as Christina did. She did not reflect and devise as Morag began to do. She just said, "it was hard," and went every Sunday to snooze in a corner free seat in a big parish church, the minister's voice and the singing of the congregation penetrating her dulled soul with a vague hope that something was going to come right, someday, somewhere!

Morag felt that personal knowledge bred a larger charity even in the matter of the objectionable "drop of stimylant!" But, oh, the horror of sharing Jean Grieve's nightly couch! No pity, no tolerance, would lessen that. Yet Morag said to herself sternly: "If I find such a thing in the path of duty, it's got to be borne." But even that didn't make it any the less of a trial!

(To be continued.)



PROVOCATIONS AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

HOWEVER prosperous and sheltered a life may be, it cannot escape the inevitable provocations which beset even the smoothest path.

We use the word designedly, because we do not refer to deep sorrows like bereavement, or incurable disease, or loss of fortune, or absolute want, but to the continual pin-pricks, which to some sensitively-strung natures seem to destroy all the enjoyment of life. We have no hesitation in saying at the outset that they ought not to do so. A girl in fair health, with an ordinary constitution, ought to be able to meet and bear provocations of the sort we mean without being rendered miserable or losing her temper; but nevertheless, it must be freely admitted that

"Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their wide heaven of blue."

and that discontent and gloom often cloud fair young faces for which there seems to be no adequate cause. This is the onlooker's view, but we can well imagine a girl-reader saying, "Oh yes, that is all very well, and as for that hackneyed quotation of French's, we know it by heart; but we have plenty of reasons for looking dull. Things go wrong with us just as much and as often as with our elders. Of course we are aware we ought to be good-tempered and pleasant, but how is it to be done? That is the question." We cannot pretend to solve all the problems of a young woman's life, but we venture to offer a few suggestions which may possibly be a help to some of our friends.

The provocations we are considering spring from a two-fold source, persons and circumstances. We will take the latter class first, because we often have a hand ourselves in forming the circumstances, and thus bringing about the provocation which irritates us. For example we have a pleasant appointment to keep. We rush to the station and arrive heated and flustered in time to see our train start without us, the locked gate keeping us back. We feel disposed to abuse the railway servant who will not let us through, and at once sink into what some of our brothers call "a fit of the dumps." Now instead of posing as injured, we should be angry with ourselves for starting so late. Annoyances of this kind can generally be avoided by allowing an extra ten minutes for accidents, but granting that this reflection is small consolation after the event, we can still make the best of it. Think how little you will care a week hence; remember that after all you will only lose ten minutes of your tea-party, or tennis, or meeting, and that if you let your spirits go down and your temper be ruffled, you will sacrifice the enjoyment of the rest of the afternoon. Again, you go some distance to pay a tax, or match a ribbon; you see exactly the thing you have been seeking for weeks for a birthday present; your hand feels eagerly for your purse; alas! you have left it at home. The tax must wait till the special day comes round again, you will have another long walk to do your matching, the desired present cannot be secured, for it is in a ready-money shop where you are not known. No doubt you feel irritated in the extreme, but say to yourself, "it is a lesson in carefulness." After all, there is no great reason why the tax should not wait, a good walk is no such terrible misfortune, and you are really no worse off than when you turned the corner just now, quite happy and contented in spite of the conviction that that coveted article could not be had at any price. If in future you are more thoughtful you will positively be a gainer by your loss.

There are circumstances, however, which we cannot control, and which we have no share in producing. A wet day for instance on a garden-party or a school-treat is a genuine trouble if a fleeting one. Some girls on such occasions persist in going to the entertainment, spoil their clothes, and risk their health in spite of their mother's advice and anxiety.

This sort of "making the best of it" is not to be commended. Others dutifully stay at home, in obedience to the parental desire, but make themselves and their family as uncomfortable as possible with their continual laments over the lost pleasure, or wonder how the school-children can possibly get through the day without them, or, even worse, insinuate that the mother is coming between them and their duty. There is only one genuine solace in disappointments of this sort. If it were really the best thing for us to go, no hindrance would be allowed to intervene, and if we are doing our duty, it must conduce to our happiness in the long-run. It is quite true that we can see no reason why harmless pleasure, or a benevolent attempt to give others a treat, should have been prevented, but we cannot see everything; our horizon is very limited, and we should try and use the incident as an opportunity, though a small one, of practising faith in the Invisible. The same may be said of a sudden attack of

slight illness, not serious enough to cause alarm or very great discomfort, but quite sufficient to frustrate your plans for the day, and, perhaps, thereby disarrange your engagements for the week.

"It is provoking," I hear you say, "if it had been yesterday it would not have signified, it was a Bank-holiday, and there was nothing to do, or if it had been to-morrow I should not have cared, but to-day, when I am due at the Girls' Friendly Meeting in the evening, and had promised to visit Ethel's district this afternoon, it is so inconvenient." First let me ask, is your headache your own fault? Did you stay indoors all day yesterday because it was so stupid to go for a mere walk without an object, though your mother reminded you that you needed air and exercise? and did you sit up till two in the morning in your cold bedroom to finish that exciting novel that fascinated you so much, though you know late hours never agree with you?

If the answer be "yes," you must feel that you have only yourself to thank for your trouble, and have no right whatever to be "provoked" by the natural consequences of your imprudence. Once more, you have relations or dear friends living a little way out of town. You have neither time nor money enough to pay them frequent visits, but once now and then you indulge yourself. You arrive bright and happy at their door to be met by the blank countenance of the servant with the information that they are out for the day. Nothing is left you but to plod back again, a lively illustration of the poet's assertion, "A sad heart tires in a mile-a!" If the circumstances were such as to preclude your ascertaining first whether your friends could receive you or not, you must take the disappointment as part of the necessary discipline of life, meant, perhaps, to teach you patience, or to lessen your excessive interest in and affection for things of this world. At all events, you will be happier if you turn your mind and your hand to some other object as soon as possible, than if you go on bemoaning the loss of what might have been.

So much for provocations springing from circumstances, but they are few and trifling in comparison with those arising from the character and conduct of other people. There are two sorts of irritating persons, the intentionally provoking ones, and those who rub you up the wrong way without meaning, and indeed without even knowing it. The persons who set themselves to provoke are, we would hope, not very numerous, but we fear few of us have a circle of acquaintances so select as to escape intercourse with at least one of them. There is the spiteful person who knows your sore places and rather enjoys stamping on them. The girl who likes to tell you of the failures of your dear friends, and expatiate on their faults. You are very fond of an old schoolfellow, and most anxious that she should gain a scholarship at Girton, on which apparently her whole future prosperity depends. You have boasted incautiously of her wonderful talents and her persevering industry, and proclaimed your conviction that she would get it. In comes the provoking acquaintance full of animation and apparent pleasure. "Have you heard about the scholarship? No? Well, your Louisa Stubbs is at the very bottom of the list. It was absurd for her to try. I always said so; she has had no advantages, and I never could see anything remarkable in her abilities; so foolish of her friends to buoy her up with false hopes—don't you think so?" That concluding question is the last straw, and makes you long to shake the girl. Then there is the satirical maiden who makes capital jokes at your expense, in your presence, at which you are obliged to laugh though they hurt you keenly, and exhibit you to your other friends present in a most unfavourable light, which you know very well is quite undeserved, though you are not quick enough at repartee to take your own part and defend yourself as you ought to be defended.

The possession of satirical power is a great responsibility. Its owner will often find herself shunned and dreaded as a friend, though possibly admired at a distance, because of the mischief she does with her tongue. Then there is the "rough diamond" so-called. The roughness is very evident, we have to take the diamond on trust. She prides herself on always telling people the truth about themselves. She never considers whether she has any right to tell it at all, and she is much too careless in ascertaining whether what she says is really the truth or not. The girl of this class meets you with a salutation of this sort if you come down to breakfast with a headache. "What's the matter with you, I wonder; you look as if you had been crying. Still bemoaning Clara's marriage, I suppose. You know it is downright selfish of you; you ought to be glad for her sake." You murmur that you were not thinking about Clara at all, and are only a little tired. "And no wonder," replies the rough diamond. "It was simple fatuity to go district-visiting all the morning and playing tennis all the afternoon, when you knew you had to go out to dinner in the evening. I daresay you will be ill as you were in the spring, and then the anxiety will knock up Aunt Lucy again."

Now you are not in the habit of cramming your days so full. You can't tell your cousin that you never intended to go to the tennis party at all, till she expressed a vehement desire to attend it at lunch, though of course she was perfectly aware that if she did you must take her, but you can't help feeling that if the headache is anyone's fault it is her own, and it is rather hard to be reproached by her for it.

But unconscious offenders are often quite as annoying as the intentionally disagreeable. Can any companion be more provoking than the egotist, who whatever the subject in hand, always contrives to bring in himself? Tell him of some successful achievement, he sees nothing very wonderful in it, he could have done much better. Demand sympathy for somebody's misfortune, it is their own fault, they should not have acted in such a foolish manner. "I withdrew my money as soon as there was the faintest rumour of insecurity. I was careful to have such-and-such a clause inserted in the agreement. No one ever took me in with false testimonials," and so on. Or if it is a lady, "I never lost an umbrella in my life, I never try to economise by buying worthless materials: effusive acquaintances never impose upon me." Oh! how insufferably bored one is by companions of this description! Provoking is a mild term to apply to them—and their serene unconsciousness of their unpleasantness, nay, their positive conviction that they are making a brilliant impression, only adds to our irritation.

Closely akin to the egotist is the person who knows everything, and is bent on imparting her knowledge. You may be perfectly aware that her opinion is worthless on almost every point.

> By ignorance is pride increased,
> They most assume who know the least.

But politeness requires you to endure her instructions. Your wisest plan is to hear them patiently and say nothing. Questioning her conclusions only leads to what she is pleased to call argument, and prolongs the infliction. But trying as conceited people are, they are less dangerous than mischief-makers. These are truly the pests of society in every rank of life. Take the advice of a "Middle-aged Woman," who has had some experience of the evil wrought by them, and keep them at a distance, whatever their other virtues, if you value peace and quietness. If compelled to associate with them by circumstances, guard your lips well in their presence. Not that that is after all an effectual preservative against harm, for they pervert and twist what you say, give it a new meaning, impute a motive that never even occurred to you, add a little that you did not say, and serve up at the first opportunity a spicy dish of calumny (even if not highly flavoured by malice) to the friend whose good opinion you most value, while all the time presenting a smiling face to you, and wearing the garb of friendship. Truly does Tennyson say "A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies." Very provoking indeed is it to have some scheme that lies near to our heart brought to grief, some promising friendship nipped in the bud, some cherished secret ruthlessly dragged into the light, some course of action rendered impossible, by the intervention of the tattling busybody. There is no way that we know of to cure the mischief-maker. If he, or more often she, intends to injure of course complaint and expostulation are rather agreeable than otherwise, as showing that the poisoned arrow has reached its mark. If, on the contrary, the damage done is unconscious, nothing will persuade the gossip that there is anything to find fault with in her share of the transaction. The only counsel we can give is not to make unnecessary friendships with persons of this description, and at all hazards avoid confidences.

The unpunctual person is also a very provoking friend, or servant, or tradesman. It cannot be said that the guest who spoils the dinner, and puts the rest of the party in a bad temper by coming late, adds to the cheerfulness of the occasion. The servant who is always behind-hand or too early, who is just as likely if you order dinner at 8, to have it ready at a quarter before or at a quarter past, but assuredly will not announce it at the hour itself, is provoking to the last degree. The dressmaker who faithfully promises your new gown on Wednesday morning, and sends it on Wednesday evening when the party for which you ordered it is just over, is enough to try the patience of the mildest. The coal merchant who undertakes to deliver his grimy goods before eleven, and sends them at half-past three, as your smartest friends' carriages are driving up to the door on your at-home day, is not much better. Promise-breakers, what a provoking race they are! "Will you lend me your new song?" pleads Angela, "I will send it back the first thing in the morning. I should so like to sing it to-night at our little party, and there is no time to send to town for a copy." You hesitate, for you know Angela, but good nature prevails. "You won't forget?" you say. A shower of promises follow, and your song disappears. Your singing master is very cross the next afternoon when he comes to give you a lesson on it, and so are you at the end of a week, when you receive your property back with or without apology as the case may be. What terrible broken reeds people of this description are to lean on, they certainly pierce your hand. Give them a letter to post, a birthday congratulation perhaps, or a note of condolence, and you hear (or perhaps do not hear, which is far worse) that they found your epistle weeks afterwards in their pocket. They promise to leave a message for you or do an errand, order a fresh cake for tea, or carry a note to your dressmaker; two or three people drop in at tea-time, but there is nothing for them to eat but bread and butter, and your new gown comes home in due time trimmed as you decided you would not have it done, "because your note did not come till too late." Happily the remedy is in your own hands as to provocations

of this description. After one proof of their untrustworthiness, never accept their obliging offers again. It seems provoking, when you are a busy person and they do next to nothing with their lives; when too they are really desirous at the moment to help you, to have to put on your hat and run out in the rain perhaps, to accomplish what they could do without the expenditure of either time or trouble on their way home, but you will be wiser if you do it, and save yourself inconvenience in the long-run.

Then there is the rude, ill-bred person who has all sorts of disagreeable habits, who always leaves the door open, who shouts at you, contradicts flatly, does not trouble to answer you when addressed, interrupts you while you are speaking, makes vulgar jokes, and laughs heartily at them himself, who tries to monopolise the conversation if he is in a talking mood, or sits sulkily silent if otherwise, in short, a person who is thoroughly selfish, has never learnt self-control, and is without the softening veil of politeness which good-breeding casts over the ugly features of such a character. If you are thrown much in the company of persons like this, you will need to keep a very close watch over yourself, you must determine you will not be provoked. Regard the offenders as objects of pity, they are not aware how offensive they are, they do not in the least realise how they annoy you; and they may be of actual service, by showing you, while young and impressible, the sort of behaviour you ought to watch against in yourself. It is easier than some people think to fall into habits and ways that make you disagreeable to your neighbours. From pleasant and well-bred acquaintances, you will, of course, never learn what are your shortcomings, but people of this sort have no hesitation in making them known to you, in the broadest and most candid manner, which though very disagreeable, may also be very useful. Of course they often make mistakes and accuse you of the wrong things, but if once now and then they stumble on a genuine fault, of which you were hitherto unconscious, you have ground for gratitude.

Servants are frequently a most provoking element in one's life. There is the grasping, selfish, indifferent maid, who cares nothing at all for you or your affairs, or her own duty. Her one object in life is to get as much as she can, and do as little as she can. She is not the least ashamed of dusty rooms, dirty forks, flavourless soups, burnt puddings, tumbled tablecloths, or dingy windows. It is not that she cannot do things properly, but she does not choose to take the trouble to learn the right way to do things, or having learnt scamps her work intentionally to save herself trouble. She is hardly more provoking, however, than her clumsy, destructive sister, whose advent in your house is the signal for chipped china, irretrievably-damaged dinner-services, scratched furniture, and thumbed paint; who destroys the walls, splashes the carpets, bruises the plate, and succeeds in clearing out your household gods, and giving a shabby air to your surroundings in a wonderfully short period of time. This is trying certainly to a lady with limited means, and refined tastes. The hopelessly-stupid servant, who can never give a message correctly, never learn to lay a cloth straight, never draw up blinds evenly, never show a visitor in properly, who invariably makes a huge fire on a warm morning, and lets you come down to a miserable black one only just lighted on a cold day; who always forgets some important item when guests are in the house, and arranges her work so badly, that, though always doing something, she has never done. This damsel is generally, though not always, a grumbler too, never grateful for kindness shown, and, instead of regretting her inefficiency, disposed to consider herself a person aggrieved. Once more, the noisy servant is a constant source of irritation. She shakes the house when she walks across the kitchen, she slams all the doors and bangs down the windows, clatters her pots and pans, rattles her cans and pails, bawls to her fellow-servants when she is out of temper, and sings and laughs so loudly when pleased with herself, that she can be heard all over the house.

Now four old-fashioned lines occur to me as bearing on these domestic difficulties :—

"For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there's none,
If there is one, go and find it,
If there's none, then never mind it."

This is sound advice. You can of course easily put an end to the particular troubles mentioned, by dismissing the offender. If you keep her, it is clear that she has some virtues which in your opinion more than counterbalance her defects. Perhaps the lazy, self-seeking servant is trustworthy, truthful, and honest; the destructive one may be hardworking and obliging; the stupid one may be good-tempered and pleasant-mannered, the noisy one may be faithful and affectionate. Dwell on the good, and try not to let the evil always occupy the foreground in your mind. Remember also that the friction and inconvenience that result from being badly served are good training for your own character; every time you look over an offence without showing temper, or bear a deprivation without grumbling, you are gaining ground in your fight against sin, and the very tiniest victory will be a help in future conflict. I do not mean that you are never to reprove, if you are in authority, that would be neglecting your duty. "He that ruleth [let him do it] with diligence," but the probability is that most of my young readers may safely leave that office to their mothers or elders.

Before I leave off, which it is high time I did, let me remind you of two things, first that we should be patient under provocation, because there is much in each one of us which is highly provoking to other people. We expect them to be forbearing towards our shortcomings, surely then we should be patient with theirs. Secondly, there is a sort of provocation to which we are incited by Holy Scripture. We are told to provoke one another to love and good works. If our hearts were set on obeying this injunction, and our minds occupied in devising ways and means of doing it, we should be less at liberty to discover the drawbacks to our happiness in our neighbours and circumstances, and in a better frame of mind for acknowledging with gratitude, the many blessings by which a gracious Providence daily brightens our path to a world where all will be peace and joy, where no discord will mar the harmony, no shadows dim the gladness, where Love will reign in all, and over all for ever and ever.

A TRAVELLING GLOVE-CASE.

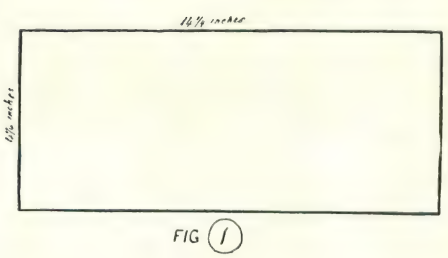


FIG (1)

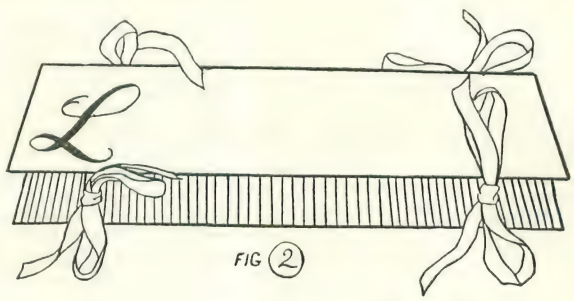


FIG (2)

THIS is a most charming and useful pattern, absolutely original, we believe, evolved by the clever head and dainty fingers of a certain little lady in Antwerp! The story runs thus. A friend said to her, "I want to find a glove-case for travelling, sâchets are a nuisance and boxes too bulky, it must be something *flat*." So the head and fingers went to work, and here is the result, which we think our "girls" will appreciate.

It is composed of two pieces of cardboard, fourteen inches and a quarter long and four and a quarter wide, covered with velvet or brocade—anything you like—and lined with a dainty silk, striped for choice. The initial must of course be worked on the material before it covers the cardboard, and the embroidery silk should correspond with the prevailing tone of colour used in lining and ribbons, which are sewn on and tied as shown in Fig. 2.

Inside this ingenious case reposes a piece of fine, soft, flannel, thirteen inches by ten, the edges carefully "pinked," and a further adornment of feather-stitching added, by way of a border, using the same silk as that with which the initial was worked.

The gloves are carefully wrapped in the flannel, which preserves them from damp, then the case is tied flat and neat, and your work is complete. COUSIN LIL."

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

By IDA LEMON.

CHAPTER III.

MANY an attachment begins with a quarrel. Horace Caben went home that evening thinking that both the girls were lovely to look at, but that the small amount of sense they possessed between them was almost entirely appropriated by Dorothy. He did not know that fine characters have often curious little inconsistencies, and that the apparently frivolous girl had great depth in her nature, greater perhaps than he himself. But he did not take either Dolly or Kitty very seriously. It was of what Dr. Forrest had said that he thought most as he went home, and on his arrival he tossed the bracelet into a drawer, expecting that in a day or two a little note would arrive asking that it might be forwarded.

Astonished would he have been had anyone told him that before very long he would be willing to lay down his life for the owner.

The visit to Dr. Forrest was followed by others. In the restricted society of the small place an intimacy could grow quickly. Dorothy and he were very good friends, and Kathleen, to whom long-continued resentment was impossible, soon treated him with her usual frank sweetness, and gave him speedy cause to withdraw his first verdict. However, no allusion was ever made to the bracelet. The remembrance of it only now and then flashed into his mind, and scarcely ever when he was in her society. If it did chance to do so he put it aside for fear of incurring her displeasure by an allusion to it. He thought, and rightly, she was probably a little ashamed by now of her airs of dignity and at her long-continued obstinacy. But she was far too proud to tell him she was sorry or to ask him to give her her bracelet.

Sometimes he had the opportunity of talking to her and Dorothy alone. Generally on those occasions it was Kathleen who contributed the most ideas to the conversation. He wondered however he had thought her silly, and by-and-by forgot that he had done so. Her flashes of earnestness surprised him sometimes. He liked to provoke her to argument, and would now and then speak lightly of things she admired in order to hear her enthusiastic vindication of them.

"She is scarcely out of her childhood," he would say to himself, "she will make a grand woman."

Once he spoke of her to the doctor, and called forth tales of what a sweet woman her mother was.

"She and my wife," said the doctor, "were just such a pair as Dolly and Kitty, and a couple of sweeter, purer, nobler women never breathed. I hope those girls 'll never marry, for I don't believe there's a fellow good enough for them."

There was a defiant element in Caben. Perhaps these words of Dr. Forrest awakened it. This was the first time it had occurred to him that he might aspire to marry one of these girls. He was not conceited, but he did not like to feel that either the doctor put him out of the question or else did not think him good enough for the husband of daughter or niece.

The idea having been suggested clung to him. He had no doubt now as to which of the girls he preferred. He began to observe her more closely. He was a busy man. It was curious how much time he had to think of Kathleen.

Then he saw her in a new light.

One of his men was run over by a waggon and had his legs broken. Now and then he naturally went to inquire after him. On one of these occasions he found Kathleen sitting by his bedside reading to him. She rose and left the room at his entrance, and when he came out had left the cottage. Afterwards he learnt that not only here but in many of the homes of the poor this young bright girl was to be often found.

"So soon as she hear that a body's sick or in trouble," said the wife of the injured man, "there she'll be. It's always a glad day for us when we hear she's back at the doctor's."

One day before the summer was over Mr. Caben gave a garden-party. One of his sisters, nothing loth, came to be hostess. The farmer said nothing about the Forrests, but he was gratified when Mrs. Cooper asked who they were, and begged him to introduce them. He was inclined to think more highly of all women for Kathleen's sake, and his sisters naturally had risen in his estimation. He thought perhaps he had been too hard in his judgments, and moreover they had undoubtedly improved since their marriage, especially Mrs. Cooper. At any rate he was willing to accept her praise of Kathleen as something worth having. Women understand each other better than men, he thought.

Mrs. Cooper almost monopolised Kitty, and parted from her with lively expressions of hope that they might meet again soon.

"I am glad she has taken to her," said Caben to himself.

And after the garden-party was over he wandered about in and out of the deserted tent and up and down the dewy lawn asking himself how he should propose and when.

As to Kathleen's sentiment towards him he was in ignorance. But he was not discouraged by that. He had never made love to her in the way a younger man might have done. She could scarcely be expected to guess how much he cared. When she knew, however, he hoped she might think of him as a lover, and if she had not yet given him her heart would learn to love him. How beautiful it would be to see her gradually turn towards him till she was all his own. And then he asked himself was he worthy of her? He rejoiced to think he had nothing to conceal from her. The past was hers as well as the present, and—if she would let it be so—the future.

That evening he went to one of his drawers in search of a certain letter he wanted. There he found a little parcel, and taking it up looked at the bracelet.

"I had almost forgotten I had it," he said. "What nonsense that affair was. Poor child. It is time she had it back again. I must not wait for her to ask for it." Then he smiled to himself. "I think I shall make a condition though."

And it was this "condition" which delayed still longer the return of the bracelet. Indeed that little gold bangle seemed bent on interfering with Mr. Caben's happiness.

(To be continued.)

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER IV.

ERIC.

"ARE you seriously thinking of our taking another house?" asked Winifred of her husband a month later.

Eric paused and looked thoughtful for a moment or two.

It was morning and they were seated at the breakfast-table, the baby as usual on Winifred's lap and the rest of the children seated at the table.

The twins were squabbling over their portion of jam, Basil was drumming with his hands on the table and Tom solemnly eating his bread and milk.

The children were fairly clean and tidy, but Winifred was not a pleasing spectacle by any means; her hair was just twisted up into a knot at the back of her head, her serge dress did not fit well and her hands, which were unadorned by any rings save her wedding-ring, showed signs of hard work and the absence of all care.

"I had thought of another house," said Eric slowly as he pushed aside the badly-cooked omelet and cut himself some cold bacon, a thing he did not care for at all.

"I suppose you would have to give notice soon, next week?" said Winifred.

"Yes, on quarter day. Well, Winnie, what do you think about it?" said Eric when the twins began to cry simultaneously, and as Basil kicked Tom by mistake, a concert of not an agreeable character was instantly begun.

Eric sighed.

"Mother, do stop Pussie! She will take more jam, and——"

"You should not have helped yourself at all. Put it back at once, Pussie!"

"Can't I have some more, mother?"

"No, Helen, you have had enough! Tom, be quiet! Basil, I shall send you upstairs. What is the matter, baby darling—what is it?" For the baby had begun to roar, and Winifred found that one tiny finger had been scratched against a pin which fastened her dress where a button should have been.

Eric looked displeased, and when there was a lull and he could hear himself speak, he remarked—

"I wish I could have a talk with you in peace, Winifred; really there never seems an opportunity."

"Any evening when the children are in bed, I am free; but in the daytime I am very much occupied with them. Yes, baby, mother will take you up presently."

"Well, I love children in general and my own in particular," said Eric as Tom, who had got off his chair, came round to be taken upon his father's lap. He was a dear little boy with solemn blue eyes and curly brown hair, and indeed all the children were such as any father might justly be proud of. "But I think one may have too much even of a good thing. Come now, Winnie, let us settle about the house! Are you keen about changing?"

"No!" said Winifred looking up surprised. "Why, you know that I am not. This house is rather a tight fit certainly since baby came, but it answers very well for us. This furniture, which looks well enough here, would not do for a new house and larger rooms, and that would be an additional expense."

"Wise woman to have thought of that; well, I am not as keen about it as I was. Let us stay on here. After all, what does it matter?"

"What does not matter?" asked Winnie, surprised at the tone in which the words were spoken, and the sigh which followed.

Eric looked at her curiously.

"Ah well, Winnie, you know it's no use setting one's heart upon things; I did, and I am disappointed."

"What about?" asked Winifred who had not the least idea what her husband meant.

"Well, in the days of long ago I used to dream dreams. I thought when I had a nice little wife who was interested in her husband's career and wanted to help him in it, that I should get on pretty smartly, and——"

"Why, Eric, you know I could not write or help you in your journalistic work; even correcting proofs is always a great trouble to me, I am so afraid of making mistakes."

"That is not what I mean. The wife of a rising journalist and I suppose, without vanity, I am that, can do a great deal for her husband. If I could ask men here to supper now and then, I don't mean dinner-parties, we have not an establishment suited for that, and be a little hospitable, and if you would call on their wives and just see a little of people, it would be all the better for me. And er—though I don't want to find fault with you, Winnie, you know that when one is tired and worn out, that it is recreation, and it does one good to frivol a little at a concert, and to see one's friends, and there's no moving you to come."

"You know I don't care about those things, Eric," said Winifred, "and I can't see why they should be any good to you."

Eric shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and if Jack can't play at home, he is driven to playing elsewhere. Well, I must be off. Don't look cross, old woman," and he stooped to kiss her.

"Shall you be in this evening for supper?" asked Winifred who felt at that moment very hardly used.

"No!" said Eric.

"Where are you going—Richmond, I suppose?" said Winifred.

"Yes, to a friend of Furze's. By-the-way, did you put by that volume of poems I was looking at the evening before last?"

"Yes, I saw it and put it in your study."

"Thanks! Didn't read it, I suppose?"

Winifred shook her head and smiled. The momentary irritation had passed off and she was serene again. Too serene to please Eric, who would have been glad if she had taken his numerous hints, and been influenced by his wishes.

"Ah, do you ever read at all now, Winnie?" asked Eric as he buttoned up his great coat and felt to see if a bundle of papers was in the big pocket.

"Not very much, I admit. I am getting quite rusty, and when I get a book I sometimes fall asleep over it."

"Ah, well, children come before the books, I suppose! Only you used to be a good judge of poetry, and had a knack of finding out if it was poetry or only rhyme, and I should have liked you to have looked at this book, as I have to review it, and I am rather stumped."

"I really cannot, Eric, don't ask me. I have no end to do to day, and several servants to see, for Jane is going."

"Good-bye again!" and Eric walked off.

He crossed the high road which was busy as usual, and met the wind as he crossed the common to the station. It was bitterly cold, and he was glad when he got into the train, which he just caught. There was no one he knew in his compartment, and as he puffed away he was thinking over many things, and mentally deciding that what could not be cured must be endured, and that there was no use worrying himself about it.

After a hard day's work he returned home just in time to change his things and be off to Richmond. He called at the Furzes' and found Jim and his wife ready.

"You will be sure to like Mrs. Wayne, she's no end of fun," said Jim, "and she's dying to know you."

"I wonder why?" asked Eric, who certainly felt pleased at the implied flattery.

"Well, she's heard what a swell you are in the literary line, and she loves anything of that kind. I think she dabbles a bit in writing herself, but she will tell you."

"She ought to call upon Winifred," said Maud, who was well muffled up as they met the keen east wind. "I daresay she will."

"Winifred cares so little for society," said Eric, "it is of very little use people calling upon her."

They soon arrived at a house up Richmond Hill, the door of which was opened by a well-dressed parlourmaid.

"Is there a Mr. Wayne?" asked Eric in a low voice as they were entering.

"No, she's a widow," said Jim.

Mrs. Wayne was seated at the fire with a paper in her hands when the Furzes and Eric were announced. She laid it down as if unwillingly, and rose to meet her guests. She was a little woman with dark eyes, and the brass-coloured hair which never naturally accompanies them. She was well-dressed, and wore a simple but extremely pretty dinner-dress of some soft cream-coloured material, trimmed with black velvet. Mrs. Wayne had a low voice, gentle ways, and in a very few minutes Eric was at home with her.

The pretty supper-table was decked with Lent lilies in tall glasses. The crystal was clear and brilliant, and the damask fresh and spotless. There was nothing costly, but all bore marks of taste and refinement.

"I dine early in my little establishment," said Mrs. Wayne, "and have supper. I like supper, there's something so much less conventional about it than dinner, and I hate conventionality."

"So do I," said Tom Furze.

"But you are not a Bohemian. That is reserved for writers and artists, is it not, Mr. Despard?"—Eric laughed.

"I hate conventionality myself, and in a sense I am a Bohemian, but it is a very negative sense. More that I am not a Philistine, for I rank intellectual delights far above those which are usually ranked by the Philistine as the pleasures of life."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Wayne. "You are a kindred spirit. I knew you would be."

"How could you know?" inquired Eric.

"Little birds whisper little things," said Mrs. Wayne coquettishly, as she played with her rissoles, which were so daintily done and served that Eric felt he was very much more hungry than usual; "and a little bird whispered that 'Mercury' of the *Lamp-post* is none other than yourself."

"Then am I to conclude that you have read some of my articles?" said Eric, who was particularly fond of his column in the *Lamp-post*. In it there was more of the expression of his own individuality than in any other work he did. He was very free there to express himself how and as he liked, and his papers had attracted a good deal of notice in various quarters. They were usually on books and art, but the knowledge displayed and the way in which it was revealed, stamped the papers as very much out of the common.

"Certainly I have read your articles. I always look out for them now, and get every book you recommend, and cross off my list those you condemn. You see you have been my Mentor, and I have wished to know you so very much."

Eric said something civil, and the conversation strayed to books and pictures and things, which Mrs. Wayne knew enough of to be able to talk about.

Maud's paleness attracted a good deal of notice, and the next day she was laid up with a severe cold.

Winifred was very anxious about her sister, and went over to Richmond as often as she could to see her.

"What do you think I am going to do, Winifred?" inquired Maud one day when she was downstairs again.

"Going away for change of air?"

"Yes. Isn't it good of Mrs. Barchard, she says she will come here and look after the children and Jim, and I am going to stay with the Harveys at Bournemouth. The doctor says that it will set me up thoroughly, and I shall be so glad to come back well."

"You can leave the children and Jim?"

"I must do so. My health is of importance, and, though I would much rather have Jim and my precious chicks with me, I cannot give up going, because that is impossible. The Harveys have not room for them, and besides this cold has left me so weak, that really I should not feel equal to looking after them."

"I should not be happy away from the children," said Winifred."—Maud smiled.

"Jim wishes me to go, and he will run down when he can from Saturday to Monday and report matters. Don't look as if you thought me an unnatural mother, Winnie. You know I don't feel as you do about leaving home. It does one good to have a change, independently of health, though I think Jim will be uncommonly glad to have me back again, and I shall be glad to come home."

Then Jim came in, and they talked of other matters. Winifred walked to the tram, and then went across Kew Bridge and took another tram to Chiswick.

The spring wore on and Bournemouth did not do Maud much good. The doctor said she was much run down and should change her residence, so she went to Eastbourne, and Jim, getting his holiday early, joined her there in June.

All went on as usual at Doris Gardens.

May Dellingham went abroad with her husband when the season was over, and with her she took a young girl who was in delicate health, and who would be greatly benefited by the change of air and scene, which it would have been impossible for her to get herself. She was poor, and one of a large family, so that May's offer to take her as her guest was greatly appreciated.

May's life was essentially one of thoughtfulness. She never lost sight of that aim wherever she was, and to those who live on that principle it is astonishing how many opportunities there arise for rendering some service to Him who accepts what is done in His name and for His sake as if done to Himself directly.

It might be some act of self-denial, some kindness to the poor or suffering, some unselfish action, some attention shown to those who were neglected or shy, some thought of and care for others, and guarded watchfulness over her own self in every way that made May's life led in the world distinctly not of it.

As she wandered about the Bavarian Tyrol she heard now and then from Winifred, but she little thought of the shadow that was creeping over her friend's life, of the sharp heart-aches that she was enduring.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GRIND OF WHEELS.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

His face was swallowed by the moonless night;
  The form was barred, that held hers, weak and trembling,
In the strained clasp which tells of kiss and sight
  Indulged ere both keep Lent; for no dissembling
Can lovers bear when shadows cross their light.

"This little heart is full up to the brim
  With love I tried to hide;"—cold in her seeming
A girl will be, to wile new vows from him
  Who is the secret hope of all her dreaming—
A smile may cheat when unraised eyes are dim.

All mysteries were cleared, and faults confessed,
  And the fair penitent, annealed and shriven,
Knew from the lips that called her Sweetest, Best,
  Her pretty coquetries were all forgiven.
Ah, that the hour that made must mar such rest!

Through every nerve she felt the grinding wheels;
  Her inmost sense was crushed beneath their motion;
Pain only to her wakening soul reveals
  The price Love puts on man's supreme devotion;
Closes with melting wax the bond he seals.

She murmured of the wheels beneath her breath,
  Pillowed upon the bosom of her mother,
Who knew they brought the bitterness of Death
  When their hoarse voices swallowed every other—
"Yet nearing wheels make merry hearts!" she saith.

"For while 'times go by turns,' to waiting loves,
  Even from the dust they sing a joyful measure;
Swift and more sure than white-winged carrier doves,
  Mute words shall pass from each, a written treasure
To bind the heart with spells while Fancy roves.

"All life moves with the turning of the wheels,
  So when they bring the loved one back, no grinding
Has harsh effect; not even the grating keels
  Of ships that graze the shore. The last lane winding
Wheels, on the ear, break soft as music steals."

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A TRUE STORY.

By EMILY MACIRONE. Found in her desk and copied by C. A. MACIRONE.

"More things are wrought by prayer
  Than this world dreams of."
Tennyson.

A long, dreary workhouse infirmary, with its rows of beds on either side, each filled with its suffering patient. The quiet monotony of the scene is only broken by the gliding here and there of the nurses, or the doctors, as they gather round the invalids. As the twilight is closing in, a lady is seen passing from one bed to another. She is not a nurse but a visitor, and as she goes she gives a flower to one, a book to another, and kind words to each and to all. At last she comes to one of the patients where she seems about to make a longer stay, for she bends over the poor sick woman and with kind, soothing words and gentle touch begins a long, long conversation. One can hear the broken-hearted tone—weak from great illness—of the patient, and the sweet, consoling voice of the lady. You cannot hear the words of either, they are too hushed to break upon the ear, but their music, sad and sweet, tells a tale of hopeless sorrow on one part and kindly sympathy on the other.

What are they talking about, those women? so different in outward circumstances—one a lady with many loving friends, the other, a poor, friendless woman, a widow, dying in the workhouse infirmary; so differently situated these two, yet bound together by the strong chord of womanly sympathy and Christian love.

Let us draw nearer and learn.

They are talking about a little child—the child of the widow, soon to be an orphan.

"Oh, who will take care of my little one when I am gone?" said that mother in despairing accents.

"You must have some friends surely," said the lady, "who would take charge of her; such a delicate little creature would never be left absolutely homeless."

"No," said the mother in melancholy accents, "there is no one, no one whatever to cherish my darling when I am gone. You see, lady, when I married I lost all my friends; none of them, not even my own flesh and blood would see me. Then sickness and poverty fell on us. Stephen, my husband, lost his work, and before our child was a year old he died and I was left to struggle alone. His friends were all too poor to help. So I parted with the few treasures that were left to keep the wolf from the door, one after another, living in the greatest economy and only dreading that our child should be contaminated by her sordid surroundings. To see my darling, my love, my life, mix with the rough, dirty children in the gutter and learn their ways and words. No! that I could not bear. When the day was fine, and the sun shining we would go out together to the nearest garden, and hand in hand we would walk by the flowers, and I could watch her delight at the song of the birds. The London flowers and London birds were her playthings, and I rejoiced in her pleasure, but those days came to an end. I became hopelessly ill, and what was I to do with my little four-year-old Mary?"

"Yes, there is one thing," said the lady after a long pause, "why, you could pray for her."

"Pray for her, pray for her," said the mother almost fiercely. "Have I done anything else but pray for her? is not my life one long prayer for my child? It is prayer that keeps me alive, and I feel that I cannot die while my child is still unprovided for. Oh, for my child, my sweet, sweet child to be left to the mercy of the cruel world all alone, it is too dreadful. I cannot die and leave her thus, it is the thought of her that keeps me alive. May heaven forgive me, but I sometimes wish that her sweet life could end, and both mother and child appear together before the merciful Father of all."

And the poor creature sank back, exhausted with her unwonted effort, while the lady, alarmed, beckoned to the nearest nurse for some restoratives. On her recovery the lady sought by kind and loving words to bring some comfort to her anxious heart.

The nurse said to the lady—

"I have been telling this poor woman that she ought to be thinking of making her peace with heaven, instead of which she can do nothing but talk of her child."

THE GRINDING WHEELS.

"I can do nothing but think of her and pray for her, all my life is one long prayer for my Mary."

"Well then," said the lady, "don't be anxious, we will see what can be done. I will take care of your little one. I promise you, I will make it my business to see after her; there are so many charitable homes, so many orphanages, that I have great hope I may succeed in finding a home for her." And so saying she left the sorrowing mother, but not before she had brought a smile to her wan features and given a few creature comforts allowed for her restoration. The sunshine of her presence had not died away before the mother said to her nurse, "I can go home now, I can go to Jesus my Master, for my child will be cared for."

"I have great hopes I may succeed," said the lady to herself, on her way home. "Such words, to a woman in such a position, amount to a promise. Under heaven, all her hope is in the success of my endeavours. What is to be done?"

There is an old saying, "You may bring a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink." Similarly, you may bring any number of interesting orphans to asylums, homes and other refuges, provided for them by a charitable public, but you can't create an empty space in a house full to overflowing. The lady went from house to house—from one refuge to another, never out of heart; she felt in honour bound to persist in finding some home for the little stray bantling, sure that in the storehouse of God's providence there must be in some corner of the earth a home reserved for her.

But no! all doors were closed; it seemed there was an endless army of orphans to be provided for, whose names were first on the list, before there was a chance for her charge.

"While the grass grows, the silly horse he starves," says a not unknown author, and as all these researches took a long time, there was the little girl, the object of so much thought, to be provided for with a temporary home, apart from the sad atmosphere of the workhouse.

Another visit does the dear lady pay to the workhouse and sees the mother again.

"I have come to fetch your Mary," said she. "I have not succeeded in finding a permanent home for her anywhere as yet, but don't be anxious, she shall have a home, and a good one, that I promise you; so the best plan will be to take her home with me, where I will take care of her, and it shall be my business to see her well provided for. You can trust her to me."

"Trust you!" said she in faltering accents, "I can't thank you—God will love and reward you, as He only can, for your sweet mercy," and then she added in an undertone, so faint and tender: "Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. Yes, now I can die, for my prayer, I know, will be answered."

The room was very hushed, dark, and quiet, while the lady laid the little girl in her mother's arms for a last embrace.

Wondering and awestruck, the child laid her soft young face against her mother's care-worn cheek, and kissed her pale lips; unconscious that as her mother was passing away to the better land, a gracious heaven had sent an answer to her passionate prayer for her child.

It only remains now to add that the lady kept her word—of course she did.

The little Mary came to her home, and it would be difficult to describe her delight at the order and comfort of the beautiful home, now her resting-place till another was found. But another was not found, and could not be found.

In the meanwhile the dear little child made sad havoc in the hearts of the lady and her husband, who had no children; her artless ways, her exquisite delight and wonder, made her a new joy in the house.

One day—Mary, it must be remembered had never heard any music—the lady, who played beautifully, struck a chord on the piano. "Oh," said the child, in an ecstacy of delight, "do it again, and again, and again."

It was a grand event when the box of new clothes, the fair white underlinen and pretty neat frocks, came to replace the poor rags the child had worn, and to see her gratefully embrace her second mother, and how deeply she felt the change in her condition; the regular meals, the quiet, well-ordered house, the gentle wisdom and loving words of her new home, the graceful artistic beauty by which she was surrounded. It was to her credit and to theirs that the child was not spoilt. They were too wise and loving to do that, and her gentle nature would accept all the peace and comfort of her new home without injury to her simplicity. But in order to be quite certain that there was no home of her own kith and kin to which she belonged, proper inquiries were made, and a female relation was found, and asked what she would do with the child if she took her to her own home.

"Oh," said the woman bridling up, "I would make her know her place, that's all!"

After so very untempting an invitation they decided to adopt the dear child for good and all as their own child. Then the curious circumstance appeared that it became necessary for this dear lady to produce a voucher of the highest respectability. Lady D——, who was present, remembered witnessing to the fact, and to the declaration that the child was not taken away for illegal purposes. Interesting, possibly as showing the care with which the State safeguards the helpless and the orphan.

Therefore the proper legal protection both for her safe position and for the future probable inheritance of her foster-parents' property were taken, and it was a tremendous day when the matter was settled, and Mary's joy complete.

And as the child grew up, the joy of their home—the most sweet and tender daughter—paying back in love and gratitude from her full young heart all their love and care. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which was the debtor to the other; for if they gave her the shelter of their home, the guidance of their wisdom, the protecting love of their noble natures; did not she, in return, add to their lives the grace of her youth, her innocence, her ever new delight with the world of art, literature and religion opened to her young mind? making old pleasures new in the light of her youth and beauty; charming away many a grave sad hour with her smiles.

Abroad and at home she was their delight, never forgetting her early days, but loving them all the more for that reason.

Could the despairing mother, dying in a workhouse, in her wildest dreams for her child have imagined such a future as this?

But not according to our deserts, but to His infinite glory, does our Heavenly Father answer the cry of His children; and surely all who are faint-hearted, may take comfort in thinking of the blessed answer to

"The Mother's Prayer."

NOTE.—The above is a perfectly true story. The child so saved became a dear friend of the writer and of her sister. She lived a happy and holy life, and died blessing her foster-parents who had prolonged her stay with them by travelling to the south, where her delight in the beauties of art and nature gave them a new and a deeper pleasure than they had known in earlier days. The publication of this little sketch has been delayed till time had removed objections to it.

C. A. M.

VARIETIES.

TALKING OF CHILDREN.

The mountaineers in the Apennines have a very pretty way of calling dead children angels. You never hear them speak of a child being *morta*. They say, "Adele's or Gigia's angel is to be carried away to-day." If you ask after a lost infant they will say, "*Ah, buon anima*, good little soul, he was made an angel on such a day."

THE happiness of heaven is to see God; the happiness of earth is to be seen by God.

POETRY, PIETY AND POLITENESS.—The following epitaph used to be quoted by Lord Ashburnham as a curious example of poetry, piety and politeness. He had met with it in a country churchyard:—

"You who stand around my grave
And say 'His life is gone;'
You are mistaken—pardon me—
My life is but begun."

THE SHREWD FARMER.

A sheep-farmer in Perthshire, the owner of a splendid collie dog, was visited by a gentleman who took a fancy for the animal. He offered fifty pounds for the dog, which was accepted.

After the collie had changed hands, the gentleman asked the farmer if it would not be more profitable to breed dogs instead of sheep?

"Na, no," pawkily returned the farmer, "I can aye get merchants to buy my sheep, but I canna aye get fools to buy my dogs."

NOT AT ALL NECESSARY.—One of the lessons of life, which many of us never learn, is that it is not necessary to make a goose of oneself, merely because one has a magnificent opportunity.

HOW TO HAVE AN EASY TIME.—If some girls would save all the time they lose by hurrying, they would have plenty of leisure.

A DIFFERENCE.

Five-year-old Florrie had been battling with her mother all day.

"There, child," said the mother on putting Florrie to bed, "sleep well and don't be cross when you wake up."

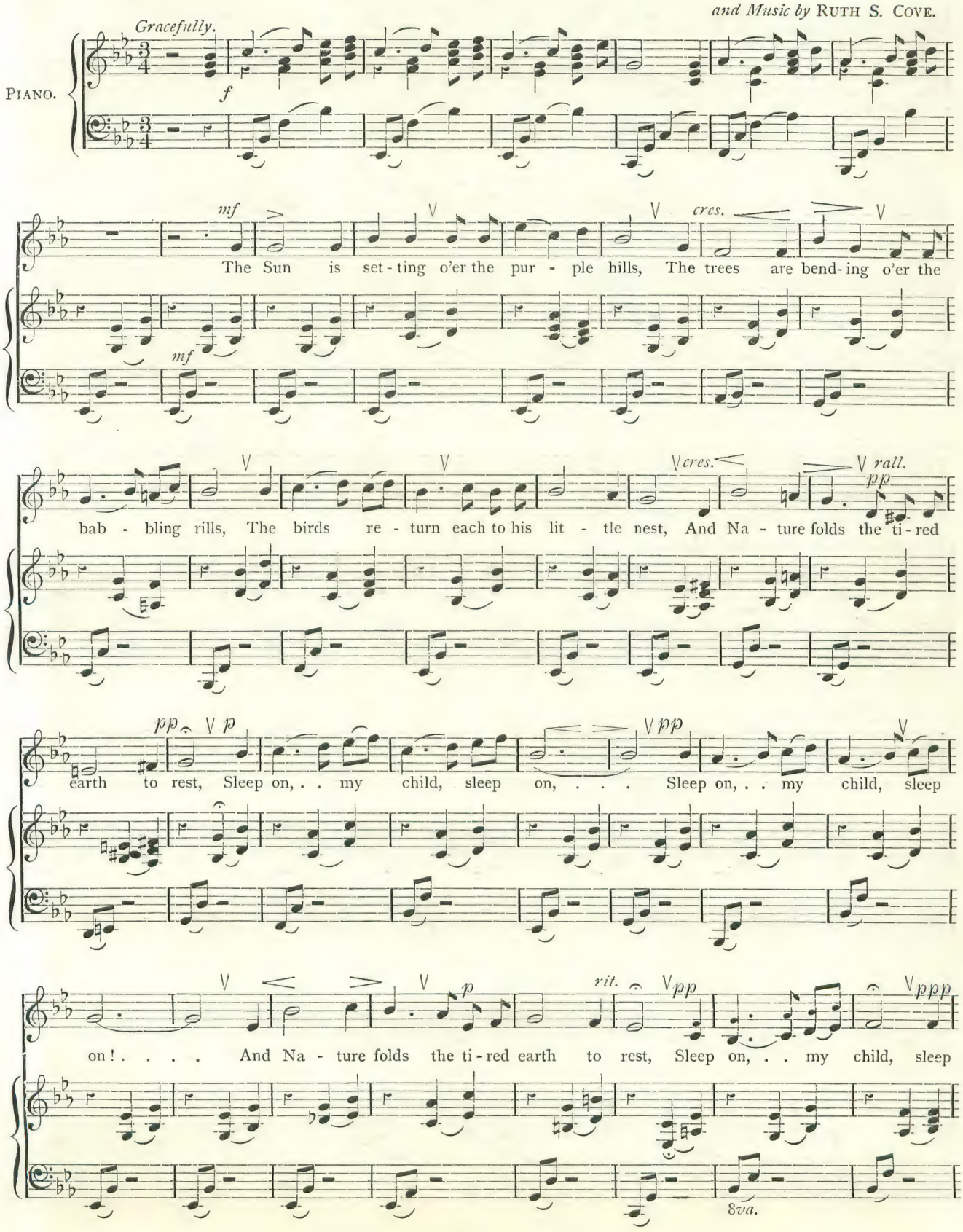
"I notice," said little Florrie, "that when it's me you say 'cross'; when it's you, you say 'nervous.'"

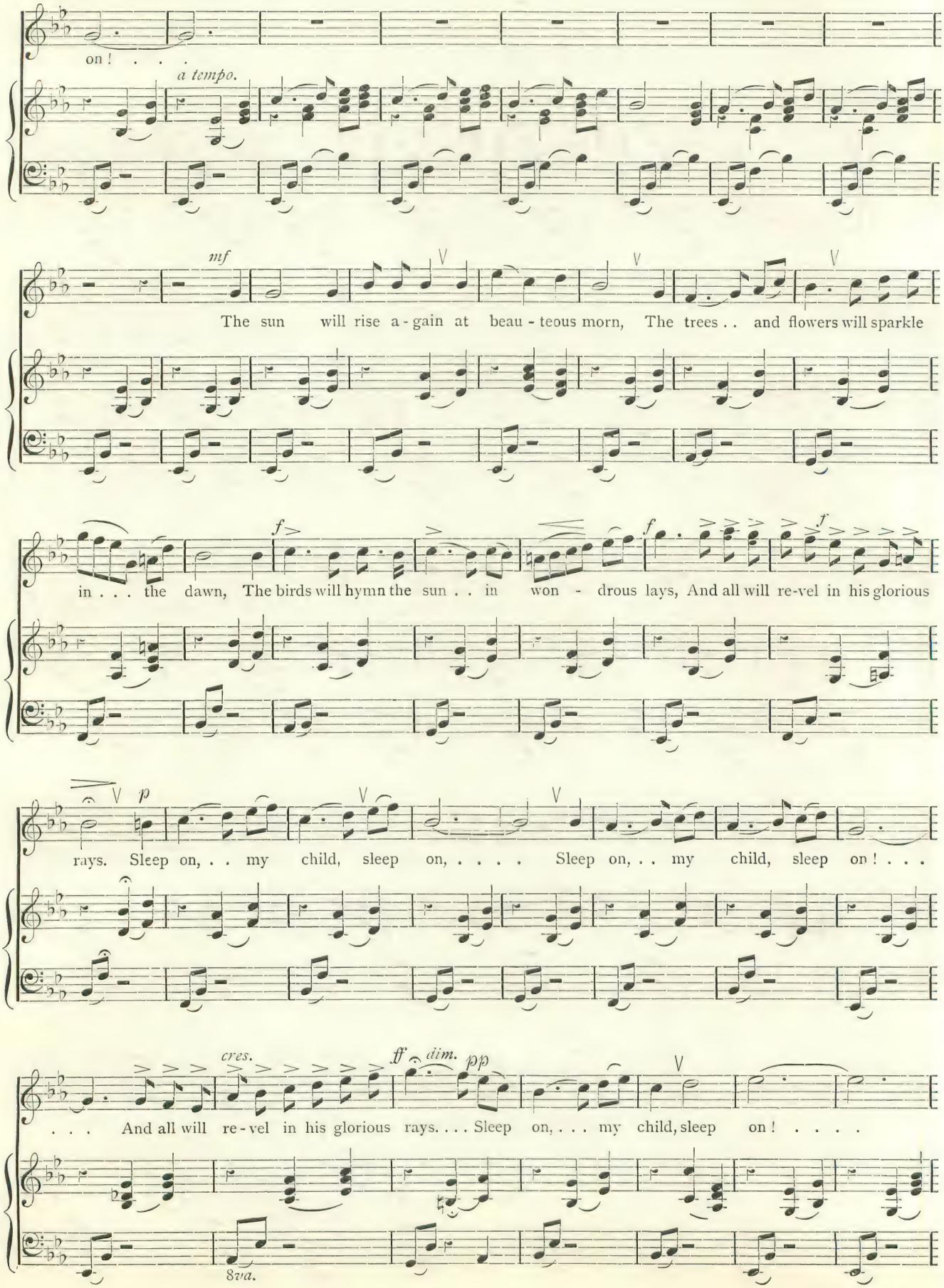
GIRLS, BE WISE.—A wife once made the following confession to Dean Hole:—"I married not because I loved the man, but because he proposed to me just when I had discovered that he whom I did love cared not for me. I sowed the wind and have reaped the whirlwind."

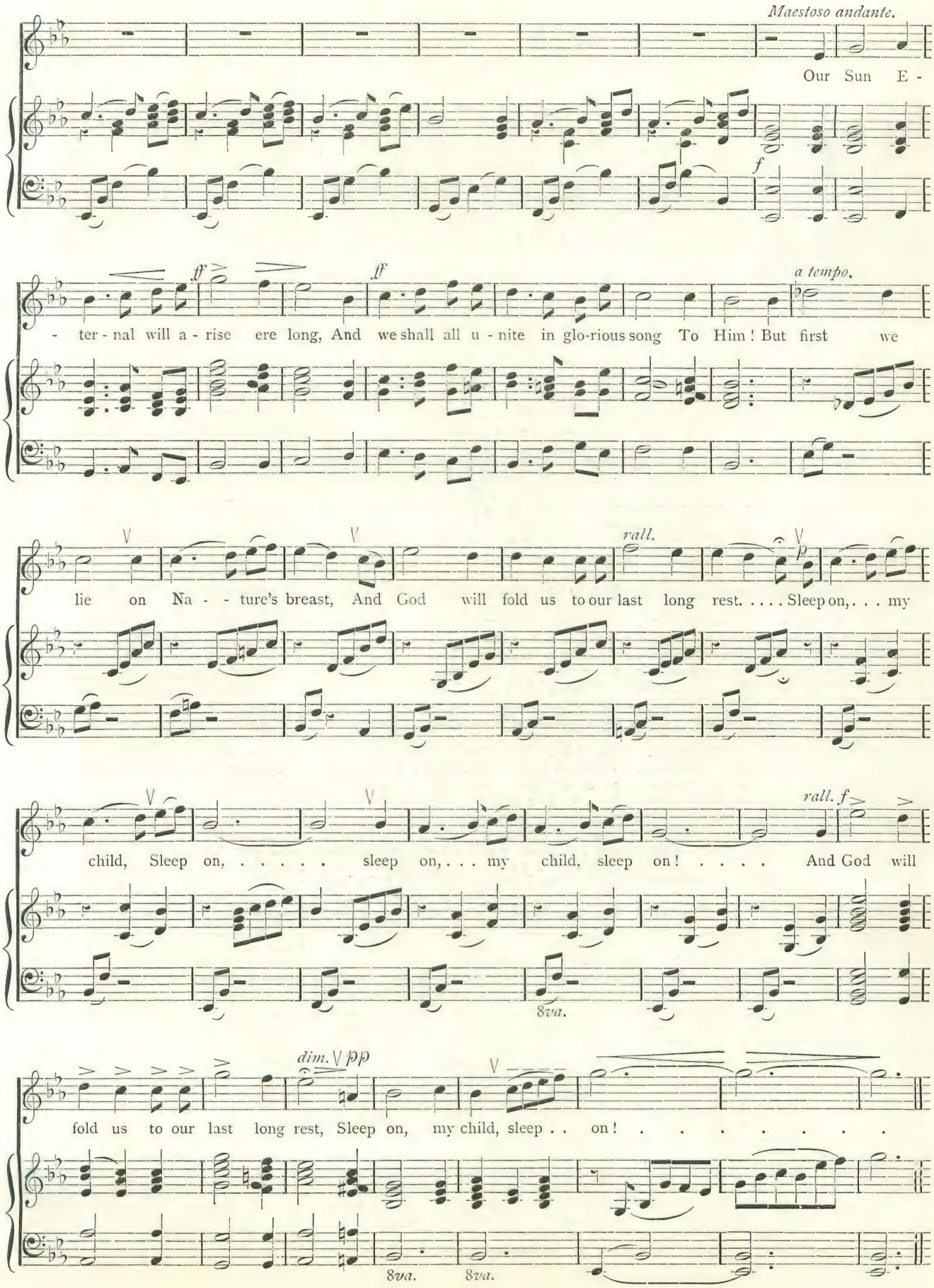
CASTLES IN THE AIR.—"If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be: only see that foundations are under them."

SUNSET: A LULLABY.

and Music by RUTH S. COVE.




on ! . . .
a tempo.
mf
The sun will rise a - gain at beau - teous morn, The trees . . and flowers will sparkle
f
f
f
in . . . the dawn, The birds will hymn the sun . . in won - drous lays, And all will re-vel in his glorious
p
rays. Sleep on, . . my child, sleep on, ... Sleep on, . . my child, sleep on ! . . .
cres.
ff
dim.
pp
. . . And all will re - vel in his glorious rays. . . . Sleep on, . . . my child, sleep on ! . . . .
8va.


Maestoso andante.
Our Sun E -
ff
ff
f
- ter - nal will a - rise ere long, And we shall all u - nite in glo-rious song To Him! But first we
a tempo.
lie on Na - - ture's breast, And God will fold us to our last long rest. . . . . Sleep on, . . . my
rall.
p
child, Sleep on, ... sleep on, . . . my child, sleep on! . . . . And God will
rall. f
8va.
fold us to our last long rest, Sleep on, my child, sleep . . on! . . . . . .
dim. pp
8va.
8va.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

EASTER came and went, and during the spring holidays Mr. Lovell allowed Katharine to invite Mary for a day to Clevedon House. The visitor was shy, but succeeded in producing a favourable impression on her host and hostess. Nora held tranquilly aloof. The old proverb "Two's company and three's none" is always specially applicable in the case of schoolgirls, who speedily come to have their little secrets *à deux* and mysterious subjects of joint interest that outsiders cannot share.

There were however other girls at the High School with whom Katharine soon became friendly. There was one in her form, a favourite with girls and mistresses alike, full of mischief and *espièglerie*, but withal honourable, kind and bright. Her pranks lent a variety to school life. Her name was Marjorie Grace and she was a year or two younger than Katharine. The three Fortescues were pretty, well-mannered, well-dressed girls.

There was another pupil, very lovely, who went by the name of "The Beauty," Christabel Ford, a tall girl, with long, golden hair, blue eyes, and a blush-rose complexion. She was in Katharine's form, and was rather empty-headed and backward in study.

All the girls agreed in a feeling of loyalty to their school. Miss Seymour, the head mistress, was pre-eminently suited for her position. She was kind, capable, sensible, and took the large views of life which are promoted by a generous culture. She had none of the mania for "cramming" which is not always absent from the latest developments of the higher education of girls; and did not view her school as a sort of educational factory for turning out numbers stamped with the self-same mould. She had the more enlightened conception of her profession, which led her rather to consider the varying dispositions and capacities under her charge as a gardener considers the plants he has to train, each needing special care and knowledge of what is adapted to its growth.

The school was a place that could not fail to foster and encourage the taste of the pupils. The hall was adorned with pictures of choice beauty. Over the platform hung a large engraving of the Sistine Madonna with the ineffable look of happy contemplation on its cherubic faces. An "Annunciation" by Burne-Jones was on one side of it, and a Madonna by Andrea del Sarto on the other. All down the hall were engravings of pictures of like beauty and fame. In the class-rooms also, pictures were hung on the walls; anon, scenes of peak and glacier in Switzerland; anon, copies of some great painting. Each form had its own room.

It was a great vexation to Katharine that the form-mistress who was hers on her entrance into the school, left to be married at the end of the first term. Her place was taken by a teacher who was a complete contrast; a tall, plain, thin young lady, with a pale "washed-out expression" as Katharine phrased it; spectacles, and a particularly shrill, squeaky voice. She seemed to have little force of character, if one could judge from the first day's experience. Her light-blue eyes wandered round the class, as she hesitatingly and nervously gave her lesson; she stumbled once or twice; what she was saying was at first very sensible, but she began to confound herself, and schoolgirls are merciless critics of manner.

"I am quite sure I shall never respect her," observed Katharine to Marjorie at the end of the lesson.

"Of course not," returned Marjorie. "What a mistake to have anyone like that! She will never be able to manage the class."

From girl to girl flew the watchword that Miss Withers was not a fit object of reverence. The head mistress, the elocution mistress, even Madame and Fraülein, might all be adored by anyone who was so disposed, with no forfeiture of self-respect; but this form-mistress never! She had not the presence, the prestige, necessary to manage girls. Most of them were at a rather unruly age: Katharine was old enough to know better and to set an example to the others, but her pride revolted at the idea that her majesty, just seventeen, should be subordinate to such a teacher, so deficient in the force and vitality she, Katharine, possessed in abundance!

After Miss Withers had been at the school a few days, the girls of the fourth form began to break the rule as to silence in preparation. Whispers were frequent.

"No talking, girls!" the weak voice of the new teacher pleaded again and again. But the talking did not cease; it abated for a few moments, only to break out in renewed force.

"You cannot prepare your lessons if you talk," reasoned the unfortunate governess, looking round her class. But this self-evident proposition did not work any reform, and when Katharine came next day to the school, Marjorie gleefully told her what a scene there had been; how there had been a perfect buzz of voices, and how Miss Withers, not yet knowing the girls' individual names, had made general appeals without more than a momentary effect.

"Of course it is quite a mistake to have anyone of that kind for *us*. Miss Seymour will see it before long," said Katharine confidently.

Miss Withers looked paler than ever when she met the girls that morning. She gave her history lesson on the Tudor period, so far as the matter was concerned, fairly well, but her weak, thin voice and timid manner did not arrest attention or command respect. Katharine, whose desk was next to Marjorie's, amused herself by making a spirited sketch of Mary Queen of Scots approaching the scaffold, Elizabeth, with a large ruff, executing a war dance of triumph in the background.

"You will sign the book!" suddenly said a faint voice.

Katharine looked up and met the spectacled gaze of Miss Withers' blue, watery eyes fixed upon her.

"I beg your pardon! Did you speak to me?" she observed in her haughtiest tone.

"Yes; you will sign the book for inattention."

Two books lay on the form-mistress's desk; one for unprepared lessons, one for misbehaviour. When either had been signed three times the culprit was sent downstairs to Miss Seymour's office to sign another and more portentous volume, and to hear a few home-truths as to her conduct.

Katharine tossed her head indignantly. When the lesson was over she walked up to Miss Withers and looked at her with felt superiority.

"Do you really mean that I am to sign the book, Miss Withers?"

The governess flushed, but replied in squeaky tones—

"Yes. You are the oldest in the class I should think, and ought to know better than to draw caricatures."

In her largest hand, with a great many flourishes, Katharine inscribed her signature in the obnoxious volume, and inwardly vowed war to the knife with Miss Withers. It was all very well for "those children" associated with her to be so treated; but she! the talented pupil of Herr von Drachenfels—she, who might be supposed to attend the school at all, only as a concession! She must show the new teacher that she had mistaken her adversary.

From that time forth a subtle warfare began to rage between teacher and pupil, if that could be called warfare where one attacked, the other feebly tried to parry the onslaught. There were many ways in which Katharine could annoy Miss Withers without openly breaking rules. She would ask disconcerting questions at an inopportune point, and feign a stupidity she did not possess. She could wilfully misunderstand what was said to her, and make her teacher look ridiculous. She could appear at the wrong moment in gallery or hall, or on the staircase, and meet timid reproof with a look of

artless innocence and profession of ignorance. In short, I regret to state that she could be, and was, an extremely naughty girl.

When the eldest in the class behaved like this, it is needless to add that the others gleefully followed suit. Katharine and Marjorie were the ringleaders, and it soon became a small daily interest and excitement to see what new form of insubordination could be devised. Katharine's researches in the history of English literature had unluckily supplied her with the term "wretched Withers," which became a pass-word.

"Don't talk, please, Katharine!"

"I was only asking Marjorie for a pencil, Miss Withers."

"Don't rustle the leaves of your exercise-book, please, Katharine."

"I was trying to find the place, Miss Withers."

"You will sign the book for misconduct," exclaimed the unfortunate teacher at the end of her resources. "You are constantly trifling."

"Trifling!" exclaimed Katharine, *sotto voce*, defiantly; "this is all in the day's work."

Miss Withers pretended not to hear, and went on discoursing about the Tudor period, while the fingers with which she held the book trembled.

After the class Katharine promised the girls they should have some "fun" next day at recreation. And when the hour arrived she disappeared for a few moments, to return among her schoolfellows transformed. Her tawny hair was strained straight off her brow and bundled up into a little "bun" at the back, very much like the *coiffure* affected by Miss Withers; she wore an apron of the same cut, her eyes danced behind spectacles, and her lips were pursed. She took her station at the upper end of the room behind a desk, on which she placed an immense volume and a pen.

"We shall resume our studies on the Toodor period," called a weak, cracked voice. "Marjorie, don't talk, please."

The tone and manner were so excellent a caricature that the girls burst out laughing.

"Sign! All sign, for inattention!" shrieked the voice. "Katharine! you are the eldest in the class, and I am as-to-nished at you."

The word was pronounced with an emphasis just like that used too often by the unlucky Miss Withers, and at this very moment the door opened, and the original of the sketch appeared. She had heard the speech, and she saw Katharine before Katharine saw her.

When the girls perceived her their laughter was checked; they waited, alarmed, yet eager to know what would be the consequences. Would the ringleader be marched off to Miss Seymour, or what would happen?

Nothing happened; the door was closed, and they were left to continue their game, but, somehow, the fun seemed taken out of it.

"What is the matter with Miss Withers?" asked Miss Seymour of Miss Temple, the elocution mistress. "She is crying in your sitting-room."

"I do not know, but I am afraid her class is rather unruly," returned the other, who was known to all the teachers as a kind and sympathetic friend.

"I am afraid so too. The fact is, her lack of experience is against her, and she has no knack of managing girls," returned Miss Seymour with a vexed air. "The fourth form used to be all right under Miss Ellington. It is of no use for me constantly to interfere, if she cannot fight her own battles, and the girls are getting demoralised. It is a pity, for she is a thoroughly well-educated woman. I suppose she will have to go."

That she should go Katharine had inwardly determined. Nothing came of the incident just related, which, indeed, Miss Withers reported to no one. This gave her girl-adversaries a feeling of added power, and their behaviour did not improve. Once again Katharine had to "sign the book," and this time she was sent down to Miss Seymour. The incisive words in which she was reprimanded—she, seventeen years old!—mortified her greatly, and she angrily declared to herself that, by one means or another, a teacher so futile should be got rid of.

"I would obey anyone competent to command my respect!" she said to herself, to Mary Percival, and to Nora, who each in her way disapproved of the new development in Katharine's behaviour. "It is a kindness to the school to make it impossible for such a person to stay there. She has never taught in a High School before, and will not again I feel perfectly certain. A very second-rate nursery-governess's situation is what she is fit for, and I hope she will have it some day."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

EARLY BIRD.—Collared beef:—Choose the thin end of the flank, but see that it be not too fat. Take out the bone and gristle, and remove the skin from the inside part. Put a little parsley, thyme, and allspice into a piece of muslin, and tie it up. Roll the meat as tightly as possible, put a cloth round it, and bind it with a tape; put it into a saucepan with the herbs, some pepper, and salt, and enough water to cover it well, and boil it gently for five or six hours. When done, take off the cloth, press it into a mould while hot, and place a weight on it.

NORNA OF THE FITFUL HEAD.—1. To make barley-sugar, boil clarified loaf sugar till it be drawn out into a fine thread when taken out at the end of a stick. When cold, it will be brittle. Boil, and then pour in, for every pint of liquid sugar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon-juice, and six or seven drops of essence of lemon. Stir well, and boil again till, as before, it becomes brittle. Oil a marble slab slightly while the boiling is going on, and pour the melted sugar on it; and when cool, cut it into strips with a pair of scissors, twist the strips a little, and put the spiral pieces into a stoppered, wide-necked bottle, otherwise it will become soft. 2. We believe "flapjack" is an American cake.

DUKE.—1. Puff pastry. We repeat the recipe already given in vol. v. Take two pounds of flour, and one pound and a half of butter, and, if the butter should be very hard, beat it a little. Take the half pound of butter, and break it in pieces (to place in the flour) about the size of a nutmeg; then make it into a dough, with as much water as will make it of the same stiffness as the butter. Mix it with your hands lightly, then roll it out a little, and put the remaining pound of butter on it in pieces, so as to cover it all over. Then fold the dough up, one end over the other. Do this twice; then let it lie for about half an hour to let the toughness get out of it, roll it, and fold it up three times again; and then it is fit for use.—2. Your writing is fairly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIOLET MASON.—Your grief at the intrusion of unbelieving thoughts may be your best consolation in your trouble. It is a case described by St. Paul in Romans vii. 15, to the end. The conflict between the old and the new nature must be experienced by all God's children. The "fight of faith" must be fought, and you are fighting with the best of weapons when "in continual prayer" for divine assistance. When impious suggestions of the evil one are forced into your mind, do not consider over them. Banish them at once by asking the Holy Spirit to drive them away; and then take up your Bible and read some of our Blessed Lord's discourses, recorded by St. John, or a few verses in the heart-stirring book of Revelation. Endeavour to banish thoughts of yourself, and rather fix them on Him, in Whom alone you can find acceptance and peace, for "ye are complete in Him," and "in Him" only.

E. M. G.—For mange, and other skin diseases, a little of the ointment of green iodide of mercury should be (sparingly) used; or the compound sulphur ointment (more liberally). She might, otherwise, employ the following valuable prescription. Take of creosote 2 drachms, solution of potash ½ oz., and olive oil 3½ oz. Mix the creosote, and then add the potash and shake. Meanwhile, give from 1 to 3 drops twice a day in milk, "Fowler's solution of arsenic." To give physic to a cat, roll her in an old shawl or thick cloth, and let one person hold her while another administers the dose. We must warn you of touching a cat or dog that has any kind of skin disease with an ungloved hand. It is dangerous, and so also beware of taking the breath of any animal. Cats' colds are very infectious.

E. L. H.—A crown-piece of George III., 1820, is worth from 7s. 6d. to 15s.; half-a-crown, 1818, from 3s. 6d. to 6s.; a shilling, 1816 (to 1819), from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; and a fourpenny-piece from 9d. to 1s. 6d.

LILY DALE.—For broken chilblains, try of sweet oil 1 pint, Venice turpentine 3 oz., hogs' lard ½ lb., bees' wax 3 oz. Put all into a pipkin, placed over a slow fire (and beware of upsetting it, or letting it boil over). Stir the mixture with a wooden spoon, till the bees' wax be quite melted, and the ingredients simmer. It is fit for use as soon as cold; but the longer kept the better it is. Spread the ointment very thinly on a soft linen rag and wrap round the sore, or rub on the hands, and wear large, soft wash-leather gloves on going to bed every night.

SENTIMENTAL SEVENTEEN.—1. With reference to the phrase, to "have a bee in your bonnet," it signifies that your mind is full of crotchets, dreamy theories, eccentricities. The whole world imagined some connection between the bee and the soul, and according to Mahomet's very independent ideas, the bees were to have a place in Paradise. The heathen philosopher, Porphyry, in speaking of fountains, said they were "adapted to the Nymphs, or those souls which the ancients called 'Bees.'" The word "lunatic" or "moonstruck," still means one with "bees in his head:" see *The Faëry Queen*, book ii.

> "Like many swarms of bees. . .
> These flies are idle thoughts, and fantasies,
> Devices, dreams, opinions, schemes unsound."

2. The meaning of the name "Douglas" we cannot give. It is a surname. "Enid" is a fancy name with no signification that we can find. "Everard" means, in old German, "as strong as a wild boar."

"CINQUEFOIL."—The passage you quote in *The Holy Grail*, "I will be deafer than any blue-eyed cat," has its explanation in the generally credited statement that cats with blue eyes are usually deaf. Darwin shared this opinion, until he met with some well-authenticated exceptions. It is probable that the cause lies in a slight arrest of development in the nervous system connected with the sense-organs.

Odds and Ends.

An interesting story is told of a pearl necklace belonging to the Archduchess Rainer of Austria. The Archduchess some years ago was seized with a most malignant fever exhibiting symptoms not unlike those of the Black Plague. She always wore a necklace of pearls, and these were not removed when the illness commenced. Oddly enough the pearls seemed to contract the illness of their wearer, for they lost all their beauty and colour, becoming brown and of a dirty appearance. On the Archduchess's recovery the pearls were taken to every expert in Europe, the general opinion being that they were worthless and that their former superb sheen was irretrievably lost. One jeweller, however, advised as a last resource that the pearls should be restored to the sea for a period of ten years in the hope that the action of the salt water would remove the stains upon them. At the present moment the necklace lies in the sea in an open-work iron casket off the Island of Corfu, close to the castle of Miramar.

An interesting experiment, owing its conception and organisation entirely to women, is being tried in Chicago. It is a circulating picture library. A large number of photographs of the world's most famous paintings, together with engravings of the Arundel Society and reproductions of some of the best examples of modern art, have been deposited in the Hull House Settlement in that city, and are lent to the working people in the neighbourhood. No charge is made nor is any security required. Each picture is lent for a fortnight, and the borrowers seem to be in every way worthy of the confidence reposed in them. The greatest care is taken for the safety of the pictures by those whose homes they brighten, and so great is the appreciation that there seems every possibility of such an arrangement meeting with similar success elsewhere. Ignorant and uncultured people whose days are spent in unremitting toil cannot possibly be expected to read great books when their work is done, but a great picture appeals to every intelligence, however uneducated. The most popular pictures are Fra Angelico's Paradise, the Sistine Madonna and other of Raphael's works, the Presentation in the Temple, and Bastien Lepage's Joan of Arc. There are hundreds of poor districts in this country where sordid homes might be made beautiful by the presence of a representation of a splendid and elevating picture, and it is to be hoped that the circulating Picture Library will commend itself to some of our philanthropists.

In the daily press there constantly appear the most ludicrous mistakes; but of the many that have late been noticed, the following are really funny. A well-known minister in a country district was married, and a list of the bride's presents was sent to the local paper. The feelings of both givers and receivers can be imagined when they read: "Silver-mounted dressing-case, case of silver dessert-spoons, knives, one Galloway heifer, four score white-faced sheep, demand for young pigs steady, silver reading-lamp, etc." A report from the cattle-market had been amalgamated with the list of wedding-presents. The following lines at the end of an advertisement of a nursing-bottle might have been clearer. "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled." Another ludicrous mistake was made by a reporter in reproducing the speech of a great nobleman. The original sentence ran, "In these days every clergyman is expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a Jeremy Taylor;" but in the paper it appeared, "Every clergyman is nowadays expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a journeyman taylor." A minister was once described as a "putty-eyed monster" instead of a "pretty aged minister." Hailstones in a severe storm were said to have been as large as "pullets" instead of "bullets," and the "bust of Milton" was turned, either by the reporter or the compositor, into "breast of mutton." But perhaps the most amusing of them all is one which appeared in a Somerset county paper. "The Express Engine," it gravely announced, "is indisposed. Her Majesty is suffering from a painful local affection of the parts about the ear; this is accompanied by not a little constitutional disturbance, with, in addition, annoying neuralgic pains, which radiate over the face and parts of the head." The "Express Engine" should have been the "Empress Eugénie."

Women are still advancing rapidly in all paths of work, but the latest avocation to which the sex is devoting itself seems to be that of stevedore. A large number of women have recently been engaged at the East India and Millwall Docks in London in this capacity. So far the experiment has been confined to vessels used only for the transit of bottles, mineral waters, and other light merchandise, and it has been found that the women perform the task of loading and unloading as satisfactorily as men. The men-stevedores at the docks have made no objection to this incursion into what has hitherto been regarded as their own special field of labour, and regard the spectacle with some amusement.

"In that moment when, as to most at some time or other, a kind of despairing feeling comes to you, when energy lags, and the heart, bitten by the chill of some disappointment, sinks far below the zero point—then the safety for you and the sure path into more genial spiritual health is the duty next you. Do that any way. Even with failing feeling and nerveless hands compel yourself to do it. Do not put it off. Do not allow yourself bewailingly to wait for a better mood. Do the duty next you, or any way try at it. At least a fine sense of accomplishment will come in a very real consciousness of personal heroism."
Wayland Hoyt.

"All quarrels, mischief, hatred, and destruction arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors, out of which thy enemies shall ever take the most dangerous advantage."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

At Cardigan there is a woman-pilot, who for many years has steered all the sailing-vessels and steamers which enter the river there, to the town.

There are eighteen state-whips belonging to the British royal and viceregal establishments, six being at Buckingham Palace, four at Marlborough House, and the remaining eight at Dublin and Calcutta. They are practically all alike, having a lancewood stick and an ivory handle, with richly-chased silver mounts all the way up. Two specially-fine whips were made for the Queen for the Jubilee ceremonials; one was for a four-in-hand, the other for a postilion. They were braided by hand in silver-gilt wire and silk, and were replicas of whips made for the Queen's coronation. They cost £12 and £10 respectively.

Too much cannot be said against the system of wearing the stuffed bodies of birds or plumage in hats and bonnets, nor can it be said too often, and the following lines are an echo of what every right-thinking person feels on the subject:—

"Just in front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing in her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And the sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the bloom-covered pane shines a glory,
By which the vast shadows are stirred;
But I pine for the spirit and splendour
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem,
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the preacher is gentle—
'No sparrow shall fall to the ground'—
But the poor little wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

And I wonder if ever or never
With white wings o'er weary and furled,
I shall find the sweet spirit of pity
Abroad in the heart of the world."

To the foreigner learning English, more difficulties present themselves than to the Englishman who learns, say, German, French, or Italian. Apparently our language is full of contradictions, "See what a flock of ships," cried a Frenchman pointing to some fishing-vessels. He was told that a flock of ships is called a fleet; and the occasion might have been improved by telling him also that a fleet of sheep is called a flock, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves is a pack, a pack of thieves is a gang, a gang of angels is called a host, a host of porpoises is called a shoal, a shoal of buffaloes a herd, a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, a horde of rubbish is called a heap, a heap of oxen a drove, a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, a school of worshippers a congregation, a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd. Other difficulties of our language are well-illustrated by three French boys, who were translating the "To be or not to be" speech in *Hamlet* into their own language. The three translations of "To be or not to be" were: "To was or not to am," "To were or not," and "To should or not to will."

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AN AUGUST EVENING.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

O COME apart and rest awhile!
Let this sweet hour thy cares beguile,
While crimson sky and ocean speak
Of lovelier things to-morrow;
Rest while the depths that silence know,
That comes between the ebb and flow,
And safe from crag and under-peak,
The sea forgets her sorrow.

The granite rocks that front the shore
Are touched with youthful grace once more,
So lightly on their storm-rent sides,
The sundown spells are gleaming;
Like children flushed with slumber deep,
The land-locked ripples smile in sleep,
Of open seas and flowing tides
In roseate stillness dreaming.

The ripe corn rustles on the down,
With poppies' scarlet pennons strewn,
Alas, their soldier blooms must brave
At dawn the sickle's smiting!
To-night they signal, free from care,
The daisy friends that here and there
All fearless on the rock-face wave,
Each sombre crevice lighting.

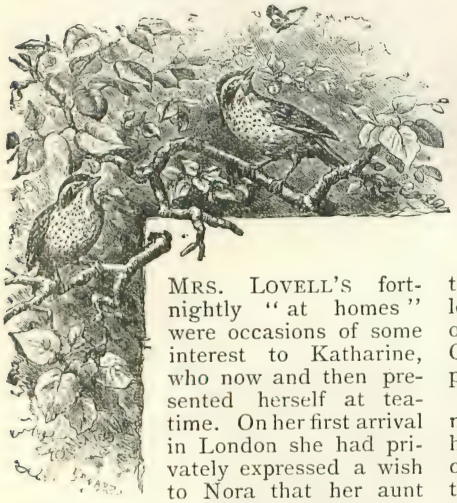
Heart-weary! Take thy fill of rest,
The limpid sky, the molten west,
The low evangel of the sea,
Absolve thee from endeavour;
Rest now, with all created things,
In that soft brooding of His wings
Whose love folds all the world and thee
At nightfall, and forever!

All rights reserved.] "THE RIPE CORN RUSTLES ON THE DOWN."

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XV.



MRS. LOVELL'S fortnightly "at homes" were occasions of some interest to Katharine, who now and then presented herself at tea-time. On her first arrival in London she had privately expressed a wish to Nora that her aunt would have "every fifth Thursday" instead of the "first and third," but experience had led her to modify this view of the matter, and she really enjoyed making her appearance now and again, especially if she were asked to play on her beloved "Broadwood." Katharine was indeed becoming quite a different personage from the unkempt colt-like maiden who first startled her relatives. The daily life in luxurious surroundings could not fail to have a civilising effect upon her, while, thanks to her aunt's constant oversight and Nora's example, she was learning to take the pride in neat and dainty personal appearance which is the duty of every girl. Her hair shone like ruddy gold and was as smooth and orderly as was its nature to be; no longer floating over her shoulders, it was dressed in a pretty knot, with curly tendrils round her brow and ears, and at the nape of her neck. Her complexion was fair and fresh, and she held herself well in her tailor-made frocks; while her eyes sparkled with youth and happiness. "Her mother will hardly know her!" reflected Mrs. Lovell, with pride and self-congratulation.

On one Thursday in June, the usual bevy of ladies were in the drawing-room and Katharine was present, when Mrs. Arnold, the vicar's wife, began to talk to her next neighbour of some one in whom she was interested.

"It is a most touching story. She was left an orphan, almost without resources, and with a crippled younger brother. Friends offered to get him into a 'Home,' but his sister could not bear to part from him. So she maintains him as well as herself by teaching. She is so devoted to him, it is beautiful to see her. She occupies every moment of her time; partly at the school, partly by giving elementary music-lessons in the evening. Mr. Arnold is very much interested in them both."

More followed on the same subject. Katharine was on Mrs. Arnold's other side and found herself listening with real sympathy to this story. She had always wished she had a brother, and she formed a mental picture of the pair that touched her. Her ardent nature was quickly thrilled to compassion when the right chord was struck, and she was wondering how she could help the unknown lady when her attention was again arrested. The case was still being discussed, it seemed.

"The only thing is, she fears she may not be able to retain her situation. It is dreadfully sad, for if she loses it, I don't know what will become of them. They have moved over to Clevedon Hill on purpose, and all promised so well—but——"

Katharine could not catch the remainder of the sentence, and just then her aunt called on her, at the request of one of the visitors, to play. She went to the piano, her heart swelling with pity, and under the influence of what she had just heard, played a *ballade* of Chopin's so pathetically, that her listeners were touched and charmed.

She would indeed have been astonished had she known that the lady with the invalid brother was her form-mistress.

The very next morning the lessons were specially unpropitious. Miss Withers' voice was more squeaky than ever, and Katharine, who now felt more grown-up every day, was, and looked, disdainful. There was very plainly manifest the lack of any *rapport* between the teacher and her demoralised class. She vainly sought to gain their attention, and overheard a scornful remark of Katharine to Marjorie at the close.

"It is just like a common draper's shop with that constant "Sign!"

The teacher took her way home with a bursting heart. She went to a little leafy side road turning off from Clevedon Hill where she had secured lodgings for herself and her brother; two pleasant upstairs rooms with a tiny sleeping-closet for herself. Her brother in his wheeled chair was awaiting her; a lad of eighteen, with a drawn white face, in which beautiful large eyes looked piteously forth, as if to ask the secret of his suffering. His was a gentle soul imprisoned in a maimed and almost helpless frame. He could employ himself on his "good days" in painting, and was sufficiently expert to execute and obtain orders for Christmas cards, which helped to eke out their income.

"Well, Annie!" he cried on seeing his sister enter, "how have you got on to-day? But you need not tell me; now don't say 'very well.' I can see in your face you have been badgered."

He reached up his thin arm to encircle her neck with a silent caress. Miss Withers, unstrung and weary, burst into tears.

"Oh, Hugh!" she sobbed, "I shall have to go. I can't manage the class. I am not fit for a High School teacher."

"Nonsense!" cried her brother chivalrously. "Why, look at the examinations you've passed! you were the crack scholar at——"

"I *know* enough, but I am ridiculous and they make game of me," wailed Annie. She was not accustomed to lament, or break down, before Hugh, but she was tired out, and was overcome by his sympathy for once.

"Wretches! What horrid creatures girls are! What a good thing I shan't ever want to marry any of them! Come, cheer up, Annie; I feel extremely fit to-day, a perfect Hercules."

His white, thin face belied his words. Miss Withers seized him in her arms with a sudden impulse.

"Oh, my poor old darling! I thought we were so happily settled here, and if I have to leave the High School, how shall I ever find a situation where we can be together?"

"You won't have to leave!" cried Hugh stoutly: but he looked anxious all the same.

"I have tried now for nearly a term, and somehow I can't fix the girls' attention or win their respect. It's my unlucky voice!" lamented Miss Withers. "And I get so flurried when I see them looking scornfully at me, I cannot do myself or them justice."

"Did that hateful big girl behave as badly as usual?" demanded Hugh. "I wish she were a boy, and I were strong! Yes, wouldn't I— What's that?"

"That" was a succession of knocks on the partly-open door, administered by the hard knuckles of the maid-of-all-work.

The raps had been going on for some moments, and had now waxed loud and urgent, as they had, in the agitation of brother and sister, remaind unnoticed.

Miss Withers dried her tears in alarm, and cried out "Come in!"

A scarlet visage surmounted by flame-coloured hair—the visage of Katharine Lovell—presented itself in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered. "Miss Seymour sent me on my way home for a book. I have brought a note."

She was so obviously discomposed that Miss Withers bade her come in and sit down, just observing, "My brother Hugh—Miss Lovell." Hugh, recognising the name, glared, and made the slightest ceremonious bow. Katharine sat down and stared at him speechless.

She had involuntarily overheard the latter part of the brother's and sister's conversation, and had in an instant put two and two together, connecting it all with Mrs. Arnold's remarks of the preceding afternoon. She saw every detail; the plain furniture, the flowers, the traces of care for the invalid, the crutches beside his chair, his crippled helplessness, and pathetic beautiful face. Miss Withers, after reading the note, left the room to hunt for some special book that was to be given to Katharine.

"My sister is very much worried as you can see," burst out Hugh, hoping Katharine "wouldn't know he knew" who she was, and visibly trembling. "I don't know many girls and I'm glad I don't. I think they must be mean things to torment her like this. She is well educated, but they won't give her a chance!"

There was real despair in his tone.

"We shall have to clear out of this I suppose," he continued, "then, perhaps, they will be satisfied. But I'm lame, and it's rather rough on us both—still, I suppose it's the law of the world! The weakest goes to the wall." Katharine did not know how to bear the look in his big, angry, mournful eyes. At this instant Miss Withers re-entered with the book and Katharine took herself out of the house as best she could.

In the road she met Mrs. Arnold, the vicar's wife, who at once confirmed her conclusion as to the identity of Miss Withers and her brother.

Only those who know the force of impulsive natures can imagine the energy with which Katharine's revulsion of feeling shook her whole being. So this was what her behaviour meant! She was spoiling the happiness of two lives! was heartless, and cruel! She cried and sobbed the whole afternoon with such vehemence that even her piano was neglected, and on the following day she seized upon Marjorie Grace before school for a long private conversation.

The two hurriedly convoked their form at recreation time, and Katharine made them a little speech, detailing what she had seen, and concluding—

"Girls, we've been perfectly horrid and hateful, but we must alter. I've been the worst, and I ought to have been the best, but from this moment I turn over a new leaf. We must 'give her a chance' as her brother says. I do believe what she says is all right, only it's her manner and that squeaky voice, but we've all got peculiarities ourselves, or if we haven't, we might have, so now let's make an end of it."

This not very lucid manifesto met with general sympathy and applause.

Miss Withers could scarcely believe her good fortune when she found her class listen with exemplary attention, and saw Katharine fiercely frowning at any girl who made the slightest rustle. She was one of the people on whom the "struggle for existence" presses with cruel force. Contempt and opposition, instead of calling forth her powers, confused her and made her incapable of giving out the best that was in her. She was fully qualified for her position, so far as acquirements went, or Miss Seymour would not have engaged her, but she needed receptive natures to work upon; she could not teach unwilling or scornful pupils. She gave an excellent lesson on this day, and Katharine was surprised and remorseful to observe how good it was.

Her position was now quickly assured, for from the moment she found free scope, she began to improve as a teacher. The attention which her pupils first rendered as a grace, they soon began to pay as her due. Even Katharine forgot her "squeaky voice," in listening to what it conveyed. And Miss Withers had the good sense not to comment to her class on the alteration in their behaviour. Katharine was grateful for this, for she had dreaded a "scene." She showed her gratitude by bringing flowers to her form-mistress, which were taken home with pride and joy to Hugh. Needless to say, the lame boy was enraptured at the changed aspect of affairs.

"It must be your doing, my darling!" cried his sister. How happy the two were now! and all because of the alteration in the "point of view" of one silly, thoughtless girl!

"I don't think so. I know I did just say one or two uncivil things. What a colour she had!" replied Hugh.

So that episode ended.

Girls, do you ever realise what an influence there may be in your slightest words and actions, and how, like Katharine Lovell, you may be making life almost unbearably hard for others, by sheer heedlessness?

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

The struggle for existence is terrible sometimes, and bears hardly on those who teach. Some of us are beginning to ask in these latter days if the law of competition is really the law of Christ? Is the law by which, as poor Hugh said, "the weakest go to the wall" in harmony with the law that bids us love others as ourselves, prefer one another in honour, and bear one another's burdens?"

Some stern social economists would have said "If the teacher cannot of her own unaided strength do her work effectually, and discipline her class, let her fall out of the ranks! she has no business there. Let the fittest survive!" And the teacher would have failed, and her acquirements rusted in idleness, and her brother would have eaten his heart out in sorrow and separation, and the two lives have been ruined—for what?

The interference with the law of "survival of the fittest," wrought by circumstances, was in this instance just and right, and it is so in countless other instances.

These are deep questions, and may seem too abstruse for connection with this schoolgirl incident, but every girl may rest assured that by thoughtfulness, care for others, and sympathy, she is fulfilling the law of Christ.

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART X.

DISPERSION OF FRUITS AND SEEDS.

PURPOSE in this chapter to explain some of the many remarkable ways in which plants are enabled to scatter their fruits and seeds. The chief agencies which assist in carrying out this purpose are wind, animals, birds, running water, and moisture in the atmosphere. We shall find that many seeds are furnished with certain outgrowths and peculiarities which are specially adapted to the action of these agencies, with the result that such seeds are distributed far and wide. We will first examine some of those fruits which are scattered by animals; this end is generally attained by means of hooks and curved spines on the outside of the fruit.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of this class is the seed-pod (or capsule) of the Martynias. During the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, a panther killed in one of the shooting excursions was found to have quantities of long-hooked seeds attached to his skin; these must have been brushed from a plant of *Martynia proboscidea*, which has sharp curved horns three or four inches long.

Another species called by the Italians *Testa di Quaglia*, or quail's head, sows itself in a similar manner by clinging to moving objects.

Many common hedgerow-plants have their fruits armed with quite formidable hooks so that creeping or flying creatures may be made unwittingly the means of distributing the fruits. The burdock is a most persistent plant in this respect, each of its numerous fruits being covered with long hooks which most successfully retain their hold of our clothing if we happen to brush past the plant when covered with its troublesome burrs. Other examples are the rough seeds of the forget-me-not, agrimony, enchanter's nightshade—a great pest in gardens—and all the bedstraw tribe.

These plants, we may observe, are low-growing and herbaceous, quite distinct in the matter of position from the tall trees and shrubs which depend upon the wind to scatter their seeds.

We are all familiar with the winged fruits of the sycamore; they are to be seen in early autumn. The clusters are first of a pale green, and then the seeds* often attain a flush of pale crimson which adds much to the picturesque beauty of the tree. The equinoctial gales separate the seeds from their stalks, and away they go far and wide, borne up by the delicate membrane attached to the seed which catches the wind, and is carried by it to a great distance from the parent tree. In the same way the winged keys of the ash, being very light, are borne by the autumn gales to strange habitats, so that the tree may

* In botany the fruit of the sycamore, maple, ash, etc., is called a *samara*, and is properly speaking a winged *achene*.

often be found growing on church towers, in ruins, and on crags inaccessible to man.

The pinus tribe of trees have seeds with wings slightly twisted so that, if we hold up a dry fir-cone, the seeds descend from it with a whirling motion like small shuttlecocks.

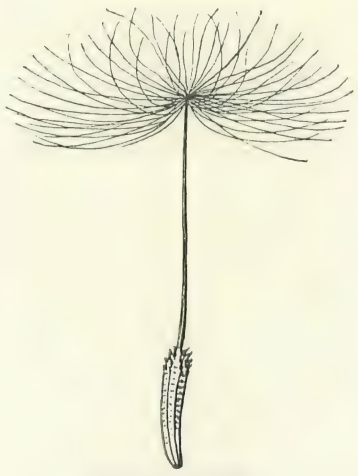
The winds which blow strongly in mountainous places carry these seeds before them, and are thus ever renewing the pine-forests by sowing the products of their cones on bare tracts of land. The lightest of all tree seeds is that of the birch; it is gifted with two wings or membranes, so that it floats in the air before the lightest breeze, and this may account for the wide distribution of the tree, which has been found growing from Mount Etna to Iceland and Greenland. I may give an instance of a common which, twenty years ago, was covered only by furze, broom, and brake-fern; about fourteen years since a shower of birch seed must have been strewn over the ground, and now it has become a wood, shutting out the distant views and quite altering the character of the landscape.

The wind again is the agency for the dispersion of the seeds of such plants as the common groundsel; here it may not be uninteresting to note the beautiful provision made in regard

SEED-POD OF MARTYNIA.

to the buoyancy of the seeds. These winged structures which the wind so lightly blows into the air must attain a certain altitude from which they can be successfully launched, and therefore we find that a large class of low-growing plants have their seeds furnished with accessories in the form of light silky down or hairs.

Most of the plants known as *compositæ* have their seeds thus feathered, and amongst them are those plagues of the farmer, the thistle, dandelion, goat's beard and others. The dandelion may serve as our example, and I would advise my readers to watch carefully the variations of position in the flowering stems. Whilst the flower is still fully expanded the stalk remains in an upright position so that it is conspicuous and likely to attract the notice of insect visitors. After the florets are fertilised it gradually lowers itself until it lies on the ground under the leaves for a period of ten or twelve days. During this time the seed-vessel matures and ripens, then the stalk rises to the erect position once more, and the beautiful downy globe expands into a soft fluffy ball of seeds hanging so loosely that the first breeze carries them away, and their descent into the ground is curiously provided for. Persons have sometimes alighted on the earth from a balloon by means of a parachute,



DANDELION SEED.

a machine which closely resembles an open umbrella with a car at the lower end. Now the dandelion seed descends in a similar manner, touching the ground first with its lower end, the weight of the seed enabling it to drop into some hole in the soil, and the spiny projections at the upper end preventing the feathery part of the seed from dragging it out again. The common goat's beard is perhaps the most beautiful English example of fruit with a downy pappus. A single flower will produce a sphere as large as a cricket-ball, and each seed is furnished with a starlike crown of branched feathers which the wind can bear away to a considerable distance.

The handsome willow-herb which adds so much colour and beauty to our river banks, bears its seed in long narrow pods, and these when ripe split up into five segments which, curling back as they open, leave the downy seeds free to be carried off by the passing breeze.

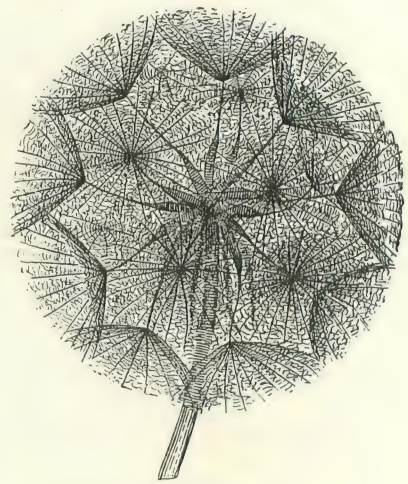
Bird agency in seed-dispersion is a most interesting subject, and one can but admire the wonderful way in which the services of winged creatures are made available.

Succulent berries and sticky fruits are highly attractive to many kinds of birds, and whilst they revel upon the sweet soft flesh of the berry the seeds which they swallow with it are enabled to resist the action of digestion by a hard covering which protects the kernel until the shell shall decay and allow the seed to germinate. In this way I find my garden in early spring quite thickly strewn with the seeds of the Irish ivy, always a favourite food of the common wood-pigeon which is so frequently to be heard cooing in my woods.

PARACHUTE.

The seeds of aquatic plants often cling to the feathers of birds that visit pieces of inland water, and are widely distributed by them in their flight from one lake to another.

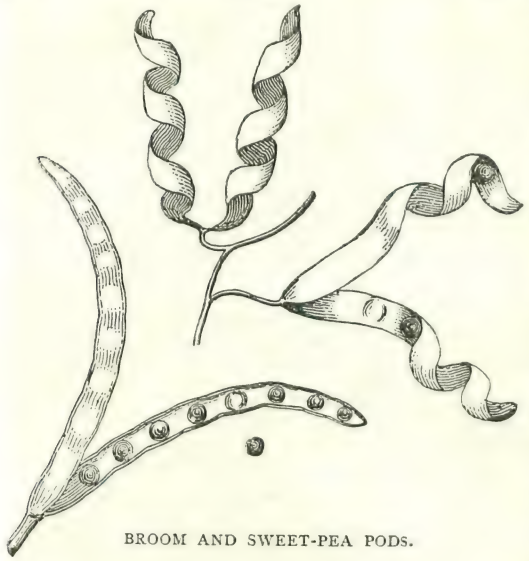
Darwin has shown by careful experiment that the mud clinging to the feet of various birds almost always contains seeds. A wounded partridge had a ball of earth weighing six and a half ounces adhering to its legs; from this earth Darwin reared no less than eighty-two separate plants of five distinct species. Seas and rivers also do their part in dispersing seeds. The huge nuts of the Cocos-de-mer palm, which grows only upon the Seychelles Islands, are often thrown upon very distant shores. This nut is said to take ten years to come to perfection, it is exceedingly hard and sometimes weighs as much as forty pounds. The common cocoa-nut is often found growing on the shores of coral and other islands in the Pacific ocean, and owes its position there to the buoyant nature of the nut, which floats uninjured in the sea until it finds a resting-place and a home on some atoll or island. In this way the cocoa palm has spread to such an extent that it is now perhaps the only palm common to the western and eastern hemispheres. West Indian seeds and fruits have even been thrown upon the Norwegian coasts and,



GOAT'S BEARD.

but for the unsuitability of the climate, there is little doubt that tropical trees and plants might sometimes be found growing even so far north. It is obvious that the seeds of all vegetation on the banks of rivers, small running streams and lakes, must be liable to very wide distribution. Darwin made many interesting experiments as to the length of time seeds could retain their vitality when floating in fresh or salt water. Ripe hazel nuts germinated after being ninety days in water. An asparagus plant with mature berries, when dried, floated for eighty-five days, and the seeds afterwards grew vigorously. Out of ninety-four plants experimented upon, eighteen floated for more than a month and some for three months, their germinating power not being destroyed. In quite a large number of species the plants themselves possess the means necessary to distribute the seed; it is true the distance traversed by each seed may not be great, but it is sufficient to give the seed a new field of growth. This power varies in different species; it is perhaps best defined as elastic force, and in the majority of cases the seed is actually thrown away from the parent plant by the expenditure of this force. The seed-pod is generally in a state of tension, due to the gradual drying up of the tissues; then a puff of wind, a slight blow, or even a change in

the atmospheric condition of the air gives the final impetus, causing the pod to burst with such force that the seeds are thrown out in all directions. The fibro-vascular cords are often found crossing the pod in an oblique direction, or even in a spiral manner, so that finally, as they shorten through dryness, they act upon the walls of the legume and we see the result in such dried pods as those of the sweet pea, broom, and laburnum.



BROOM AND SWEET-PEA PODS.

The pansy has a three-valved seed-pod, and as it dries the edges of the valves press upon the polished hard-shelled seeds and they are squirted out with a jerk to a distance of several feet. I was once greatly puzzled by a strange crackling sound in my room, and after a few minutes' search I discovered it was caused by a fusillade of pansy seeds striking against the sides of a small box in which I had placed the capsules to ripen. It is worthy of notice that the capsule hangs down to protect the seed-valves from rain, but when the seeds are matured the capsule rises to an upright position so that they may be projected far and wide. A conspicuous example of the elastic force of which I have spoken, is seen in the British Balsam, *Impatiens Noli-me-tangere* (touch-me-not). When its seeds are mature the valves of the capsule curl up in a spiral form with such force as to project both themselves and the seeds through the air many feet from the plant dropping the seeds by the way. On a hot summer's day, one may hear the dispersion of seeds! The furze and broom pods, the sweet peas and especially fir tree cones make quite a loud report as they split and scatter their contents. The tension causing these explosions is in some cases brought about by the fluids inside the fruit. This is the case with the squirting cucumber which, when fully ripe, is so distended with fluids that the slightest touch or movement is sufficient to cause it to break away from its stalk, and then the whole contents are ejected with great force so that the seed is thrown some distance. The extent of dispersion is very limited in those plants that are dependent upon the varying moisture of the air. Such plants are usually furnished with special awn-like appendages; these are hygroscopic* in their nature, and the difference in the amount of moisture in the air lengthens and contracts these apparently moving organs. When the seeds fall from an ear of barley they lie thickly strewn around the bottom of the stem, and were they to take root there they must inevitably choke each other; but each awn is thickly set with bristles, and as the morning sun shortens and the evening dew lengthens the hair-like *awn*, the prickles only allow the awn to move in one direction, and the seed which is attached to it is slowly but surely drawn many inches away. What is popularly called the dancing oat is another curious example of this hygrometric property. If a dry seed (or oat) is placed for a moment in water and then laid on a smooth table it will be seen to wave its long awns as if they were the antennæ of an insect, and to turn over and over until it has progressed some inches from the point where it was first placed. In *Avena elator* (the tall oat grass) and *Stipa pinnata* the awns are bent sharply just as they emerge from the flowers, the part below the bend being like a corkscrew and highly sensitive to moisture, relaxing and contracting according to the amount of moisture in the air, with the result that the seed travels along the ground. By the help of the long awn it can pass over small obstacles, such as stones or clods, the movement resembling that of a lever.

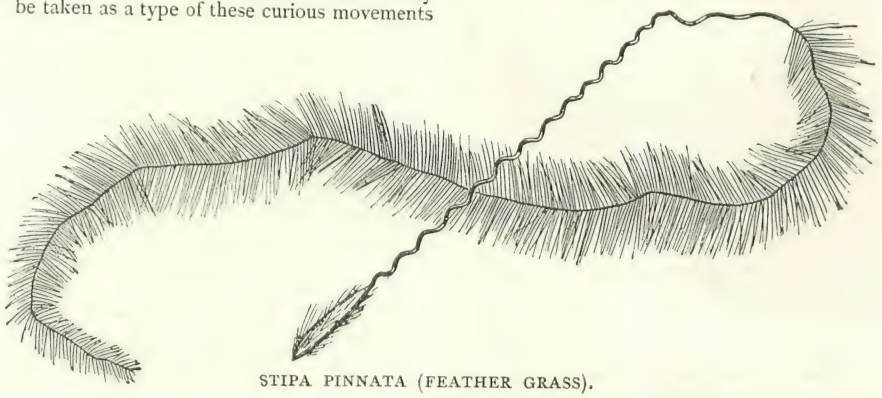
I must here guard my readers against those movements that are caused by some insect larva. The so-called jumping bean imported from Mexico is now so well known that it may be taken as a type of these curious movements due, not to the seed itself, but to the efforts of an imprisoned insect, the grub of a small moth which passes its larval stage inside the hard-shelled seed of a kind of Euphorbia.

In conclusion we may glance at a small group of plants that develop sticky glands for the purposes of dispersion.

That charming Alpine plant *Linnæa borealis* has a pair of bracts closely adherent to the fruit, and these bracts are covered with stalked glands of a sticky nature, so that when an animal, bird, or even a passing moth brushes against the little fruits they stick to the intruder and are thus borne away. Now it may perhaps occur to the thoughtful reader that the Linnæa seed-vessel, being part of a growing plant, would not readily break off with a slight touch, but it is another instance of that consummate skill and arrangement that is so apparent to the close observer. In the stalk of the little fruit there is a special separating layer* (analogous to that of the falling leaf which we noted in a previous chapter), and at this point the fruit readily separates if the slightest pressure is brought to bear upon it. This example is typical of what takes place in such plants as *Salvia glutinosa* and *Plumbago capensis* and *Rosea*. As a contrast to these various modes of dispersion I may mention those seed-vessels which are actually buried by the plants themselves, such as the groundnut, ivy-leaved toadflax and others. We must bear in mind that these plants usually have aerial flowers in addition to those matured underground, and that these aerial flowers produce fruits which are subject to dispersion; we may therefore conclude that the underground seeds are to ensure the continuance of the plant when the ordinary methods have perhaps partially failed. My readers may find, each autumn, an endless source of wonder and interest in the thousands of differing fruits and seed-vessels which may be obtained in any hedgerow and field, and by careful observation they may yet learn many new facts and be ever adding to their store of knowledge by gathering and comparing the fruits and their dispersion, as shown in the types sketched in this chapter.

Objects to collect and examine:—Fruits and seed-vessels of martynia, burdock, forget-me-not, agrimony, enchanter's nightshade, bed-straw, samara of sycamore, ash-keys, pinus seeds, birch seeds, dandelion and goat's beard seeds, pods of sweet-pea, broom, laburnum and pansy. Seed-vessels of balsam, wild oat, feather-grass, Linnæa borealis, salvia, plumbago, groundnut and ivy-leaved toadflax.

(*To be continued.*)



STIPA PINNATA (FEATHER GRASS).

* Sensitive to moisture.

* Called botanically an "absciss layer."

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day he made some excuse for calling on Dr. Forrest, and he took with him the bracelet. He reflected as he went along that, in consideration of her extreme youth, he ought to tell the doctor his intentions, and ask his consent before saying anything to Kathleen.

The doctor looked very grave. "I am glad it is Kathleen, and not Dorothy," he said, "though I can't spare one much better than the other. But there is no one," he added cordially, "I would sooner trust either of them with than you, Caben. But, mind you, I don't hold with early marriages, and I hope you won't want to take the child away from us just yet."

"I don't know that she'll have me at all, doctor," said Caben holding out his hand.

"Why not?" said the doctor, taking it and wringing it heartily.

And Caben laughed, and went off gaily to seek admission to the morning-room, where he found both the girls.

Before long the kind doctor rang his bell,

and summoned Dorothy, and the other two were left alone.

Kathleen was looking wonderfully fresh and pretty that morning. She was seated near the window, and the sunshine streamed down upon her hair. Of course Caben thought of the halos of pictured saints, and reflected that he had never seen any picture to compare to her. He wondered if it was possible he would ever be permitted to call this fair young creature his wife. It seemed too much happiness to expect. But the time had come if he would put his fortune to the test to speak to her.

Many and many a time of late had he considered in what terms he would do so. Though by no means a highly imaginative person, he had gone through scene after scene, and conversation after conversation, in which he was the wooer and Kathleen the wooed, and he had never had the heart to make the conclusion other than favourable, or at least hopeful.

But in all these interviews he had never introduced the bracelet, nor had the want of tact to allude to the fact that a grown-up young lady had once ignominiously fled from him, nor reminded her that for three months he had retained possession of her property.

Now though Kathleen liked him very much indeed, certainly more than any gentleman of her acquaintance, yet she was not in love with him. She thought of a great many future possibilities, and from time to time she included among these possibilities a lover, but the part that this imaginary person played in her schemes was a small one, quite out of proportion to certain other ideas. Indeed she and Dorothy had many delightful visions of the future, in which they should live together and do all sorts of wonderful things for the world in general. Into this future, of which by-the-bye they had been talking that very morning, Mr. Caben most certainly did not enter.

But, nevertheless, Kathleen looked very kindly upon him. Though she was not in love with him, it is possible that had he told of his love that bright autumn morning, with half the tenderness he really felt, Miss Kitty would have been touched and honoured, and have promised at any rate to admit him into her heart as a probable sovereign of its realm some future day. She was very impressionable, and very kind-hearted, and very generous. It would be hard for her to make a fellow-creature suffer, and she was so ready to return any love given to her in fuller measure, that were it not for her high ideals and the possession of more common sense than often goes with poetic temperaments, Kitty would have been in some danger of "throwing herself away." Therefore it was not likely she would heartlessly repulse Horace Caben, who had a great many things in his favour, who was a gentleman and well-educated, and good and kind, and by no means bad-looking. No, he might have had a very good chance of realising such a termination to his offer as the one in his imaginary conversations, if he had not been so devoid of common sense as to introduce the bracelet.

It was just one of those foolish things sensible people do at times; it had the effect of calling out that obstinacy which was Miss Forrest's besetting sin. It put her out of tune with him and with herself, and was but a poor preliminary to an offer of marriage. He produced the little parcel.

"Miss Forrest," he said, and she could not know he was feeling somewhat nervous and uncomfortable, "I have something of yours here which I have kept too long."

For the time Kathleen had forgotten that he still had her bracelet. While he was unfastening the paper around it, it flashed into her mind what it was.

"Oh!" she said, and up went the chin which she considered responsible for her strong will.

"I ought to have returned it long ago," said Horace as he held up the trinket.

"I agree with you," said Kathleen whom the sight of it had ruffled. "It was poor mamma's."

"I am very sorry!" said Caben quite humbly. "But you know," he added, "we agreed that you should not have it unless you asked for it."

"No gentleman," Kathleen flashed out, "ought to have made such terms."

Her lip trembled. She had loved her little bracelet for the sake of its owner.

"Perhaps not," said Caben; "but now I absolve you from those conditions. You shall have it without asking for it. But,"—he stammered a little—"but, I want you to give me something in return for it."

Kathleen did not answer. She was standing with her face slightly averted to wink away, before he saw them, some tears which the sight of her bracelet had called forth.

"I want you to give me something very precious, the thing I value most in this whole world."

She had turned and faced him again, looking at him, wonderingly.

"Kathleen," said Horace, "I want you, yourself; I love you, child!" he said huskily. "I want you to be my wife."

There was a moment's complete silence. During that moment Kathleen realised what he had said. And but just now he had seemed to be playing with her, teasing her. Could he be in earnest? Was it thus lightly he wooed her. Did he really love her as he said?

And then she saw that he was holding out her bracelet towards her. And if she took it did it mean that she accepted his offer?

"Oh!" she said tremblingly, "I—I cannot! I do not—love you!"

"Not yet, perhaps. But—Kathleen, darling, won't you give me some hope?"

"Oh, no!" she said, "please don't say any more about it. It is very good of you. But I could never care like that—never—never!"

And as she reiterated this with unnecessary vehemence, she pushed the bracelet from her with a little hand that shook very much in spite of her efforts at calmness. And the next minute Mr. Caben found himself alone. For the second time Kathleen had run away from him.

He stood where she had left him, feeling as uncomfortable as a man might well be under the circumstances. Then he moved towards the door. After he had reached it, however, he returned towards the table wearing a somewhat grim expression, and took up the bracelet which he had deposited there. "After all," he said, as he slipped it into his pocket, "I think I have a right to retain it. Who knows if I shall ever have anything else to remember her by?"

CHAPTER V.

And here this little episode might have ended, and two lives have been deprived of their happiness. Horace took his repulse fairly well, but he thought it would be a long time before he subjected himself to a second refusal. He continued visiting at the house by the doctor's request, though he never had another *tête-à-tête* with Kathleen. At first they had nothing to say to each other, but gradually they learnt to behave naturally towards one another. They had scarcely done so, however, before constraint was felt by one of them again, for Kathleen began to care for the lover she had refused. But of course she declared he should never know or guess. And of course she called herself many hard names for having refused him, and made him unhappy; and equally, of course, she exalted him into a paragon, and would not allow anyone but herself to say a word against him.

And so it might have gone on but for Mr. Caben's shying pony.

One dark night he was driving home from the market-town, when a man in a white smock suddenly sprang over the hedge and frightened the horse. He swerved to one side and the cart was run half-way up a bank and overturned.

Fortunately the village was near, and the involuntary cause of the accident speedily obtained assistance.

Dr. Forrest was sitting with the girls when he was summoned, the boy announcing what had happened, and that Mr. Caben was being brought to the surgery.

Kitty and Dolly both turned pale. The former alone said nothing. Dorothy was prompt with fears, hopes, surmises, speculations, and even followed her father half-way down the stairs, he reassuring her and sending her back to her cousin.

"Oh, Kitty," said Dolly tearfully, "isn't it dreadful? How suddenly things happen! And to think that we saw him only the day before yesterday; and he was quite well! And now perhaps he'll be killed or maimed for life! I always did think 'Wild Thing' was too spirited to drive, and his dog-cart is so high!"

Kitty remained silent.

"Hush! They are bringing him in; I can hear them."

She rushed to the door, then back again swiftly.

"Oh, Kitty, I am sure I heard him groan."

Kitty's hands were clasped together. She too was listening, straining every nerve.

"I wonder if we can do anything," she said presently, in a low voice.

"Oh, no, dear. What could we do? Father would never let you go in. And wouldn't you be afraid? I should. Oh, Kitty, suppose he is killed."

"Oh, be quiet!" said Kitty, in such a tone that Dorothy was silent directly. And she did not follow her cousin when the latter hurried into the inner drawing-room.

Dolly watched her walking to and fro. She could see that her head was bent, and her hands clasped.

Presently Dolly saw her go down on her knees.

Then she crept out of the room, and sat on the stairs crying quietly, for Kathleen as well as for Horace.

Suddenly the surgery door opened and her father looked out.

"Ah, there you are, little one. I thought you would like to be reassured. It's nothing much, I'm thankful to say. We are going to keep him here for to-night."

Dolly rushed up the stairs and into the drawing-room to impart the joyful news. Kitty threw her arms round Dolly and held her tight.

A few minutes afterwards Horace himself came in. He looked very white and ill, and one arm was bandaged.

"The doctor sent me to give an account of myself," he said quietly.

Dorothy greeted him joyfully. Then she ran off to give injunctions that his room should be prepared.

Then Kathleen, who had remained silent in the background, came slowly forward. Horace could see that she had been crying, and when she looked up at him wistfully, he could not keep the lovelight from his eyes. Her own fell before them, but not before he had seen something there which made his heart beat very quickly.

"Mr. Caben," said Kathleen, speaking so low it is a wonder he heard her, "when I heard about your accident, I made up my mind that, if I saw you again, I would ask you for my bracelet."

Ida Lemon.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "FANTASY."

SOLUTION.

FANTASY.

Beyond the ocean's utmost rim,
Beyond the forest hoar and dim,
Beyond the lake's refulgent plain,
Far from the mountains' dazzling chain,
Away, beyond the mighty flow
Of torrents thundering from the snow,
Yet close to these, if sought aright,
Close to each lovely sound and sight,
So close, that all may enter there,
There lies a world, of worlds most fair.
Thrice blest the maid with eyes to see
The magic realm of Fantasy!

LILY WATSON.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven shillings and Sixpence.

M. J. Champneys, Croft House, Worcester.
J. J. Coulthard, China Inland Mission, Newington Green, N.
M. A. C. Crabb, 49, Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.
Herbert V. French, Gresham House, Petteril Street, Carlisle.
Ada J. Graves, 8, Ventnor Terrace, Edinburgh.
Mrs. Hopewell, 1, Conging Street, Horncastle, Lincs.
Mildred M. C. Little, Great Broughton, Northallerton.
Florence Lush, 45, Etnam Street, Leominster, Hereford.
Sadie Stelfox, Cressington Park, Liverpool.
E. Stilwell, 68, Lyal Road, Bow, E.
Mabel Walton, Oliver's Mt. School, Scarborough.
Rev. J. Cecil Whitaker, Princes End, Tipton.
Florence Whitlock, Great Broughton, Northallerton.
M. Cerise Wynne, Woodlawn, Killarney.

Special Mention.

Mrs. L. A. Belling, E. Benson, Leonard Duncan, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Ethel M. Warner.

Very Highly Commended.

Adelaide G. Barnes, Lydia Belling, G. W. Blathwayt, Evelyn M. Blott, J. A. Center, Mary I. Chislett, Bessie Cleevely, Mrs. Crossman, J. Cumming, Annie K. Edwards, Clara Finch, Annie Fitt, Rev. R. L. Gales, Dora Gales, Elizabeth Grainger, Edie Greer, Edith E. Grundy, M. E. Hancock, Amy M. Henderson, Mrs. Caroline Holloway, J. Hunt, Mary Joliffe, Emma Kennedy, Lottie Langford, Polly Lawrance, Mrs. E. May, C. A. Murton, C. S. Nicholson, L. Pentelow, A. Phillips, F. A. Powell, Ellen M. Price, Anna J. Robertson, Jeannie W. Robertson, Gertrude Saffery, D. M. Sandford, Ellen Sanger, Lily Scott, M. H. Shepherd, Helen Shilstone, Lilian Short, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Beatrice K. Taylor, Constance Taylor.

Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson, Eliza Acworth, Ethel Angear, Florence Angear, Margaret Archdale, Mrs. Barrett, Pauline Bracken, A. S. Campbell, A. C. Carter, Edith Carter, Philip Cooper, Muriel Cowper, Ethel Darbyshire, Miss Fleming, Winifred Gotch, Ada M. Gruchy, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Alice M. Harris, F. Marguerite Heath, Lily Horn, Daisy Lane, Alice B. Lennie, M. D. M. MacLaren, J. Clark Richards, Alexandrina A. Robertson, May D. Stephens, Alice E. Stretton, E. C. Taylor, Edith E. Triniman, Rachel A. Wells, John R. Whyberd, G. S. Wilkins, E. M. Wood, Louise Wootton.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Hundreds of solutions, but not a perfect one among them all. Very few of the competitors took any notice of the increase of the space in the 4th line, and those who did fell into error elsewhere, so that the value of their observation was counteracted. All the best solutions have "Far from" or "Beyond" at the beginning of the first four lines, and it is indeed strange that not one of their authors thought of a change to account for the alteration in the fourth line.

A good deal has been said about the last word in the second line, but as a very large percentage of the solvers give "dim" without any remark, we must assume that, in most of the copies as in ours, the final d lacked the ordinary amount of ink. But the substitution of "grim" in no case affected the result.

Such a large number of solutions were so nearly alike that the difference between the prize papers and those very highly commended is one of punctuation only. If forty competitors had not placed the apostrophe in mountains' before instead of after the S, we should have been burdened with nearly sixty papers equal in every respect.

Of the substitutes given for "torrents" not one is wholly commendable. "Waters" is perhaps the best, but it does not adequately describe the picture. "Rivers" is weak; "rapids" is hardly accurate in such a connection, and "glaciers" do not flow thunderingly.

A common mistake was "touching" for "close to" in lines 7 and 8. Apart from the obvious difficulty of touching either a sight or a sound, not much objection could be urged against the reading.

It can hardly be necessary to point out that "blest thrice" is not practically equal to "thrice blest," and yet many competitors unhappily transposed the words.

We have no space to reply to the large pile of interesting letters before us, but any important points relating to the competitions shall be referred to another time.

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Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

331. Who was St. Mark, and where is he mentioned in the New Testament?

332. For whom is the Gospel according to St. Mark believed to have been specially written? Which of the apostles is thought to have dictated, or supervised its writing, having been the means of converting the writer?

333. Name any special characteristics of this Gospel?

334. Where and when is it believed that the Evangelist wrote this Gospel?

335. What is the single parable, and what are the two miracles specially and exclusively recorded by St. Mark?

336. With what (two) quotations from the Old Testament does this Gospel commence? To whom did they apply?

337. What three great events, that opened the ministry of our Lord, are recorded in the first chapter?

338. What was the name of the city mentioned by St. Matthew ix. 1, as Christ's "Own City?" Where was it situated? With what other city does Christ contrast it, and foretell its destruction?

339. Give an instance in the New Testament of an oath repented of as soon as made, and its consequences.

340. What remarkable promises did our Lord make in His last interview and discourse with His disciples before His Ascension, which were not recorded by the other Evangelists?

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

ONLY Parisians, I suppose, would have thought of a Museum of Women's Dress; but, in any case, such a unique collection has been under consideration, and will, doubtless, be a *fait accompli* during this present year. It is to be very complete; everything classified and dated; and the habiliments of men are to find a place in the same conservatory.

The "living pictures" exhibited by the association for promoting "healthy and artistic dress," were intended to show how graceful, as well as hygienic, this "rational clothing" might be made; but while all who saw them, for the most part were agreed in pronouncing them charming and picturesque, it seemed a matter of question whether they were practical enough for use in our variable climate. This exhibition, it may be remembered, was held in St. George's Hall just a year ago; and with what results, as regards the general public, our readers may judge for themselves. Still, the agitation raised in favour of theories sound in themselves, has done a work that, while slow in growth, may bring forth good fruit in the future.

The majority of hats now worn are "sailor hats," with wider brims, of coarse straw, and higher crowns, and trimmed with plain bands and bows of ribbon; and the broad-trimmed Leghorn, or Panama shapes, with high crowns

INTERRUPTED IN A GOSSIP.

ON THE RIVER.

more especially for afternoon wear. There are others more dressy in character and elaborate in their decorations; some being turned up at the sides and lined underneath with white *lisse*, or *tulle*, and, as usual, bows of ribbon, sprays of small flowers, or a white ostrich plume, are selected according to the taste of the wearer.

I may here remark that the scruples experienced by many in reference to the wearing of ostrich feathers, may be relieved by some information recently supplied me by some friends. Bent on an errand of mercy, they visited the ostrich farm in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and there ascertained that the feathers of these birds were only gathered in the moulting season, when so loose they were about to drop, and no pain, nor even discomfort was experienced by the birds in their removal, but probably a sense of relief, akin to that of removing a very loose tooth, only less in degree, as the quills are much smaller in circumference.

Coloured straws are much used for bonnets as well as hats, some rose-hued, and the crowns of these are high and described as "jam-pot" shapes. The "beef-eater" also, and the "Tam-o'-shanters" are also seen in these pretty-coloured straws. Some, with wide brims, have lace hanging from them, and this trimming may prove very satisfactory to girls who are easily sunburnt, yet who feel stifled in a close veil. The bonnets of the present season are very small, and the home-milliner can find no difficulty in manufacturing pretty effects on the foundation shapes so easily obtained in open-work jet, chenille, or straw.

The hair is usually dressed high, and in front it has a fluffy appearance. The best hairdressing I have seen was shown by a girl of my acquaintance, who is the possessor of a quantity of beautiful gold-tinted, fair hair. It was turned back from the face in a series of light waves, and gathered together in a high Greek knot. In the front, over the forehead, it was turned back and lightly waved like the rest (so that it was not a "fringe"), and looked soft and becoming.

Capes and *sacque*-jackets share equally together in general popularity, but the new *fichu* may have a good share of public favour in the hotter days of the summer. For evening wear capes are much used as wraps, often in velvets of delicate shades. For the daytime some are made in black grenadine over shot-silk, and I have seen others of figured alpaca, bordered with a *ruche* of pinked-out silk. For those who require an inexpensive garment these may be suggested. The material of a cape should be of double width, and from a yard and three-quarters to two yards of material are required. Black braid *passementerie* is sometimes placed like stripes, at equal distances, extending from the neck to the edge of the cape.

Sacque-jackets are also employed for evening wear, but these are made in delicate *chiné* silks, and trimmed with frills of coloured *chiffon*. Some of these have fitted underfronts, the coat falling on either side in a single box-pleat. For older persons, who require more voluminous wraps for evening wear, pelisses in handsome brocades are preferred, which naturally are much more expensive as well as warmer.

Dress materials are much what I described for last month. Of course the *crépon* has gone out, grass lawns are very popular, and canvas and grenadines made up over silk or "linenette" slips, or even over old evening silk skirts, which may be so utilised for economy's sake. There is a new *lustre* material, as well as an attractive choice of *broché* and shot alpacas, and the more durable, but likewise more expensive, mohair. "Tussore linen" is very silky in appearance, and to be had in many colours, so as to suit all complexions and tastes, at 11½d. or 1s. a yard, twenty-seven inches in width. These I have seen in pale-blue, pink, lilac, grey, fawn-colour, old-rose, etc. The black Brussels net skirts, with horizontal stripes of ribbon worn over coloured slips and finished with a frill of fine lace at edge of the skirt, will be found an economical investment; and an occasional change of the colour worn with it saves the cost of another evening dress.

As to the styles of making-up, the skirts stand out well at the feet with the help of horse-hair, and there are "panier"-like arrangements on the hips of the latest examples. When this standing-out effect is produced by padding we should certainly not adopt it in the heat of a summer season.

Skirts remain very short, and some are trimmed with panels and lace, but they are more usually plain. But the bodices are a good deal "befurbelowed," and the reduced sleeves have well-defined puffs to the elbow, above the coat or "rucked" part, from elbow to wrist. New embroidery in coloured cord is much employed on vests and cuffs, and is sometimes made to look more dressy by a metallic thread running through it.

For bridesmaids' frocks, and those for *fête* occasions, the new lace and ribbon skirts will be found useful and pretty, some being white, with tinted ribbon stripes, while others are in black.

The newest and prettiest blouses are made of grass lawn and white insertion, and look well over a colour, with a plain grass lawn skirt. Cambric shirts are in favour for morning wear, under, or if hot, without, a coat in the house. The cotton shirts are now made with detachable collars, in light tints, especially in pale blue, maize, pink, and mauve, trimmed with white Swiss insertion. This is newer than black pleats, tucks, or pipings.

There is no change as regards parasols since I last described them, only the very old-fashioned jointed ones have made an appearance, of small size, and made to be stowed away in a pocket. These I never thought satisfactory. There seems nothing much newer in veils; but for travelling and a day's outing, long wide ones of *tulle* are worn (as, indeed, they always are by many) over the hat, or bonnet, crossed at the back, and brought round the throat to be fastened under the chin. Frills or ruffles for the neck continue to be worn, and these I have seen composed of poppies, black, red,

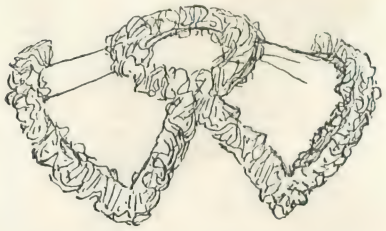
white, or cream-coloured, all set closely together. Belts and sashes are equally worn.

Our illustrations may be the better understood by a few words of further description. The figure seated wears a pretty bright shade of dark cornflower canvas over emerald-green silk dress, having the fashionable effect of shot green and blue. The skirt hangs in folds all round, very full at the back; but is quite tight-fitting at the upper part of the skirt, at the front and sides. The bodice is of a simple round shape; bordered with a twist of black ribbon. The front of the bodice is of white satin crossed with narrow black velvet ribbon; so as to form a small diamond pattern. On each side of this front, there were *revers* of *beige* lace over white satin. The hat worn was of cornflower blue, to match the canvas, and trimmed with shot blue and green gauze ribbon, blue *tulle*, and an *aigrette* of the new, shaded curled quills.

The figure represented at the right of the one just described (who is seated) is dressed in white muslin. The skirt has sets of narrow tucks, divided by rows of insertion, and finished by frills edged with lace. The sleeves are frilled at the shoulder, elbow, and wrist; and the bodice trimmed with satin ribbon, arranged on the shoulder, neck, and waist, with a bow, and long ends hanging in front.

The back view of figure seated in the boat shows a *chiné* silk bodice, and sleeves of the same, with a puff of chiffon at the shoulder, and elbow. The basque is cut in tabs, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. The figure facing it has an "Eton jacket," of striped material, with sleeves to the elbow. The vest is of grass-lawn, embroidered with coloured flowers, and sleeves to match. The hat is of white chip, trimmed with *cerise* silk, forming a bow at the back; and there is a spray of flowers in front. The brim is edged with tiny frills of accordion-pleated chiffon.

Our cut paper-pattern consists of two varieties of sleeve; one a coat-sleeve with a puff at the upper part of the arm; and the other with frills at the shoulder. Also, a pattern of a shoulder-cape, to be made of black silk and lace, or white lace and embroidery; or used to serve as a collarette.



SHOULDER-CAPE. (*Paper pattern.*)

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice, instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown. *Children*.—Child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles*.—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap. *Blouses*.—Norfolk blouse, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices*.—Plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt. All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

TWO SLEEVES. (*Paper patterns.*)

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LONDONERS may at last congratulate themselves upon the possession of an excellent collection of national portraits, properly arranged, and housed in a handsome building, conveniently situated.

The idea of making a collection of national portraits is no new one, for as long back as 1820, the governors of the British Institution brought together, in their Pall Mall gallery, a number of pictures representing Englishmen who had become illustrious in our annals, and in the catalogue which was then issued is the following notice. "The principles we have kept in view, in making the selection, have been first the celebrity of the individual who is represented, and secondly the excellence of the painting itself," by which we are to understand that the governors of the British Institution regarded their exhibition rather from a historical than from an art point of view, and it is certainly right that such a collection should be viewed in that way. In fact, as Carlyle wrote, in a letter to Earl Stanhope, which is printed in the catalogue of the present gallery, "Any representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me and much better than none at all." We shall bear this in mind while criticising the contents of the National Portrait Gallery, for although it is remarkable how very many good pictures there are, yet there are some which, from an art point of view, must be regarded as works in no way to be imitated! Although as we have already noticed the idea of a collection of national portraits occurred to the governors of the British Institution they do not appear to have contemplated a permanent exhibition. This idea which has, at length, been so admirably realised may be traced to Earl Stanhope, who on the 4th of March, 1856, proposed in the House of Lords a motion to the effect "That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into Her Royal consideration the expediency of forming a gallery of the portraits of the most eminent persons in British history." The address was presented and received the full sanction of the Crown; £2000 was voted by the House of Commons, and thus originated our "National Portrait Gallery." The first picture which was given to the collection was the celebrated "Chandos Portrait" of Shakspeare, the donor being the Earl of Ellesmere. After having led somewhat of a nomadic existence for forty years, being first located in King Street, then in different situations at South Kensington, and later on at Bethnal Green, the collection has now been arranged in a fine permanent building contiguous to the National Gallery in St. Martin's Place, Charing Cross.

One fact which is strongly born in upon our minds is that the English from early times greatly excelled in the art of portraiture, whether expressed in sculpture or painting, and this is proved beyond doubt by the monumental effigies which abound in our old churches even in the most out-of-the-way places, and the charming little miniatures in the borders of old manuscripts.

If, upon visiting the National Portrait Gallery, we commence by inspecting the room devoted to reproductions of ancient effigies, we find a very curious one of unusually early date, representing Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror. Except for the crusader-twist in his legs, the statue is excellently carved, and the costume carefully represented. The original is in Gloucester Cathedral, and presumably the sculptor was an Englishman, or at any rate an Anglo-Norman. Close at hand are two half-length reproductions of the effigies of King Henry III. and Queen Eleanor (wife of Edward I.) from their monuments at Westminster Abbey. Now, that these are English works we know as a fact, because we have documentary evidence that they were made by Master William Torel, Goldsmith (of London), who was paid fifty marks for "working upon the Queen's statue," which is of gilt bronze and was executed in the year 1291, and notwithstanding a somewhat archaic conventionalism and stiffness, this statue possesses a noble simplicity, united to much grace and elegance, and it is impossible to look at it without being impressed with the conviction that the lady represented possessed a refined mind and a graceful personality. The absence of jewellery and all ornament, except a very simple crown, shows that the English sculptors of the 13th century had entirely emancipated themselves from all barbaric, and even from Byzantine influences.

The effigy of Joan of Navarre, wife of Henry IV., represents a lady in a low dress, the earliest example we have met with; as however the gown is very slightly *décolleté*, the pattern may be followed with perfect propriety!

There is a charming bust of Margaret Douglas Countess of Lennox and mother of Lord Darnley, copied from the effigy upon her monument, which, if it is a genuine likeness, shows her to have been an extremely beautiful woman. The sculptor's name is unknown, but the work is very like that of Nicolas Stone. Unfortunately there is a portrait of Margaret Douglas in gallery No. 2, which does not convey the same idea of great personal beauty, and what is still more curious, the picture represents an old woman, and the bust on the monument a young one!

The small room classed as gallery No. 1 contains a few early pictures of no very special merit. The portrait of Richard II. is, for instance, not to be compared to the one on the south side of the sacrarium at Westminster Abbey. Nevertheless these early works are very interesting in more ways than one. We would here point out an error in the catalogue. The pictures of the family of Edward III. (represented in Basire's engravings), which were formerly in Saint Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, were not "painted in fresco," as stated, but in oil. This is certain both from the accounts for oil and varnish given in the QR roll of St. Stephen's Chapel and the experiments made upon some of them, when they were discovered in the year 1800. We should not refer to this except for the fact that it proves the English to have known the art of painting in oil more than a century before Van Eyke's reported "discovery of oil painting."

In gallery No. 2 is a portrait of Richard III. which has been engraved in Mr. Gairdner's life of that king. The portrait tells tales, and renders it difficult to disbelieve in the cruelty of the original. When we come down to the Tudor period the collection is rich in works, though we miss the hand of the great master of that day, the "king of portrait painters," Hans Holbein the Third!

There is a good Flemish picture representing Henry VII., dated 29th October, 1505; but the painter's name is unknown, and curiously the names of the painters of the two best portraits of Henry VIII. are also unknown, whereas the third by Hornbolt has been so much repainted as to be of little value except for the costume. The portraits of this monarch's wives are too well known by engravings, and need little notice here, and the same excuse must be pleaded for not entering into a description of the portraits of Wolsey and the many other eminent men and women of the time. There is, however, a very singular, and undoubtedly disagreeable portrait of Sir Thomas Wyatt, which attracts attention by its effeminate costume; he is habited in that most detestable example of male attire, a "low-necked dress!" This fashion was in vogue in Tudor times, and is supposed to be a revival of Roman costume! There are four or five portraits of Elizabeth, but as usual the painters have bestowed so much more pains upon the delineation of the Queen's costume than of her face that although one of the portraits is attributed to Zucharo they do not add materially to our knowledge of her countenance, though as costume pictures they are admirable. There are also several pictures of Mary Queen of Scots; the most pleasing is a reproduction of a simple chalk outline in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Her son, James I., is best and most favourably represented as a lad by Zucharo, and close at hand (in gallery No. III.) is the celebrated Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, which is said to have been painted by Richard Burbage the actor. If so, Burbage was an excellent painter. It has also been suggested that John Taylor, also a player, who bequeathed it to Sir William Davenant, painted it himself, but it is really far too good a picture to have been executed by any but an experienced professional hand; even from an artistic point of view it is one of the best works in the gallery. It is called "the Chandos Portrait" from its having passed into the hands of a lady named Nicholl who married James Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos. This picture was copied by Kneller and presented to Dryden. It was purchased at the Stowe sale and presented to the nation by the Earl of Ellesmere. The portraits of Charles I. and the members of his family are copies, but as that of the king himself is after Van Dyck by "Old Stone" it is interesting as a work of art. Queen Henrietta Maria is by an unknown hand, but is a graceful picture representing a handsome and dignified woman with a beautiful but sad and anxious expression. There is a good picture of Elizabeth "Queen of Bohemia" by Michiel Mireveldt. She became wife of Frederick Elector Palatine, who claimed the Bohemian throne in opposition to the wishes of the German Emperor. Another portrait by Honthorst represents this unhappy princess at the age of sixty-four, and shows the ravages made in her face by a life of unparalleled hardships and disappointments; as her daughter Sophia was mother to George I., this lady was a direct ancestress of Her Majesty. Another daughter Elizabeth is represented in a charming picture by Honthorst; she became Abbess of a Lutheran convent, was a pupil of Descartes, and was reputed the most learned woman of her age! Judging however from her portrait she possessed none of the unattractive characteristics sometimes ascribed to "blues;" on the contrary she is represented as a "piquant" young woman, faultlessly dressed, and looks rather vivacious than abstruse!

A rich and highly-finished painting represents Mary Sidney Countess of Pembroke; there is no signature by the artist, but the

date is 1614, and the work is attributed to Max Gheerhardts. The catalogue gives her epitaph, attributed to Sir William Brown, which is as follows:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slane another
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Although the countess was sixty-four when this picture was painted one can well understand the enthusiasm which she evoked. Gheerhardts has a good picture close at hand, representing the 1604 commercial treaty with Spain. The background represents the first Somerset House, erected from the designs of John of Padua.

There are several portraits of Oliver Cromwell; that by Robert Walker is the most interesting, as it is authenticated as the picture which Cromwell gave to Colonel Rich, and was bequeathed by Rich's grandson to the British Museum in 1784. The figure of the Lord Protector is ably treated and dignified. Walker was certainly an excellent painter, and deserves to be better known; although he was largely employed by the Parliamentarians, he also enjoyed royal patronage, and died in the house of the Earl of Arundel.

In gallery No. VI we find a collection of the court beauties of Charles II. The portraits are all more or less in the style of Lely, and influenced by his manner. Those of Nell Gwynn, the Duchess of Grammont, Mary Davis, Anne Countess of Shrewsbury, and Anne Hyde are genuine works by Lely, and good examples of that master's style; there is a sumptuousness of colour and gorgeousness of effect, combined with remarkable facility of execution, which cannot but fascinate the eye. The hands and the drapery, for instance, are delightfully rendered. It is, however, in several respects a vicious style, and we see this at once when we compare Lely's works with Van Dyck or Sir Joshua Reynolds. Those great masters appealed less directly to the eye alone, but to a considerable extent to the reason and the judgment; thus the more we study their pictures the more we find to admire; whereas with Lely the eye is fascinated at first, but the reason and the judgment do not corroborate the first impression, and, notwithstanding the master's skill, we weary of the brilliance and richness. In Lely's imitators things are still worse, because they copy his dangerous qualities without possessing his wonderful facility and power of drawing. No follower of Lely's, for instance, ever came near to the exquisite drawing of the hand of Nell Gwynn, which is pointing out of the picture.

One of the most exquisite portraits in the whole collection is that of the Duke of Monmouth, by William Wissing; it is a work which represents nature without effort, the figure seems to grow out of the background, giving the impression that you are looking at the man himself, rather than at his portrait! The head is a very handsome one, but with indications of weakness of character, indecision, and want of moral courage, just what we should have expected to find; they seem to suggest a character that many would love but few respect, the kind of being that people would, and did, lay down their lives for, without quite knowing why they did so, except that they were carried away by the personal fascination of the man!

Although Wissing was an assistant of Lely's, he had a style of his own, as we see in this portrait and one or two others; when, however, he imitated Lely he fell into the usual snare, and in his portrait of Mary II. we find all Lely's faults without his wonderful skill and marvellous power of drawing. It seems strange that with a much superior style of his own, Wissing should have stooped to imitate Lely, more especially in his later works, yet this has frequently ruined far nobler painters than Wissing!

Sir Godfrey Kneller is represented by about two dozen canvases; they do not, however, strike us as being very excellent examples of that master's work, as the flatness and hardness, which are the defects into which he too often fell, are more apparent than usual. The portrait of Sarah Jennings, the well-known Duchess of Marlborough, is an interesting picture, and no doubt a good likeness. It is strange, however, that it does not bear out our preconceived notions of that imperious lady. The little "rose-bud" mouth gives an idea of weakness rather than strength of character. Again our old friend, Dr. Watts, looks as grim and sour-visaged as if his sympathies were more enlisted on the side of those who "delight to bark and bite," than of those who refuse to "let such angry passions grow!" Of course nature often puzzles us in this way, and it would be absurd to blame the artist. Kneller certainly did not err on the side of imaginativeness, but painted exactly what he saw, thus he was rather a correct than a great portrait-painter.

The pictures representing Queen Anne are not as satisfactory as one could wish, and one of them might well serve as a signboard. When we inspect the galleries devoted to the reigns of George I. and II., the work is, it must be confessed, rather dull. The fact is that the painters of that period were with few exceptions poor portrayers of the "human face divine" or, in fact, of anything else. Shakleton's portrait of George II. is a good example of the kind of thing. We see at once that a picture had become a mere article of furniture, of which the best part was usually the frame.

There are of course exceptions, and it must be confessed that Sir Robert Walpole's portrait by the French painter, Van Loo, is a fine picture. As far as England is concerned the bright star of this dark age was of course Hogarth; and fortunately three excellent though small pictures of his help to enliven a gallery which is otherwise depressing. The first of these is Hogarth's "portrait of himself painting," a wonderfully careful piece of work, most highly finished. The second is in every respect the reverse; it is a vigorous, rapid oil sketch, representing Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1747. The third is an elaborately finished picture representing a commission of the House of Commons held in the Fleet Prison February 27th, 1729, to inquire into the cruelties perpetrated by Bainbridge upon the unfortunate prisoners committed to his charge.

The principal landing (or gallery No. 26), between the first floor and the second floor of the new building, contains portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, a copy of one at Windsor, Winterhalter's well-known picture of the late Prince Consort, a clever study of the head of King George IV. for the coinage, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; the same painter's repulsive picture of Queen Caroline of Brunswick. Perhaps Lawrence is not to be blamed altogether for this picture; it is difficult to imagine that it is by the same hand which painted the fine portrait of Warren Hastings. Here is also Dawe's portrait of Princess Charlotte of Wales, only child of George IV., and heiress-presumptive to the English throne. She was evidently a gentle and interesting-looking young woman, rather than a positively handsome one; there is much sweetness and modesty about the expression of the face, which renders it very attractive, and one can understand the grief of the people, in every condition of life, when this young wife—barely twenty-one years of age—died over the birth of her first-born child. The catalogue says, "Never in our annals has any public event been the cause of more genuine and general grief," and the writer can testify to that fact, for he has often heard old women, and men too, speak about the event with broken voices and tears in their eyes, as if they were relating the death of some child or wife of their own, and that half a century after the event. Dawe never parted with the picture—though, no doubt, he might have obtained a large sum of money for it. At his death it passed into the hands of his nephew, from whom it was purchased for the nation. Upon the same landing is a fine portrait of the Duke of Cumberland, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and it is time that we should say something about the works of one, who is on all hands, allowed to have been the greatest English portrait-painter and the greatest European artist of his day. Sir Joshua is represented by eighteen canvases; and although they are perhaps, not for the most part, amongst his best works, several of them are very excellent. The finest to our mind is the portrait of John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, who established his reputation as a lawyer as counsel for Wilkes. The picture is rich and extremely powerful in colour, and though subdued in tone yet realistic. The treatment of the background is remarkably subtle; at first it looks simply like an ordinary flat mass of brown paint, but upon closer examination it will be seen that by slight variations in colour it is made to relieve the head in such a way as to impart to it a wonderful air of reality by strongish contrasts with the flesh colour in some places, and obscuring the outline in others. It has sometimes been said that "the most difficult thing to paint in a portrait is the background;" and if this be really the case, this portrait is an invaluable study for artists—especially portrait-painters. It will be noticed that there is very little really painted detail about the face, but the modelling is very skilfully hinted at; the work is probably executed with large brushes full of colour, but although the effect is broad and has a look of facility, it by no means follows that it was rapidly painted; such pictures are as a rule the result of most careful manipulation.

There is an interesting portrait of Sir Joshua, painted by himself when a young man. His left hand is raised to shade his eyes, and his palette and brushes are held in the right hand. But this is explained by the obvious fact that he painted what he saw when looking at himself in a mirror!

Gainsborough's portraits here are rather disappointing; that representing Stringer Lawrence is very skilful, but looks as though it had been a little over-cleaned at some time. Of course Gainsborough often painted very thinly, and in this respect is a contrast to Reynolds, but some of these portraits have a look of being scrubbed down.

In gallery No. 16 is Arthur Pound's curious picture of Margaret (Peggy) Woffington. The lady is represented in bed, as the picture was taken after her seizure by paralysis while reciting the epilogue to *As you Like it*. There is a look of patience and resignation about the face that gives a charm and probably an air of truth to the picture. She never recovered, but appears to have borne her sad lot with submission. It is said of her that her charities were unbounded, and that, although the most beautiful woman of her day, she was the least vain one. Almost opposite in the same gallery is another actress's portrait, who has also left a name for goodness as well as beauty—Elizabeth O'Neil, who afterwards became Lady Beecher: the portrait, by J. Masquerier, shows a strikingly handsome woman in a low dress.

In gallery No. 25 is a fine collection of modern portraits. Watts's grand works

representing Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stratford-de-Redcliffe, Cardinal Manning, Carlyle, Robert Lowe, Browning and the less striking one of Tennyson are here, and were the gift of the artist to the nation. It would however be impossible to attempt any detailed description of many excellent modern portraits in the gallery, so we must leave the reader to form her own judgment upon them, which she will probably do in spite of anything we may say, and rightly so, for the object of the critic should be rather to draw attention to works which seem to him worthy of study than to lay down laws which shackle the understanding and enforce conclusions to which the mind is uninclined to submit. In fact, the more the public thinks over such matters, and the less the judgment is fettered, the better and more natural will be the taste for art and the greater its hope of future development.

The public ought to be very grateful to Mr. Lionel Cust for the excellent arrangement of the pictures, which must have been very difficult, as there is by no means an overamount of space at command, and even, as it is, pictures have had to be hung in corridors and in the basement. Before concluding it may be as well to say a few words upon the building which has been provided for the reception of this highly interesting collection.

Architecturally it is an adjunct to the National Gallery, and its longest side, facing St. Martin's Place, is a continuation of that building. Now although architects tell us that the "profiles" of the mouldings and proportions of the columns of the National Gallery are exceedingly correct, to the uninitiated it is a dull uninteresting building with a mean dome, ugly "pepper-boxes" and incongruous stacks of chimneys, and we regret the reproduction of any portion of it. In the main building, which faces Charing Cross Road, the late Mr. Ewan Christian designed a handsome edifice in the Renaissance style, which is well adapted to its purpose, conveniently planned and an ornament to the neighbourhood. We don't know who is to blame for the fact that it is, of course, too small; it can scarcely contain the pictures at present collected within its walls in such a way as to allow of their being seen in a good light, and what is to be done with those which may be accumulated at future periods is a puzzle. We venture also to suggest that a door leading into the National Gallery would add greatly to the convenience of the public, and especially to that of students, who may want to compare the portraits of eminent men contained in the National Portrait Gallery with those representing the same persons in the National Gallery. We do not suggest for a moment that the architects are to blame for these defects, and we simply point them out under the hope that the authorities may see their way to remedy them if possible.

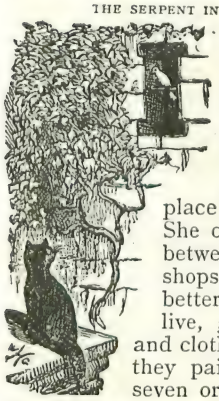
H. W. BREWER.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN.



In due time Christina departed. Her attribute of mystery surrounded her exodus. She wasn't going to another place just now, she said. She often took a turn off between. She'd been in shops. She liked that far better, only one could not live, getting rent, food, and clothes out of the wage they paid; how far could seven or eight weekly shillings go in all those directions? Shop-girls generally lived at home, and spent most of their earnings on their backs. In them, their masters got "assisted labour," quite as much as if they employed people living in workhouses or gaols, who could do anything for next to nothing, just to get little "perqs." In Christina's opinion, "things would never go straight" till no grown person, man or woman, able in mind and body, would be willing to spend life in any work which wouldn't bring in enough to maintain him or her decently, without other help.

"One sees what it means, that it isn't so," she said, "when one's had to fight for one's own hand, as I have. There's no woman's work by which one can live, that's always easily to be had—except service. There's scores of shop-girls and clerks waiting for every job. But oh, there are scores of places waiting for servants!"

"Well, I believe household work is the best and the happiest for women," asserted Morag, "if things were managed rightly."

"That's a big 'if,'" sneered Christina. "There's a good time coming, girls," she lilted, "but it's a long way off yet, and most of us will be dead before it gets alongside! Well, when times are hard, the old slavey-dodge comes handy to fall back on, and madams our mistresses have brought things to such a pass, that nowadays they don't ask many questions, but are thankful for what they can catch."

Morag winced. It was a sore point with her that the Garths had taken her on so easily. When one can bear scrutiny, one does not care to be accepted on wholesale scales. It made Morag feel as if all that was best in herself and her history was of so very little value!

"I have heard nothing of the new housemaid," she said soberly, as she helped Christina to cord her boxes.

Christina looked up at her knowingly. "Live and learn, my harmless dove," she said. "You won't see another housemaid for weeks, take my word for it. They were in no hurry to get a parlourmaid till they thought of their party—and then you were had in, post-haste. Don't you see, my innocent, we profess to keep three servants, but we keep only two for six or seven months out of the year. That keeps up our gentility cheap, don't you see?"

Morag stood aghast. But she put the thought away, and said good-bye to Christina with some regret (not born of the fear of finding Christina's work left on her hands), and despite one blessing which she fancied Christina's absence would secure.

"I suppose you'll give me out fresh sheets, and let me take Christina's bed to-night, Mrs. Grieve," said Morag, as the two sat down to their tea.

In the household the cook was called "Jean," but Morag always called her "Mrs. Grieve." It had struck her that a widow might feel it as hard to surrender her married dignity as she had to be called "Annie" by Mrs. Cay. Jean Grieve never took any notice of the attention; it was hard to say whether it impressed her at all. But, certainly, she always called Morag "my dear," and "dearie," whereas she never gave Christina anything but her bare name.

"My dearie," she said, "I'm sorry, but when I said so to Miss Griselda this morning, asking her for the sheets, she said there was no use changing into the other bed—that always went with the housemaid's place; and until a new housemaid came, it was a pity we should bother making up two beds—there'd be plenty of other work."

For poor Jean Grieve's sake, Morag stifled her disgust and disappointment. The cook went on presently—

"That's the old lady's ways, I think, dearie. It's wonderful how 'near' she is, and though she'll spend money readily enough in some ways, she'll take no end of trouble to save a farthing in another. And I think she likes saving things even more than money. She won't see any

use in putting out two pairs of sheets when two people can sleep in one."

The longer Morag stayed at the Garths, the less she wondered at Christina's cynicism, or at her frank dislike of the family. At every turn they made one realise that they felt themselves separated from one as by the barrier of another nature. "As if we were dogs," Christina had said once. Miss Griselda and Miss Elsa were generally gracious and effusive, as those people are who have heard that it is "a good sign when people like dogs, and are beloved by them." Mrs. Garth and Miss Henrietta were stand-offish, as are those others who think only of dogs as creatures who want to bite, and are yearning for a bone. Morag found it hard to say which manner was most offensive to her.

Waiting on them at table, and indeed waiting upon them at every hour of the day, she learned their standpoints on many subjects. She knew each sister had a bedroom to herself, and she heard their expressed opinion that "every human being who was able to realise the possession of a spiritual nature, should have some place for solitary retreat." As they gave one room for three stranger-women to share, that meant that they did not consider those women did "realise any spiritual nature."

Then Morag used to amuse herself by planning how a different order of things could have been secured in that very house, by a little management and self-sacrifice. Behind the dining-room was "a spare bedroom" which had been occupied, said Mrs. Grieve, only for one night during her year's service, for when Miss Helena visited home, she always slept on a couch in her mother's room, and the son, from home, had his holidays with all the family when they went to the country in the autumn. Suppose then that Miss Griselda had taken possession of this room, leaving hers, the back room on the second-floor, for Miss Elsa to descend into from her attic. That would have left Miss Elsa's room for the housemaid. Then between the two attic bedrooms, where Miss Elsa and Miss Henrietta now slept, there was a chamber—better than that which Morag had occupied at Aunt Rebecca's—half-full of empty boxes. If these had been carefully stacked to one side, space would have been left for the little bed for which Morag would have been so profoundly thankful. Then Mrs. Grieve would have had her downstairs bedroom practically to herself, though the girls might have availed themselves of it by day, for those changes of cap or apron, which would make the having to go up through the whole house a weariness and a hindrance. As for the exceeding rare "guest staying in the house," the temporary bed which Miss Helena used in her mother's room might have been put up there for Miss Griselda, so releasing the present spare room. Or the whole plan could be simplified by turning the back drawing-room into a spare room—that back drawing-room where nobody ever sat, and which was never used save on such occasions as "the party," when all its furniture was cleared away!

Oh, it seemed to Morag that it could be so easily done, and that it would be done at once, could such as the Misses Garth realise that their servants' instincts and desires are uncommonly like their own, or that if they are not so, it is simply because they have been killed out or have found no opportunity to grow.

The Misses Garth considered themselves to be great "women's women." They triumphed with great joy when any appointments hitherto held by men were, at a reduced scale of salary, opened up for women, and greedily seized upon those who as Griselda Garth said "had no need to work for bread," but who wanted to have "a career of their own," and "to enjoy the dignity of labour." But Morag noted that they maintained a truly wonderful line between such and themselves, and those others who did "have to work for bread"—no matter how gifted themselves nor how useful or honourable their employment.

The young ladies all constantly spoke as if the "enmity" of the world's infancy had been set up not between the seed of Adam and the seed of the serpent, but between Adam and Eve themselves! Yet Morag was shrewd enough to observe that at their party they had been very ready to monopolise the men guests, and that there was much more "fuss" and excitement over men visitors than over women—possibly because they were few and far between. Christina had called Morag's attention to that, adding that "no followers" were allowed in the kitchen. That was one of Mrs. Garth's rules, which even Christina had fancied that Miss Griselda and Miss Elsa might have been induced to relax.

"You let a young man come to see you, and you'll hear how the old lady will go on," Christina had warned. "Why, somebody waited for me once, walking up and down outside, and she said it was never to happen again. So he had to stand in the mews round the corner. She says we can see our friends on our nights out, and that it is quite enough."

In September, the Garths took a little cottage among the Perthshire hills, and leaving Jean Grieve in charge of the Edinburgh house, the whole family, joined by the son and the nurse-daughter, went off for their holiday, with Morag for their sole attendant. Her "holiday" was the endless preparation of food for people who came in and out at all hours on their pedestrian or bicycling trips, the care of ill-kept, hired-house furniture, the charge of the Garths' linen and cutlery. So, though she thanked God for her glimpse of the hills, it was small wonder that, on her return, Jean Grieve said she "looked rather worse than when she went."

Even in town there was rather less sense of absolute confinement at the Garths' than at Mrs. Cay's, because there were more errands and shopping, but after Morag had been there for a few weeks, she began to feel so tired, that she could not hail with unmixed delight the prolonged wandering of her "evening out." Of course the natural beauties and historical interests of Edinburgh were colossal as compared with those of Nigle, and Morag had fastened upon them eagerly at first. But the unceasing work in the house, and the city air which seemed "half dead" to one used to the bracing breezes of Sillerton, began to tell on her energies, bodily and mental. Distances seemed so immense; there seemed too much of everything for one to be able to grasp anything. The vast city crowds, the strange, unheeding faces, perplexed and hurt her, and sundry experiences on the top of Arthur's Seat soon warned her that solitude near a great city is more to be dreaded even than its crowds.

In "the Meadows," though one was certainly safe enough among the strolling couples and the playing children, there were always plenty of idlers whose bold stares and unacceptable greetings soon found out the lonely country girl and made her heart go pit-a-pat as she hurried away. Even among the amenities of the beautiful Princes Street Gardens one was not quite secure. There, poor Morag, resting wearily on a seat, was joined by a well-dressed, stylish-looking young man, who took his place at the other end. At Nigle, even at Sillerton, Morag would not have given two thoughts to him, but she had learned enough of Edinburgh to instantly ask herself whether she ought not to rise and go—her wholesome instinct asserting itself that to do so for no reason was but to give a suggestion of prurient consciousness.

But presently he spoke.

"Sorry to see you out by yourself on such a fine evening! Don't you want to say to somebody how beautiful the sunset was, and to hear him answer that the beauty he cares to see is on your face?"

Morag's heart was in her mouth. She was no idle-headed fool, and she knew that compliment of this sort was direct insult. She rose and hastened away.

He followed her, quickening his long step to keep pace with her speed.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," he said, "I'm not going to eat you. Young ladies mustn't sit in the gloaming, looking so enchanting, if they don't expect a fellow to speak to them."

Morag hurried on with averted face.

"Is the wild bird a little shy to-night? She will be tamer by-and-by," he said. "Does she often come to flutter in these shady groves? Will she be here next Wednesday evening?"

Through Morag's brain flitted the old words, "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"And what will the wild bird do when the winter comes," he pursued, "when boughs are bare, and the snow is on the ground? The wild bird cannot flutter in the groves then. Would she not like to be taken to the theatre; or is the wild bird so good that she would prefer a nice concert-room?"

Regardless of appearances, Morag broke into a run.

"You leave that young lady alone! She's none of your sort and don't want to be!"

The "gentleman" slunk aside. The voice, harsh and strident, so that everybody in the vicinity could hear it, was familiar to Morag. For it was the voice of Christina.

(To be continued.)

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM

The gairisre -lntofman -t+0
Althomy isnOA
Yetevery ofthe and every bside
Emit ifrntf rancesttha tm -hta
Thespicesofthe and 2
Comefromthe the e where blew
Butthese re 500×2 / an but re ONE CENT lygavep
Theylove2c 2 3 4 5 6 / M E R / 7 8 9 2 3 timeour e 2
Thenaswegentlywalk2 sthe andthe
Weyiel5002 or i × N S ern and
We a ful×3glythe and
Andsay g+500 / 0×2 n t -ho -f+bt::were @ -h+d

*** Eight Prizes (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be September 16, 1896; from Abroad, October 17, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A Consolation Prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To make pancakes in the French fashion, prepare the batter in the usual way; do not be stingy with the eggs. Put a piece of butter in a saucepan, and melt it. Get a piece of stick and tie a nice clean piece of rag round the end of it, and leave it in the melted butter. Take the pan in which you are going to make your pancakes, and put it on the fire dry. When quite hot take the stick from the melted butter and thoroughly paint the dry pan with it, then pour in the batter. This plan will make the pancakes lighter than the ordinary way, and is more economical. The pan must be freshly painted with butter before each pancake is made.

To remove ink-stains from table-linen pour fresh milk upon it till the stain is quite out, but if no milk is at hand and the ink has got dry, boil some milk in a saucepan, dip the stained linen into the milk, and keep dabbing it till it comes out. Another plan is to cover the stain with salt and place a slice of lemon on it, and leave it for a few hours. This will not destroy the fibre of the linen, as salt-of-lemon does.

When a large quantity of tea-cake or toast has to be served buttered, melt sufficient butter in a flat tin over the stove, and when hot and melted dip each piece of cake or toast on a fork into the butter lightly. The work of buttering is done in this way in about half the time usually spent when spreading it with a knife.

If a fire is wanted to burn up quickly, place the blocks of coal with the grain upwards towards the chimney, but if wanted to burn slowly place the coal with the grain across the fire.

Great care should be taken in warm weather that the milkman or the cook do not put boracic acid in the milk that is used by children or even grown-up people. It is a well-known preservative, but unless used very sparingly it is highly injurious to health.

Brooms put into boiling water once a week and then plunged into cold water will become tough and durable, lasting twice as long as those not treated thus, will sweep better, and will not cut the carpet.

One of the best things for cleaning patent leather is the French harness-polish, to be got from any saddler. Rub it on lightly, then rub it up with a piece of black cloth. Patent leather so treated never cracks.

Essence of penny-royal effectually keeps away mosquitoes and gnats, the odour is a powerful one, and they will not come near it.

Use soapy water in making starch, the clothes will look more glossy, and the iron will be less likely to stick.

Tumblers that have contained milk should not be washed in hot water, as it clouds the glass permanently.

A tin cup filled with vinegar and placed on the back of the stove will prevent the smell of cooking over the house.

All clothes worn out of doors should be carefully brushed before being put away, and black materials are improved by being occasionally sponged with a weak solution of ammonia in water. Face-veils also after being worn some time are the better for this treatment.

An effectual way of getting rid of cockroaches is to place cut slices of cucumber over the floor they frequent at night. They devour this greedily, and it destroys them.

A watch should be wound in the morning and not, as it is usually done, at night. The mainspring is relaxed at night, but if wound in the morning remains close and tight all day.

Egg-shells are porous and absorb unpleasant odours; they should be kept in a clean cool place, and not near cheese or any strong smelling thing.

Raw potato with a little bathbrick will remove stains from steel knives and forks, and stains can also be taken out of tinware and brass in the same way.

If stung by a bee or other insect, and no other remedy is near, a plaster of wetted earth or even a piece of damp turf laid on the place has been known to effect a complete cure.

To peel ripe tomatoes, put them into a frying basket and plunge into boiling water for a second or two, to loosen the skins; this is a better way than to pour boiling water over them.

Paper bags are made of a compound of rags, lime and glue mixed with chemicals and acids. When dry these do no harm; but articles of food should not be left in them if damp.

When removing a cake from the oven where it has been baked, place the tin on a damp towel for a moment and the cake will come readily out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

M. B.—If you have so much jam remaining, and want another way of using it, try "preserve pudding." Half a pound of flour, half a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, one teacupful of jam, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teacupful of milk. Mix all well together, put into a greased mould or basin, and boil for three hours. Take care not to put in too much soda, or it will taste. These quantities make a large pudding.

Matlock Dale.—Is this the "Buxton pudding" that you mean? To one pound of butter add a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, half a teacupful of milk, and two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, flour, eggs (beaten previously), and milk. Beat all well together for about five minutes, until perfectly smooth. Put a layer of jam in a pie-dish, pour the mixture over it, and bake for twenty minutes. This quantity makes a good-sized pudding.

Learning to Cook.—We think you could try to make the following, as it is an easy recipe, and very good. Take half a pound of cooked potatoes, and rub them through a sieve, or mash them with a wooden spoon. If this is done while they are warm, they can be mashed more easily Mix with them two ounces of butter, and two ounces of castor sugar. Beat two eggs, and add them gradually, beating all for about ten minutes. Lastly, put in a few drops of almond flavouring. Line some patty-pans with paste, put a tablespoonful of the mixture in each tartlet, lay a strip of candied peel on each, and bake in a tolerably quick oven. These are best eaten hot.

L. H.—Parsnip wine. Boil fifteen pounds of sliced parsnips in five gallons of water until quite soft, press all the juice out of them, pass them through a sieve; and to every gallon of liquor add three pounds of coarse lump sugar. Then boil the whole for three-quarters of an hour; and when nearly cold, add a little yeast on toast; put it into a tub, and let it remain for ten days, stirring it from the bottom every day. Then put it into a cask, and let it remain for a year, filling it up each day as it works over.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sydney.—1. November 13th being "St. Martin's Day," the day before is "St. Martin's Eve." 2. The first volume of "G. O. P.," can only be obtained secondhand.

Charlie's Darling should advise her friend to obtain legal advice.

Marie O. L.—1. You should not overtax your strength in walking. Stop when you *begin* to feel tired. 2. October 5th, 1870, was a Sunday.

Miss Pryde is anxious that we should mention that her establishment in Paris, 152, Rue de la Pompe, is now called The Caledonian Home, and that she will be very glad to take in artists for the winter months.

Anonymous.—1. Silkworms can be obtained in Covent Garden market, and also through the *Exchange and Mart*. 2. There is an article in "G. O. P." for August 3, 1889, on the subject.

Helen (Essex).—You will find the authority for doing so in Phil. ii. 10.

Zara.—*The Girls' Own Indoor Book* would be useful.

Onion inquires how to use an onion so as to promote the growth of the hair. Cut one in two and rub the inside on the skin, at the roots of the hair, till the scalp be quite red. This recipe, however, we should not recommend, as the odour would be offensive to others, if not to yourself. A decoction of rosemary is by no means unpleasant.

L. M.—You are too young for the situation of stewardess, unless an exception was made in your favour, as being the daughter of a stewardess long employed and approved of in the company's service.

L. H. B.—We think the case should be investigated by your father, or some near member of your family, who is, or has been more or less a guardian, or stands in a father's place as your protector. We do not consider that you should take any action in the matter until the actual truth be ascertained for you. Perhaps you have an uncle, if not a father, or if not, an elder brother of middle age.

Margaret.—1. Alison's *History of Europe*.—2. A small shilling manual on botany, or the flowers of the field.

J. H. Collard.—Half-a-crown of George III., of 1817, is valued at from 3s. 6d. to 6s. (ditto of 1820, likewise). A shilling of 1819, from 2s. to 3s.; and a crown-piece of William III., from 6s. to 10s. Masonic ornaments are not of general interest.

H. A. N.—*Spes tutissima cœlis*, "The safest hope is in Heaven," is the motto of the King and Price families.

Silly Little Thing.—This seems like a question of conscience. Unless you intend to leave the church of your birth, you must, it is clear, follow her rules in the matter. Can you not consult your minister?

Plaidy.—We think you must tell your mother about the conduct which gives you anxiety, and let her judge what steps to take. You take a great responsibility on your shoulders by concealing it from her.

Alpha.—We fear a great many young men grieve and distress their families by not writing to them, when absent from home. We do not know what you can do to persuade him to write.

A Highburnian, Signa, Iris H.—Write to the National Home Reading Union, central office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. Secretary, Miss Mondy.

Lila Alice, S. M. K.—Miss Pryde's Caledonian Home, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris, might answer for you. Artists are taken in.

Folly.—There are eight Maids of Honour. They are paid £400 per annum each; and, if they marry, the Queen presents them with £1000. Each is on duty about two months in the year.

An Anxious One.—One invitation would probably be sent to three members of the same family, and could be answered by one member for all. Mr. William Smith and the Misses Smith, would answer. Some people, however, prefer to send invitations to young men separately, in which case, they should be answered in the same manner.

Fan's Darling.—The 18th of October, 1876, was a Wednesday.

A Welsh Maid.—We think from your letter, that the changing of name you are asking about, involves something of a serious kind. Why should you sign a document by a name not your own? It sounds very like forgery.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 866.] AUGUST 1, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AMY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER I.

"Where thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it."—*Carlyle.*

"OH, mother, I'm in such high spirits. I've obtained the situation in the mantle shop!" cried Amy Gray in a voice of suppressed excitement. She would have danced round the tiny room, but her mother was an invalid, so with a good daughter's care she restrained herself.

"I am quite pleased, Amy. We are indeed needing the money. Is it a respectable shop? and what sort of girls are employed there?"

"It is the large shop in Myrtle Street. I don't know any of the girls. It won't matter about them, as I shall live at home."

"Yes, I couldn't do without you, dear."

"THE LADY ASKED, 'DO YOU HONESTLY THINK THAT THIS JACKET IS WORTH A GUINEA MORE THAN THE OTHER?'"

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A shadow came over the mother's face. She knew too well that some day, and it might be soon, Amy would be motherless. She did not dim the sunlight in the girl's face by dark forebodings, but stroking her soft, brown hair, she bade her make herself some tea.

Amy obeyed gladly. Before partaking of the refreshment she sorely needed, she lovingly handed her mother a cup of tea, and it was evident to the most unobservant that a rare and beautiful sympathy existed between the mother and daughter.

"I shall be able to pay the doctor's fees and buy you the beef-wine and jelly he ordered, mother. Mr. Slither has offered me fifteen shillings a week."

The doctor's fees were an ever-present nightmare to Mrs. Gray. Left a widow with an income that did not suffice to pay for the necessaries of life, she could ill afford the luxuries entailed upon her illness, and Amy had been out of employment for several weeks.

Day by day, with her testimonials in her hand, Amy had interviewed heads of firms, and day by day she had been unsuccessful until she was thoroughly disheartened.

That evening life looked brighter. Amy fell asleep at her mother's side with hope in her heart, and a smile upon her lips. Poor Amy, she found that her position as mantle saleswoman in the firm of "Grabbit and Slither" was by no means a sinecure. The hours were long, and the business was not conducted on the straightforward lines to which she had been accustomed. The saleswoman with whom she came chiefly in contact was a pale, sallow girl, fashionably dressed, but with a miserable expression of face.

"I am Miss Morton," said the saleswoman as Amy entered the show-room.

"And my name is Amy Gray."

"Well, Miss Gray, I'll show you round a bit. What sort of a trade have you been accustomed to?"

"A good medium class," answered Amy.

"Oh, we do high class here," said Miss Morton with a patronising air.

"I suppose there won't be much difference between the two?" ventured Amy.

"No, only of course we deal with ladies. Have you been accustomed to a window trade?"

"We always exhibited a few jackets and mantles in the windows."

"What Grabbit and Slither mean by a window trade is this—when a special line of jackets comes in we ticket several at cost price and place them in the window. Of course we don't sell those jackets, or we should make no profit. We sell others in their place, perhaps exact facsimiles, but at selling price."

"That is not straight dealing, Miss Morton."

"But it's one of the tricks of trade. When I first came here as an apprentice, I cried myself ill over the lies I had to tell. We dare not sell jackets from the window, or we should get into a dreadful bother."

"Cannot people see that one class of goods is marked at two different prices?"

"Hush! There's Mr. Slither."

With a smile upon his face the junior partner entered the show-room, and spoke kindly to Amy. Somehow the girl experienced an indescribable feeling of repulsion when he came towards her. Her late employer had been a man of strict honesty, and she felt annoyed that she should be placed in circumstances where her principles would probably be tested. In her own mind she resolved that she would perform no action that she could not confess to God and her invalid mother.

Amy's principles were not tested for a few days. As a new saleswoman she spent a great deal of her time in looking through her own share of the stock. She did not inform her mother of her disappointment, thinking that the knowledge would cause her anxiety.

Poor Amy, like other weak mortals, shrank from temptation, and quickly developed a nervous dread of attending to customers that made her appear awkward.

One day, a lady was ushered into the show-room by Mr. Slither. After politely handing her a chair, he said, "This lady wishes to look at a jacket you have in the window. It is marked two guineas."

Amy glanced inquiringly at her master. He nodded, saying, "Procure it for the lady quickly."

Amy ran downstairs, with her heart throbbing. Surely Miss Morton was wrong, or Mr. Slither would not have commanded her to obtain the jacket. With some little difficulty, she lifted it from its stand, and was proceeding upstairs, when she was accosted in low tones by Mr. Slither, "Have you stitched the shoulders?"

"Stitched the shoulders?" repeated Amy.

"Of course! Has not Miss Morton told you that you should always have a needle and thread in readiness?"

"No," answered Amy faintly.

"Then make haste and stitch it, so that it will be too tight for the lady—in this manner," and taking up the jacket Mr. Slither proceeded to show her where to place the stitches.

"You must not sell this jacket, at present, on any account. It cost me two guineas. We have a notice printed to the effect that we take any garment from the window, or I would not have had it disturbed."

Amy looked straight into her master's face, and said firmly, "Excuse me, Mr. Slither, I cannot do it."

"I will speak to you later," exclaimed the master angrily. "Here, Miss Morton, stitch this jacket and make haste."

Amy stole up to the show-room with pale cheeks. Her limbs trembled and she felt faint.

"Are they bringing the jacket?" asked the customer crossly.

"In a moment or two, madam," answered Amy, wondering whether duty compelled her to inform the lady of the trick that was being played upon her. She remained silent, and Miss Morton arrived with the unfortunate jacket over her arm.

"I'm afraid it is not your size, madam," said Miss Morton obsequiously.

"Oh, yes, I think it is from its appearance."

With seeming alacrity Miss Morton assisted the lady to try on the jacket, but as may be imagined, it did not fit her comfortably.

"You take a larger size than this one, madam."

Amy listened in surprise to the glibness with which the lie was uttered.

"Have you one the same style and pattern but a trifle larger?"

"Yes, madam, I have a jacket here exactly the same in cut and style, but the cloth is much better."

"What is the price of it?"

"Three guineas, madam."

"The cloth looks the same to me, but my eyes are not very good."

"It is really much more durable," said Miss Morton emphatically.

After examining it critically and adjusting it before a mirror, the lady asked, "Do you honestly think that this jacket is worth a guinea more than the other?"

"I do, madam."

"Then I will take it."

When the customer had bustled from the show-room, Miss Morton turned to Amy. "Upon my word, Miss Gray, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the next two or three hours. You have got yourself into hot water."

"I would rather be in my position than be compelled to utter as many untruths as you have done within the last quarter of an hour."

"Yes, really, Miss Gray, isn't it horrible? When I came here I was a truthful girl, and now I lie with the greatest ease. I have got so much into the habit of it, that I tell stories unthinkingly to my friends. Yet I used to cry myself to sleep at nights when I first had to do it. I would not stay here, but I am an orphan, and good berths are scarce just now. It is a case of lying for your living."

"It is horrible," said Amy.

"Miss Gray, Mr. Slither wishes to see you in his office," said an apprentice.

With a prayer for guidance, Amy walked downstairs into her master's sanctum.

"Close the door, Miss Gray."

Amy closed the door, and stood with her hands locked before her.

"Now, kindly explain your conduct of this afternoon."

"I can give no explanation, sir."

"Why did you refuse to stitch the jacket?"

"Because I considered it a dishonourable action, sir."

"What has your opinion to do with my business transaction? Did I not engage you as my servant to obey me?"

"Certainly, sir, I arranged to give you my services, but not my conscience; that is my own," answered Amy in a low voice.

"But if your conscience is so ridiculously sensitive, you will be of very little use to me."

"Then, I suppose I may take my dismissal," and Amy turned sadly to the door.

"Stay, Miss Gray! You are an impertinent young woman, yet I don't wish to lose you so soon. Think the matter over to-night, and let me know your decision in the morning."

"If I am expected to act dishonourably, or utter falsehoods, my decision will certainly lead me to resign my post, though in so doing I may deprive my invalid mother of certain luxuries that her state of health demands."

"You will be a cruel daughter, then!"

"Sir! my mother would rather suffer, than that I should perjure my soul with falsehood, and disgrace the name of my dead father."

"You have very high-flown ideas of right and wrong. I don't know what sort of a business man your late employer is, but I find to get on in this world one must use the wits providence has bestowed."

The colour rushed to Amy's cheeks when Mr. Slither mentioned her late employer.

"You will say I am worse than impertinent if I give you my opinion of the tricks of trade you think justifiable."

"Go on, Miss Gray, you are a daring girl. Let me have your views."

"You must pardon me, sir. I do not intend to be impertinent. If I seem so, please forgive me. But"—and Amy's voice rose slightly—"I think that it is exceedingly cruel to force girls to sin through their necessities. Do you think a straightforward, honourable girl would act the part that Miss Morton acts, if dire need did not drive her to it? It is like robbing girls of their consciences to fill your pockets."

"You regard me as a sort of modern Judas, then? You are not very charitable, Miss Gray."

Amy's enthusiasm vanished, and bursting into tears, she said, "Forgive me, sir, I gave way to temper."

"Righteous indignation!" murmured Mr. Slither with an amused smile. "Go home to your mother, and come in a more reasonable frame of mind to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

AN ALPINE PARADISE.

MADONNA DI CAMPIGLIO is certainly a typical Italian name. To most people at present it can be nothing more than a name. But what a place the name represents! What a place of perfect beauty is Madonna di Campiglio! Any Catholic would know at once that Madonna di Campiglio must in some way be a name associated with ecclesiasticism. And so it is, as we shall see. It means Santa Maria di Campiglio, or St. Mary's Church of Campiglio.

In a far-away valley of the wonderful and endless world of the Eastern Alps lies Madonna di Campiglio. The majority of Alpine tourists never hear of it. A small minority both hear of it and are drawn to visit it. There is no fear that the traveller who has once visited that spot of enchantment will forget the vision. Many elements combine, wherever the perfection of Alpine beauty abounds, to produce that perfection. The chief of these scenic factors are mountains, snow and ice, clouds, forests, waterfalls, rivers, and flowers. The tourist who comes to Campiglio finds himself treated to an endless variety of all these items of Alpine loveliness.

To come to Madonna di Campiglio is not easy. Neither is it easy to get away. The proper approach is from Trent, the historically famed city of the great Mediæval Council. To visit Trent is itself a treat. But my own approach to Campiglio has been by a still more attractive route, viz., from Riva, the sweet little Italian city at the head of Lake Garda. Riva is at the gateway of several of the most delightful excursions to be enjoyed anywhere in Europe. It looks to the South down the matchless lake. It looks Northward towards the forest-girdled and snow-crowned Eastern Alps. Though a purely Italian town, it is just within the Austrian border. We reach Campiglio from Riva by a very long day's carriage drive. This takes ten hours and must be begun early in the morning. It is a ride to be remembered for ever. It is one protracted ascent along the sides of mountains that echo the musical thunder of a torrent down deep ravines below. This scenery is of the strange mixture of beauty and wildness which specially characterises the Eastern Alps.

As the traveller proceeds, he is surprised to find the mountain fastnesses peopled by an intelligent and comfortable peasantry. Sweet little cottages and white-stuccoed and veranda-edged miniature *trattorie*, or Italian public-houses, shelter-houses for the road-makers employed by the government, cottages of the goat-herds, are perched in picturesque but appalling spots, hanging over precipices in the edge of which the carriage road is cut by mighty feats of engineering. The giant peaks tower up in endless sierras. The road changes the view every moment. It is only a winding thread running along the rocky cliffs, high above the brawling torrent that goes on for ever, but far below the majestic summits of limestone, dolomite, conglomerate and porphyry. And so for a long morning and a long afternoon, till evening is drawing on, the tourist proceeds, till suddenly in the soft evening light, nestling in a lovely valley, he sees Campiglio.

Madonna di Campiglio is not a town, nor a village, nor a hamlet. It is simply an immense hotel, far off in Alpine solitudes; far from cities, far from railways, far from the usual busy haunts of men and highways of traffic. A carriage road reaches it, and that has been specially made by that wonderful road-making military administration, the Austrian government. But the road comes to a dead stop at Campiglio. Beyond, there are nothing but bridle-paths for mules, and even that only in very few directions amongst the tremendous tangle of Alps which seem here on every side to be arranged in geographical knots and bundles. Madonna di Campiglio was an ancient monastery. The old ecclesiastical edifice was destroyed in 1847 by fire. It was certainly a superb situation which the wise old monks chose. A delicious stream rushes by. It is fed by a hundred waterfalls. The valley which is spread out just here is quickly shut in again. It is all out of the sordid ordinary world, and forms a little heaven below of peace and repose, of beauty and purity, of solemnity and calm; a heaven of flowers; a heaven of melody; a heaven of upper azure for temple roof; of massive Alps for temple colonnades. The old friars had æstheticism in their souls. But they are gone, and the pleasure-seekers have come in. Wise pleasure-seekers! A grand hotel occupies the site.

If you want pure, simple, innocent pleasure, come to Madonna di Campiglio. This valley is higher up above the level of the sea than the top of Snowdon. It is just over 5000 feet in altitude. The plateau in which it comes to an *impasse* and on which the great mountain hotel is spread out is in spring and early summer a flower garden of the gods, sheeted with Alpenrosen. A floral carpet is spread as if by some angelic hands. Now late in summer most of the flowers are gone, but the grass never withers to the dirty brown of the Southern lowlands. The wild solitudes all round are a paradise of the geologist and the botanist. The hunter hears of bears, and there is a fine specimen standing on his hind legs at the drawing-room door, which was shot with another.

Madonna di Campiglio is an elysium of Alpine climbers. There are several in the crowd of pleasant people now here. They are mostly young English gentlemen. Their talk is all altitudinarian. The grand Italian Alps seem to have fixed themselves round Campiglio in a magnificent circle on purpose to be climbed. This is the very heart of the wonderful region so vividly described by Professor Freshfield in his delightful *Italian Alps*. Even ladies comfortably climb Monte Spinah in an hour and a half; and what a panorama unrols itself around that height! The glorious Bocca di Brenta seems close at hand. Its rocky buttresses rush up to sheet themselves in pure white perpetual snow. And as the eye ranges around the circle both ways snow mountains show themselves in glorious procession. It is a march of hoary giants. Adamello is there with his snow-fields! There is the great ice-field of Adamello! There is gigantic Presanella spreading out the pure crystal expanse that never dissolves its dazzling crystal. It is a feast the eye seldom enjoys. In that pure air and in the midst of that enchanting vision the spectator finds it hard to think of descending, but it is a sight he will always see in the vision of happy memory.

THE STUDY OF BUTTERFLIES.

PART II.

COLLECTING.

NEVER go out collecting in a cold east or north-east wind. A genial day with sunshine is the collector's weather. When swallows fly high it is held to be a sign of fine weather, and Sir Humphry Davy accounts for this sign in his *Days of Fly-fishing* as follows :—

"Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air, but when the warm and moist air is near the surface of the earth it is almost certain, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place. It is always unlucky for anglers," he continues, "to see a single magpie, but two are a good omen; and the reason is that in cold and stormy weather one magpie always remains sitting upon the eggs or young ones, to keep them warm; when the two go out together the weather is warm and settled."

Another sign of fine weather is when the red clouds of the setting sun take a tint of purple, upon which Davy remarks that "the air when dry refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected on the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain, but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by precipitated water, and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall."

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."

Sir Humphry Davy comments upon this old country saw in this wise :—"A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite the sun, and the evening therefore the rainbow is in the east and in the morning in the west, and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by westerly winds, a rainbow in the west (occurring only in the morning) indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whilst a rainbow in the east (occurring only in the evening) proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us."

Caterpillars are to be collected as early as the beginning of April, the best time to find them being early in the morning or late in the evening. They must be handled carefully, and placed in boxes with gauze over the top as quickly as possible, and the plant upon which they are found must also be supplied them, its freshness maintained by being kept in a phial of water and changed daily. When the caterpillar is changing its skin, which it does four or five times before being full grown, it must not be disturbed. Those caterpillars which undergo their change into the pupa in the ground must be supplied with earth at the bottom of their cages, and therefore earth should be at the bottom of your cages so as to be ready in case of need.

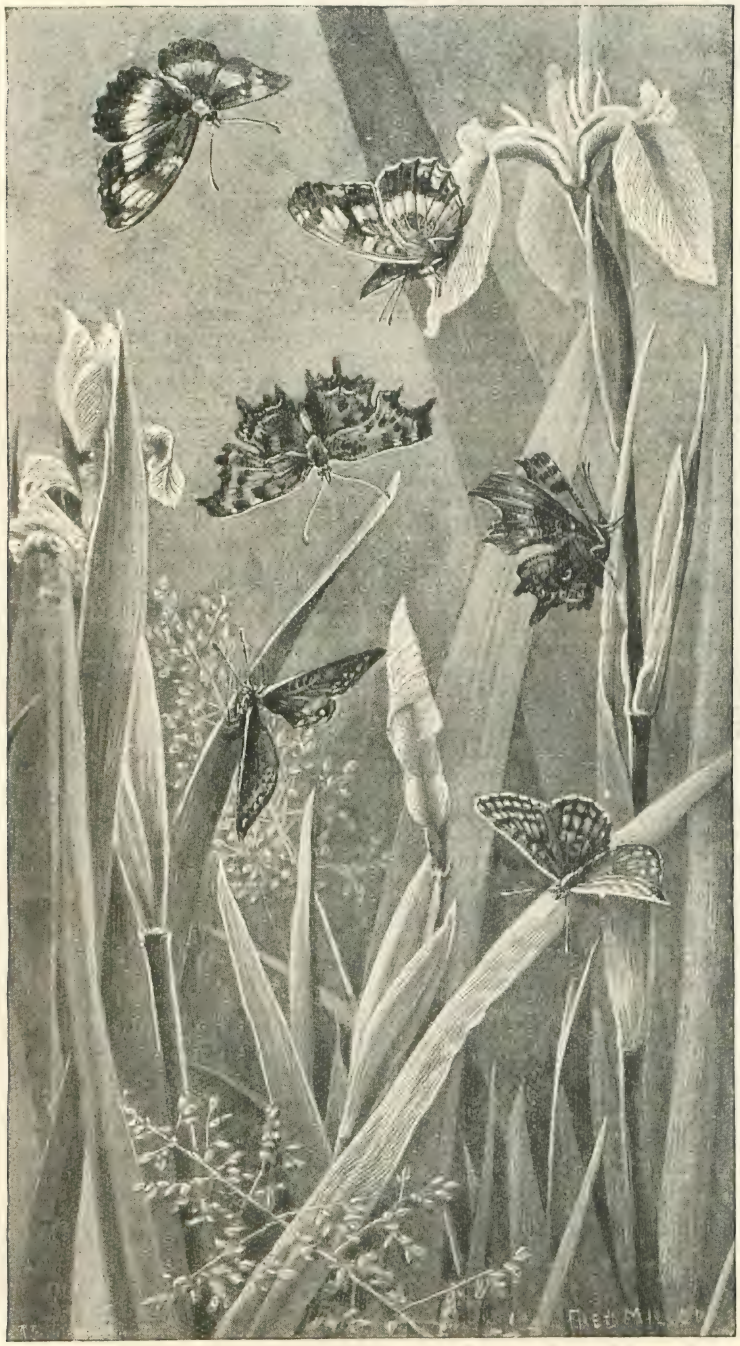
In rearing caterpillars from the egg, the best way is to fasten the eggs in the proper plant out of doors, securing some in a muslin bag or frame, and as the worms grow and eat up the vegetation shift them to fresh plants or branches.

In the Zoo insectarium, glass cases with perforated zinc tops are used, and the bottom is filled with earth, in which grass and other plants are growing, and in addition a plant growing in a pot, or the branch or spray of the plant upon which the insect feeds, is placed standing in a bottle of water. Some sticks are placed inside, upon which the moth or butterfly can climb when he bursts his chrysalis-case.

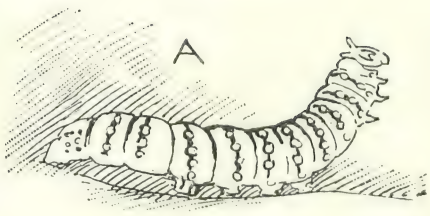
The autumn is the best time to collect chrysalides, but the average collector will be in a state of doubt until the imago appears; what he has collected for his chrysalis may be a moth, butterfly, or some insect other than either of these. The chrysalides of British butterflies are angular, while moths are more cylindrical.

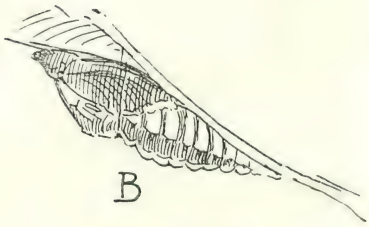
I recommend my readers to collect pupæ rather than larvæ, for you have only to wait for the insect to emerge in the former case, while the feeding of the latter until they change into pupæ is troublesome, and unless the conditions are observed weakly specimens will result or none. The silkworm culture in the South of Europe has been seriously threatened, owing to the diseases which attack the caterpillars, diseases entirely induced by domestication.

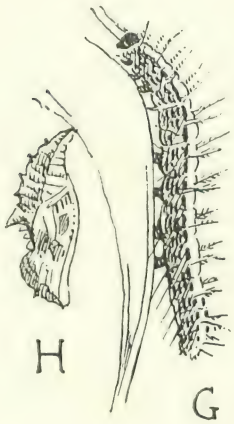
The caterpillars vary considerably, some being quite smooth as in the swallow-tail, A, and purple emperor E; thickly covered with tubercles as the fritillaries, G, and Camberwell beauty, C, less so in the white admiral, F; C1 shows an enlarged view of one segment of

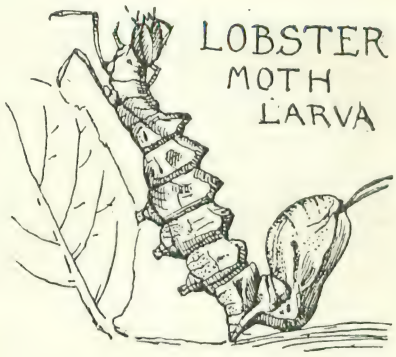


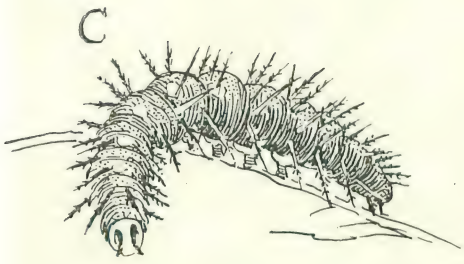
YELLOW FLAG. WHITE ADMIRAL. FRITILLARY.

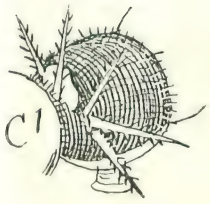


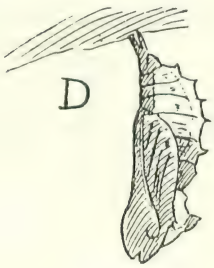












NARCISSUS. FRITILLARY (SMALL PEARL BORDERED), AZURE BLUE, PAINTED LADY, AND SMALL WHITE.

the Camberwell beauty. As to their colouring it varies considerably. The large tortoiseshell for instance is yellow with a green band and reddish spots, the black veined white, black with red markings above and greyish black underneath, while in the swallow-tail, sulphur and several others, green is the prevailing colour with bands and dots of yellow, red, black and blue. The connection between the colouring of the caterpillar and the imago is far from being evident in many cases. I give a drawing of the lobster moth larva, as it is unique as a caterpillar.

The larvæ of moths varies as much, some being plain, others tuberculated or hairy, but moth caterpillars are usually much larger in proportion to their imago than butterflies, and while no butterfly larva has a tail many moths have, as is well shown in the death's head.

Larvæ have in all cases thirteen divisions or segments, of which the first is the head, the next three thoracic segments to which belong the three pairs of true legs. Attached to the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth and thirteenth segments there are usually pairs of what are generally known as pro-legs or claspers which have considerable clinging power. Most larvæ have hairs upon their bodies, arising from small, raised, hardened disks. Each has sometimes a single delicate bristle or bunch of bristles; in other cases a spine, simple or branched; but in many species the covering is much more dense, either short soft down, or hair, short or intermixed with longer, or in part forming thick tufts. Along both sides above the legs and pro-legs is a complete row of minute orifices called the spiracles, through which the air is conveyed to a wonderful series of vessels called *trachæ* which fulfil the function of lungs. To suffocate a caterpillar therefore you have only to paint down both sides with oil, which filling up these spiracles kills the larva.

Chrysalides of butterflies are either suspended by hooks at the tail of the pupa as in the silver-washed fritillary H and G and Camberwell beauty C and D, or by a silken cord around them as in swallow-tail A and B. Chrysalides which are embedded in a silken cocoon may be always taken for moths, for only the "skippers" spin a cocoon.

It may astonish many readers to hear of lepidoptera singing, yet Darwin in speaking of the butterflies of Brazil mentions one, *Ageronia feronia*, inhabiting the orange groves, which makes a clicking noise, similar to that produced by a toothed wheel passing under a spring catch. A. R. Wallace corroborates Darwin.

Reaumur was the first who published an account of the note of the death's head, which resembles the faint scream of a macaw. His conclusion was that the note of the moth might be produced "by the friction of the two-bearded limbs against the proboscis."

This moth keeps well in confinement, and a number of individuals living together showed a disposition to pat one another with their forefeet; and a touch of the delicate tarsus provokes a squeak. They had a tendency to die of gluttony. This moth will attack beehives, ravaging the honey and dispersing the inhabitants. Hubner, who first noticed that this moth should prove victorious over thousands of insects armed with stings, asks "may not this moth—the dread of superstitious people—also exercise a secret influence over insects, and have the faculty, either by sound or some other means, of paralysing their courage. May not such sounds as inspire the vulgar with dread be also the dread of bees?"

After several changes of the skin the caterpillar prepares to undergo its change into the chrysalis state, and spins a little hillock of silk, which it seizes firmly with the hooks of its anal feet. It has still, however, to construct a silken girth across the middle of its body, which it effects in a manner the most simple and least liable to accidents of the three modes adopted for this purpose by the different kinds of caterpillars which fasten themselves by girths. The caterpillars of the cabbage white have very flexible bodies, so that they are able to throw back the head until it extends to the back of the fifth segment of the body, its pro-legs being elevated in the air. It then applies the spinneret of its lower lip to the surface on which it is stationed, close to one of the first pair of fleshy pro-legs, and has only to carry its head over the body to the opposite side to fix the other end of the thread. It then causes its head to return by the same route, emitting a second thread in like manner, and by repeating this operation a sufficient number of times the skein of silk becomes strong enough to support the insect which reposes quietly at full length, or rather its body contracts and becomes thicker, and at length the skin of the fore part of the back bursts and the head of the chrysalis appears. By continued writhing of the body the slit is enlarged and the skin pushed backwards beneath the skein of silk and thrown off at the tail.

The butterfly appears in the perfect state about the middle of May, or earlier if the weather be favourable. It deposits its eggs at the end of the month, the caterpillars from which are soon hatched and feed together until the end of June, when they change to chrysalides, which period lasts from seven to about sixteen days. The perfect butterfly appearing therefore in July and depositing eggs which produce caterpillars which become full fed so as to undergo their change to chrysalis in the autumn, in which state they remain till the following May.

Reaumur, who described the transformation of the small garden white, says that it spins the silk as just recorded, and that the change is going on under the skin of the caterpillar, and its final transition is the affair of an instant, and the chrysalis by shortening and lengthening itself finally pushes the old skin out of the silken mesh where it lies until ready to emerge a butterfly.

Reaumur in his *mémoires* says—"The chrysalis of the peacock butterfly is suspended head downwards. To accomplish this after attaching itself by the hooks of its hind feet in the button of silk, as mentioned in the former case, it hangs with its head down. Whilst thus suspended, it succeeds after at least twenty-four hours' contortion in forming a slit down its back, through which the head of the chrysalis is protruded and the caterpillar's skin pushed upwards to the tail. A delicate operation has still to be performed; the caterpillar was suspended by the hooks of its own hind legs to the silken button; but not only has the still partially enclosed chrysalis to disengage itself entirely from the skin of the caterpillar and attach itself to the silken button, but also to get rid of the old and no longer necessary caterpillar skin. To effect these objects, the chrysalis carefully withdraws its tail from the skin, seizing hold of the outside of the latter by pressing two of the rings of its body together and enclosing between them part of the old skin. By repeating this proceeding, it at length pushes its tail upwards, till it reaches the silken button, to which it fastens itself by means of the hooks with which the tail of the chrysalis is furnished.

Those readers who wish for more details are referred to Dr. Knagg's *Lepidopterist's Guide*, Reverend J. Green's *Pupa Digging*, and Reverend I. S. St. John's *Larva Collecting and Breeding*.

(*To be continued.*)

DRESSES OF STRANGE MATERIAL.

Not long ago, the Infanta Eulalie had presented to her a dress of most curious material—glass! and the following is a description thereof. The foundation is a silk warp, woven with five strands of glass, in each of which there are two hundred and fifty almost invisible threads. Three women can only make three-quarters of a yard of this material in a whole day, so that its cost may easily be imagined. The fabric is arranged as a gored skirt over one of white silk. It is bordered with a flounce of chiffon partially veiled with a glittering fringe of glass. The bodice is of silver cloth, woven in with threads of glass, and glass epaulets glitter above the chiffon sleeves. This dress is white, but it can be made in several colours, and even shot effects can be produced, but it is not sewn—the various seams being glued together. But an Austrian inventor has gone further than this, and sells dress lengths and bonnets of glass cloth—the material being perfectly soft and pliable with the same shimmer as silk. If it gets dirty it need only be scrubbed with soap and water, to be like new again; and, in addition to this, it is waterproof.

But glass is by no means the only curious material of which dresses have been made. The Russians have long made a cloth from a mineral found in the Siberian mines, which is split up by some secret process and spun into thread. The finished stuff is quite soft, and when dirty is simply thrown into a hot fire when it becomes spotless again. It is said to be far stronger than the strongest silk, and to be practically indestructible.

Not unlike this material is asbestos cloth. It is cleaned in the same way of course, but is not nearly like so strong, and very fine qualities of it cannot be made. Asbestos, however, has been used for making lace, and the Princess of Wales has, in her collection, supposed to be the finest in the world, several beautiful pieces of asbestos lace.

We all know that gold is capable of being drawn out into exceedingly fine wires. It has been drawn out so finely that it can be spun into very pliable threads, and one of the ruling Indian princes possesses a splendid gown of this pure gold cloth, which is so fine that its weight is not uncomfortable.

There have been many attempts to make silk, and one of these attempts came to something. It was made with wood—ordinary sawdust. This was treated with acids and other

chemicals, and finally pressed through a tube containing a number of minute holes. The silk so made was then spun, rendered fireproof, and when quite finished was indistinguishable from ordinary silk—that is to the touch, eye, etc., but it was almost as dear as the regular article.

How would our readers care to wear garments made of spider's silk? The thread one sees a spider spinning is made up of several smaller ones, but a wire made of the strongest steel would, were it only as thick as one of these multiple threads, be about a tenth as strong. A gentleman recently succeeded in manufacturing a pair of stockings from this material, but it took him some years to collect the silk and a good many thousand spiders to supply it, so that spider-silk cloth will not become very fashionable, although it is ten times as strong as sheet steel.

Savages sometimes wear dress of curious material—that is when they do wear it. The Indians of Brazil wear a kind of cloak which is grown on trees. Don't laugh, 'tis true. It forms the inner bark of these trees, and is obtained by stripping it off without breaking. They cut arm-holes and gather in the top, and lo! they have their cloak ready, and it looks exactly like a piece of coarse sacking.

Another cloak of curious fabric is worn, or was worn by a tribe of the fast dying-out Red Indian. This weird relic was composed entirely of the scalps of slain foes, and was for long a bone, or rather skin of contention amongst Indian tribes, as it was a unique specimen.

To conclude we will describe a cloak of much more artistic composition. This is the one which was worn by the kings of Hawaii. It is part of the regalia, is eleven feet long by five broad, and composed entirely of the golden feathers of a certain bird. Only the king may wear it, but he no longer does so, though even to this day it is laid across the throne on very great state occasions. Its value is inestimable, for the bird, a species of blackbird which furnishes the golden feathers, only possesses two feathers which can be used, one under each wing. A new cloak used to be made every time one of the kings died; so that it may be imagined what a slaughter of these innocents there must have been to get a single cloak. At last, to prevent the extinction of the species, the specimens were merely caught, plucked of the coveted feathers and set free again.

RAYMOND T. REID.

"CANDIES."

By the Author of "We Wives," etc.

VER since an enterprising brother, intent on scientific research, found that a lump of sugar applied to the flame of a candle resulted in beads of crimson colour, candy-making has been a favourite pastime of ours. "Candle-beads," pretty as they look, are apt to taste of tallow and smoke. Sugared candies of other sorts are, or ought to be, free from such drawbacks.

Our "popped-corn parties" (*vide* THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for April, 1896) could assemble all the year round if approved of. But our "candy club" only met at stated seasons. It was as a law of the Medes and Persians that butter-scotch (for instance) should only be made when the first blizzard powdered our wide prairie land with soft fleeces of snow. That raspberry-rock should be baked only when bluff and shoulder-ridge were pink with the wild cane. That "cream-toffee" and "honey-ball" should only make their appearance when a cow came into the dairy for the first time, or a hive of wild bees were rifled of their store.

If any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is inclined to follow our family pattern and start a candy club, I would advise some such rules to be made. Sweets are apt to cloy when too often indulged in, and cookies are sometimes cross (at least they are in America). Of course the club should always provide sugar, fruit, and tins. Mothers, generally, do not grudge other flavourings and fire.

Most likely when this paper appears, every garden in "Eū-rope" will be rich in raspberries, or have just laid by a store of the seedy jam or crimson syrup. So I will begin by telling you how our candy club made

Raspberry Rock.—To every pound of lump sugar or refined molasses we allowed three-quarters of a teacupful of cold water. We boiled it until the syrup thickened, and "beads" of heat broke out on the surface. Very careful we were to keep stirring all the time, especially when the candy began to "crack."

We tried if it was done enough by dropping a little into a cup of cold water. When a "snap" followed and the droppings looked crisp and crinkly, we removed the pan from the fire and stirred in one of two things, either three dessertspoonfuls of jam boiled, with a little water, and run through a sieve, or as much raspberry acid. I will tell, at the end of this paper, how to make this acid. But, as our candy is popping and cracking, we must finish it up first. On the deal-table we always had some well-buttered plates. After stirring in the flavouring (and adding a few drops of cochineal, if needed, to improve the colour), we filled each with the hot syrup. It cooled slowly, and after a few minutes its face had to be scored with a knife, in diamonds or squares. The rock is too hard to break when cold, except with a sledge-hammer, unless this is done.

Some of the candy we used to "pull" into twists and true lovers'-knots. This is fascinating work, the feel of the soft, yielding, smooth stuff between one's fingers being especially delightful to a child, whilst well-boiled candy can take such pretty shapes!

The syrup or acid for this rock is made as follows:—It can be used as a delightful summer drink mixed with plain cold water. But it is (a brother's expression comes in here) "scrumptious," if added to a tumbler of "fizz," either soda-water or lemonade.

Take twelve pounds of raspberries. Put them into a pan, and pour over them two quarts of cold water, previously acidulated with five ounces of tartaric acid. Let all remain undisturbed for twenty-four hours, then strain through a flannel jelly-bag or piece of fine muslin, taking care not to bruise the fruit.

To each pint of this clear crimson liquid, add one pound and a half of finely-powdered sugar. Stir frequently. When quite dissolved, and after removing any scum that may have risen, bottle the syrup and store in a dry place.

This acid requires no boiling and will keep for a couple of years if required. It can be made from ripe strawberries in the same way, but, to my taste, the latter fruit is too luscious and the syrup lacks just the *soupçon* of tartness necessary.

Cream Toffee.—This is just a variation of the ordinary butter-scotch. To every pound of brown sugar, or molasses, we allowed a pint of thick cream. When the sugar boiled we stirred in the yellow, leathery stuff, instead of using mother's freshly-churned butter.

It was all boiled together until it "snapped," then turned into fanciful buttered tins and left till cold. Cream toffee is crisper and "shorter" than the ordinary stuff, but not quite as rich.

Butter Candy, heralded in, as it was, by the first snowstorm, was perhaps our favourite sweetmeat. It meant the beginning of stoves and hickory fires and winter sleighing. It meant the approach of long evenings spent in the pine-panelled kitchen busy with book or brush or plane. It meant earlier to bed and later to rise. It meant home lessons instead of school marms. So it was altogether suggestive of cosiness and cuddling and crooning and a great many other "C's"!

To make this, we always took half and half of butter and sugar. The browner the sugar the better the candy. It had to be boiled until clear and transparent, then poured into buttered paper. Some roughly chopped almonds sprinkled on it turned butter-scotch into almond candy. Or desiccated cocoanut strewn on its face masked it into cocoanut candy.

It was always stored in wide-mouthed bottles with tin tops. How long it lasted depended on how much we made, and on how many of the young fry were at home.

For "honey balls" we took half as much honey as butter and of course no sugar. We boiled until the "beads" appeared as in raspberry rock. When nearly cold, instead of "pulling" the honey candy, we rolled it into balls and set it aside to dry.

I think our candy club had one advantage many readers of this paper may fail to appreciate. Of course we had failures. Sugar "catches" easily, and burnt molasses is an abomination. But to our door sometimes came alarming looking squaws robed in buffalo and fringed with beads. On their backs always—we never saw a squaw unaccompanied in this manner—were one or two brown-faced, black-eyed, soft-skinned "papooses." What better way of hiding our failures (at the same time of propitiating the brave) than presenting a potful of "candy" to the dear things. They do not mind smoke, or tallow, or burn! A papoose with a cold potato in one hand and a hunch of burnt cream toffee in the other, is a sight to remember. And are there no wild Red Indians on the London streets? Whenever you fail in your candies call in the next little *gamin* that passes and see!

SWEET SEVENTEEN.
(*Drawn by Everard Hopkins.*)

A KIND WORD.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

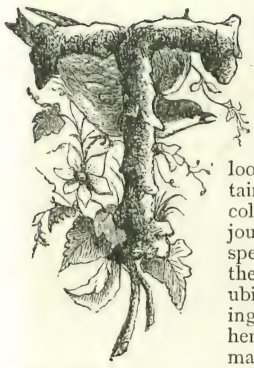
As you jog along Life's road
  Joys and sorrows you will find,
But there's one thing I would have
  Each and all to bear in mind—
It will sweeten your own way
  It may save some brother-man,
It is this, and only this—
  "Say a kind word when you can."

It may not be yours to give
  Wealth to those who needy are—
Just as grand a place is filled
  By the daisy, as the star.
Time and strength you may not have
  In your life's allotted span
For great things—but yet you may
  "Say a kind word when you can."

It is little—it is much.
  Kind words ne'er are spoke in vain,
As upon the drooping flowers
  Falls the sweet refreshing rain.
So, new courage and fresh hope
  May raise up some fallen man,
If along Life's road we aye
  "Say a kind word when we can."

POPULAR QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



THE abode of the last popular quotation, and the place where its appearance, and frequent reappearance may be looked for with certainty, is in those columns of the weekly journals which are specially devoted to the correspondent, ubiquitous and unfailing, who signs him or herself, as the case may be, "Your Constant Reader," "An Old Subscriber," or in the case of a girl's paper, like our own, it comes in the more romantic style of "Sweet Seventeen;" or, when gifted with more daring, "Somebody's Darling." These latter remind one of a Christmas story told by Charles Dickens ages ago. A glance through any of these correspondence columns will give a history of the popular quotations of the day, and will, I think, surprise the reader with the change that has come over them, since the days when the "eighties" were young, or even when the "nineties" had just come in.

Certain quotations pressed very heavily upon us, I remember, in the first year or two of our existence, and at that time some unknown poet gave vent to the following lines, which were quoted at the time, as they gave so good an enumeration of those which then constituted our *bêtes noirs*—

"Though lost to sight to memory dear,
  A saying all too true,
Though of the poem there's no sign,
Men never will forget the line;
And editors are wishing sore
It was quite 'lost,' or 'gone before.'
Their day is weary and it is long,
For 'tis forever 'ringing to evensong,'
And much they wish that lamb forlorn,
Forever had remained unshorn."

Of these quotations "the lamb" has ceased to trouble us, and has probably become a very old sheep; but the "day that is weary," alas! still comes in ringing to disturb our rest.

Amongst the much-asked-for quotations of those early days there also were, "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," which is taken from "The Howlate," by Sir Richard Holland; and "Though the mills of God grind slowly," translated by Longfellow from the *Sinngedichte*. Amongst unknown quotations we must also name "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the "Poetry of motion." Amongst misnamed ones, the "Sweetness and light" of Mathew Arnold, which is really a quotation from Swift, and the phrase of Lord Beaconsfield, "Men of light and leading," which was written by Burke. Another, which is very often ascribed to Addison, was really written by Andrew Marvell, namely, the hymn, "The spacious firmament on high." Three hymns were found after his death, in his own handwriting, i.e., this, and the two severally beginning, "When all thy mercies, oh, my God," and "The Lord my pasture shall prepare."

The author of the phrase in the Burial Service, "In the midst of life we are in death," was much inquired for also in those days; and great interest was taken in the fact that, although it was traced to an Antiphon of Luther's "De Morte," its real author was St. Notker, surnamed the Stammerer, a canonised saint, and Benedictine monk of St. Gall, who wrote it while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives, A.D. 911. Nor must I forget, amongst constantly recurring queries, that respecting the poem written by the late Charles Kingsley in his niece's album, "Be good, sweet maid," about which there used to be a never-ending stream of letters.

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind," is a very oft-quoted sentence, which is of disputed origin, but the true author of it was, probably, Dr. Adam Clarke, who preached a sermon from the text, Gal. iv. 4–7, and divided it under three heads, viz.:—

1st. "God is too wise to err."
2nd. "He is too holy to do wrong."
3rd. "He is too good to be unkind."

"A primrose on the river's brim," with "Loved I not honour more," of Lovelace, were all of them constant guests in our columns, I find; as well as the first lines of the verses from George Meredith's poem, "Alas! how easily things go wrong;" and some queries as to the authorship of Tennyson's "Let the great world spin on forever Down the ringing grooves of change."

One of our next excitements in the way of quotations arises, no doubt, from the recitation fever, which set in with so much severity some few years ago; and this was the ardent desire to know who wrote, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix." Secondly, whether Browning, when he wrote it, had any special historical incident in his mind? which was fortunately set at rest by Mr. Browning himself, who declared, when questioned, that it was "only a story," and that it had "no historic foundation whatever." Another favourite of the reciter was a perfect bugbear to the answerer of questions, and that was the authorship of Rosa Hardwick Thorpe's "Curfew shall not ring to-night," which query dragged its weary length along for several years. "The Burial of Moses" was also at one time a subject for many questions. I imagine it must have been published in the *Dublin Magazine*, of 1856, anonymously, as at first it was very difficult to find its author, though it was to be seen in many collections of poetry, especially in America, where it seems to have been an immense favourite. The authorship has been claimed for Miss Young, but there is no doubt it was written by the late Mrs. Alexander.

A small volume almost might be compiled of the titles of books which have been derived from the poets, and which have all formed the subject of inquiry. A very early and delightfully-chosen example was, "Those Holy Fields" (Shakespeare), and since that a long list of them. "The Heir of All the Ages" (Tennyson), "Sons of Belial" (Milton), "Under Which King?" (Shakespeare), "Breaking a Butterfly" (Pope), "Cherry Ripe" (Herrick or Alison), "More than Coronets" (Tennyson), "The Silver Cord" (Ecclesiastes), "A Foregone Conclusion" (Shakespeare), "A Peak in Darien" (Keats), the "Cricket on the Hearth" (Milton), "Primrose Path" (Shakespeare), "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye" (Wordsworth), "The Immortals" (Coleridge), "Far from the Madding Crowd" (Gray), "The Desire of the Moth" (Shelley), "A Woman's Reason" (Shakespeare), "The Undiscovered Country" (Shakespeare), and, "last but not least," that

recent title, "Ships that Pass in the Night," which gave such endless trouble, from the fact that "Elizabeth" does not seem to be published in all editions of Longfellow's poems, but is only to be found in the later ones. I see some of our weekly contemporaries are still struggling under the burden, and trying to make the reason of the misapprehension clear, and that Longfellow was the author, even though "Elizabeth" be not to be found in every new edition. I have always regarded "Ships that Pass in the Night" as a shining example of a taking title, most cleverly selected.

Nor must I forget the advent of the "Plain living and high thinking" quotation from Wordsworth, which certainly marked an epoch of its own. Amongst the quotations which have a story attached to them, I may mention those set to music by Sir John Caldicott, 1794—

"Forgive blest shade the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exile from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress from the realms of bliss."

This epitaph is to be found in Brading Churchyard, Isle of Wight, and is said to have been written by a clergyman, when intoxicated, who had never written a line of poetry before, nor another line afterwards—if the strange story can be trusted.

Leigh Hunt's poem of "Abou Ben Adhem" (may his tribe increase!) has always been a very favourite poem, and one wonders why it strays about as it does so often, nameless. The same may be said of Campbell's "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and Coleridge's "He prayeth best, who loveth best," both of which are evidently not well-known to a more modern generation, who I do not fancy ever read "The Pleasures of Hope," or the "Christabel." Judging from the many queries as to the author of "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," Wordsworth shares the same fate, and the lovers of all four belong to a day that is past. Another quotation from Wordsworth has cropped up quite lately, however, and that is the lines from the poem on Peel Castle, "The light that never shone on land or sea;" and also the quotation from "The Excursion"—

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket."

Some of the very recent of our quotations are the most beautiful, and show, I think, that there is a greater inclination towards spirituality in the minds of the ordinary run of readers than was formerly evidenced, and that they are reading and absorbing most of the really good modern poetry. Amongst the favourites are, Mrs. Browning, Emerson, Thoreau, Mathew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, Morris, Praed, Holmes, and Lowell. The first poet I do not consider very quotable, but we have had many about "The little birds sung last," and that beautiful verse in "The Duchess May"—

"She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's prayers,
But her heart is young in pain, and her hopes will rise again
By the sun-time of her years."

From Emerson there have been many prose quotations, but the most recent in poetry is—

"For what are they all in their high conceit?
When man in the bush with God may meet."

Thoreau is also best seen and felt in prose, but I find one poetical selection from the last day of his "Week on the Concord," which long lacked an owner—

"I, hearing got, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before,
I moments live, who lived but years,
And Truth discern, who knew but learning's lore."

The most recent of the lines of Mathew Arnold which have been sent to us are—

"Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aërial landscape spread;
The world that was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead."

From Christina Rossetti's poems, one quotation is constantly being selected, and that is the lines beginning—

"I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain."

Ending with—

"Haply I may remember,
And, haply, may forget."

A comparatively new favourite are the lines from Longfellow's "Fleur de Luce"—

"No endeavour is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

The passage in Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip von Artevelde" is also a new-comer—

"He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend,
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them."

So are both—

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please."

From Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and Swinburne's beautiful lines—

"Before the beginning of years, etc.
There came to the making of man, etc."

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty;"

by Ellen Sturgis Hooper, and the somewhat kindred ones—

"Straight is the line of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight line thou shalt see,
The curved line ever follow thee;"

was written by William Maccoll, author of the "Elements of Individuality," and were both great puzzles and very constant visitors. So was the line written by A. L. Waring, but nearly always attributed to Keble—

"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe, and sympathise."

Those lines from Robert Browning's "Abt Vögler"—

"There never shall be one lost good;
What was, shall live as before,"

down to—

"In heaven the perfect round,"

haunted us a long time before people were finally satisfied; and equal interest was shown in George Eliot's small poem—

"The evenings come and go, love."

The ancient authors give us two quotations—Marcus Aurelius, "I expect to pass through this world but once;" and the noble peroration of the "Apology," the last words of Socrates, "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways; I to die, and you to live; which is the better, God only knows;" and with them I may very fitly end my selections, which it has been rather difficult to string together, so as to make them interesting to the general reader. Considering that our correspondents are young girls, mostly between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, I think the record—lasting over sixteen years, and embracing thousands of them—shows conclusively that our English girls read well and wisely; and their choice of quotations proves that they take an individual interest in what they read, and it may comfort those who fear the invasion of "the new woman" and "the modern girl," that, in the serried ranks of our girls, these terrors of society can hardly exist.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE GIRLS' CLUB.

CHRISTINA'S succour had been prompt and practical, but it was not very tender or reassuring. She laughed at the trembling Morag, and told her she ought "to be able to stand up for herself," and "to give back as good as she got."

"Perhaps I shouldn't like you so well if that was your style," she added carelessly, "and now I'll put you on your way home, and if your wits are to be scattered by a man speaking to you, you'd better stay there now the evenings are getting short. I'd offer to take you for walks myself—you'd be quite safe with this dragon to defend you from the St. Georges—but the evening is my working time, and I must make haste back now, for I was on my way to the theatre when I saw you being tormented."

"The theatre!" panted Morag, seeing a gleam through the impenetrability of Christina's mystery.

"Well, there, it slipped out!" said Christina defiantly. "I never mention the 'super' part of my life in the 'slavey' part. But you're a good girl and won't talk. Old Grieve doesn't suspect a thing. I'm quite respectable, Morag—there's some of us who are that—though the bloom comes off, you know, with the chaffing and the sticking up for yourself. And I've come across an old friend of yours, let me tell you, Morag, who whimpered at the very name of you. You wouldn't be proud to claim that

acquaintance now, I reckon. I don't care for that sort as chums myself, though maybe I'd go easier with 'em than you would. And now here you are, in a nice quiet part of the town, run away, and nobody will speak to you till you're safe with old Grieve."

And Christina herself hailed an eastward tram, and was whirled away before Morag could utter thanks, or ask a single question about all her astounding information.

Truly, Morag had very little pleasure in her life at that time. Gladys' letters became very few and far between, and they never told Morag anything which she really cared to hear. There was even a fretful tone about the letters which made Morag feel quite depressed after reading them. It was evident, too, that Aunt Rebecca was not so well and strong as she had been, and though little actual love had existed between her and Morag, Morag could not forget that the aunt had been the guardian of her orphaned childhood, and, as the girl put it to herself, "had always meant to be kind."

Miss Soutar's letters were one spot of brightness. For though Miss Soutar was a very busy woman, she found time for a regular correspondence with the lonely young thing who had come into her life. Miss Soutar was a good correspondent, she knew how to tell one what one cared to hear, she regularly answered one's questions and responded to one's remarks. She did this with such striking faithfulness that, when Morag learned to observe it, as months rolled by, and letter followed letter, it emphasised the one occasion on which she had failed to do it.

In an early letter sent from Edinburgh to Nigle, Morag had written—

"At a party here was a gentleman named Mr. Hugh Soutar. He seemed to me very like you. He had his wife with him. I wondered whether he could be any relation of yours."

To that Miss Soutar returned no reply. She took no notice whatever of the remark. Morag did not think much of it at the time, but it returned to her memory afterwards, especially when she caught certain snatches of a conversation between Miss Griselda and Miss Elsa.

Said the latter, "I don't believe she is quite a lady. I'm sure there was something whispered at the time of his marriage."

"Well, at any rate, she is Hugh Soutar's wife now, and he is most highly thought of," returned Miss Griselda. "She is presentable enough. I don't believe there was any mystery."

"I know Aunt Garth got it into her head that he had not behaved well to his cousin," said Miss Elsa; "he had kept his wedding a secret, or something of that sort."

"Well, it isn't one's bounden duty to announce one's marriage to all one's cousins," replied Miss Griselda. "There is no sin in not doing it."

"There were circumstances in this case which made it very wrong, according to Aunt Garth," persisted Miss Elsa. "The cousin had been Hugh Soutar's guardian friend, and had done a great deal for him."

"I have no doubt Aunt Garth considers we are very undutiful to her," said Miss Griselda. "She has so many romantic ideas about duty and loyalty and honour and so forth, for which there is really no time in the modern world. I like Hugh Soutar, and he is sure to make his way in town, and one may meet very interesting people at his house. Therefore it is very uncharitable to go raking up old wives' indictments against him and instituting inquisition as to whether he has always done his duty in every station into which it has pleased God to call him. Duty to his cousin! I wonder where Aunt Garth's ideas of duty would stop. Duty to fiddlestick! At any rate, he is married now and owes no duty to anybody but his wife and their dear little children. Aunt Garth is a maiden lady, and has never seemed able to realise how the great new tie of life necessarily abrogates slight old ties."

"Well, Griselda, you're a maiden lady yourself, yet you seem very decided on the subject," retorted Miss Elsa with a little piqued laugh.

Miss Griselda flamed instantly. "I don't call people maiden ladies till they are——" she paused, and adroitly avoiding the trap of naming any definite age, finished her sentence, "till they are old."

Morag had been arranging the sideboard drawer while this colloquy went on. Then she went out of the room to fetch some glasses and napery from the kitchen. When she returned the sisters had made up their little tiff, and Miss Griselda addressed her with the inquiry—

"I think, Morag, you named a person called Soutar as one of your references, did you not? An infant schoolmistress, or something of that sort."

Morag answered that it was so.

"Is she a great friend of yours?" asked Miss Griselda.

"She is a good friend to me," replied Morag. But, possibly, the delicate distinction was wasted on the Garths.

"She is a very distant relation of a clever young man who visits here sometimes," said Miss Griselda with studied carelessness; "a young man who is rising in his profession, and to whom our father was very kind. I daresay she may have told you about it."

"No," Morag answered, "I never heard a word about it." Somehow she felt glad she could say so.

"Ah, it is not likely; she is only a distant connection, and quite another style of person altogether."

And again Morag went to and fro the room, and caught from the ladies' whisperings the words, "mixture of different classes"—"very awkward"—"family spites and jealousies." She almost felt as if she must cry out in vindication of her friend, and in the pain of her own loneliness. She went downstairs instead, and listened to Jean Grieve's maunderings about her "bad leg" and her "want of appytite."

Morag attempted no more evening walks. But the poor cook's perpetual presence spoiled solitude, while it did not relieve monotony, and in sheer defence Morag went occasionally to a little evening gathering of "working girls," which was promoted and patronised by the Misses Carth. Morag could not say she enjoyed it. The room was crowded and noisy, and many of the girls were of the very roughest sort, even if nothing worse, and, though a certain amount of decorum prevailed within, their language and conduct the moment they were outside, revealed their true character, and the shallowness of the influence obtained over them.

Morag began to ask herself searching questions. For instance, how was it that she, of respectable birth and breeding, well-educated and given to books, was yet classed socially with these, simply because she also was a bread-winner? If the Misses Garth could see no vital differences between these girls and herself and others like her, how came they to be so supremely conscious of a dividing difference between themselves and her? Wherein did it really consist?

Morag could find no answer to these interrogatories. But she found something far better—to wit—the conviction that it was her duty to act towards those whom she felt to be her inferiors, as she would have desired those who believed themselves to be her superiors to act towards her. And in all humility, she tried to do this—to avoid the amused look at vulgar blunders, the air of superior knowledge over ignorance, even the shocked disgust at coarseness and wrong.

On one occasion, Morag, sitting sewing in her usual place, a little aside from the table where clamorous games were going on, heard the hall-door open, and looked up. And who did she see, shyly taking a seat just inside, and looking white and haggard under a hat-load of scarlet feathers, but Robina MacTavish!

As she recognised Robina, Robina's eye caught hers, and to Morag's dismay Robina jumped up and ran out. In an instant Morag forgot everything—Miss Garth and all the girls—and hurrying down the hall, pursued the fugitive. The hall was situated in a narrow court. Robina had nearly cleared that before Morag reached the door; by the time Morag was under the archway Robina was nowhere to be seen. Whether she had ran fast and far, or had turned aside into some of the many black cavernous porches or closes Morag could not tell. But there was nothing for her but to return to her vacated place.

"What made you run out like that?" inquired Miss Garth.

"It was a girl I used to know, ma'am," answered Morag. And some of the other girls exchanged evilly significant glances, as to say, "Does our saint have such friends as these?" For, as they whispered among each other, they knew that girl as "a regular bad one." And Miss Garth heard that whisper. And when she questioned Morag afterwards, and could only elicit (all there was to know) that Morag had met the girl in Nigle, where she had been a barmaid, and that Morag had thought she left her place to get married, then Miss Garth felt rather suspicious and mistrustful of Morag. Of course

had Miss Garth taken the trouble to search out the "character" Morag had originally offered her, there would have been no ground for suspicion. But so *many people* find it much easier to be suspicious than to be painstaking and cautious.

Morag was destined to have another *rencontre* in that hall. It was the night of "an entertainment." The Misses Garth were the presiding powers, and they had invited helpers of all ages and both sexes, who were to play, sing, recite, perform charades, and mingle freely with the girls "to keep the fun going." All the girls were there, looking their smartest, innocent, foolish little serving-girls, excited and giggling—cool, rather brazen, factory-hands, and a small sprinkling of pretty, rather lady-like shop-women, driven in, like Morag herself, for sheer change and shelter.

The Misses Garth were in high feather. Their invited guests overloaded them with compliments as to the good work they were doing, and the immense boon they were conferring on these "poor girls," by "brightening their dull lives" and letting them have a little pleasure and excitement, safe from "the evil surroundings and bad company appertaining to such enjoyments as they could get for themselves."

Something of this sort was actually said to the company at large by an over-dressed, puffy lady who, by Miss Garth's request, presided at the place of honour at the table.

Morag said to herself that surely Christina had taught her to be cynical, for she could not help thinking that the "entertainment" was arranged rather with a view to the effect to be produced by the helpers on each other, than to the enjoyment of the audience. But as Morag's next neighbour (a factory-girl, with a fringe) remarked, they "inched" along through the programme, and were about its midst, when Miss Griselda announced the next performer as a gentleman of great genius, which he was so good as to willingly devote to the delight of his poorer fellow-creatures, though they might scarcely be able to appreciate the privilege of hearing so noble a performance. She would introduce to them Mr. Algernon Fisher, of Sunnington Park.

A tall, elegant young man with a violin came forward from the alcove which had been arranged for the helpers.

To Morag's amazement and horror, he was no other than the man who had insulted and terrified her in the Princes Street Garden.

Morag sat like one bewitched. Exquisite music floated round her, reminding her of the stories of old unhallowed spells of witch or fiend. To her enlightened eyes the pale, handsome face (over whose "poetry" and "spirituality" the lady-helpers were gushing in whispers), flickered into all sorts of Mephistophelian expression—sneering, triumphing, loathing, hating!

She longed to rise and go away. But she was in her usual seat, the farthest possible from the door, and she wished to do nothing to call attention to herself. She did not think he saw her. It was not likely he would remember her. As soon as his performance was over she would go, and so escape all chance of encountering him at closer quarters.

It was over. The audience civilly accepting the cue of the Misses Garth and the other enthusiastic ladies, gave round after round of applause. Mr. Algernon Fisher heard as though he heard it not, his soul seemingly rapt too high in the flight of his genius. When he descended to common earth, it was to exchange a few words with Griselda Garth, the applause still going on tumultuously.

In the noise and the general movement Morag made her escape, thankfully believing herself to be unnoticed.

She would have known she had little ground for this belief could she have heard what it was that he said to Miss Garth.

"Who is that very pretty girl in the grey dress, seated to our far right?"

"Very pretty girl!" echoed Miss Garth rather coldly, looking in the other direction. "I don't see a grey dress."

"The other way!" cried Algernon Fisher almost impatiently. "She's sitting under the farthest Scripture picture, the Prodigal Son I think it is. There, she has got up and is walking down the room. You must see her now!"

"Oh, that one!" said Miss Griselda with a disdainful drawl. "Oh, that girl is our parlourmaid. I don't know how she comes to be here without her cap."

"Don't you allow the poor wretches to leave off their livery even on these festive occasions?" asked the young man.

"Not our own servants, of course," said Miss Griselda. "It would not be seemly. With others, of course, it does not matter so much."

Algernon Fisher lounged about for awhile, watching the door. But as Morag did not return he presently rose, and, bowing excuses to Miss Griselda, left the hall, actually while Miss Henrietta was in the midst of performing her most elaborate symphony!

(To be continued.)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

AND ITS SOLUTION.

By HARRY HALL, B.A.

PART III.

ORIGINS—FETISHES AND TOTEMS—ANIMAL-WORSHIP.

WHERE shall we seek the cradle of the Sphinx? The question is well-nigh unanswerable. The Egyptians considered themselves to be autochthonous, and since nowadays we have left off believing in big migrations, and are inclining towards the belief that the mass of every nation has always lived where it now lives, no matter what language it may talk, it is possible that the Egyptians had reason. Anyhow, the modern Egyptian fellahîn, though they are good Mussulmans and talk Arabic, are very obviously the same race as the old Egyptian peasants of six thousand years ago. And if we must have an original migration from somewhere, it is difficult to find a starting-point. Some will have it that Egyptian civilisation came across the Isthmus of Suez into the Delta, others that it came across the Straits of Babel-Mandeb and through Abyssinia, bringing forward in support of this theory the facts that the Egyptians called this quarter *Tanetâr*, "the divine land," and regarded the inhabitants of Pûnt (S. Arabia) with affectionate patronising interest, they being, in fact, poor relations of the Egyptians. There also existed a legend of a journey of the goddess Hathor and the company of gods northwards from "the divine land" to Egypt. Professor Flinders Petrie has unhappily set his imprimatur, in the lately published Part I. of his *History of Egypt*, on a theory which is more than doubtful; he proposes to jumble up Egyptians, Pûnites, and Phœnicians, in one race, and entirely discredit the ordinary account of the foundation of Carthage from old Phœnicia, on the sole authority of a hypothetical connection between the words Φοινίξ, *Pœnus*, and *Pûnt*. This is indeed a castle on a quicksand!

Now the Egyptian language appears to be mainly proto-Semitic in character, while the mass of the people were not in the least Semitic, but probably belonged to the Iberian family of mankind, that great race which extended, and still extends, from Ireland through Spain to Northern Africa, which comprises the Irish descendants of the ancient Tuatha-Danaan and the modern Berbers, and to which, in all probability, the Etruscans also belonged.*

Obviously then the Semitic elements of the language must have been brought to Egypt by a Semitic ruling race. Now it is an interesting fact that Professor Petrie has lately discovered at Medûm in Middle Egypt, in tombs of the early age of King S'neferû, of whom we spoke in the last article, two different modes of burial. In some cases the mummy was stretched out in a long coffin in the ordinary way, in others it was doubled up in a squatting position and placed inside a big box. Here, Professor Petrie thinks, we have evidence of the existence of two different races in Egypt, the one ruling, the other subject. Certainly on monuments of this period two distinct ethnic types are clearly distinguishable. Now who were these ruling people? It has been suggested that they came from

* It must be remembered that this is a theory, not a categorical statement of fact. Whether it is fact or not remains to be proved.

Chaldæa, that in fact Egyptian civilization was of Chaldæan origin. Certainly Chaldæan civilization appears to have been older than that of Egypt, and now that the labours of Lacouperie, Ball, and Hommel have shown us that the present civilization of the Chinese is probably of Chaldæan origin, we need not be surprised that Egyptian civilization has been claimed as also being Chaldæan. When King S'neferû ruled over Egypt, about 4000 B.C., the Mongolian Chaldæans were already governed by a dominant Semitic race, who found a high civilization of Turanian type already existing in the Euphrates valley when they first reached it. The result was a mixture of Turanian and Semitic civilization, while the civilization of Egypt appears to have been Iberian, of Libyan type, with a very early Semitic veneer. The Semite eventually semitized Chaldæa; in Egypt he must eventually have become entirely iberized and absorbed by the true Egyptians. So that, while there are certain resemblances between the two civilizations, the differences between them are so many and so marked as to prohibit us from accepting the theory that the Egyptian ruling people were Chaldæan Semito-Mongolians. From the chronological point of view, also, this theory is impossible.

The question is often asked—Have no prehistoric antiquities ever been found in Egypt? Certainly: the inhabitants of the Nile-valley passed through the usual stages of progressive civilization. In the Quaternary Period, when the Nile rolled down a turbid flood of enormous volume, which filled up the whole modern valley, to the great estuary where now is the Delta, palæolithic man lived on the banks, the modern "Libyan" and "Arabian" ranges, and left his rude implements where we find them now, embrowned to a chocolate-hue by the passing of unknown millennia; in later days, when the Nile had shrunk almost to its present level, the implements of neolithic man show us that he pursued his more peaceful way in the new valley, and gradually arrived at the Bronze Age some time prior to 4000 B.C., stone implements being retained to the latest times for ceremonial purposes. And monuments which are seemingly prehistoric have also been discovered by Professor Petrie at Koptos, in Upper Egypt, in a position underneath the earliest "stratum" of a temple, which leaves us no option but to conclude that they are, as they seem to be, prehistoric. At Koptos the god Min * was worshipped; the monuments in question are three rough statues of Min, entirely wrought by stone tools, with hammer-work and scraping. On them are cut, or rather scratched, "sculptures" which remind us of the primitive artistic efforts of the palæolithic cave-savages of Cro-Magnon. The figures are isolated, not grouped in any order, and present a great contrast to the products of the fully-developed civilization of Egypt. We have a most primitive elephant, a flying bird, a huge bear, and an ox, all represented as walking over peaked mountains. We have also marine animals of the Red Sea, shells and sawfish, and the head of a deer with protruding tongue; also the totem-standard of the god Min, a wreath of flowers upon a staff, surmounted by an ostrich-feather. Besides these statues there were also found a roughly sculptured bird which reminds us of the sculptured birds found at Zimbabye in Mashonaland, and three lions, found on the basal clay of the temple-area, which are extremely like early Chaldæan sculptures. Nor does this exhaust the catalogue of this important find; for fragments of red-faced incised pottery, which must also be prehistoric, were also discovered, some of which present early forms of Egyptian types, while others do not. The great age of these antiquities may be left to our readers to imagine, for the gulf which separates them from the Egyptian art of 4000 B.C. is enormous. They were found, as has been said, at Koptos, whence an ancient trade-route leaves the Nile for the Red Sea Coast; they present various points of resemblance to early Arabian remains; we have legends of the early connection of Egypt with Punt or Southern Arabia.* So we are brought to the conclusion that the Egyptian ruling race originally came, before 5000 B.C., viâ the Red Sea and the Koptos-route from Southern Arabia, where there existed in very early times the ancient civilization of the Semitic Minæans. This civilization had various points of contact with that of Chaldæa, which may explain some of the resemblances between Egypt and Chaldæa, if the Minæan civilization can be carried so far back.

But we cannot yet say that we have certainly discovered the cradle of the Sphinx!

Let us now turn to the people themselves, and their ways.

The religion of Ancient Egypt has always been a dark mystery to the other nations; it was so to the Greeks and Romans, it is so to us. Nor do I deny that the Egyptian religion was one of the most complex and remarkable religious systems which has ever been elaborated by the mind of man. But I am not going to dissipate the mystery by jumping at the conclusion that, after all, behind the serried ranks of jackal-headed and bird-headed deities there was the great monotheistic idea, the conception of the One God of whom all these deities were but the deified attributes. The evidence is not sufficient. The Egyptians appear to have been cheerful polytheists like the ancient Greeks or the modern Solomon Islanders. Neither Egyptians, Greeks, nor Solomon Islanders, ever, except in a few cases, reached the highest religious plane. It is true that at first sight certain Egyptian hymns appear to have a monotheistic sound; but this is due to the fact that in these hymns the attention of the worshipper is not directed towards the One God, but is for the time focussed upon the one particular deity to whom the hymn is addressed, to whom for the time every godlike function is assigned. Whether it is Khnûmû, Âmen, Râ, or Ptaḥ who is addressed, he is always for the time the primary demiurge, the creator of men, the benefactor of mankind; the same worshipper might have prayed to Khnûmû as the all-creator one morning and to Ptaḥ as the all-creator the next. Certainly in later times many of the gods were fused, as Âmen-Râ, Ptaḥ-Sokrï-Osiris, etc., but in this I see no priestly attempt to fuse all the gods into one, but rather an evidence of the growing unity of the nation, which naturally tended to identify different local gods of identical character and to confuse gods which differed but slightly from one another. Âmen-Râ, the confusion of Âmen the god of the civil metropolis Thebes, and Râ the god of the priestly metropolis Heliopolis, was the great official god of the later period. But although he appears universally on all official monuments, there is no proof that he was universally worshipped by the mass of the people. The only god whose worship was really in universal vogue throughout Egypt from Adhû, the marshes of the Delta, to Abû, the Ethiopian frontier, was Osiris, the supreme god of the dead, to whom we shall return later. Juvenal said that the Egyptians grew their gods in their back-gardens; they were certainly more inclined to worship an onion than the One God, because they never knew Him. The word *nethâr* "god," "divine," etc., the hieroglyph for which is an Axe, is used as a substantive "a god," as an adjective "divine," or to express the abstract idea of "divinity," "the divine nature." But it cannot mean "God," the "Deity" or "Godhead" in our sense; and when the phrase "God," without the definite article, is met with in translations of Egyptian texts, it must be borne in mind that this represents a merely temporary hypertheosis of some particular god or jumble of gods whom the hymner at the time wishes to praise; it does not mean that the Egyptians had conceived the ideas either of a single personal God or of a philosophical impersonal first cause. The Egyptians knew at least three different first causes or creators, contradiction in terms though this be; in fact their various kosmogonies got so muddled up during the course of the long life of their religion that they themselves found it hopeless to try to understand them; and if it was hopeless for them, still more is it hopeless for us. Wherefore let us theorize at our own good pleasure.

Why did the Egyptians represent so many of their gods with the heads of animals? This question has exercised the minds of inquirers for ages; it would seem to be really nothing more than a relic of Totemism, that ancient custom of barbarous races. The various Egyptian gods seem all to have been originally of local origin, and each one had been at some time the particular totem of some tribe or family of its locality, for the predominant characteristic of Ancient Egypt was its particularism, its tendency to resolve itself into a mere collection of clans, each living in its own "nome," or local division, which we often find officially designated by the name of some animal, plant, or inanimate thing, which had probably been its totem. Thus the Ibis nome (Hermopolis Minor; Nome XV of Lower Egypt) had the ibis-headed god Thoth, the god of knowledge, for its local deity; here evidently the god was ibis-headed because the ibis was the particular totem of the nome in which he was worshipped, not because he was, metaphorically speaking, the early bird who picked up the worm of knowledge. And Nome XVII of Upper Egypt, the Nome of the Jackal, had the jackal-headed god Anubis for its deity; obviously here the jackal was the local totem. But the official nome-god dose not always correspond to the local totem-god; for instance in Nome XV of Upper Egypt, the Nome of the Hare (Hermopolis Major), the before-mentioned ibis-headed Thoth was the local god. Thus we see the same totem-god appearing in two nomes whose totem-designations were different, and in many cases the local god of a nome was not a totem-god at all, for not all the Egyptian gods had been actual totems, though nearly all seem to have been connected with totemism in some way. Thus Nome IV of Upper Egypt, that of the Sceptre, had as its local deity the god Âmen. Also many of the nomes were not called by a totem-name, as, for instance, the Nome of "The White Wall" I. of Lower Egypt, whose local deity was Ptaḥ; in this case all trace of the original totem, if there ever was one, has disappeared. In early times the number of nomes was much less than in later times; indeed, many nome-designations are only found on very late monuments. In these late-formed nomes the totem-system probably never properly existed; so we see that whereas in many parts of the Nile-valley the old totem-system was ceremonially kept up, in some it had fallen partially out of use, while in others it had never existed at all. Where they were retained, both the totem-signs of the name and of the god were placed upon standards, which were carried in

* Or Mînû. His name used to be misread "Khem" and "Amsu," neither of which are correct. The god "Ams" or "Amsu" appears to be distinct from Min.

* Between Pûnt and Phœnicia, however, there can be nothing in common but the fancied resemblance of name, and it must be remembered that the Phœnicians called themselves "Canaanites," not "Phœnicians."

procession, and where the totem of the nome had been forgotten or a new nome had been formed, the hieroglyphs of the name were placed upon the standard. Lower Egypt was divided into XX nomes, Upper Egypt into XXII. This was the number in later times.

The following deities would appear to be connected with totemism. Zahûtî (Thôth), ibis-headed god of learning, patron of art and science; Anpû (Anubis), jackal-headed, a god of the underworld; Ûpûaût ("Opener of the Ways"), also jackal-headed, local god of Siût; Khnûmû ("The Potter"), ram-headed, the creator who fashioned men from clay, local god of Elephantiné; Ḥet-Ḥorû (Hathor), cow-headed; Sôkhmit,* lioness-headed, a form of Hathor; Bastit,† cat-headed, a form of Isis confused with Hathor, local goddess of Bubastis: Ḥorû (Horus), hawk-headed, the rising-sun; Menthû, also hawk-headed, the war-god of the Thebaid; Sôbk,‡ the crocodile-headed god of the Nile; and many others, to some of which we shall refer again later. In each name a living specimen of the totem was kept in the temples as an actual incarnation of the god. To this animal, therefore, was paid much of the reverence of the worshippers of the god, and in his nome he was sacred. Outside it, however, he was no longer sacred, and if a noxious animal, was likely to be killed without ceremony. To quote the funny passage from Juvenal's 15th Satire—

"Qvis nescit, Volvsi Bithynice, qvalia demens
Aegyptvs portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars haec, illa pavet satvram serpentibus ibin.
Effigies sacri nitet avrea cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicae resonant vbi Memnone chordae
Atqve vetvs Thebe centvm iacet obrvta portis.
Illic aelvros, hic piscem flvminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantvr, nemo Dianam.
Porrvm et cepe nefas violare et frangere morsv:
O sanctas gentes, qvibvs haec nascvntvr in hortis
Nvmina! Lanatis animalibvs abstinet omnis
Mensa, nefas illic fetvm ivgvlare capellae:
Carnibvs hvmanis vesci licet. . . . . .
. . . . . Accipe nostro
Dira qvod exemplvm feritas prodvxerit aevo.
Inter finitimos vetvs atqve antiqva simvltas,
Immortale odivm et nvnqvam sanabile vvlnvs
Ardet adhvc, Ombos et Tentyra. Svmmvs vtrimqve
Inde fvror vvlgo, qvod nvmina vicinorvm
Odit vterqve locvs, qvvm solos credat habendos
Esse Deos, qvos ipse colit."

But, O Juvenal, the Egyptians were not cannibals, nor did they worship dogs! It must be remembered that Anubis was jackal-headed, not dog-headed; there was no dog-god, though the Egyptians were great dog-lovers, and possessed various breeds of hounds, turn-spits, and terriers. Juvenal's charge of cannibalism against the Egyptians can be refuted, though Prof. Petrie's "New Race" of Libyans appear to have kept up a kind of ceremonial cannibalism; but that the Egyptians occasionally practised human sacrifice is now conclusively proved. At the burial of a great man a slave was tied up in an ox-skin and dragged on a sledge in the funeral procession. He was apparently killed at the tomb, and his body burnt with other goods and chattels of his dead master. The word for such a victim was *teknu*. In the representation of this rite on the walls of the tomb of Paḥeri at El-Kab the *teknu* has these words painted above him:

"To the West, to the West, the land pleasant for life, to the place in which thou art, behold! I come."*

Doubtless a pleasant reflection for the poor *teknu*. It is the old idea of the slave following his master to the next world.

The famous bulls Âpis and Mnêuis were sacred animals; only a bull possessing certain peculiar marks could be inducted into his temple as Âpis, and at his death would be magnificently embalmed and buried. Âpis was the supposed incarnation of Ptaḥ-Sokr-Osiris, the god of Memphis: Mneuis was the incarnation of Râ, the sun-god of On or Heliopolis. All the sacred animals were mummified at death, like human beings. The little bronze or faïence images of animals, which are so common in museums, are all those of these much venerated sacred beasts, who belonged not only to totemic deities, but also to those which were not primarily totemic, as the ram to Âmen, the ichneumon to Khûyt,† etc.

The non-totemic deities must next claim our attention.

(*To be continued.*)

* Often spelt "Sekhet."
† Often spelt "Pasht."
‡ Often spelt "Sebek."

* See *Ahnas and Paheri*, by MM. Naville and Griffith, pl. V. and pp. 20, 21 (second part) (Egypt Exploration Fund, 1894); "The West" (Âmenti) was the next world of the Egyptians.
† A form of Isis.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a peculiar attribute of the Clevedon Hill High School that it caused its pupils to fail in the conventional rejoicing when holidays came. The life was so delightful, the *esprit de corps* so exhilarating, the daily routine so enjoyable, that there was a feeling of disappointment and "flatness" when all had to be laid aside, even for a time. Katharine and Nora protested against any suggestion of their leaving, and Mr. Lovell sensibly recognised the fact that, as Katharine's early education had been so one-sided and desultory, it was wise for her to study at least a year longer.

It was a trial to bid a temporary farewell to the National College of Music also; here Katharine was doing excellent work. Herr von Drachenfels exulted in his pupil, gave her "extra time," and commended her before other students in a way not calculated to increase her popularity. She was making good progress in musical composition, and near the end of the term was greatly excited by a suggestion of Miss Seymour's.

Before the Christmas holidays there were to be great festivities at the High School, under very illustrious patronage. A series of tableaux, illustrating the life of Dante, were in prospect, and Miss Seymour, who visited the Lovells and of course knew all about Katharine's musical talent, suggested that she should compose some incidental music for the piano, to be played between the scenes.

The idea fired the girl's ambition. She told Herr von Drachenfels, who was enchanted.

"Incidental music! Yes, yes, of course you can compose it. Now mind! to scenes from the life and work of Dante there must not be anything light, merry, jocular, trivial! It must be pathetic, chastened, romantic if you will! Look upon his face! Think of his writing! Let it inspire you with the true spirit for your music!"

In such wise did he discourse to his pupil; for Herr von Drachenfels was a cultured man, a member of the Arts Club and knew a great deal about the "Divine Comedy," and many other things besides.

Katharine seized with ardour upon this as a theme for meditation in the summer holidays.

It must not be supposed that her mother had been pushed altogether out of mind, and her visit indefinitely deferred. Madame Duvigny could not come to England as soon as had been originally proposed; the little Duvignys passed the spring in a series of measles and other light infantile ailments which prevented their stepmother from leaving Belle-Rive. Katharine grew quite exasperated, "I really believe the children do it on purpose!" she frequently exclaimed, to the mild scandal of her aunt. But just before the close of the summer term a sudden message came that Madame Duvigny was free from family and other cares; a sister of her husband's would come and keep home for the professor, and she would come over to England on a visit.

Katharine prepared to greet her mother with a curious mixture of remorse, wistful tenderness, joy and shame. When Madame Duvigny really arrived, these feelings were intensified. The poor mother; she looked

so worn! her dress was so shabby in comparison with the newness and splendour of Clevedon House! Her child could have wept over her again and again, and Madame Duvigny was in sooth surprised and abashed by the luxury in which she found her daughter. Then Katharine herself! how altered she was! The untidy "hoyden" with her rumpled hair and careless ways was developing into a tall neat young lady with few points for criticism and fault-finding. But the old impulsive Katharine was there too.

Her mother's feeling for a day or so was half of alarm and awe at the completeness of the girl's transformation, as if all were unfamiliar to her. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell saw this and pitied her greatly; but her brother-in-law invariably expressed himself strongly in conjugal *tête-à-têtes*.

"If she hadn't wanted to be separated from her child, my dear Margaret, she should not have made a second marriage. She is reaping what she has sowed, and in a better way than she could have expected. Anyhow they would have been divided, and the division is not as marked as might have been."

Of course a holiday exodus to the sea or mountains had been talked of by the Lovells, and they did not consider that Madame Duvigny's appearance on the scene need prevent the carrying out of this plan. When consulted, she expressed her preference for Scotland, as Douglas Gordon's uncle had sent her a warm invitation to his home in Perthshire. It was accordingly arranged that the party should go North, to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," making their headquarters at a picturesque village not far from Craigentulloch.

When this was settled, to the great joy of the younger members of the party, an idea laid hold of Katharine. How delightful if she could only carry off her poor artist-friend, Mary Percival, and give her a month's holiday in the bracing air of Scotland; how additionally delightful if she could, by her intervention, heal the family breach between the Gordons and the Percivals! She could throw Mary in the way of her uncle, and "make things come right all round." Dared she suggest it to Mr. Lovell?

Fortune favoured her scheme. Mary's portrait of Katharine (*in propriâ personâ*, not as the Fair one with golden locks"), had been sent for Mr. Lovell's inspection. He was delighted with it, and of his own accord proposed to Katharine that she should invite the artist to accompany them North at his expense for a little rest and change.

On the wings of the wind Katharine flew to Laburnum Terrace. How hot the little house was this August afternoon! The back room, facing west, was like an oven, but Mr. Percival graciously called her into his study. Sun-blinds she noticed had been added here, and there was a grateful dusk and coolness. By his side stood a tumbler, in which lumps of ice floated in some golden beverage, and flowers, as usual, "redeemed the room from hopeless commonplace by their ineffable suggestions," as he said. Mary was out, so her friend unfolded the plan of the Scotch visit to her father and mother, not entering into details as to her ulterior motive. Mrs. Percival looked eager, and a spot of colour burnt in her thin cheek. She sought her husband's countenance; it was grave even to sadness.

"Delightful!" he murmured, "but, I fear me, impossible. We cannot spare our only child—our ewe lamb, my dear Miss Lovell—to go so far and stay so long. What should we do without her? No, no; it must not be seriously entertained."

Aghast, indignant, Katharine tried her utmost powers of persuasion, but could make no impression on him. Mrs. Percival said nothing.

"Why, only think what good it might do Mary!" she pleaded to Mary's mother, as soon as they found themselves in the hot back room again.

"It is most kind and generous of Mr. Lovell to propose it, but her father can never bear to be parted from her," said Mrs. Percival, nervously twisting her fingers in her apron and avoiding Katharine's glance. "You see, Mary does so much for him; waits on him in all the little ways he likes and has a right to expect. He will let no one else dust his books, trim his lamp, and arrange his flowers; and he says his inspiration depends so much on all these little surroundings being just right—ordinary people cannot understand it——"

"They cannot indeed!" was on the tip of Katharine's tongue. Was the wife really deluding herself, or only pretending to be deluded? The girl took herself out of the house in a passion of indignation almost too great for words. Was this artistic selfishness? If so, let her eschew it with heart and soul! Something of the kind struck in upon her angry heart and brain.

When she had gone, Mr. Percival smiled to himself in rather a significant fashion. His wife entered the room on some trifling pretext, and hung about wistfully.

"It would do Mary so much good, Ambrose; don't you think——"?

"My sweet Jean," replied her husband smoothly, "the young lady who has just left us is anxious to pose as a *dea ex machinâ*, which is, my love, if you do not understand the Latin, a goddess out of a machine. She has a considerable amount of energy and ambition, and intends to reconcile a family feud, unknown to the principals until after the event. I am not quite so blind as I am supposed to be; and I do not pardon insolence, though it may be long past. We will not recur to the subject if you please, my dear, and I think it will be unnecessary to mention it to Mary."

Katharine also had the good sense to say nothing to her friend, but made up for her reticence by the fury with which she blazed forth at home. The elders all sympathised in her wrath.

"Douglas Gordon always says this Mr. Percival is a mass of selfishness," observed Madame Duvigny.

"He had better not come in *my* way," retorted Mr. Lovell, who was not accustomed to have his benefits slighted, and resented it strongly.

The recollection of this disappointment was the only bitter drop in the cup of Katharine's delight. The journey North was most interesting to both girls, and on the morning after their arrival, Katharine was ecstatic in her joy. Their lodgings were in a Highland village; a rapid river flowed beside their house, mountains, with glens between, congregated around in wild array. All was new to her, and she dragged Nora forth to climb the rocky slopes among heather and bracken, instantly after breakfast.

That very afternoon, to lose no time, she and her mother drove to pay the visit of ceremony at Mr. Gordon's home Craigentulloch. This was one of the most beautiful "policies," to use the Scotch term, in the district. The grounds were large and extensive, but there was no stiffness or monotony about them. A small loch, stocked with water lilies, lent beauty to the scene. The house stood on an eminence immediately above the water. Behind it, woods sloped up the hill-side. From the front windows, Katharine knew, the view must be far-reaching over mountain and strath. On one side, a ravine cleft the hills and a winding path was seen to ascend it.

"Look, look mamma!" Katharine was wild with joy. "There is the boat Douglas rows in; there is the path leading up to the waterfall he has often told us about; Loch Strathmore is up there, where the shooting-box is. What fun to see it all! If only Mary were with us!"

They drove round to the back of the house; a smiling maid-servant admitted them into a square hall, adorned with stags' antlers, thence into a pleasant room, half drawing-room, half library, where Mr. Gordon stepped eagerly forward to greet them. What a view! Katharine had guessed it must be superb, but she was scarcely prepared for all its beauty; the loch and the undulating park below, then the wide "strath," and the mountains, purple and misty, beyond.

"I thought Switzerland would mayhap have spoiled ye," said the Laird, pleased and surprised at Katharine's unaffected appreciation of his fatherland.

Tea was served instantly, as Mr. Gordon appeared to think his guests must be famishing; and what a meal it was! Cakes of every kind, scones, cookies, with the most delicious of butter, marmalade, honey, thick cream, and the tea said to be drunk by the Queen herself! Mr. Gordon made Katharine pour out tea, and watched her as she did it. Neat and trim in her pretty grey suit, graceful in movement, she was certainly much altered since he last saw her! "Ah, these bairns; they grow out of knowledge!" he said affectionately. But he was, of course, anxious to hear all about Douglas, and seemed as if he could hardly be satisfied with all Madame Duvigny could tell him. Tales of his nephew's

exploits when a child, his success at school, his cleverness, his kindness, followed. As the Professor's wife felt real affection and gratitude towards her *pensionnaire* who showed her the thoughtful kindness of the best of sons, she could enjoy and echo this talk to the full.

Douglas, when he left Switzerland, was to go to Edinburgh University. His uncle intended to make him his successor and heir, but it seemed that the lad was ambitious to make a name in literature, "and he'll do it too, for he's for aye reading," said Mr. Gordon. "I'll show you his library when you're sure you'll take not a drop more tea."

It was a delightful room; just like Douglas, Katharine thought. The array of books, ancient and modern, that adorned the shelves were unusual possessions for so young a man, and, as she knew, many more were with him at Belle-Rive. Here were also his gun and his fishing-rod, with rough sketches on the walls of scenes near at hand. All was kept just as he had left it. The visitors saw that the separation was a trial to the Laird; but if Douglas were to do anything in literature he must be versed in modern languages and acquire new ideas. "That, as you know, is the reason of his being with you," explained the uncle.

There was much of interest to see in the rambling old mansion, where Mary Queen of Scots was said to have passed a night. Among other things there was a collection of fossils "that would have pleased Professor Duvigny," said their host.

Altogether it was a very delightful afternoon; one of the most charming episodes in the Scotch stay, on which we cannot dwell in detail. The visit was repeated several times, and the Lovells also learned to know Mr. Gordon. When all returned to London in September, it was with the sense that each was the richer in health and in memory for that holiday.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLO and NELL.—You had better join the National Home-Reading Union, which directs the course to be pursued in home studies. The central office is at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.; Secretary, Miss Mondy.

LENORE.—There is a home for students in the Kleinbeerea Strasse, 22, III. in Berlin, respecting which all information may be had from Miss Green (London Secretary), 23, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W. There is a *Conservatoire* at Dresden. Miss Green may tell you all you require to know about this, Leipsic, and other places.

EDUCATION.—Apply direct to the Secretary of the College of Preceptors (C. R. Hodgson, Esq.) for their Prospectus for the current year. Any librarian could procure you a book on English analysis, with a key; but ascertain which is recommended by the examiner.

ROVIX.—There are two societies at least that give Medical Training to Female Missionaries; "The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission," Secretary, Miss Hamilton, 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C., and "The Delhi and South Punjaub Zenana Medical Mission," Secretary, Canon Crowfoot, Minster Yard, Lincoln (both Church of England Missions). The University of St. Andrews grants a "Higher Women's certificate," fee two guineas, and title "LL.A." The examination takes place in June; the "convener," Professor Knight. Address, the University of St. Andrews, N.B. But these examinations are held in London, at Cambridge, Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Cardiff, Leeds, etc. Write direct for any further information.

K. E. S.—Make all such inquiries of our publisher.

FORWARD.—If you are backward and slow in learning it is hardly advisable for you to attempt the study of such difficult languages as Greek and Hebrew. History being your favourite subject we think you had better take up that study, as you would probably succeed in it best. As you live in London you might go to a good bookseller and ask for a list of the books on history most used in education now, and take his advice as to the best to select.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The "University Examination Postal Institution" is what you require. Write to the Manager, E. S. Weymouth, Esq., 27, Southampton Street Strand, W. C. Correspondence classes are held for preparation of those who propose to compete in the University examinations, especially for the London University, and Cambridge Higher Local. It has a large lending library. Apply for a prospectus. There is also another method of preparation of a private and benevolent character, a lady holding "Higher Cambridge Certificate" offers lessons to any lady of neglected education, at the nominal charge of 1s. a lesson in English Language and Literature, French, Arithmetic, and Scripture. Address "R. G. P," 38, Melford Road, Lordship Lane, London, S.E. (Highest References).

YORTA.—For training in the science and art of teaching, apply to the Secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq., of the "College of Preceptors" (incorporated by Royal Charter) in Bloomsbury Square, W.C. Lectures on the theory of teaching, of course up to date, are given for both sexes at the college. Also, the "Home and Colonial School Society," Gray's Inn Road, prepares women in the art of teaching. A third institution for this purpose is the "Teachers' Training and Registration Society" (incorporated under the Companies Act). Address Miss Alice Woods, Principal, "Maria Grey Training College, Salisbury Road, Brondesbury, N.W. We do not know the "Grace" to which you refer. Some German friend might inform you.

MUSIC.

A ♯.—Certainly you should learn harmony, or the theory, and grammar, so to say, of music, if you wish to be a good musician and have any talent for composing.

MOTHER.—We do not at all approve of long daily music practising for any one, even when too far removed from neighbours to prove a nuisance, much less for a child. In the first place, unless possessing exceptional talent, it is a sad waste of time to devote it to the acquirement of an accomplishment instead of to what is absolutely essential for a useful and practical life. In the second place, parents are little aware of the expenditure of muscular and nervous power which piano-practising involves. It has been stated that the amount of force expended, in playing for one hour only, varies (according to the character of the piece) from four to twelve foot tons, or from a twelfth to a quarter of the amount demanded by an ordinary labourer's work. Over and above this, the wearying of the nerves, and strain on the ear, produced by the monotonous work of playing scales, is exceedingly trying to a delicate child with a sensitive organisation.

M. E. P. should inquire for the American Musical Magazine at any large music publisher's.

"PRETTY GIRL" (?) wants to get a cure for moles on her face. If she means "warts," she had better employ a medical man, or she may not improve the beauty which she claims to possess.—2. The "Guildhall School of Music;" if able to get her nomination signed by an alderman, or member of the "Court of Common Council," would perhaps suit her best. The entrance fee is 5s., and for a year of three terms (of 12 weeks each) the fees would amount to £4 14s. 6d. Apply to either the Secretary, or to the Lady Superintendent, Victoria Embankment.

SORROWING VIOLA.—Many people are touched by music, and especially that produced by certain instruments. Sounds stimulate the imagination, and appeal to the feelings of some sensitive natures very strongly. There is nothing extraordinary about it.

PANSY.—It is a great mistake to suppose that "the guitar is only of use as an accompaniment." Far from it. You should hear it played by a professor, for its capabilities are great. But to accomplish good instrumental pieces upon it is difficult. Those who become masters of it can make it speak in a wonderful way with a power of appealing to the feelings like that of the violin. Refer to all our answers under "Education" for the reply to your second question.

ROSEMARY.—No musical education can be obtained for nothing, unless some friend were as willing as she was capable, and had the necessary leisure, to give you lessons. We never heard of any purely charitable institution for the purpose. Possibly by application made through the interest of your clergyman (for instance) with a parishioner, or a tradesman in large business often sending out letters of advertisement in considerable quantities; you might obtain the work of directing envelopes. But you do not write a good hand. It is quite unformed. We regret that we cannot help you.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—It is perfectly inmaterial whether your instruction and the training of your voice be conducted by a man or a woman. There are admirable teachers of both sexes, as well as inefficient ones. Were you in London you might study at one of the Schools of Music, where, after a trial of your voice, you would be placed under a teacher most suited to your capabilities. Your training should not commence until you have passed your sixteenth birthday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAIRY FARM LASSIE.—We cannot tell you which dairy farm has the reputation of giving the best milk; but we can tell you which is considered the most perfect dairy, it is on the Queen's Model Farm, about a mile from Windsor. All round the wall of the dairy there is a marble table, and through the centre two long ones, supported by marble posts, which rest on basins through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water, which keeps the slabs cold, and at an even temperature. The largest dairy-farm in England is (we believe) that of the Aylesbury Co. at Stammerham, Horsham. The best possible instruction in dairy-keeping is to be had at the "Midland Dairy Institute" (Kegworth Station, Midland Railway), South Nottinghamshire. There training is to be had in dairy work, cheese-making, poultry-rearing, chemistry and agriculture.

A HAPPY SUFFOLK WIFE.—Stir the starch with a wax candle. Coloured starch is sold.

E. M.—The quotation you give, *i.e.*,

> "Fare thee well! and if for ever,
> Still, for ever fare thee well,"

is from Lord Byron's verses, written to Lady Byron, entitled "Fare thee well." There is another much in the same style,

> "When we two parted,"

both have been set to music.

A. G. F—When visitors call and leave cards, the footman or parlour-maid receives them in their hand, and then lays them in the tray or bowl standing in the hall for the purpose, or on the table. When waiting at table, the helping of ladies first, or all the guests, each as they are placed, irrespective of their sex, is a matter to be decided by your mistress. There is no absolute rule. If there be fish served at breakfast lay fish-knives.

JEANETTE M. M.—1. Do not put drapery on your cloak-case; this description of ornamentation is in bad taste, and forms a dust-trap. Have the case well cleaned and French-polished, or even varnished; or it might be decorated with oil-painting of flowers.—2. For stewed figs this recipe may suit you: Slice them, cover with milk, and stew with a little butter and sugar. Apples which are rather acid may be stewed with them.

LIVERPOOL.—You may call on new-comers to the neighbourhood. Send up your name by the servant and apologise for your mother, and leave her card on the hall table when you leave. Should the family be out, leave your mother's card with your own inscribed (if not engraved) under it.

WENCELAS (France).—To save worm-eaten furniture from further injury from wood-worms (or rather, small beetles, erroneously called "worms"), apply a solution of hot size brushed into the little holes. If the wood be oak, a mixture of turpentine and beeswax will prove a good preservative. See Answers in number for March 24th, 1880, page 416; also Nov. 5th, 1887, page 96.

DAMARIS.—We did give a recipe for destroying insects, butterflies, moths, and beetles, as specimens for a collection without cruelty to the creature, or injury to its beauty as a specimen. It was cyanide of potassium, one ounce, and rock ammonia, one ounce. Place in a wide-mouthed bottle and cover with plaster of Paris; place the insect inside, and it will die at once.

TRUDA.—The lines quoted by Professor Henry Drummond are from Marcus Aurelius—"I shall pass through this world but once."

K. N. T. should make no agreements about money, and sign nothing without proper legal advice. We could not give it on such an important question, involving such a large sum of money.

VOL. XVII.—No. 867.] AUGUST 8, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

KATHARINE'S education was now progressing apace. Her story up to this point has been written to little purpose if it does not show that she was early threatened with one of the most terrible of all dangers that can beset the artistic temperament—selfishness. When Art becomes a sort of Moloch to which the interests of others are offered up, which turns a deaf ear to the voice of affection or pity, its worship becomes a curse. Poor little Katharine had never gone so far as this extreme, but she was undoubtedly prone to that view of the artist's life which makes everything, even character, subservient to the claims of art. From this warped tendency she had been rescued by the change that had come to her. Other influences were at work upon her character, of which we cannot here speak, leading her to see that the true ideal for Humanity at large as well as for herself is that which implies self-forgetfulness for the sake of others. We must all, paradoxical as it may seem, "lose ourselves to save ourselves."

This needs to be insisted upon in the present day, when so much is talked and written about "individualism." We can never be our true selves in relation to ourselves alone; our life must be lived in relation to others, if it is to be a true life. A girl, for instance, cannot be an admirable character in her cultivated girlhood simply, unless she be a good daughter, a good sister, a kind friend. In fulfilling these relations of life she will herself grow in charm; but they can never be forgotten, and any attempt to ignore their claims will only end in impoverishing the whole nature.

Katharine felt this strongly in the reunion with her mother. She did her utmost to atone for past carelessness and coldness, and proved herself so tender a daughter that poor Madame Duvigny did not know how to bid her farewell when the five weeks' furlough

"SHE SAT APART IN HER BLUE SERGE THAT HAD SEEN HARD SERVICE."

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expired. Yet she had framed her own lot; she must needs go home to her husband; and in reply to her child's offer of consolation, even of return, she would only say, "My darling, it is better as it is; all is for the best; I would not have you back."

But the intercourse between mother and daughter taught Katharine much that she never forgot.

Then her interest in, and care for, Mary Percival took her out of herself in every sense. She had also the advantage of observing the perfect unselfishness which characterised her friend in her pursuit of art, and the emphatic contrast presented by her worthy parent. Had she been older she might have pondered over the strange paradox, by which selfishness in one nature occasionally seems to work on other natures for good, producing, as the impress of the inside of a mould, the exact reverse of itself on that with which it comes in contact. The same may sometimes be said of unselfishness. The utterly unselfish wife or mother may seem to mould the selfish husband, the selfish children. It is a sad reflection, containing many perplexing suggestions, and altogether too deep for the comprehension of a child like our heroine.

The girls returned with zest to their beloved High School after the holidays, and Katharine went back with eagerness to the National College of Music. The theme for her romance on Dante had been working in her brain, and her masters approved what she had been able to do in the way of composition. The tableaux that were to be performed before the Christmas vacation were of course the great topic of conversation among all the girls. The beautiful hall with its raised platform lent itself perfectly to the arrangements; an artist of repute was going to undertake the grouping of the tableaux, and every one of the girls burnt with anxiety to be included among the performers.

One afternoon late in October an unusual stir might have been witnessed in the great hall. The girls with the exception of the three lower forms, were all assembled, but not in any scholastic or formal array. All were evidently on the *qui vive* of expectation, in pretty dresses, with a certain air of being *en fête*. Mary Percival had no pretty dress to wear; she sat apart in her blue serge that had seen hard service; her hair was smoothly burnished by the care given to it, and dressed beautifully in a Greek knot; her pale face was as patient as usual.

"I wish I need not stay," she was saying to Katharine, who, radiant and sparkling in tawny gold hair and green well-fitting frock, was hovering about her. "When Mr. Waldegrave comes to choose the performers in his tableaux and sees me limping up with the others, he will think I am out of my senses; there is no room for cripples in a beautiful picture. I saw Christabel Ford looking at me with surprise."

Christabel Ford, as has already been said, was the beauty of the school, and entertained a high opinion of her own personal attractions.

"Do ask Miss Seymour if I may slip out," continued Mary entreatingly to Katharine.

"Indeed I shall not," retorted the friend warmly, "if you could only see your face now you would not be so absurd; there is a beauty of expression which——"

Mary stopped her by putting up her hand in deprecation of these affectionate eulogies.

It was an occasion favourable for the study of character. The girls who were self-conscious showed it in every gesture. Some were quite sure the artist would choose them, and displayed that assurance by the turn of the head, the glance downwards at the dress, the pitying look at those less likely to be fortunate, such as Mary Percival. Nora sat composed and serene, feeling tolerably certain of her success, but fully aware that she ought not to show any such emotion. Katharine was openly eager, flitting about the room from one to another and discussing probabilities.

"You are going to play a piece of your own composition! I should think that ought to be honour enough for you," said the eldest Miss Fortescue, with whom Katharine was no favourite.

"Not at all! I want to have all the fun I can!" cried Katharine. And her younger friend Marjorie was flying about the hall in the last stage of excitement. "Do you think Mr. Waldegrave will have me? Oh do say yes? Is my hair tidy? Do you think my blue frock would have been better than this? Can anybody lend me the least little scrap of a looking glass? Do you think I look like the youthful Dante?"

"Not in the very least," replied a candid friend.

"Well, I am sure you do not," retorted Marjorie.

"Christabel Ford thinks she is going to be Beatrice at least," observed a spiteful critic.

"She was brushing her hair and getting ready for at least two hours," said Christabel's plain younger sister spitefully.

Remarks of the sort were becoming plentiful, and there appeared some risk of harmony being disturbed in several quarters, when there was a little stir, and Miss Seymour entered.

"Mr. Waldegrave is coming!" flew the rumour from one to another, but it was Miss Seymour alone. She went up to the platform, her calm, serious face bent on the motley throng before her.

"Girls," she said, "I want to speak to you just for a few minutes before Mr. Waldegrave comes in. We are going to try to represent by your help a few scenes from one of the most beautiful of actual stories, and one of the most wonderful of visions that the world has ever known. The history of Dante is the first; the vision of Dante, forming the Divine Comedy, is the second.

"I need not pause now to speak at length of this; you know, most of you, how Dante, while yet a child, was enthralled by seeing the youthful Beatrice, who became to him the embodiment of all that was inspiring; how he vowed to write of her 'what ne'er was writ of woman,' and after her early death wrote the wonderful story of his journey at her behest through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. You will all, I hope, throughout your lives, study more and more of the thoughts suggested by the life and work of Dante.

"But what I want to dwell upon just now is this. To represent these scenes worthily is impossible, yet we may convey some notion of the beauty and grandeur that lie behind, and incite others to study what will prove a life-long gain.

"To do this needs a special preparation on the part of all of us. We must lay aside vanity and self-seeking. For the sake of Art we must forget ourselves.

"No doubt you are all hoping that you may be chosen by Mr. Waldegrave to take a part in these tableaux. Some must inevitably be disappointed, and to these I want to speak first.

"It will not be any slight if you are omitted. It will only show that you are not so well fitted as other girls may be, to look a particular part. All figures in the pictures are not necessarily beautiful, but they must be adapted to express certain types.

"Now I want you to feel, if you are not chosen, that for the sake of the artistic perfection of the whole—a whole in which for your school's honour you are interested—you can yet be satisfied to stand apart, and sacrifice your own gratification. It is a hard part to play, but a worthy one. There will, besides, be help that all can render, in other ways than by appearing in the series of pictures. We shall look for this help to any girls who will kindly offer it.

"So, my dear children, if you are passed over, do not put it down to any fancied defect in your appearance, do not be offended or mortified, but take it for granted that you do not fit into a certain niche in the artist's conception, and try and be content that this should be realised as perfectly as may be.

"To those who are chosen I must say a word or two," continued Miss Seymour, noting the self-satisfied simper on the face of one or two notably pretty girls. "The artist's purpose will be ruined if he has to work with conceited or self-conscious tools. You must sink your own individuality, and be content to be just as and where you are placed. Don't suppose you are chosen because you are better-looking than somebody else; don't think of yourself at all, but try with your whole heart and soul to help the artist to carry out ideas that may teach us to realise some beautiful thought, some charming story of the past, in a new and vivid way. Then, and only then, our tableaux will approach the right ideal. But if any girl is silly and vain enough to think of them as a means of 'showing off,' the kindest thing she can do is to withdraw at once, that no mistake may be made in selecting her.

"All we do, as I often tell you," concluded Miss Seymour, "should be referred to the highest standards, and this work which we are now taking up, in connection with the great religious poet of the Middle Ages, is no exception to the rule."

She left the daïs, and the girls had only time, expectant and excited, to form in line before the artist entered.

(To be continued.)

AMY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER II.

WITH an aching desire for sympathy, Amy hurried home. When she entered her mother's room, she found her looking pale and ill, and the shop trouble was swallowed up in a greater anxiety.

"Are you not well, mother?"

"I am rather faint, dear. A cup of tea will revive me."

The cup of tea did not have the desired effect, and to Amy's alarm her mother gradually sank into unconsciousness. Calling the landlady, the distracted girl begged her to send for the doctor, while she tried all the means in her power to restore her mother.

But Mrs. Gray lay white and still when the doctor arrived. After examining her, he asked, "What nourishment has she had to-day?"

"She could not take anything, but a little tea and a scrap of bread and butter."

"Poison and starvation!" exclaimed the doctor angrily. "What about the beef-wine and jelly I ordered her?"

"We have not been able to obtain them yet."

"Stuff and nonsense! You must obtain them, or your mother will sink rapidly from exhaustion."

Amy's face became deadly pale, and she trembled so that she could scarcely stand. She had not known her mother was so ill.

"My dear girl, I may seem cruel; but it is better to face the truth. Your mother knows it."

"You don't think she will die?" whispered Amy hoarsely.

The doctor's voice became gentler, as he answered, "I am afraid so, and the only way you can keep her with you for a limited period is by giving her at short intervals the nourishment she can digest. But I will not buoy you up with false hope, she must go sooner or later. I think you had better have an elderly woman to stay with her while you are at business. Have you any friend you can rely upon?"

"Yes, I think I know of one who would come," answered Amy, choking back the tearless sobs that would rise in her throat.

"Very well, get her in to-night if possible, and send to my surgery for a draught. Your mother is reviving. Don't disturb her. Keep her very still and quiet, and above all, don't forget the nourishment. Procure a seven-and-sixpenny bottle of the beef-wine immediately. You will find the larger size to be more economical. I have written the name of the brand upon a slip of paper. You will obtain it from Snow, the chemist. Good-evening."

Amy wrung her hands in silence. She had not seven-and-sixpence in the world, and they were in debt. What could she do? She looked around the room. Was there anything she could sell? A bright idea struck her. She had read of girls who sold their hair to buy necessaries for those they loved. Why should she not sell hers? It was thick and silky. She humbly asked the landlady to stay with her mother while she went out to seek Hannah Morley, an old friend of her mother's. The landlady acceded, though not very willingly. Mrs. Gray owed her for three weeks' rent, and times were bad.

Amy had no difficulty in finding Hannah Morley, and upon hearing of her trouble that good woman straightway donned her bonnet and shawl, and locking up her cottage, accompanied Amy along the darkening streets.

Hannah was a kindly soul, one of those rare Christians who are as the salt that redeems the world from insipidity and decay. Hannah did not realise that self-abnegation was a virtue, nor did she picture herself as a "beautiful Christian." Life was too full of grim realities and stern necessities for her to pose as the picturesque, though unconsciously she made life more beautiful for those around her. She simply looked to heaven for guidance, and did what she could on earth.

"I must go an errand," said Amy, as Hannah stood at her mother's bedside. "If I am not quick the shops will all be closed."

Without waiting for a reply Amy disappeared in the darkness.

When she returned half-an-hour later her hair was cut close to her head, and she held two bottles in her hand. Mrs. Gray was too weak and weary to question her nurses when a small draught of the beef-wine was held to her lips.

Amy did not remove her hat, so Hannah Morley did not notice the change in her appearance.

"You sleep beside your mother, and I will rest on the couch, so that I can attend to her," said Hannah in a whisper.

"No, no, I will sit up with her, you must be weary."

"Indeed you won't. You have to go to business in the morning. I won't have two invalids. I can rest while your mother sleeps."

Much against her will Amy lay down upon the bed. If she could infuse the strength from her healthy young body into the frail one at her side, Amy thought she would be happy. What could she do? She had sold her hair. Could she sell her conscience also? "Oh, God help me!" she prayed silently. "Was ever girl placed in such a dilemma?"

If only an angel with a purse of gold would appear. But no visitant from celestial regions, no comforting voice relieved her perplexity.

God gives us strength to climb the mountain, but He does not take the mountain quite away. Christ scaled the rocky heights alone, and if we would be like Him, we must do the same. An untried Christian, basking in the valley, can never know the thrilling power of victory, or view from the pinnacle of clearer eyesight and nobler understanding the treacherous crevasse and hidden torrent safely passed.

In deep dejection Amy's tears rolled down her cheeks and dripped upon the pillow, and neither her mother nor the kindly nurse knew of the struggle that was raging silently in her breast. She fought her battle alone with God. The Evil One was ready with plausible reasons why she should retain her position in the shop. He almost convinced her that her scruples were foolish and vain, that she was self-righteously raising for herself a standard of morality superior to that of her fellow-saleswomen. But the promptings of Amy's conscience and the holy teaching of years rose up in her behalf, and urged her in the direction of truth and honesty. Suddenly, in the midnight stillness, she seemed to hear her father's voice, "My daughter, be true to God and thyself."

"Father, I will be true," whispered Amy, and the struggle ceased. She experienced no elation. The future looked dark and sunless, and the present was a perplexity. In listless weariness she permitted her thoughts to drift back over the events of the past few months. She had never told her mother the reason she had left her last situation, the shop in which she had spent some of the happiest days of her life.

The mother's loving eyes had detected a weary droop in the girl's face, and an absence of mirth in her eyes, but she had never pressed her for undue confidence, knowing that she could trust her child to be true, and hide no dishonourable secrets from her knowledge. The secret was in every sense an honourable one. Amy had resigned her post, because for her mother's sake she had refused an offer of marriage from her employer. When John Wallace placed his hand and heart at her disposal, Amy thought that life could hold no higher bliss, but after facing the future from what she regarded as a more filial standpoint, she realised that her first and foremost duty was to her widowed and ailing mother. She had promised her father on his deathbed that she would cling to her mother and do all in her power to render her life bright and happy, and she must be true to her promise. She little knew that even then, the invalid had heard the call from heaven, and knew that her days were numbered. Had Amy recognised that solemn fact, her resolve would still have been the same. As Amy viewed the past through her tears, she wondered whether she could have acted differently. In the midst of her troubles and surmises she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

DRAWN CANVAS WORK.

THE examples before you are all done upon a new kind of linen canvas, which adapts itself very well to many articles both fancy and useful.

This canvas is made of double linen threads which are rather coarse. It can be had in green, blue, and several art shades. It is one yard in width, and costs three shillings and sixpence per yard, and the fact that it is of fast dye and washes well, is one of its many recommendations.

If you like to do so you can work cross-stitch upon this canvas, and use cotton, flax, wool, or a new kind of pearl cotton if you like to do so. I have not given you any examples of this cross-stitch, nor of patterns which are made by single stitches of different lengths uncrossed, for this reason. At almost any fancy shop you can get a little cross-stitch book, which has also designs for the other stitch named, and as the book costs about twopence all can get it. So it stands to reason that the space which is so valuable should not be wasted upon what any of our readers can get so easily for themselves. I have confined myself to drawn work in these examples, because it is so extremely pretty done on the coloured canvas.

Sachets of all kinds when done in drawn work and lined with a pretty colour, are very charming, the effect being altogether novel.

Small table-cloths, toilet-covers, work-bags, d'oyleys, etc. All can be done on this canvas.

Now there is another reason which I have for giving you the drawn canvas-work.

Many of my readers may have longed, over and over again, to do the many lovely patterns which can be executed on linen in what is usually termed "drawn linen work." They have got a piece of linen and made an attempt only to meet with failure, and I can sympathise very much with them, for the tyro who tries to learn on linen itself has a bad time of it in nine cases out of ten.

Now let that beginner take heart of grace and try these same stitches on linen-canvas. In a very short time she will know how to do them perfectly, and if she can do them on this linen-canvas, she will, if she is but possessed of enough patience, be quite able to do them on linen. It takes more patience and time for the latter, but that is all.

Punto tirato is such an ancient form of work that it is well worth learning. It may interest some readers to learn what a writer says about it.

"Drawn thread work is lately become extremely fashionable, for the ornamentation of every description of house-linen. It is not by any means a new work, for the very earliest fancy work that ever was invented consisted of drawing certain threads out of linen material, and weaving them with a needle round and about the remaining threads to form a pattern, and there is no doubt that the embroidery of fine linen, of which we read in Scripture as being used for the vestments of the priests and the hangings of the temple, was worked by drawn threads in various fancy stitches. As time went on, drawn work was introduced into European countries, workers became skilful, fabrics were varied and improved, and much good embroidery was done in Greece, Italy, Russia, Germany, and Spain, under the designation of *Punto tirato* (threads drawn one way of the material), *Punto tagliato* (threads drawn both ways across and across), *Opus tiratum* (fancy open stitches), Dresden point (lace stitches), and other names more especially indicative of the locality in which a particular form of work took a footing. Most of this work was devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. A number of specimens of fine old linen may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, many of which are deftly embroidered with thread drawn from the linen itself, while others are profusely decorated with gold threads and coloured silks, and are so beautifully executed as almost to require a magnifying glass to distinguish the articles."

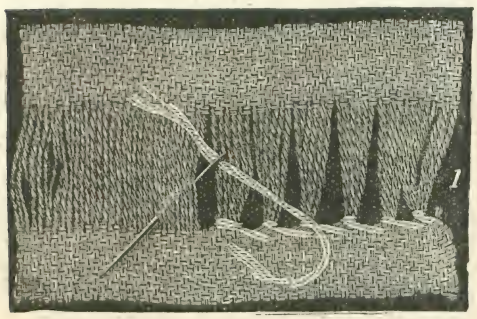
The worker will be so good as to remember that as all the threads here are double that when I say so many threads must be drawn, it is in reality double that number.

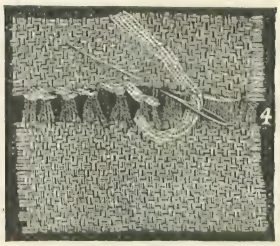
Remember, please, also that when you are going to do any of these patterns upon linen you must be guided by the coarseness or fineness of it, as to the number of threads drawn, and that the numbers given for linen canvas are not always a guide for ordinary linen.

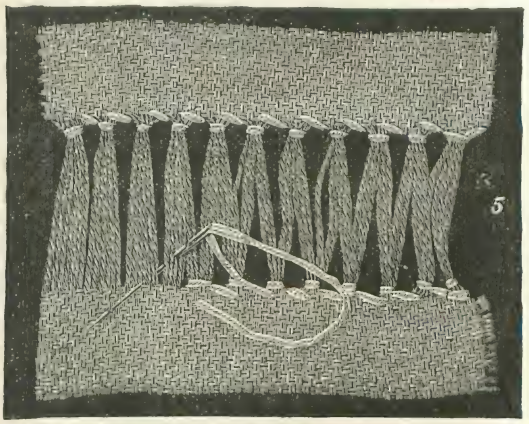
You cannot do much in drawn work without clusters, and these are formed in several ways.

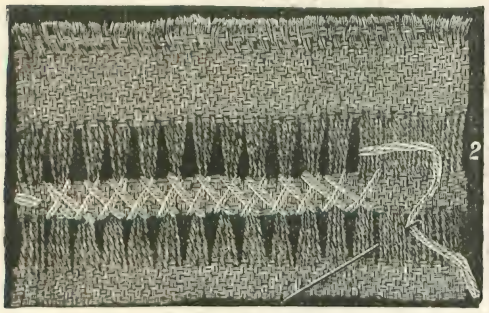
Before beginning the description, I must tell you that filoselle silk of some pretty colour has been used for all these examples, and several threads have been used at a time.

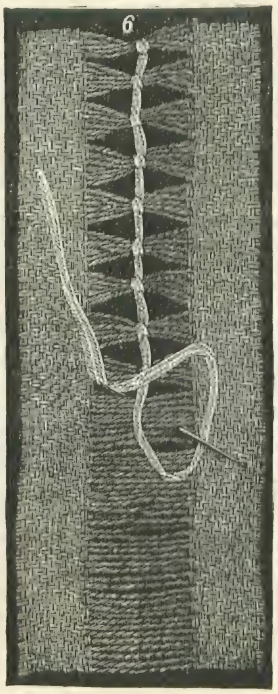
For forming the clusters in Fig. 1 six threads have been used.

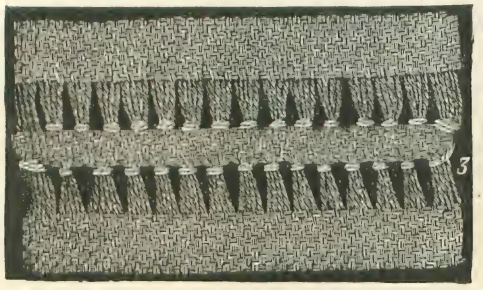


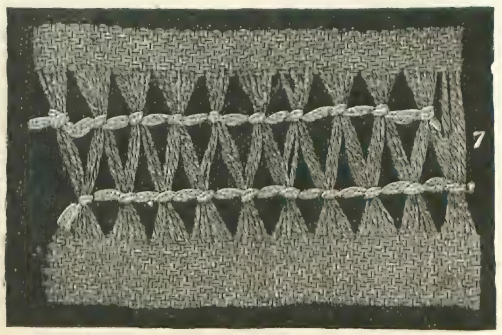


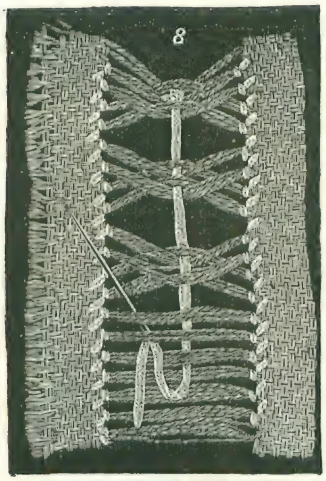








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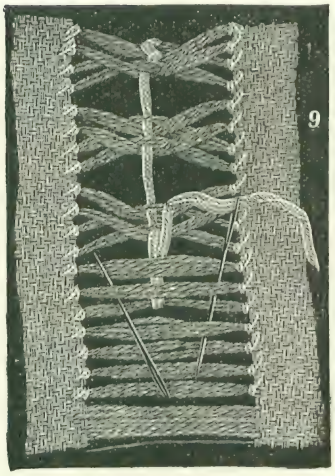
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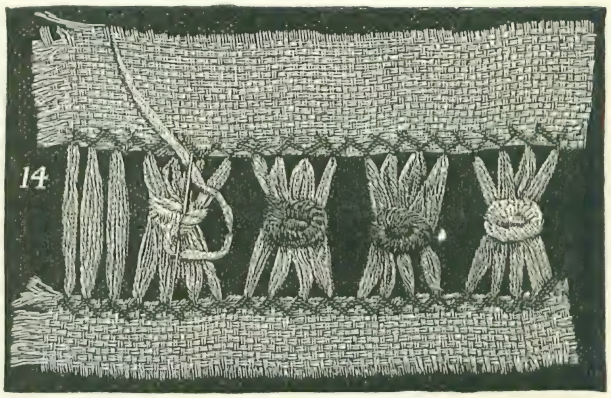
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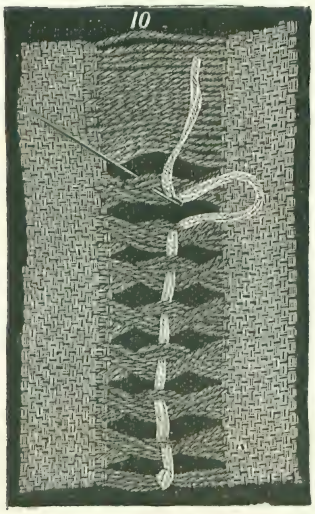
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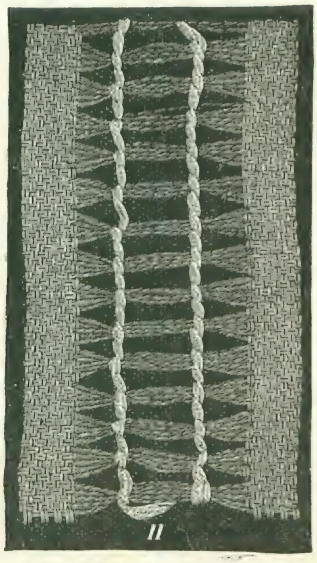
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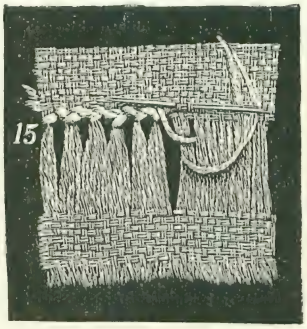
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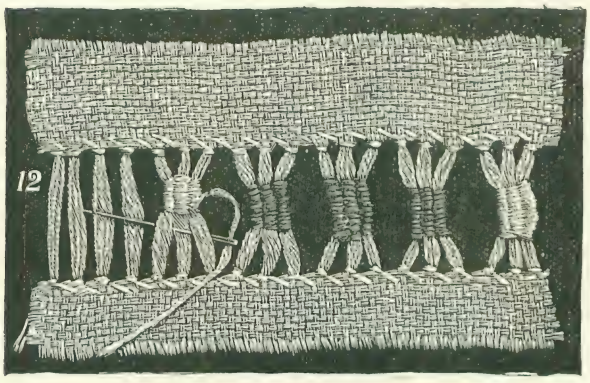
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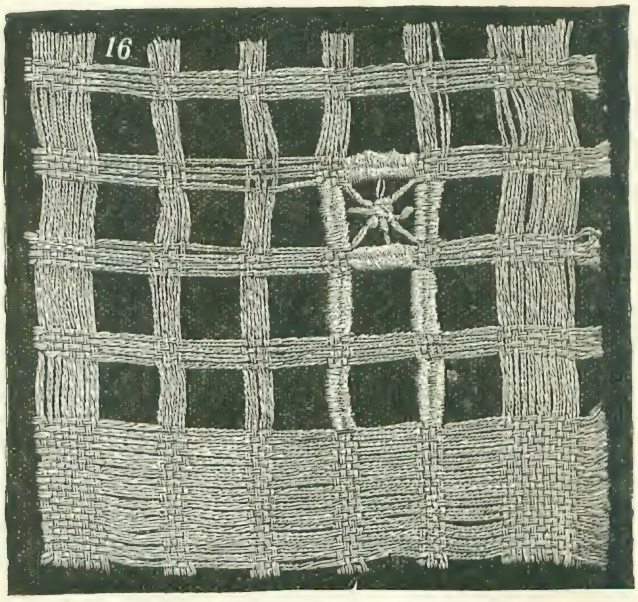
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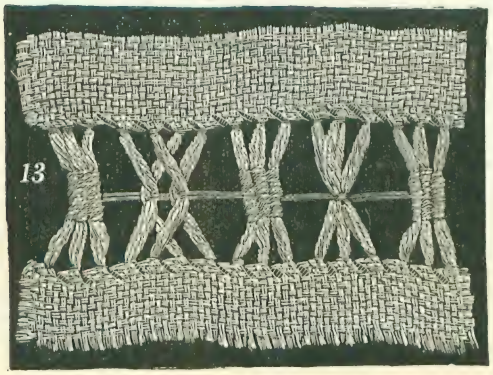
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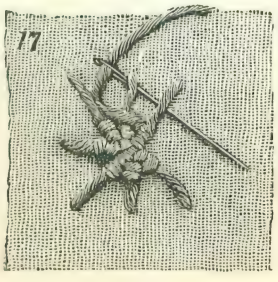
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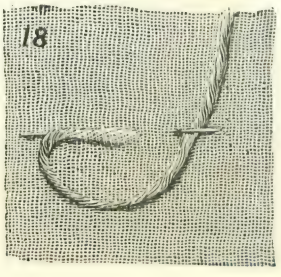
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About fifteen double threads of the canvas have been drawn. Make your needleful of silk fast at the back of the work. Work from right to left. Pass your needle under six threads of the canvas, and then from the right the set of the threads down two threads lower at the back. Bring it out and then repeat the same thing. If you will look carefully at this example it will show you exactly how the clusters are formed. Of course both sides of the insertion must be done in the same way.

Figs. 2 and 3 show a very convenient and pretty way of making clusters, but it must be borne in mind that it is a plan suited only to stout materials.

On fine materials the thread would draw up the band of insertion between the clusters. Fig. 2 shows you the wrong side and Fig. 3 the right. Really no letterpress is wanted to explain this; however, I will say a few words about it.

Work from left to right. In this example four threads are taken up in each cluster and six left as a band over which the herring-bone stitch passes. In Fig. 3 you see what a neat, pretty row of stitches is formed in the two sets of clusters. It looks well to use the filoselle, as you cut it to form the clusters, as the stitches are in themselves ornamental. Unless the weaving of the linen or canvas is very close, it is always better to secure both sides of the insertion, as seen in Fig. 1.

Fig. 4 shows simple hem-stitch. Many people know how to do this, and yet so many others do not, that the illustration is very necessary to make this article complete.

Work from left to right and let the stitches slant in an oblique direction Draw out about four threads just where the folds of your hem will meet them. Fasten one end of your thread in between the folds of the hem, at the left-hand side of the hem. Bring your needle and thread into the hem above the fold about a couple of threads. Put your needle in from right to left, taking up four threads, and bring your needle out just under the leading thread as it comes out of the hem, and draw through. Examine the example and you cannot go wrong.

Fig. 5 shows how trellis hem-stitch is done. Form your clusters of an even number of threads, and in the next row take half of one set of clusters and half of another.

In Fig. 6 you see how faggots are worked. You can secure your clusters or not according to the material and the likelihood of the threads slipping at the edges.

I will quote from a reliable work the best way of doing these faggots with *Punto tirato* knots.

"Get your needle threaded with sufficient cotton to run from end to end from the row of drawn threads, secure the end of the cotton at the right-hand side of the material with a small invisible stitch into the margin of the linen if there is a margin outside the drawn thread insertion; if not, tie the end of the cotton in a knot round the centre of the three first clusters of threads to form the first 'faggot'; turn the cotton towards the left in front of the three next clusters, retaining it in position by pressure of the left-hand thumb, while with the cotton hanging downwards you bring the point of the needle over the cotton held by the thumb, insert it downwards in the upper part of the space between the faggot you have just tied and the faggot you are in process of working, pass it behind the three clusters that are to form this faggot, and bring the point up over the cotton that is held by the thumb, it thus presents the appearance of a circular loop; draw the needle and cotton through and draw the loop to the degree of tightness necessary to bind the three clusters in the semblance of a 'faggot,' at the same time leaving enough cotton to tie evenly across the space between the faggots. Every *Punto tirato* knot is formed in the same manner.

"These knots enter largely into the composition of drawn-thread patterns; sometimes they are worked with double cotton, sometimes with cotton five or six sizes coarser than that employed in other portions of the embroidery. Care and practice are required to keep the cotton in a straight even line, and not too tightly drawn, otherwise the knot itself is sufficiently simple to be very easily acquired. In our example four threads have been taken in the duster forming a faggot."

In Fig. 7 you see how the knots can be used in two rows of trellis hem-stitching.

Figs. 8 and 9 show double crossing in two stages of being done.

Four clusters here are crossed. Proceed as follows: Remove a good number of threads, as you must allow sufficient spring for the crossing or else it will pucker.

Begin by firmly fastening your thread at one end, and pass your needle under the first three clusters. Look carefully at the example and you will see how the thread lies.

Then bring your needle up between the third and fourth clusters, just as you see in the example. Next look at Fig. 9.

Bring your needle back over the third, then under the first and second, over the first, under the second, over the third, under the fourth and third, and then after going under the second you go down again to the wrong side under the next three.

Look carefully at the example, and when you have withdrawn the needle which is threaded through, it will be easy for you to know where to go if you follow the above description, placing your needle as you see the unthreaded needle is placed. The latter is only put there to show you where the threaded needle is to go next. It is obvious, I hope, that that is the intention, and that no second needle is required. When you draw the leading thread and you see the clusters fall naturally into their places, you will perceive what a very fascinating stitch to work this is, as well as a very pretty one. You can vary it by using very narrow china ribbon for doing the crossing with, gold cord, or soutache. In any case the leading thread must be strong.

Single crossing is seen in Fig. 10. One cluster is drawing the needle over the other, and then you go on to the next. An examination of the illustration is the best way of learning.

Fig. 11 is a double row of *Punto tirato* knots.

Fig. 12 shows quite another kind of drawn work, which certainly is very uncommon and extremely easy to do on this canvas. Draw about twenty threads and then make some clusters of two double threads in the usual way.

The next thing is to darn sets of three clusters, and in this example the sets are done in green, blue, red and yellow filoselle silk, four threads of which are used at a time. Look at the way the needle is placed in the example and that will show you exactly how it is done. You must finish off each set of clusters separately at the back.

In Fig. 13 you will see how faggots and double crossing alternate with darned clusters. This example is worked with cardinal-red filoselle silk.

Fig. 14 shows four clusters confined by an oval of button-hole work. Secure your silk to one of the clusters and then run your silk round the four clusters as a kind of guide for the button-hole work. The latter is done all round in the way seen where the needle is left in. The middle between the lines of button-hole has a stitch called "bullion," worked over to hide the unsightliness of the threads which show between the oval of button-hole work. This would make an effective border for a small table-cover, or worked in lines down a sachet lined afterwards with coloured silk. The clusters for this example have been made in quite another way. You will see how these are done in Fig. 15. It is merely herring-bone stitch done under the threads you wish to cluster, and then the needle taken through a couple of threads in the canvas above.

Fig. 16 shows a kind of guipure made with canvas. Draw out about eight threads and then leave four. Do this crossways again, and then draw in and out the bars and fill in the spaces with wheels, or any case stitches you happen to know.

In Fig. 17 is seen how the wheel is done. Make three long stitches from one extremity to the other of the space to be filled, and stop short in the middle of the fourth. Pass your needle back under the spoke before and the spoke after it. Look at the example and you will see how the needle is placed. For the eighth spoke let the thread come from the centre to the edge. For bullion stitch I will quote some good directions:—

"The stitch resembles a raised roll of twisted cotton lying on the surface of the material; it also is designated "roll picot stitch;" it is effectively employed to represent ears of corn and barley, for veining the centres of leaves, for working entire leaves and portions of flowers, and may be generally used whenever a raised ornamental stitch is desired. To work, bring up the needle and cotton to the front of the material, put the needle in the material in the position you wish the bullion stitch to be, taking from a quarter of an inch to half an inch of the material on the needle according to the length the stitch is required to be, and bring the point well out where the cotton already is, and with the needle standing in this position wind the cotton round the point of the needle ten or twelve times in the manner shown by the illustration; wind the cotton with the right hand and keep the twist from falling off the needle by pressure of the left-hand thumb, then draw the needle through the material and through the twists of cotton, turn the cotton towards the top of the stitch, and pull till the stitch lies in position with the twisted cotton in a close roll upon it, insert the needle again at the top of the bullion stitch and bring it up where the next bullion stitch is to begin."

Enough has been now said, and sufficient examples have been given to show the worker how many charming stitches can be worked on linen canvas.

Strips of linen canvas done in this drawn fashion alternating with insertions of lace would, when lined, make a lovely bed-spread, and it would have the advantage of being able to be carried about easily. Many people very naturally dread beginning such a large article as a couvrepied or bed-spread, as the space taken by the piece of work makes it impossible to take about conveniently. Now a strip of work can go so easily into a work-bag when you spend an evening with a friend, is so portable when you wish to use up some of your time on the sands in the summer, and so the article gets quickly finished. I am sure that those who learn this work will be greatly charmed with it. In case any should, after learning it, wish to do the stitches on ordinary linen, I must give a few hints.

Get your linen washed before you begin to work on it. Do not attempt to draw your threads until you have well soaped the part where you are to draw them. This plan greatly facilitates that usually tedious business. Always tack down all hems.

The size of the thread of the material is about the guide for the size of the cotton you work with. Waxing your cotton makes it stronger.

For drawn linen-work great care is required and also good eyesight. Those whose eyes are not strong should not attempt any but the coarser kinds.

COAITI-MONDIS.

ONE of my earliest memories is a tame coaiti - mondi that lived in a very large cage, which I believe was really an old summer-house, but my only clear recollection of him was his great delight at having a present of tobacco, which he straightway rubbed into his fur. For many years I had no opportunity of studying their habits, till one day Mr. Cross, the well-known animal dealer of Liverpool, wrote that he had for sale a very nice tame young coaiti, and so she proved, for she was the most amusing pet which we have ever kept.

There are two species, the grey and red; this one was of the latter kind, a bright foxey colour, with the tail ringed in different shades of the same colour.

Our friends generally spoke of her as "a kind of fox," but the coaiti-mondis are really distant cousins of the bears. And though their long sharp faces and fine tails are very unlike that family, yet their way of walking, and the absurd manner of galloping with all four legs at once, are remarkably like the stiff ambling of the bears.

We had provided an old cage, containing a box with plenty of hay for our new pet, but we directly found the arrival so tame, that we constantly let the cage door stand open for hours. "Snip" would follow anywhere, or spend her time running about the rooms, but she was so inquisitive, that we were glad when she preferred to take a short sleep on the sofa cushions, though that was not often. After she had invited herself to two or three afternoon teas, which always ended in her drinking up all the milk or running off with the whole cake, it was thought that though "Snip" was charmingly tame, her "manners" were not enough formed for indoor society, and that she had better take her walks abroad; this she did with the greatest delight, following her friends anywhere, through the garden, through the farm-yard, through the fields, or across the woods; she would often rush up an easy tree for a yard or two, or playfully scramble up a wall, but the chief pleasure was to be always "rooting" in any soft soil she came across in the walk, apparently looking for worms or small insects, all the time uttering a little, soft chirping noise, which gave rise to her name of "Snip," "Snip," "Snip."

The only walk I ever remember that she did not fully appreciate was on a winter's day, when after being long shut up, by the bad weather, we thought some brisk exercise would be good for man and beast; "the beast" had no objection, and gaily ran along the paths trodden down in the deep snow, and merrily ran on to the ice of the pond, which was our destination; first she thought the ice very uncanny, and then very cold, and then asked to be carried home, for it was one of her amusing peculiarities that whenever she felt cold or tired by the outing, she would run up her master, invariably kissing him, and then snuggle round his neck till she was comfortable.

Snip would eat any, and everything, but the chief dainties were milk, cake and small birds; these last would be eaten in the neatest manner, from the head downwards, like a radish or celery, without one particle of blood escaping, and only a few of the largest tail or wing feathers would be left to tell the tale. It was equally curious to see her drinking, during which she would elevate her long thin snout into almost a curl, lest it should come in contact with the fluid. Snip lived an extremely happy life, and was liked by all the household, but they had to keep constant guard over the kitchen and the dairy, which Snip would have been charmed to enter. One visitor, however, did not share in the general liking for the coaiti, and it seemed as if Snip wished the more to cultivate her acquaintance, for by way of showing that the dislike was by no means reciprocated, twice did she go to a distant part of the house, and climb up the creepers to look in at the bedroom window of the unappreciative guest.

Little Snip's death was very mysterious; she was in the habit of spending the early morning by playing about by herself at the back of the house, and in a friendly way would run up to people coming to the back door; and it is supposed that some boy gave her a blow, for she was found in great pain; the poor little animal was at once put in a basket by a fire, but soon became paralysed, keeping perfectly quiet, unless she heard her master's familiar footstep, when she would utter constant little barks of affection, till in a few hours she died, to the great regret of her many friends.

We had often been told that coaiti-mondis had very uncertain and snappy tempers, but as we had had such a happy instance to the contrary, we accepted another that was offered us a few months later; this animal proved to be of the larger species, not nearly such a pretty colour, being of a dark smoky grey, with a rather bright orange coloured throat, which, however, was not very visible unless she took a roll on her back. This coaiti proved equally tame, and as delighted to be let out from her cage in the garden, and with the same habit of following her master's voice, which she directly learnt. She also showed the same habit of saluting her friends with open mouth, uttering at the same time sharp little barks, and doubtless would have followed with the same little kisses, but this could not be allowed, for in one particular way the new pet greatly differed from the old one; Snip had no unpleasant smell, but the new coaiti had a terrible odour. Snip much liked to have a really good wash and scrub in warm water in a large tub, so her successor was carried off for the same process, much to her delight; the straw bedding was more than once burnt, and every effort taken to eradicate, or at least subdue this most unpleasant peculiarity, but with little effect, so the poor little beast had to forego the petting that Snip so dearly loved. Perhaps partly from this the coaiti-mondi showed a keen interest in the next door neighbour, a sleep-loving Australian opossum, who spent all the day in bed. One day Mrs. Coaiti was allowed to run into the other's cage, at which she showed a good deal of pleasure and curiosity, but Mr. "Possum" reached out a clawey paw from his comfortable bed, to warn her off, and then suddenly retired to an elevated look-out, and quite declined a nearer acquaintance with this unknown South American lady.

Mrs. Coaiti in one of her walks found a stray hen's nest; her master quickly picked up the new laid egg; but there remained an ancient guineafowl's egg laid the year before; this she quickly seized on, but the shell proved so unexpectedly hard, that it had to be turned over and over, and repeatedly fitted to the mouth before a final crunch could give its much coveted contents to the happy finder.

RICHARD GURNEY.

VARIETIES.

THE LAWYER'S LESSON.

Said a lawyer to a countryman one day, "If you promise to give me a guinea, I shall teach you so to plead as to be always successful with your case."

"I promise you," replied the countryman.

"Well, then," said the lawyer, "always deny, and you'll come off victorious; so down with my fee, as you promised."

To which the countryman retorted, "I deny to have promised you a fee."—*From the Spanish.*

SHE HATED WATER.—Madame d'Arblay, the well-known authoress, had a peculiarity in which we hope none of our girls will imitate her. It is mentioned by Sir Henry Holland, who attended her as her physician during the last year of her life. "She had," says Sir Henry, "a great aversion to water, and had not washed for fifteen years."

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

Teacher (in class): "In this stanza what is meant by 'The shades of night were falling fast'?"

Bright Scholar: "The people were pulling down the blinds."

RATHER DIFFICULT.—An amateur was inspecting some pictures by Poussin, and found a great deal to blame in one which represents a marriage ceremony. "Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, "that it is difficult to make a good marriage even in a picture."

THE POSTAGE-STAMP.—My daughter, observe the postage-stamp; its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

CHARACTER IS THE CHIEF THING.—Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all time.

BEWARE OF DOING EITHER.—There is only one thing worse than to say a mean thing, and that is to do one.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IV. (p. 631).

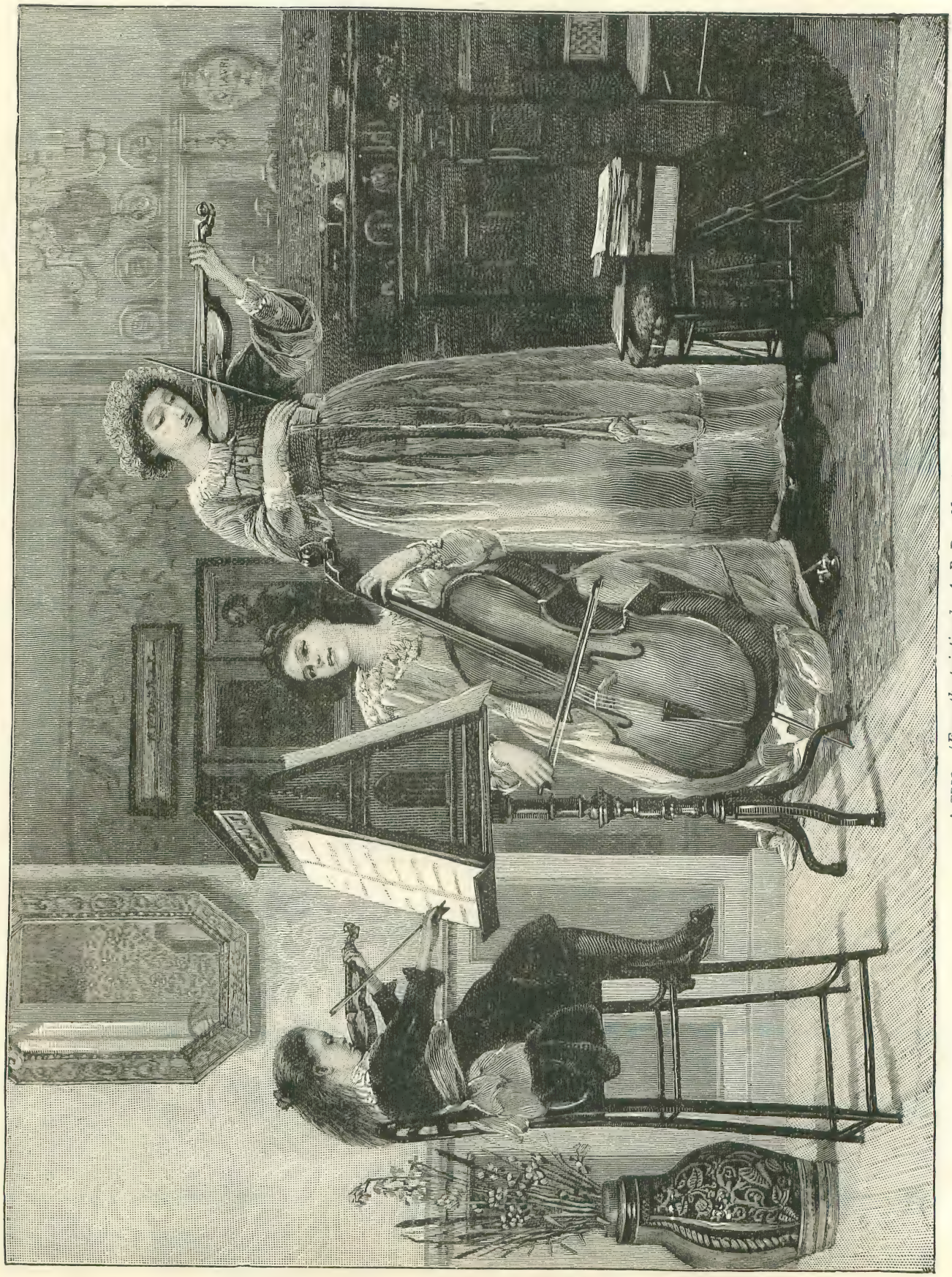
1. B artholome W (*a*)
2. E b r O (*b*)
3. C o r a L (*c*)
4. K e r m S
5. E n c k E
6. T e i f Y

Becket. Wolsey.

(*a*) It is believed that *Saint Bartholomew* suffered martyrdom in Armenia by being flayed alive.

(*b*) Lord Byron has immortalised Agostina, the heroic "Maid of Saragossa," in the first canto of Childe Harold.

(*c*) The word "crimson" is derived from the name of the insects, "Kermes."



A TRIO. (*From the painting by A. B. Donaldson.*)

CHILDE RALPH.

A BALLAD.

CHILDE RALPH is bound for the Holy Land;
Sunlit waters ripple and flow;
He and sweet Agnes part hand to hand,
The war-horse chafes in the court below.

"For the Cross of Christ! for Love's true meed,
Over the sea my vassals go;
Say, if I call in my utmost need,
Heart of my heart! wilt answer or no?"

Bright were her eyes as the stars in heaven,
Love leaped up 'neath their glinting woe;
"All of my heart unto thee is given,
Call in thy need, I will answer so."

II.

Years wore away, and the palmers came;
Dark and sullen the waters run;
Told of disaster, defeat, and shame;
Sorrowful tidings, every one.

Many a knight would sweet Agnes wed;
Bride so dowered were bride well-won;
"Childe Ralph is dead," to her face they said—
"Lover and husband then will I none."

Lonely she dwells in the old grey tower,
Saddest maiden beneath the sun;
What is the cry that rings through her bower?
"Heart of my heart! I am spent, death-done!"

III.

Forth from the castle sweet Agnes speeds;
Frosty crystals glimmer and glow;
Over the river, across the meads,
Pathway is none where her footsteps go.

Silent the meadows; yet soundeth anear
Faint and low, though the keen winds blow:
"Heart of my heart! I am dying here;
Heart of my heart! wilt answer or no?"

Hard by a bush, on the frozen ground,
Breathing heavily, breathing slow,
Childe Ralph she found, with his wound unbound;
"Love! to this end, I have loved thee so."

"Heart of my heart!" and his spirit fled.
Ah! but pitiful fell the snow,
Weaving a veil for the maiden's head,
Shrouding the lovers who slept below.

C. E. ROWE.

ENGLAND'S MUSICAL PAST.

NEW subjects possess greater charm and interest for every British musical student and worker than the story of the rise and growth of music as an art in this fair land of ours. It is a wondrous story, one too little known, yet one carrying with it all the romance and all the glamour of an eastern-world tale. We who delight in the study of one or more of the branches of music's delightful art are apt to forget that, just as the story of the heaven and its brilliant orbs fascinate the mind of the young astronomer, or as an inquiry into the composition and condition of the earth's surface rivets the attention of every inquiring geologist, musical students, we repeat, are apt to forget that an equally thrilling story awaits them in the narrative that tells of the first beginnings and the slow—sometimes much impeded and harassed—development of musical art and science in dear old England.

No really satisfactory or intelligent progress can be made with any art—particularly music—without a knowledge of how such art has become what it is as we find it; and, therefore, at a time when so many are studying music as an accomplishment or otherwise—and thousands of our readers are among these—it becomes almost a duty to acquaint ourselves with musical history, especially that relating to Britain, in order that we may become not merely technical and practical but conversational and discriminative musicians.

Little wonder that so entrancing a subject as that telling us how we came by the vast structure of modern music of to-day from the smallest beginnings should attract several narrators. In *The Story of British Music*,* the first volume of which has recently been published, the intention is, to quote the preface, "to tell a connected, simple story, free from technicalities, so that all who will may read and learn something concerning the glorious past, and the excellent present status and promise of musical England."

This first of three volumes carries the story from the earliest times to the Tudor period, and from the fact that some four hundred pages are occupied in covering this ground, which terminates where all histories of English music begin, it is obvious that Mr. Crowest has gone deeply and thoroughly into his subject; indeed much perfectly new ground has been opened up with glorious advantage to our musical reputation. How gratifying it is to learn for instance that England, which has long been dubbed, and snubbed, as an "unmusical nation," was in 1250 two hundred years in advance musically of any other European country. This by virtue of that remarkable composition "Sumer is icumen in," which as Mr. Crowest says in this *Story of British Music* is "the most remarkable example of early part-music, and if we except a hymn to St. Augustine is probably the greatest musical curiosity extant. It is the oldest piece of polyphonic and canonical composition known to be in existence, and is reputed to be also the oldest song with musical notes attached to it.* It is in the handwriting of the thirteenth century. The words form an old Northumbrian round, and are in praise of the cuckoo, a favourite subject in every age with both poets and musicians. Wanley, an accomplished antiquary and musician, discovered the composition in 1709, and both Burney and Hawkins referred to and produced it in their musical histories, published later (1776). . . . *It was* copied by a monk of Reading named John Fornsete, a man of light and learning, whose name will ever adorn English musical annals. The latest date of his work is the year 1228, when the original † could *not have been* very long

* R. Bentley & Son.

* A previous method of notation was the tablature or alphabetical system of note indication on slabs.

† This has red stave lines, not black, as erroneously shown by Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

composed. This practically fixes the date of the copy. The author of the music was probably one—whose name has not come down to us—of a small knot of gifted musical workers who constituted the First English School of Music."

This "Sumer is icumen in" MS. can be seen in the British Museum. It is numbered 978 in the Harleian collection, and is well worth seeing as a splendid piece of documentary evidence of the existence of this genuine First English School. The hymn to St. Augustine to which Mr. Crowest refers is in the Bodleian MSS. collection at Oxford. It is set for two voices, and is believed by experts to have been written in Cornwall as early as the tenth century. This composition ante-dates "Sumer is icumen in" by about one hundred and fifty years, than which it is certainly not less striking as an example of polyphonic composition. To quote a writer in the *Musical Times*, "It tells the same tale but in a far more striking way; for if both pieces are measured by the standards of their own time, it will be seen that the art shown in the eleventh century is far more extraordinary than that exhibited in the famous 'round.'"

But much research precedes all this in the course of this "story." For Britain's first musical breathings, Mr. Crowest takes us back "through the ages," as he says, "to that period when Europe was peopled only here and there, to a time long and long before that, when St. Paul is said to have looked into the very eyes of Linus and Claudia, the children of Caractacus, the British chief. Before this, however, great musical things had been done in Albion. The harp had been brought by the Tartars—the troubadours of the East—and according to bardic tradition was introduced into Ireland by Heber and Heremon, the first princes of the Milesian race in Ireland, about the year 1000 B.C. About this time the order of the Druids originated in Britain, continuing till 179 A.D." "Amid the ritual of the Druidical service," to quote the "story," "plaints, and chants—familiar probably to the whole body of assembled worshippers—blended with the sacrificial fires as these lifted to the sun and moon, or to such gods as Ofydd, Mapon, Camulus, Ludd, and Brigantia, which deities the Britons worshipped."

That there was a native music here—probably to the extent of being an established system—long before the invasion of Julius Cæsar," Mr. Crowest says, "is certain. The land itself (Britain), some lovingly say, takes its name from Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr, one of the most distinguished characters of whom bardic memorials are preserved. A host of reputed leaders among the British bards are brought to notice. Plennyd, Alawn, and Gwron were three Primitive Institutional bards, of whom Plennydd was singer, or narratory chanter to King Brutus, who is said to have obtained sovereignty of Britain as far back as 1149 B.C."

Pytheas, Greek navigator and Marseilles merchant (384–322 B.C.), threw the first light on musical Britain; and later, Venantius Fortunatus (565 A.D.) helps us; but the Welsh triads afford indisputable proof of England's early musical merit and worth. Then came the Roman influence, which, however, did not affect the original British musical style. The first British church music—long and long before the arrival of St. Augustine—is dealt with by the author, and great were the vicissitudes of church musical art in Britain during the operations of the valorous Romans.

The Saxons or Germans were barbarians musically, and great, indeed, were the efforts of the British clergy to combat the immoral

THE MINSTRELS' PILLAR.

bearings and tendencies of the songs which these sea-wolves and robbers brought with them as they flocked across the channel. Mr. Crowest says, "What could their musical sympathies be? One characteristic that marked them all was their jovial, boisterous nature; whether Jute, Saxon, or Angle, all were alike in their fearless, adventurous disposition. They came first on plunder bent, and soon proved 'barbarians' indeed. Clambering into osier and skin vessels, which held a hundred or so, they ploughed the ocean and channel by day and night, armed with brown shining swords, long-handled spears, and battle-axes which dealt destruction to every obstacle. Then arose the coarse song and drunken chorus, the drift of which was invariably death and confusion to their enemies."

Caedmon, Bede, Benedict, Biscop, and the heads of religious houses, like those at Whitby, Lindisfarne and Iona, lent no small aid to music in these tumultuous times, all of which, in both its secular and sacred aspects, is dealt with at great length and detail in this narrative of England's musical history. Of course the landing in England of Augustine, and the introduction of the Roman service music into the churches here considerably affected ecclesiastical music. This notable event, and all the vicissitudes which church music went through previous to Tudor times are graphically depicted by Mr. Crowest.

The Danes were even less musical than the Saxons, but the period is full of interest respecting music in Britain at the time. The landing of Augustine, and the introduction into England of the Gregorian service music, had given a great stimulus to religious music here; but secular music had also grown apace. The bards had increased amazingly, so much so that Howel Dha, or Howel the Good, had found it expedient to frame the *Leges Wallicæ* or Welsh laws for their protection and government. Numerous are the stories and incidents related of Kings Alfred, Athelstan, and such ecclesiastics as Dunstan, who caused so many organs to be made for the churches—notably one for Winchester—which was the musical wonder of the age. "King Alfred," Mr. Crowest tells us, "with his harmonious tendencies and culture, greatly aided church music, and no doubt it was as much in the cause of sacred as of secular art that he founded the Chair of Music at Oxford, which James Monachus, Friar John of St. David's, was the first to fill." Canute was musical. "One day," to make another quotation, "attended by the Queen and his court, he was journeying by water towards Ely, where he was to attend the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin. Passing by the abbey church, he heard the monks chanting their 'hours,' and as the sound of the music grew closer, it so charmed the king, that he commanded those who were rowing the royal barge to stay their oars, in order that attention might be directed to the singing. Some writers say that the king was so enraptured, that he then and there broke into song, and sang the following extempore lines:

'Sweetly sang the monks of Ely
While Cnut, the king, was passing by;
Row to the shore, knights, said the king,
And let us hear these churchmen sing.'"

Full with such word-pictures is this first volume of *The Story of British Music*. Mr. Crowest has only taken us to the time of Caxton's invention of printing, which had a vast effect upon music, as upon everything else in this country. Space prevents our following him in such chapters as "Late and Early Norman Music," "Minstrelsy from Norman to Lancastrian Times," "First Polyphony, or Part-Writing," "Musical

Grammar and Authorship," and the "Second Period English School to Tudor Times." The second volume, when ready, will treat on the Elizabethan period—a glorious epoch in English musical history — and a third volume with the Victorian Era. But the volume before us contains so much that is new, and which can be found in no other book, that it cannot fail to alter the hitherto accepted notions respecting England's musical poverty, and to place this country high in the councils of musical Europe. Indeed, it was with this end, and to call attention to and vindicate England's great musical position in the past, that the work was written.

The illustration which we reproduce is from the chapter on "Minstrelsy." It represents the minstrels' pillar in St. Mary's Church, Beverley, which the late Mr. Chappell described, but declared to be in Beverley Minster. This pillar, in St. Mary's Church, is the easternmost pillar of the nave on the north side. Its history is as follows. "In 1520 the central towers of the church fell, and destroyed a great part of the nave, especially the north aisle. The restoration of this was effected by various voluntary offerings, and the corbels of the pillars which now support the nave bear inscriptions recording the names of those who gave to the rebuilding. Thus on the two westernmost pillars we read 'Klay and his wife made these two pillars and a half.' On the fourth and fifth pillars, 'These two pillars made good wives.' On the sixth, the 'minstrels'' pillar, 'This pillar made the minstrels.' Just below the capital, on a series of small brackets, on the shaft of the pillar, are sculptured, and still dimly-coloured, figures of five minstrels. And it is supposed that they represent members of a certain guild or fraternity of minstrels, or gleemen, which flourished in Beverley." In those times music was recognised by provincial cities and boroughs as a proper subject on which money should be spent.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A SINKING HEART.

OH, those weary, weary months! And it seemed to Morag that nothing she could do could satisfy the young ladies. She did not note that the nagging and gibing rose to its pitch from the date of the entertainment, nor if she had, would she have been any the wiser as to the reason.

For it had struck the Misses Garth painfully that Algernon Fisher never called after the "entertainment," though they had each told him most cordially how delighted they would be to introduce him to mamma, who had been a school-friend of his mother's cousin and remembered her so fondly!

The Misses Garth attributed Algernon's remissness to something appertaining to Morag. Remembering what the club girls had whispered concerning the flaunting, befeathered creature whose appearance had so excited Morag, Miss Griselda was inclined to think that the gentleman knew something not to Morag's credit, and being surprised to find her in their service, held himself aloof, that he might be guilty neither of reserve towards them nor yet of making any attack on the character or the past of a poor working girl. "It is the kind of chivalry which gentlemen like Algernon Fisher cannot shake off," she decided.

Miss Elsa believed that the young man did not make his appearance because he was ashamed of having been so outspoken in his foolish admiration of the prettiness of a servant girl—their servant girl. "Men do not care to expose their weak partiality for mere physical charm," she said.

"I don't think that any man need blush for admiring beauty," bridled Miss Henrietta. "It asserts itself before mind or nature can become known. But mind and nature form the style of beauty, of course. And I do not understand what he could see in her."

No housemaid was engaged till just before Christmas. Miss Griselda often remarked to Morag on the terrible difficulty of obtaining good servants, and that a house was better without those of the other sort. "They would make your own work harder rather than easier," she said. But Morag remembered Christina's words, and was not at all surprised when a housemaid was found just in the nick of time before the Christmas and New Year parties came on.

Jane Riddell was a professional servant; just that and nothing more. She was housemaid rather than woman. She was prepared to weigh out her pound of flesh to her employers, but let them beware how they attempted to draw a drop of her life blood with it!

"There's nothing human-like about Jane," whimpered poor old Mrs. Grieve when Jane broke off the story of the bad leg and the club money, by a crisp inquiry as to the day when stores were given out, and as to the weekly allowance of tablecloths and napkins.

Jane had engaged the Garths quite as much as they had engaged her. A judicious interview at a neighbouring registry office and some gossip among the servants on the terrace, had made her mistress of the position. Her questions rattled like well-aimed shells on the weak places of the Garth domesticities. With the exigencies of the festive season full upon them, they surrendered helplessly to her relentless power.

"Had they a bath-room?" she asked innocently.

With sinking hearts they admitted they had not.

"And I daresay you each have a bath in your rooms?" she went on suavely.

"Yes, they did."

"Then the place won't suit me," she replied in a tone of mournful conviction, and rose to depart.

Miss Griselda and Miss Elsa exchanged glances. "The parlour-maid has been doing that duty lately," said Miss Griselda in a propitiatory tone. "She has never complained" (that was not quite true! though Morag had uttered no determined protest against what she had made up her mind she had to endure). "It can continue as part of her work. You may relieve her of something more suitable to you. You will find her a very obliging and biddable girl!" (How astonished Morag would have been to hear an opinion of herself so contrary from that which the Garths' manner constantly impressed on herself.)

Then Jane Riddell, pre-informed what the Garths paid their housemaids, made a stand for the sum she fixed for herself.

"She had never taken less. She had always lived in good families. She could scarcely go down in wages now, when she was just in her prime."

She spoke plaintively. But under all the respectful manner there was a "take me on my own terms or leave me," which the Misses Garth could not fail to understand. The sisters held a hurried colloquy. They wanted just such a woman at this season; they computed that she was not likely to remain for many months in such a house as theirs, therefore for that time, they could afford to give her what she asked. And so Jane Riddell walked triumphantly into possession.

In after years, Morag could never quite tell how she lived through the following months into the spring. She got through her work mechanically. She ate and she slept, without enjoying either food or rest. She wondered

sometimes what was to come next. Was she to enter on another year of this service? Had she strength for it? And if not, was she fit to look out for another situation. She had written no complaint to Miss Soutar, and though that kind friend could tell from Morag's letters that the girl was not quite happy, she feared nothing beyond the loneliness and unsympathetic surroundings which most of us have to learn to combat, and against which she sought constantly to uphold and encourage Morag. As to the Sillerton household, Morag was quite determined that she would not go back there, even for a while. Gladys' letters were few and gloomy, there were hints of trouble as well as of illness, and Aunt Rebecca wrote once and said quite frankly that one thing to be thankful for, was that Morag was independent of them. No, Morag must somehow stand on her own feet; or else fall where she stood.

It struck her curiously once or twice that she seemed to debate her own course of action as if it was something outside herself—something appertaining to a third person. She seemed to say to herself not, "what shall I do?"—but "What should Morag Henderson do?"

It was a close, relaxing spring. A perpetual mist hung over the city, a thin stream of it seemed to float down between the kitchen bedroom window and the dark bank on which it looked. The air seemed second-hand! Everything was frowsy. Jane Riddell used some sort of pomatum for her hair, and its horrible perfume exhaled perpetually from the open pot she kept standing on the top of her box.

How Morag hated the old bedstead and the old cushioned chairs, and the old trodden carpet! She knew how it was that these were given to "the maids" while the Garths' own bedroom had bare floors with rugs, iron bedsteads, and rush-bottomed chairs. She had heard Miss Griselda say to a friend—

"We love everything that is fresh and sweet and easily kept clean. We had rather a battle with mamma over giving up the relics. She could not bear to part from the old bedstead that all the family had died on for nearly a century, nor the fitted dining-room carpet papa had bought for her when they were married. But at last we got them put into the maid's room. It satisfies mamma's sentiments that they are still in the house, and those common people, you know, always like that sort of thing, and so everybody is pleased."

Morag was still going on, dreamily, unable to make up her mind what was to come next, when the decision was made without her.

The hawthorn and laburnum were ablow in all the gardens, when one day, Morag found herself unable to lift her head or to move a finger. The Garths were much alarmed; the "young ladies" because lawn-tennis and other seasonable recreations were just in full swing, and they feared that if this proved to be anything infectious, they might find themselves in quarantine; and Mrs. Garth, because she feared that something would be found wrong with the drainage, and that no end of expense might be imminent. Jean Grieve wept feeble tears, and began to tell of dreams she had had, and signs and tokens she had seen. It was actually Jane Riddell whose blunt plainness came to the rescue.

"The girl is just worn out," said Jane. "Let her lie in bed for a day or two, and you'll see she'll be well enough then to go away and get a real rest somewhere. And for those two or three days she shall have my bed, so that she can sleep when she likes and be disturbed by no one."

Oh, how grateful the clean sheets and the harder couch felt, even though the rickety chair-bedstead cracked and groaned and made its ribs felt through the shallow mattress. Jane Riddell set the window open at the top, and "tidied up" the room a little, a process which Morag thankfully saw included putting away the pomatum pot.

Morag slept. She woke to find Jean Grieve, with a solicitous face, tendering her a cup of strong beef tea. She slept again, and dreamed that she was on the shores of the Kyle, and her father was there and she was riding on his shoulder, and then suddenly the scene changed to Princes Street Gardens, and she was walking there with Hamish Vass, and they went home to tea in the old Highland school-house with her mother and Miss Soutar, and there were violets on the table, in the very white jar which her mother had always kept for violets. And when she opened her eyes, she found that Jane Riddell had put a bunch of violets into a jam pot and had set it on the table beside the bed.

Jane Riddell's prescription worked well. For two days Morag woke only to be fed, but on the evening of the second day, Jane found her fit for a little conversation,

"You've been doing more than you should, and you've not been treated fair, and now you're paying for it," said Jane. "You should have taken care of yourself. It's your own place to do that. You've no more call to be taken advantage of, than the baker would have to let people run off with his loaves without paying for 'em."

"One wants to do all one can. One does not wish to be always sparing oneself," said Morag faintly.

"That's the way with you good sort of people," returned Jane Riddell. "You're always wanting to do some good in the world. Now mark my words, those who expect you to wear yourself out for them, are never worth doing it for. If you must throw yourself away, go and do it for somebody who doesn't demand it of you."

Morag smiled sadly. "I don't think there's anybody in the world who wants me much," she sighed.

"You've got Morag Henderson and be thankful for her!" retorted Jane. "And you won't make her worth anything without finding plenty of people ready to fasten on to her! There's some always ready to use a body as an earning machine, and at first they'll drop fair words like a penny in the slot to bring out the sweets, but if the sweets don't keep on coming, they're ready to shake and break the machine! No, the hard bit is to push people off. Just you look after yourself, fill up your measure fair, but don't pile on, don't trouble yourself about other people, spend what you want to make yourself comfortable and save the rest for your own old age. If that silly old Jean had done that, all along, she might have had a nice Post Office Savings annuity by now."

"But they didn't have Post Office Savings Banks when she began, did they?" asked Morag, with a weak smile. "Also one doesn't feel happy in thinking only of oneself; I don't believe I'd be ill if I had somebody else to think of! and you don't keep to your own words, Jane. Look at those violets! You bought them for me."

There was a silence. "No, I didn't," Jane blurted out, looking straight at the damp bank. "I made the woman at the fruiterer's give them to me. There! an' there's many a grand lady does a good deal of her charities in the same way. But I'll tell you what, Morag. You must get out of this at once. You'll never get real well here; you'll be always pottering back at your work. I know a nice place out in the country where I stayed once—a Home of Rest they call it. You pay seven shillings a week for yourself (or get it paid for you, if you can), and there you are with milk and eggs and the best of everything. I took the 'bus this afternoon and went out to see if they've got a bed empty, and they have, and you can go to-morrow, if you're fit, and I think you will be. I've spoken to the missus about it, and she's quite willing. A month there will set you up. It will cost you eight-and-twenty shillings—say thirty with getting there and back—but there's no investment better than in health and strength."

"Well, Jane," said Morag with shining eyes, "you may talk about looking after yourself alone, but I am sure you have been a good friend to take all this trouble for me."

"It doesn't cost me anything," answered Jane.

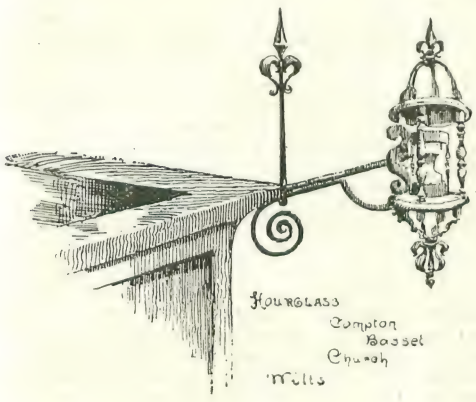
"It costs you time and thought—yes, and the 'bus fare is a shilling. You must let me——"

"No," interrupted Jane. "I told the missus what I was going to do, and asked her for the money. She gave it, glad to have a chance of getting you off her hands. I gave a hint they ought to pay for you for the month, but I doubt they won't do that."

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOUR-GLASS.

THERE are few persons who have not heard of such an appliance for indicating the passage of time, as that which gives the title to this article. By a considerable number amongst the elder of my readers, they must have been both seen and employed in their early years.



The children of the present day may form an idea of their appearance, as all must be familiar with their form, represented in miniature, in the "three-minute glasses" employed for marking the time in the boiling of eggs. These hour-glasses took the place of the water-time measure, called the *clepsydra*, an instrument used by the Ancient Greeks, described by Athenæus, and employed for the double purpose of a musical instrument, as well as for that of a clock. It was a graduated vessel, and water was employed, which ran through a small orifice at a certain rate, duly calculated by the constructor. But, of course, it was not absolutely uniform in its measurements, as the rate of the flow varied with the changeful temperature of the atmosphere and barometric pressure, and depended upon the height of the column of water above the orifice. Thus the discovery of the pendulum was a great boon in every respect. The construction of the *clepsydra* (introduced into Rome about 158 B.C., by Scipio Nusica) followed the discovery of the sun-dial, on which I gave two articles in a former volume. The hour-glasses in which sand took the place of water, and were more portable appliances than the *clepsydra*, were called *clepsammia*, and were employed before the days of Jerome, A.D. 331–420. Indeed they are said to be of extreme antiquity, being mentioned by the Greek dramatist, Baton, 280 B.C. At about the middle of the third century A.D., they seem to have been first revived at Alexandria, according to Cuthbert Bede, in the third century, and, cumbersome as they were at best, people used to carry them about, probably hung to a belt. Representations of them may be seen in pictures by the Old Masters and others, often in company with a skull, as solemn monitors in the cave or cell of an anchorite or monk, or early saint.

Bingham, quoting from Ferrarius (*De Ritu Concion*, lib. I. c. 34), gives the following allusion to the hour-glass in vol. IV. p. 582: "Ferrarius and some others are very positive that they (their sermons) were an hour long; but he is at a loss to tell by what instrument they measured their hour, for he will not venture to affirm that they preached—as the old Greek and Roman orators—by an hour-glass."

The employment of the hour-glass in England appears to date from the time of the Puritans, under Cromwell. But previous to this another and ingenious method of denoting the passage of time is attributed to the good and God-fearing Alfred the Great, and was subsequently employed, *i.e.*, "candle-clocks." According to Asser, the authority taken by Edward J. Wood, in his most interesting work, *Curiosities of Clocks*, etc. (Bentley), when Alfred was a fugitive in his own country, he vowed that, were his kingdom restored to him, he would devote the third portion of his time to God's service, and he faithfully fulfilled that vow. Eight hours were spent by him in religious acts and duties, eight to public business, and eight to sleep, refreshment, and study. To carry out his rule, he had six candles made out of seventy-two pennyweights of wax, each of twelve inches length, and the inches marked upon them, and these, being successively lighted, burnt for a period of four hours each, at the rate of an inch every twenty minutes. One of his domestic chaplains was deputed to tend these "candle-clocks," and to give him notice of their wasting. But a difficulty arose through the draughtiness of his primitive dwelling-house, and the wind caused the candles to flare and gutter, and so they burned quicker on one day than another. To remedy this the king had a piece of fine white horn scraped sufficiently thin as to be transparent, and let into close frames of wood, with the result that the candles enclosed therein burned steadily in all weathers. I may now pass on to the time when the hour-glass was specially adopted for service in our churches, and when I mention the fact that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the zealous, but ill-advised Puritan preachers inflicted sermons of two hours in length, and even upwards, on their congregations, my readers will feel no surprise that the custom resulted in the inauguration of time-registering appliances for their pulpits. It was a needs-be for the relief of poor human nature, more especially for the very young and old, and the feeble of both sexes; and the charitable soul that devised the plan deserved well of his country!

That Hogarth should have selected a "Sleeping Congregation" as one of his subjects for satirical representation, is little matter of surprise, and, doubtless, some of my readers have seen an engraving of it. Many indeed must have been the hours of rest and irresponsible thought, and dreams of all manner of scenes and doings far away from the sacred themes propounded by the worthy divine in the pulpit. In the cosy square "pews," lined with green baize and glorified with rows of brass-headed nails, how well they slumbered, and how hot and sunny the mid-day hours. The blue-flies and the bees, and the less-welcome wasps came humming through the great western door, and bumbled up against the little dusty window-panes, through which, dim as they were, a glory of rainbow-light flecked the old pillars and memorial-stones of the floor. And all through the long-drawn sermon the winged intruders droned in harmony with the

"Bummin' awaäy, like a buzzard-clock,"

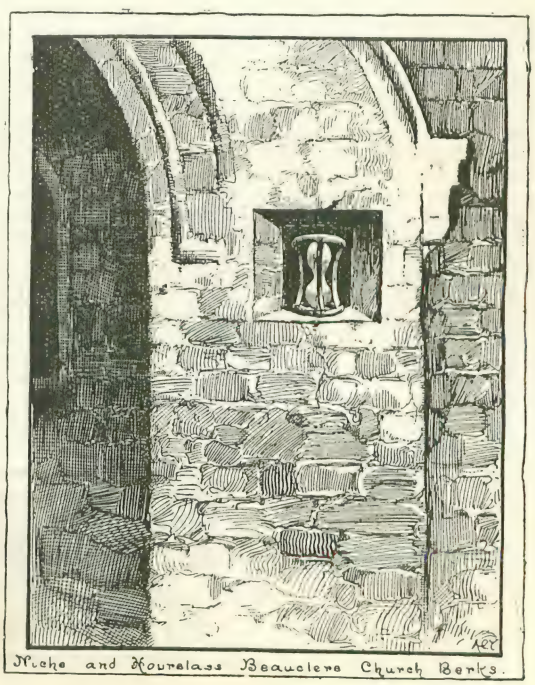
of the parson; while the simple country folk, each one for himself, when roused from his illicit slumbers, acknowledged that he—

"Niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summat to säy,
And I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said,
An' I comed awaäy."

There are many stories dating from the sixteenth century respecting the use and abuse of hour-glasses by the divines of those days. One preacher, the Rector of Bibury, who was a daring rebel against this method of curtailing his discourses, took "French leave," and held forth during two hours, turning the glass in the middle of his sermon, and defying the recognised will of the public. The not unnatural result of this *coup de main* was that the squire of the parish "struck," with equal self-assertion on his part, and in behalf of his fellow-sufferers. This he did without verbal protest, but in a way little complimentary to the parson. He waited with due reverence to hear the text and then withdrew, smoked his pipe, and at the expiration of the two hours he returned to be included in the blessing pronounced on his more long-suffering fellow-parishioners. This story is given in Fosbroke's *British Monarchism*.

The turning of the glass a second time was not of very uncommon practice. The monitor was made to tell its tale twice over in solemn silence, eagerly watched by those still waking and wearily gaping amongst the audience, taking little notice of the parson's concluding words. The Sunday's pies were baking into brickbats in the bakers' ovens, and that was a more important conclusion to the thrifty housewives, in their calculations for the Monday's dinner to be supplemented by the *beaux restes* of to-day's.

On one occasion (so writes L'Estrange), when a very prosy divine was slowly eking-out his lengthy discourse, and the second hour was far on its way, the parish clerk, becoming regardless of his subordinate position, and the respect due to his superior, and encouraged by the quiet stealing away of the worn-out


Niche and Hourglass Beaucleve Church Berks.

congregation, rose up and addressed the parson; requesting that "when he had done" he would "shut the church door, and push the key under it."

I think it would be desirable, for the benefit of my readers, to give some information as to where a few specimens of these relics of by-gone times may be seen. And first I may observe that they were really decorative objects, easily demonstrated to the visitor of many of our old country churches. Some were mounted on carved wooden brackets, other enclosed in wrought-iron frames and a supporting arm of an ornamental character, of which former description the visitor to the lonely church of Cliff, beyond Gravesend, on the coast, will see an example. It is in keeping with the pulpit, which is of carved wood. The dates of both are engraved on the bracket and pulpit, and show that the former was added at a date two years later than the erection of the latter, that of the pulpit, "1634," and that on the shield immediately under the stand of the glass, "1636."

But the material of these frames and brackets was not restricted to iron and wood, for some were made of solid silver, and thus very costly, as, for instance, those of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street.

The fine example in Compton-Bassett Church, Wilts, is described and illustrated in Weale's Quarterly Papers on Architecture. It is of wrought-iron, and the bracket-arm, holding the stand for the glass, is surmounted half way by a large *Fleur de Lys* (see vol. iii. p. 45).

At St. Katharine's Church, Aldgate, you may see an entry, dated "1564," concerning the purchase of one for that pulpit. "Paid for an hour-glass, that hangeth by the pulpit, where the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know the hour passeth away, one shilling." This was certainly one of a cheaper description than that at Compton-Bassett; but an inspection of the church-wardens' accounts for the Church of St. Helen, Abingdon, Berks, will show that these good people had made a still better bargain, for the entry records the expenditure of "fourpence for an houre-glasse for the pulpitt, A.D 1591." Of course we must remember that that money was worth far more then than now.

I believe that at Cuxham Church, Oxon, one of the pulpit monitors is still in existence. It was cleaned and painted in 1850 and replaced; but at East Worldham, Hants, the old frame was taken down when the church was rebuilt, and whether replaced I do not know. Others were still to be seen in the churches of Wolvercot and at Elsfield Beckley in 1846. Also at Marlborough, near Kingsbridge, S. Devon, there was one, in a rusty condition, some thirty years ago or more. Had the rust been carefully removed, and a coat of fine transparent white varnish been brushed over it, the damp would have had no more effect upon it, and the progress of rust and decay been permanently arrested.

St. Edmund's Church, South Burlingham, still boasts an ancient relic of this kind, with some pitiful but interesting remains of broken glass. The pulpit, of the fifteenth century, was painted and gilded, and bore the inscription—

"*Inter natos mulierim non surrexit major Johanne Baptista.*"

Of the people in authority at Great Shelsley and Brandsford, Warwickshire, I cannot say much as regards their good feeling for relics of the past, and these connected with the history of our country. The old wooden pulpit being removed to give place to one of stone—now little less than fifty years ago—the interesting old appendage of the original pulpit was put aside into the obscurity of the vestry; and a similar charge may be brought against the parish magnates of Brandsford for the removal from its place on the old wooden pulpit, of its long-time companion and trusty friend of the parish. In 1857 it was yet to be seen, degraded from its former exalted position, in a corner of the western part of the church, which served the purpose of a vestry and place for the bell-ringer. If some of these old servants of a bygone age could give an account of all they had seen and heard during the days of their importance and honour, how many a lost page in the history of our country, our divines and remarkable men would be restored, and circumstances of interest, of which not a record survives, nor will ever be recovered.

Yet two or three more examples of such as still remain to us may be given. One is to be seen at Leigh, in Kent, which is of iron, and maintaining its rightful place, affixed to the pulpit; and another may yet be seen at Sacombe Church, near Hertford, of which Mr. P. Hutchinson gives a description in *Notes and Queries*. The iron frame was affixed to the oak pulpit, dating about the time of Cromwell. The church was "restored," but the ancient relic was not replaced, it had no share in the "restoration" of its abiding place; and on the removal of its old-time companion, it was relegated to the obscurity of the vestry as of no further use, and, therefore, of no further account. Alas! poor handmaid of the church. It is to be hoped that the remonstrances of good Mr. Hutchinson will result in some benefit to antiquarian interests.

Upon one example alone have I seen or heard of a motto, and on this account, that still existing at Hurst, in Berkshire, must have a special interest. In this respect it shares the latter distinction with the majority of sundials. This curious wrought-iron frame and support is surrounded by oak and ivy-leaves, and from the words of warning addressed to the beholder, the old recorder of time served a double purpose. The motto runs thus:—

"As this glass runneth, so man's life passeth!"

In his *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character*, Dr. Rogers quotes the Rev. Peter Glas, Minister of Crail, as saying, "It was a puir parish that didna hae a sand-glass." But even these were not altogether "left out in the cold," for some incumbents, whose churches were unsupplied, as well as itinerant preachers, are recorded to have been "attended by a man that brought after him his book and hour-glass."

In St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, there is an altar-tomb of a Sir John and Lady Spencer, on which repose their recumbent effigies. These are composed of alabaster, and the sarcophagus of rich marbles. The apex of the canopy surmounting the tomb represents a skull supporting an hour-glass. At some time an officious act of vandalism was perpetrated, and the whole tomb was painted white. But reparation of the injury came at last, for the Marquis of Northampton, with better taste for art and veneration for antiquity, had all this paint removed; when, lo and behold! what was thought to be a representation in stone crowning the skull on the canopy, proved to be a genuine ancient hour-glass, still containing the original sand.

In Doo's engraving from Wilkie's "John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Congregation," in St. Andrews, 1559, an hour-glass may be seen at the preacher's side. Ten years later another representation of the appliance appeared in the frontispiece of *The Bishop's Bible*, in which Bishop Parker is shown in the pulpit engaged in a discourse with one of these timekeepers beside him, 1569. These latter are mentioned in the church accounts of Bishop Stortford, A.D. 1581.

In Brand's *History of Newcastle-on-Tyne*, he alludes to the mention of "one half-houre-glass" in the inventory of the goods of All Saints' Church, taken A.D. 1632, and I fancy such parish records are not a few. It would seem that our ancestors were not satisfied with the discourses of an hour in length, and restricted their preachers' pulpit ministrations to half that period. In this view of what is the wise and expedient rule, it would seem that Her Majesty our own Queen, well-known as a devout and God-fearing woman, very evidently sympathises, and even draws the line still closer, to restrict the length of our preachers' discourses, for an eighteen-minute glass was affixed to the pulpit in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, in 1867, at her command, a very unmistakable hint to our divines of the present day!

It was an ancient custom to inter an hour-glass with the dead, in reference to the fact that time existed no longer for them, and the sands of their lives had run out. Even in the early part of the last century the custom still lingered, and small ones were given to the friends of the departed, when attending the interment, to be placed by the side of the dead, or to be thrown, as we do flowers, into the grave.

The sand-glass for the measurement of time was not restricted to the use of places of worship. There were nautical sand-glasses, which ran for half an hour only; see Captain John Smith's *Seaman's Grammar*, 1627. Here we read the following extract: "or each squadron (half the crew) for eight glasses of four houres, which is a watch." These were evidently thirty-minute bells, and at the end of four hours eight bells were struck.

No emblem is of more common use on memorial-stones. I observed it on that of the celebrated and devoted Mrs. Mompesson, in the churchyard at Eyam, in Derbyshire; and, indeed, no burial-place in the United Kingdom could probably be found without some trace of such a significant and poetical device on the stones of ancient date, if not so frequently on the new. I might give instances of these, combined with pretty and touching inscriptions, but the number of columns which I have already filled, warns me that my space has come to an end, which I must, though regretfully, acknowledge.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FRESH lard will remove tar from the skin.

A CLOTHES-LINE which has been boiled will not twist as a new rope is apt to do.

THE seat on the left side of an omnibus is always more resting than that on the right side, as it slopes towards the kerb-stone.

SEWING-SILKS are often prepared with a solution of lead, which is highly injurious to health. Care should therefore be taken never to bite the threads when working with sewing-silk.

ALUM-WATER will restore almost all faded colours. Brush the faded stuff thoroughly free from dust, rinse with a little soap, clear water, and then alum water, and the colours will be much brightened.

BLACK SILKS or satin may be wonderfully revived by sponging with potato water and ironing on the wrong side when slightly damp. The potato water is made by soaking the peel not the potato for some hours.

IF the new leather on soles of boots is well soaked for three days before use, in linseed oil to which a few drops of castor oil is added and then allowed to stand for a few days to dry, it will last nearly twice as long as usual.

POISONOUS liniments and liquids should be kept in bottles with a rough surface outside, so that they can be known at once by the touch. Attention to this simple rule may be the means of preventing serious accidents. They should also not be kept near other bottles.

CAULIFLOWERS should always be boiled in two waters, first in one and then another. This removes the strong and rank flavour. All green vegetables should be boiled with the lid of the saucepan off. The water in which they have been boiled should at once be poured away in the garden on the earth and not down any sink or drain, but if there is no available garden, pour it into a pail and cover it over till cold and it can then be poured down a drain. If this is not done, the smell is most offensive, as we all know.

NEITHER the soap, tooth, nor nail-brushes should ever be covered over on the wash-stand. The brushes get soft, and smell disagreeable if covered over; they are better placed in one of the upright iron stands made for the purpose, or lying bristles downwards wherever they are put. Sponges also should never be covered and should occasionally be rinsed in strong soda water or ammonia and water to extract any grease that may be in them.

FOR washing cretonnes, chintzes and art muslins, ammonia is invaluable. A tea-spoonful to every gallon of water in which they are washed and a handful of salt in the rinsing water will restore the colours and prevent any running. Blankets will be the better for a little ammonia in the tub, and it will lighten the labour of all washing.

WHEN uncorking a bottle, be sure to grasp the neck with a cloth in your hand, so that if the glass cracks or breaks it will not cut your hand.

EGG-STAINS can be taken out of silver by rubbing with a wet rag dipped in salt.

A HEAVY meal should never be taken when the body is greatly fatigued. The digestive organs are as weary as the body, and are not ready to undertake an excess of work.

A LARGE onion peeled and cut across the top, then placed in a pail of water in the centre of a room with the door shut, will remove all smell of fresh paint in a very short time.

FAT which is to be kept should be cut up small and boiled in a saucepan in a little water and never put into the oven to melt. If it has to be done in the oven, the door should be left open.

BREAD or potato should never be put in the mouth at the same time as fish, especially by children, or it will be difficult to detect bones in the fish and they may be swallowed by mistake.

THE largest quantity of fluid that is required by an adult person, unless under exceptional circumstances, is two pints in the twenty-four hours. The majority of persons take too much fluid and thus weaken the digestion.

FOR all workers the clothing should be loosely fitting on the body, and of a material that admits of free transpiration from the skin. Thick close material is very objectionable as checking evaporation and retaining moisture from the body, and the habitual use of waterproof material is very injurious.

ENVELOPE ALBUMS.

I THINK when I have explained how easily bright, pretty little picture-books for sick children can be made out of the envelopes we throw into the waste-paper basket, it is just possible that many clever young fingers may set to work to make them.

There is something very pleasant in using-up waste material and turning it to good account and really, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, there is scarcely anything in our households but may be utilised in some way.

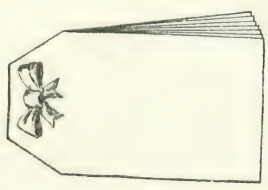
Making these albums will be found a pleasant occupation in long winter evenings, and children of all ages can aid in the work. One can sort the envelopes all of one size, another cut them the right shape, a third can pierce the holes and tie the sheets together with narrow ribbon. The materials required are few and simple, a sharp pair of scissors, some gum or paste, a stiletto or bradawl, a few yards of bright-coloured penny ribbon and plenty of small pictures and coloured scraps.

The envelopes must be cut exactly alike, the shape of No. 1, that is, one end and two side pieces are cut off and the remaining end should be neatly shaped. About fourteen envelopes will make a convenient sized album,

N°1

but the size may be varied according to taste.

Two holes are bored with the stiletto and the ribbon run through and tied into a bow as seen in No. 2, and the little book will now be ready for the pictures. The addressed side of



N°2

the envelope needs to be covered by a text card, and for this purpose none are more suitable than those to be obtained from Mrs. Grimke of Manchester; they are the exact size required, the landscapes and figures upon them are very bright and pretty and the texts are well chosen; they are made in great variety, and one of each kind may be used to cover the written side of each envelope, then the clean side will be ready to receive any small pictures and coloured scraps. Christmas cards when not too stiff may often be used, especially those with Scripture texts; the words of greeting may be covered with two or three coloured butterflies or small flower scraps neatly gummed on. When finished as No. 3, the little album will be a welcome gift to some sick child, its weary eyes will be cheered by the bright pages, and the sweet texts may convey a message of love and hope to many who may seldom be cheered by any human voice. Miss Nightingale in her admirable book *Notes on Nursing*, says "The effect in sickness of beautiful objects and variety of form is hardly at all appreciated, brilliancy of colour in the objects presented to patients often proves an actual means of recovery. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright flowers. I remember a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid." These little albums would be gladly received by Bible women and busy workers in the slums who have no time themselves to make such little gifts, but would thankfully distribute them in dreary homes where many a poor sufferer may be lying day after day gazing at a blank wall or an outlook of house-roofs and chimneys. It is good for us sometimes to picture such lives and do what we can in the leisure of our pleasant homes to scatter a few rays of brightness where they are so much needed.

E. B.

N°3

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"LITTLE TODDLEKINS."—We believe that we can tell our young friend the origin of the name "sandwich" as applied to a slice of cold meat enclosed between two of bread. Lord Sandwich during his administration was a gambler, and so great was the fascination this terrible vice had for him, that he took no note of fatigue or hunger as the hours ran on. But on one occasion, after playing for a day and night, he awoke to a sense of hunger and called for something to eat, whatever it might be, that allowed of his continuing the game. A slice of cold meat and two of bread were brought, and to hold the former, he placed it between the two latter, and so ate it without plate, knife, or fork. This attracted notice, and his example was followed, and the arrangement of these viands was thenceforth known by his title.

HOPE.—Write for information to the Travellers' Aid Society, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Oxford Street, London, W. It is under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A., and they are sure to know of a place to which you could go.

CUDDIE.—A George III. shilling may be worth from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence.

FRECKLES.—Were the younger daughters alone when addressed by a gentleman, he shou'd call her "Miss So-and-so"; but were other sisters present, he would have to distinguish her by her Christian name. You write well though your hand is too upright. We are gratified by all you so kindly say of our paper.

EVELINE.—For your sick canary change of food is desirable. Leave off giving it hemp seed, which is heating—give rape seed, endive, lettuce, or watercress, and twice a week boiled bread pap, with a little moist sugar in it. This should be fresh every time. We do not know of any cure for asthma, and fear the bird will always be more or less affected by it.

JAQUENETTA.—The fossil remains of the *Dinotherium* (an extinct genus of *Proboscidea*, or elephant-like mammalia) are found in the *Miocene* formation of Europe and of India. The name signifies "terrible beast." Their tusks were bent downwards, and curved backwards, and were clearly designed for digging up the roots of the aquatic plants on which they fed. The remains of the *Swatherium*—an extinct genus of the ruminant quadrupeds—are found, in the *Miocene* strata likewise, in northern India.

HERCULES, W. T. K., KATIE, C. W. C., MAY and C., all write asking questions about health and complexion, which are all answered in the article by "Medicus," in "G. O. P.," vol. xiii., April, 1892.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. The "Portland vase," formerly known as the "Barbarini vase," is an ancient Roman cinerary urn, composed of two layers of glass of a rich deep-blue, decorated in reliefs with beautifully-wrought white opaque figures, representing, it is believed, the marriage of Thetis and Peleus. It is ten inches high, seven inches in diameter, and is round in form. 2. May 25th, 1877, was a Friday.

F. M. S.—D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation* would be the best.

BOOKWORM.—Mr. William Watson, the poet, was born in Wharfedale, Yorkshire. He was little known till his poem, "Wordsworth's Grave"—published in 1892—brought him into notice. He wrote a fine memorial poem on Tennyson; and his most important book is *Odes and other Poems*.

A LIVELY ONE.—We do not think a prize has ever been offered for a ball of silver paper. They are used to hold the door open only; and in Switzerland we heard of a lady who had had a quantity melted down to form a kind of jar, or kettle; we did not see it, however.

M. J. S.—The Quantock Hills are in Somersetshire, extending eight miles north-west from near Bishops Lydeard, to the coast near Watchet. They reach an altitude of 1262 feet.

TROUBLED and ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We regret that it is impossible to encourage anyone to hope for home employment; it is so difficult to get. Copying is impossible; but we hear of a few ladies who earn a little by knitting. Personal endeavour and application are always needful.

COUPÉE.—The name "Cymodoce" is to be found in Spenser's *Faëry Queen*, book iv., 12. She was the mother of Marinel, and the daughter of Nereus, who was the parent of the water nymphs.

DARKIE.—Bee-keeping is taught at the Horticultural College, at Swanley, Kent, in the women's branch. You should write to them, and obtain fuller particulars from the secretary than any one else could give you. Much is left unsaid in printed prospectuses.

CONNIE.—1. There were five great crusades:—The first in 1096, under Godfrey de Bouillon; in 1146, that under Louis VII. and Conrad III.; in 1190, that under Philip Augustus and "Cœur de Lion"; in 1248, that under Louis IX. ("St. Louis"); and the fifth in 1271, under Prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward I., who won two great battles after the death of St. Louis. The prince had intended to have joined St. Louis in his campaign against the Saracens. 2. There is a *Life of Richard I.*, and also Woodhouse's *History of the Military Religious Orders of the Middle Ages*, which you should certainly study.

ABBAS.—1. The creases in crape can be taken out by steaming over a basin or kettle of boiling water. 2. You should consult a doctor; the state of your health is evidently in fault.

ESSEX would "be glad to know of a means to get rid of blackbeetles, without injury to dumb animals." We do not quite understand where the beetles are, and what dumb animals might be injured by killing them;—or perhaps the beetles *are* "the dumb animals?" And, in this state of confusion, we prefer to leave the question unanswered; otherwise, we should have said, traps and beetle-powders. 2. Try carbonate of soda.

EMIL LACK.—We think Miss Horner and her sister wrote *Walks about Florence*, which, perhaps, might suit you. Charles Lever's books would also be of the period you require; and Trollope's *Letters*.

INQUISITIVE.—The origin of the "Freemasons" is said to date back to the building of the Temple of Solomon. This society is quite secret, and the members are sworn to observe it.

CAMBRIA.—"A healthy mind in a healthy body," is the translation.

VOL. XVII.—No. 868.] AUGUST 15, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AMY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER III.

A VERY pale and weary Amy presented herself in Mr. Slither's office the next morning.

"Well, Miss Gray, what is your decision? I hope you have come to reason and your duty."

"I am still of the same opinion, sir," answered Amy courteously.

"Indeed! You look as though you had been fretting about it."

"My mother is very ill."

"A good reason why you should retain your post."

Amy did not reply.

"For the sake of argument, we will grant that I am a cheat and a rogue in my business, that does not of necessity make you one; you simply obey my orders."

"If I were a machine, sir, that argument would hold good, but as I am a human being with powers of will and conscience it is not applicable."

"My dear Miss Gray, I am a member of a church, yet I have performed what you deem dishonourable, but what I deem perfectly legitimate actions, ever since I entered business. I argue with you, because I consider you an intelligent and thoughtful girl."

Amy was silent; she knew not what to reply, compatible with courtesy and her position.

"You think I am a disgrace to my church. Speak out your mind!" said Mr. Slither, with an amused smile.

"I think if we endeavour to follow the Light of the World we shall shun all dark and dishonourable dealings," said Amy seriously.

"I am only an earthly lantern, Miss Gray. You must not judge me by the Light."

"Excuse me, Mr. Slither, but is it not the dark lanterns that hide the glorious Light from the sinful and suffering in the world?"

"You ought to have been a preacher, Miss Gray. I suppose your strong-minded notions have led you to cut your hair. Do you intend to join the howling sisterhood?" asked Mr. Slither with a sneer.

Amy did not reply, but the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Well, well, Miss Gray, I admit that I am a poor reflector or a bull's-eye lantern if you like. We are wasting time. I will give you eighteen shillings a week, not for your sermonising, but because I think I can trust you. Will that tempt you? Remember your mother."

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"AT LAST SHE RAISED HER TEARFUL EYES."

With a sob Amy turned her head away. "I cannot comply with your conditions," she said in a low voice.

"Then, here is your money," and flinging down a few shillings, Mr. Slither turned angrily to his books.

Amy gathered up the coins with trembling fingers. Pride prompted her to leave them. They were well-earned and meant life and strength to her mother.

She walked drearily into the street with a sensation of numb depression. Where was she to turn? She could not venture home with despair written upon her face. She hurried along the crowded streets. Some instinct, it must have been the hand of God (He leads us often when we do not recognise His guidance), led Amy towards an old, old church in the heart of the city. Still obeying the impulse within her, she entered the silent building, and knelt in an empty pew. She could not pray, but somehow the horrible weight of despair seemed to lift from her soul, and she knelt there weeping in the dim, soft gloom.

A hand was placed upon her shoulder, and a sweet voice said, "My dear, can I help you?"

Amy's tears flowed faster. She did not raise her head. She had recognised the voice of the sister of the man she loved, and for a few moments she could not look into her face. When at last she raised her tearful eyes, there was mutual recognition.

"Why, Amy, I did not know you!"

"It is the loss of my hair, Agatha," whispered Amy brokenly.

"Are you in trouble, dear?"

There in the silence Amy unburdened her heart to her friend. The story was no desecration to the holy building. The angels must have listened with joyful ears, while over Amy's head shorn of its girlish glory, they waved the victor's crown.

"There is still your vacant post in our show-room," said Agatha Wallace as the two friends walked through the streets.

"I cannot return, thank you," answered Amy in low tones.

"It is true then?" and Agatha looked into Amy's blushing face with searching eyes.

Amy was silent.

"Is that why you left us, dear?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried Amy, turning to a shop window to hide the tears that gathered afresh in her eyes.

"I am so glad," said Agatha. "I understand your conduct now. But Amy, Werrick and Vowles have a vacancy in their mantle show-room. Come home with me and bathe your face, and then together we will apply for it."

"You are too kind. But I cannot go to your house."

"John has gone away by train this morning. You need not fear him. Poor John!"

(*To be concluded.*)

CYCLING: AS A PASTIME AND FOR HEALTH.

By "MEDICUS."

THIS is the age of speed. The world is rushing on so quickly that it is impossible for any one individual to keep himself acquainted with the thousand and more useful inventions that go whirling and flying past one every day of the year. And no sooner does one inventor place something before the public, than a score of others rush forward to improve it.

There is something, mind you, in that doctrine of the survival of the fittest; the weakest must go to the wall and go rolling down into the lee scuppers, so to speak, along with the lazy ones and the phlegmatic, while we quick, nervous individuals win easy in the race of life. What is true of individuals is true also of nations. This anyone can see for himself. And the weakness of either consists for the most part of ignorance and the inability to learn things speedily, or make a smart dive for essentials, leaving everything that is not necessary to go floating astern.

The cleverest girls, in their reading, skim over essays, be they even on the most difficult subjects, just as a swallow goes skimming over a garden of flowers. But skim as speedily as she chooses the clever girl gets hold of the salient points, and the swallow catches the flies.

It is the age of speed, and it is the age of paragraphs also. An author nowadays must say what he has got to say in a few words and be done with it, or, in all probability, the world will be done with him.

Now I don't mean to say that I am a past-master in the art of paragraphism. I have already written two or three books on cycling, and I can assure you I would rather begin another to-day than write one paper on a subject with so many spokes to it as this. I do so, however, with all the more pleasure in that I expect before very long all of us shall be flying, and there is no doubt about it. Everything is leading up to it, and when the *genus homo* becomes the *homo volitans*, then good-bye to the cycle. It will still be used by the timid, the gouty and lazy, but you and I will rotate no longer along rough or rutty roads. We shall soar, and as we skim gracefully over hills and dells, mountain, moor, and woodland, we shall look down with disdain on the creatures who crawl.

Well now, for quite a long time—for a couple of years at least—a battle has been going on between the British matron who can't cycle, and says she won't, and the British lassie who says she can, and does. The fat, fair, and forty matron has turned up her hands and eyes from earth away, and said all kinds of nasty things, usually in horrid French, against cycling for girls. The girls, notwithstanding, have simply mounted their cycles and gone gliding away, the fresh breeze blowing in her face, the sunshine, the wild flowers, and beautiful scenery all around them soon make them forget all about Mrs. Grundy the portly, or Miss Grundy, the lean and stagnant, who is fifty if a day.

Cycling is really a glorious institution when ruled by reason. Personally speaking, I myself learned on the tall bicycle, with one gaunt wheel in front and a wee one bringing up the rear. On the whole it wasn't a bad kind of instrument. Perched high up on the saddle the rider could look over the hedges anyhow, and see a deal more than we can see from the little safety. Then what splendid spills one used to have from the "ordinary," as it came to be called, insolently enough, by the new but growing school of safety fellows. The spills, however, were not a whit more frequent from the ordinary than they are now from the wee one, and not half so dangerous. If while tooling along on the star-gazing machine a rider felt like going over the handles, felt that the little wheel was making an insane attempt to leap up and bat him on the back of the head, well, he had to leave rather hurriedly, it is true, but having a long distance to fall, there was time to stretch himself comfortably out, to select his position, as it were. On the other hand, in coming off the safety, *nolens* not *volens*, if going at a great speed you get there all the same, but you're on the ground before you have time to think of making a will, and with perhaps a broken bone that will require X-rays to set. Good luck to the little safety all the same. It came as a boon and a blessing, not to men so much as to girls, for, bless their hearts, they could never have got up yonder, you know, without the aid of a fire-escape.

So my first advice to any young lady who means to join the glorious army of cyclists, is to get a safety of the very *best* type.

Don't be in too great a hurry. Don't buy a cheap machine. It is true that a twenty-two guinea safety looks expensive. You can't seem to see the money about it, nevertheless it is there in the material, the finish, the art, the ball-bearings, etc.

Don't buy one on the hire system. Rather begin a fund, and put away spare cash. Relations who love you will help you. And even if you have to wait a year or more, you're not too old, and you will have the advantage of the newest improvements.

Let me whisper, please; the days of the pneumatic tire seem to be numbered. Pneumatism is not going out, but it will be applied to quite a different part of the machine. Fact! A birdie told me!

Again, learning to ride on your friend's cycle may be all very well, but hiring cycles by the hour or day is stupid work, and horribly expensive. Better save, I say. And indeed there is a look about a hireling machine and usually about the hiring girl, that a regular roadster can distinguish at a peep.

About learning to ride. At first you must neither be too timid nor too rash. It will be time enough to think about learning the art a few weeks before you are able to buy your machine.

But by all means, if you can afford it, take half a dozen lessons at a proper school. You will thus gain confidence and learn to balance far more quickly, and avoid awkwardness and unpleasant or ungainly mannerisms. In fact you will learn to ride with the easy grace of a lady. It pains me to see girls learning in the open, held up by others perhaps, and every now and then tumbling all over the Queen's highway. Pray don't make a laughing-stock of yourselves, girls, for the British corner boys and yokels are more disagreeable than even Mrs. Grundy.

The Age at which to Learn.—You can hardly learn cycling too early if—mind, there is a deal in that "if"—other exercise, such as walking, swimming, rowing, and gymnastics,

are engaged in at the same time. If a very young girl becomes a constant rider, giving up all other exercise, she will neither develop well in body nor in mind.

That cycling does do injury to the mind any medical man can tell you, if, I mean, it is carried out to an extent that excludes all other fads or fancies. In other words cycling for health, for pleasure, or pastime, is greatly to be recommended, but when it becomes a mania, I pity the maniac and her friends

And mind you this, girls, though I don't want to frighten but merely to warn you, the disease called cyclomania is more easily and more frequently developed in women than in men, because the former are more fond of remarkable costumes than the latter. Love of dress, love of show, and cycling, have injured many a brain. Cyclomania is on the increase, and it is most insidious—slow but all too sure. I am certain that no sensible girl will mind my writing so plainly; I would not be doing my duty if I left unsaid a single word I ought to say.

About Buying a Cycle.—I do not deny that you may at odd times get a good, cheap, second-hand machine, but, as a rule, you will be disappointed with the purchase. Anyhow, do not buy one without first getting it on approval and getting it examined by an expert.

But *the* best plan is to order a good cycle from a good maker, even if you have to pay a little higher for it. You will thus secure a machine that is up-to-date and a mount that will do you credit. Large firms that turn out safeties for the best people in this country and the continent are not likely to give you bad advice or put you off with an inferior article. To do so would indeed be a poor way of advertising their particular make.

Strength and Lightness.—I am not going to recommend you a very light machine, I assure you. You will not get lightness and strength combined to any great extent. Get a good, honest, handsome roadster, unless you mean merely to disport yourself on the cinder path or in the parks.

Besides the machine you buy may only *seem* a trifle too heavy, *you* will soon get over that, because the longer you ride the greater will be your motor power and the better your art of pedal propulsion.

The Bicycle Heart.—This is caused by over-riding and by spurting, as in going up hills, or trying to keep up with other riders, you yourself being out of form.

There are several kinds of bicycle-heart. I shall only mention two, and they are not the worst. The hypertrophied heart is caused by riding too much and too hard. It is more common in strong girls than in weak. To put it plainly, the heart is merely a muscle, and may get thin in the walls or over-thick. In the latter case it is hypertrophied, and if it continues so, the most dangerous and even fatal symptoms may ensue. Besides, one who gets a heart like this in youth, retains it, and cannot be a long liver. She or he will be carried off, if not by inflammation of some internal organ, by rupture of blood-vessels, or dropsy itself.

The dilated heart is the other cycling trouble, and it is quite as dangerous as hypertrophy. In this case the heart is weak to begin with, and the labour of spurting or riding to keep up with stronger people puts more strain on this muscular organ than it can bear; it therefore gets thin and stretched, and the valves may even suffer injury. In the latter case there could be no cure except death; but let me tell you this: a stretched heart means a lifetime of wretchedness, nervousness, sleeplessness, and distressing fulness in the head if not actual headache. People with stretched hearts cannot keep up the animal heat well, and are altogether unfitted for life's burden, which they have to lay down sooner than usual.

Dress for Lady Cyclists.—This is a subject on which men are supposed to know very little. Is it so? Does not one sex dress to please the other? Especially *the* one sex? You cannot deny it, girls, but the new woman or new girl who, instead of dressing like a lady, fits herself out like a mountebank,* is sure to attract attention, but can never gain the respect of anyone worth thinking about.

On clothing, however, apart from fashion or costume, I may be permitted to write a sentence, and give an opinion. It should be of the softest, lightest wool, underneath the dress. The stockings should be thicker than that used for indoor wear or the promenade, and the shoes should be moderately thick in the soles, and elastic. But never have india-rubber soles, they are most unhealthy. A dark skirt and nicely fitting knitted jersey is very becoming and wholesome.

The head-dress should be light and comfortable, and not easily blown off.

The corset, if worn tightly, ruins everything, and causes perspiration of a weakening kind on that portion of the body which is least able to bear it. Liver and heart therefore suffer, and even distressing dyspepsia may be the result of the tight-lacing folly.

Accessories.—When going on a short tour, take all that is necessary, but leave everything behind you can possibly dispense with. Many girls take things just for show! Lassies of this mental calibre may sometimes be heard wildly ringing their bells when there is no necessity for doing so. Silly little things! I hear them ringing sometimes behind my caravan "Wanderer." Just imagine a two-ton land-yacht twenty feet long drawing hastily to one side to let a tom-tit upon wheels have half the road. I should laugh!

Training for Cycling.—I hope I shall not disappoint anyone if I state the fact, that some girls should not ride at all, being constitutionally unsuited for such exercise. If a girl is not over-robust, she ought to take a medical opinion before buying a byke.

But before going in for bicycling or even tricycling, I advise that a kind of preliminary course of training should be taken. The best exercise is that of walking, because it gives vigour to both limb and lung, and moreover strengthens every muscle of the body.

Just determine to live by rule for five or six weeks before starting a cycle. Live on plain fare—meat, bread, milk, eggs, cheese, weak tea and coffee, but avoid strong tea and coffee, and also too much sugar or pudding. Fruit is excellent if in season. I cannot speak too highly of tomatoes. If living in England, don't eat French; if in Scotland, use only Scotch tomatoes, which, like Scotch grapes, are the finest in the world. But tomatoes should be eaten in the country where they grow, they deteriorate *en voyage*. Fat meat, such as pork and oily fishes, should be avoided, and too much butter. You see it is muscle you want to have, not useless fat.

Will Cycling Cure Obesity?—If a regulated diet is taken it will help, otherwise it only makes matters worse.

Now mind you this, exercise and healthful sleep *plus* the bath and regulation diet are all that you need to put you into cycling form. Good refreshing sleep will follow as a natural consequence and you will feel fresher and happier every morning of your life.

But the morning tub, cold if possible, is a *sine quâ non* with a warm bath every week, and a Turkish bath every fortnight.

I really feel as if I had not said half enough in this paper, and yet I have no doubt many of my readers will gain by the advice I give.

Just one word more in answer to the oft-repeated question: What ailments are likely to be cured or alleviated by cycling? Well, the following are a few. Indigestion; debility without actual disease; anæmia or poverty of blood; skin eruptions; chronic headaches; liver troubles; nervousness; neuralgia; sleeplessness, etc.

I cannot better conclude this paper than by giving a much-quoted extract from one of my own books.* Before doing so I should mention that I have *no* pecuniary interest at all in this handy volume. "Ten years ago," I say, "being then in my thirty-fifth year, I accepted half-pay and ceased to serve in the Royal Navy, being a martyr to rheumatism which I had acquired on the coast of Africa and in India. I took to literature as a profession. There was no healing power in that; but I shortly took to cycling. My rheumatism used to come on periodically and last for six weeks at a time, during which I could hardly stand on the floor, nor rest in bed without feet and legs elevated. Since I adopted cycling as an exercise, and thus found a pleasant means of keeping the skin in perfect order, I have never had a twinge of rheumatism. . . . Cycling has banished my pains, and made me physically and mentally double the individual I was on that mournful morning, when I left Haslar Hospital leaning on a stick."

* No doubt this word is a corruption of the old "Mount-ye-back."

* *Health upon Wheels.* Messrs. Iliffe and Co., London and Coventry.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MISTRESS OF HOME COTTAGE.

A LONG old cottage, half covered with climbing plants, and lying well back from the road, won Morag's heart as next day she approached it on the top of the omnibus, and she was glad when the kindly old driver turned and said—

"This is where you get down, young woman. And when I take you up to drive you back, you'll have roses on your cheeks just like them on yon wall. You've come to the right place."

The little white garden-gate stood open. Neither it nor the house bore any "institution" label. Somebody was standing in the porch, called out by the sound of the omnibus wheels pausing before the gate.

It was a tall lady, dressed in a plain robe of indigo blue, with bright brown curly hair simply put back from her broad brow. She took Morag's hand kindly with the cordial words—

"And this is the 'poor dear Morag' of whose woes Miss Riddell was so full. And this is the pale thin face to be made plump and rosy! Why, child, what has ailed you?"

The drive, the pleasant change of scene, the delicious sense of relief and freedom, had already brought back Morag's spirits. The eyes she raised to her tall hostess's face had a twinkle in them as she answered—

"I think, madam, it was just 'Other People's Stairs'!"

The lady looked at her keenly. "Miss Riddell told us that poor dear Morag was quite clever and uncommon," she said. "Is poor dear Morag quoting Dante, or only thinking Dantesque?"

"I'm quoting Dante," Morag answered humbly. "I'm only quoting a quotation. I've never read his works. But I've read about him, and one of the biographies gave those lines of his about going up and down strangers' staircases. And I understood so well what he meant that it made him seem quite friendly."

The lady herself took Morag to her bedroom. It was an old cottage room full of queer angles and corners—the furniture was of the sparest and simplest, and the floor was bare but for a strip of old-fashioned washable "rag carpet." But cunning dashes of colour in the way of Turkey red cotton made the chamber cheerful. There was an engraving of the Good Shepherd above the mantelpiece and a tiny book bracket within reach of the bed.

"As soon as you have established yourself, come downstairs and have tea with me," said the lady. "I don't suppose I need introduce myself to you."

"No, indeed," said Morag. "I know you are Miss Alison Brander, who spares us all these nice things."

"Who wants, I hope, to share what God has given her," answered the lady. "Well, find your way downstairs, and as you must make yourself at home, and learn your way about sooner or later, you can just look into every room till you find me and the tea-cups. You won't disturb anybody, for it happens there is nobody in the house just now but you and me."

Oh, the peace of it, and the sweetness of it! Morag let herself drop on the quietness and comfort as a tired traveller throws himself on a couch. She did not want to look at life beyond this beautiful month. She felt that she was too weak and too fevered to make any wise decisions. In a fortnight she would be stronger, and that would be time enough to settle whether she was to return to the Garths, or to throw herself again upon the world. She recoiled from the one course because she knew all that it involved, she shrank from the other, because it was so unknown.

She would wait awhile. And again the decision was taken completely out of her hand. For on the second day of her stay at Home Cottage a letter came from Miss Griselda, saying that as she really did not seem strong enough for their work, and as they would be starting for the country so very soon after the end of her stay in Home Cottage, they thought they had better release her at once. That would give her plenty of time to look about her while she was resting. It was a splendid opportunity for doing so, and they hoped she would place herself nicely. They enclosed her wages up to the date of her illness

Morag was not sorry to have her perplexities settled for her. But she thought, with a shade of bitterness, that it was scarcely giving her weakness the full advantage of her "rest," to inaugurate it by sweeping away her standing ground and occupying it in seeking another resting-place for the sole of her foot. However, she wrote a civil little answer to Miss Griselda, acknowledging the receipt of the wages, and accepting the dismissal without even hinting that she herself had been considering the same matter.

A post or two later brought a furious note from Jane Riddell. What did Morag mean by not standing out for her rights? Why, the very law of Scotland would have compelled them, under the circumstances, to pay her a month's wages, and that would have gone far towards defraying her board at the Home Cottage, which they ought to have done as well, if they were not as shabby as ever they could be. Jane Riddell declared that she had no patience with Morag, but she herself was doing all she could "to serve out" the Garths for their treatment of Morag, for she had given them notice to quit and had got another place already and offered to let them off her month, if they would only release her at once. "That lets them see whether they can do what they like with me," she wrote, "and let me tell you it's good for their souls! Miss Elsa is carrying up water for her bath herself, and the others are going without theirs."

Morag could not help laughing at Jane's business-like vehemence. Certainly Morag had not known of her legal rights against the Garths, it had never entered her imagination that life could be reduced to "legal rights." As certainly she would not have asserted them. She had once heard a wise old Sillerton gentleman remark that even as he who takes the sword is likely to perish by the sword, so he who takes the law will probably perish by the law.

And yet did it seem right to allow the grasping and unscrupulous to get everything their own way? And however willing one might be to forego one's own rights, might not one thereby encourage the trampling on others' rights—others, less able to bear, who might be goaded to sheer desperation! How many sides there seem to be to right and wrong, though some people speak as if they are quite simple!

Morag said something to this effect to Miss Alison Brander, bringing up the wholesome, natural instinct which avoids legal redress, and asking why it should exist, since laws are made to be carried out.

Miss Alison pondered for a moment. "I see the drift of your question," she said, "and I think I see its answer, if I can only make it clear. Do you know I do not think the sword itself was such a bad thing once upon a time? In a pitched combat between two chosen champions, I think it is extremely likely that the best man would win—he who was most temperate, most energetic, most alert, most courageous, and most enduring. But now in war everything is changed, and complicated civilisation changes it ever more and more. Victory is on the side not of the best men, but of the most deadly weapons—weapons too not forged by the skill, but merely bought with the gold of the side which employs them. Therefore war has become a coward's game, which the brave and the chivalric can regard only with disgust. So with law. Law originated in men taking counsel

together to hear the cries of the wronged, and to secure justice and restitution. But legal maxims and precedents accumulated—they got separated from the conditions of life to which they owed their vitality—and so law stiffened into an elaborate machine, which can only deal after its own set-pattern with whatever material is submitted to it. Therefore straightforward, sensitive souls shrink from employing its agency, because there is no reasonable assurance that it will render real justice; they know that even if it accepts their cause that is no proof of their cause's soundness.

"I will take your own instance in illustration," went on Miss Brander. "The law would not cancel your claim to a month's notice because you were seized with illness. But neither would it cancel your claim to a month's notice if that illness had been the direct result of your folly or negligence, nor if your dismissal had become desirable on the score of naughtiness or impertinence, unless of the most flagrant description! Naturally, nice people don't care to get their justice done up in such very dubious parcels, and rather than seek for an uncertain and unsatisfactory redress, they will in the meantime submit to their wrongs, save so far as they may combat them by personal influence and private argument. On larger issues, arbitration is already being largely sought, as being better capable than mere law to deal with real rights and wrongs, instead of with technicalities. Yet even arbitration may soon stiffen into new machinery. Still it brings us one step nearer to that direct appeal to the individual conscience—that 'agreeing with thine adversary quickly,' which is the only solid foundation of order and peace.

"And now that I have delivered my little lecture," concluded Miss Brander, "I am going, with your permission, to try to put it in practice by writing myself to Mrs. Garth. I shall tell her that the readiness with which you cancelled your monthly arrangement has proved to her your good faith, and that as she goes quite free from the wages you might have claimed, I feel perfectly sure she will make a contribution to your expense here."

Morag gave her permission gratefully, but not willingly. From the point of view of her own claim she would have withheld it, but she saw the force of Jane Riddell's argument, and that other people's interests must be considered in such matters.

Leaving Morag in the cheery sitting-room, looking out over the bright garden upon the high road, Miss Brander went off to her own little sanctum to get through her correspondence. The house was rather empty this season. There was only Miss Brander, Morag, a poor consumptive-looking shop-girl, and the little servant, who, Morag had learned, was one of a succession who came up from the poors' house to be put into some sort of domestic shape before facing the outer world.

Presently a friend of Miss Brander's dropped in, and not wishing to interrupt her friend's letter-writing, sat down in the parlour and chatted to Morag and the other girl until the hostess was disengaged. She speedily recognised Morag's intelligence and width of culture and interests, and adroitly discovering that she had been a domestic servant, with equal adroitness disguised her surprise, until she found herself alone with Miss Brander.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "that pretty bright girl you have got in there is thrown away in domestic drudgery!"

"Is she?" laughed Miss Brander. "For my part, I am under the impression that everything—and especially puddings—are the better if 'made with brains, madam.'"

"Don't tease me, Alison, you know what I mean. This girl seems to me to be made for better work; and you know you always say it is the world which loses most when people are not set to the best work which can be got out of them. Now this girl might be a nurse! Think of her face in a hospital ward, and how pretty she would look in a uniform!"

"Why should we think that the care of the sick is a higher work than the care of households?" asked Miss Brander. "Prevention is better than cure. An old friend of mine, a medical man, used to say, years ago, that he much misdoubted if his own function was so high as that of a conscientious scavenger, since he often failed to cure diseases which the other might easily prevent, and all the new schemes for public health and sanitation prove that his wisdom is now working itself into public acceptance. I firmly believe that it will be the same with domestic service, and that in this instance, as in so many, in the end the last will be first. Why, I think the kingdom of Heaven will be drawing very near when the cleanliness of houses, the cooking of good food, and the maintenance of home comfort and happiness are recognised as the most beautiful and sacred of all responsibilities."

"Oh, well, that is accepted already when these things are done for love," said the lady.

"Things need not be done the less for love, because they are done for hire," replied Miss Brander. "Or do you therefore set down your favourites, the nurses, because paid, as mere hirelings?"

"It is different," returned the other. "Many of them have a direct vocation for the work and would do it for nothing if they could afford it."

"Many women have a direct vocation for household work," answered Miss Brander. "I am never happier than when engaged in it—and you know I have set my life to its key. Therefore, why should not such do it for their livelihood? And you would put the girl, Morag, into nursing just because you think she would look such a delightful nurse, and because the present whim of society is to draw a distinction between the helper of the sick and the helper of the home! If she had had the genuine 'vocation' of which you speak, she would have turned her own face in that direction from quite other considerations!"

"Well," said the friend, "you can always bring things round your own way. But at least you might hint to your interesting *protégée* that she should turn her attention to nursery work. A girl with those manners and that mind would be most valuable among children."

Again Miss Brander shook her head. "I shall do nothing of the kind," she said. "Firstly, because for that sort of work, again, a 'vocation'—to wit, the natural turning of a person's own thoughts towards it—is the only true indication. Nor am I one of those who cry so loudly for educated and superior women in high class nurseries. The 'educated and superior woman' there should be the mother herself—whose self-assumed duties of motherhood should take precedence of all 'social duties' as they are called—and should need no better supplement than honest, healthy young women with the animal spirits and calm nerves which may sometimes flag or fail in the mother."

"I fear a great many women would think twice before they married if they found they were to be tied up in their nurseries," observed the friend.

"It might be better if they did," said Miss Brander. "If the nursery with their own children in it seems to them to be so dull and cramping, why should they expect to secure for it women with as many intellectual needs of their own, and without their natural tie to begin with? I could never coolly advise a girl to go into a nursery (who had not thought of going there herself) since I have seen the sad face and heard the sad words of one middle-aged woman, who had spent twenty years in nurseries. 'I must do something else for the rest of my time,' she said. 'I can't begin it all over again. I've had four sets of darlings already, night and day, in sickness and in health; and I've taught them to love their mammas, and to think there was nobody like her, and then, just when I felt as if they were my very own, they were taken away from me, and not one of their mammas has ever kept them up even to writing me a letter now and then.'

"And as for Morag," she went on, with a change of tone, "I think she is too reflective for the interruptions of a nursery. Those would wear her out; while she would enjoy a full share of the solitude in which other household tasks are done, and which some girls fear so much."

"Well, she needn't be alarmed about getting a situation," said the other lady. "If she is not above her work, there are plenty of mistresses who would be glad of such a servant."

"I believe Morag would be quite equal to any duty given her," rejoined Miss Brander significantly. "But the difficulty is where can one find the mistress to whom one would care to give her? There are many, I know—though they do not grow on every bough! Nevertheless, I think I do know of a place where Morag will fit in beautifully—for a time, at least."

(To be continued.)

CORSICAN MAIDENS, MANNERS, AND MYSTERIES

A FRENCH TEACHER'S MEMORIES.

PART I

It is a strange fact that we often know much more about some people and places which are very far from us than we do about others that are much nearer. Between us and the remoter there may be relations and associations which in the other case may be lacking. We know a great deal about Egypt or Palestine because Scripture history has turned our attention to those lands. We know much of France and Germany and Norway, because we or our friends go there for summer holidays. We know something of America and Australia, because we have friends who have settled there, and because we have somewhat of a common property in literature.

But what do we know about Corsica?

Well, probably most of us know that it is an island; that it was the birthplace of Napoleon Buonaparte, and that its inhabitants have or had a curious system of family feud or revenge, called the "vendetta." And little more!

The reason for this, of course, is that not only does Corsica lie somewhat remote from the ken of the average tourist, is no health resort, though of great salubrity, and is a French department, therefore looking to France for civil service, education and literature, and yet forming no part of France. Just so, our own Island of Man or Isles of the Western Highlands would be almost "unknown land" to continental people, who are nevertheless familiar enough with our great capital cities and other centres of interest.

There was, therefore, all the charm of novelty about the conversation of our dear French teacher, Madame Dralla, who had spent many of the earlier years of her eventful life on this far-off island, engaged in educational work which brought her into close and friendly touch with its primitive people. Our encyclopedia might tell us (after we had become interested in the matter) about the romantic scenery of the Corsican interior, a "very labyrinth of mountains," about its flat swampy coasts, its varied vegetation, its thickets of broom "where bandits hide," its mineral resources and the story of its conquests by Saracens and Genoese, till it fell into the hands of the French in 1768. But only Madame Dralla could tell us of its people and their prejudices and superstitions and customs. Very likely but for Madame Dralla we girls should not even have heard the traditional discovery and naming of Corsica, as given by the Roman historian Sallust. He recounts that a Ligurian slave woman observing that a bull in a herd she was tending was accustomed to swim across the Pyrrhenian Sea, and to return with an increase of flesh, followed the animal in a boat to the island; and the Ligurians, on hearing that it was extraordinarily fertile, went thither, and called it by the name of its discoverer, Corsa or Corsica.

I think I shall try to write down some of the stories she told us, keeping as well as I can to her very words, for I took notes as well as I could while she spoke, because I afterwards made some of her stories the subjects of school essays.

She told us once, that about twelve years before the French Education Department had committed to the charge of a friend of hers, whom we will call Madame R——, the formation of a training-class in Corsica. She had eighteen pupils, two French girls of good family, the other sixteen being Corsicans with little culture and strong prejudices, who sought education only because they desired to gain their living by teaching and knew that their prospects would be poor, unless they submitted to the regulation discipline.

Some classes have to be held very early, because later on, it is too hot for work. So, one morning, as usual, Madame R—— entered her class at six A.M. Her pupils were already assembled—girls ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-five.

To Madame R——'s great astonishment she noticed that the Corsican girls were all in great excitement and distress, while the two Parisians seemed agitated by suppressed laughter. Madame R—— paused, inquiring—

"Why are you crying? What is the matter?"

Of course, she knew that some of these southern people are very extravagant in the expression of feeling, or she would have been still more astounded when her sixteen Corsican pupils burst into audible sobs, while the French girls no longer restrained smiles. At last one Corsican in a broken voice tried to explain herself thus—

"Oh, madame, we could not bear to tell you—the truth—at first. Madame, you are about to die!"

"To die!" echoed the astounded teacher. "But I am not ill; I have never felt stronger!"

"Oh, madame, that does not matter! In three days you will be dead! You cannot help it. You must die."

And the sobs redoubled dismally.

The teacher commanded her patience. "What makes you think I must die in three days?" she inquired.

"The souls of your beloved ones who have left this earth came yesterday evening to warn you of your fate," said one of the weeping girls. "We saw them; we know what we are saying."

"Who are these beloved ones of whom you speak?" asked the teacher.

"Your father, mother, and three of your children," answered the girls.

"Where did you see them?" said Madame R——.

The reply came promptly. "They were standing on your verandah facing the sea."

"And I did not invite them in?" she remarked sarcastically.

"Ah no!" they wailed. "You must get ready to die."

"Dear! dear!" said Madame R——. "But tell me, will you?—why did only three of my dead children come to visit me when I have lost five?"

The tears stopped with surprise. "Five? Have you really?"

"Ah, I should not say it to you," sighed madame, "if it were not true!"

The girls looked at each other. "We do not know why the other children were not there," they whimpered.

Madame R—— resolutely shook off the sad memories which were chilling her heart and said brightly—

"I am sure my parents must have thought me very rude to have left them standing on the verandah. If I had known they were there, I should have invited them in, to share my excellent coffee!"

"Ach! madame, please do not laugh! There are serious things to consider. You must let us have your money to bury you!"

"Thank you very much," said madame a little tartly now. "The mayor of the town knows all about me. He will see to that matter when it becomes necessary."

"But there is your little niece," they pleaded, too earnest to be offended. "What is to become of her? Shall we take her back to her home in Paris? We should do it with pleasure, if you will give us money for the journey."

"Please do not trouble about her, but let us begin our work," said Madame R—— with calm resolution. And accordingly she delivered her class lecture, to which nobody seemed to pay attention save the two Parisians.

At 8 A.M. Madame R—— left the schoolhouse and returned home, rather puzzled by what had taken place. A childless widow, who had recently been through great tribulation, it would have been small wonder if her nerve had been somewhat shaken. Involuntarily she asked herself—

"Can any danger threaten me? I have not done harm to anybody! I have had no dispute with any of these people. They have always been very kind to me. Can it be that my husband had angered some of them before his death? It seems most unlikely."

Yet she felt it wise to take some precaution. Accordingly she called on one of the other tenants of the house where she lived—a well-to-do, honest man who had been very kind during her husband's last illness.

"Sir," said she to him, "if you should hear any strange noise in my apartment during the night, will you be so good as to come to my help immediately, in case I required you to defend me."

"Of course, madame, I will do so with the greatest of pleasure," he replied. "But what have you to fear? In this island we have bandits—the glory of the country—but we have no mere thieves and burglars as you have on the continent?"

"I don't fear thieves or robbers; but suppose there was a vendetta?" said madame, dubiously.

"A vendetta!" he echoed with surprise. "Whom have you offended? Have you killed somebody?"

She shook her head with a smile. "I am not aware of having made a single enemy," she said. "Only somehow to-day I feel nervous, and so I have come to you."

He assured her of his protection. It may be noted that madame prudently avoided all mention of "the souls of her departed beloved ones," for her good neighbour, though a courageous man, would certainly have objected to an encounter with a ghost.

When night came on, the little French-mistress locked her door, set her writing-table out upon the verandah and sat down to work before one of the most magnificent views one can imagine. She saw her pupils pass again and again before her house, and from time to time she nodded to them, as though to say—

"I am not yet dead!"

The day after, and the day after that, she gave her lessons precisely as usual. The fourth day dawned. Madame R—— was not

dead! There had been no midnight alarm, nor any ghostly visitant.

So on this fourth day she thought it her duty to speak seriously to her class on the folly and wickedness and danger of such superstitious fancies. The Corsican girls knitted their brows, and the French teacher's sharp ear caught the hissing whisper "Franciotte," a word of hate and scorn which warned her that serious feelings of animosity were rising.

Immediately the class was over the girls flew together in hurried conclave. They declared to each other that no peace was possible till they knew why the French-mistress was still alive. They had been ready to weep for her prospective death; they were filled with anger that it had not come off. Some of them went to consult an aged hermit, an ignorant and bigoted man, with views and ideas worthy of the darkest age. His question was:

"Of what religion is this woman?"

When they answered, "She is a Protestant," then he said:

"Be sure her parents did not come for her sake, but to warn you not to listen to her teaching."

The class seized this idea. Their decision was that they would "put in their attendances" so as not to damage their own interests, but that they would pay no attention to their teacher's instructions. They regarded themselves as accepting the warning of the dead.

It is not hard to realise how Madame R—— suffered when she understood the position. She even appealed to the Educational Department, but its warnings and counsels were powerless against what was believed to be the oracle of the departed. In the end, in the interests of the benighted girls, Madame R—— had to go to another appointment. She had to give up her post because she could not die!

What had been mistaken for "ghosts," or how the idea had arisen, Madame R—— could never discover. She thought that perhaps the shadows of some trees hard by had laid the basis of the fancy, and lively and ignorant imagination had supplied the rest.

Madame Dralla always ended this story by saying, in her pretty, prim way:

"The direst and the least humane of wars is the war waged by the uncultivated and prejudiced mind."

Truly the ignorance of these Corsicans (at least within the last few years) is appalling. Madame Dralla told us that they actually believe that the first Napoleon and his son, the so-called King of Rome, and the Prince Imperial, who was slain in the Zulu War, are all still living. Oddly enough, they admit that Napoleon III. is dead, but the others, say they, are in safe-keeping in the mountains. On Napoleon's birthday, the 15th of August (the Roman Catholic Festival of the Assumption), she had seen the peasants gather round the emperor's statue which stands among the trees in the great Square of Ajaccio. They arrive in procession, kneel down, and sing a sort of national hymn, which, in its deification of the famous Corsican, is as blasphemous as it is superstitious. They believe that the Saviour was born in Rome, and that Napoleon arriving on earth on the Feast of Assumption was a sort of second appearing. Undoubtedly the papal power, which he treated with such hard measure, is not responsible for this delusion, which seems to arise from sheer national vanity.

Madame Dralla told us that the scenery around Ajaccio is very lovely. The road, which winds along the sea-shore, has on one hand a grove of brilliant tropical vegetation, running down to the sunny blue waters of the almost tideless Mediterranean Sea. On the other hand rises a hill, also clothed with orange and lemon trees and other lovely tropical products. On this hill stands the English church, built for the benefit of visitors wintering in the town. It is a pretty building of white and grey marble, daintily relieved by the dark foliage of the orange grove in which it stands. The ground in front of the church is carefully cultivated according to the English fashion, and is full of beautiful flowers, its trim neatness contrasting with grounds entrusted to Corsican gardeners, who, encouraged by their sunny climate, think that Nature is strong enough to take care of herself.

When we expressed interest in a church being built wholly of marble, Madame Dralla told us that Corsica possesses many marble quarries, a certain green marble, which is used for clock-stands and small ornaments, being specially valuable. It seems that the workmen in these quarries receive very small wages. Very often they are not paid at all in coin, but in chestnuts—a staple article of Corsican diet. In some places even material for clothing can be had in exchange for chestnuts.

Passing along this seaside road one presently sees the villas, chiefly occupied, Madame Dralla told us, by visitors from this country or from the mainland of Europe. Then a flatter region is reached, the road itself is on the very shore, and on the inland side one is struck by a succession of buildings, which look like little houses about seven yards long and five broad, with flat roofs and high narrow openings in lieu of windows. Few or none of these openings are glazed. Some of these little buildings are very elegant, but all around, close to their very walls, grow vegetables of every kind.

"What do you imagine this place can be?" Madame Dralla would ask us, in an impressive, dramatic whisper.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

What a Halfpenny Did.

An office-boy in London owed one of the clerks three-halfpence.

The clerk owed the cashier a penny.

The cashier owed the boy a penny.

One day the boy having a halfpenny in his pocket was disposed to diminish his outstanding indebtedness, and paid the clerk to whom he was indebted three-halfpence one halfpenny on account.

The clerk, animated by so laudable an example, paid one halfpenny to the cashier, to whom he was indebted a penny.

The cashier who owed the boy a penny, paid him a halfpenny.

And now the boy, having his halfpenny again in hand, paid another third of his debt to the clerk.

The clerk, with the said really "current" coin, squared with the cashier.

The cashier instantly paid the boy in full.

And now the lad, with the halfpenny again in his hand, paid off the third and last instalment of his debt of three-halfpence.

Thus were the parties square all round, and all their accounts adjusted.

Be Liberal.

"A man there was, some people thought him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had."—*Bunyan.*

No Home Without Her.—A Chinese proverb says: "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home."

Engaged.

"Do you so love him that you could die for him?" asked a spinster of a young lady of whose engagement she had just heard.

"No; but I love him well enough to live with him!" was the bright reply.

Healthy Housework.—Housework is healthy, and many physicians recommend it to women who need exercise. Walking is not enough; it exercises only the legs, while dusting and sweeping bring an entirely different set of muscles into play. It will be found, too, that many girls will take more interest in their homes if encouraged to assist in the care of them.

Politeness at Home.—In family life do not let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak more plainly to your associates, but you ought not to do it less courteously than you would speak to strangers.

Self-denial.—There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in that character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

Be Contented.—If poor people knew how hard the rich have to work and how little they get for it, they would be more contented.

Music in Japan.

The inferior position which music occupies in Japan is best shown by the fact that its chief, and until quite recently only, exponents are women, and women in that country are still treated as an infinitely lower sex than the men. Most men would consider that they were making themselves ridiculous by playing or singing in society.

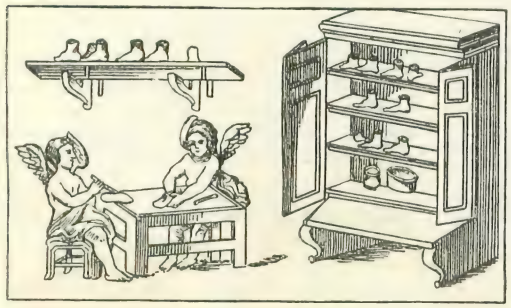
The music of Mikadoland, however, reflects in many ways the quaintness and the national grace of its promoters. It is, therefore, characteristic and individual; then again, nature in Japan is a silent teacher, singing-birds are rare, the most frequently heard being the unmusical crow; the air and the water seem motionless, and the result of this wan and weirdly peaceful environment is a peculiarly calm though monotonous style of music.

He Hated Noise.—The famous artist, John Leech, had a morbid horror of noise. Once he had been asked to a gentleman's house in the country for a few days' hunting. He arrived there in the evening. Next morning he was awakened early by a grating noise made by the gardener rolling the gravel under his window—it was a noise he never could endure. This had such an effect upon his nerves that he got up, packed his things, and was off to town before any of the family were aware of it.

How to be Unhappy.—The girl who is jealous and envious of her neighbour's success has foes in her heart who can bring more bitterness into her life than any outside enemy.

IN BUSK AND SANDAL.

"Fashions that are now called new,
Have been worn by more than you;
Elder times have used the same,
Though these new ones get the name."
Middleton's May of Queenborough.



WHO first invented shoes, or who were the first to wear them is not easy to determine, but it is supposed that when God clothed our first parents in skins of beasts, He did not leave them to go barefoot, but bestowed upon them shoes of the same material.

Whether this be so or not, we have abundant indications of the making and wearing of shoes and sandals, not only in the oldest historians and in the books of the Old and New Testaments, but in the ancient monuments of Egypt and other nations.

The very oldest form of shoe or sandal belongs to the Stone Age, and may be seen by the curious in such matters in the Museum at Mainz. This prehistoric shoe consists of a long bone, which is bored through at one end probably to make a place for a fastening, whilst the other uneven end provides the means of fastening it to the foot. The under part of the bone is planed smooth, probably by means of a flint.

The ancient Egyptians have left in their monuments the shapes of their shoes and sandals; as a rule they were made of palm-leaves or papyrus fibre interwoven like a mat, and prepared very much in the same way as willow-reeds are now for the basket-trade, only that the ancients split the fibre with a primitive wedge of wood. Such was the sandal in use in the time of Rameses II., 1200 B.C.; but for people in high position the plaited fibre was covered by woven silk or wool.

The Easterns did not often use leather for the soles of their sandals, as the cow and the ox were sacred animals, and, like illustrious men, they were embalmed after death. Another reason was that the supply of skins was limited, owing to the small amount of animal food consumed by the people, who lived principally on vegetables.

They evidently preferred vegetable matter to leather for the soles of their sandals, because they had no very sharp tools necessary for cutting leather; indeed, they had none sharper than bronze; the value and use of iron not being known to man until about 800 B.C.

"Man's earliest arms and tools were fingers, teeth, and nails; then stones and fragments from the branching woods; copper next, and lastly, as later traced, the tyrant iron."

In the cutting of leather they used a bronze tool something like a saddler's knife,* and instead of hammers they employed wooden mallets. In the accompanying sketch of the Egyptian sandal-maker, you may notice the various tools used by him.

Much of our knowledge of the ancient Egyptians has been obtained from their monuments and mummies, and from these we have not only learned the various shapes and materials of their sandals, but also that their feet were flat and long, with scarcely any curve inward, rendering them admirable sand-runners.

A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.
(*From a Roman vase in British Museum,* 2000 *years old.*)

The earliest shoe or sandal of which we have any knowledge was a sole held to the feet by straps or thongs of various widths; indeed, the Hebrew term for sandal signifies shutting in the foot with thongs.

We have no description of the sandal in the Bible itself, but we learn from the Talmud

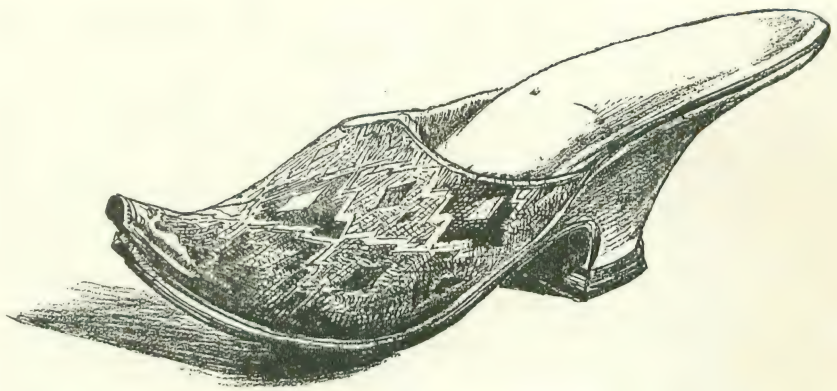
* This kind of knife was also used in the time of Hans Sachs.

BOOTS MADE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCESS ROYAL, AND PRINCESS ALICE.

and other sources that the materials employed for the sole were either leather, cloth, felt, or wood, and that occasionally it was shod with metal.

Tradition says that the origin of the foot-covering among the Jews was that someone took a piece of wood and cut a slab the size and shape of the foot, which served as a sole, and fastened it to the foot with a strap, and that this was the kind worn in Abraham's time.

The Hebrew women devoted a great deal of time and money to their sandals, which were made of the seal or badger, and it was no unusual thing to see the straps or thongs ornamented with pearls, gold-work, and even precious stones; gradually it became the custom to perfume their shoes with myrrh and costly essences, and not content to draw attention to their feet by the eye and the nose, they attracted the ear also by fastening bells and other tinkling articles of metal to their sandals so as to secure at each step a pleasant noise.



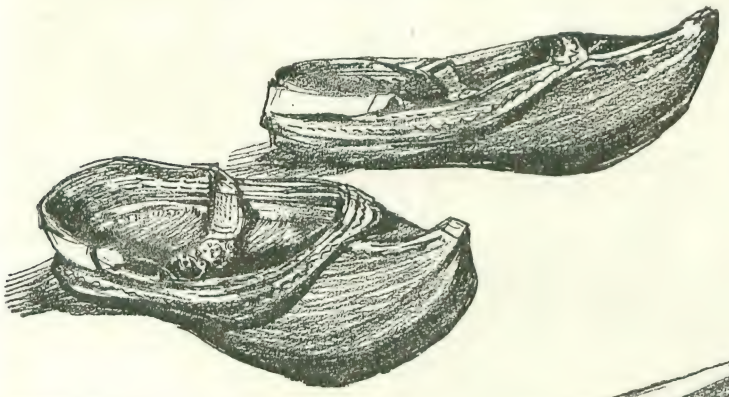
LADY'S SHOE, SILVER-TIPPED, 17TH CENTURY.

To carry or unloose a person's sandal was a menial office betokening great inferiority on the part of the person performing it, and involved a good deal of trouble. The Hebrews observed many strange customs in connection with shoes, and sought by their means to convey symbolical meanings, for example, when a contract of sale was foreshadowed by the gift of a shoe. The curious custom of throwing old shoes for good luck after a bride and bridegroom is derived from the shoe being symbolical of contract. By this peculiar symbol the possession of a piece of ground or other property was ensured to the purchaser just as if the seller said to the buyer, "Herewith I give you my shoe with which up to now I have trodden my house, my garden and my ground, in future thou wilt tread them and not I."

If a man refused to marry his brother's widow, she in the presence of all the people stepped up to him, loosed the shoe from his foot and spat on him.

The house of such a man was called among the Jews "the house of a barefoot," and he himself was known as the "shoe-loosed."

Shoe-making, or rather strap-making was a recognised trade among the Jews. On some of the sandals the thongs were so broad and so numerous as almost to cover the top of the foot.

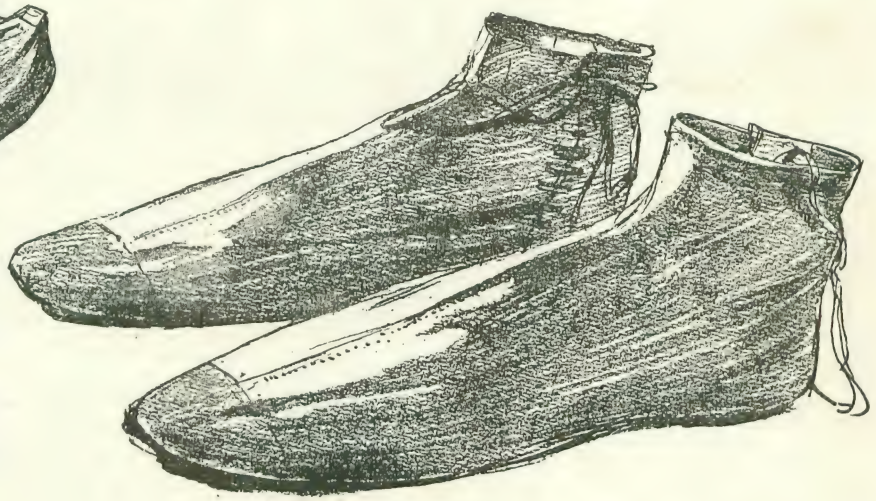


WORN BY LORD BYRON IN GREECE, 1822.

The every-day shoes of the Israelites seem on the other hand to have been of very little value, since a pair of them is mentioned as the lowest price for which one could buy a thing or a person. If one wanted to express the utter destitution of a poor oppressed man, one said, "he is scarcely worth a pair of shoes."

A special luxury of the rich Jews consisted in having the name of their lady-love engraved on metal, which they wore on the heel of the sole, so that when they trod on the sand or soft earth, they left the impression of it behind.

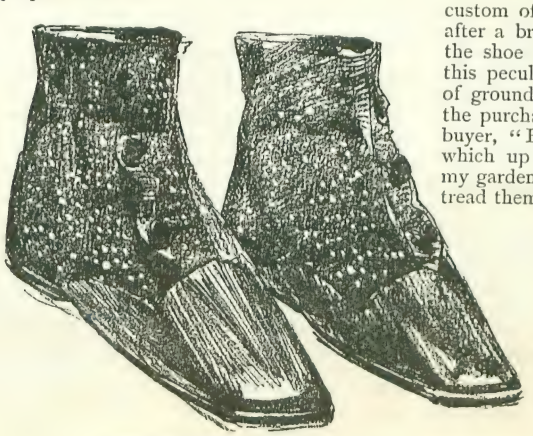
Whether the shoes and sandals of the Hebrews covered the whole foot or only the sole and toes one cannot say, but we know that in Palestine a heel strap was essential to a proper sandal.



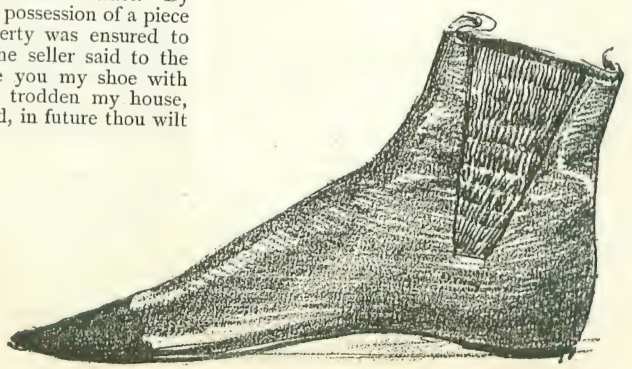
DRAB CASHMERE SIDE-LACE BOOTS, ABOUT 1840.

As a rule most of the nations near Egypt adopted its form of shoe or sandal.

The Ethiopians used more ornamented straps, covering them often with precious stones and gold.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S BOOTS.



FIRST ELASTIC BOOT.

(*Presented to Her Majesty, about* 1840, *by J. Sparkes Hall.*)

In ancient Assyria and in Babylon the high-born were privileged to wear sandals and shoes with coverings for the heels of gay-coloured stuff; the heel being reckoned then as the vulnerable part of the foot.

The ancient Medes and Persians wore shoes of yellow leather cut out in points over the instep and toes, and the higher the rank the more colours they used and the more richly were the shoes adorned.

The ancient Arabs wore a simple rough hair sandal, a higher development being then unknown; but when the Arabs were expelled from Spain they brought with them the knowledge of preparing leather. The nomadic Arabs have sandals whose straps are brought forward and drawn between the big toe and the next, and the shape appears to have remained the same for centuries.

The ancient Greeks not only imitated the Egyptians but excelled them in the art of shoe-making. The most important work of the shoemakers was done in special districts and in the height of the nation's prosperity; the materials used being felt, leather and other stuffs, and as a rule the sandal-makers tanned the leather themselves.

Tanning seems to have been intoduced very early into Greece; we know of the tanner of Smyrna in whose workshop Homer the Greek poet constantly read aloud his verses, and also of Simon the tanner of Athens, in whose house Socrates and other celebrated men met to discuss the laws of their country.

The exercise of every art and craft without regard to the trade was always honoured and esteemed by the Greeks. The Greek Iphicrates, whose father was a shoemaker, rose to the highest office in the state, and became a very famous general. One day Harmodeus taunted him with his mean origin, and in answer the General said, "My family begins its celebrated career with me, while thine will end ignominiously with thee; it is better to begin well than end badly."

Among the Greek ladies luxury attained such a height in their foot decorations that they not only coloured their toe-nails red, but polished them and wore costly rings set with precious stones on their toes.

The Spartans on the other hand exercised the greatest moderation, but in spite of their simplicity the Spartan shoes were celebrated.

Men wore boots as early as 700 B.C., and even then they were made on lasts.

The buskin was probably the invention of the women, because it made them look of more importance. It was formed of several sandal-soles laid one upon another.

The following legend is amusing:—"There was a time when the Greek women had very little taste for housekeeping, and spent a great deal of their time gadding about in search of pleasure. A clever Greek suggested to the women that they would look much better if they were taller, and invented for this purpose the leather buskin. The women were pleased, but it made walking about difficult, and they were compelled to remain more at home or in its neighbourhood. But," says the legend, "never trust women, they are ever slyer than men. One fine day they discovered that cork buskins would be much lighter than leather. No sooner thought of than done, and the women ran away as before in search of pleasure."

It must be noticed as regards the shape of the buskin or sandal that the ancients never chose that which disfigured the foot or exercised a harmful or painful pressure on any part of it.

The Lydian and Tyrian make of shoes and sandals was considered by far the best, and it seems that even so far back a certain division of labour was introduced.

A pointed form of shoe appeared in Ancient Greece, which some centuries later found great favour among the French and English. It is wonderful what a mass of information is obtained of a country, its habits and customs, by a study of its shoes and sandals in ancient times from monuments, vases, medals and frescoes. It is often difficult to distinguish between the foot-coverings of the Greeks and of the Romans they are so much alike.

The shoes or sandals of the Ancient Romans were originally of rude untanned leather, but as the people became more refined, shoes of more delicate material were worn.

The shoemakers worked in tents while the sandal-makers and cobblers had booths to themselves, and many from each of these sets worked in large factories at all branches of the shoe trade.

The foot-covering varied in different parts of the kingdom, and the people wore shoes, sandals, or boots according to taste and fashion.

The Roman actors used to wear such very large masks, that they made their bodies look disproportionately small, and to remedy this and raise their stature, a thick-soled boot was invented called buskin, but it was only as a rule used in tragedy. In some scenes a shoe called soccus or sock was used, and hence the phrase, "heroes of the sock and buskin," when we would call attention to a company of actors.

A very interesting discovery was made a few years ago of a Roman shoemaker's workshop in Mainz, which gives a good insight into the methods of shoemaking in that early period.

The Romans were liberal patrons of the art of shoe-making, for in the time of Domitian the streets were so encumbered with cobblers' stalls that they had to be removed.

Luxury and extravagance were shown among the Romans, as among the Greeks, in the ornamentation of their shoes, and they were equally particular in keeping the purple sandal for the use of kings and those of high rank.

Sandal ties were coloured to match that of the head ribbons, and it was easy to detect the rank of a person by the colour and shape of his foot-covering.

The Roman women made their shoe or sandal an important part of their toilette; as a rule they were made of thin white or coloured leather, which fitted well, and were ornamented with silk embroidery, pearls and precious stones.

In the Imperial days the sexes rivalled each other in the extravagance of their shoes, the prevailing colours being white and red, while the Emperor and illustrious people wore gilded ones set with jewels. Later on the consuls wore golden shoes, which were superseded by red leather boots reaching to the knee, and among the people of both sexes boots with heavy nails were worn.

The Romans wore the sandal on bare feet less than the Greeks, and it gradually became the custom to use a beautifully coloured foundation and to bind the straps over it.

The senators' shoes had a turned-up point in front similar to that worn centuries later.

The priests among both Greeks and Romans wore simple leather shoes reaching to the ankle with incisions right and left, and fastened in the centre.

The colours of servants' and officials' shoes were settled by law, not only in Rome but in Greece also.

At the excavation of Pompeii, a wardrobe was found, inside which eleven shoes were discovered of tightly-fitting shapes, each having a shoemaker's last within it.

In Britain, when the inhabitants emerged from a state of barbarism, they began to adopt in a measure the costume of their conquerors; but it seems that St. Crispin, the patron saint of shoemakers, introduced the making of shoes into Britain.

The ancient Britons wore shoes made of raw cow-hide with the hair turned outward and reaching to the ankles.

The shoes of the early Saxons were constructed on the Roman model, and in the eighth and ninth centuries the Anglo-Saxons wore a sort of stocking reaching half-way up the thigh: the material was of linen as a rule, though sometimes skin, cloth and leather were made use of. Foot-coverings like these may be seen to-day among the peasants of the Abruzzi and Apennines. The Anglo-Saxon princes and high ecclesiastical dignitaries wore shoes of gold covered with precious stones.

William the Conqueror introduced very long hose reaching to the waist, which continued in fashion until Henry VIII., when they were reduced in size and fastened to the drawers.

The shoes do not appear to have altered much until the twelfth century, when they

became an absurd form, the toes being drawn out in a peak to a great length. The historian of the day says they were invented by some one deformed in the foot, and D'Israeli affirms they were introduced by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, 1132–1189, who had an excrescence on one of his feet. These peak-toed boots excited the wrath and contempt of the writers of the period, and were strictly forbidden to the clergy. Robert, Duke of Normandy, persisted in wearing the old-fashioned shoe when the beaux of the day had adopted the new and absurd one, and was nicknamed "short boots" or "curt hose."

It was not a single nation, but the whole of Europe that began to vie with each other in the fashionable follies of buskin and sandal; even Germany which up to now had kept itself out of the extravagant follies of France and England, was drawn into the whirlpool, and although efforts were made to stamp out the ridiculous fashion of the pointed shoe, they proved of no avail; as time went on the point of the shoe was three times as long as the foot, and to enable the person to walk, the point was fastened to the leg by fine metal chains; even then it was difficult to wade through mud, and to remedy this evil, wooden clogs called clappers were worn. From the fifteenth century, a good many shoes of the period have been preserved, and good artists like Peter Vischer and Albrecht Dürer have left valuable works behind from which we gain information. Jost Amman was a great artist and worked in combination with Hans Sachs. He has depicted a shoemaker's workshop of his period, the sixteenth century, in which sit two men, the side-light forms an open shop-window, above which hang very wide slippers and shoes, and a pair of children's shoes; in front is a woman buying a pair; the master, Hans Sachs, is serving her; near him lies a cutting knife, in shape the same as that held by the Roman shoemaker. Hans Sachs is saying:—

"Come in, all that want a boot or shoe,
For I make them here both good and true;
Slippers lined with cloth,
Waterboots and slashed shoes of latest fashion."

Shoes slashed in various patterns, and buskins of velvet and satin with very broad round toes were much worn in Henry VIII.'s reign, and by the time Mary was queen, they had increased so much that she, by proclamation prohibited them from being worn wider than six inches.

About the latter end of the sixteenth century, roses were worn on shoes of small size at first, but in Charles I.'s reign, they were so large as nearly to hide the shoe. The ladies, in Charles II.'s reign wore very high heels to their shoes, and men wore Spanish-leather boots ruffled with lace or lawn. Hessian boots were introduced about 1789.

The foot-gear of African nations when walking is either of skins, wood, or brass.

Shoemaking is considered by the high-class Arab as an unclean trade, and the maker is regarded as a pariah.

"The Ful," a tribe in the West Soudan, are the most intelligent of all the Africans; their tools show cleverness and their dyes are celebrated throughout Central Africa. They are clever sandal-makers; they send them in large numbers with other leather goods to North Africa. The richer people of West Soudan wear shoes of red or yellow-tinted kid skin, which are often ornamented with embroidery, while the poor go barefoot or wear simple sandals of buffalo skin. The Nubians wear sandals cut out of a single piece of leather covering the whole foot.

The Australian Tribes did not wear sandals before European times, and their only knowledge even now of dressing leather is by stretching, scraping, and scrubbing; and the leather is sewn together with the sinews of the tail of the kangaroo after the holes have been bored by a sharply-pointed bone.

Among the ancient American nations, the Indians of the Table-land of Mexico wore sandals tied on the feet with bands as among the ancient Greeks.

The Esquimaux wrap round the thighs, legs and feet alike with leather, beside specially protecting them with big wide boots. When the wife has to carry several children at once, on a journey, for example, she packs them away in her wide boots, which are fastened with fish-bones.

When the people of Kamschatka want to be very smart they wear a special sort of half boot whose soles are yellowish or white seal skin leather, and the upper part, which is sewn on, is made of a variety of coloured pieces. These shoes are bound round the ankle with thongs embroidered lavishly with gold and silver.

In the interior of Asia, both sexes wear wide high boots; in the hot season, however, the women go barefoot.

In Thibet the foot-gear is the most important part of the people's costume, and regarded as a protection from cold; the upper part is made of woven material, and the soles are of leather.

There are many legends, tales and proverbs about shoes, boots, and sandals, which are fast passing out of the memory of this generation, but this is not the place to gather them up.

Nothing could be more suitable as a close to this article than a short description of the interesting exhibition of boots, shoes, clogs, pattens, and sandals, got up last year by the ancient Company of Cordwainers, regardless of time and pains, in their Hall in Cannon Street, in order that those who take an interest in the covering of the human foot may have the opportunity of seeing examples of that used in every age, and by all nations. And not only this, but what is even of greater importance to us English people, of noting how our workmanship and materials bear comparison with other countries, not only in times past but in the present.

The modern boot- and shoe-making is practically illustrated, and valuable prizes offered to competitors, both at home and abroad, for the best workmanship, material, and cut, and it is cheering to find that never have boots and shoes been so exquisitely fashioned and finished as they are by makers of the present day, at a moderate price.

It is a matter of satisfaction to see that in designing and fabricating the foot-gear of to-day, the British handicraftsmen hold their own with French and Americans, both of whom are clever, shrewd competitors.

It will be a surprise to many to see the exquisite beauty, both in texture and colouring, of the skins of kid hung up in the lower room. It is a pleasure to look at them.

In the upper hall the foot-covering of nearly every nation is represented, and some of the old Roman military boots, shoes, and sandals exhibited were unearthed from London soil by excavators, and nearly every style of boot, shoe, and sandal mentioned in the former part of this article may be seen here.

There are a few specimens in this hall of universal interest, which attract large numbers of people towards them. One is the first pair of side-elastic boots, which were presented to Her Majesty, about 1840, by Mr. Sparkes Hall, the design of which "was registered this 15th day of May at the hour of twelve o'clock at noon for Joseph Sparkes Hall, of 308 Regent Street, proprietor thereof, in pursuance of the Designs Copyright Act, 2 Vict. c. 17."

I have heard that the Queen has worn this kind of boot from that day to now. They look very old-fashioned.

Then there is a group of little black shoes and boots worn by the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Alice when they were small children, about 1844-45. They are not what we should call pretty and dainty to-day, but were evidently comfortable.

Another specimen of interest is a pair of drab cashmere side-lace boots, with the laces still in them. This style of shoe came into fashion at the same time as the elastic side, about 1840.

A pair of shoes worn by Lord Byron in 1822, together with his hat and gloves, draws many people; but, perhaps most of all, a pair of boots, size 8, beautifully made from the ear of a South American elephant, attracts the public.

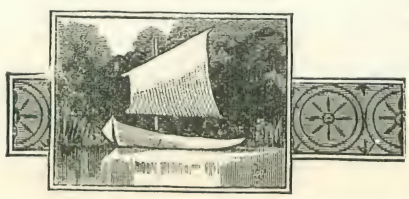
A pair of shoes, with silver points to the toes, looked like a pair of bellows; they were evidently the commencement of metal-pointed shoes in the seventeenth century.

We were struck with one or two so-called prize shoes, made about eighty or ninety years ago, not intended for wear but as specimens of high-class work and design, made by "Dons" (best workers in the trade) in their leisure time. The shoe or boot being finished, the "Don" would take it to the inn or hostelry and offer it for sale, as something unique, to the landlord. He sometimes would give as much as £30 for it, and then he would make a little exhibition of it, charging perhaps a shilling each for a sight of it. In this way he would make £50, covering the first outlay and having £20 to the good, not mentioning the hundreds of glasses of beer he had sold extra.

A second so made was the identical one made and exhibited to raise funds for the defence of the notorious Chartist bootmaker, Fay.

I hoped to have seen here a strong demarcation between the periods of hand-sewn and machine-made boots; this would have been interesting.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the Cordwainers' Company for giving the public an opportunity, gratuitously, of viewing one of the best exhibitions of foot-gear which has ever been shown in London.



THE GOAT AS A PET FOR GIRLS.

PART II.

In my first paper upon this subject I gave my views as to the advantages of the pet goat, and directions how to set about obtaining a kid to act in this capacity, and finally how to bring it up "with the bottle."

Supposing now that it has passed through the interesting period of early kidhood and begins to evince an interest in vegetable food. The period when this stage is reached varies very much in different individuals and at different seasons, for in spring, "when green buds are a-swelling," the tender shoots of early vegetation form a much more tempting diet than is afforded in winter by the more ascetic fare available at that season. In the spring therefore a young kid will probably commence to supplement its milk diet at the age of ten days or a fortnight, and in the course of a few days afterwards will be found to be willing to partake of whatever may be set before its elders.

The most important point to observe in feeding goats, young or old, is to provide the food in sufficient variety. Goats will not eat a large quantity of any one sort of food, be it ever so much to their liking, but they love to go from plant to plant nibbling off a few leaves here and a few more there. In winter, when perforce the pasturage must be more restricted in variety, they are apt to turn to a habit that has perhaps more than any other of their delinquencies led to the disfavour in which they stand with gardeners; this habit consists in the neat and rapid removal of the bark from the skin of any tree that may be within reach, and in this manner it is astonishing what an amount of damage may be done in a short time, but as I have before suggested, the temptation to this vice is very much less in summer when the variety of food available is so much greater than in winter.

If the kid is being reared for show, it will be necessary to adopt a more generous scale of feeding than if use is the object in view. A goat's most useful attribute is its power of converting into wholesome milk a quantity of fodder that would otherwise not be turned to profitable account, and therefore to feed largely with corn and other costly foods is a mistake except under special circumstances. The more liberty a goat can enjoy the more profitably it may be kept, but its ignorance of the etiquette of good behaviour in the garden renders entire liberty usually undesirable. My own goats (from twenty to thirty in number) are never allowed to feed unattended, and an account of their treatment may form a guide to those who wish to know something of the feeding of goats.

The meals are somewhat numerous, as digestion is rapid, and the amount of food that must be dealt with to produce an abundant flow of milk is considerable.

Their breakfast consists of corn and bran in winter or dried acorns in summer, and is given at milking time—about 7 A.M.; at 9.30 they go out upon pasture, attended by a boy with a whip to enforce obedience to discipline. At 12 they return to ruminate on what they have gathered, and go for a second time upon pasture from 3 till 5. At that hour they come in to a second meal of corn or acorns, and are racked up for the night with some cut grass or hay. Kept in this way goats are long-lived and healthy animals. For the last two years I have taken a couple of goats away when I have gone with my children for our holiday in Devonshire, and in this case, as I wish to obtain the largest possible quantity of milk, I have adopted a higher scale of feeding. The cost and results I have published in *Milch Goats and their Management* (Vinton & Co.), and may be excused for quoting them here.

"The two goats were allowed the run of a little yard with shelter from the wet. Their breakfast, given while they were milked, consisted of a good half pint of oats or scalded maize, with a double handful of coarse bran, to which was added any available kitchen refuse. At midday they received each an armful of weeds cut from a disused piece of garden-ground—sow-thistle, comfrey, dandelions, cleavers, and coarse grass.

"At about six o'clock they were allowed to follow some of our party to the beach and range the neighbouring waste land for grass, thistles, bramble, horned poppy, and other seaside fodder, following us home at dusk. Their supper consisted, like their breakfast, of corn and bran.

"One of these goats was yielding, after six weeks of this life, exactly six pounds fourteen ounces of milk, or nearly five and three-quarter pints daily. Thus it will be seen that this one animal yielded produce to the value of £2 7s. (cow's milk price) during our stay of seven weeks, the total expense for food, hay, corn and bran being 5s. 4d."

The range of choice of fodder will be found very varied. Ivy-leaves, sow-thistle, dandelion, cow-parsnip, cleavers, being especial favourites, with the leaves and twigs of oak, birch, hawthorn, hazel, privet, and other hedgerow trees, in fact very few plants come amiss, and those the goat knows well how to abjure, with the exception, as I have before noted, of the rhododendron. In winter, a daily meal of carrots, parsnips, or mangold, will assist much in the production of milk, together with refuse from the garden and kitchen, and rotten apples and other waste fruit.

An article of diet that must not be omitted is salt. A lump of common rock salt should lie where the goat can lick it from time to time.

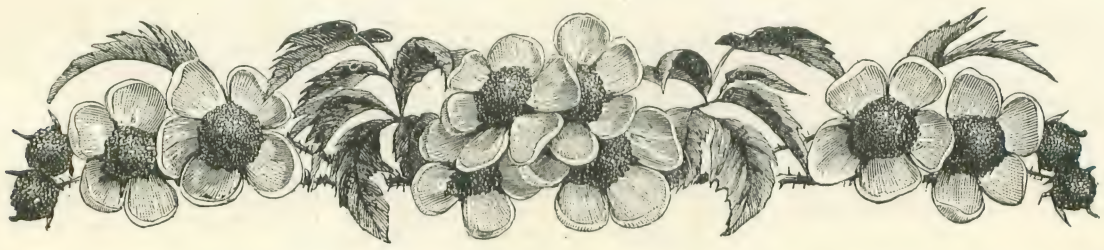
In winter, goats will browse freely from gorse bushes, and this food is said to be extremely nutritious to animals, who, like our useful friend, are enabled to defy the protecting prickles.

Water, sweet and good, should be always at hand, and in hot dry weather the goat will take considerable quantities.

Finally it must be remembered that the food and water must be given with due regard to cleanliness, for the goat is most exacting in this respect, and unless half starved, will assuredly refuse food whereon its delicate nose detects any trace of impurity.

Bryan Hook.

(*To be concluded.*)



ADVICE TO GIRL-CYCLISTS.

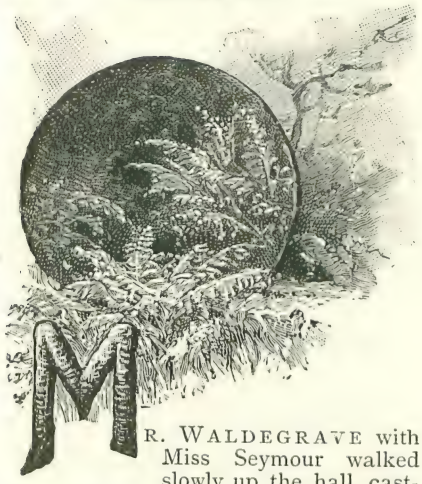
Cycling, however delightful it may be to ourselves, is perhaps not so enchanting to the large number of the general public who do not cycle. The introduction of thousands of cycles among the traffic, and along the country roads, has a tendency to create discomfort, unless riders are careful. It is just as well to avoid adding to it by every means in one's power. For this reason the lady cyclist should avoid riding on the wrong side of the road, ringing innocent people violently out of the way, when she might just as well get out of their way herself, and a variety of other transgressions; she should not complicate traffic by riding through it for mere bravado, instead of because it is absolutely necessary; and should never ride in it with both hands off, or sitting on one side of her machine. It is not only her own neck she endangers, but the lives of other people, and she is guilty of criminal carelessness when she forgets this.

She should not dress in a style to excite undue notice, or make her pastime unattractive in the eyes of outsiders. Every cycling woman who appears in public, looking neat, trim, and charming, presents to the public an attractive advertisement; she makes other women want to follow her example, and recommends it in the eyes of all beholders. If, on the contrary, she looks loud, fast, and simply a fright, she is doing it infinite harm, and prejudicing all sensible people against it. To look a fright on a bicycle is one of the simplest of matters, and can be readily achieved by anybody. One has only to wear garments badly cut and badly made, and thoroughly unsuited to their purpose, and, lo! the end is accomplished.—*From Handbook for Lady Cyclists.* By Lillias Campbell Davidson, *President, Lady Cyclists' Association.* (Hay Nisbet & Co.)

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.



MR. WALDEGRAVE with Miss Seymour walked slowly up the hall, casting a friendly glance at the long row of girls. Mary Percival had risen with the rest, but sheltered half behind Katharine, bashful and hesitating.

The artist was a kindly man of middle age, with a beard already beginning to turn grey, and piercing dark eyes. He wore a velvet coat, and looked, as the girls thought, very much as a painter ought to look. Two or three times he passed his forces in review with leisurely step, then riveted his gaze, to Mary's astonishment, upon her face.

"Will you allow me to see your profile, please? That way, now this. I shall be glad if you will help us, Miss ——"

"Percival," supplied Miss Seymour, beckoning Mary from the ranks with a smile.

A crimson wave of colour dyed the girl's face. "Mr. Waldegrave does not know"—she faintly said.

The two elders held a brief colloquy in an undertone. "Not the very slightest objection," the artist observed pleasantly and courteously, stepping forward to hand Mary to a seat. "I will see that you are put to no inconvenience whatever."

Here was a delightful turn of events! Katharine's joy and triumph were with difficulty suppressed, while some of the other girls felt a surprise the reverse of agreeable. The shabbiest, poorest girl in the school, with a physical defect! "At all events we need not take it as a slight if *we* are omitted," whispered one consequential damsel to another.

They did not realise the fact that Mary's expression was beautiful, refined by the patience of suffering, by the discipline of a hard, self-denying life, nobly borne, and also by the pursuit of a high ideal in her chosen art. It was this look in her face, no surface loveliness of feature, which had made Mr. Waldegrave think of her at once as one of the angels for his fairest scenes. There is a beauty which the plainest of us can win if we choose; the beauty that foretells the angel we may become when life is past.

There were few faces with such a character in them. Mr. Waldegrave passed to and fro, scrutinising, examining profile and full face, and selecting one and another. Katharine and Nora were both chosen; so was Marjorie Grace, so were the Fortescues; Christabel Ford was one of the last to be called from the ranks. When about thirty in all had been chosen, Mr. Waldegrave made a brief harangue to them and to the rest. They must meet for their rehearsals on such and such evenings; each girl must be responsible for her own dress, which he would prescribe at their next meeting and there would be a great deal to be done in the way of scene-painting and so forth, for which he would be glad to receive help. After a few general observations on what lay before them, he took a courteous leave.

Thanks to his tact and kindness and Miss Seymour's remarks beforehand, nobody was piqued or angry at being left out, though it would not have been in human nature not to be disappointed. What the tableaux were to be, and who was to be who, were the questions that now agitated each girlish mind, but for this information they had to wait. Meanwhile lessons were not (and this was specially insisted upon by Miss Seymour) to suffer in the very least by reason of the pleasure two months ahead.

The next time Mr. Waldegrave came to the school he fully explained his programme.

The tableaux were to be five in number, and were as follows:—

1. Childhood. First meeting of Dante and Beatrice.
2. After nine years. The Salutation.
3. The Passing of Beatrice.
4. The Warder at the Gate.
5. The Epiphany of Beatrice.

And that our readers may understand them, a few words of explanation shall be given.

"It was the custom," writes Boccaccio, "in our city (Florence) for both men and women when the pleasant time of spring came round to form social gatherings in their own quarters of the city, for the purposes of merrymaking. In this way Folco Portinari, a citizen of mark had, amongst others, collected his neighbours at his house upon the first of May, for pastime and rejoicing. Among these was the aforesaid Alighieri, and with him, it being common for little children to accompany their parents, especially at merrymakings, came our Dante, then scarce nine years old, who, with the other children of his own age that were in the house, engaged in the sports appropriate to their years. Among these others was a little daughter of the aforesaid Folco, called Bice, about eight years old, very winning, graceful, and attractive in her ways, in aspect beautiful, and with an earnestness and gravity in her speech beyond her years. This child turned her gaze from time to time upon Dante with so much tenderness as filled the boy brimful with delight, and he took her image so deeply into his mind, that no subsequent pleasure could ever afterwards extinguish or expel it."

Such was the beginning of the story which has had so far-reaching an effect upon literature and art. In the "Vita Nuova" or New Life, Dante himself tells the tale of his meeting with the child. "The New Life waked within him from that moment, and its strength and purity made him strong and pure." And this encounter with the little Beatrice was to be the subject of the first tableau.

For year after year, this vision dwelt in Dante's heart. He was progressing apace in the accomplishments and learning of his time, and was also feeling his own power as a poet. He watched the growing Beatrice, but, strange to say, never talked with her, nor exchanged greetings with the object of his adoration. But nine years after the first meeting, she saluted him in a public place where she was walking with two companions; and her few words of greeting thrilled his soul to its very depths.

This second encounter was the subject of the second tableau.

It is strange that there should have been such slender foundation for so all-absorbing a passion. But Beatrice was the ideal inspiration of Dante's life. He never, as far as we know, wooed her for his own, and she died in the flower of her age. His anguish at her death was expressed in poetic utterance, and has formed the subject of a very beautiful modern picture, to be in some way reproduced in the third tableau.

The image of Beatrice, never altogether banished from Dante's life, came with transfigured beauty near its close to guide him to the performance of his last and greatest work. She had suggested the lyric poetry for which he is illustrious; she became the inspiration for his "Divine Comedy" which is the imaginary recital of the journey of Dante through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. In this great poem, Beatrice is represented as having, from her throne in heaven, beheld Dante tempted by the errors of this life, and as descending to beg the spirit of Virgil to conduct her lover through Hell and Purgatory. Then she herself becomes his guide through the ineffable splendours of Heaven.

Two scenes, in the tableaux, were taken from the second division of the poem "Il Purgatorio."

"The Warder at the Gate" represents the angel, described by Dante, at the gate of Purgatory, while Dante and Virgil approach and ask for admission. The final tableau is *the meeting* of

Dante and Beatrice in the Earthly Paradise, which is described as a garden on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory. Here Dante is plunged into the stream of Lethe, that he may forget the past: a gentle lady, "Matilda," helps him to emerge. Beatrice stands on the further bank to welcome him, and around her are others; a poet Statius; groups of elders; the symbolical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and angels.

This is but a brief summary of what may be the study of a lifetime, but it may throw a little light upon the construction of the tableaux on which the High School pupils were engaged. The whole story of Dante is one of especial interest to women, for it affords a powerful and striking illustration of what power may be wielded by one girl, not wonderful, but sweet, serene and modest in the grace of womanhood, fitted to charm and to inspire, and always, in her personality, embodying to her adorer the grace of heaven. For it was what Beatrice symbolised, rather than what she actually was, that enlightened Dante.

It will be an irreparable loss if any new developments in the "Woman Question" should make an ideal inspiration of this kind impossible in the future!

Perhaps the girls who were engaged in the reproduction of these scenes learnt lessons from the story they were depicting. Certain it is that one and all of them tried to throw into the representation the utmost power they could bestow. The excessive stress laid on every detail, the amount of attention and rehearsal necessary, and the scene-painting all involved hard work. This last was of a novel kind. Immense sheets of canvas were laid on the floor, and Mr. Waldegrave and any girls with artistic talent zealously painted away with a very large brush indeed, producing effects that were extraordinary when viewed close at hand, but very striking when seen at a distance. Mary Percival took special delight in this work! She and Katharine entered into it with immense zeal, and Mary one day showed Katharine a sonnet by Sir Theodore Martin which pleased them both. Mr. Percival had pointed it out to his daughter.

"Beautiful Florence! As in dreams I stray
Along thy storied streets, meseems as though
I saw, as Dante saw long years ago,
A bevy of young girls come up the way
Flushed with the freshness of the fragrant May.
And of them one especially I know,
Fair, maiden-modest, and with looks that so
Bless where they fall, they every pain allay.
And now she turns, drawn by some mastering spell,
Where all a-tremble the young Dante stood,
And 'neath her grave sweet smile his eyelids fell.
Divined he then, through Paradise she should
His footsteps guide up from abysmal Hell
To Heaven, star-led by saintly womanhood?"

(*To be continued.*)

NO PLACE AT HOME.

By L. H. YATES.

ALL who have much to do with the employing of women, especially in newer fields of work, know that the majority of the applications with which they are continually besieged come from those for whom there is "no place at home." These, swelling the already full ranks of the genuine unemployed, may, and do occasionally, succeed in filling the coveted posts, at least for a time, taking with delight the few shillings whereby they increase their pocket-money, and robbing the worker, in very deed and truth, of that which represents for her all the difference between absolute want and comparative comfort.

Let the daughters who contemplate "revolt" think of this.

On the other hand, with increased education, with a wider range of thought, and a more varied literature for thought to feed upon, the daughters of this generation cannot and will not be made to run in the conventional grooves their forerunners tracked out. Their individuality—the strongest, most inconvenient thing about them—makes them restive under restrictions. They cannot behave as the code of propriety laid out for them requires they should do. They must try their wings, be it for ever so short a flight, although they know, too, that on the journey their plumage is sure to be ruffled, and perhaps a few feathers lost.

The youth who, being remonstrated with by his father for ways of which the latter "had seen the folly," answered, "But, father, I want to see the folly of them too!" and his desire was not considered unnatural; but the girl who "wants to make her own minor mistakes," is considered very unnatural indeed.

It is argued by anxious parents that the dangers which beset unprotected young women are too many and too grave to be needlessly risked; that in making her "minor mistakes" she may fall into grievous error. But when actual need arises, this argument is the last to be urged.

A mind rightly trained, whose thoughts are pure, may pass unscathed through the very midst of evil. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Although we do not place ourselves in entire sympathy with the rebels, we freely acknowledge that the daughter's right to a life of her own, to a business, a profession, and a place in the world, is an indisputable one. She herself is keenly alive to this fact, every feeling, quivering sense within tells her it is so.

She does not ask for the *Wanderjahre*, that is considered her brother's birthright (a right which, when his manhood is acknowledged, he claims in many ways). She does not always ask even for a share in his university honours, but she does claim an equal right to prove and test her own theories and ambitions. He is a wise guardian who will gracefully allow her somewhat of the liberty she craves.

If the liberty to prove herself has been freely conceded, and her trial has proved unsuccessful, she returns a more willing captive, and falls into order contentedly, filling a humbler destiny with a better grace. Where the trial-test has been well withstood, when the path has been found and the feet planted therein, wisest guardians are they who then change their position of guardian for that of friend; holding the reins still, but in such sympathetic check that their restraint is scarcely felt.

This bond of friendship is the only real and abiding tie even between parents and children; the physical link becomes weak when distance comes between, if there is no loyal feeling of friendship to weld it firm.

Where this friendship exists friction is rarely felt, however opinions may disagree; it is not in homes where friendship reigns that discontent finds a place.

If the wave of discontent shows signs of gathering strength in any household, threatening to break out into open revolt, it will not be calmed by closing the eye and shutting the ear. Forewarned is forearmed, and a difficult situation must be straightly faced.

Let the young bird try her wings by all means, when the home-nest grows too small, but see that she is not sped out of it before she is fully-fledged.

Equip her efficiently, skilled labour always finds its mart, but great is the blame to be laid on those who add one more to the vast army of incapables.

The avenues open to women branch in every direction, there are few roads left that are closed to them, therefore, if home has no binding needs and duties to lay upon its daughters' shoulders, let them choose from among the paths before them. Then give them an apprenticeship to labour, let their choice be what it may.

Every skilled worker adds some quota to the enrichment of the world, but the dabbler robs not herself alone but her fellow-craftswomen as a body, by depreciating their craft itself, lowering the estimation of women's work as a whole, lowering her own claims to recognition, and, chiefest robbery of all, depriving another, by the pittance she takes, of her right to a better place and worthier pay.

Assuredly, when there is "no place at home," there is a place waiting elsewhere; what is required is that we set about to find where that place really is, and fit ourselves to fill it to our utmost capacity.

Odds and Ends.

THERE has recently died in Victoria a most remarkable old lady who has left a great mark upon the history of that colony. Mrs. Hallett, who was eighty years of age when she died, was the mother of the first white child born in the province of Gippsland, and was really the discoverer and pioneer of the rich gold-mining centre, Walhalla, which is situated in the heart of the North Gippsland Mountains. She it was who first found a track leading over the mountains into the now famous town, when an expedition was sent to rescue a then well-known prospector and his party, bearing her share in the frequent encounters with the natives who tried to bar the progress of the rescue party. She had the reputation of being the best bushwoman in the wild highlands of Victoria; and in the early days when the blacks were troublesome frequently led successful attacks against them.

THERE is a curious custom at the Court of Spain on the day after Epiphany. On that day a royal coach, its six horses ridden by postilions and its coachman in state livery, drives from the King's palace to the palace of the Duke de Hijar. Inside the coach are a chamberlain and a valet, who have with them a large silver salver, upon which rests the suit of clothes the reigning king has worn upon Epiphany Day. This they solemnly present to the Duke de Hijar, who receives it as his right. The origin of this custom dates as far back as 1431. In that year a plot was laid to assassinate the then King, John XI., at the Epiphany Festival. Just before the plans of the murderers were to be carried into execution, the Count Ribadeo entered the hall, and after speaking a few words to the King the latter and the Count left the room together. The conspirators at once guessed that the Count had denounced them, and rising to a man, they forced their way into the King's bedroom, and killed the person they found there, who wore the same clothes as the monarch. But the King and the Count had exchanged clothes; and ever since, the suit worn by the Spanish sovereign on Epiphany Day, has been presented to the descendants of the Count Ribadeo, the present representative of the family being the Duke de Hijar. The Count's descendants have also the right to sit at the sovereign's table.

"FROM a worldly point of view politeness is the best stock-in-trade that one can possess. It has opened more doors of advancement than any faculty, genius, or art, because for strangers there is no other way to judge another's character than by externals. Even the spurious politeness which is assumed for certain purposes or to accomplish certain ends, has a degree of success, because it overcomes prejudice and wins good opinions."

"A LITTLE wrong, a trifling injustice, an insulting word, piquing our self-love and personal vanity, stirs us more effectually and interests us more really than the chances of being lost or saved. And yet we dream we are serving God."—*F. W. Faber.*

"IN taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is his superior"

THE newest career which is now open to woman is that of agricultural lecturer, Miss Margaret Neilson Fraser being the pioneer, by being the first woman to pass the annual examination of the Highland Agricultural Society, and winning her diploma. Miss Fraser was born in Wigtownshire, and has studied agricultural science for the past two winters at the Glasgow Technical College, taking first honours in agricultural chemistry and botany, whilst during the two past summers she has conducted classes and given lectures and demonstrations on butter-making, under the control of the Caithness County Council. There are many women living in rural districts whose intimate acquaintance with dairy work and agriculture might be made use of, with the greatest advantage to the ignorant who are desirous to learn.

"THOSE exercises which are not common are not to be exposed to public view; for things private are practised more safely at home. Nevertheless, thou must beware thou neglect not those which are common, being more ready for what is private. But having fully and faithfully accomplished all which thou art bound and enjoined to do, if thou hast any spare time, betake thee to thyself, as thy devotion shall desire. All cannot use one kind of spiritual exercise, but one is more useful for this person, another for that. According to the seasonableness of times also, divers exercises are fitting; some suit better with us on working days, others on holy days. In the time of temptaton, we have need of some, and of others in time of peace and quietness. Some we mind when we are pensive, and others when we rejoice in the Lord."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

A VERY simple treatment will cause an old straw hat, which appears too dusty and dirty to be worn again, quite bright and fresh. A piece of lump sugar, or a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, should be dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water. The water should then be rubbed freely on the hat, and allowed to soak in, it being applied with a brush or a sponge. At first the hat will be limp and soft, but if it is allowed to dry well in the air and sunshine the straw becomes fresh and stiff again. The brim can be pressed into any new shape before the straw is quite dry.

AN amusing story is told of a mother who was the proud possessor of twin girls, who were so much alike that it was almost impossible to distinguish them apart. One night when they had been bathed and put to bed, she heard a sound of laughter coming from their bedroom, and at once went to inquire the cause. "What are you laughing at?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins; "only you have given me two baths to-night and Alice none at all."

ALUMINIUM has been put to all sorts of uses, but the most extraordinary comes from Germany, where aluminium neckties are rapidly becoming a fashion, both for ladies to wear with blouses, and with gentlemen. They are made in exact imitation of the shape of the ordinary silk or satin tie, and are fastened by a band round the neck. There is said to be absolutely no difference between them and cotton, cambric or silk, in weight, and they are easily cleaned when soiled.

THERE are some very interesting legends told with regard to the contents of the vaults of the church at Axium, the capital of King Menelik of Abyssinia. It is declared that in these vaults the Ark of the Covenant is preserved, as well as the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments delivered to Moses upon Mount Sinai. In addition, there are said to be vast piles of papyri, which have as yet been untranslated. The explanation of the presence of these treasures in the capital of the Christian Abyssinians is that they were brought from Jerusalem by the founder of the present dynasty, the first Menelik, who was the son of the Queen of Sheba. Although Menelik was born after his mother's return to her kingdom, he was brought up at Jerusalem, whence he fled into Abyssinia after the sacking of that city by Shishak, King of Egypt, carrying with him certain treasures from the Temple which were threatened with destruction and defilement.

THE reigning Emperor Menelik is going to give permission for the searching of the vaults of the cathedral church at Axium when the present troubles in his kingdom are over, and also for the exploration of a famous monastery situated on the Holy Island of Debra Sau, on the great lake of Zuoi, to the south of Shoa. This island is guarded entirely by monks, who, after having once taken up their residence there, are never permitted to leave it. It is reported to possess a wonderful library, some of the books and parchments belonging to the famous library at Alexandria having, it is said, found a resting-place there after their final dispersion by the Caliph Omar in A.D. 641.

A SAILING-SHIP some time ago, on leaving Belfast for the United States, took on board two thousand tons of Irish soil as ballast. An idea occurred to some one on the vessel, and this soil was levelled out making quite a large patch. This was at once planted with cabbages, leeks, peas, beans and other vegetables, which thrived wonderfully. The crew amused themselves by gardening, and after a little time there was a constant supply of fresh vegetables which could be gathered daily, in spite of the rapid growth of weeds which could be only kept down with great difficulty. Live pigs were carried on the vessel, and the last one was killed and served with green vegetables just as the vessel entered the Columbia River. On arrival at the port of destination, the soil, being no longer required for ballast, was piled up neatly on the wharf. It was a curious experiment, and one that suggests many possibilities, granted that space would be available.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GWENDOLINE.—The so-called Cleopatra's Needles were erected about 1600 B.C. by Thothmes III., at Heliopolis. One was removed to Alexandria about 23 B.C. It was long imbedded in the sand, and was acquired by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in 1801, for Great Britain; but was not removed on account of the enormous expense, long subsequently undertaken by Sir Erasmus Wilson. It was transported to England in 1877, was abandoned in a terrible gale, and afterwards recovered, and arrived here on Jan. 27th, 1878, and placed on the Embankment. It weighs 186 tons 7 cwt. 2 st. 11 lbs. Its height, from base to point, is 68 feet 6½ inches.

A SCHOOLGIRL may safely leave the question of the medical profession till she be older, when she should consult her family as to ways and means to begin with. She can begin Latin, however, even at twelve years old.

WILLING TO LEARN.—We think a course of gymnastics would be of service to you in every way. You could find an evening class.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—Your question is too wide. Of course we consider that the "G.O.P." contains all the things which are useful for a girl to know.

RUSSIAN VIOLET.—1. The name "cowslip" is thought to be a misnomer for "cowsleek."—2. We suppose women marry at the earliest age in India.

CLEMENCE, FAITHFUL FRIEND, MAGGIE.—We do not believe in brotherly and sisterly relations between young men and women, nor do we think such friendships are good for either party. "Platonic love" is generally the idea of some dishonest man who wants to flirt and amuse himself regardless of the pain he may inflict.

ELIZABETH.—All three autographs are worth having, of course. Gail Hamilton is an American (her real name being Mary Abigail Dodge) and has written *Country Living, Country Thinking, Gala Days*, and other books. She lives at Hamilton, Massachusetts, from whence she has taken her *nom de plume*.

FROM INQUIRER.—1. Forms for making wills can be purchased of any stationer.—2. The address of the Lady Guide Association is 352, Strand, W.C.

FAVERSHAM.—There is a distinction between "Men of Kent" and "Kentish men." The former are those born east of the Medway. Kentish men are natives of Kent, without regard to a special birthplace. "Maids of Kent" and "Kentish Maids," are terms that follow the same rule. The "Men of Kent" went out with green boughs to meet the Conqueror, and thus obtained a confirmation of their ancient privileges from the new sovereign, and they call themselves the *invicti*. "The Holy Maid of Kent" was Elizabeth Barton, who, assuming the gift of prophecy and working of miracles, foretold the speedy death of Henry VIII., in consequence of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, on which account she was put to death. "The Fair Maid of Kent" was—the only daughter of the Earl of Kent, Edmund Plantaganet — Joan, Countess of Salisbury, and wife of the Black Prince.

QUEEN OF SHEBA.—For the window-boxes, lobelia for the outer edge, and nasturtium, calceolaria, geraniums, fuchsias, and marguerites, are all easy to grow and inexpensive to purchase.

M. P.—The Liverpool Training School of Cookery, Royal Institution, Colquitt Street, trains teachers in all branches, including dressmaking. Hon. Sec., Miss F. L. Calder, 49, Canning Street. There is a Y.W.C.A. Branch and Home, 71, Shaw Street, Liverpool.

DOWSABEL.—The 6th of Nov., 1864, was a Sunday. The 2nd of October, 1875, was a Saturday.

BELL.—1. Acidity is probably the cause of the hiccough. Try a little bicarbonate of soda, as much as would cover sixpence, in a wineglassful of water. Sip a little occasionally. Fluid magnesia is also good.—2. The wife of Cain was named Adah.

AN IGNORAMUS.—The name Lois is from the Greek, and means good, desirable.

WHITE VIOLET.—Alethea is from the Greek, and means truth. The name Katherine is also Greek, and means pure.

GIRLS' OWN READER.—The quotation, "On earth, the broken arc; in heaven, a perfect round," are from *Abt Vogler*, by Robert Browning.

WATER IRIS.—1. Laddie, Robin, Lassie, Queenie, Watch, or Roy, are good names for a collie.—2. Be-vis is pronounced as it is spelt.

FLEXBURY.—Corks can often be extracted from stone jars and tin bottles by means of a looped string, and the exercise of much patience.

MOTHERLESS.—The card is never sent in on the occasion of a visit, except in the case of a businesslike visit, to inquire about the character of a servant. If a first visit, leave your card and that of your father, on the hall table, as you pass out. This is the method of leaving both name and address for reference.

A LOVER OF "G.O.P."—The Latin motto of one family of Taylor is *Consequitur quodcunque petit*, "He obtains whatever he asks."

J. E. S.—August 10, 1871, was a Thursday.

GREY AND GREEN.—1. The chief circumstance which led to the French Revolution was gross misgovernment, the people being so crushed under taxation, that they were starving. In 1715, one-third of the poorer classes perished from want. France was brought to the greatest misery, and seemingly incurable bankruptcy; the country being overrun by tax-collectors, who extorted money from the people, while the nobles were free from taxation. 2. Helen of Troy was the wife of King Menelaus, of Sparta, who eloped with the Trojan prince, Paris, while he was the guest of her husband. To avenge this wrong, the Siege of Troy was undertaken.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

VOL. XVII.—No. 869.] AUGUST 22, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CORSICAN MAIDENS, MANNERS, AND MYSTERIES.

A FRENCH TEACHER'S MEMORIES.

PART II.

THE village of little houses standing in gardens, which I have described, narrated Madame Dralla, is nothing more nor less than a Corsican graveyard. The Corsicans have a great reverence, of a kind, for their dead. If they are rich they keep beautiful lamps burning scented oil near the departed ones. Rich and costly draperies are folded around. Each departed one has his own place, and each place has its own ornaments. Sometimes one finds poetical inscriptions half-hidden by the hanging.

Nobody but a native can really appreciate these verses, for they are written in a language which is taught in no school—the Corsican *patois*, a mixture of Italian, Greek, and French. They are composed by one or other of the strangely-gifted women who are summoned when there is death in the house, and who sit down by the corpse, calm and indifferent, but presently catch the inspiration of sorrow, and give it expression when it comes and as it comes. These women can seldom write or read, yet their improvising is exquisitely beautiful. Its utterance seems to relieve the mourners, who listen with rapt attention. These weird *improvisatoires* go to rich and to poor alike, and they are as eloquent in the meanest cottage as in the grandest mansion.

In Corsica the coffins are highly ornamented. The dead always get a new costume to be buried in. A widower will spend all his savings to buy a silk dress for his dead wife, though she would never have dreamed of such a thing in her life, and though he may have to starve himself and his children to make up the cost. One terrible thing about this is, that as the hot climate of Corsica necessitates that a funeral must take place within twenty-four hours of the death, the ornaments and dresses are often prepared as soon as a fatal termination of illness is believed to be imminent—a custom which explains the coolness with which Madame R—— was requested to prepare for her prophecied demise. Sometimes the dying one does not die, but returns to life, alas! to find that there is nothing left to live on. But the convalescent finds consolation in having received such a mark of affection from her relatives, and the funeral insignia is stored up as a memorial of their devotion.

A BANDIT.

CONTADINI.

Madame Dralla had one Corsican friend of good position—her son being a colonel in the French army—who keeps what she intends shall be her last dress, a beautiful white and gold embroidered robe, carefully folded away in a box of scented wood, her own explanation being that she was anxious to have this solemn vestment made according to her own taste, and would not trust her daughter-in-law with so serious a commission.

Certain men, called "the death-hunters," attend funerals, and are engaged in combat by the mourners. A regular struggle takes place, and if a bereaved son shows great courage and prowess, the other relatives say to him,

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"Now we know that you really loved your father." If "the death-hunters" are injured, the family pay them compensation.

The coffin's crossing the threshold is the moment for the women to manifest their love and sorrow. They gather at a window in the upper storey of the house, tear out their hair and fling it on the coffin. After that the procession for the cemetery is formed. Rich people hire women-mourners, who tear their hair and scratch their own faces, and are paid in proportion to the amount of mutilation they can bear to inflict on themselves.

Despite this dramatic and organised display of grief, Corsicans allow children to play in the room where a corpse is lying. A French friend of Madame Dralla's had been horrified to see a horde of village children invade the death-chamber of her little daughter, and prepare to play marbles there. Of course she sent them away. Thereupon her Corsican servant came to her, in a dignified way, saying that since children had been forbidden the house and the door locked upon them, she herself would leave the house at once. So she did, and what is more, she carried off with her everything eatable! And this was not a theft, but the usual custom of the country. One can imagine the pain and terror of the grieving mother. But friends came to her, and each of them brought food, wine, coffee, etc., this being another national custom.

For one week after a Corsican lady becomes a widow she must wear a strip of thick black woollen material tied on her eyes. During the same period she must be fed and led about by the hands of her friends. All chairs in the room must be turned down; windows and doors are made thoroughly fast. The room is not cleaned for a week, neither may any fire be lighted in the widow's house.

"Of course," said Madame Dralla, "people from the Continent are not inclined to submit to these customs, and for this and for certain other reasons it is difficult for us to get on thoroughly well with country people in Corsica. Their ideas too, about right and wrong, are different from ours. Concerning the 'vendetta,' for instance."

We all cried out that surely they could not claim any "right" about that, but must simply choose to do what is wrong, as some people do everywhere.

Madame Dralla shook her head wisely.

"No," she said; "Madame R—— had an experience which convinces me that it is not so."

Madame R—— was asked by the department to go and settle on new lines a little school in a poor and remote mountain district in Corsica. She could travel by train to a certain point. From there she had to take a mule, the road being too steep and narrow for any conveyance. And she was recommended to take the guidance and protection of one Guglielmo, a prudent, courageous, honest inhabitant of the village of her destination.

She found him waiting at the railway station. He selected a mule for her and an ass for her little niece, who accompanied her. He also fixed the time for their start. It must be understood that a mule is the correct steed in such places. Horses are best for a flat country, but on hills mules are to be preferred, and an ass is, indeed, better than either.

They decided to start at 10 P.M., for though it was the month of September, the heat was still excessive, and it was more pleasant to ride by night than by day. The night proved a splendid one. The moon was full in the starry sky, the air was pure and invigorating and laden with perfumes of the wild flowers of the country. All seemed peace, rest, and serene light. They rode rather silently, for Corsicans do not talk much unless they are excited, when they not only speak without giving time for reply, but gesticulate so vehemently that one would think a quarrel had broken out and that they were coming to blows. So far from this being the case, excited talking seldom means a quarrel. When infuriated the Corsican is silent, bides his time, and strikes down his enemy coolly and effectually.

They left the town and its suburbs behind, and took a steep road up the mountain side to a place which is marked on the map as the "Col de St. Georges," the French giving the name "Col" to any narrow passage between two mountains. As they went higher and higher they could see the sea stretching to the right, the mountain side rose on the left, and the whole scene was exquisite. On the sea—nay, on every tiny wave of it—was reflected the lanterns, of divers hues, which the fishermen fasten to their boats to attract the fish. The little girl was delighted with the magical spectacle, and Madame R—— herself was glad to make a frequent halt to enjoy this beauty.

Riding on they presently found themselves surrounded by abrupt peaks, and soon after midnight they entered the Col de St. Georges. Madame R—— could scarcely describe her sensations. She said they seemed shut up, apart from the world. In the narrow pass the darkness was intense, and only a few stars remained in sight, while the shrubs on either hand looked like weird supplicating dwarfs, stretching out their arms and warning of unseen dangers. The girl shivered, as much with nervous emotion as with cold. Indeed, when Madame R—— offered her another wrap, she answered: "No, auntie; I am not cold to want a shawl. It is in my heart that I feel the cold."

They were glad to reach an open place with an inn and a few houses, commanding glorious views of the surrounding country. But from that place onward the road became very bad. It was a narrow pathway winding on the flank of the mountain, with an awful precipice at the other side. They were about 1800 metres above the level of the sea.

Madame R—— addressed her guide. "Why do you not have a better road to T——?" she asked, naming their place of destination.

He answered curtly. "Because we do not want it."

Presently, glancing up the mountain side, Madame R—— noticed among the shrubbery and brushwood certain strange lights, which sometimes seemed to go out in one place, only to appear in another, while some were stationary and others moving. She took opportunity, when the road broadened a little, to bring her mule beside Guglielmo's and inquired—

"What are those strange lights that I see?"

"Nothing," he answered.

"Why nothing?" she retorted. "I can see them. Why will you not answer me?"

"I told you 'nothing,'" he persisted.

"They cannot be people charcoal-burning," she suggested. "The mountain is too high for that."

"No; there is no charcoal-burning."

"Then what is the glare?" she reiterated.

This time Guglielmo replied with a question: "Do you believe in the law of honour?"

"I shouldn't be a Frenchwoman if I didn't," said Madame R——

"Do you believe that this law is above any other?" asked Guglielmo.

"Above any other human law perhaps," answered Madame R——; "but it is encompassed and superseded by the Divine law."

"The greatest of religious laws is love to God and to our neighbour," said Guglielmo, "and then co-revenge for the sake of justice and protection."

"Revenge?" interrupted Madame R——. "Vengeance belongs to God alone."

"God gives vengeance to those who are strong enough to claim it and wise enough to deserve it," observed Guglielmo.

"Then the vendetta?" said Madame R—— interrogatively.

"Vendetta," returned Guglielmo, "is a law promulgated by God, who has said, 'Tooth for tooth, eye for eye.' And those lights are the bandits who have given up family, fortune, and all the joys of life for the great law of revenge. Who has exiled them from their homes, their wives, and their children? Honour! Always honour. The banditti are the glory of our Island of Corsica, and the personification of our national feelings. If any day you are in danger, pray God to send to you a bandit, and you will be saved, for he will stake his life ten times to save yours. He may beg you not to forget his starving little ones; but he will not rob you of a farthing had he all your fortune in his hands."

Madame R—— knew that what Guglielmo said coincided with all she had heard of these terrible men of the mountains, whose one idea is to wreak vengeance on the objects of their family hatred. Yet she felt very uncomfortable. The path had become so narrow that they had to ride in single file. Suddenly the report of a gun was heard, the sound reverberating among the peaks. Guglielmo rode on unconcerned. "What is it, auntie?" whispered the terrified child, and Madame R—— herself instinctively felt for the pistol which she always carried with her on such lonely and romantic journeys. Her effort to do so caused her mule to slide, and many pebbles went rattling down into the chasm below.

"Leave your mule alone, madame!" said Guglielmo, sharply, "the beast knows its own business better than you do." He simply thought that madame had pulled at her rein. What would he have said had he known that she was thinking of a means to protect her life!

At last, they arrived at Z——, the poor child half asleep on her ass. "I suppose there is an hotel here?" asked Madame R——.

"An hotel! Goodness, no!" answered Guglielmo.

"Then where can I get a few hours' rest before I begin to inspect the school?" she inquired.

"You can stay with us, if it pleases you," said the peasant. "We have a French bed, where you may lie down with the little girl. My wife, a good wife, believe me, will see to make you comfortable. Do you accept my offer?"

"With pleasure," said Madame R——, and so the guide knocked at his door. It was now about four o'clock in the morning.

The cottage was a square building, with very few small windows; it had only one storey and a low narrow entrance door. The mules and ass were turned into a field hard by.

The door was not opened at once. A peephole was opened, through which a pair of bright eyes made inquisition of the arrivals.

"Open the door, Beppo, and quick," said Guglielmo. The door turned on its hinges and Madame R—— and the child followed the guide into a room, in the middle of which a fire was burning on some large stones, surrounded by a stone kerb or fender about a foot high. The fire had no chimney for its smoke, save a large hole in the flat roof. If one was seated near the fire one got the benefit of this hole and could breathe, but the rest of the room was smothering in smoke. However, Madame R—— glancing round could discern the forms of ten or twelve men, short, as nearly all Corsicans are, dirty beyond expression, and so shy that their downcast eyes did not meet hers. It was impossible to discriminate their features, but she noticed that each leaned on a gun, so that in the apartment, it was only the newly-arrived party and Guglielmo's wife who were unarmed.

"Take a place near the fire, madame, please," said the pure sweet voice of the mistress, "and be welcomed among us."

"And be welcomed!" echoed the armed men. And at the moment, the truth dawned on Madame R——; these men were themselves banditti!

One of them courageously coming forward lifted a huge log as if it were a straw, put it near the fire and bade Madame R—— "Sit there, you and the little girl will be better than seated on a chair!" The poor child was already asleep in her aunt's arms.

Madame R—— was then hospitably asked what refreshment she would take, and expressing a wish for coffee, if they had any, was answered—

"We have always some good coffee; we could not live without it. These bandits, as soon as they leave their homes, never again touch wine or spirits; then they must have some coffee or die."

Astonished at this "Temperance" annunciation, Madame R—— inquired, "Why do they relinquish wine?"

"Because these men have all a *vendetta*. If they were drinking some intoxicating beverage, they could not rely on being able to string up their nerves to act at any notice, or on having all their strength at their command. As they are always in danger, they must be always ready!"

"That is indeed true," murmured Madame R—— meditative on many things.

By-and-by she and the little girl were led into a side room, very bare but very clean. Sheets, pillow-cases and towels were taken from a great chest scented by aromatic plants. This was the only bedroom; indeed the only other room beside the big kitchen. Madame R—— and her niece had some quiet and refreshing repose.

They found that Guglielmo and his wife retired to rest in a kind of balcony set in the kitchen wall, forming a sort of gallery for that apartment. As for the bandits, they simply dragged a mattrass where they chose, far from the fire or near it, each according to his fancy. In the morning, these mattrasses with their accompanying pillow and blanket were rolled up and put out of the way.

"One may be sure that the school in such a place was rather primitive," said our teacher. Madame R—— used to give the following instance of its simplicity. Addressing the resident teacher, Madame R—— remarked, "I suppose you have always followed the regulations which have been drawn up by the Education Department."

"Of course," said the worthy woman, "and I shall always do so."

"Then I presume you have given instruction on the use of the thermometer, as I see that such an object-lesson should be given at this time of year?"

"Oh, madame! Please to excuse! The thermometer! My pupils hardly know the meter."

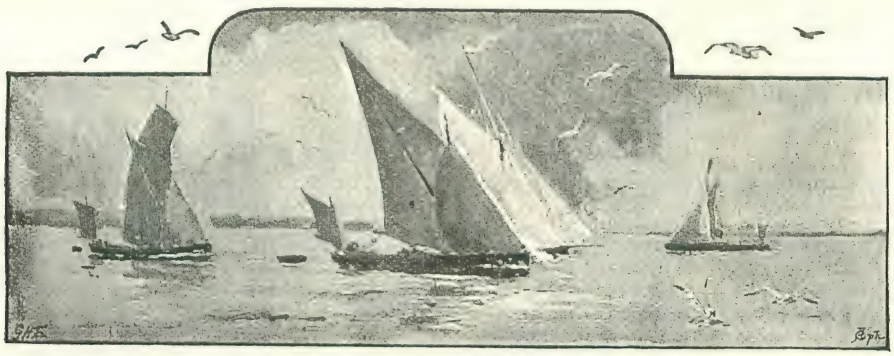
The good lady had taken the thermometer for one of the measures of the *systeme métrique!*

"Madame R—— always said," added Madame Dralla, "that mountain experience taught her, that even bandits, with a moral code which is to our consciences itself a great and terrible crime, are yet human beings like ourselves. And after all," she went on, "the true root of the evil is in the spirit of reprisal, and how few of us could say that it does not lurk in our innermost hearts! Nationally, it is still even justified and praised. The poor ignorant Corsican simply substitutes 'family' for 'nation' or 'race,' and justifies and applauds the same thing, killing and injuring those who belong to the hostile side, though he may have no more personal dislike for them or knowledge of them, than soldiers have of the soldiers of a hostile camp! It is very terrible, girls, and nothing can eradicate this evil principle of reprisal from the human heart, save the Divine Spirit inspiring us to practice the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount."

One of us asked, "Did you ever see anything of a vendetta yourself, madame? Did you ever come across any one concerned in one?"

"Yes!" said Madame Dralla, "I did." It was a solemn and awful subject, and yet a faint smile flitted across our teacher's thoughtful face. We all settle ourselves to listen with eager attention.

(*To be concluded.*)



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QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

341. By what name, of a descriptive character, was St. Luke known? How does his Gospel indicate, in some measure, his profession?

342. Where is this Evangelist first mentioned? What do we know of his previous and subsequent career?

343. Who were the parents of St. John the Baptist? Give a reference to the "course of (Abia) Abijah," and explain the meaning of the term.

344. Who was the angel sent to Zacharias, and where is his earlier appearance mentioned?

345. Name the four great Christian hymns found in this Gospel.

346. Relate the only incident mentioned in this Gospel which refers to the childhood of Christ.

347. How would you summarise the contents of this Gospel as regards the life of our Lord?

348. Name the parables that are recorded only by St. Luke.

349. What are the miracles recorded by St. Luke only?

350. What two remarkable incidents connected with the crucifixion are related by St. Luke only?

AMY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER IV.

AMY entered the comfortable house in Durham Terrace with mingled feelings. She recognised the familiar hat-stand, and a stick with a peculiar carved knob belonging to the master of the house. Her tears were ready to gush forth, but she held them in check. Agatha Wallace led her up to a spacious bedroom and briskly bade her bathe her face and smooth the hair she had left.

"I must just look after dinner for a few minutes. Come down into the breakfast-room when you are ready." With a smile Agatha ran downstairs.

Anxious thoughts of her mother crowded into Amy's mind as she bathed her face and adjusted her hat before the mirror. Her hat had a provoking way of slipping to one side, now that it had lost its supporting tresses. Amy could not refrain from a smile as she glanced at her rakish appearance. "I wonder if *he* would think me a strong-minded woman?" she murmured. She bit her lip and blushed, and with the gleam of the smile still in her eyes, she descended the staircase, and entered the tiny breakfast-room.

"Is that you, Agatha?" asked a manly voice from behind a newspaper.

Amy started, and her face became colourless.

"What, Amy, is it you?"

Amy stood perfectly still, and then swaying forward, she almost fell to the ground.

"Amy, dearest, you do love me."

"Forgive me. I—I thought you were from home."

"I started for the station, but I found I had missed my train. Are you so very sorry? But what have you done to yourself?" asked John Wallace rapidly. Once more Amy was overcome by what she considered deplorable weakness. She burst into tears. This time a loving arm supported her, and gradually her sobs died away, and a look of contentment rested upon her face.

When Agatha bustled into the room a few minutes later she was prepared for a scene of some description. The maid had just informed her of the return of the master, but as Amy had come downstairs before she could warn her, she thought the pair should have a little time to explain matters, and if possible come to a better understanding. She loved Amy dearly.

Agatha entered the breakfast-room with great ceremony, talking rapidly all the time.

"Deary me, John! Have you missed your train? You must have been very careless—so unlike you. Why, bless me! the fire is nearly out. You must have been asleep."

"Agatha, allow me to introduce you to my future wife."

"Oh, no, no," stammered Amy.

"Well, you will be at some indefinite period. I shall not give up hope, now that I have guessed a certain little secret."

Amy blushed a vivid crimson.

"Oh, you darling, I am so glad! There will be a chance for me now; Harold has almost given me up in despair. But you know I promised mother I would look after this young gentleman until he married."

For an instant a shade passed over the faces of the trio. Then with an air of mock disgust, John exclaimed, "You selfish young woman! Now, Amy, you will surely relieve me soon."

Though Amy had found a lover, she would not relinquish the idea of obtaining the post of saleswoman. Her mother was still her foremost care, and almost reproaching herself for her new-found happiness, she accompanied Agatha to the shop of Werrick and Vowles. Owing to Agatha's influence as John Wallace's sister, Amy had little difficulty in obtaining the situation, but, as she was not required to enter upon her duties until the following day, she bade a grateful farewell to Agatha and hurried home.

Amy found her mother still in the same condition of weakness and exhaustion. When she stole to the bedside the dim eyes opened, and kneeling by the pillow with her mother's hand in hers, Amy related the story of her temptation, and the joy that had succeeded it.

"My darling!" whispered the mother, "you are your father's child. He died a poor man because he refused a business that was unworthy of his principles. I did not think his child would have to suffer too."

"But, mother, it is all over, and I am happy, or I should be if you were well. Can't you get well quickly, mammy dear?"

"I shall be well in heaven, darling, with my Saviour and my God. You don't wish me to live in pain and weariness."

"But I shall be all alone, mother." The cry of desolation was wrung from Amy's lips. Recovering herself, as she saw a look of pain creep over her mother's face, she said, "Mother, I am a selfish wretch."

"No, no, dear, weep on if it relieves you. You will not be alone, my child. God will be with you, and you will have a good man's love and care. I am so thankful that I can leave you in such kind hands."

"No one on earth can ever be to me what you have been, mother. You have loved me ever since I was born, while he has only known me a little time." Amy blushed. "Mother, I love him so much, and he is so noble and good, do you think I shall disappoint him? I am often weak and silly."

Mrs. Gray smiled tenderly. "Be true to God and yourself, my child, and all will be well."

A long silence followed. Mrs. Gray's eyes were closed and Amy knew that she was praying for her.

Hannah Morley came to the bedside with an invalid's cup in her hand.

"Hannah, God is so good!" whispered the dying woman.

"You feel His presence with you, dearie?" asked Hannah.

A radiant smile played over the wan face.

"He is—ever with me," and closing her eyes Mrs. Gray fell asleep.

"She is not dead?" whispered Amy hoarsely.

"No, no; she breathes. Listen!"

Amy bent over the bed breathlessly. A faint, fluttering breath fell upon her ear. With a sigh of relief she turned away. Together daughter and friend sat by the bedside until the doctor came. He looked critically at the invalid and uttered an expressive "Ah!"

Amy clutched his arm and whispered "How is she?"

"She will soon be at rest, my dear."

"Could I have done anything to save her?"

"No, no, my poor child. Don't disturb her. Be very quiet. If she awakes don't annoy her with any bursts of grief. She is calmly passing away."

The doctor need not have warned Amy. With a face almost as still as the one on the bed, she knelt and watched. Mrs. Gray did not pass away in her sleep as the doctor surmised. An hour later she awoke and seemed refreshed. But she was too weak to talk, and with Amy's hand in hers, the night hours passed solemnly away.

Towards morning a change again became visible in Mrs. Gray's face. This time it was the change of death. Bending over the bed in silent grief, Amy realised that her mother was slipping from her, and that the parting must come. She met it bravely.

The first gleam of the dawn was piercing through the gloom when Mrs. Gray opened her eyes. She looked towards the window, and quick to read her mother's desire Amy raised the blind. A faint smile was her reward, and placing her arm beneath her mother's shoulders Amy raised her slightly so that she could breathe easier, and watch the rising sun. A look of inexpressible peace came over the dying face, and seemed to reflect itself in the youthful one above her. Amy was motionless with awe. The gates of heaven seemed about to open before her longing eyes. They did open to receive the gentle soul, but Amy did not see them. Slowly the sun burst forth, and with the heart-broken cry of "Mother!" Amy awoke to the fact that she was motherless.

Hannah Morley, with the tears raining down her cheeks, gently disengaged Amy's arms from the pale, still form. Throwing her motherly arms around her, she led her to a chair, saying, "Weep, weep my lassie, it will do you good."

And Amy wept. Her tears bore no bitterness. A loving daughter, though in sore bereavement can never suffer the horrors of remorse. At last worn out with grief and weariness she fell asleep and dreamed she was in heaven. Invisible hands led her through throngs of white-robed angels, and her father and mother smiled glad smiles of welcome as she passed. But the eyes of the angelic hosts were all turned in one direction. Irresistibly Amy followed their gaze. Bending towards her, she beheld a Face and Form too lovely for mortal tongue to describe. The Holy brow bore traces of cruel thorns, and the Hands so lovingly stretched towards her had vivid nail-prints in their palms. Suddenly the seraph-choirs were hushed and a voice of triumphant sweetness rang out loud and clear, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Beef Olives.—Cut cold underdone beef in slices half-an-inch thick, and four inches square; cover them with crumbs of bread, a little fat, finely-shred onion, pepper and salt. Roll the slices up and fasten them with a small skewer, then put them into a stewpan with the gravy of the joint and a little water, and stew them till tender. Serve with beef gravy.

Stuffing for a Turkey or Chicken.—Take some bread-crumbs and turn on just hot water enough to moisten them; put in a piece of butter, not melted, the size of a hen's egg, add a spoonful of pulverised sage, a teaspoonful of ground pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly, and stuff your bird.

To Fry Chickens.—Cut up the chickens, and season them with salt and cayenne pepper; roll them in flour, and fry them in hot lard; when the whole are fried, pour off the lard, and put in a quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of cream, a little flour, and some scalded parsley chopped fine for the sauce.

Brandy Snaps.—One pound of treacle, three quarters of a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, boil them for about five minutes, then pour it on three quarters of a pound of flour, add ground ginger to taste, then drop the batter on tins. Cut in squares and bake in the usual way.

Minced Veal and Eggs.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it very finely; fry a shalot or onion chopped small in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-colour, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste; mix well, add more stock if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire; lastly add a few drops of lemon-juice. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter placed round, and the poached eggs on the top.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Peel some fine ripe tomatoes, cut them up in small pieces, and put in a pan a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of tomatoes, with pepper, salt, and some pieces of butter; then put another layer of bread-crumbs and tomatoes, and so on till the dish is full. Spread some beaten egg on the top, and set it in the oven and bake it.

Sheep's tongues in Savoury Jelly.—Skin the tongues, lard them, and cook in good veal broth or any white stock until they are quite tender. Take out the tongues, boil down the liquor to a stiff, clear jelly, and pour enough of it over to cover them. To be eaten cold.

Veal Balls.—Two ounces of beef suet, two ounces of veal, the yolks of one raw and one boiled egg, one small onion, pepper, salt, mace, nutmeg, and lemon peel to the taste. Beat them all well together, fry, and serve in gravy.

Calves'-Feet Fricasseed.—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones in good-sized pieces. Dip them in yolk of egg, cover with fine bread-crumbs, pepper and salt them, fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

Gingerbread Cake.—Heat in a stew-pan three-quarters of a pound of treacle, half a pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, and half a gill of milk; have in a basin one pound and a quarter of flour, one ounce of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of soda, and three eggs; pour in the treacle, sugar, and butter from the pan, then add fruit—raisins, almonds, or peel; put the mixture in a greased cake tin, and bake in a slow oven for two hours.

Cauliflower and Cheese.—Boil the cauliflower. When done, put on the top a tablespoonful of grated cheese, and an ounce of butter in small pieces. Melt it well into the cauliflower before the fire or in the oven, slightly browning it. As a sauce for it, mix a teaspoonful of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, two well beaten eggs. Stir all well together in a saucepan over the fire, and strain through a colander, if not perfectly smooth.

To roast an Ox Heart.—Wash it well and clean all the blood carefully from the pipes; parboil it for ten or fifteen minutes in boiling water, drip the water from it, put in a stuffing which has been made of bread-crumbs, minced suet or butter, sweet marjoram, lemon thyme, and parsley, seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Put it down to roast while hot, baste it well with butter, froth it up, and serve it with melted butter and vinegar; or with gravy in the dish, and currant jelly in the sauce-tureen. To roast, allow twenty minutes to one pound.

Citron Pudding.—Line your dish with puff-paste; slice thin, orange, lemon, and citron peels, of each one ounce, six eggs (leaving out four whites) well beaten, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter melted; whisk all well together, and pour into the dish, bake one hour and serve.

Codfish Cakes.—Boil a piece of salt cod (take out all the bones), and with it equal quantities of potatoes. Season it with pepper and salt to your taste, then add as much beaten egg as will form it into a paste. Make it into thin cakes, flower them, and fry them of a light brown.

Cauliflower Salad.—Boil a cauliflower till about two-thirds done; let it get cold, then break it in branches, lay them neatly in a dish, adding salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and serve.

Rabbit Pie.—Skin two rabbits, wash them thoroughly, and cut them into small joints. Have some lean bacon and one pound of rump or beef steak; cut both into small pieces; place them all on a large dish, or on a chopping-board; sprinkle them with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and thyme, mix all well together, and put them into the pie-dish, adding forcemeat balls or the yolks of hard-boiled egg. Fill the dish with water; cover the whole with a light paste; beat up an egg with a pinch of salt, glaze the pie with it, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

Ham Cakes.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: take one pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together, put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage-machine; soak a large slice of bread in half-a-pint of milk, and beat it and the ham together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mould and bake a rich brown.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To a quart and a half of ripe raspberries put one pint of the best vinegar. Bruise them well, and let it stand for three days. Strain the juice through a bag, and add its weight of sugar. Boil it, skim well, and bottle it closely.

Lemon Mince Pies.—Boil four lemons until quite soft, beat the pulp and rind very fine, add one pound of currants, one pound of loaf sugar, one pound of beef suet, chopped fine. These pies are exceedingly rich; this quantity will make four pies. The currants should be well washed and dried before they are used.

Almond Puffs.—Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of pounded sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds, four bitter almonds. Blanch and pound the almonds in a mortar to a smooth paste; melt the butter, dredge in the flour, and add the sugar and pounded almonds. Beat the mixture well, and put it into cups or very thin jelly-pots, which should be well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes or longer should the puffs be large. Turn them out on a dish, the bottom of the puff uppermost, and serve.

Savoury Dish.—Melt a quarter of a pound of good cheese in the oven; when sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wine-glass of milk, beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

Duck à la Mode.—Take half-a-pint of rich gravy, a bunch of sweet herbs, two shalots, and an anchovy split; let these stew till the anchovy is dissolved. Take a duck, divide it into four quarters, fry them brown; pour off the fat, strain off the gravy and put to them; let these stew gently till the duck is done enough, adding a little more gravy if it seems too dry; then take it out, let the sauce boil a little, and be sure to skim off all the fat; lay the duck in the dish, and pour the sauce over it.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

To the young it always seems as though an ardently-expected event in the future never would and never could arrive. To their elders time flies almost too fast: an event is scarcely foreseen, when lo! it is here and over, and the procession of years fleet swiftly on. The girls at the Clevedon Hill High School were one and all anticipating the eventful nineteenth of December, which made Christmas pale in splendour. Katharine's "Dream-music" was finished, and won the approval even of Herr von Drachenfels. The repeated rehearsals had satisfied Mr. Waldegrave, so all seemed in train for a complete success.

During the preparation of the tableaux Mr. Waldegrave had been drawn to notice especially the pupil whom he first chose from the ranks, Mary Percival. Her ready sympathy, her quick appreciation of his meaning in the grouping of the scenes, her evident artistic taste and skill attracted him, and he was greatly interested to hear that she hoped to devote herself to the life of an artist. He gave her some valuable advice, and promised to do all he could to help her in the future.

On the night of December the 19th, a very distinguished assembly filled the great hall. In the centre of the front rank sat the Duchess of Chesterton, a woman well known for her interest in education, and a constant friend and patron of the schools, with Miss Seymour beside her. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell of course were present. Mr. Percival, wearing an extremely æsthetic expression and a eucharis lily in his buttonhole, had edged himself well to the front. Some of the visitors noticed his sensitive, finely-cut face, and on hearing he was an "author" were much impressed, and wondered if he really could be the husband of that faded, ordinary-looking lady by his side in the dowdy black silk. What good fortune for her to have married a man so evidently superior to herself! The lame brother of Miss Withers had come, and sat beside her, his pale thin face beaming with anticipation. Miss Withers herself had visibly improved during the year, and was less timorous in bearing, more content and happy in expression.

A throng of the notable people in the district and the parents of the pupils filled the gallery and the body of the hall. The curtain hung as yet in front of the platform; just under this stood the grand piano, and the girls who formed the choir sat in serried rows of white, facing the audience.

Exactly at eight the proceedings opened by a Christmas Carol, well rendered by the fresh young voices. Then the elocution mistress, Miss Temple, took her place on a rostrum facing the audience, and in a voice of rare power and sympathy recited the words that should prepare the audience for what was coming.

"Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the selfsame point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice* by many, who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life for so long as that within her time the starry heaven had moved towards the eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree, so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age . . . I say that from that time forward Love quite governed my soul. He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, 'She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God.'"

(Here began soft, low music. The reader continued:)

"Because mine eyes can never have their fill
Of looking at my lady's lovely face,
I will so fix my gaze
That I may become blessed beholding her.
Even as an angel, up at his great height
Standing amid the light,
Becometh blessed by only seeing God:—
So, though I be a simple earthly wight,
Yet none the less I might
Beholding her who is my heart's dear load,
Be blessed, and in the spirit soar abroad.
Such power abideth in that gracious one;
Albeit felt of none
Save of him, who, desiring, honours her."

The curtain slowly rose and displayed a scene which drew murmurs of admiration from the audience.

In the foreground the youthful Dante—Marjorie Grace—in a tunic of blue, held the hand of his mother, Nora Lovell. He was turning half round to look upon the little Beatrice who, clad in red, was between her father and nurse, and was bending a gentle gaze upon him. A torch-bearer stood behind.

One of the younger girls had been selected for Beatrice, and Katharine represented the nurse. Miss Seymour trembled lest any one of them should move or laugh. She need not have feared; each girlish form was immovable. The lighting was admirably contrived, and the picture, in its exquisite blending of colours, with the background of the Florentine street, was charming to behold. When the curtain fell there were thunders of applause, and it was raised a second time to allow the spectators to take in each detail of the tableau.

Another part-song followed, and then Miss Temple rose again. Nine years have passed; those difficult nine years which Dante students can hardly understand, by reason of their lack of outward association with Beatrice. Many Dante students indeed will scarcely believe that Beatrice was a real person. The question is too complicated to discuss here; certain it is that there was a lady who was the ideal of Dante's life, the inspiration of his song, and what may seem extravagant in his words may be explained by the fact that he exalted his love into an allegory of all the nobler spiritual forces of life.

"My lady beareth love in her fair eyes,
And by it all she sees doth noble make;
As she doth pass, all turn for her dear sake,
The man she greeteth thrills in ecstasies,
And bending low, grows pale as one that dies,
And mourns for every least defect he hath,
And from her presence flee false pride and wrath;
Help me, fair ladies, to her praise to rise;
All sweetness and all lowliness of thought
Springs up within the heart that hears her speech,
And the first sight of her brings sense of bliss,
But when she doth a little smile, O this
May not be told, nor memory this can teach,
So new and fair a miracle is wrought."

In this tableau Katharine and Nora were the "gentle ladies." One of the Misses Fortescue was Beatrice, Marjorie Grace's elder sister was Dante himself. Again all stood immovable, and loud applause greeted the tableau.

* *I.e.* She who confers blessing.

As Katharine was concentrating her energy on keeping her position, she became suddenly aware of a familiar presence in the hall, at the furthest end of the gallery. Whose was that face intently fixed on hers? She dared not look, either then, or when the curtain rose again; but as soon as the tableau was over, she rushed to Mary Percival, and exclaimed—

"Do you know, Mary, I am certain that your cousin, Douglas Gordon, is in the gallery!"

"Douglas Gordon! Nonsense; he is in Switzerland," replied Mary. "Do calm yourself, Katharine; your solo is soon coming."

"I am calm enough, but he is there, and I believe he tried to catch my eye on purpose, to startle me in the middle of my tableau."

"Oh, I shouldn't think he'd do that, it would be so ill-natured," replied Mary. "But" (anxiously) "I hope he will not introduce himself to father."

"I shouldn't think he'd do *that*," retorted Katharine; but Mr. Waldegrave was already marshalling his forces for the next tableau, in which neither Katharine nor Mary was required. A violin solo (Gounod's "Ave Maria") from one of the pupils was in progress before the curtain; then the solemnity and peace appropriate to the next tableau were aided by the singing of a peculiarly sweet carol, arranged as a part-song for female voices.

Many of the visitors in after years remembered the exquisite pathos thrown by Miss Temple into her next recitation from Canzone IV. to Canzone VI. of Dante. Only a brief extract can be given here.

"Then Love said, 'I'll not hide it from thy sight,
Come, see thy Lady as she there doth lie;'
Then dream-like phantasy
Led me upon my lady dead to look,
And as a glance I took,
Fair dames were wrapping her in cere-cloth white;
And with her was such true humility
It seemed as though she said, 'In peace am I.'
Into high Heaven hath Beatrice passed,
That kingdom where the angels find their peace;
And dwells with them; from you, fair dames doth fly.
It was not spell of cold that killed at last,
Nor that of heat, that other lives bids cease;
But her own great and sweet benignity;
For the clear light of her humility
Passed into heaven with such exceeding power,
It roused great wonder in the Eternal Sire,
So that a sweet desire
Came on Him to call home so bright a flower,
And bade her pass from earth and mount up higher;
Because he saw this troublous life of care
Was all unworthy of a thing so fair."

A hush of reverence stole over the audience as the reciter emphasized the words *In peace am I*, in her rich and beautiful tones.

The picture seemed to give an embodiment, once and for all, of the mystery of love and of death. It was partly a reproduction of Rossetti's symbolical painting. Beatrice lay in her shroud beneath a canopy; the towers of Florence were seen in the distance; angels guarded her head and feet, while Love, with torch inverted, led the grief-stricken Dante to gaze upon the face of his lady. Beatrice was dead; yet by her death she did more than by her life. She became a symbol to her lover of all that was divine, to which he was hereafter to aspire. And to her influence we owe the poem which has been aptly called "The Voice of The Silent Centuries."

In her life she never could have done so much; dead, and passed into the heavens, she wrought more than ever woman wrought by her influence.

While the audience, in mute emotion, looked on this scene, soft music stole upon the air. Katharine was playing her dream-song. Conceived in the spirit her master had recommended to her, this was reverent, sweet, and calm. Few noted exactly what it was that lent such added enchantment to the picture, and seemed the living voice of that silent representation; few asked who it was that played. But Katharine was content that it should be so; more than content that she could help, in the smallest fashion, by the work of her fingers and her brain, to lay a tribute at the feet of one of the noblest poets the world has ever seen.

(*To be continued.*)

CONVENIENT WORK-BAG.

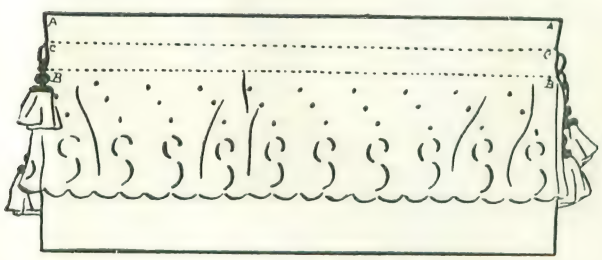


FIG (1)

FIG (2)

THE great recommendation this bag possesses is that when open it lies flat out on the lap, and forms a most convenient receptacle for all work materials, silks, scissors, etc., and no great effort of "putting away" is needed when one has to jump up in a hurry, just pull the cords, and there you are! Two half yards of silk, a yard and a half of lace, three yards of cord, and four small tassels are the materials required.

Soft surah silk answers the purpose best, about twenty inches wide, one half yard forms the bag, folded lengthwise, and the other half yard the lining; this should also be of surah of good contrasting shade. Sew up the side-seams of both bag and lining separately, put in the latter and slip-stitch them together very neatly and invisibly along the top A, Fig. 1. The lace is six inches deep, and must be slightly gathered to the size required, and when tacked on the bag should be feather-stitched along the raw edge in white silk B, Fig. 1, an inch higher another row of feather-stitching is worked C, Fig. 1. A small opening is made at each end of the bag C B, Fig. 1, through which to run the double cords, which are made of the two shades mixed.

The bag when drawn up shows the lining at the top, which gives it a most effective appearance, as shown in Fig. 2.

"COUSIN LIL."

A SURREY LANE.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

["There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," Prov. xviii, 24.]

"CLOSER than a brother," sweetest words of cheer,
When no earthly helper, when no friend is near,
Though the road be lonely to the very end,
"Closer than a brother" clings that heavenly Friend.

If to cares perplexing in the morn you wake,
Every care that frets you to the Saviour take—
All-knowing, and all-seeing, He will sympathise
With the day's vexations that successive rise.

Should your footsteps falter on the rough hillside,
"Closer than a brother" He will still abide;
Weariness and weakness He will understand,
And through mist and darkness lead you by the hand.

"Closer than a brother!" If we could but feel
This most sweet conviction when to Him we kneel—
Realise His presence, truly, and indeed,
Sympathy more tender we should never need.

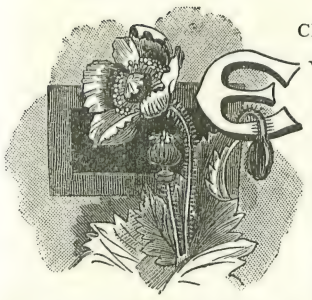
"Closer than a brother," O the peace that steals
O'er the weary spirit that the answer feels;
When the fears oppressive that have cried aloud
Are dispersed and lifted, like a lifted cloud.

The road that looked so dreary in golden light shall shine,
As closer grows, and closer, that Brotherhood Divine,
With Him who walks beside us through our earthly years,
And carries all our sorrows, and understands our fears!

A BUNCH OF RED ROSES.

By DANIEL DORMER.

CHAPTER I.



"EVIE — Evie Evelyn!" The owner of the pretty name lifted her eyes from the work over which she had been bending and turned her head slightly towards the door with a listening expression. But she vouchsafed no reply.

Then she heard a light step mounting the stairs outside the morning-room where she was sitting, and again the voice calling—

"Evie! Evie! Evie!"

"Well?" was the reply, shouted in response; and neither courtesy, encouragement, nor patience were conveyed in the monosyllable.

The step which had paused on the stairs at the second calling of the name came mounting on again at sound of the answering voice. Then the door of the room opened, and a very elegant young lady in a smart riding-habit came in.

Evelyn's eyes widened a little, and a curious look came into them at sight of her cousin so attired. She surveyed her up and down with a severely questioning expression as though there were ground for indignation in the wearing of the well-fitting dress and hat daintily tipped over the smooth fair forehead, the stylish gloves and the carelessly-carried whip.

"Oh, here you are! I could not find you. I have been looking for you everywhere," said Beatrice.

"Well?" Evelyn repeated; and the inflexion of the voice no less than the rising fire of the eyes proclaimed a suspicion that her cousin's search was from no disinterested motive.

"Well, do you mind going to mother? She wants one of us to help her; and Nora Campden has just sent round the groom with her sister's horse and a note to ask me to ride with her this morning at ten. I couldn't wait to ask you before I dressed."

"But you know you agreed to attend to Aunt Esther yourself this morning. You only take one day a week, and last week you got out of it—as you usually do in some way or other."

"There! I knew you would make a fuss," exclaimed Beatrice, testily, and she pouted and tapped her whip impatiently against the skirt of her habit.

Evelyn made no reply.

A pause. Then Beatrice threw her whip down on the table and began to pull off her gloves petulantly.

"Very well then. Be as selfish as you like!" she said. "I might have guessed you would not care about my enjoyment, though you know how I love riding and how little chance I have now that my horse has been sold."

"What about me?" queried Evelyn.

"Why, what about you?" echoed Beatrice. She was surprised, for her rule of not considering Evelyn was rarely objected to.

"What if the Defoes should happen to drive round for me to take me to the four-in-hand meet this morning? You have forgotten that Lady Defoe promised they would come the first day they could, as I told her I was always at home in the mornings, and this is one of the days arranged for the meet."

"Oh, rubbish!" ejaculated Beatrice, growing ill-mannered in her vexation. "Lady Defoe said that at the beginning of the season, and now it is nearly the end. It isn't at all likely she will come now. Probably she has never thought of it since. But of course I must give in! I hear mother's bell ringing again. What a nuisance it is we cannot afford a day as well as a night-nurse now!"

Ever since her father's death five years ago Evelyn Grant had lived with her uncle and aunt in this house in Jephstone Square, Bayswater, and the fact that her uncle had lost a good deal of money lately by unfortunate investments had turned the home from a comfortable to an uncomfortable one. Evelyn looked back with an ever-increasing regret to the bright country Rectory, where she and her father had passed such peaceful, joyous years together. After the first passionate abandonment of grief over her loss had subsided she had fallen into her allotted corner in the new household almost unconsciously, while time smoothed over the aching wound death had inflicted, with the balm which his hand alone can apply. So Evelyn had passed from stricken misery through weariness and apathy back to the hopeful brightness and interest in life which is part of the blessed inheritance of healthy youth. Then two years later, when she had become well accustomed to her new home, her Aunt Esther had fallen seriously ill. In this case death was for the time successfully combated; but he had left his mark on his intended victim, and Aunt Esther had never recovered complete health, but remained an invalid. And, not long after, the trial of comparative poverty was added to the trial of ill-health.

Evelyn had risen at sound of the ringing bell, and put away her work.

"You can go for your ride, of course," she said, speaking as coldly as she felt. "I will go to Aunt Esther."

"Oh, it's no good now, I shouldn't enjoy myself if I went after this!" pouted Beatrice.

Evelyn waited, with her hand on the handle of the door, turning half round towards the room to hear anything further that was to be said.

As she had anticipated there was something to follow.

"I should not be able to stay to lunch and go with Nora to call on some people afterwards as she wants me to do, in any case, I suppose? so I really don't care about going."

"You can stay as long as you like."

"Can I really, dear? It's awfully good of you—especially as it is one of mother's worst days, and I'm afraid you will find it trying with no one to relieve you at all. Won't you mind? It's awfully sweet of you if you don't?"

The last sentence was hurried on to its predecessor with a haste suggestive of dread lest the offer should be retracted.

Evelyn's pretty brows contracted. She disliked the affectionate epithets treading, as they did, on the heels of the disagreeable remarks which had been addressed to her previously. And she compared her own devotion to her father in his illness with her cousin's apparent careless regard for her mother, rather after the manner of the Pharisee's self-gratulation.

"You know your mother likes better to have you with her than anyone when she is suffering, but if you choose to go in spite of that, it is not my affair," she said, contemptuously.

She waited a moment after speaking in case Beatrice should change her mind; but as the silence was not immediately broken she went out and closed the door with more of a bang than is compatible with a gentlewoman's dignity. It was a pity too that she had allowed herself to utter that last reproach in such an antagonistic spirit, for it left Beatrice

feeling stung and angry, and it recurred to her at intervals throughout what might otherwise have been a thoroughly enjoyable day, rousing feelings of animosity against its author, as well as the more wholesome stirrings of self-reproach which would have come without it. It left a disagreeable impression on Evelyn's own mind also, and bore its little crop of bitter fruit immediately for her; for she was vexed with herself for having undertaken a graceful kindness ungraciously, and in consequence began her work in the sick-room in a depressed mood, and without that large stock of patience and ready sympathy which makes a nurse's presence soothing and gratifying to her patient, and is so indispensable to success in ministering to the sick. And as a result she was further annoyed by her aunt's complaints against Beatrice's undutiful conduct in going out without having come to bid her good-bye, and regrets that she and not Beatrice was to be with her all day.

The morning seemed already to have been unusually long and full of irksome duties, when a servant came up to deliver a note into Evelyn's hands. There was no mistaking Lady Defoe's large pointed writing or the crest on the envelope, and Evelyn's heart first gave a great leap of pleasurable excitement and then sank, even before she tore it open and read the few hasty lines, begging her to be ready by mid-day, when Lord Defoe would drive his coach round to pick her up.

"I am sorry not to have given you longer notice, dear, but am hoping this may find you at home and disengaged," ran the letter: and as Evie read the postscript, which added, "Of course, I hope you will arrange to return to lunch with us; Donald is at home, and I have some pleasant young people to meet you," she was scarcely able to keep the tears which rose to her eyes from brimming over. But she mastered her voice, and held her head erect as she turned quietly towards the servant, who was awaiting an answer according to instructions, and said—

"Kindly bring me the writing materials here, and I will write a note for the messenger to take."

"What is it? What is the note about, my dear?" asked her aunt, eagerly.

"Nothing, auntie, nothing that matters—only an invitation that I cannot accept. But I will run downstairs and answer it after all, if you don't mind? It will save Anne the trouble of bringing all the things up." And she went from the room.

She was anxious to spare her aunt the regret she knew she would be kind enough to feel for her sake, if she should learn from whom the invitation came, and she also sought relief from the restrained emotion of deep disappointment in physical movement.

Downstairs in the drawing-room everything looked bright; the sun shone in through the wide-open windows, and a band played a brisk cheerful tune without in the street, while the voices of the passers-by sounded happily as they stepped over the pavement below. The disappointment pressed more than ever heavily on Evelyn's heart as she felt the influence of this gay outside world from which she was shut in, and the banished tears welled up again with irrepressible force.

She sealed up her note and despatched it, and went to the window to give herself time to recover a moment before returning to her aunt's room, leaning there resting with one hand reaching up to the sash of the open window, and her cheek laid upon her arm.

A carriage drove past the house, and a fresh rush of discontented thoughts filled Evelyn's mind as she noticed its occupants; the bright expression of the girl seated in it beside her smiling mother, and the pretty spirited way in which she leaned forward to speak to the well-dressed, courteous-mannered man who faced them and attended to what she said with such very obvious devotion in his honest eyes. "How happy—how happy some people are!" Evelyn cried to herself, mentally contrasting the apparently flawless lot of the girl before her with her own rather monotonous and trying circumstances; "I wish I were rich and could go about enjoying myself and being spoiled and petted from morning till night! Life isn't a bit fair!"

The last words were spoken half aloud to herself as she turned away from looking down on the bright street and prepared to go upstairs.

A bunch of bright red roses stood on a table just behind her, and as the sunlight shone on them their sweet scent wafted upwards and filled the air around them. Evelyn's eyes fell on them, and her own last words echoed in her ears as she bent over them and caught their delicious odour. Then she forgot her immediate surroundings, and stood silent and motionless while a thoughtful look stole into her clear grey eyes.

Perhaps recollections of our early days play a more important part in our grown-up life than we are apt to imagine; curious, haunting, indefinite discords, or melodies of memory long forgotten float across that marvellous shadow-land of mind called up from the by-gone years by some scarce-noticed sound or scent of to-day.

The open blossoms of the bunch of roses wafting their sweetness up through the warm summer air were carrying Evelyn back on the fleet, gauzy wings of memory to a day in early childhood, and repeating words passed over with little heed when heard, but destined to affect her now, and affecting her to influence those with whom she was concerned for all future time. They were her father's words; she knew that, though she did not remember the occasion which had called them forth.

Some childish foreshadowing of her disposition to love brightness and gaiety, and shun and avoid the disagreeables and inevitable sorrows of life, even to a fault, had been noticed by the watchful eye of her father, and he had tried to set the dangerous tendency before her in story form.

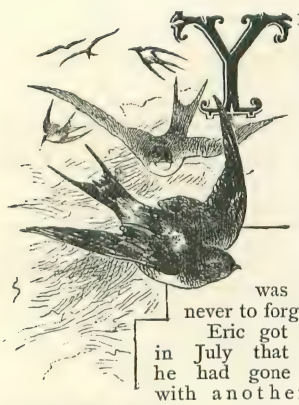
(*To be concluded.*)

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER V.

MISERY.



YES—that was the only word that could be applied to Winnie that autumn.

It had begun in July, one day which Winifred was destined never to forget.

Eric got his holiday in July that year, and he had gone to France with another journalist on a bicycling tour.

"And why did you not all go away together?" asked Mrs. King, a lady who lived at Richmond, and whom Winifred knew slightly. Maud was still away, and she had asked Winifred to call on Mrs. King about the character of a servant.

"My husband got a holiday now and we cannot all leave home at present, as my little boys have had measles and are not yet well enough to travel. Usually we all go away together."

Mrs. King smiled peculiarly.

"He and Mrs. Wayne seem such friends. Do you know her?"

"Mrs. Wayne, I remember Mr. Despard told me she was coming to call upon me, but she never came," said Winifred.

"I don't think she much cares for ladies' society," said Mrs. King, "unless they are literary or lions of some kind. She is much too clever for me. She is a person I can't take to at all, though we are near neighbours and I see her pretty often."

"Now do you mean that she and my husband are great friends?" asked Winnie, feeling, she hardly knew why, a curious sense of uneasiness. Mrs. King's smile was so disagreeable, and though Winifred knew quite well that she was a noted gossip she felt she must ask the question while dreading her answer. And yet, so her common sense told her, was it not quite natural that her husband should have friends she did not herself know?

All this took much less time in flashing through Winifred's mind than it does in writing or reading it.

"Mr. Despard goes there constantly, and Mrs. Wayne talks a great deal about him and seems so very proud of knowing him. She says they are kindred spirits, and she reads all he writes and thinks no end of it."

"All that my husband writes is worth reading," said Winifred with dignity, "and I have no doubt Mrs. Wayne, if she is fond of books, finds him very interesting."

"I suppose you are a great help to him?" said Mrs. King, who disliked Winifred extremely though the latter was unconscious of the fact. "Literary men always want a woman's sympathy and interest in what they do, though they may not actually want her to suggest plots, correct proofs or type-write their copy. My husband, you know, is a literary man, so as boys say, I know all the ropes."

Winifred was silent and she knew that she was getting pale. So making some excuse about being obliged to get home, she soon took her leave.

That summer, Winifred did not go away at all. The twins were very delicate after measles, and were no sooner out of quarantine than Tom and Basil got chicken pox, and though the doctor recommended a change to the sea, it was too late in the autumn before they were fit to travel, so all thoughts of a move were given up. Mrs. King's words sown like seed in the ground had germinated suspicions and thoughts that made Winifred very wretched indeed. She locked up her misery and never spoke of it to anyone, and when she came to analyse her

feelings and examine into the cause of her sorrow, she realised that she had very little beyond some idle words as a foundation for the whole.

But there was a little beyond, and it was astonishing even to herself, how everything was coloured by the interpretation she now put upon what she would before have passed unnoticed.

"I am going to a dinner-party to-night at Richmond," said Eric one morning, "and as I shall be late from town, I shall only have time to rush in and change, so will you kindly see that my things are out, Winifred."

"Yes—certainly!" said Winifred, unconscious that her voice was very cold. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, to the Pelhams! No one you know."

"Are they friends of Maud's?"

"No, I met them at Mrs. Wayne's lately. Capital people! They are related to Howson of the *Inkpot*, and I am to meet him there to-night. By-the-way, I promised Mrs. Wayne those Essays of Willingtons; I must take them with me to-night. I haven't time now, Winnie; would you mind looking for them and putting them in my room, two vols, brown cover. I think they are on my study table."

"The Pelhams have never called upon me, neither has Mrs. Wayne," said Winifred.

Eric stared in pure astonishment.

"Well, surely you must be very grateful to them. You always say that you hate being bothered with visits and visiting. Mrs. Wayne did say something about calling one day, but I threw cold water on it, and said you had very little time for visiting. You ought to be very grateful that I saved you from it."

Winifred coloured and did not answer.

"Well, good-bye, old woman, and pray don't look so grumpy. It takes away one's appetite for breakfast, and if you love me burn that gown, and get something smarter." So saying Eric ran off, slamming the hall-door after him.

The serge which Winifred had on was very badly made, the colour, which was brown, did not suit her at all, and her whole appearance was slovenly. All that morning Winnie was very wretched, and in the afternoon she was rather sorry when she was told that Mrs. Barchard was in the drawing-room.

Winifred knew that her eyes were red, and that her face told tales of crying, but she could not refuse to go up, so she bathed her face and went to her visitor.

Mrs. Barchard had been an old friend of Mrs. Lyle's, and was intimate with all the family. She had known all the Lyles since their childhood, and was godmother to Winifred as well as to Maud.

Her husband had died about ten years before the time of which I write, and her life since then would have been a very lonely one but for her habitual practice of throwing herself into the lives and interests of others. She had no children, and as she had been an only child she had no real nephews and nieces. Yet she was possessed of a great number of young people who felt that Aunt Fanny was someone who belonged to them, by ties of affection if not those of blood. Mrs. Barchard was not very good-looking, indeed if you analysed her face you would see that there was really not a good feature in it, and yet no one who knew her called her plain, and those who loved her thought her beautiful. Certainly those dark-grey eyes were capable of much varying expression, and her whole personality to those who cared for her was instinct with comfort and rest; so no wonder if to them she was invested with personal charms she hardly possessed in the strict sense of the words they applied to her.

"Aunt Fanny, I am indeed glad to see you," said Winifred, who, though she had at first felt vexed at the idea of being seen by anyone that afternoon, now felt glad to be with Mrs. Barchard as soon as she was in her presence.

"Well, my dear child, I was in your neighbourhood, and I thought I would look in and see how you all were."

"I am so glad. Are you cold, Aunt Fanny? would you like a fire, I see it has not been lighted?" said Winifred wearily.

"No, I am not at all cold; you see I have a warm cape; I take to wraps soon, for old people are chilly," said Mrs. Barchard, whose keen gaze had taken in Winifred's anxious, tear-stained countenance, but whose tact prevented her from appearing to notice it. "I think I will go into that nice low chair."

"Yes, do. It was one of our wedding-presents, and is very comfortable," said Winifred, and she shook up the cushion that was placed in it. As she did so, her self-control gave way, though she struggled against it, and as she did so the moment of time seemed prolonged into many minutes.

The tears would come thick and fast, and as Mrs. Barchard changed her chair Winifred stood by her sobbing. There was a moment's silence, in which Mrs. Barchard glanced again at the bent figure near her. How different it was from the photograph she had of Winifred taken shortly after her marriage! Certainly one must make due allowance for the lapse of several years, but the changes were marked, and not those which time need bring.

Winifred never knew how it was, or how she came to do it, but she found herself before she could think about it kneeling by Mrs. Barchard's side, holding the thin, kind old hand in hers and telling out all her trouble. Mrs. Barchard knew how to win confidence, and though she would have been the first to bid a young wife to keep sacred those troubles which concerned her relations with her husband, yet she knew that exceptions prove the rule, and that her own knowledge of many sides of life, her experience gained in being a friend and counsellor of many, made her a fit recipient for the story to which she was now listening. Just a word here and there, a slight pressure of the hand, a sympathetic look from her friend helped Winifred on.

"All you tell me does not surprise me, Winifred, in the least," said Mrs. Barchard calmly; "indeed, I may tell you that I have seen it coming, perhaps not all the trouble you tell me of, but certainly part of it."

"Then why did you not tell me? Why not have spoken to me about it?" asked Winifred quickly.

"Because what I noticed was what I hesitated to speak to you about, old friend as I am of yours. No, you mistake me, it was nothing about that lady you name, it was about yourself. Winnie, if you think your husband cares less for you and his home than he used, have you done all you can to make it pleasant for him? You know, dear child, that though you owe a very great duty to your children, that your husband has to be considered, and it has always struck me that you placed them first. Your husband has a right to your society and your companionship, and you should give both to him, and be very thankful if he cares for them. A wife should do her best to keep in touch with her husband's interests, whatever they are, and though this means taking a great deal of trouble when perhaps she is very busy, it is trouble she should take, and consider it her bounden duty to do so. There are many professions in which a wife can necessarily take but little share in the real interest, such as a doctor's life and others, but the wife of a journalist and literary man, if she be at all cultivated herself, is another matter."

"I used to read as a girl, and I loved my books, but now I seldom have time for it, and I really begin to think that I have lost all taste for reading, for when I have time a book bores me. That is the truth, Aunt Fanny," said Winifred.

"But is not that a great pity? If you could make time for reading, you would then be far more companionable to your husband."

"How can I make time?"

"Where there is a will there is a way, Winnie, and you know, dear, if you had a good nurse for your children you would feel much more free, and have time for self-culture and your husband's society."

Winifred sighed.

"I suppose it is that. You see, Eric has wanted me to have a good nurse, and I was always afraid of trusting the children with her."

"Very natural, but it is a thing to fight against, undue anxiety I mean. Get as good a nurse as you can, well recommended—by the way, I know the very person to suit you—and then keep an eye over things in general."

"I suppose I must try; but about—about that woman?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Wayne? Don't trouble your head about her. She is a vain, foolish little woman who is longing to see herself in print; I know her a little, and I am sure that there is no harm in her acquaintance with your husband."

"He is there so often and goes to friends of hers."

"Why don't you go with him?"

"I—oh, Aunt Fanny, why, you know that I never go into society; it bores me, and really I have not time for it."

Mrs. Barchard paused for a moment.

"Dear Winnie—pardon me if I hurt your feelings—but—are you sure that you are not leading a very selfish life?"

"Selfish, Aunt Fanny? Why, I slave for the children from morning till night."

"There may be a great deal of selfishness in that. May I speak plainly, Winnie?"

"Oh do, Aunt Fanny, it would be such a help and comfort if you would tell me where I am wrong," said Winifred, and Mrs. Barchard saw that she meant what she said.

"Then, dear, do you not think that it is really selfish of you to live for the children so much when it suits your tastes and in many ways is easier than if you lived more for your husband? You know one slips easily into lazy ways, and you have altered so much in your dress and appearance, Winnie; you never used to look as I have seen you look since your marriage."

"Do you think those things really matter? I know I used to think they did as a girl, but now I really don't think it worth the struggle, for it would be one to care about how I looked."

"It is worth it," said Mrs. Barchard emphatically. "A woman should try to look well in her husband's eyes and not to be continually at a disadvantage in comparison with other women. This involves trouble, especially if you have not large means, but you can do it without being extravagant, and if you act always with the recollection that money is entrusted to you for use and not abuse. You can dress as you used to as a girl—on the same plan I mean—of being becomingly-dressed and looking nice though the materials may be cheap."

"I understand what you mean. Eric, I know, is very observant. I wonder if I read more and tried to take an interest—I do take an interest, but I have not had the time on account of the children—if he would be more at home in the evenings?"

"Try it!" said Mrs. Barchard; "and go out with your husband and entertain in a quiet way. It will do you both good."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE STUDY OF BUTTERFLIES.

PART III.

THE COLOURING OF BUTTERFLIES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST ENEMIES.

A VERY diversified palette is needed to colour drawings of butterflies, for there is not a tint we can think of which is not found repeated in these winged and brilliant insects, though not necessarily British ones. For harmony and richness of colour our own peacock, painted lady, and tortoiseshell are hard to beat, and they are at the same time among our most familiar butterflies, being seen in our gardens as much as in the open. Then for delicacy of colouring the brimstone, clouded-yellow, orange-tip, marble and black-veined whites have great distinction.

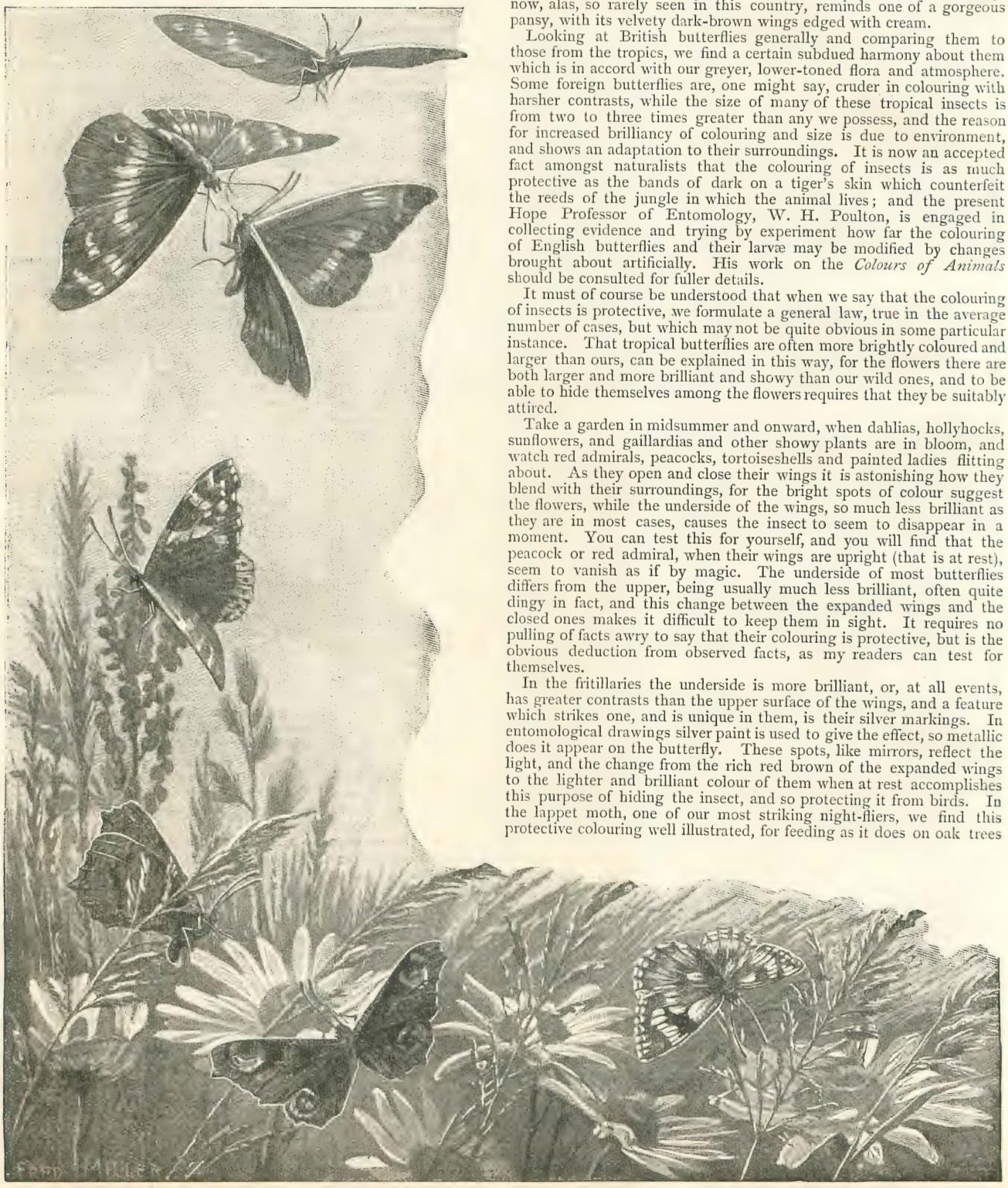
The purple emperor, the male of which is brown in one light and purple in another, is more the type of some of those prismatic exotic insects from Brazil and Central America. The Camberwell beauty, now, alas, so rarely seen in this country, reminds one of a gorgeous pansy, with its velvety dark-brown wings edged with cream.

Looking at British butterflies generally and comparing them to those from the tropics, we find a certain subdued harmony about them which is in accord with our greyer, lower-toned flora and atmosphere. Some foreign butterflies are, one might say, cruder in colouring with harsher contrasts, while the size of many of these tropical insects is from two to three times greater than any we possess, and the reason for increased brilliancy of colouring and size is due to environment, and shows an adaptation to their surroundings. It is now an accepted fact amongst naturalists that the colouring of insects is as much protective as the bands of dark on a tiger's skin which counterfeit the reeds of the jungle in which the animal lives; and the present Hope Professor of Entomology, W. H. Poulton, is engaged in collecting evidence and trying by experiment how far the colouring of English butterflies and their larvæ may be modified by changes brought about artificially. His work on the *Colours of Animals* should be consulted for fuller details.

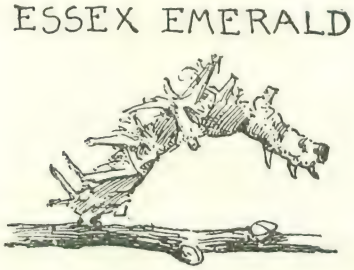
It must of course be understood that when we say that the colouring of insects is protective, we formulate a general law, true in the average number of cases, but which may not be quite obvious in some particular instance. That tropical butterflies are often more brightly coloured and larger than ours, can be explained in this way, for the flowers there are both larger and more brilliant and showy than our wild ones, and to be able to hide themselves among the flowers requires that they be suitably attired.

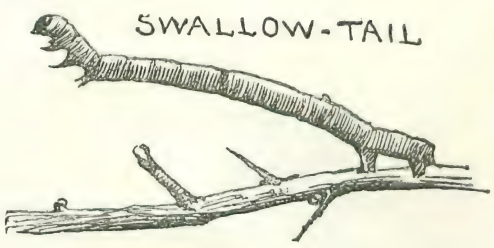
Take a garden in midsummer and onward, when dahlias, hollyhocks, sunflowers, and gaillardias and other showy plants are in bloom, and watch red admirals, peacocks, tortoiseshells and painted ladies flitting about. As they open and close their wings it is astonishing how they blend with their surroundings, for the bright spots of colour suggest the flowers, while the underside of the wings, so much less brilliant as they are in most cases, causes the insect to seem to disappear in a moment. You can test this for yourself, and you will find that the peacock or red admiral, when their wings are upright (that is at rest), seem to vanish as if by magic. The underside of most butterflies differs from the upper, being usually much less brilliant, often quite dingy in fact, and this change between the expanded wings and the closed ones makes it difficult to keep them in sight. It requires no pulling of facts awry to say that their colouring is protective, but is the obvious deduction from observed facts, as my readers can test for themselves.

In the fritillaries the underside is more brilliant, or, at all events, has greater contrasts than the upper surface of the wings, and a feature which strikes one, and is unique in them, is their silver markings. In entomological drawings silver paint is used to give the effect, so metallic does it appear on the butterfly. These spots, like mirrors, reflect the light, and the change from the rich red brown of the expanded wings to the lighter and brilliant colour of them when at rest accomplishes this purpose of hiding the insect, and so protecting it from birds. In the lappet moth, one of our most striking night-fliers, we find this protective colouring well illustrated, for feeding as it does on oak trees



PURPLE EMPEROR, RED ADMIRAL, PEACOCK, AND MARBLE WHITE.





the insect looks very like a dead and dry brown leaf.

These metallic markings (both gold and silver) are found in many foreign butterflies and a few English moths, while in a number of cases *fenestrated* or transparent spots are a feature, and I take it that their transparency allowing the light to pass through the wings tends to hide the butterfly from the too curious gaze.

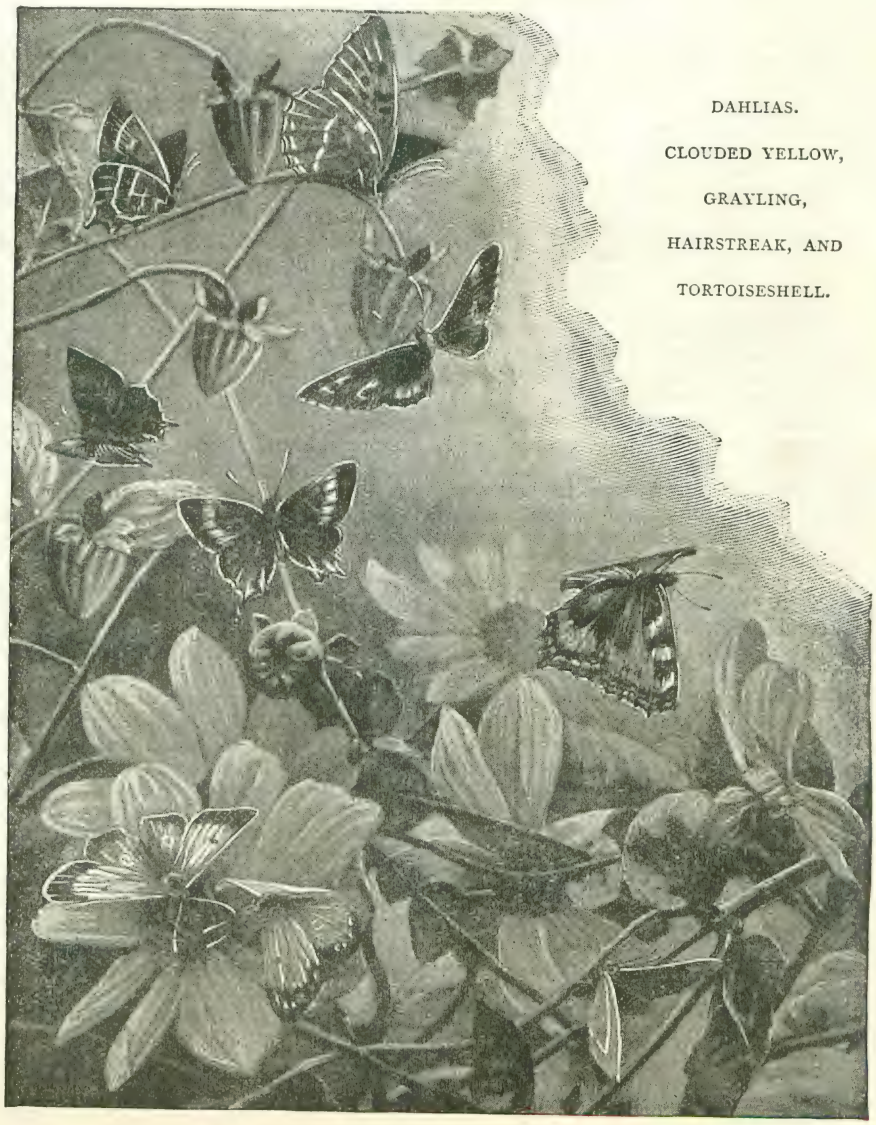
If we apply this theory of protective colouring to caterpillars we find it borne out more emphatically still, for what with the greenish colour of many larvæ and the bands, spots, tubercles and hairs covering their bodies, they are much less easily seen on a shrub than would be the case were they not so patterned and coloured. The Essex emerald moth larva is covered with lichen-like excrescences, while the swallow-tail moth larva is in form and colouring so like brown twigs as to easily escape observation.

In some of the cases in the large hall of the Natural History Museum this theory of protective mimicry is objectively explained by putting insects among their natural surroundings, so that the passer-by can see at a glance how admirably adapted to their environment these insects are. In the case of the Kallima butterfly from Assam the insect when its wings are closed are the shape of a leaf with a vein running through them, and to carry out this mimicry still further the blotches and markings are like those on a decaying leaf, and if in the museum one has to look twice to tell leaf from butterfly, what must the resemblance be in the Kallima's native haunts!

A bark-infecting winged insect (*Flatoides dealbatus*) from Madagascar is also shown, which varies in colouring with the lichen on the tree-trunks. These instances are given to show how completely at one end of the scale this protective mimicry is carried out by nature, and though, as I have said, it is not possible to see how the colouring of some particular insect protects it, yet unquestionably there is abundant evidence to support the general conclusion, that the colouring of the whole of the animal kingdom (and plants too for that matter) is protective, or perhaps one had better say an adaptation to their requirements, one important requirement being to escape capture. Yet this conclusion did not strike the early entomologists, and it may be said to have been left to the present day for this theory to be worked out by them.

My readers should go and see these cases at the Natural History Museum, and they can then apply the theory of "the adaptation of the creature to the surroundings" for themselves, and see how far by observation they can find instances to support it. It is not obvious in several cases what connection there is between the colouring of the caterpillar and its imago, but the former would need to be protected more completely, seeing its incapacity of quick movement, than would the latter, which can largely escape its enemies by flight, and hence the colouring of the larva might with advantage differ from its imago and more obviously mimic its surroundings.

This mimicry is carried still further, for some of these butterflies mimic in colouring some totally different species living in the same locality. The species copied being distasteful to birds and lizards, its mimic thinks thereby that birds seeing the apparent resemblance between what might be a toothsome morsel and its distasteful neighbour will not molest it, and so masquerades as the distasteful insect. It is a trick reminding one of Jacob's deception. This mimicry is seen too in the case of the clear wing moths, which at a casual glance look like bees and wasps.



DAHLIAS.

CLOUDED YELLOW,

GRAYLING,

HAIRSTREAK, AND

TORTOISESHELL.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAP. XXII.

HAMISH'S SISTER.

WHEN Miss Brander despatched her letter to Mrs. Garth, she despatched another with it, to ask if an eligible domestic opening of which she had lately heard was still vacant, adding that if so, she thought she might soon be able to supply it.

She did not tell Morag of this second letter, because in the girl's frail, exhausted condition she did not wish to excite her with pleasant hopes until there was some reasonable prospect of their fulfilment.

Yet little did she dream of the delighted agitation into which Morag would have been thrown by the mere fact that this letter was addressed to—

Mrs. Elspeth Vass,
c/o Hector Rattray, Esq.,
George Square,
Edinburgh.

"Give yourself one whole week of perfect rest before you begin to think or to do," was Miss Brander's wise advice, and Morag wisely followed it.

She and the poor fading shop-girl sat together in the sunny garden and wandered in the shady lanes. The consumptive did not believe in her own doom, as consumptives so seldom do, and Morag's inexperience readily shared in her faith that "she should soon be quite well again;" so the Shadow which walked beside them did not sadden their hearts. The shop-girl, Mary Gray, was a pleasant young creature well brought up, and though not at all clever or cultivated, ready to join in Morag's interests up to a certain point. She was rather amused at the idea of Morag's being a servant. "Servants were generally very well off," she said, "but she would never have had strength for that."

Morag remembered the cynical Christina as this guileless companion dropped unconscious revelations from the simple annals of her short life. There was the confectioner's shop, where she had stood behind the counter from nine in the morning till nine at night—and till eleven on Saturdays! There was the draper's, where the hours were shorter, but where the food for the midday meal was so bad that one could not eat it.

And above all, Morag remembered Christina, when little Mary Gray remarked uncomplainingly that she had been one of the fortunate, inasmuch as a certain doctor's daughters had always given her their cast-off clothing.

"I don't know what I should have done but for that," said Mary. "For their good clothes, nicely made, even after they had worn them for a year or so, lasted far longer than any I could have afforded, even if I had had much higher salaries than I ever got!"

Morag looked down at the sweet little pale face, and determined to say nothing to ruffle its serenity. But her own heart indignantly protested against such a state of things! Here was this girl, wearing out her life in toil, whose dole did not save her from the perpetual indignity of wearing other people's clothes! Why did some have so much that they could cast aside their garments before they were worn out, for the mere sake of novelty or fashion? while others had so little that they could get nothing of their own, but were glad to pick up these "gentle rags." And oddest of all, the former were probably spending their lives in pleasure, while the latter were toiling early and late and eating the measured-out bread of carefulness! Oh, something was not right, nay, something was utterly wrong, and this could not be according to the will of God, though He permits it, until His children search out His laws and pursue and keep them!

Mrs. Garth's reply to Miss Brander did not come by return of post, but it was not long delayed. It was the result of a rather excited debate in the Garth household, where, as a result of Jane Riddell's resolute attitude and the general domestic short-handedness, tempers were rather irritable and nerves rather highly strung. The old lady had wished to write that the matter was between herself and the girl Morag, who had made no such demand on her own behalf, and that it was finally settled. But her daughters had induced her to hold her hand. For was not Miss Brander herself a lady of some position and in remote connection with sundry guilds and associations, on whose committees and councils they themselves sat. It was one thing to take advantage of Morag, it was quite another to seem to Miss Brander to desire such advantage. Miss Griselda suggested that the month's wage should be sent to Morag—it amounted only to eighteen shillings—Miss Elsa inclined rather to the sending of the four weeks' board at Home Cottage, which would mean ten shillings more. The elegant Henrietta languidly suggested that they should "split the difference" by sending a pound, which sum being neither that of the wage nor of the board, gave them the advantage of seeming to hold the position they had taken and yet to be willing to do a kindness! This was finally decreed—Henrietta's dictum generally carrying weight with her mother—and a cold and guarded note accompanied the "little help" as it was therein described.

Miss Brander was not disappointed in the result of her mediatorship. Indeed she had not expected so much; for she knew more of the Garths' ways than they thought, but was scarcely able to estimate the influence their wish for her good opinion would have upon them. But she was much better pleased with another letter which came in about the same time and which in the prim precision of its forms, and in its archaic spelling might have been written by a gentlewoman of about two centuries ago.

With this last letter open in her hand, Miss Brander went into the sunny sitting-room, where Morag happened at the time to be alone.

"Morag," she said, "I think I can get you a situation which will be in every way desirable for you."

Morag flushed with pleasure and expectancy.

"It is in Edinburgh," Miss Brander continued, "in George Square—one of the smaller houses in that fine old place. The master of the house, a lawyer, is a very distant connection of mine, and his establishment consists of himself and his brother, the housekeeper and one maid. The housekeeper lived with their mother in her time, and has been in their own service for about nine years. All that time they have had only one maid, and they were thrown quite into distress when, a month or two ago, she announced she was going to be married! She is not to be married for a week or two yet, but I feared her place might be filled already. So I wrote to inquire, and have just heard that it is still open, and that my good friend the housekeeper is in sore distress, having already interviewed many 'daughters of Heth,' who would soon, she is quite convinced, make her life a burden to her.

"You will have an opportunity of learning very thorough housekeeping there," Miss Brander went on. "Three generations of the Rattrays have lived in that old house, and it is full of fine old furniture and delicate china and glass, all of which has been well treated and carefully preserved, and now receives the tender care which is due to antiquity. There are such stores of everything that nothing new is ever needed, and the housekeeper was trained by her old mistress in the care and repair of old household drapery, finer I think than anything which is made now. My cousins are elderly bachelors, but they maintain their best household traditions, are regular and methodical in their habits, see few visitors, yet use their fine china and glass every day, and have the best served and appointed table that I know."

Morag's face looked a little anxious. "I shall be rather frightened," she said. "Do you think I can be fit for such a place?"

"Yes, Morag," remarked Miss Brander. "And I think it is the very place for you. Mind you, you will see a style and state of living of which I am not sure that I quite approve. Anyhow, it would not suit my own scheme of life, and it is the outcome of exclusive social conditions which are fast passing away. But if we learn anything best from studying its highest ideal, even though we may not be able to attain or maintain it, so I think you will learn household management best from its highest standards, even though you may afterwards modify and adapt them to far simpler conditions. And the housekeeper loves to teach all she knows; she says she would have liked to be a teacher; that when she was younger she was a great deal about a school-house, and used to wish she could be trained for the work, but that she has since seen that there is always something you can teach somebody. You will enjoy her company. Morag, I always value a chat with Mrs. Vass; she is a lady by nature and has lived in no surroundings tending to spoil her."

"Mrs. ——? What name did you say?" asked Morag eagerly.

"Mrs. Vass," said Miss Brander, looking up in surprise at Morag's manner.

"Is she a widow?" inquired the girl breathlessly.

"Oh dear no," Miss Brander answered. "She is called 'mistress' because she is in a responsible position. If the 'modern woman' would resolutely return to the good old fashion which made no distinction of dignity between matron and maiden, she would do more for her sex than by all her 'shrieking.' It was in our worst social period that 'mistress' was clipped into 'miss' as quite good enough for the spinster! No, Elspeth Vass has never married—why!"

For Morag herself fairly shrieked.

"It must be my Elspeth!" she cried. "Elspeth Vass who used to work for my mother in our house on the Kyle. But" —and her face fell—"Hamish said she had gone away from Edinburgh with the family she served."

"The house in George Square is shut up, when the whole establishment adjourns to a cottage which my cousins own in the north, where they go to fish —they are great fishers," said Miss Brander. "But who is Hamish?" she asked with a smile.

"Hamish is my Elspeth's brother—he is years and years younger than she is —nearly twenty years, I should think, he is only three or four years older than I am." Morag felt indignant at the warmth which rose to her cheek. "He is a student at Sillerton University. I saw him in Sillerton, once, for a few minutes when he told me about Elspeth," she explained.

"I know Mrs. Vass has a brother who is a student," said Miss Brander. "She spoke of him to me, and I heard from my cousins that she had consulted with them on her private affairs with reference to this brother. She is helping him through his college course. (I hope he will do justice to her, and requite her kindness.) I don't think there can be any doubt that my Mrs. Vass is your Elspeth, Morag."

There was certainly no mistake about it when Mrs. Vass came out to Home Cottage to have an interview with her proposed helper, whose name it happened that Miss Brander had not mentioned. It was a very joyful meeting, though neither Elspeth nor Morag would have been women with Highland blood and Highland emotions had they not consecrated their present pleasure with the tears for the past and the departed.

"And indeed Hamish did say that he saw you in Sillerton, and that you were coming to Edinburgh," said Elspeth in her musical plaintive voice. "But it is the young men who do not write the good letters, Morag, my dear, and I could never get any more out of him about you."

Elspeth Vass had grown into a comely, presentable middle-age, whose pleasant, solicitous face Morag eagerly scanned in search of the younger, sharper lineaments she had known in her childish days.

Elspeth Vass had known but the sunny side of domestic service. On the death of her grandfather, which had happened soon after Morag left the Kyle, she had been straightway engaged by old Mrs. Rattray, herself a descendant of one of the ancient Kyle families and who loved to have Kyle people about her. And in the Rattray household Elspeth had remained, apt to learn, watchful, faithful and diligent, respecting herself and respected by her employers. Living very much in the tiny circle of her own duty, with a Kyle crofter's daughter for her colleague, she had seen nothing in domestic service to make her wonder to find Morag there, or inclined to regret her old pet's choice of a career.

"Mrs. Vass knows and represents only the best of a social state which is passing away," said Miss Brander. "It is that best which made that state of society tolerable, and which has served, like salt, to sweeten much which otherwise would long ago have rotted to intolerable destruction. We must take care that the new social order which is inevitably growing shall be in organic unity with this best of the old order. That is why I am glad that you, Morag, are to work with Mrs. Vass. By-and-by you will understand better what I mean."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—There is Grove's *History of Music*, but it is an expensive book. Any librarian would let you consult his catalogue, and also name some less costly works suited to schools. On the subject of musicians and music there are a good many.

ORGANIST.—There is a periodical for the use of the organist and choir-master so entitled, and which comes out mid-monthly, price 2d. Write to the publisher (office 139, Oxford St., London, W.). Your handwriting and your spelling need improvement.

LEILA.—The use of dots instead of the first seven letters of the Latin alphabet, placed between lines and named "*Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*," is attributed to Guido of Arezzo, who is considered to be the originator of the present system of staff notation.

MONA.—If you mean the Italian National Anthem it is the right of the public in general to purchase and use it. It is doubtless to be found in a collection of National Anthems. Inquire at a music publisher's.

A. L.—We cannot do better than recommend a small book of excellent advice to the young musical student, who has made selection of the piano above all other instruments, *i.e.*, *How to play the Pianoforte*, published by our own firm. It consists of a compilation from the pens of Madame Arabella Goddard, Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres), Lady Benedict, C. A. Macirone, Lindsay Sloper, and Charles Peters. We advise you to procure it as a valuable help to you in your private studies, unaided by a master.

REBECCA AND OTHERS.—Of course the line should have been "Come let us nestle side by side and sing."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AT A LOSS.—1. The small lumps on your eyelid probably show that your general health has been weakened by sorrow, and that you have shed a great many tears. They will go away perhaps when you recover a little.—2. Keep all receipted bills for seven years, at least. At the expiration of that time they may be destroyed if in the way.

GRANNIE'S BABA must rinse the petticoat in alum water to set the colour.

M. D. G. S.—"Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting," is from Wordsworth's *Intimation of Immortality*. "Sail on, sail on, oh, mariner!" seems like a misquotation from *Daybreak*, by Longfellow.

GOOSEBERRY.—The most ancient allusion in Scripture to eggs as food, is in the Book of Job vi. 6. "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" Eggs at Easter are symbolic of the re-creation of Spring. The practice of presenting them to friends is Persian. Christians adopted the custom to symbolise the Resurrection, and the eggs are coloured red to symbolise the blood which redeemed them.

GRACE, SISTER DORA, A. E. I. S., LILY.—We have very many inquiries about nursing, and as we hear that the profession is so overcrowded, that many of the hospitals reject 500 or 600 candidates every year, we prefer to give the title of a book which contains the names of all the hospitals in Great Britain and abroad, that is *How to become a Nurse*, by Honor Morten, Scientific Press, 140, Strand.

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.—Is there a free library in your vicinity? You could get all you require there.

MEDICUS.—Consult the following articles by him:—Vol. xii., No. 562, Oct. 1890; vol. xiii., No. 652, June 1892; vol. xiv., No. 707, July 1893.

NETLEY.—You have been misinformed, and have believed a very unlikely story, too, which your common sense should have enabled you to reject. Nurses who have trained, for three years, in a good general hospital, are eligible to join the army or navy nursing services, and to receive the honourable title of H.M. Nursing Sisters. Application must be made to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. In making an application, a declaration must be signed by the candidate, stating particulars of age, parentage, education, and previous medical training. Also a recommendation from some person of standing in society, that she possesses the requisite personal tact, temper, and ability, and that she is in every way qualified to enter a service composed of ladies of good social position. For the naval services the same certificates are needful as to training. Apply by means of an ordinary letter to the Director-General, Naval Medical Department, Avenue House, Northumberland Avenue, S.W. The headquarters of army sisters is at Netley, and of the naval ones at Haslar. There are about seventy or eighty members of the nursing staff of both services. H.M. Nursing Sisters are liable to be sent on foreign service, and have the right to those medals issued for any campaign in which they serve. They are also eligible for the Royal Red Cross. We have answered you at length, as we have many such questions.

FROM SOUTH AFRICAN ROSE.—As you have the volumes of the "G.O.P.," read "Medicus" on "Nervous Girls," vol. xv., No. 722, Nov. 1893.

ELLEN JONES.—The line "I never nursed a dear gazelle," are from Thomas Moore's "Fire Worshippers," in *Lalla Rookh*.

RECIPES FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOST of our vegetables have reached perfection at this time, just before they are gathered in for the winter, and we should profit therefore, and make a variety of

Vegetable Soups.—Here is one that is most delicious :—

Take three well-washed and scraped carrots, two turnips, a parsnip, a head of celery, a breakfastcupful of shelled peas, a lettuce, half a small cabbage, and some three or four young onions, with a bunch of savoury herbs of all kinds. Cut the vegetables quite small, tying the herbs together; let them all stew in a couple of ounces of good butter until they begin to be tender, then turn into a larger stewpan and cover with two quarts of water, adding a knuckle-bone of ham or bacon if possible, and cook gently for about two hours.

Place a colander in a large basin, and rub all the contents carefully through this with the liquor. When all has been passed, dissolve another ounce of butter in the stewpan, stir into it a tablespoonful of potato or rice-flour, add the vegetable *purée* next, stirring well all the time. Stir over the fire until it boils up again, then add salt and pepper to the taste and a small cupful of cream or new milk. Serve very hot.

A Purée of Peas.—Frizzle a small white onion that has been thinly sliced into an ounce of fresh butter, until it begins to brown; place a pint of shelled peas in a stewpan, add the fried onion to them with a bunch of sweet-herbs, then two quarts of water. Let these boil gently until the peas dissolve. Rub the whole through a colander into a basin, then pour the *purée* back into the stewpan, season it well, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs; when it almost boils again remove quickly from the fire, and pour over some toast sippets in the tureen.

In winter, when dried peas are used, they should have been previously soaked for a few hours in cold water.

A Purée of Haricot Beans would be made in precisely the same way as the above, only substituting a tablespoonful of cornflour wetted with milk, and half a pint of the latter in place of the egg-yolk.

Bonne Femme Soup.—Take a handful of sorrel leaves, nearly as much chervil or cress, a lettuce, two spring onions, a sprig of tarragon, fresh thyme and parsley, and chop all these on a board. Dissolve a quarter of a pound of butter in a stewpan, place the shred herbs in it to cook for ten minutes. Add a pint and a half of clear stock from mutton or veal bones; cut up the crumb of a slice of white bread, and let all simmer together for half an hour, then season with salt and pepper, draw the stewpan aside, and stir in carefully a *liaison* made of the beaten yolk of an egg and a very small cupful of cream. Strain the soup on to a few *croûtons* of fried bread. Serve very hot.

Vegetable Marrow Soup.—Pare a ripe marrow, split it down lengthwise, removing all the seedy part; cut across into small pieces, and place them in a stewpan, with sufficient water to well cover them, and a small piece of butter. Stew until the marrow is perfectly tender, then rub it through a colander, season with pepper and celery-salt, return to the stewpan and add the yolks of two eggs beaten with a pint of milk. Stir until it reaches boiling-point, then at once pour into a tureen. This should be like a smooth custard.

Large cucumbers treated in the same way make a soup that is very similar in appearance and flavour.

A Simple White Soup.—Three large potatoes, two turnips, a parsnip, and two white onions, all to be boiled together until tender enough to rub through a colander. To the *purée* obtained from these add a seasoning of pepper, celery-salt and pinch of mace, a teacupful of fine white bread-crumbs, and a pint and a half of boiling milk. Stir over the fire until this boils, and if too thick add a little boiling water.

Blackberry Charlotte.—Stew a pint of ripe blackberries with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and two or three juicy apples (pared and sliced) for half an hour. Butter a round cake-tin or plain mould, have a little dissolved butter in a saucer, cut a round of bread half-an-inch thick free from crust, and dip it into the butter, then fit it at the bottom of the mould; cut some strips of bread long enough to reach up to the top of the mould, dip them into the butter and fit them around the sides, letting them overlap each other a little. Fill up the mould with the stewed fruit, place more bread over the top, then a buttered paper, and bake in the oven for half an hour. The oven should be hot. Turn out of the mould on to a dish, and pour a custard over the top.

Blackberry Jelly.—Put two quarts of ripe blackberries into a glazed earthenware jar with lid, add a very little water to them, and set the jar in a corner of the oven to cook very slowly for some hours. This is to draw out all the fruit-juice.

Pour the fruit and juice into a stout muslin bag, straining it over a clean basin. Measure the clear juice thus obtained and put it into the preserving-pan, then place it over the fire. Allow a pound of lump sugar to each pint of juice; place the sugar on a dish or tray in the oven, that it may become hot through by the time the juice boils. When this has reached boiling-point, put the sugar into it; let the jelly boil for ten minutes longer, stirring very occasionally. Pour at once into small jars that have been made very hot. Thus made, the jelly will set almost before it is cold.

A Blackberry and Apple Tart.—Stew the blackberries first with a little sugar. Place them at the bottom of the dish with their juice, then cover with sliced juicy apples and more sugar. Place a nice light crust over the top and bake, giving sufficient time to ensure the apples being cooked through.

Another Blackberry Pudding.—Make a light batter with two eggs, two large spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, and half a pint of milk. Pour into a well-buttered baking-tin, then sprinkle thickly with ripe blackberries and castor sugar; bake in the oven until crisp and brown, when slip out of the tin on to a dish, sprinkle with more sugar and serve at once.

Danish "Grod."—Stew currants, raspberries or blackberries, and rub the fruit through a sieve. To the pulp and juice add sugar enough to sweeten well, and to a pint of juice add three dessertspoonfuls of ground rice. Boil all together over the fire for ten minutes; if too stiff add a little water. Remove and stir in a teacupful of cream, pour into a wetted mould, and turn out when quite cold, serving cream or custard with it.

When fresh fruit is not to be had, a jar of jam, dissolved with a little water and then strained, may be substituted for it.

This, like the pudding which precedes it, is an excellent sweet for the nursery-table.

An Apple Salad.—Pare and core, then slice thinly and evenly some ripe, juicy apples; let the salad-bowl be quite half filled. Cut very finely some candied ginger and sprinkle it over the apples. Let a small pot of red-currant jelly stand in a warm place until it is melted, add to it the juice of half a fresh lemon, or a whole one if small, pour this over the fruit and stir well about, then leave it to settle. Three-pennyworth of cream poured over the top just before serving is a great improvement to the salad.

A Pretty Dish.—Choose some large even-sized apples, wipe them, and remove the core, but not the skin. Lay them in a steamer and steam them until they are tender through. Lift them out carefully and arrange on a glass dish. Frost them with sugar several times; pile red currant jelly around them, and place a little dab on the top of each. Serve cold. Custard may be used instead of the currant jelly, but always drop a tiny morsel of something bright-coloured on the top of the apples.

The Chelsea table-jellies will, when made according to the directions on the packets, furnish a jelly that is very well suited to the purpose.

Blackberry and Apple Jam, excellent and wholesome.—Boil the blackberries with just sufficient water to cover them for a long time, then strain them through a coarse colander, rubbing the pulp through with a spoon, in order that nothing but the seeds and unripe berries may be left behind. Half fill the preserving-pan with apples sliced thinly, after they have been pared and cored. Pour over them the blackberry juice and pulp; when the whole has boiled for some thirty minutes, being stirred all the while, put in the sugar in proportion of half a pound to a pound of fruit. Boil for twenty minutes after it has reached boiling-point. Pour into jars and tie down securely. This jam may not keep very long, but is most delicious while it lasts.

LUCY H. YATES.

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Other People's Stairs

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF ROBINA.

How delighted Morag was to write her wonderful good news to Miss Soutar! She let Miss Soutar know something of her trials now they were ended, adding that what had now happened seemed too good to be true, and she felt as if she was in a delightful dream. Actually to have Elspeth again! Why, it was like a resurrection!

Miss Soutar replied with prompt and cordial sympathy. Only Morag somehow felt a note of personal pain on one of her pages.

"Why should we be 'as those who dream' in our bewildered ecstasy over anything pleasant or good which comes to pass in God's world? We ought to expect it! There is a resurrection, sure and certain, for all silenced and vanished life. It is only a question of sooner or later, here or there. But is there a resurrection of all silenced and vanished love? I wish I could expect that. I must wait and see."

Is it because it is on the brightest sunshine that shadows fall darkest and sharpest, that it is so often on our own happy days that others are most sad, so that the good fortune which blesses us brings their calamity into sternest contrast?

It was destined that in Morag's first peaceful days in George Square, when she was revelling in that sweet revival of old attachment and renewal of suspended intercourse—which seems like a sign of all the wonderful secrets of eternity—her whole nature should be thrilled and pained by a terrible shock sent through it from the outside world.

One evening, glancing over the newspaper, which "the masters" always sent to Mrs. Vass after their own late dinner, Morag noticed a brief paragraph concerning an unknown young

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woman, whose body had been drawn from the waters of Dunsappie Loch on Arthur's Seat. To own the truth, on that occasion, Morag noticed the fact of the tragedy, chiefly because she knew its locality.

But it was otherwise a day or two later when she read another paragraph which stated that the body of the said unknown young woman had been "identified by a lady engaged in one of the theatres in town as that of a girl known by one or two aliases and sobriquets, but whose real name was believed to be Robina MacTavish. 'The lady' had known her only through her having been once or twice employed at the theatre. It was understood she did not lead a good life. Latterly she had taken to drinking, and had had no settled place of abode. She had been known in Edinburgh for about two years. Nobody knew anything about her connections. But it was understood that she belonged to the Highlands."

And so this was the end of the light-hearted, heedless girl whose good-natured recommendation had dropped into Morag's dreary Nigle life the one seed of comfort which promised to go on growing all down her history—to wit, her friendship with Margaret Soutar. Poor Robina had soon found out that the way of transgressors is hard! And here Morag's own experience gave her a sympathetic realisation of the slipperiness of the paths where the weakest feet are so often forced to walk. It was a sharp blow to the girl, still tremulous in her own new-found peace and security. She scarcely knew how she could have borne it, had she not had kindly, responsive Elspeth Vass with whom to talk over the whole story.

Yet she could not help feeling—and it gave her the first glimpse of the meaning of Miss Brander's words—that Elspeth was less deeply shocked and concerned at Robina's fate than at the thought that her Morag, "the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson of the Kyle School House," had been brought into personal contact with "such dreadful folk."

Morag felt certain now that it had been to Robina MacTavish that Christina had alluded on that evening when she rescued Morag from persecution in the Princes' Street Gardens. And what of Christina herself? For Morag could not doubt that she was "the lady from the theatre" who had identified the hapless suicide.

Morag was seized with an irresistible longing to see Christina again, and to speak with her kindly and earnestly, and possibly put her in some direct communication with Miss Brander.

But how to find Christina?

Elspeth offered tardy encouragement to Morag's philanthropic cravings. "She reckoned that sort were quite able to take care of themselves if they wished to."

Yet when Morag announced her determination to go round to the places of public entertainment and inquire for Christina until she found her, Elspeth, when she could not shake the girl's resolution, volunteered to accompany her, making special arrangement with a pensioner of her masters to take care of the George Square house, that she and Morag might be abroad together without any desertion of duty.

It was a fruitless pilgrimage so far as the discovery of Christina was concerned. Here, there, everywhere, knowledge of her was denied. Some of the people did not seem to give the inquiry two thoughts, but bluntly said they knew nothing of any such person. Others seemed more kindly and asked questions in return as if they hoped they might be able to give information, but also ended in shaking their heads. They had nearly completed the circuit before it occurred to Morag that Christina might not use her own name in her "professional" sphere.

So with wistful looks and deprecating words she dragged Elspeth once more round the circle, this time seeking Christina under the description of "the lady who had identified the poor suicide in Dunsappie Loch."

But the changed process led to the same result—nothing! so far as the discovery of Christina was concerned. Little did the innocent girl and the equally innocent woman know of the strange barriers of secrecy and mystification which are set up in the shady places of the earth, where live those Ishmaels, whose hands are against every man's and every man's hand against theirs!

But the search was not for nothing as regarded Elspeth Vass. It enlarged that good woman's experience and her charity with it, chiefly by making her realise the human brotherhood of the units who had hitherto lain in her mind in masses as "bad people" or a "queer set." Henceforth "the struggling stained folks in our own city" were mentioned in her prayers along with "the masters" and "the minister" and "the missionaries." Elspeth Vass's own life would not change on the outside; her work would always lie in the care of the daintinesses and the decorums of life, and in the administration of the little cares and comforts that do so much to soothe and heal and bless. But henceforth, she knew, as she had never known before, that God's world holds something more than all this, and that some of His creatures, with little fault of their own, have needs beyond the solace of beef-tea and warm stockings! Does this discovery seem but a small thing? No, for surely the greatest thing that can befall any soul is the widening of its horizon.

As for Morag, Miss Soutar, in writing to her of Robina, steadily tried to calm her by bidding her to bear in mind that God knew all about her, not only about her falls and sins, but all about her weaknesses and her temptations. And it comforted Morag wonderfully like the touch of a healing hand when in an old book in the master's library she read a quaint Oriental parable wherein a poet set forth that, seeing a besmeared soul drawn aside and gently tended and cleansed by its guardian angel, he asked why this was so, and was told that once this poor sinner had invited a tired traveller to rest in his porch!

Where Robina was known, within and without, in all the evil and all the good of her, it would not be forgotten that to her Morag owed the friendship of Margaret Soutar!

They had very happy times together—Mrs. Vass and Morag Henderson. Morag did not forget to give Elspeth the hand-made card she had stored for her during that Christmastide at Nigle. Elspeth wept over it, and put it away among her other treasures, which she showed Morag—a portrait of Hamish, a "memorial card" of the old grandfather, a photograph of the Kyle, over which Morag pored eagerly, tracing out old landmarks, and asking questions about the one or two new gables, which represented the only visible changes there in all those years.

Morag especially revelled in the community of interests between herself and her companion. It was almost a new experience for the girl, for there had been no consciousness of common past in her relationship with Aunt Rebecca and Gladys, and it made her companionship with Mrs. Vass quite distinct from her friendship with Margaret Soutar. Margaret Soutar had not known Morag's parents; she had never seen the Kyle, she knew nothing of Hamish, and she had no tie in Sillerton. Elspeth Vass had all these advantages. She could never take Margaret Soutar's place in Morag's regard, but she made a place for herself as warm and yet quite different, and on quite different grounds.

It was odd, they said to each other sometimes, that they both got letters from Sillerton. They exchanged their tidings, the news of one was sometimes the more interesting to the other.

For instance, it was from a letter of Hamish to his sister that Morag learned that Sillerton had been shaken to its foundations by the failure of the Lumsdens, father and son; a firm, as Hamish put it, which had enjoyed much Sillerton confidence in financial affairs. It was rather a sensational failure too (which was probably the reason why it found its way into Hamish's letter). For the Lumsdens had lived in great style, and had been lavish and showy both in "beneficence" and in "hospitality." Doing business on a very large scale, they had yet, up to the very last, accepted—had even sought—to take in trust the scraped-up funds of poor working men and needy lone women, who were only too well content and proud to put their little hoards into hands which were dealing with the gold of county magnates and city fathers.

"On the very last day before the smash," wrote Hamish, "young Mr. Lumsden saw by appointment an old woman who had been his wife's mother's maid, and he received from her hands a hundred and fifty pounds, her savings while in service. In the evening there was a grand dinner-party at old Mr. Lumsden's house, his son was there too, and twenty-five guests sat down to table, and each 'plate' is said to have cost five pounds. Next morning, father and son were gone 'on urgent business' it was said, and it was days

before it leaked out that they were little likely to come back, since they had vanished with funds from half of Sillerton and in debt to the other half. Public feeling runs very high; but a good deal of sympathy is felt for young Mrs. Lumsden, who has been married only for a few months, and whose own handsome fortune is said to be hopelessly involved in her husband's defalcations. I myself never saw any of the Lumsdens, save the young man, whom I met when I called at the house of Miss Morag's aunt. I scarcely like to express my opinion now, it is so like kicking a dead wolf; but he struck me then as being a knave and a snob, and I thought bitterly enough that all his money and all his success could not give him an honest gentleman's face."

"Ah, there would be a deal less bitterness in the world, if folk did only read the thirty-seventh Psalm oftener, and believe that he who wrote it had maybe lived a little longer than they have, and seen a little more," said Mrs. Vass.

But Morag scarcely heard, for she was thinking. Surely, then, this marriage of "Ned Lumsden" accounted for the fretful and sour depression which had characterised Gladys' recent letters, and probably also, in some degree for Aunt Rebecca's illness, for Morag said to herself that Gladys, disappointed and embittered, would be more trying to live with than any east wind, sea fog, or prolonged frost.

And now, was it not possible, nay, probable, that worse remained behind? Morag knew the confidence that her aunt and cousin had reposed in "Ned Lumsden;" she knew the financial re-arrangements which had resulted in Aunt Rebecca preferring to pay rent out of "an enlarged income," to sitting safe in the security of her own old vine and fig-tree. Had some sense, not only of disappointment, but even of mistrust, been creeping into Mrs. Henderson's mind, when she candidly congratulated Morag on being in "the path of humble independence?"

Morag waited anxiously for a letter from the Talbot Road. Nay, she wrote there herself (though it was out of her turn in the scanty correspondence), hoping thereby to prompt a response which might reveal something. She shrank from making inquiry. She did not feel there was love enough to justify it, and under the circumstance, it might be taken as a heartless probing of a wound, or a covert triumph over ruined ambitions.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART XI.

GERMINATION.

HAVING considered the processes which lead up to the formation of seed, we may now investigate the life-history of a seed and its various forms.

Like fruits, seeds differ much in their outward shape. In size alone we find a great contrast between the dust-like seeds of the orchids and the huge seeds of the cocoanut palm, while between those two extremes we may note every gradation of size. In other respects, also, the seed offers no less variety of form and covering than the fruit, such variations having relation to the particular mode of dispersion and germination. The outer skin or coat of a seed, called the *testa*, offers a very interesting field of study, and such seeds as the poppy and *silene* with beautiful network, the *bignonia* and *pinus* with membraneous wings, the cotton plant seed with long hairs, and the *collomia* with hairs that are resolved into mucilage when wetted, are all worth special study. When a small portion of *collomia* seed is moistened and placed in a microscope one may see the rapid change being effected; that which had been a hard dry atom suddenly throws out coils of gum, like watch springs, and a novice is led to ask, "Is the thing alive?" so full of motion does the object appear.

We may regard a seed under various aspects. As a special means of continuing the life of a plant, one of its modes of reproduction, as a special means of tiding a plant over a season that would be fatal to its life in its ordinary condition of leafage, in the seed we have the germ of the future plant, a reproduction of its parent. This germ or embryo is lethargic or hibernating like many animals which exist throughout the winter in a dormant condition, yet still continue to be living vital bodies waiting for some special influence to come into play, and then resuming all the activity of a growing plant. The construction of a seed is simple; inside the coat or *testa* we find the embryo with or without a special supply of albumen; if the seed is ex-albuminous, then we may expect to meet with thick fleshy seed-leaves especially stored with this substance. The embryo contains all the essential parts of the plant, the root, stem, and leaves; the root in the seed state is called the radicle and is that part of the embryo which usually points towards the micropyle; this radicle forms one end of the first shoot which comes out of a seed, the other end terminating in the stem or plumule. This first shoot is known by three names—axis, *tigellum* or hypocotyle. The *tigellum* in many plants gives rise to a special structure; thus in the cyclamen it forms the tuber, and the greater part of the "roots" of radishes and turnips is due to it. In other instances it is a mere collar forming a slightly thickened surface between the base of the cotyledon and the radicle. The *tigellum* is in reality a centre of growth, as may easily be shown by cutting off an inch of the upper part of a well-grown carrot and placing the slice in a saucer of water; before long a crown of young leaves will spring up and will continue to grow and flourish as long as the plant food contained in the slice is sufficient to maintain the leafage. In botanical language we have thus been growing carrot leaves from this *tigellum*.

The embryo varies very much in the relative position of its parts. Thus the embryo of the reed-mace is straight in the *tigellum* of the embedding albumen. In contrast to this is the curved embryo of the deadly nightshade and the spiral embryo of the hop.

The seeds of the orange often contain two embryos, rather a rare occurrence in the vegetable world. Before we can trace the future of these parts we must attain a clear idea of the change the seed undergoes when it germinates. In the whole of our studies our attention has been drawn to no process so deeply interesting and yet so mysterious as that of the breaking into life of the seed. There are three conditions that promote the process of germination; warmth, moisture and air. When these three conditions are present and the seed is healthy, growth begins, and its first stage is the absorption by the seed of moisture; this combined with warmth and the oxygen of the air sets up a change in the contents of the seed. We have already seen that seeds are of a dry and starchy nature and in this condition they are insoluble, and unfit to be active plant food. The change that ensues results in this starchy matter being converted into sugar which is soluble; then the parts of the embryo begin to unfold, first the radicle and finally the plumule are developed. In this early stage these parts live entirely upon the contents of the seed, just as a young chick is developed and nourished upon the albumen of the egg.

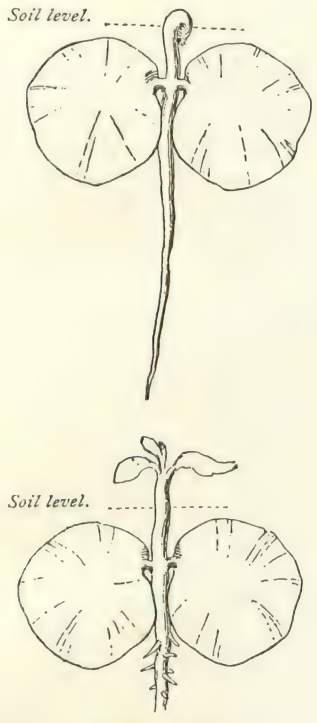
The temperature requisite for germination varies according to the species; those of us who possess gardens know to our cost at what a low temperature such plants as chickweed, bittercress, groundsel and some of the speedwells grow; as long as the thermometer is above freezing-point these troublesome weeds will make their appearance in our flower borders. Sach's experiments on germination tend to show that wheat and barley begin to grow below five degrees centigrade, whilst French beans and maize germinate at nine degrees centigrade.

Some plants start into growth very quickly. Garden cress, vegetable marrows and some grasses appear above ground a few days after they are sown, whilst other seeds, enclosed in a hard woody seed-case, will require twelve months to germinate. This was the case with a seed taken out of a cedar cone brought from Mount Lebanon; I vainly watched for the young plant, and when a year had passed by the pot was thrown aside on a rubbish heap. Shortly after I was passing by and observed a fir-cotyledon growing on the heap, and this proved to be the long-desired young cedar-plant.

Seeds have the power to retain their vitality for years, especially those of the *Leguminosæ*, but I believe the stories of Egyptian mummy wheat germinating are scarcely to be believed. A good object-lesson upon this subject is furnished by a newly-made railway cutting; here we may always find growing upon the freshly-turned soil quite a crop of plants which have sprung from seeds that in past years have become embedded in the earth, it may be at so great a depth as to preclude the admission of air or prevent one of the necessary conditions of germination. When, however, the

underlayer of soil is brought to the surface and exposed to light, air and moisture, the seeds are able to grow.

To this we owe the richness of our railway-bank flora and many a rare plant may be discovered there which cannot be found elsewhere in the neighbourhood. We will now in imagination conduct a few simple experiments that we may learn something of the behaviour of seeds during their early stages of growth. Each seed that we thus study may be regarded by us as a type of many others. First, then, we will sow, in a few pots, about a dozen broad-beans; before doing so we may notice on the seed the black stripe or ridge known as the *hilum;* this is the scar showing where the seed was attached to the pod, and at one end of it is the micropyle (*small gate*). If we remove the skin of the seed we shall observe the two fleshy cotyledons or seed leaves, a tiny point which is the rudimentary root and, lying close to the inner face of the cotyledon, the slightly curved plumule. After the beans have been sown a few days and carefully watered we may take up two or three for examination. At first we may only see the radicle just emerging from the little hole at the end of the *hilum*, but if we wait, say, eight or nine days we shall get a further development. Before digging up our seed we will see if any others are peeping through the soil.



BROAD BEANS.

Yes, here is one, just an arched kind of shoot, no leaves, only the bow of the arch pushing up the particles of the soil, so that the point of the shoot is clearly still below the ground. Now, taking up a seed we notice that the radicle has penetrated some way down into the soil and with a pocket lens we are able to see a little higher than the tip of the root quite a crop of delicate little root-hairs. The cotyledons are still enclosed in the tough skin, but the upward growth of the *tigellum* is acting on them like a lever, and we can now plainly see that it is this *tigellum* that by its upward growth is penetrating the soil, and in so doing is drawing the cotyledons from the seed coat. All this time the delicate plumule is kept out of danger by the arched shape of the *tigellum* and the folding of the cotyledons. Leaving our seeds for a day or two longer we find a further change. The plumule has been carried up beyond the soil-level and has begun to expand into leafage. It is interesting to note how the curved *tigellum*, pushing through the soil first, effectually guards the plumule from injury arising from contact with rough particles of earth; the cotyledons remain just below the soil-level and we see that the *tigellum* is thickening and forming a distinct connecting branch between the new shoots and the fleshy seed leaves; these latter are full of plant food, and the plumule is supplied from this store-house of nutriment until the first leaves are formed and are able to decompose carbon-dioxide for the nourishment of the plantlet. The seed-leaves in this case do not perform this function, but act simply as storehouses.

Our next seed-example will be the familiar mustard plant. These we may sow in two lots, the first we only need to sprinkle upon some fine soil * and the second may be sown in a shallow drill and covered with fine earth.

The first sowing will quickly germinate, and the movement of the radicle which pushes out of the micropyle may be understood by reference to the appended diagram.

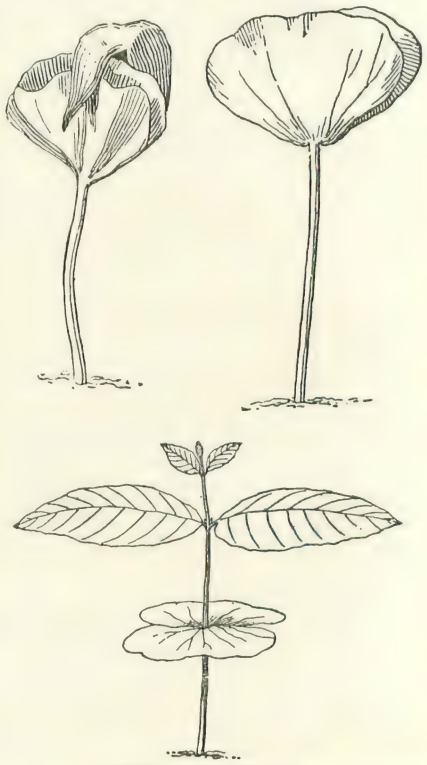
GROWING MUSTARD SEEDS.

In it we see the white thread-like radicle emerging from the seed coat; it turns very quickly towards the ground and pushes directly into the soil. Here I must direct my readers' attention to one of those minute arrangements which, though apparently insignificant enough if we fail to study the context, is really an evidence of the infinite perfection, care and wisdom of the Creator in even such a tiny detail as the springing up of a mustard seed. As the seed lies upon the ground, the lengthening radicle, while it penetrates the ground, has a tendency to force the seed into the air as shown in Fig. 2, and were it allowed to do so the seedling would soon shrivel up and die. This catastrophe is however averted by the development upon the radicle of quite a crop of fine white root-hairs; these adhere closely to the minute particles of the soil and are thus enabled to counteract the force exerted by the tip of the radicle; the latter pushes through the ground without uplifting the seed. This action can be watched and the growth of the root-hairs observed by means of a pocket lens and by the exercise of that virtue, most necessary for all young naturalists, patience.

Returning to the seeds that were sown under the soil, we find they have germinated; the radicle is pushing downwards, and just above the soil-level we may see the short curved *tigellum*. This very quickly straightens itself, and then we observe that the cotyledons have been drawn out of the seedcoats and are displayed as two green leaves, which in a few days will be an inch or two above the ground owing to the growth of the *tigellum*. Here we get quite a departure from the bean seed, whose cotyledons were *hypogean* (under the earth), those of the mustard being *epigean* (upon the earth). There is also another point of difference; the mustard cotyledons are green, they contain chlorophyl corpuscles, have stomates, and so can perform all the functions of the normal green leaf, thus they help at once to feed the young plantlet by decomposing the carbon-dioxide of the air and forming starch, whilst in contrast to this we learnt that the seed-leaves of the bean were store-houses only. We are now sufficiently acquainted with the functions of the seed to be able to appreciate the variations of the *testa* or seed-coat. In numerous instances the spines, prickles, hairs and other growths on the surface have in addition to their use in dispersing the seed, an essential purpose in holding the seed in its rightful position. We will take cress as our next example, since it may be regarded as a type of all smooth seeds. Cress seed remains intact until water comes in contact with it; then it becomes slimy by the liberation of a mucilaginous cement from the outer coat layer; this is of course highly adhesive, and thus the seeds are fixed firmly into the soil.

Another example is that of the little epiphyte (mentioned in our first chapter), *Tillandsia usnoides*, or old man's beard. When the seeds leave the capsule they are furnished with silky hairs, which enable the tiny little structures to float through the air; they soon come in contact with the bark of trees, and then the little hairs cling to the rough surface. In this position the seeds germinate, and are held firmly in their place by the tightly-clasping silken strands.

Hardly any pursuit is more delightful than the collecting and drying of seedling trees; a ramble through the woods in early summer will reveal many specimens under or near the outskirts of the foliage. Under the beeches we shall soon light upon the nuts of last year coming up through the moist rotting soil, in the form of two broad green seed-leaves. As they often retain the dry three-cornered seed-husk upon them, we can easily see that they are young beeches; otherwise, the cotyledon leaves being so unlike the perfect form, it might be rather difficult to distinguish the species. These seedlings have germinated



BEECH COTYLEDONS.

somewhat like the bean seed, the radicle has grown downward, and the curved *tigellum*, pushing upwards, has drawn the cotyledons out of the seed-coat. We may notice with surprise through how small an aperture the cotyledons have been pushed and still they

* Or a piece of flannel kept moist in a saucer.

are uninjured, a fact that is due to their being folded up like a fan in the seed-husk. As soon as the *tigellum* reaches light and air it straightens out, and the flat seed-leaves which are at first of the palest green, soon deepen in colour, and are working away preparing food for the growth of the young plumule which springs up from between the cotyledons, crowned with two perfect young beech-leaves. This is all the baby-tree can do the first year. We can distinguish the second-year seedlings by their woody stem, brown leaf-scales, and silken-fringed young beech-leaves.

ACORN.

We shall not find cotyledons on the young oak, horse-chestnut, or sweet-chestnut seedlings, because these remain normally below the ground (hypogean), forming a storehouse of nutriment for the young tree. It is interesting to watch the growth of an acorn when placed in damp moss in a saucer. After a few weeks the acorn will have absorbed water, and the leathery seed-coat will burst at the pointed end; through this rent the radicle will protrude, fibres will be found growing upon the root, the *tigellum* is thick, and just where the stalks of the cotyledons are joined to it the plumule emerges as from a sheath. The plumule is in no hurry to develop leaves, its first growth is provided for by the rich supply of food within the acorn. If, however, we look carefully at its little stem, we shall observe upon its surface a few scattered scales, each with a rudimentary bud in its axil. When the shoot has attained a height of three or four inches, it develops its first green leaf, and by the end of its first summer about six will have been formed. A collection of these seedling trees, carefully dried * and neatly arranged in a blank book, with the English and Latin names to each, a note of the age of the seedling, the spot where it was obtained and the date, will in time form a pleasant memento of forest rambles, and, probably, may lead to further studies of a similar kind.

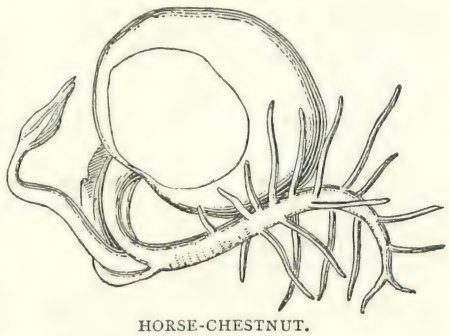
To make the collection complete there should be some seedlings of the other great division of plants, namely, the plants with one seed-leaf (mono-cotyledons). A few date-stones will supply these specimens; they should be sown in moist earth and placed either in a greenhouse or on a sunny window-ledge, where their growth can be watched.

* They merely need to be placed between sheets of blotting paper, which should be dried daily and kept in a press or under a weight for a few days until the specimens are fit to be placed in a book.

Their germination is quite different from that of the other seeds we have described, and if a number of seeds are sown the different stages can be seen as in the accompanying figure.

One long cotyledon is pushed out from the seed, the free end is like a sheath. The part nearest the seed forms a structure resembling a rolled up stalk; from the former roots are developed, whilst from the rolled up stalk or sheath grows the next formed leaf, and each successive leaf is sheathed like its predecessor. This arrangement can be well seen in young growing grasses which can be taken to pieces and examined. I shall conclude this chapter with a brief reference to the spores or so-called seeds of ferns and mosses.

These are essentially different from the seeds that have formed our study in the earlier part of this chapter, they do not contain an embryo. Let us first notice fern-spores, which we shall find in abundance at the back of maiden-hair and other fern fronds; they are contained in little brown patches known as spore cases (*sporangium*, from *spora*, a spore and *aggeion*, a vessel). If we collect some of these and sow them on some very fine damp earth, keeping it at the same time shaded and warm, the spores will soon germinate. We shall not find a radicle this time as the result of growth, but in its stead a flat expansion of green tissue (prothallium, Gr. *protos* first, *thallos*, a branch) growing upon the earth like an exceedingly delicate leaf. From the underside of this green film a few very fine rootlike hairs (rhizoids, Gr. *rhiza* a root) are developed; very soon with a microscope we shall be able to discern upon the surface of this structure a few little projections. In one of these is developed a flask-shaped mass of cells (archegonium, Gr. *archegonos*, first of a race), in the other (antheridium, diminutive of Gr. *anthera*, an anther) some minute bodies (antherozoides, Gr. *anthera* and *zooid*, a minute life) with tails; these escape from the covering and wriggle about very much like tiny animalcules until finally they come into contact with the flask-shaped opening before mentioned. These tailed structures are something like pollen grains in their function, only they differ from pollen grains, which are passive by being endowed with the power of motion; the result of their fusion with the flask-like body is to fertilize the germ cell (oospore, Gr. *oon*, an egg) in that structure, and from the germ cell so fertilised is developed an embryo from



HORSE-CHESTNUT.

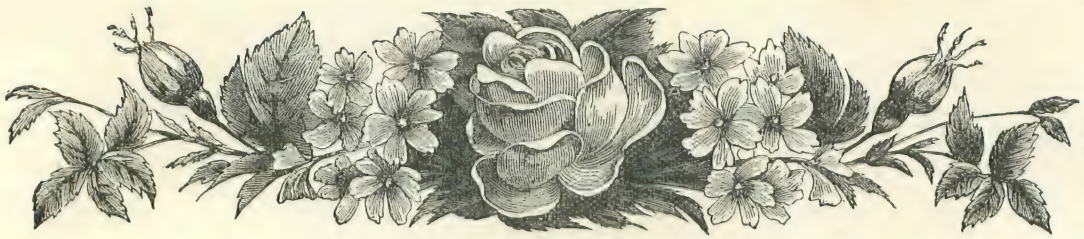
which at once springs the young fern plant. The first leaf grows from the upper part of the embryo and from the lower part is developed the "foot," a little connecting-link between the green prothallus and the baby fern which serves to nurse the little plant until two or more leaves have been produced; the roots also grow from the same part of the embryo. I imagine that fern spores could be grown and watched through all their various stages even by those of my readers who dwell in towns, as a bell glass would maintain the requisite dampness and shelter the young ferns from smoky air. Lastly I will try to describe an even simpler form of spore development. At any season of the year we may find the capsular fruit of mosses (Calyptra, Gr. *Kaluptra*, a veil), a very common one

YOUNG DATE PALM.

being the hair moss (Polytrichum, Gr. *Polutrichos*, having much hair), borne upon long wiry stalks. Inside the capsule we shall find a large quantity of small greenish bodies; these are the spores, these of course fall out when the spore-case is blown by the wind, and being light are easily carried away and at length find a resting-place in some damp nook or shady bank. In such a place they find the conditions necessary for their germination, which is not unlike the same process in other seeds and spores we have studied. The result is very simple. A fine, silky thread-like body (protonema, Gr. *protos* first, and *nema*, a thread) is developed; when this has attained a fair size, a little moss plant begins to grow upon its surface exactly as we see a bud grow upon a tree-branch, and it is upon this moss plant that the organs of reproduction are produced. We have now come to the end of our study of seeds.

An endless source of interest to the student of nature is opened up to view by carefully observing the beginning of all vegetable life, and the seed or spore of the commonest weed or fern will teach us lessons that should ever make us mindful of the wonderful mystery of life and its genesis.

Objects to collect and examine: poppy, silene and collomia seeds. Examine tigellum of cyclamen, radish and carrot. Sow broad-beans, mustard and cress seed. Collect seedling trees. Sow date-stones. Examine fern and moss spores.



A BUNCH OF RED ROSES.

By DANIEL DORMER.

CHAPTER II.

"ONCE," said the tender voice that day long ago, "Once, there were two women. One was very much sought after by all mankind; she was considered the most desirable, the most beautiful creature on the earth, and everyone coveted to walk beside her along the warm, scented uplands where her fair feet trod lightly over the flowers which sprung in her path. The other woman sat apart at the entrance-gate of a great dark citadel, clothed in a black hood and cloak, her hands crossed on her bosom, her face bent down to her knees. And the whole world shunned her, and shrank from her with pallid lips, and trembled when she rose and touched one after another.

"And there were two little girls, who, as they grew up, found that they must be near either one or other of the two women all their lives. And they were glad because they loved and longed for the strong fair woman, who stood on a sunny height and beckoned them. And they rose and made haste to go to her.

"But on the way, as they were hurrying past the woman in black, they heard a cry as of a little child in pain; and one of them stepped back, for she felt as though the woman had touched her in her path.

"'Don't stop,' said her companion, 'let us get out of the sound of that dreadful crying as quickly as we can!' and she closed her ears with her hands and ran on. Her companion ran a few steps too; but she had left her ears open, and the piteous cry entered her heart, so that she turned back. Then, with a shudder, she saw that the woman in black had risen and was going to take her hand to lead her through the gloomy portal. She shrank away.

"'Will you not come?' said the woman. 'You must enter freely, for pity or love, if you enter at all.'

"'Can I help the child who is ill by going?' the girl asked; and she looked up in the face of the woman, and saw that though the brow was stern, the eyes shone with a beautiful light, and the lips met with a sweet expression.

"'You can save the child, if your sympathy is great enough, but you will suffer yourself, just in proportion as it is great.'

"The girl hesitated but a moment more, for the sound in her ears was now as the sound of the whole human race groaning and travailing in pain together; and as she heard it she wept, and put her hand into her guide's, eager to enter and help.

* * * *

"The two young friends who had been companions in childhood met again and again as they grew old; but each time there was more difference between them; for while the one was full of quiet strength and joy, the other, who had stopped her ears, grew more and more restless.

"At last, one night, the woman in black found the girl who had passed her by laid at her feet; and when she looked down upon her, she saw her writhe with a fear and agony too great for speech. The poor creature had been blinded, so that she saw no beauty in the grave face which bent over her with eyes full of love; and her body was so worn by its toil after pleasure along the slippery heights, and by the daily disappointments with which she had been met, that the touch of the strong, tender arms which raised her was anguish, even though they touched only to bear her up through the night sky to a place of healing.

"But you see there is a moral, and you hate morals, don't you Evie? You have had enough?" Evelyn's father had said.

"No—I haven't this time. What became of the other one?"

"The one who had chosen to enter the realm of self-sacrifice, and live her life there? When the time came that her work was done, and she, too, came to be laid in the lap of Suffering, she knew the strong, pure face above her so well, and loved it so, that it was welcome; and she scarcely wondered to see it grow more beautiful, and the black hood and cloak loosen and fall off, revealing a form of gleaming white, as the kind arms folded her and the strong pinions smote the air on their upward course, beyond the blue and the stars."

It must have been on just such another morning in midsummer as this, that Evelyn had heard him tell the little allegory, for with it she remembered the feeling of the warm caressing air as it came in at the open window of the old rectory study, stirring her hair and fanning her cheeks and neck, as she had sat there curled up in the deep wide seat. The church bell had been calling, too, just as it was along the sunny street to-day, and the scent of the blossoming roses was woven into it.

The force of it, as she recalled it now, in its broad meaning was far stronger than it had been when heard in detail in childhood. And it seemed to come with a special bearing upon her present life, bringing peace with it—peace from all the hidden, futile striving of the past weary days and months of growing discontent.

The teaching was weak enough perhaps, and only suited for a country parson's lesson to his child; but weak words which hold a grain of truth sometimes prove potent to sway the eternal destiny of human souls; and life—Evelyn's life—began to be transfigured under its influence. The very disagreeables from which she had tried to escape, and under which she had chafed and fretted, were seen to be opportunities of fruitful service. How, indeed, can the surface good of the smooth and easy path of pleasure and self-gratification ever compare with the good—the only real good—of patient endurance and willingness to sacrifice one's own desires for the advantage of one's fellows? Why, surely, according to the meaning which lay under her father's simple story, to have been placed in circumstances affording ample opportunity for self-denial immediately beneficial to those with whom she lived, was a mark of God's goodness towards her.

These thoughts did not come all at once, but followed gradually in train of the message the roses had brought from the voice that was long since silent. The effect, however, of the half-forgotten words was instantaneous; it was on Evelyn's tremulous face as she bent caressingly over the flowers to touch them with her lips; it was in her smile as she mounted the stairs, carefully carrying them in the bowl which held them to brighten the sick-room.

The invalid felt the subtle influence of her niece's changed mood, and unconsciously responded to it. She began to feel less depressed and suffering as she watched Evelyn move about and listened with interest to her description of the busy street and the various people she had seen passing from the drawing-room window.

"I think the sunshine which is flooding the other side of the house would do you good, auntie," she said presently, noticing the increase of cheerfulness in her charge.

"Ah, I dread the noise, dear! but I am certainly very tired of this room," was the reply; and the voice which spoke was weary, like the glance round at the too-familiar furniture and wall-paper.

"Shall we not try it, though? The noise would do you less harm than the change would do you good, I believe," said Evelyn.

"Perhaps it might; but I think it would be safer to stay where I am, I dread getting worse."

The nervous hesitation was natural in an invalid of so long standing; but Evelyn decided to make one more effort at persuasion.

"But do let us try it, auntie!" she said, coaxingly; "I will have the spare-room on this landing put ready for you in a very short time, and we will take in our roses. There is a maiden-hair fern too downstairs which I want to bring up for you to see. Do let us try! I believe you would surprise your doctor when he pays you his visit this evening by being much better, and then when Beatrice comes home how pleased she will be too! It will seem like a step towards getting you well again."

"Ah, I shall never be well again, my dear! but if you like, since you are so kind as to care so much" (and Evelyn felt the unintentional reproach conveyed in that little touch), "since you are so kind as to care so much I will try to move into the spare-room."

So with great care the change was effected; and Evelyn had the joy of seeing her invalid's spirits rise considerably during the afternoon.

Then the doctor came and praised his patient's condition, while he cheerily commended the young nurse. "This is what I have always advocated, you know, is it not?" he asked, well pleased.

"Yes, but I dreaded the noise so, and could not make up my mind for the effort. To-day Evelyn made up my mind for me, hers was so set on my doing the thing," said Aunt Esther, smiling kindly.

"That's the way with these good nurses!" said the doctor cordially; "and the noise is not so bad in reality as it was in fancy, now is it?"

"No, not at all what I feared!"

Outside the room as the doctor was speaking alone to Evelyn about her patient before leaving, he said:—

"You have done just what was needed for your aunt to-day, Miss Grant; it is the first step to the end I have in view, and I want you to aid and abet me in getting to that! I want my patient to be in the country before August, otherwise I fear the long stuffy months and the coming winter in London may—— But we won't consider what it may do, you must persuade your uncle and encourage your aunt to make the move to a place of sea breezes and fresh fields as soon as possible."

"I will try," said Evelyn, seriously; "I will try my hardest."

The doctor looked at her earnest face, looked more intently than he had ever looked before.

"I think your hardest will do," he said, quietly. Then he took her hand and bid her good-bye with a smile which left a comfortable assurance that she had won his approval.

Evelyn had returned to her aunt's room and was well advocating the proposed visit to the sea-side or country, by calling up cheerful reminiscences of similar visits in past years, when Beatrice's step was heard on the stairs. Evelyn went to the door and opened it, calling softly—

"Here, Beatrice, come in here!"

"I can't," answered Beatrice's voice speaking from below, shortly: "I'm going to take my things off."

She was over-tired with her long day of pleasure and excitement, and felt disinclined to meet her cousin, against whom she was now nursing a strong feeling of resentment, partly for the words spoken in the morning, but more because of a subtle quick-working law existing in human nature which makes one feel antagonistic to those whom one has wronged. Beatrice and her friend had been present at the meet at the powder magazine in the morning, and had chanced to come within speaking distance of the Defoes, so that Beatrice had heard already of Evelyn's disappointment, and knew herself to be the cause of it.

"Do just look in for a moment," persisted Evelyn, pleasantly, as her cousin came within sight mounting the stairs.

"What for?" jerked out Beatrice.

"Because your mother is in here and she wants you to come and see her."

"Is she any worse?" asked Beatrice quickly, changing her tone to one of nervous anxiety.

She could not see Evelyn's face as she stood smiling in the shadow of the open bedroom door with the evening sunlight streaming behind her, and her uneasy conscience did not note the cheerfulness in her quiet tones. The change of the invalid's room therefore suggested only thoughts of fear to the girl's tired mind.

What if her mother had been fretting because of her absence, and was worse in consequence? A quick remorse and self-reproach sprang up within her. She had certainly been cruelly selfish in the morning in having evaded going to the sick-room to tell her mother of Nora's invitation and ask if she could be spared. That kind mother who had never yet refused to give her permission—her glad permission—to anything which promised to prove enjoyable to her only daughter!

Beatrice accused herself bitterly now. She had been cruel, she declared.

This current of dread self-reproach flashed through the quick brain as she reached the sick-room. But as she passed under the doorway the uneasy fears gave way to a pleasant surprise.

There lay her mother with a pleased look of expectation on her face—the face which was so often creased and furrowed with suffering and nervous irritability.

The fresh neatness of the room with the evening sun-rays slanting on the walls and on the pot of maiden-hair fern and bowl of red roses (which stood well within sight of the invalid's bed), imparted a sense of tranquillity which soothed one unconsciously.

"How deliciously quiet and comfortable!" Beatrice exclaimed. And she went up to the bed and bent over and kissed her mother with genuine relief and tenderness. "Why, how nice for you to be in here! and you look better, dearest," she said. "Do you feel so?"

"Much better, darling," answered her mother smiling lovingly at her.

"I am so glad!" continued Beatrice glancing round the room once more.

"It is all my Evelyn's doing," said the mother; and she looked at Evelyn with just the same fondness she had bestowed on Beatrice.

The warm motherly look and the tender "my" before Evelyn's name caused a thrill of pleasure to pass through her niece, while in Beatrice (for whom such special expressions were usually exclusively reserved) they called up a little pang of painful jealousy.

"What sort of a day have you had? Come and sit down and tell us all about it," said Evelyn, breaking in, partly to prevent further praise for herself, partly because she surmised Beatrice's feelings and wished to turn the current of her thoughts.

Beatrice was touched by the kindly consideration; and looking at her cousin's pretty bright face as it was turned smilingly up to hers, was stricken with regret for having robbed her of the one gay social function which had been open to her.

"Oh, I've had a wretched day," she said almost breaking into tears. And her words seemed true to her as she spoke them, for the compunction and self-reproach which had underlain the merriment of the day had suddenly sprung uppermost and overshadowed all the rest.

"You have had a wretched day? Have you?" said Evelyn; and there was very genuine regret in her voice and heart. And she rose up and kissed her cousin's tremulous face, then laid her cheek comfortingly against it.

"Don't tell us now, then," she said; "I can see you are tired out. Come with me and I will help you to take off your things and get some food."

"No, don't—I can't!" replied Beatrice raising her head and speaking disjointedly. "The fact is, Evie," she went on rapidly, feeling that she must make her confession at once; "the fact is I met the Defoes, and they told me about having sent for you. I am so wild with myself—I am wretched for your sake." And her lips began to quiver again.

"Then don't be, dear; don't give it a second thought, if that's all," replied Evelyn, airily. "Speaking quite honestly," she continued, more gravely, "I have had one of the very happiest days of my life, and I wouldn't have had it different, or changed it, for any other day in the world!"

"You can't mean it?" responded Beatrice closely searching into the depths of quiet, convincing brightness of her cousin's face.

"But I do," answered Evelyn's earnest eyes and smiling lips simultaneously.

"You really are an angel, Evie dear!" Beatrice then exclaimed, with an air of comical conviction.

Evelyn looked grave for an instant, then broke into a merry whole-hearted laugh. The idea of her being suddenly considered a full-fledged angel! It was quite funny after her grumbling, faulty morning, and tardy, repentant, self-condemning reflections.

"Angel means messenger, doesn't it?" she asked, lightly, returning her cousin's affectionate kiss. "Then those roses are the angels—I am not one."

So she hid all her serious resolves and earnest determination to live more truly in her own pure, lovely, woman's heart, and only pointed laughing to the roses.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

MUSICIANS, TAKE NOTE.—"Strive," says Jean de Reszke, "ever to move your hearers, not to astonish them. It is to the heart, which is the basis of humanity, that you should first appeal, and only after that to the ear."

ABOUT MOTHER-OF-PEARL.—The term mother-of-pearl, though applicable to all pearly shells, is in commerce principally applied to the shells of the bivalve pearl-mussel, *Meleagrina margaritifera*, which is found along the coasts of all the lands within the tropics. The chief buyers of mother-of-pearl are those engaged in the button trade; a great deal is also purchased by cutlers for making handles of knives and forks and by manufacturers of inlaid work and of fancy articles.

HIS LAST JEST.—A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century had a great appetite for fun all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

PRIDE AND HUNGER.

"With lace bedizened comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
'Your pride and not your victuals spare;
I came to dine and not to stare.'"

Martial.

IN ERROR.—"We more readily confess to errors, mistakes and shortcomings in our conduct than in our thoughts."—*Goethe.*

WHAT THE MASTER NEEDS.

"'Tis not thy work the Master needs, 'tis thee:
The obedient spirit, the believing heart.
The child obedient, trustful, glad to be
Where'er He will, to stay or to depart."

J. R. Miller

BE EARNEST.—Without earnestness no woman ever does really great things. She may be the cleverest of women, she may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but she will want weight.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE season has returned to us for the early autumn tours, the majority of travellers availing themselves of rather cooler weather and somewhat reduced terms, at both English and foreign hotels and *pensions*. A few words, therefore, on dress suitable for such expeditions is desirable.

In days gone by, and even within my own memory, my countrymen and women made themselves quite notorious by their eccentric style of clothing when they made even the shortest journeys. Men, especially the middle-aged, swathed their throats in woollen "comforters" and Bandana silk handkerchiefs; wore small check caps, with a shade and flaps tied down over the ears, and the shabbiest of old coats and waterproofs. Women followed suit in the greasiest of ancient silk gowns, dingy shawls and waterproofs, and bulgy boots of the oldest and most inartistic character. In fact the *bizarre* exhibition our travellers made in former times, from early in the present century, and kept up by some old-fashioned folk till within a much later date, brought upon them the ridicule of foreigners, and cost them much in the consideration accorded them. At the present time this is all changed, and the mistake recently made (by a good many of our lady-tourists) is in over-dressing, and wearing hats and dress materials wholly unsuited for such travelling.

Happily this season finds us in a more reasonable state of mind, and good taste prevails to a far greater extent than for some years past. A specially-selected costume is now provided for travelling-wear, moderately substantial in texture and quiet in colour; and hats and bonnets are equally simple, and able to bear service in sunshine or in rain. A light dust-cloak of alpaca or Tussore silk, and a warmish cape, folded up smoothly in the rug-holder; a bonnet, in a box packed away in the trunk, not carried in a bandbox, as in days gone by, and a new pair of black kid double-sewn gloves, with white or coloured sewing on the backs, has more generally replaced the shabbiness and eccentricities of former times, and the gaudy, vulgar flashiness of later years. Of course, in both these cases, I exclude the dress of the real "upper ten" and persons of considerable means; to whom the saving of a dress, by appearing in such unseemly attire during a journey, was not an economy that ever by any means commended itself, nor could we recommend it.

AFTERNOON TEA.

Naturally, for fishing expeditions, in Scotland or Ireland, nothing could be more suitable than a thin serge, tailor-made; as also for

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

yachting, and alpine climbing; for which the homespuns are rather too warm in September. Canvas, batiste, *piqué*, grass-lawns, and grenadines, would be quite as unsuitable, except to wear of an evening when at home in an hotel or *pension* for the rest of the day. To be much dressed in these places, as if at a private dinner or evening reception, shows very bad taste; although a change of dress for the evening meal, wherever you may be located, is a custom of society that can never be set aside by those who belong to it. At present, serge silk is in favour for ordinary evening blouses.

Apart from travelling costumes, I may give some notes made on my survey of some of our best shops. To grass-lawn skirts, I observe that *glacé* silk is employed for the bodices. "Viyella" seems a popular material for tennis gowns, a material to be had in pretty tints, and in checked and striped designs. In speaking of a travelling suit, were the season a warm one, I should have suggested that alpaca or mohair would be excellent substitutes for the thin serge. A new process has been devised, called "Millerain," by which all materials, from cotton to velvet, may be rendered waterproof; quite a boon not only to travellers, but to pedestrians obliged to be out and on foot in rainy weather. For morning blouses I see that cotton *crépons* are much in favour, and in delicate tints, striped with black, look very well.

While the sun still retains its power, suits of drill-linen, spotted zephyrs, and *chiné* jaffetas, as well as the Tussore silks in the natural colours, will continue to be popular amongst girls; but while the summer sales offered the advantage of reduced prices, it is to be hoped that any who wished to be economical, provided themselves with cheviots, and other warmer suits in anticipation of the early chilliness of a coming autumn season.

Speaking of little economies, I may observe that the prevailing styles of dressmaking are much in favour of the home-dressmaker. Out of last year's balloon-like sleeves offer great advantages in their remodelling to more reasonable proportions, in keeping with up-to-date varieties of form. Narrow frill flounces edged with narrow yellow Valenciennes lace, will give a skirt a new appearance that has lost its freshness, and put a new face upon it; or a trimming of *passementerie*, laid flat all down the seams, if carefully done, so as not to pucker, or drag the stuff, of whatever material, supplemented by epaulet falls of guipure lace on the sleeves and bodice, will effectually renovate, and make the shady last season gown assume the appearance of a new one. You will find that an outlay of a few shillings, and the expenditure of a little time and thought will undoubtedly repay you, and prove a very economical undertaking

Pleats at the back of the bodice are still much seen, and may be simulated by strips of insertion, and pleats are made at the back of the flaring skirt; those unlined having overlapping seams, or they are covered with *passementerie*, as I before suggested, for the renovation of a half-worn gown. In the matter of altering out-of-date sleeves, two small puffs are sometimes made out of the big ones; a number of horizontal tucks are made all round the arm. But if you have a piece of silk, or could buy a pretty remnant suitable as to colour, take out the original sleeve and substitute some of later-date form, or make three new shoulder-frills of the old material, and line them with the remnant of pretty light-tinted silk or satin. The present fashion of wearing lace or muslin *fichus*, collarettes, ruffles, and *Jabôts*, and the wide-folded corselet waist-belt are admirably adapted to conceal

LONG BLACK CHIFFON FICHU.

all defects of soil or hard wear in a last-season's bodice.

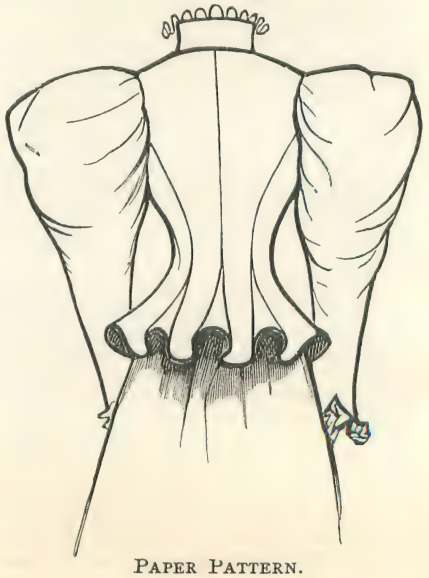
Eton coats, with epaulettes instead of three frills, are a good deal worn, and in Paris pale-tan-coloured coats are greatly worn. But capes, large and small, are as much in vogue as ever; those for the more dressy occasions are of the smaller proportions. Some of the dust-cloaks are so much trimmed that they are as expensive as gowns, and seem to belie their name, or rather more truly answer to it, and form perfect "dust-traps," with all their elaborate trimmings of white lace and *chiffon*. Some are loose and flowing, others are drawn in to the figure. The new waterproofs are made with detachable capes, piped all round with leather, and the fronts are lined with "silk-proof." Some are of silky *crêpe*-cloth, in pretty shades, and lined with plaid silk. As to the favourite colours and combinations, black and white, blue and tan-colour, mauve and heliotrope are favourite blendings; green continues in approval, and pure white for young people, but pale-blue seems to head the list.

The "floral toque" remains very much in wear, and so are the Panama and Leghorn hats, and feathers and "tips" are more seen than flowers. Pale-pink and deep-crimson straws are in favour, and wired wings of black gauze; and pearl and paste buckles a good deal employed. In flower-trimmings we see a special taste for roses, combined with jasmine and mignonette, and cornflowers are worn by themselves alone. The "picture-hats" of rustic-green straw are usually decorated with pink roses. All hats are worn much down over the forehead. The sailor-hats have rather lower crowns and wider brims.

Shoes are, I am glad to say, less pointed, they are broad in the sole and have "military heels," which means a compromise between the high French heels and the flat "rational" ones. The "Oxford shoe" is the most fashionable. A special stocking has appeared for cycling in tan-colour, which has twelve buttons sewn up on the outside, so that it has the appearance of a gaiter, but with the advantage of not being made to button like the latter.

With reference to our illustrations for this month. One of our figures, "at the seaside" wears a white *piqué* dress, with white Leghorn hat, trimmed with white satin ribbon, and black quills. The other figure is dressed in white alpaca, with *revers*, collar and cuffs of black silk, covered with cream-coloured lace. The jacket is ornamented with narrow bands of black braid. The girl on this page wears a black *chiffon fichu*, having long, embroidered ends in front. Her hat has the high crown now so much in fashion. At the right of the tea-table, there is a figure wearing a light green silk blouse, the bodice of which is covered with embroidered *chiffon*; and the lady on the left has a black *chiffon* bodice, with bands of white lace, forming a zouave in front, and crossing the shoulders to the waist at back. The sleeves are ornamented with narrow frills of white lace. The central figure wears a cashmere dress, with puffed sleeves; and the *fichu* is of butter-coloured muslin, as are also the sleeves, from the puff to the waist. Our cut paper pattern for this month is for a bodice with fluted *basque*. It is in seven pieces, viz., front, back, two side pieces, sleeve, collar and *revers*. The *basque* should be lined with silk or satin corresponding in colour with the trimmings of the dress.

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice, instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown. *Children.*—Child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt. All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.



PAPER PATTERN.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

AND ITS SOLUTION.

By HARRY HALL, B.A.

PART IV.

RELIGION; THE LIFE AFTER DEATH; THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD."

the last article we considered the totemic aspect of the Egyptian religion; we have now to turn our attention to those deities and those observances which were not primarily of totemic origin.

Among all nations the sun and moon have been objects of reverence; in Egypt both were gods, and neither seem to have been of totemic character, except perhaps Rā, the sun-god, to whom the far-seeing hawk was sacred. Āāḥ, the moon-god, was of little importance; his lunar functions indeed were shared by Thoth and by Khonsû, a local Theban god of whom we shall speak later. But the sun, either as Rā or in some other form, was worshipped throughout Egypt. The headquarters of his cult were early established at the great priestly centre of Ânnû or On (Heliopolis), which may have had some early connection with Mesopotamia. Rā was worshipped in three manifestations, (1) as Ḥorû-m̀ākhtï (Harmachis), "Horus on the Two Horizons," the Rising Sun, (2) as Khĕprā, "He who is," "He who comes into being," the Sun of To-day, and (3) as Tmû, "He who is not," the Setting Sun, the sun in his nightly passage beneath the earth from west to east. Ḥorûm̀ākhtï was originally not a sun-god; he was at first simply Ḥorû, "He who is above," the sky-god, whose right eye was the sun. But as the cult of the sky-god was superseded by that of the sun-god, Ḥorû was usually worshiped as Ḥorûmakhtï, the rising sun, or less frequently as Ḥorûhûdit, the winged sun. Like Rā, he was represented as a hawk-headed man, but he usually has not the sun-disk on his head; Rā always has. This Horus must be carefully distinguished from Ḥorûsaisit (Arsiesis), "Horus son of Isis" and Osiris, of whom we will speak later. They were frequently confounded in ancient times, and to distinguish them the sky-god was frequently called Ḥorû-ûr (Aroeris), "the great Horus." Besides him, other gods, as Ânḥûr, the war-god, and Shû, the air-god, were also identified with the sun. Later also Rā was identified with the royal god Âmen of Thebes; Âmen-Rā, of whom we shall speak later, is one of the Egyptian gods of whom we have all heard. The heresy of King Âkhǹaten, of which we spoke in the second of these articles, was probably of Heliopolitan origin; it consisted in the elevation of the sun-disk *Âten* to the position of the one god Âten-Rā. But the heresy died with the king. The theologians of Heliopolis arranged the chief gods in three *paût*, groups of nine, or "Enneads," at the head of which was Rā, or rather Tmû-Rā, who was more especially regarded as the true Heliopolitan form of the sun-god. With him were his son Shû, the latter's wife Tafnût, and the deities Geb,* Nût, Osiris, Isis, Ḥorûm̀ākhtï, and Set; the second commenced with Ḥorûsaisit, and included Thoth, Ûpuaût and Ḥorûhûdit; the third included Anubis and the four "funerary genii," the children of Ḥorû; Âmsthâ, Ḥâpi, Duatmâûtf, and Ḳebḥsennûf. Some of these gods we know already; but who are the rest with their terrible names? We must refer to the Egyptian creation-myths.

In the beginning was chaos, the dark waters of Nû. Into this primitive matter each of the various local creator-deities infused form and energy; the goddess Nit (Nĕïth) of Saïs in the Delta was a weaver who made the world of warp and woof; Khnûmû, the Nile-god of the cataracts, gathered up the mud of his waters and therewith moulded his creatures upon a potter's table; Ptaḥ of Memphis was the smith who forged the universe. A more complicated myth made Shû, the air-god, separate Nût, the sky-goddess, from Geb, the prostrate Earth-god, and lift her up with his arms, so that she overarched Geb, with her feet touching his feet, and her hands touching his hands. Geb struggled with Shû, but was immovably fixed as he twisted himself, so that his body is to this day contorted into mountains and valleys. The star-clad body of Nût formed the firmament. Shû is usually represented kneeling on one knee and holding up the sun with his hands. Even these gods had some connection with totemism, for the sign for Geb (sometimes called "Seb") is a goose, and for Shû an ostrich-feather, an emblem which is also shared by Maât, the goddess of truth, and forms part of the totem standard of Min, the god of fertility.

Another myth made Âsâri(Osiris) and Set children of Geb and Nût; the first typified primarily the Nile, the second the "howling" red desert. They were also regarded as typifying the one the beneficent, the other the destroying, aspects of the sun. Osiris was called also Ûnnĕfer, "Good Being" *par excellence;* he and his wife Âsit(Isis) and their son Ḥorûsaisit (also called Ḥorûpakhrûdi Harpokratês), "Horus the child," were perhaps the most universally-venerated deities of Egypt. The original seat of the worship of Osiris was Busiris ("Town of Osiris") in the Delta; its greatest home was Mendes, also in the Delta, where a curious fetish called the *Dad*, which means "firm" or "stable," was venerated as a form of Osiris. This fetish is often found as an earthenware amulet; it possibly represents a pillar with four superimposed capitals. Also the sacred ram (not the goat), token of Mendes, was regarded at Mendes as an incarnation of Osiris.

We find a curious instance of Greek misrepresentation with regard to Ḥorûpakhrûdi. He is usually represented as a crowned child, sitting with his hand to his mouth. Struck by this attitude, the Greeks jumped to the conclusion that he must be a god of *silence*, and transferred him in this *rôle* to the Greek pantheon, under the name of Harpokratês. In reality the position of his hand merely signified his childhood; he was only sucking his thumb! He is often represented seated in the lap of Isis, in precisely the attitude of the Child in the lap of the Madonna. The goddess Ḥet-Ḥorû(Ḥathor, "House of Horus"), was said to have been his nurse.

Set, meanwhile, married Nebt-Ḥet (Nephthys, "Lady of the House"), a shadowy sister of Isis. He is always represented as having the head of an unknown animal, with a long, curved muzzle and blunt erect ears; his hieroglyph is this animal sitting or lying down with its forked-tail erect. He was undoubtedly the nearest approach to a devil which the Egyptians possessed. The evil old serpent, Âpap, gave place when Set came to be regarded more and more as the principle of evil opposed to Osiris-Ûnnefer, the principle of good. Finally, the legend tells us, Set murdered his brother Osiris, cast his body into a chest, and threw it into the sea. Isis found it, but Set discovered this, and cut up the body into little pieces. The weeping Isis then wandered up and down the world seeking his fragments, which she finally collected and buried at Abydos, in Upper Egypt, whence Osiris was always called "Lord of Abydos." But Set was not punished till her son Horus (Ḥorûsaisit, Ḥorûpakhrûdi) grew up and banished him to his deserts. Evil had triumphed temporarily over good, but good was victorious in the end.

It may surprise our readers, this idea of the gods being born, living, and dying, even by violence, like men, but this was quite an old Egyptian idea; we have a text, dating to about 3520 B.C., which represents the dead king Ûnâs as hunting the gods in company with djinns, as netting them, boiling them, and eating them for his supper. Here is part of this text:—

> "Ûnâs is he who eateth mankind, who liveth on gods. . . . He who cutteth off the beginning of the hair, who is in the fields, netteth them for Ûnâs; Zosertepf ('Holy is his Head') hath approved them; he driveth them. The cord-master hath bound them; Khonsû the slayer of lords, hath cut their throats for Ûnâs; he hath drawn them. . . . Shesem hath cut them up for Ûnâs; he hath boiled their pieces in his cauldrons in the evening. Ûnâs is he who eateth their magic, who swalloweth their demons. The elder gods are his food in the morning, the middle-aged gods are for his evening-meal, the younger gods are his food at night; the old gods and goddesses are fuel for his furnace."

Poor gods and goddesses! Now this may be deeply mystical; but it will suffice our purpose to note, (1) that a god could be killed, (2) that a dead person was regarded as a very active being, armed with great magical powers, awing even the gods. But if a dead man could be thus powerful, much more could a dead god; so we find the dead Osiris and the dead sun twice more powerful gods after their death than before. Osiris, being dead, was always represented as a swathed mummy, crowned, and holding flail and sceptre, symbols of sovereignty, for he was King of the Underworld, the *Khrĭnĕtâr* or tomb, which was in the West, and was thus always known as *Âmentï*, "the West." Here, as Osiris-Khontâmentï, he ruled the dead wisely and well.

And now we come to the beliefs of the Egyptians with regard to the life after death. The whole men consisted of seven parts: (1) the physical *khat* or body; (2) the *saḥû* or astral form; (3) the *sôkhm* or "power"; (4) the *khaibit* or shadow; (5) the *ka* or "double"; (6) the *ba* or soul proper; (7) the *âkh* or "glory." Of these the *saḥû* was a kind of ghostly mummy, the *khaibit* was the actual shadow; of the nature of the *sôkhm* and *âkh* little is said by the Egyptians. It was in the *ka* and *ba* that the life after death was chiefly centred. The word *ka* is usually translated "double" (*doppelgänger*); it was an etherealised body, the inner body, so to

* Please *don't* pronounce this as "Jebb."

speak, of the man which lived in the tomb with the dead and mummified outer body, when the *ba*, or soul was in the skies. It needed to be fed with offerings of food and drink, and the continued existence of the body was necessary for its continued life. For this reason the body was mummified. However, if the mummy were destroyed, the *ka* might still live in the statues of the dead men, which were often sealed up in the walls of the tomb, or might, as a last resort, take refuge in one of the little pottery or wooden figures, which were placed in large numbers in each tomb, armed with hoe and seed-bag, to do the agricultural work of the deceased in the celestial "Fields of Aarû." * These figures were called *ushabtiu* or "answerers," because they answered to the soul, saying, "Here am I," whenever they were called to their work. They have been found in great numbers, and usually bear either a short hieroglyphic formula containing the name of the deceased, or are inscribed with the 6th chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, which we shall quote later. If the *ka* were deprived of this last refuge in the *ushabtiu*, it must die. The *ba* was conceived as leaving both body and *ka* for a better existence than that of the tomb, though it often, in the form of a human-headed bird, revisited the silent chamber where the *ka* kept watch over the mummy through the long centuries. Helped by Osiris and Anubis "above his mountain," to whom he prayed, the soul "came and went in and out of his tomb as he willed," he "made his comings into being as he willed among the followers of Ûnnefer," he "came forth a living soul," and then he set forth to seek the fields of Aarû. The way was long and arduous, beset with perils from demons and monsters, but the soul, who was armed at all points with the sacred formulæ and amulets with which his mummy had been provided, and who, above all, was "true-voiced" (*maâ-khrôû*), would pass unscathed through the deserts of the demons, and be ferried across the lake Kha to the mysterious "Hall of Double Truth," where Osiris awaited him, seated in funereal majesty, behind him Isis and Nephthys, to right and left the forty-two judges of the dead. The soul now made his "Negative Confession," enumerating the sins which he had not committed; then his heart was weighed by Thoth in the balance against Truth, and, if found light of offence, it was restored to him, and he spent his future time either in tilling the fields of Aarû with the assistance of his *ushabtiû*, or in following in the train of glorified spirits (*âkhû*), which accompanied the boat of the sun in its daily journeys across the sky; while, if found heavy with sin, he was either delivered over to the tender mercies of "the Devourer," a terrible crocodile-like monster, "who liveth upon the entrails of the great on that day of great judgment," or was turned into a pig and driven into arid wastes by hideous dog-headed apes, the minions of Thoth, or even "died a second time." It has been supposed that the Egyptians had some idea of a resurrection in which all the parts of the man would be reunited at some future time, but the evidence is conflicting, and it is impossible to absolutely decide whether this was so or not. Of "metempsychosis" or transmigration of souls the Egyptians had no idea whatever.

Before passing to the consideration of the magical texts and incantations which ensured to the soul a safe passage to Amentï, and which, collected, form the *Book of the Dead*, we must briefly notice a few more gods which demand our attention.

We have all probably heard of the great gods Ptaḥ and Amen. The former the Greeks identified with their Hêphaistos. He was the chief local god of Memphis, and was usually represented as a dead god, mummified, and wearing a skull-cap. But really it was only in his form Ptaḥ-Sokrï that he could be considered as dead, and then he was identified with Osiris, and the form Ptaḥ-Sokrï-Âsâri, to whom the bull Âpis was sacred,* became common. The gloomy Sokrï is usually represented as a deformed dwarf, wearing a skull-cap.† Another Memphite god was Imḥotep, who was said to be the son of Ptaḥ, and Sokhmit, daughter of Râ. He was a god of science and medicine, and is represented as a young man, also wearing a skull-cap, sitting, and reading a papyrus roll—an Egyptian book.

Amen ("The Hidden One") was a god of a different order. Originally he, with the lunar Khonsû and the solar Menthû, were three local gods of the Uasit-Nome, the Thebaid. Menthû was the chief of the three, while Amen and Khonsû were regarded by the early theologians of Heliopolis as merely good genii, who assisted the soul in the next world. But in the early days of the "Middle Empire" (about 3000 B.C.), as Thebes rose into prominence, so Amen eclipsed Menthû, and finally rose to the position of chief official god of the empire, having Khonsû for his son and Mâût ("The mother") for his wife. He was now identified with Râ as Amen-râ sûnetârû (Amonrasonthêr) "Amon-Ra King of Gods." After the destruction of Thebes by the Assyrians, however, his worship declined, though as Zeûs Ammôn he was venerated by Greeks as well as Egyptians. The curved-horned ram was sacred to him, but he was never depicted by the Egyptians with rams' horns, as the twisted-horned Khnûmû was. He was conceived as a great king, seated on his throne, crowned, and wearing two tall feathers upon his head. To Mâût the vulture was sacred.

Min, one of the most ancient Egyptian gods, was worshipped at Koptos, perhaps the oldest seat of Egyptian civilization.‡ He was the god of fertility, and was in later times connected with Amen. It may be as well to note that his name has been read "Khem" and "Amsu," but "Min" appears to be the more correct form.

The great Nile god was Ḥâpimôû ("Ḥâpi of the waters"), a human-headed god represented crowned with reeds and pouring water. Sôbk, crocodile-god of the Fayum, was a Nile-god, while Khnûmû was god of the First Cataract.

We must now speak of the *Book of the Dead*. As we have seen, it was a collection of the magical texts and formulæ which, rightly recited at critical points on the way, ensured to the soul a safe passage to the realm of Osiris. Of the earliest of these texts we have already given a specimen, from the pyramid of King Ûnâs (of the Vth Dynasty, about 3520 B.C.), which relates to the doings of the king after death. These "Pyramid Texts," as they are called, of the kings Ûnâs, Têtâ, Pêpȳ, Mêrȳrâ, and Merṇrâ Meḥtimsaf, appear in modified forms in the later book; but the earliest specimens of the collected book as we have it now date to the beginning of the "Middle Empire," about 3000 B.C. With every Egyptian were buried as many copies of chapters of the book as he could afford to buy, written on papyrus, and embellished with vignettes illustrating each chapter. The wealthiest were buried with magnificent papyri, containing most of the 186 chapters of the Book; such a papyrus is that of Âni, a great official of the time of the XIXth Dynasty (1300 B.C.), which is now in the British Museum, and has lately been edited by Dr. Budge, and published by the trustees. A facsimile of it is exhibited in the galleries of the museum. The following is a translation of part of one of the most famous chapters of the Book, the 64th, entitled "Chapter whereby one cometh forth into the day from the Khrînetâr," with part of the interesting rubric at the end. The soul says—

> "I am Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow, for I am born again and again; mine is the Secret Soul which maketh the gods and giveth food-offerings to the Duaût of the West of Heaven.
>
> "I am the rudder of the East, the Lord of Two Faces who seeth his rays, the Lord of Arisings, who cometh forth from the darkness, whose comings into being are in the House of Death.
>
> "O Two Hawks who are over the servants, who take heed of the matters relating thereto, who accompany the bier to the secret place, who conduct Râ, who follow from the Upper Place of the Shrine which is above the heaven,—the Lord the Shrine, which standeth in the exact centre of the earth, he is I, and I am he; and mine is the golden radiance of Ptaḥ upon his firmament.
>
> "Smile, O Râ! may thy heart be pleasant in thy perfect order of this day! as thou enterest into the west and as thou comest forth from the east may the Eldest and those who are in thy presence acclaim thee!
>
> "Make pleasant for me thy ways, make broad for me thy roads, when I cross the earth to the expanses of heaven!
>
> "Shine thou upon me, gracious Soul, when I am approaching the god who speaketh in my ears in the Duat! deliver thou me, protect thou me from 'Him who Closeth his Eyes in Twilight and Bringeth to an End in Darkness!'
>
> * * * *
>
> "To be said on coming forth into the day, that one may not be kept back on the path of the Duat, whether on entering in or on coming forth, for taking all the forms which one desireth, and that the soul of a man die not a second time.
>
> "If one knoweth this chapter he is made true of voice upon earth and in the *Khrînetâr*, and he doeth all things that are done by a man upon earth.
>
> "One found this chapter in Khmennû * upon a slab of alabaster, inscribed in real ultramarine, under the feet of this god. It was found in the days of King Menkarâ, the true-voiced, and given to the king's son Ḥorûdâdâf when he was journeying to make inspection of the temples."

The sixth chapter, which we have mentioned before as inscribed upon the little Ushabtï figures, is as follows:—

> "*Chapter of causing the Ushabtï to do work for a man in the Khrînetâr:*—
>
> "O thou *Ushabti*, if one calleth thee, if one detaileth thee to do all the labours which are done in the *Khrînetâr*, behold! do thou strike down obstacles there for a man beneath him! One detaileth thee for a man at every moment to make the fields to increase, to fill the canals with water, to bring the sand of the East and of the West."
>
> (*The Ushabtï answers.*) "Here am I, when thou callest there!"

Many of the chapters of the *Book of the Dead* are couched in such mystic phrases that we may be allowed to doubt whether they were intelligible to the scribes who copied them. The text of such chapters soon became corrupt, and this process may be traced in the different codices. Even in the earliest times, many of the mystical texts had already become unintelligible, and to us they seem pure nonsense; what, for instance, can be made out of the following "Incantation against Serpents," from the pyramid of Ûnâs?

> "Say:—the Nâu-serpent coileth, it is the serpent who coileth round the Calf. O Hippopotamus who comest forth from the home of the earth, thou hast eaten what cometh forth from thee. Descend, rest, return! When Honpsezit falleth into the water, this serpent is turned over, and thou seest Râ.
>
> "Say:—cut the head of the serpent Kaûrhannû. These say to thee;—'Râ is holy as a protection. . . . Say:—these are the talons of Tmu, of Lady Bind-Bracelets, of Neḥbûkaû. . . . The Two Weepers stand closing thy mouth . . . . the lynx biteth the crocodile who is the serpent. O Râ, Ûnas biteth the earth, Ûnas biteth Geb. . . . The serpent biteth! the serpent biteth the serpent; the serpent envelopeth the heaven, envelopeth the earth, envelopeth from the beginning!'"

A pretty coil indeed! I leave the reader to

* The *Aarû* were plants; M. Maspero translates "reeds."

* Serâpis was a Bithynian god introduced into Egypt by the Ptolemies, and identified with Asâr-Ḥâpi (Osiris-Apis).

† His name, *Sokri*, means "The Coffined," literally.

‡ See Article III.

* Hermopolis Major.

find the way along its windings! The identity of Honpsezit, of Kaûrhannû, and of "Lady Bind-Bracelets" (*Heryt-thes-beqsu*) is doubtful; but Râ, Tmû, and Geb we know already. Nehbûkaû was a serpent-headed god, and "the Two Weepers" are Isis and Nephthys, who close the mouth of Osiris, and weep by his bier. Here it must be noted that every dead man was in a sense apotheosed, he "became Osiris." He was addressed as "O Osiris Âmenhotep," "O Osiris Pinehasi," or whatever else his name may have been, and was worshipped as being Osiris. A woman or a small boy also became Osiris, not Isis or Horûsaisit; for distinctions of sex do not appear to have been kept up in the next world, among the souls of mankind at least.

(*To be continued.*)

CORSICAN MAIDENS, MANNERS, AND MYSTERIES.

A FRENCH TEACHER'S MEMORIES.

PART III.

"WELL," said Madame Dralla, "if I am to tell you what I saw of a vendetta, I must begin with a school examination day! Does that not sound like a mingling of 'incompatibles?'

"It was an entrance examination, and scholarships were to be competed for. Very many girls came in for the competitive examination. All the written papers had been examined. On their evidence we were to select a certain number of the girls—more than the number of scholarships—and we were to put these to the further test of spending a week in the school, so that we could not only conduct the oral examination on our own lines, but could get acquainted with the girls themselves, and form some opinion on their character, capacity, and general promise.

"Among the girls who had come up for examination was one who seemed to be the object of keen and kindly interest on the part of the mayor of the town and other well-known and influential people. We received many letters concerning her, the tune of them all being, 'Take her. She may not be already well read, but she is very intelligent, and so good and willing! For pity's sake, do not turn her back. Though she may know very little now, and most probably is not up to the mark you demand from prospective pupils, yet receive her. She will work to the best of her ability, and may do much if she get an opportunity.'

"True enough, her written papers showed that she knew nothing! The utmost we could do for her was to invite her among those who were to come up to the school. There was not the faintest hope that she would be among those finally selected, but we yielded to her friend's pleas so far as to give her the pleasure of spending a few days among us.

"Unlike most of Corsican race, she was tall, very slender, and naturally graceful. She had teeth like little pearls, dark hair and eyes which gazed forth intently as if she would fain absorb all at once the knowledge which would permit her to become one of us. She was gentle, sweet, and lovable. But we noticed that she shrank from the other girls, who did not seem attracted to her; and whenever she was not with us, she became awfully sad. We would watch her walking to and fro in our large garden, and sometimes she seemed to forget where she was, and joined her hands as if in fervent and well-nigh despairing prayer.

"Of course, our interest was aroused. We tried to gain her confidence, but she seemed so sensitive and shrinking that we feared to press her for the secret of her unhappiness. Once, indeed, a discussion seemed to arise between her and one of the other girls, and we heard her say, in her sweet pathetic voice—

"'True, I am the last of them; they sleep in the *magnis*. God alone knows how soon I may follow them.'

"Unfortunately at that time none of the teaching staff had lived long enough in Corsica to understand the full significance of those words, nor of the awful issues depending on our decision. Saturday came—the day when the names of the scholarship winners would be publicly announced.

"Before doing this, the whole staff of the school being convened, we sent for the girls who had failed, that we might break the blow to them in comparative privity. As Maria entered the room, she read the expression of our faces, and clasping her hands, cried passionately—

"'Oh, no, no—you will not send me away!'

"'Dear Maria,' said the head mistress, 'we find it is not our duty to accept you. We are bound by our regulations to accept only the most promising candidates, and the Government who pays and appoints us has a right to control our decisions and to make us accountable for them. If we receive you, we shall not be just, and twenty other candidates whom we have received will protest—and it will be right to do so—in the public papers. But is there not anything else we can do for you? We shall be rejoiced to help you if we can.'

"'What can you do for me?' wailed the unhappy girl. 'Can you prevent me from being killed—murdered? Can you plough the land around my father's cottage, so that I may reap some corn or gather some fruit? Can you go and speak to the Archbishop, and bid him bring the woe of my family to an end? I have now only one cousin left. He has taken my beloved father's place. Any moment may put an end to his life—and to mine! Could the Holy Virgin, to whom I owed my life, to whom I gave up my hair * two years ago, have pity on me!'

"'Maria, my dear girl,' said the head mistress, 'we do not understand you.'

"'I will tell you all, and you may judge,' she cried, throwing herself into a chair. As we gathered round her, she related her strange story.

"'My father was a steady, honest farmer, fearing God and the Holy Virgin, after whom he named me Maria. He was clever. He never drank. Our land was the most productive in the district of B——. My mother was full of goodness and spirit; she loved us dearly; we were all so happy!

"'Opposite our house was a cottage whose inmates were not quiet folk as we were. The husband did not care to work. The wife was seen more often chattering with the women of the village than mending the clothes of her children. They ran wild, in tatters, and my parents did not like to see my brothers associate with them. For me, as only daughter and youngest child, I was always at my dear mother's side, learning something from her as she worked.

"'One day, just as the evening was freshening, my brothers joined in a game of "pins" with our young neighbours. Do you know how it is played? With a piece of chalk the children trace a circle on the ground. In that circle they put about fifty pins, heaped at random. Then they send an elastic ball on the heap and they catch the ball as it rebounds. Of course the pins, when struck, jump over the chalk line, and are claimed by the child who hurled the ball and caught it back. The game is very easy at the beginning, but the last pins are difficult to dislodge from their place. For a time,' narrated poor Maria, 'the game went on nicely, the boys all seemed friendly and to be enjoying it. Suddenly we heard dispute arise. My mother ran out, the other mother did the same, but my mother seeing that her neighbour was excited, returned to the door of our abode and called my brothers. But our neighbour caught one of my brothers by the arm, slapped his face and called him "liar." That roused my poor mother, who advanced and asked the woman what she meant, endeavouring to release my brother from her grasp. At that moment, the neighbour's husband came out, and without a word of inquiry, began to abuse my mother, who all unused to anger and dispute, stood pale, trembling and voiceless.

"'Then behold, my father came up returning from the field with his scythe and spade. When he heard the abusive language which was being used to my mother, he got angry, and the quarrel passed on to the two men—who did not even know how it arose.

"'Then a vendetta was opened by our neighbours. It was to begin, as is the rule, twenty-four hours after warning given. We came into our house, bewildered. We kissed our father over and over again. He put in order certain of his papers, examined his gun, which was old and out of order, sent us children to bed, and when all was quietness and darkness he blessed us, kissed our mother, and went into the *magnis*. My father was a man of peace, not used to fight, and he was killed in the first encounter with his enemy.

"'We were left to the care of my mother. It became my eldest brother's turn to take up the vendetta. He fought and killed and was killed. My uncle was called upon to pursue the vendetta, and he was slain, and now I am alone, for sorrow killed my mother, and neglect and misery my younger brother. What will become of me?'

"We looked at one another. Our first idea was to send Maria to some orphanage in France. We suggested the idea to her, but she refused it sadly, saying—

"'My cousin has now taken up the vendetta. It would not be right for me to go so far away and desert him. Oh, could I only speak to the Archbishop of Corsica!'

"'We might manage that for you, Maria,' we said. 'But suppose we do, what can he do for you?'

"'It is in his power,' said Maria, 'to call into his presence the heads of each family involved in a vendetta, and by pleading and reasoning with them, he can sometimes bring them to make peace. Because, you see, our Archbishop is a true Corsican; he keeps our laws of honour, and would not wound our patriotic feeling; hence he knows how to

* Girls give up their hair to the Madonna when they have any special petition to offer. It is made into ornaments for the church.

deal to bring concord and yet not shame among us.

"'You see it is managed like this,' she explained; 'when it is settled that a vendetta shall come to an end, and peace is sworn privately before the Archbishop, then he convenes the two families concerned to meet together in a church. The family which began the vendetta sit on the left side of the church, the other on the right. They do not take any notice of each other. A mass is said for the souls of those who have been killed. When the time comes for communion, the two leaders of the vendetta advance to the Holy Table. The priest holds in his hand the sacred wafer, and asks these men if they are ready to swear that they are willing to give up their rancour, to forgive one another, and to help one another as Christians ought to do. They swear it. While they are uttering this promise, the celebrant breaks the sacred wafer into two parts, as equal as he can get them, and taking one half in each hand, he gives them to the two men. After that he administers the communion to all the other members of the two families who desire to join in the ceremony.'

"'And is peace really and truly concluded?' we asked.

"'O yes,' said Maria, astounded. 'Who would dare to break one's oath. Oh, such a thing has never been heard of!'

"After that, the school staff had a consultation and came to a decision.

"First, that we would keep the girl with us, each mistress paying something towards her board, as she could not be received as a student.

"Second, that the staff of the school would ask the Archbishop to receive a visit from the head mistress that she might beg 'His Grandeur' to interfere in favour of the orphan girl.

"This plan was successfully carried out. It was found that both families were equally anxious to be at peace, though neither would accept it without the intervention which spared their 'honour.' The silly feud had lasted for ten years, and had cost the lives of six men, beside the resulting deaths of broken-hearted women and neglected children!

"Peace was sworn in a little village church, Maria and her cousin sitting together, the last survivors of their race.

"She needed our protection no more. Three months afterwards she married this cousin, whom she had so loyally refused to desert. They rebuilt the ruined cottage and restored the wasted fields. She has little ones of her own now, whom she dearly loves, but she said to me the last time I saw her—

"'I never allow them to play at "pins." Never! No!'"

"Is it easy to believe that people could be so silly!" I cried, "to quarrel over nothing—and kill each other, and wish to leave off, and yet go on, till they stop with a ceremony."

Madame Dralla smiled drily. "I think, my dear," she said, "that my true story of a Corsican vendetta is uncommonly like the history of many great wars done into a parable! Individuals composing enlightened nations have almost come to their senses in these days. But the nations, as a whole, seem to remain nearly as stupid as my Corsicans."

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

DANTE'S Purgatory is a mountain rising from out the shimmering main. The account of his approach to it with Virgil is one of the most beautiful parts of the Divine Comedy. He has issued from the awful depths of the Inferno, spent with weariness and terror, to "behold anew the stars." Venus shines in the East, the Southern Cross irradiates the heavens, and the dawn is at hand. The hoar frost, melting in the rising sun, serves to wash the tear-stains from Dante's cheeks; the sea trembles in the sunlight, and a bark, with an angel in the prow, and Dante's friend Casella, a singer and a musician on board, approaches the foot of the Mount of Purification.

The lower portion of the mountain is ante-Purgatory, a waiting-place; but Purgatory proper is guarded by a gate and an angel. Three steps lead to this gate; the first is of white marble, "so polished and so smooth that in it man beholds him as he is." The second is of rough and calcined stone, rent throughout, to represent the contrite heart: the third and crowning mass methought was porphyry, and flamed like the red blood fresh spouting from the vein. "This symbolises love."

We cannot dwell on the allegorical meaning of all this, wherein its true value consists, but perhaps some of the audience at the High School thought of it as they looked on the face of the Angel guarding the portal. Grave, serene, and sweet was the expression of her features, with a gaze that never wavered or flinched, as she seemed to look through, rather than at, the approaching visitants. Her face—the face of Mary Percival—was undoubtedly the central point of the tableau. Her white draperies fell with studied grace, and her pure, ineffable serenity spoke of unfathomed mysteries.

"Dear child," murmured Mr. Percival, the ready tears rising to his eyes, "such a moment as this repays a father's heart."

What for, no one seemed exactly to understand, but the important thing to Mr. Percival was that the surrounding company should know this was his child, and give him in some mysterious way the credit of Mary's transfigured appearance. Mrs. Percival also was touched; for she read in the look of her child a whole history of noble, patient, uncomplaining love and trust. Sometimes to all of us there comes a moment when we appear our ideal selves, as it were, and show, in one look, a hint of the best that we may become.

The curtain was raised again and again by acclamation. Katharine was delighted with Mary's success; her mind was also dwelling on the mysterious apparition in the gallery. Was it really Douglas? If so, how had he sped hither from Switzerland so suddenly? and did he know—if so, what would he have said—that the Angel whose presentment charmed every one, was none other than his own cousin?

Katharine could not go off in quest of him, for she was to take part in the fifth, and final tableau. This represented the Epiphany, or appearance, of Beatrice to Dante.

On the summit of the Mount of Purgatory there is a garden, which is the terrestrial paradise. It is watered by two rivers, Eunoe and Lethe. On the further bank of Lethe stands Beatrice. Dante passes through the river, helped by a "gentle lady," Matilda by name, and falls at the feet of her for whom his eyes had wearied ten long years.

The moment of his emerging from the stream was the moment chosen for the tableau. A sheet of glass represented the stream, its banks bordered by rushes. Flowers sprang up beneath the feet of Beatrice. The three virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, were beside her, with attendant angels. To Katharine had been allotted the part of Hope. Clad all in green, "with eyes upraised and backward floating hair," her bright personality gave a meet picture of what she represented; Mary Percival's inspired steadfast gaze and white garb

THE EPIPHANY OF BEATRICE TO DANTE.

Drawn by LUCIEN DAVIS.

[*See* "*A Child of Genius*," *p.* 766.

symbolised Faith; Nora Lovell, all in brilliant red, with her calm, sweet expression, gave a picture of Charity. They were pleading with their mistress to look kindly on Dante:

"Turn, Beatrice; turn thy holy eyes!"

but could only give mute indication of their intercession.

Beatrice herself was clad as the poet describes—

"A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame;
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me.

The scene was beautifully harmonised; the brilliant colours, the light, the composition, and the recollection of Miss Temple's words still fresh in the memory of the spectators, combined to make it a triumphant success.

Katharine, as Hope, was allowed to have an intent, far-reaching look, "embracing the invisible"; so before the curtain rose the second time she fixed her gaze so as to perceive the furthest corner of the gallery. And here, she satisfied herself, was Douglas in very fact; no vision but a solid personality, with his eyes as intently riveted on her as hers were upon him. Had he really the malicious design of causing her to falter in the surprise of recognition? She could hardly think so, for he seemed gravely and seriously attentive and impressed.

The audience were unwilling to let the tableaux, which had brought the story and work of an immortal poet so beautifully before their eyes, vanish altogether from their ken, and insisted on the raising of the curtain again and again; but at last it dropped finally, amid loud applause. There were calls for the artist, who had freely given his services. Mr. Waldegrave came forward and bowed, and the entertainment was over.

"I congratulate you most heartily," said the Duchess to Miss Seymour. "I have never enjoyed anything more. The girls seemed heart and soul imbued with the spirit of the whole thing. I was particularly struck by the face of the Angel in the fourth tableau; who was the young lady?" Miss Seymour explained.

"I should like to speak to her," said the Duchess, sympathetically.

Mary was accordingly fetched from behind the scenes; not a little touched and surprised that so great a lady should wish to notice her.

The Duchess was elderly, but had a keen sympathy with the young. The features were finely cut and intelligent; she was simply dressed in black, but the air with which she carried her draperies atoned for their plainness. She shook hands kindly with Mary, and said a few appreciative words that caused the girl to colour with pleasure.

Mr. Percival had hastened up, and stood ready at Miss Seymour's elbow, hoping to be introduced also; but the head mistress, who had the insight into character which belongs to her profession, cordially disliked Mary's father, and made no sign.

"An evening such as this is a rich recompense for many long years of anxiety and care on the part of a parent," breathed a melodious, sentimental voice almost in the ear of the two ladies. The Duchess started; Miss Seymour, by a dexterous flank movement without obvious intention, turned her shoulder upon the intruder, forming a rampart between him and her guest. Much mortified, but unable to press himself further, Mr. Percival retreated, and made amends for his rebuff by observing to his wife in unusually acid tones—

"The times are changing. The children are honoured while their parents are ignored. Well, so be it: I must confess, however, I had thought my little Mary would always be proud and rejoiced to own her father."

"What can you mean, Ambrose?" inquired his wife, who had not witnessed the little manœuvre. But Mr. Percival contented himself with vague generalities. Mrs. Percival had been unwontedly happy to see Mary so beautiful, so honoured, looking as if her sweet, unselfish, devout spirit were really manifesting itself in full expression in her face for all to behold and admire: it was therefore a little depressing to find her husband in this vein. But she was used to depressing things, and made the best of it.

The Duchess, quick-witted and observant, had noted the sweet, soft music during the third tableau, and made inquiries about the performer. When she heard that Katharine was the composer also, she expressed much interest, and asked that she too might be brought forth.

Katharine, sparkling and radiant, made her curtsey and shook hands with the gentle lady, who said a few very kind words on her art. "It is a delightful thing to have talent such as yours, my dear child; I hope you may be able to develop it more and more, and use it well."

Mr. Lovell was theoretically scornful of distinctions of rank, but practically he was very much gratified to observe Katharine's introduction to the Duchess, although he had too much good sense to thrust himself forward as Mr. Percival had done. There was quite a distinguished little group in front of the platform, for Mr. Waldegrave had now been summoned to receive thanks and congratulations. On the outskirts of this group hovered a claimant for Katharine's notice, of a less august character. Douglas Gordon was fidgeting first on one foot, then on another; but he could not catch Katharine's eye. At last the Duchess, dispersing smiles and charming words in the way which made "your Grace" no empty form when applied to her, was escorted to her carriage; her coachman and footman, outwardly passive and reverent, had a moment before been exchanging angry and scornful opinions anent the suburban hall where they found themselves, far too much honoured, they considered, by the presence of their mistress, and quite unreasonably remote for so late an hour.

"I thought I should never get near you; you were so much engrossed with your great people," were Douglas's first words to Katharine.

"Dear me, Douglas; how you've—"

She was going to say "How you've grown!" but checked herself.

"If you were going to say 'improved,' you need not be afraid of making me vain," said Douglas, in his old whimsical fashion. "I just am well aware it's the truth of the matter."

"I wasn't going to say so!" protested Katharine. "You've got to be a man—quite a man!" she added patronisingly.

"And what else would I be at twenty?" demanded Douglas, in high dudgeon.

"You're not twenty yet, I'm sure; but anyhow, what made you start up here all in a moment; and how is mother?"

"I came by the train and boat like any other body," explained Douglas. "And I called for you this afternoon, but you were here. And she's quite well, and sends her love, and doesn't know what to do now I've left Belle-Rive, for she never saw the likes of me her whole life long."

"Called for," in the Scottish vernacular means "called on," and this Katharine knew, though the Lovells did not.

"I daresay she didn't!" retorted Katharine. "Do you know you've an angel for a cousin?" she suddenly and startlingly asked. "Come and speak to her."

Douglas looked bewildered on being abruptly confronted by Mary Percival, whom, of course, he had not recognised in the tableaux as having any connection with himself. He shook hands with her in a dazed sort of way. It was an awkward spot for family meetings, and reconciliations, or the reverse—the great hall with its departing guests, its hum of voices! The Lovells were looking somewhat disapprovingly at Katharine. Mrs. Percival felt a throb of emotion on seeing Douglas, whom, from his face, she half suspected to be her nephew. Mr. Percival was loftily unconscious of anything save the fact that it was late, and that he was tired and generally unappreciated by his contemporaries.

"I'll see you again," said Douglas, perceiving that this was no moment for introductions and revelations, and explanations that he had left his Swiss life rather suddenly at the last, for no particular reason save that the Laird was weary of the separation. "I'm staying at the Métropole."

And the little company parted as the last guests were leaving the High School.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

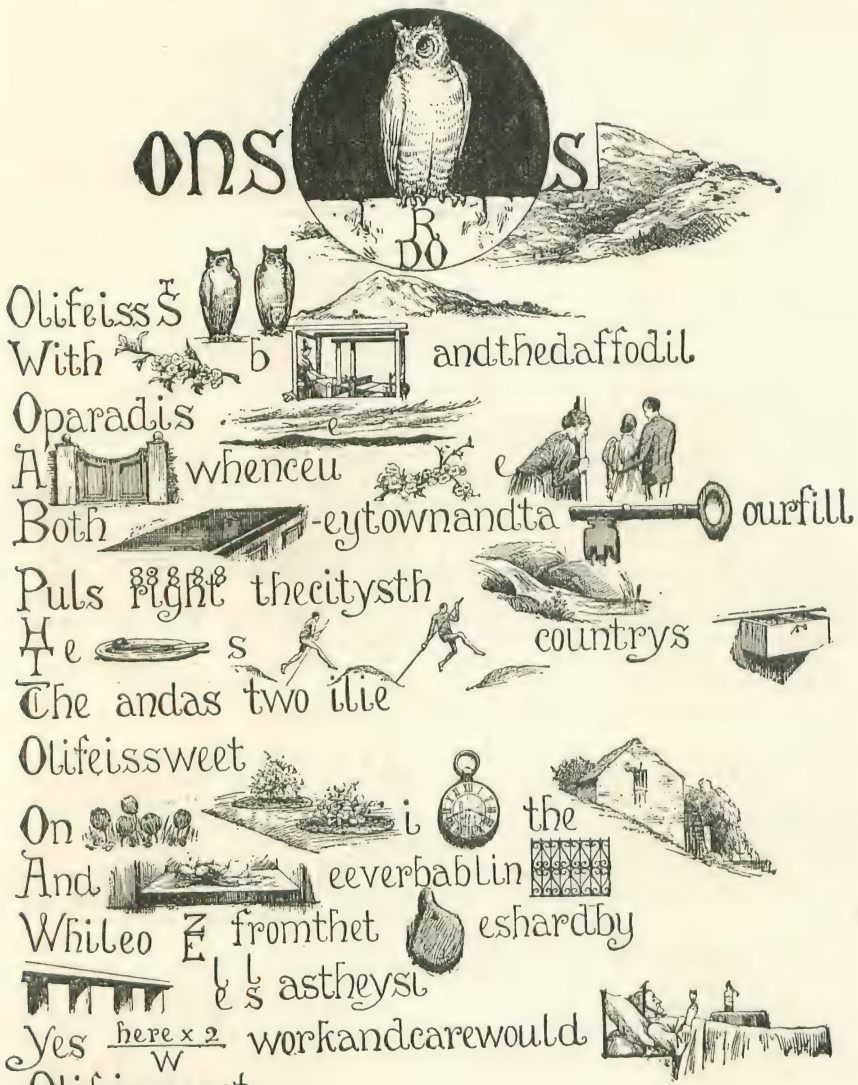
MISCELLANEOUS.

C. R.—The *Morte d'Arthur*, which contains the stories of *Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, was compiled by Sir Thomas Malony, from French originals, and edited by Southey, the Poet Laureate.

YOLANDE.—The name of the mother of the present Emperor of Austria was Sophia, Princess of Bavaria. His father renounced his rights, and Francis Joseph succeeded his uncle Ferdinand on the throne on his abdication.

ZILPHIA.—Clean the teeth with a little camphorated chalk, and occasionally with soap.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be October 16, 1896; from Abroad, November 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

HELENA MOUTRAY.—The onyx is the stone given to the month of July. The name is derived from the Greek, and Pliny likens it in colour to the human finger-nail, and its name is derived from this similarity. It is a variety of tinted agate. The best come from India, Egypt, Arabia and Armenia. The onyx means "contentment."

A CONSTANT READER.—There are many opinions as to the dates of the composition of Shakespeare's plays, but the best authorities give *Henry VI.* as the first composed, dating from 1589 to 1592, for the third part. The last play is considered to be the *Tempest*, 1611.

ETHEL W.—We think the name was *Rex*, meaning "a king," as we cannot find anything else that is like your description.

BERNICE.—The meaning of the Latin words is "The Dead Heart."

N. A. M.—"*Ships that Pass in the Night*," is a line from Longfellow's *Tales of a Village Inn. Elizabeth* is only contained in the later editions of Longfellow's works.

FLOSSIE.—The inscription on the ring is in Latin, and means "One with me," or "United to me."

MILLICENT.—The translation is "O Lamb of God! that takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace."

J. A. J., SELAEH, MONICA, ASTON, AMBITIOUS.—All ask legal advice of a particular, not general kind; and we think it advisable that, in all such cases, a lawyer should be consulted.

ALFREDA.—Sacheverall's *History of the Isle of Man*. Edited by J. G. Cumming Douglas, 1859, is perhaps what you want.

TWO COUSINS.—April 10, 1865, was a Monday; Dec. 20, 1876, was a Wednesday.

MADGE WILDFIRE.—March 12, 1874, was a Thursday; Nov. 26, was a Wednesday.

MY LADY MARJORIE.—Canaries will begin to set in April. You should have a proper cage, and a nest-box.

ETTIE.—We have read your letter with much interest, and think it is well written, and the composition excellent. What a long way off you seem in China; but we number our girls all over the world.

G. H., F. A. H.—For the Oxford Senior Local Examination held in July, fee £1, apply to the Secretary, H. T. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford.

ESTOY ESPERANDO POR LA RESSPUESTA.—The sensitive plant is *Mimosa pudica*, the common "Humble plant;" but the *Mimosa* sold in the streets just now is not a sensitive plant.

ST. AUSTELL.—The address of the Secretary of the Church Temperance Society is F. Eardley Wilmot, Dean's Gate, Westminster, S.W.

T. S. S.—"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," is from a poem by Robert Herrick.

A NEW READER.—We only mention the books we consider needful for the Guild-work; but it is open to our members to do without them, of course, if they do not think them needful.

PATSEY.—August 19, 1868, was a Wednesday; July 22, 1870, was a Friday.

CURIOUS.—Why did you not spell it backwards? you would have soon found out what "Nilbud" meant.

LUCY SNOWE.—The word "valet," has, apparently, been adopted into English; and we constantly hear people saying "valeted" his master; the word itself is pronounced exactly as spelt.

PERPLEXED must consult a doctor, as she evidently needs his advice.

K. W. B.—A foreign secretary should know at least three or four languages, besides English, thoroughly well, write a good hand, and be well informed and highly educated. Such situations are rare, however, and difficult to obtain, either by advertisement or a high-class registry office.

SWEETBRIAR.—1. Fancy side-combs are worn on each side of the head, not flowers.—2. Plant bulbs in glasses, in the month of September, filling the glasses with pure rain-water, so that the base of the bulb should just touch the water; put into a dark cupboard till the glasses be filled with roots, then put them in a sunny window.

TRIXIE.—"Hamish" is the Scottish for James.

DAISY.—The poem of *Abou Ben Adheim*, was written by Leigh Hunt.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.—1. The text you require "If in this life only," is in 1 Cor. xv. 19.—2. We should think that our Lord's words in St. John xiv. 2 were conclusive.

DADDY LONGLEGS.—"The heights by great men reached, and kept," is a line from Longfellow's *Ladder of St. Augustine*. The third of your quotations is, we think, from Cowper.

CHAMINADE.—The 11th of April, 1844, was a Thursday.

NANCY.—"'Tis better to have loved, and lost," is a line from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

GLEN LION.—We think your little hymn is beautiful, and regret you did not send your address, so that we might have written to you, as all poems that go into our paper must be certificated, and the age given of the writer. We always recommend the *Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Angus, published at 56, Paternoster Row, price 5s.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 871.] SEPTEMBER 5, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IDA.

CHAPTER I.

IDA BROOKE let the roll of stocking-knitting drop from her tired fingers and, leaning her elbow on the worn shop counter, gave herself the rare luxury of a trip to Daydream Land.

The square window at her right, with its array of tempting sweet-bottles, was bright and clear, the scales and canisters shone with the polish of daily rubbing, and the low-ceiled shop, in spite of all the traffic that came into it, was daintily neat and clean.

Outside, the shadows were lengthening on the village green, and the nightly procession of ducks had just formed noisily at the edge of the pond and was now waddling away to the farm.

The upper half of the shop door stood always opened by day, and through it Ida could see the shaking of the tall aspen opposite, and the restlessness of its silver-green

All rights reserved.] "'THERE, I WON'T TOUCH IT ANY MORE!'"

leaves seemed an echo of her own vain longings to-night.

"Like the sea when it cannot rest," she said softly, as she shut her eyes and tried to recall in its drowsy murmur the low ripple of the tide, as she had heard it in her one glorious holiday by the sea.

Her dreams were dispelled by three interruptions. Down the centre of the green rumbled the carrier's van, with its tarred canvas roof and cave-like interior, filled now with a crowd of tired market-women and drovers from Glossington Fair.

As it drew up in front of the shop a small child, with lovely eyes and a very sticky mouth, pushed open the half door and entered.

"Please, Miss Brooke, a half pound o' sugar and two ounces o' tea, and a quartern loaf, and mother says a couple of bloaters if you've got any; and could you please to let her have it on trust this once, and she'll pay faithful Saturday night?"

"Ida, Ida," called a tremulous voice from the inner room, "where are you? Ben's there with the van. Come and reach me my stick directly!"

"In a minute, father," she called back pleasantly. "Wait just a minute."

"Now, Nanny, I don't think I can let you have any more. Your mother promised just the same last week, and no money came."

"But she will this time, certain, she said so;" and to the clear faith in the child's eyes that evidently still believed in mother's word Ida could not say "No."

"All but the bloaters, then," she said; "I haven't any and don't mean to order any more."

The child took the small groceries in her pinafore, that receptacle for all things marketable, and departed, running back joyously in a moment to say—

"There's a fine basket of bloaters come out of the van, and Ben's bringing 'em in, Miss Ida. Can I have a couple now?"

Half-vexed and half-amused, Ida met Ben in the doorway, and listened to his stolid explanations of the mistake.

"They said they was to come, miss, and so in course I bring 'em, not knowing but as how you might have wrote about it."

"Help me, Ida—I must go and see to things myself. There's something wrong about Dobbin. Man alive, what have you been doing to overdrive him like that?"

And James Brooke hurried out as fast as his halting steps could go to pat and soothe the old horse who was steaming with perspiration and trembling still from excitement.

"He overdruv hisself," said Ben, whose freckled face looked unusually pale. "That there strap broke coming down Cranley Pitch, and flicked his side a bit afore I seed it. That started un, and he tore along like mad for half a mile. I might ha' held un if the wimmin folks hadn't a took to screaming."

"Never mind, you managed to pull up," said Ida, anxious to shorten a recital that was too exciting for her father.

"No I didn't, miss. Not but what I might ha' done't easy enough if 'tadn't a bin for carryin' a passle o' wimmin."

And Ben, relieved by this expression of scorn, wiped his brow and went on. "Some haymakers coming along flung up their hands and stopped un just afore we got to Cranley Lock. I won't deny I was terrible glad we didn't all get into the cut together. And I gave 'em the price of a drop o' cider for their trouble."

"Never mind, father; Dobbin shall have an extra feed and a good rub down, and you see everybody is safe and sound, and the van not a bit the worse."

The old man was leaning against the faithful horse his own hands had driven so many years, and trembling from head to foot.

"No, I don't say you're to blame, Ben," he faltered. "It might ha' happened if I'd been along, but I never left here or Glossington without trying every buckle. There's such a thing as being penny wise and pound foolish in time as well as in money."

Ben tossed out the parcels with an ill grace, muttering that he shouldn't be in a hurry to strain his wrists again, and then drove on to take the last passengers to the other end of the village. Something in Ida's face had checked their garrulous accounts of the accident while they waited before the shop door.

"Poor old man, it's easy to see he ain't long for this world, and 'twill be a release for her, that's certain."

Meanwhile Ida had coaxed her father back again to his easy-chair, and he was now weeping the slow tears of helpless old age over the accident.

"They might all have been drowned, and, as it is, I doubt it'll finish Dobbin. You must go down presently and see about him, Ida. Ben's well-meaning, but he'll never learn—never!"

So when the supper of rice-pudding had been eaten, and the tall clock in the corner solemnly wound up by the hands that clung tenaciously to this last bit of work, Ida helped her father to bed, and rejoiced to see him fall asleep immediately.

Putting on her garden-hat she went to the stable and was relieved to find Dobbin ready, as usual, for his customary toll of a crust of bread, and looking none the worse for his exploit on the road.

It was lovely in the garden now, in the soft June twilight, and Ida wandered on and then lingered at the orchard gate looking away to the west.

The shop was shut and the cracked bell would disturb her no more, for that night at least. But she was by no means sure of rest.

The stroke of paralysis that had disabled her father two years before had been slight, but slowly and surely his powers of mind and body had failed, and now at seventy he was only a wreck of the strong man he had once been.

Her own mother had died when she was only six years old, her step-mother ten years afterwards, leaving one boy, Christie, to be the joy and torment of his sister's life.

He was sixteen now and Ida twenty-five, though sometimes in her rare times of despondency she felt half a century at least; but never when out of doors and in the still beauty of such a night as this. The orchard-grass was deep with moon-daisies and buttercups, the breeze blew fresh from the meadows beyond, in the west the stars were coming out, one by one, and suddenly, in the coppice under the hill, a nightingale began to sing. Clear and flute-like the notes floated across the silence, and Ida forgot her weariness in that wonderful shower of melody, and all the petty discords of the day, and the anxieties about father and brother, seemed hushed in the great peace.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee," she whispered to herself, and like a voice from another world came back the echo, "I will trust and not be afraid."

Six months ago her brother had left home to pay a visit to his uncle in Bristol.

It was a great event in their quiet life, and when his uncle proposed to keep him for three years, and teach him his own trade of watchmaker, they all felt it was too good an offer to be refused.

At first the reports of his new life had been all good, and his letters home came regularly. The last always lay in his father's Bible, and Ida knew them almost by heart.

How much she missed her sunny-faced Christie no words could tell, for he had been her special charge from the day when his dying mother gave him to her care.

But for three weeks no letter had come, and her father, in his helplessness, fretted incessantly at the silence and insisted on her writing again and again. And they had decided, if no letter came by the end of the week, she should close the shop and go to see what was wrong. But to-night she left her troubles outside in the twilight, and went in at last with the uplifting of the nightingale's song in her heart, and the certainty that God would make all things work together for good. And her rest was unbroken that night. The long sitting-room behind the shop always looked its best in the early summer morning, with the sunshine streaming in through the deep casement windows. The house was old and the ceilings low, and crossed with dark oak beams. Ida's own capable hands had papered the walls with a pale daffodil paper that made the walls sunny even on a gloomy day. Plain cocoa-matting covered the floor, and the old-fashioned grate was glorified by a bowl of moon-daisies and grasses, lit up by a few early poppies.

There were red curtains at the outer edge of the windows, with cream muslin ones between, and a crimson table-cover, and a cushion or two on the deep, old-fashioned sofa, gave warm colour enough to make the room look inviting at all seasons. But the north wall would have attracted a stranger most, for half-a-dozen water-colours in narrow gold frames were hung there, and made continual brightness.

And under the little end window, that seemed to have been let in as an after-thought to the room, Ida sat now, putting the last touches to a picture that was the prettiest thing in the room. It was a bit of an old garden at the other side of the green, with a thatched cottage in the background, a bough of the copper beech tree sweeping the moss-grown roof, and a silver birch drooping at the other side.

"There, I won't touch it any more! It shall go into the window as it is, for I shall never make it perfect, as it ought to be. But some one may buy it, and even Miss Grey would think it worth a sovereign, if she were here."

Every life, however shadowed, has some outlook of hope, and Ida's had been given to her many years before. As a schoolgirl she had filled every corner of her old exercise-books with crude bits of drawing, and used up many a tea-paper in the shop to make pictures on. How much she longed for real colours could not be told, and the first shilling she ever had to spend as she liked was spent in a box of paints. But they were very poor, and the shining notepaper she took for her first attempts gave very unsatisfactory results. It was while she was wrestling with these disadvantages that her chance came. Miss Grey, the vicar's sister, calling one day at the shop, saw a sheet of wrapping-paper covered with dashes of colour, and began to ask questions.

Ida's cheeks flushed rosy-red as she stammered out her longings to be able to paint.

Miss Grey had never thought her an interesting child before, but as she stood before her now, with crimson cheeks and unutterable wistfulness in her great dark eyes, something of long-past youth came back to the precise little lady, and she took a sudden resolve.

"Would you like me to help you?" she asked kindly. "I have all my painting materials still, though I gave up using them long ago. Of course you must be satisfied with drawing only; no colours for a long while to come."

There was a catch in the girl's voice that quite prevented a proper reply, but the flash of gratitude in her eyes was enough.

"Then you shall come to the vicarage for a lesson every week if father is willing. What about the shop?"

"Father is always at home Tuesdays," answered Ida. "He would mind it for me, I am sure; and Christie could almost manage now."

"Then we will say Tuesday mornings for an hour, from nine to ten, and you must work hard between in spare time."

Then her friend went away and amazed the good vicar by the news that she was about to give drawing-lessons to the village carrier's daughter.

"Limit your class to one pupil, I implore you, Emily," he said good-humouredly. "It will never do to revolutionize the parish by teaching all the young ladies who fancy they have a bent for art."

James Brooke wondered and fussed a little over the new plans and "didn't see the need."

"If it was to handle a scrubbing-brush, now, my girl, there would be some sense in it."

"Ah—but, father, I can do that now," said Ida gaily. "Better than Miss Grey, I fancy. Look at that kitchen floor; it couldn't be cleaner!"

And the carrier, who was secretly pleased that his girl should be noticed and helped, went away saying, "Sure enough, my girl, you do keep it nice. I'll mind the shop for you, though I'd rather mow a five-acre field any day."

And so the window in Ida's life was opened wide, through which freshness and sunshine had come to her in all the years between. Miss Grey taught her thoroughly all she knew herself, and Ida learned the mysteries of perspective, and painting too, as time went on, and made such rapid progress that her teacher felt abundantly repaid for the small sacrifice of time and patience.

Many other lessons Ida learned in those quiet hours, and her voice became softer, and a new refinement of thought and motive governed her ways and words, as she learned the love of Jesus and became His true disciple in heart and life. She was at first overwhelmed with sorrow when the vicar's failing health led him to resign his living and go abroad, taking his sister with him. A box of the very best colours, and a stock of paper and brushes enough to last for years, was the good lady's parting gift, and, though she did not encourage Ida's secret ambition to make a living some day by her work, privately she thought it not at all impossible. Of late, Ida's only painting time had been snatched from sleep in the very early morning, especially after the rare luxury of a good night's sleep.

She put her new painting in the shop window now, out of reach of the sunshine, and prayed that some stranger purchaser might come to buy.

Then, having put shop and sitting-room into immaculate order, she got breakfast and helped her father to dress. As they were sitting down to table the postman came. The one letter he brought was in Christie's handwriting, and her father clutched it eagerly. Just then Ben's freckled face appeared in the back doorway.

"Step out a minute, please, Miss Ida," he said, in a loud, penetrating whisper. "Dobbin's that bad I'm mortal feared he's going."

Waiting only to pour out her father's coffee, Ida hurried away. But when she came back in a few minutes, wondering how she should tell him that the horse was dying, she found the old man leaning back in his chair with the open letter in his hand, and the drawn look on his face that told her another stroke of paralysis had fallen.

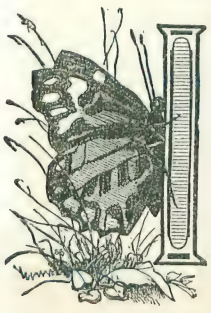
(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDY OF BUTTERFLIES.

PART IV.

BUTTERFLIES' WINGS.

"Winged flowers or flying gems."—*Moore.*



In these desultory papers only the general study of butterflies has been attempted. My object is to start the reader on her way, and I hope interest her in the subject, leaving it to be followed up at will. It is worth while noticing that the late consulting entomologist to the Agricultural Society was Miss Ormerod, whose studies in insects specially injurious to crops, such as the Hessian fly, were of great benefit to the farmers of this country. Many of the illustrations of *Lepidoptera* issued in scientific papers, as well as the classifying and arranging of collections are done by women entomologists.

Those butterflies which are seen on warm days soon after the new year are hybernated specimens, the result of late autumn broods. How cheering it is as one strolls out in the garden looking at the aconites and snowdrops, the first flowers of the year, to see a brimstone or tortoiseshell fly down, while innumerable bees, tempted out by the first warm day, gather the "first-sweets of the year." It is April before the earliest butterflies emerge from the chrysalides, and then we can look for the common whites, the speckled wood, orange tip, and azure blue; but these stragglers from the previous autumn are welcome visitors. They shelter themselves in crannies of walls, and other warm places away from the frost. It is said that they feed themselves well in the autumn with honey which they obtain from flowers by means of their long tongue, which is rolled up when not in use.

On going into the Oxford Museum one morning early in March, I saw a tortoiseshell flitting about the staircase. It had evidently found snug winter quarters in the warmed building.

How cheering to a Londoner is the sight of a butterfly in the streets. I remember when a schoolboy chasing a brimstone down the Marylebone Road, for as all my youth was spent in London, with only occasional visits to the country, the sight of a butterfly in the streets was indeed an event. They look sadly out of place in London streets, though it always gave me a thrill of pleasure to see one there.

Onward then through May and June most of the other British butterflies are to be seen, though some, like the clouded-yellow, marbled-white, red admiral and peacock are rarely seen before August, and may then be met with until the late autumn. Some few insects are only found locally, like the Lulworth skipper in Dorsetshire, and the mountain ringlet in Scotland, and to get them is therefore a matter of journeying to those localities where they only are found; but a collection of

YOUNG CUCKOO REARED BY MEADOW PIPIT ENTIRELY ON INSECTS.

most of our butterflies could be made during one season in many places near London, notably in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest.

The swallow-tail I have myself caught in the neighbourhood of the Norfolk Broads. I was taken there on one occasion early in the morning, and as the dew disappeared under the sun's rays we saw the swallow-tails clinging to the wild carrot, and could have captured several, as they had not long emerged from the chrysalides, and were therefore very sluggish.

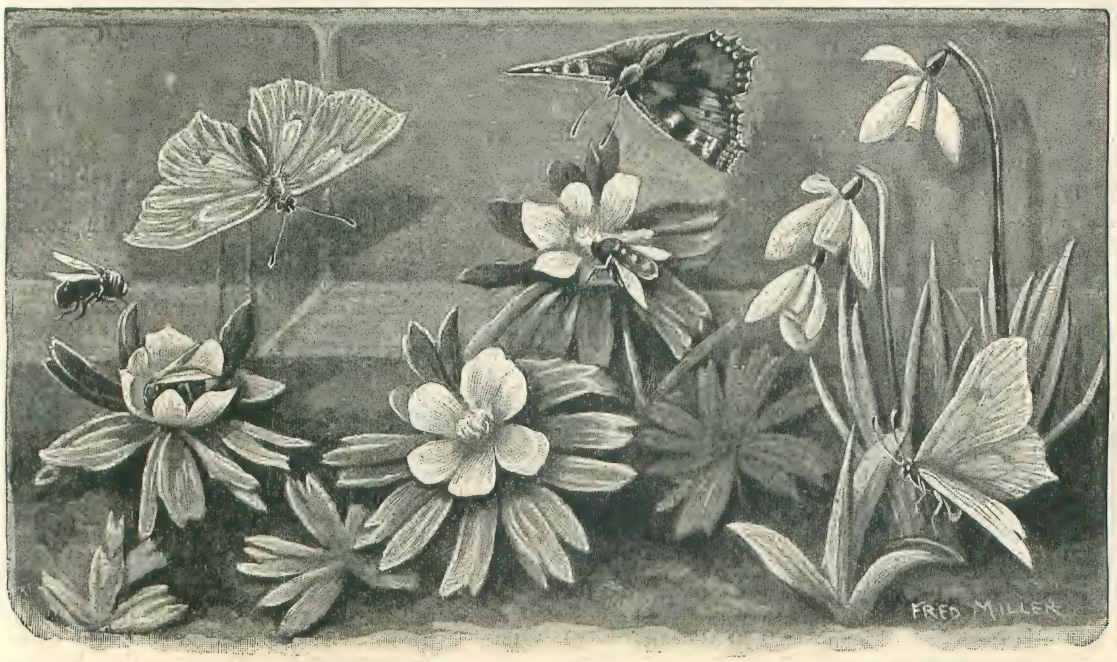
In drawing specimens entomologists adopt the plan of putting in all the markings and dark parts with Indian-ink or indelible brown, and then running in the colours in transparent washes. Curtis, whose illustrations of British insects are some of the best ever made, and were issued about 1830, had the drawings printed from engraved copper plates and then coloured by hand, with very beautiful results. Some of the books published in the last century by Drury and Donovan were illustrated in this way, and very sumptuous and beautiful works they are.

The use of a gauze net is necessary to capture insects with certainty and in good condition. A sharp nip with thumb and finger just under the wings causes instantaneous death. The setting out of the wings must be done at home, and requires a board made for the purpose which can be bought very inexpensively at a naturalist's shop. Those used in the Hope Museum are slightly convex, whereas the older kinds were concave or rounded. These boards are grooved in the centre to take the bodies of the insects, and the wings are then spread out and kept in position by pins and strips of paper until the insect is dry. If it is required to pin out an insect which has dried as it was killed or reset a badly displayed specimen, you must soften it by placing it over some damp sand in an earthen vessel, covering the top of the vessel with damp cloths. By leaving it there for a day or two the driest specimen can be softened and then reset.

Great care must be exercised in setting the wings not to damage them, and I daresay that at first my readers may not be wholly successful. Make your experiment, therefore, on some common kind.

I append a few particulars, which I think may interest my readers, of some of our native day-fliers. Speaking of the Clifden blue butterfly Mr. Haworth says this was much sought after by the Spitalfields collectors, who made distant pedestrian excursions for the sole purpose of procuring its charming males to decorate their pictures with. These pictures were of various shapes and sizes, and were composed entirely of lepidoptera ornamentally and regularly disposed, some of them consisting of as many as five hundred insects. After toiling at their weaving machines all the week these weavers would start at ten o'clock on Saturday night in order to arrive at Darenth and Birchwood by daybreak, so as to collect the twilight flying moths. Crabbe in his "Borough" alludes to them—

"There is my friend the weaver; strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires.
See to the shady grove he wings his way
And feels in hope the rapture of the day—
Eager he looks and soon to glad his eyes
From the sweet bower by nature formed arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh born butterflies."



THE FIRST FLOWERS OF THE YEAR—ACONITES AND SNOWDROPS. BRIMSTONE AND TORTOISESHELL BUTTERFLIES.

Some of these collectors formed themselves into a society of practical entomologists and began to arrange their collections scientifically.

The red admiral like the painted lady is widely distributed. The caterpillar shortly

after it is hatched selects a nettle-leaf, which it draws together with threads into a roundish hollow form, leaving for the most part an opening into the interior before and behind, thus serving both for shelter and food until it is almost devoured, when it selects a fresh leaf and proceeds with it in the same manner, one caterpillar only being found on a single leaf, thus indicating a peculiar liking for a solitary life; a circumstance confirmed by the eggs being laid singly and apart, whereas caterpillars hatched from eggs deposited in clusters are gregarious.

The purple emperor is the largest British butterfly, and the beautiful colour of the male, who is seen only in certain lights, makes this butterfly unique, though many exotic specimens have this iridescent appearance. The larva feeds on the brown-leaved sallow, and is found at the end of May. It is green, with pale, lateral oblique stripes. These butterflies fly very high and are difficult to capture; but they are fond of carrion, and are taken by placing near an oak tree some offensive matter to which they will descend, being attracted by the smell. Sometimes they will alight upon dung in the road. It is said that these butterflies are very pugnacious, and will hold conflicts in mid-air with any other "emperors" which happen to come along.

The greasy fritillary caterpillars are very spiny, black above and yellowish beneath, with a row of white dots down the back and sides. The caterpillars are hatched in the autumn, the young brood passing the winter under a common web. They were full fed in April. The silver markings on the underside of the fritillaries is an unique and beautiful feature. These markings are quite metallic in their lustre.

Many specimens that have been taken vary slightly in colour; one of the silver washed fritillary in the British Museum is purplish on the upper surface of the wings instead of reddish brown, but generally speaking this genus are yellowish or reddish brown in colour with blackish markings differing but slightly in patterning.

These metallic-looking markings are due not to the presence of any metals, but to the scales reflecting the light or splitting it up in much the same way as a prism does.

The Duke of Burgundy fritillary lays its eggs solitary or in pairs on the primrose, upon the leaves of which the caterpillar feeds. Its body is almost oval, but long, depressed, and set with rows of bristly warts; the other parts are set with feathery hairs. It moves very slowly, rolls itself up when disturbed, and remains in that state a long time. It becomes a pupa soon after the middle of summer, not only fastening its body by the apex, but also by spinning a cord across its middle. In this state it remains until the end of the following spring. This account is Hübner's, who reared it from the egg. It is the only British representative of the family of *Erycinidæ* (and is called a fritillary by courtesy because its markings are similar), the males of which have only four legs adapted for walking whilst the females have six. The chrysalis is unique in being hairy.

The skippers belong to the family, Hesperiidæ, which is composed of a very distinct tribe of butterflies, constituting indeed a primary division amongst them. The caterpillar encloses itself in a curled-up leaf and spins a cocoon like moths, and in other important characters approaching the moths. They are thus placed last in the list of British butterflies, and serve as a link to unite the day-fliers with the night-fliers. Insects have their particular parasites (small fleas have lesser fleas to bite 'em, as Swift said), and caterpillars suffer by having the ova of flies deposited in their bodies, upon which the larvæ, when they are hatched out, feed. This does not kill the caterpillar, but the pupa, instead of eventually developing into a butterfly, will only bring forth some small flies.

I include a drawing of a young cuckoo being fed by a meadow pipit, to show how insect life is kept within bounds by birds. Over my porch this year a pair of robins reared a family, and I counted on one occasion that the two parent birds returned on an average every three minutes with caterpillars or insects. Run this out for the whole day, which with birds is a long one, and some idea may be formed of the quantity of food taken by a pair of robins to their four or five youngsters.

In one of Lytton's stories there is a pretty fanciful account of a young girl who keeps butterflies in gauze cages, as other people do canaries. I came across some verses by a modern poet, John Davidson, which are so pretty and *apropos*, as it seems to me, as a conclusion to these papers that I insert them.

"At sixteen years she knew no care;
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
And lo, there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed her heart was gone;
The tale of love was swiftly told;
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies of gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn;
She wept and sobbed, 'Oh, love, come back.'
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black."

KING-CUPS. TORTOISESHELL, ORANGE-TIP, AND SPECKLED WOOD.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE success of the tableaux at the High School was the topic of conversation throughout the neighbourhood for many a day, and an impetus, here and there, was given to the study of Dante. Mr. Lovell himself was much impressed, and proceeded to order, regardless of expense, the best commentaries on and translations of the poet. He also announced his wish that both Katharine and Nora should study Italian when the routine of school-days was over. Both girls begged that this might not be yet awhile; but both were rapidly springing into womanhood. Their delight in the excellent "reports" that arrived at the close of the term, where each was stated in red ink to have passed in "honours" in the various subjects of the school examination, found an echo in the breast of their parents and guardians.

"What I like about the High School," proclaimed Mr. Lovell, "is this—that it is a school, and there is no pretence and nonsense about it. Girls go there to learn; they do learn, and they learn to love learning for its own sake. There is no veneer; and of all educational abomination, veneer is the worst."

"I don't know what you mean, Richard!" returned his wife. "But I will say this—that I don't wish to see girls with prettier manners than both Nora and Katharine have, each in a different way. I know I'm but a homely body myself, but I do know when girls behave like gentlewomen, and they are admired wherever they go."

"Yes, yes," said her husband. "Their good manners are not veneer, not surface deep; and that's just an illustration of what I mean. That outside polish—shaking hands from the shoulder, and all that rubbish, drawling, and dropping g's at the end of one's words—I've no patience with it!"

From which it may be seen that the Australian merchant was not fitted to shine in society.

The evening at the High School, however, was destined to bear fruit in more ways than one. Katharine was resolved that Douglas Gordon's introduction to his cousin should be "followed up" in some manner. It was the wish of her heart that a reconciliation should be effected between the Percivals and the Gordons. But how was this to be done? Mr. Percival was the great obstacle in the way.

Mr. Lovell, who still nursed his wrath at that gentleman's refusal to accept the summer invitation, was not sanguine, and to tell the truth did not want Douglas "about the place," as he phrased it. He had been somewhat incensed at the young gentleman's statement, that he had "called for" Katharine on the day of the tableaux, and was only half appeased on hearing his niece's explanation. However, as Douglas had come straight from Madame Duvigny, some attention must be shown him, and a note was despatched asking him to luncheon, on an early day in the Christmas holidays, with his uncle, who had now joined him in London.

Here was Katharine's opportunity. She begged so earnestly for Mary Percival to be a guest also, that her uncle and aunt had not the heart to refuse her. But it was arranged that nothing should be said beforehand of the other visitors who were expected.

Mr. Gordon and Douglas after the High School encounter were half prepared to see the slight figure that rose to greet them as they entered Mrs. Lovell's drawing-room. Mary's face wore an appealing look as she turned towards her scarcely-known uncle. He caught the situation at a glance, came towards her, took her hands, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You're very like your mother, my dear," was all he said.

"You don't mind meeting your niece here, I hope?" Mr. Lovell observed a few minutes afterwards. The two men were standing *tête-à-tête* in Mr. Lovell's library; the three young people were seen from a window. It was, despite the season, a soft mild day.

> "Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring
> The tender purple spray on copse and briers."

and they were wandering beneath the trees, Douglas with Mary on his arm.

"On the contrary, I am only too glad and grateful to you for befriending her," said Mr. Gordon. "Of course I have heard, through Douglas, of the friendship between the two lassies. Her mother is my only sister, and, for a lonely man like myself, it's hard to be separated. Life, as it is, is short, and we've no need to kill its opportunities and embitter its relationships with our foolish squabbles——"

He was silent for awhile; then continued—

"He's just an awful brute, is that man."

"You mean Percival?"

The Laird nodded; then pointing out Mary, he continued—

"She had no need to limp like that if it had not been for him. When she was a wee bairn, a simple operation would have set all right, but no! he would not hear of it. He could not have her worried, he said; he couldn't bear splints, and surgical appliances, and the crying of a baby, and all the 'hideous paraphernalia' as he called it; so she must just limp through life, and suffer ten—no, a thousand times more pain, It would have been a trifle, and we all just begged him, for it was before our separation, but no! not he!

"Then my sister's fortune was settled upon her; but he got her—poor, silly woman—to let him borrow on the strength of it, and speculated, starting, or helping others start, some crazy artistic paper, if I remember aright, to publish his havers; and lost it nearly all. They live on the pittance that's left her. I remonstrated with her from the first, and told him some home-truths which made her angry, and him just raving mad. Now he's ruined her, he assumes a sweet saintly air, and gives out he cannot stoop to such sordid details as pounds, shillings and pence—they're for a 'Philistine' like myself—that's what he calls me!"

"He is a scoundrel, as you say," responded Mr. Lovell, "but I wish something could be done for the girl. She works hard, has artistic talent, and needs more opportunity. Both she and her mother seem charming women; unselfish to the last degree."

"My poor Jean! you say she's well?" asked Mr. Gordon, seemingly touched. "Now I'll just go and see her, with your permission, this very afternoon—this very afternoon!" he observed deliberately, "and we'll make a fresh effort to 'let bygones be bygones.'"

Mr. Lovell, though rather startled at this rapid development of events, offered no objection, and the carriage was ordered to take the two men to Laburnum Terrace after lunch. Mary was left with Douglas and Katharine. The newly-met cousins agreed most excellently well together. Katharine thought, with surprise, she had never realised how lovely Mary was. There was a soft flush on her cheeks, her eyes were bright, and as she leant on Douglas's strong arm, her limp was scarcely perceptible. Katharine, with generous ardour, had taken an opportunity of telling him about her friend's self-denying, hard-working life; he had "taken it in," and was treating her with chivalrous gentleness and kindness.

Whether it be from inherited tastes in common, or some subtle affinity, cousins very often do harmonise as companions, even on a first introduction, in a wonderful manner. Mary was laughing at Douglas's jokes, hitting back with gentle repartee, or talking seriously, all in the most charming of fashions. The young fellow evidently thought, for his own account, he had lighted on a treasure-trove in the way of a relation. Katharine who had intended to bespeak

his compassionate interest, found it not necessary in the very least; it even flashed across her mind once or twice that she was "out of it" in a rather emphatic sense. But there was Nora, who also was "out of it" in these new reconciliations and greetings; so the two pairs of cousins went together.

Meanwhile the carriage and pair had dashed into Laburnum Terrace. A thundering double knock startled the little household. Mrs. Percival was at that moment engaged in "washing up" in the back kitchen. It was one of the periods of domestic interregnum which will occur in houses where money is scarce and work is plentiful. In some consternation—for callers were rare—she dried her hands, removed the working apron, adjusted her dress, and went to the front door as the impatient footman was administering another summons louder than the first. She started back and turned very pale on seeing her brother with Mr. Lovell. Though ten years had passed since brother and sister met face to face, recognition was easy on her part. He had grown slightly grey, but was the same tall, finely-knit, handsome Scotchman. On his part, he would have found difficulty in recognising his sister elsewhere. He had left her a bright, graceful, pretty woman; he found her again prematurely old with a face worn by care, grey lines in her hair, wrinkles in her face; her form altered by the plainest and cheapest of dress, her hands roughened by work.

"Archibald!" she gasped; and burst into tears.

Her brother, too much moved to speak, took her by the hand and led her into the back sitting-room; the door closed upon them. Mr. Lovell remained behind in the narrow passage, where he felt rather embarrassed, but strove to recollect that "virtue is its own reward." He was trying to put a dignified face upon it, and wondering if he had not better retreat to his carriage, when the door of the front room burst open and Mr. Percival appeared, pale and imposing, in the doorway.

"May I be permitted to inquire," he began in his most dramatic tones, "the reason of this strange intrusion?"

Mr. Lovell struggled with an impulse to knock him down, as he caught a glimpse of the dainty interior with its endless knick-knacks and artistic confusion. The master of the house showed no disposition to invite him to enter the sanctum.

"Certainly! my friend Gordon wished to see his sister, so I brought him to call upon her, if you consider that an intrusion," politely responded the other, reflecting that family quarrels were awkward things and that he wished himself well out of this particular one.

The partitions were thin in Laburnum Terrace, and Mr. Gordon straightway appeared on the scene to answer for himself: his sister very flushed and tearful, clinging to his arm and looking appealingly at her lord and master.

"I think it would be better if we had our little conversation here; there's not much room in the hall!" observed Mr. Lovell bluntly, entering the study with the others without invitation. Mr. Percival was breathing rapidly and gazing at Mr. Gordon in a way that did not augur well for the restoration of harmony. The Laird held out his hand.

"Shall we let bygones be bygones, Percival?" he said in a hearty voice. "We've kept up the feud ten years—almost too long for a family squabble, is it not?"

Mr. Percival's personal dignity was the most precious thing in the world to him; an affront to it, real or fancied, he could never forgive. He folded his arms, and drew himself into a pose.

"If you come to solicit pardon for your unwonted attack upon me in the past, I will consider your request," he said haughtily. "Otherwise I must decline any offer of friendship which may expose me to a renewal of the insults then heaped upon me. We have done well, by ourselves, hitherto, and can continue to do well in the future."

"Done well!" The Laird's eye involuntarily fell on his poor sister, whose life, he discerned, was one of incessant toil and drudgery, in order that this man should not feel the pinch of poverty. "As to pardon, we won't speak of that," he incautiously continued, "you cannot wonder that, for my sister's sake, I should like to be permitted to alter the conditions of her present life, and the life of my niece, whose acquaintance I have been proud and pleased to renew to-day. For their sake, man, don't ride the high horse like this!"

Mrs. Percival looked apprehensively at her husband; she knew too well that the fatal word had been spoken. Mr. Percival was white, choking with fury.

"I can take care of the interests of my wife and daughter, I am obliged to you," he uttered in a strangled voice. "I will not be intimate myself, or allow them to be intimate, with one who is capable of such conduct. Your insolent behaviour in the past, sir, I have never forgotten; had you sued for pardon I might have received you differently—but as it is—go! leave the house into which you have unwarrantably thrust yourself! take your offer of patronage with you—take——!"

He staggered, caught hold of the back of a chair to support himself, and fell.

"He is ill! he is ill!" cried Mrs. Percival, rushing to her husband. "Ambrose! dear Ambrose! only say you forgive me." But no articulate sound came in reply.

Mr. Lovell, more practical, had already galloped off in his carriage for the nearest doctor, who arrived in hot haste. His opinion was grave. When the unconscious patient had been conveyed to bed with the help of the two gentlemen, they learnt that Mr. Percival had had a stroke of paralysis.

"What can account for it?" cried the Laird, stricken with remorse. Mr. Lovell had told the doctor, a friend and neighbour of his, the circumstances of the seizure.

"You need not reproach yourself. It was mental excitement, no doubt, that gave the finishing touch, but this was inevitable—he has been undermining his constitution for years," said the doctor significantly.

And they learned that the artistic recluse had acquired the habit of constant secret indulgence in stimulants. To vary the monotony of his days he had had recourse to incessant small doses of brandy, kept out of sight in his "workshop," so that not even his wife and daughter suspected the existence of the habit.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THREE THINGS NEEDED.—Rossini observed of Adelaide Kemble, the singer (sister to Fanny Kemble, the actress): "To sing as she does, three things are needed; this (touching his forehead), this (pointing to his throat), and this (laying his hand on his heart)." These are indeed the three requisites of a really good singer—intellect, voice, and heart.

NO DULL THOUGHTS.—"If you don't want dull thoughts to come you must keep 'em away as I keep the weeds out o' my bit o' garden. I fill the beds so full o' flowers that there isn't any room for weeds."—*Daniel Quorm.*

WE ARE ALL IN THE BUILDING LINE.—Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day throughout the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we engage in, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Doing, not dreaming, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will not amount to anything unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute.

A HOPELESS CASE.—"Since I cannot govern my tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others?"—*Franklin.*

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—When you have fixed upon a plan, even in trivial matters, do not reverse it, except for good reason. Decision of character will thus in time become habitual, and habit has been described as second nature.

A FOOLISH THING.—It is one of the most foolish things in the world to bow to the rich till you are unable to stand erect in the presence of an honest man.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

HOPE

YOUNG Hope, in rainbow hues arrayed,
Ran laughing up to me,
And in his crystal glass displayed
My golden yet-to-be.

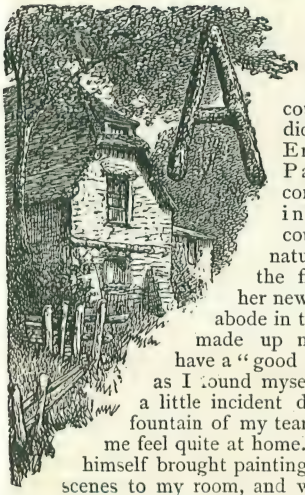
I stretched my arms the prize to clasp,
But ah! 'twas all in vain,
For when I thought it in my grasp
He snatched it back again.

With fancies fair he lured me still
Through all the livelong day;
Then, when he teased me to his fill,
The rogue, he ran away.

He vanished with a parting jeer,
And nevermore was seen;
He left me broken-hearted here
To mourn the might-have-been.

IN A FRENCH NOBLEMAN'S FAMILY.

By THE GOVERNESS.



YOUNG girl who leaves home and friends and country, as I did when I left England for Paris to become governess in a French count's family, naturally spends the first night in her new and strange abode in tears. I had made up my mind to have a "good cry" as soon as I found myself alone, but a little incident dried up the fountain of my tears and made me feel quite at home. The count himself brought paintings of English scenes to my room, and with his own hand hung the walls with those that I selected.

Besides the count and countess the family consisted of three girls, aged from thirteen to nine, a baby boy, and the countess's pet dog. I put the dog amongst the family because it seemed to me to rank in the countess's estimation before her children. It slept in a basket kennel on a cushion of down in her bedroom, and had a silk cushion to recline on in her boudoir and another silk cushion for the carriage. It had cream for breakfast, and during the day a stewed pigeon or a mutton chop with the fat all cut off, or some other delicacy would be sent up for it in a silver plate, which was placed on a clean napkin on the floor!

The servants at the Paris establishment, and I speak of it only, comprised the chef and three assistants, four valets-de-chambre, two nurses, and the countess's maid. There were also the first and second coachmen and four stablemen. It's a curious thing that in Paris coachmen and stablemen are generally Scotch or English, just as waiters are so often foreigners here.

Among the servants, it will be noted, there are no housemaids; their place in a French family is taken by the valets-de-chambre. One of these did nothing but polish the floors and clean the plate.

The most interesting functionary, however, was the chef—especially this one, for he afterwards became chef to a marquis and then to the King of Italy.

I formed a kind of link between the family and the kitchen, conveyed messages, for instance, between the heads of each. It amused me and at first dismayed me to see the chef, who was the pink of cleanliness and order, trying his sauces. When they were on the fire, he would stir his finger in them and taste them by licking the finger. A spoon would contaminate their delicate flavours. Again, he always put the finishing touches to his dishes in secret, so that his assistants should not discover his processes. He was always anxious to know the effect of any particular dish on the count, and would ask me eagerly whether the count seemed pleased with such and such. He really enjoyed the pleasures of eating by deputy rather than directly, I believe.

One night he was terribly upset. He had managed to get some green peas at a time when it was next to impossible to get them, and he meant to surprise his master with them. He expended on them all the care and knowledge of his art, and put them on the dresser for the waiter to take up. On this same dresser the waiter would put the dishes brought from the table, and these dishes used then to be taken by one of the chef's assistants to be cleaned. The chef asked the waiter if the peas had made any sensation. They were the *pièce de résistance* of the whole dinner that night, and on them his mind had been bent all day.

"Peas?" inquired the waiter. "There were no peas!"

"What! No peas!" the poor fellow screamed in agony. "Oh, come, you are joking?"

But the waiter wasn't joking. Poor chef! When he learnt the fate of those peas which he did the next minute, he was like a man possessed. The assistant who removed the used dishes had taken them, and thinking they had been returned from the table had eaten them!

The chef flew at him, cuffed him, kicked him, and screamed at him, "Go out! Go out!" and then sank exhausted on a chair.

That night as I put my head in at the kitchen door to bid him "good-night," he was sitting disconsolately, and all he could say to me was—

"Oh! to think of it; that all my labour should go into the inside of that man!" I told the countess next day and she roared with laughter.

My chief business, of course, was with the children, who were forbidden to speak French at home, and it was my duty to see this rule carried out and to speak with them in English. Their day began at seven in the morning when they rose, and after bath went to prayers in the chapel. After prayers they made their own beds, which had meanwhile been turned down to air, and at eight they breakfasted on farinaceous food and fruit and milk—only on Sundays were they allowed a little coffee and never any tea. At nine I took them to the church. At half-past twelve I dined with them, and then they would sometimes see their mother, who would sit down with us and take a light luncheon.

I have said that sometimes only did the countess join her children at their dinner. The times she didn't were when she was going out in the evening. Then she would remain in bed to preserve herself until she began her toilet. This with the assistance of her maid was a matter of three or four hours' hard labour. The making-up of her face alone took two hours! Then when she was all ready and on the point of going, the children would be sent for to come and see her. This gave them great pleasure, though they weren't allowed to touch her. They would look admiringly at her, gleefully clap their hands, and exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful you look, mamma! Oh! I should like to kiss you!" or something of that kind. Then they would stand aside and see her sail forth. I remember the youngest girl crying very bitterly because she couldn't kiss her mother on one of these occasions or even take her diamond gleaming hands. Her gloves by the way would be cut so as to permit of her rings being seen.

Another little excitement was permitted the children on occasions of dinner-parties. They would go to the dining-room only to dessert, and then with the guests into the salon for half-an-hour.

It was a good house for servants, and amongst them the utmost harmony prevailed. I never heard an order given to any one, and the only time the chef would be interfered with would be when he had a grand dinner-party to provide for. Then he would be summoned to a consultation with the count and countess. Everyone had plenty of excellent food. My wages were fifty francs a month, and I received in addition many presents. Indeed I had to lay scarcely anything out on myself, and at the end of two years found I had saved thirty pounds odd.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

ROME was not built in a day, and though Winifred was armed with new resolutions and strengthened with Mrs. Barchard's sympathy and encouragement, she found that progress was made in carrying out her resolves but very slowly and with apparently very little success as far as her husband was concerned. She tried to dress better, to read and to talk to Eric of the things of which he cared to talk, but she did not think he seemed to notice much about it. However, she had the sense to make the changes without talking about them, and Eric was so extremely busy just then, that she really saw very little of him.

"Winifred, I want to speak to you for a few minutes," said Eric one evening, when he returned and found his study looking very nice, everything in the orderly disorder which he liked, bright fire burning and some hot coffee in a pretty cup brought in just after his return.

"Yes, here I am," said Winifred. She had on a pretty crimson blouse with a dark serge skirt, and she struck Eric as looking very sweet and nice.

"Why, Winnie, old woman, are you going to have people here; what has happened?"

"Why?" asked Winifred colouring.

"You look so smart, more like old days. That is your colour, Winnie, you know, I told you that particular shade of red suits you very well."

"Does it—well, I put it on to please you," said Winifred.

"Sure?" asked Eric, sipping his coffee and finding it somehow very different from the beverage he used to get when he asked Jane for some. "It is not put on because Tom likes that colour, or the twins have a new frock of it?"

"I shan't tell you, sir, anything about it," said Winnie, with a return of the old sprightly manner that Eric thought was dead and gone long ago.

"Very well then I shall lay the flattering unction to my soul and think that it is put on to please me," said Eric who seemed in wonderfully good spirits. "Now, little woman, for my news—only," and a cloud came over his face—"perhaps you won't care for it after all."

"If you care about it, I shall."

"Well, it will be all the better for the chicks, so perhaps you will care," said Eric, who, though he had not a spark of jealousy in his disposition, knew that since the children had come that he played, as he would have expressed it, second fiddle.

"Don't say those things, Eric," said Winifred, tears starting to her eyes. "I know I deserve them, for I have been too much taken up with the children; but you know I care about you."

"That's right," said Eric. But Winifred's words had been cold. "Well, I have got the editorship of a new paper; Howson is the proprietor of it, and it will be a capital thing for me. I think I can work on his lines, and if the thing swims it will be a paying concern."

"I am very glad, then, Eric. Do you not think we had better change house, and give notice at Christmas."

"What is the use? You don't care for society or seeing anybody; this does very well."

"I should like to change," said Winifred quietly. "And Mrs. Barchard knows of someone who will take this house off our hands at Christmas, if you like."

"Well, there is that house in Duke's Avenue, which would suit us," said Eric, "we can think about it."

They did, and the result was the change into a pretty house much larger than Doris Gardens. Winifred got Maud, who had excellent taste, to help her to arrange it, and between them they managed everything capitally though at comparatively little expense.

No sooner had they entered it than Eric was taken ill with typhoid fever. For many weeks he lay seriously ill, and then came one terrible day when he seemed to be sinking away from sheer weakness.

Alone with her husband and the recollection of the doctor's grave face imprinted on her memory, Winifred went through hours of agony which she never forgot to the end of her days. She realised then what her husband really was to her, and as she saw the white drawn face on the pillow and noted how thin was the hand that had held the pen in many an hour of hard work for her, her heart smote her as it had never done before. She saw herself and her faults in their true light, and that time spent in self-knowledge was also one of great agony.

How little she had really valued Eric, with his many good qualities, his earnestness of purpose, his conscientious work. She had let him go on day after day, and omitted much that could have tended to his happiness and shown him that he was cared for. The children had been all in all to her though she was quite unaware of it, and only now saw more plainly what she had begun to see when Mrs. Barchard and she had had that memorable conversation—one of many—how unequal her life had been.

They must always be dear to her, those children of hers, for besides the natural affection that each little child inspires in its mother, Winifred was fond of all children. But her husband, she felt now, had his own place too in her heart, one to which he had a right, and which she had not kept for him as she might have done.

The two loves were so totally different, each with all-powerful claim, and never again would she fail to give each their rights. Nor one before the other, not husband at the expense of the children, or *vice versâ*, but each in its proper place and the balance equally kept.

Then came the time when all danger was over and Eric gradually made progress towards recovery. One day husband and wife had a long talk, one too sacred for reproduction, and when the weak arms drew Winifred down to her husband and their lips met in a long loving kiss, both felt that the faults of each were forgiven, and that new days of closer union than they had ever known were before them.

For Eric was just, and he blamed himself for having been so much from home, and for the friendship with a vain, silly woman, whose attraction he now saw had been her appeal to his vanity; but Winifred knew herself well enough by now to see that the balance of faults lay heavily on her side.

* * * *

It is a year later and May Dellingham has come to spend the afternoon with Winifred.

This time a neat maid shows her into the pretty room which, though unmistakably the drawing-room, is used by its owner. There are good books about, novels that Winifred finds are a great recreation when she is tired, and an amusement to discuss with her husband who is fond of reviewing, and does it for many important papers. He is so very valuable to Mr. Howson, that his place was kept for him during his illness, an act of kindness the proprietor of the paper never regretted when he discovered what an able man Eric was.

It is not easy always for Winifred to find time for reading, but she finds that where there is a will there is a way, and she can make time where she never thought formerly it would have been possible. Winifred takes advantage of good lectures and any means of self-culture which are within her reach.

"I can't think how you manage it with all you must have to do," says May as she looks at the syllabus of some lectures on hygiene which Winifred tells her she is attending.

Winifred laughs, and May notes that the vacant gap in her teeth no longer exists, and that a skilled dentist has evidently been at work in replacing the lost tooth very successfully.

Winifred is well dressed, though the serge dress she has on is a very inexpensive one. It fits her very well, the colour suits her, and the big orange bow at the throat gives a dash of colour which becomes her very well.

"I manage it somehow, and it is surprising how one makes time when one is interested in an object. I am going to take up Italian this winter. Eric and I are to have lessons together on Saturday afternoons and work hard in between. Eric knows a little already. We want to go to Italy next February or March if Eric can get away."

"And the children?" asks May.

"They must be left at home," says Winifred. "I can trust them safely with my nurse. She is such a nice woman, and Mrs. Barchard will come and stay here and write very often and tell me how they all are. I shall try and not be anxious about my chicks. It has been Eric's dream for years to go to Rome, and we shall so enjoy it together."

"I am sure you will, and the change will do you both good. How charming your husband is. My cousins were delighted with him and with you, too, Winnie."

"Do you mean those cousins of yours we met at dinner at your house last week?"

"Yes. I am so glad, Winnie, that you can come out now and then. I had begun to despair when we first came back to London and we met. You never would go anywhere."

Winifred colours.

"I was selfish, May. I learnt a lesson. Never mind now. And now I see that, for a wife to be her husband's companion as far as she can be, to share his recreations and be with him when he cares to have her, is one of the ways of being what the Bible calls a 'help-meet' for him."

"Yes," says May, gravely. "I wish all women knew that. Of course when there are children it makes it difficult."

"And when people have very small means, even smaller than ours, for we are doing well for little people like us," says Winifred, "it must be harder still. But it is worth the struggle, however hard. I suppose one has some trouble to accomplish anything worth doing."

"Yes," says May. "I know husbands and wives who each lead their own lives and never seem in touch with each other, and when either of them set up those detestable flirtations which one hears of so much in society, it is generally the fault of the other," says May, quite unconscious that she is treading on very dangerous ground.

"We are having a little party next Tuesday,"

says Winifred, "will you and Mr. Dellingham come? Of course it is only a very tiny at-home, as our house does not allow of our having many people, and I do hate a crowd."

"We shall be very glad," says May. "I have not been to one of your parties."

"It is only lately I have given any; but Eric likes it, and it is quite possible to see one's friends, I find, without very great expense, though I own it is rather a trouble."

"Don't you find it better in all ways to mix a little with people?" says May. "I know I do, though I never had your temptation to shut myself up—perhaps, had I children it would be different."

"No, it would not, May. You are more sensible—wiser than I am in many ways," says Winifred, humbly. "I remember I used to try and teach you when we were girls together."

"And I learnt a great deal," says May. "How well I remember our comparing our wardrobes. Many of your hints have been of use to myself, and I have passed lots of them on to others. I quite taught one girl we met in Florence how to trim her own hats. But now confess, Winnie, is not life fuller and more full of interest when we have to do with our fellow-creatures?"

"Yes, it is," says Winifred. "I am learning that now, and that what I thought was unworldliness and being a good mother was really selfishness and laziness. I hated the trouble of going out a little, and that and other things were all wrong. It was what the French call *égoisme à deux ou à trois* not unselfishness. Oh, yes, May, now I know more people I find so many opportunities of helping others, and it reconciles me to not doing much active work amongst the poor. I had always wished to do it as a girl, and mother would not let me do much, and then when I married and children came I could not manage it. But now I find I can do lots of little things for others who are in their way poor, and knowing people, too, gives me a chance of trying to get them to help the poor and suffering."

"Yes, one finds means of work everywhere," says May. "And I know, Winifred, that you are like me in wanting to do all one can for our Lord. And very often do I find there is mission work to be done among people in our own class and which perhaps we can be allowed to do—influence you know, Winifred, and just being courageous in not countenancing what is opposed to the laws of God, whether in society, talk, books—all kind of things. But you understand—don't you?"

"I do," says Winifred. "And I know that worldliness does not consist in outward things but in the use we make of them. Indeed, everything that is not sin can be made to help to keep us in spiritual touch with the unseen world."

"Yes, as long as we keep that well before us, all things to the greater glory of God, we need not fear," says May.

Winifred must now be taken leave of, and as we do so it is with confidence that the good work begun in her, tried in the fire of suffering and dearly-bought experience, may be perfected by Him whose Holy Spirit began it.

In the "daily round, the common task," whether found in the sphere of a simple home such as Winifred's, or the obligations of a rich woman like May moving in the world and society are the means by which the road may be trodden which draws each nearer to her God. Our Great Example lived among men, and His children who live in the world can do so in His Spirit, keeping unspotted, shedding a true light of good influence and finding in the stream of life many means for conquering self and advancing in holiness. But the opportunities must be looked for, the spirit of worldliness watched against, the temptations of the world kept at bay. This may be difficult, but it can be done in the grace promised, which is sufficient for each and all who seek and obtain it.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

AND ITS SOLUTION.

By H. R. HALL, B.A.

PART V.

MUMMIES, TOMBS, TEMPLES, PRIESTS, AND KINGS.

We have seen that the continued preservation of the body was necessary to the welfare of the other six parts of the man, and that this end was attained by the mummification of the body; a custom which we find under the earliest dynasties, and which continued till Christian times. The oldest mummy in the world is probably that of Rânefer, a contemporary of King S'neferu's, discovered in his tomb at Medûm, by Professor Petrie. He lived 6000 years ago. In the British Museum are the remains of what was once probably King Menkaûrâ (Mycerinus), who lived about 3850 B.C. Rather later in date is the mummy of King Merḥrâ Meḥtimsaf, whom we have mentioned before, discovered in his pyramid by Professor Maspero, and now in the Gîzeh Museum. This king was only sixteen years old when he died, about 3445 B.C.; his mummy is still in good preservation, even his hair, plaited in the long tress which Egyptian boys wore hanging over the right ear, is still on his head. Other famous mummies at Gîzeh are those of the Kings S'qenenrâ Taa of the XVIIth Dynasty; of Thothmes I., Thothmes II., and Thothmes III., of the XVIIIth; of Sety I. and Râmeses II. of the XIXth; of Râmeses III. of the XXth; of Pinozm II. of the XXIst dynasties; and also those of the royal priest Masakhirta, the Queen Isiṁkheb, and other personages. The body of S'qenenrâ we have as he died in battle with the Hyksos, killed with terrible blows of axe and spear. The great conqueror Thothmes III. was a little man, like Napoleon; Râmeses the Great, "the Louis XIV. of Egyptian history," was tall and gaunt, with a tremendous hooked nose, and has a look on his face even now of such imperial majesty as only an Egyptian Pharaoh could have. Of these mummies, S'qenenrâ died about 1700 B.C., Masakhirta some 700 years later. They were all discovered together by M. Maspero in 1881. Many, no doubt, have heard of how, when the Khedive's steamer was bearing them down the Nile from Thebes to Cairo, all the inhabitants of the villages thronged the banks, the men firing guns and beating drums, the women wailing and pouring dust upon their heads, to pay the last honours to their ancient Pharaohs.

While on the subject of mummies, I may as well warn the reader against a pretentious female mummy in the British Museum. She has labelled herself simply "Cleopatra," and obviously wishes to delude the visitor into believing that she was once that "daughter of dark Nile," the charmer of Antony; but in reality this mummied Lady Cleopatra had nothing whatever to do with the great queen, and really has no right to advertise herself in this ambiguous way.

Hêrodotos gives a very good description of the method of embalming,* which the following is a paraphrase:—

> "When in a family a man of any consideration dies, all the women of that family besmear their heads and faces with mud, and then, leaving the body in the house, they wander about the city, beating themselves, and all their relations with them. And the men do likewise. Then they carry out the body to be embalmed. There are regular embalmers; they, when the body is brought to them, show to the bearers wooden models of corpses made exactly like by painting. And they show that which they say is the most expensive manner of embalming, the name of which I do not think it right to mention on such an occasion; they then show the second, which is inferior and less expensive; and then the third, which is the cheapest. And the relations, when they have agreed upon the price, depart; then the embalmers thus proceed to embalm in the most expensive manner. First they draw out the brains through the nostrils with an iron hook, then with a sharp Ethiopian stone they make an incision in the side, and take out all the bowels; and, having cleansed the abdomen and rinsed it with palm-wine, they next sprinkle it with pounded perfumes. Then, having filled the abdomen with pure myrrh pounded, and cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted, they sew it up again; and when they have done this, they steep it in natron, leaving it for seventy days, at the expiration of which they wrap it in bandages of flax cloth, smearing it with gum.* After this the relations, having taken the body back again, make a wooden case in the shape of a man, and enclose the body in it; this, having fastened it up, they place in a sepulchral chamber, setting it upright against the wall. This is the most expensive way; those, however, who, avoiding great expense, desire the middle way, they prepare in the following manner. When they have charged their syringes with oil of cedar, they fill the abdomen of the corpse without making any incision or taking out the bowels; they then steep the body in natron for the prescribed number of days, and on the last day they let out from the abdomen the oil of cedar, which brings away the intestines and vitals in a state of dissolution; the natron dissolves the flesh, and nothing of the body remains but skin and bones. By the third method of embalming, which is used only for the poor, the abdomen is thoroughly rinsed with syrmæa, and then simply steeped in natron for the prescribed seventy days."

An interesting detail is added by Diodôros (i. 91): when the *paraschistês* ("ripper up") had made the first incision in the body with an "Ethiopian stone," he fled away in haste, pursued by the embalmers, who stoned and cursed him. Thus, obviously, the *paraschistês* was ceremonially defiled by his duty. Note, also, that the consecrated frankincense, which the Egyptians called *s'nutri*, "that which is made divine," could not be used in embalming.

When embalmed, the mummy was set upright in its coffin in the house, and was hailed as Osiris by the relations and friends;

* Hdt. ii. 85 ff.

* The word "gum" is of Egyptian origin, *kommi*; it passed unchanged into Greek and thence to the west. The words "ivory" and "ebony" were also originally Egyptian; also the word "*adobe*," for dried brick, passed from Egyptian to Arabic, thence to Spanish, and now is English.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AS IT APPEARED SOON AFTER THE ERECTION OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

then, with its train of mourners, it was solemnly ferried in a funeral-bark across the river to the western bank, where the nekropoleis were always situated, and was buried in the tomb which the dead man had already prepared for himself when alive. Here in the tomb-chamber, a great carved stone sarcophagus, the sides of which were inscribed with texts from *The Book of the Dead*, and the lid of which was carved in human shape, awaited the wooden coffin, also carved in human shape, and ornamented with religious texts and scenes, which contained the *cartonnage* covering beneath which lay the mummy, thickly swathed in its yellow wrappings. In the offering-chamber was the *stela* of stone on which we read the names and titles of the deceased. The inscription usually commences as follows :—

> "A royal offering given to Osiris lord of Ḍaddû, lord of Abydos; an offering given to Ûpuaût, lord of Tazoser; and to all the gods who are in Abydos! May they give offerings in the house of the true-voiced, bread, flesh, and fowl, with thousands of vestments, frankincense, and ointment, and everything good and pure on which the god there * lives, for him who is devoted to his lord, *the scribe N or M.*"†

Of these *stelae*, the Egyptian gravestones, there are numbers in every museum. With the *stela* was the sacrificial table, on which the nearest male relation of the deceased, *ex-officio* priest of his tomb, made the offerings. Upon the walls were bas-reliefs depicting the daily life of the deceased.

Under the ancient empire, the tomb was usually of the form as the *mastaba*, from its shape resembling a bench, which in Arabic is *mastaba*. These tombs were the original form of the pyramid; in the necropolis of Sakkarah, near Cairo, the development may be traced. In them the offering-chamber was above ground, the tomb-chamber itself at the bottom of a deep pit or well. In the walls were the *serdabs* or cavities which contained the *ka*-statues, which we have mentioned before. Under the Middle Empire great tombs were often hewn in the rocky hillside, such as those at Beni Hasan and El Bersheh, whose walls are covered with scenes and inscriptions, which have lately been republished in full by the committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund,‡ which has lately been endeavouring to carry out a complete archæological survey of Egypt. Under the New Empire, the tomb was usually a low building with a deep cornice and tall pyramidal roof; it was often built against the hillside, so that the tomb-chamber was reached, not by a vertically-descending well, but by a passage gradually descending into the bowels of the rock. The famous tomb of King Sety I., in the valley of the tombs of the kings (Bibanel-Molûk) in Western Thebes, is a case in point. Some of the great tombs contained innumerable passages and chambers, which were meant to baffle treasure-hunters. Such a tomb is that of Padûâmenâp, who lived under the XVIIIth Dynasty, at Thebes, which well merits the name of "grave-palace" which has been given to it. And precautions against marauders were indeed necessary, for no less than the modern fellah, from whom Islam has taken away all religious scruples on the subject, was the ancient Egyptian a despoiler of the tombs of his ancestors. The pyramids of Gîzeh seem to have been entered and plundered even under the Ancient Empire, and, coming to later times, we possess the official *procés-verbal* of a great inquisition which was held into the state of the royal tombs at Thebes in the reign of Rameses IX. (B.C. 1070) by—

> "The Examiners of the Great Necropolis, the Scribe of the Vizier and the Scribe of the Minister of the Treasury of Pharaoh (life, wealth, and health to him!)."

Who were deputed by

> "The Governor of the City and Vizier Khâemuasit, the King's Sealer Nasiâmon the scribe of Pharaoh (life, wealth, and health to him!), the Major-domo of the house of Her who (life, wealth, and health to her!) praiseth the god Âmen-Râ, King of Gods, and the King's Sealer Neferkarâmperâmon, the 'Herald' of Pharaoh (life, wealth, and health to him!), to report upon what the thieves had done in the western quarter of the city, which Paâaûâa the Chief Inspector of the Police of 'the Great and August Nekropolis' of Pharaoh (life, wealth, and health to him!), which is in the west of Uasit, had reported to the Vizier, the Nobles, and Sealers of Pharaoh (life, wealth, and health to him!)"

They discovered that though most of the royal tombs were intact, yet three had been attacked, and from one of these the bodies of King Râsokhmûshedtawï Sebekemsaûf, of the XIIIth Dynasty, and his queen Nûbkhâs had been stolen. But tomb-robbery did not end with this inquiry, and a century later King Pinozm II. transported all the chief royal mummies into one place, where M. Maspero discovered them, as we have said above, in 1881.

From the tombs, which were temples of Osiris, we must now pass to the temples of Egypt. To repair the "Houses" of the gods and to build new ones was regarded as the duty of the king. Râmeses the Great gained a great reputation as a temple-builder, but most of his temples are built with the stones of earlier shrines which he had pulled down for the purpose! The great temple at Abû-Simbel, with its four huge colossi carved in the rock, is perhaps the best-known of his temple-works; it is entirely excavated in the solid rock. The great temples of Karnak and Luxor at Thebes were dedicated to the Theban god Âmen. The first was begun under the XIIth Dynasty as a small temple complete in itself, enclosed in a great *Temenos*. At the beginning of the New Empire various kings added to it, especially Thothmes III., who left it only second to the great temple of Ptaḥ at Memphis, of which Herodotos speaks so admiringly, but which no longer exists. Sety I. added the tremendous "Hypostyle Hall" in front of the *pylons* (entrance-towers) of Thothmes III., which is the greatest glory of Karnak. Professor Rawlinson remarks that "this hall alone covers more space than the Dom of Cologne, the greatest of all the cathedrals of the North." Its roof was supported by 164 huge, yet graceful, stone columns; those of the nave being each 66 feet high by 33 feet in circumference, those of the aisles 41 feet high by 27 feet in circumference. They are carved in the shape of the papyrus-plant, those of the nave having the opened flower, those of the aisles the closed flower or bud, for capital; each was ornamented with scenes and inscriptions of religious import.* This mighty hall was finished by Râmeses II. The temple was added to in later times, and at the present day the whole temple-area is nearly a mile long and half-a-mile broad, the circumference of the walls being about two miles and a half. This is indeed, as Fergusson, the historian of architecture, says, "the noblest effort of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man." The temple of Luxor, which was connected with that of Karnak by an avenue of sphinxes, was begun by Âmenḥotep III. and completed by Sety I.; it is considerably smaller than its great rival. Of another temple, on the opposite bank of the river, built by Âmenḥotep III., nothing remains except the two enormous colossi which stood in front of the entrance-pylons. These are the "Colossi of Memnon," one of which, by some natural means, used to emit a noise like the note of a harp when the rays of the rising sun struck it. The noise ceased when the statue was repaired by the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus. The architect of the temple and sculptor of the colossi was Âmenḥotep-Ḥûy, son of Ḥâpû; he was revered in later times as a sage. His tomb has been found, and an inscription in which he refers to the erection of the colossi. Two other famous Egyptian temples are those of the cat-goddess Bastit, at Bubastis, mentioned by Herodotos, and that of Isis at Philæ, near Assuân. The latter, however, is of very late date, having been built when Greek kings ruled over Egypt.

The main plan of an Egyptian temple resembled that of a Greek temple, only the Egyptian temple was not built all at once in its entirety, but successive coats were added to the original sanctuary, like the successive coats of an onion round its heart. The only temple which varies from the regular type is that built by Queen Ḥâtshepsû (about B.C. 1510), at Dêrel-Baḥri, near Thebes, to commemorate her expedition to Pûnt,* which resembles a Chaldæan temple. It was no doubt constructed in imitation of those of Pûnt; Ḥâtshepsû had original ideas. The best account of the architecture of Egyptian temples is that given by MM. Perrot and Chipiez, in their *History of Art in Ancient Egypt*.† It may be remarked that Egyptian temples were not oriented; they point in any direction.

It would be expected that such vast temples would need a large staff of priests. Such was the case. The high-priest, or "Chief of the Servants of the god," was a very important personage; the High-Priests of Âmen at Thebes, of Râ at Heliopolis, and of Ptaḥ at Memphis, formed a triad of popes, who exercised tremendous influence over the nation. He of Thebes, indeed, rose to such a pitch of power that he finally made himself king: the XXIst Dynasty was one of priest-kings. Under the high-priest‡ were the other *Ḥonû-netâr*, "Servants of the God," and under them the junior priests or *Uabû*, "the purified." Other orders of priests were the *Khrîû-heb* or "Cantors," the *Semû* and *Ûdebû*, who appear to have been connected with the ritual of the dead, the *Ḥonû-ka*, "Servants of the *Ka*," or Tomb-priests, and the *Khorpû-shenzût* or "Vestment-keepers." The *Herîû-s'shetaû*, "Those who are Over the Secrets," the Wise Men of Egypt, were usually priests. Under the early dynasties every head of a family was a priest, and all the great nobles were priests of some god or other, nor did they wear any peculiar vestments when officiating as priests. As, however, the priests grew more powerful, they tended to separate themselves from the rest of the people, so that under the New Empire distinctions of rank were no longer recognised among them, and a gardener's son could become High-Priest of Âmen. At the same time they retained the old simple white lay dress of the Ancient Empire as a sacred vestment, over which various other ornaments, such as panther-skins, chains, etc., were worn by the various orders of priests. An Egyptian priest was not necessarily celibate. He had to be constantly washing himself all day, in order to be ceremonially pure, and might not

* *I.e.*, the dead man in the tomb, now Osiris.

† Whatever the name may be.

‡ *Beni Hasan*, by Percy Newberry, edited by F. L. Griffith. Pt. i., 1893, Pt. ii., 1894; 25s. *El Bersheh*, by the same author and editor; Pt. i., 1894, Pt. ii., 1895, 25s.

* Two such columns, of smaller size, may be seen in the Great Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum.

* See Article II.

† English translation published by Chapman and Hall, 1883.

‡ The high-priest of each god had a title symbolical of the functions of his god; thus the high-priest of the Craftsman of the World, Ptaḥ, was called *Ûr-khorp-ḥem*, "The Great Tool-Wielder;" and the high-priest of the all-seeing sun-god, Râ, was called *Ûr-maa*, "The Great Seer."

eat pork or fish or wear woollen garments, which were considered unclean. A mistaken idea prevails that the Egyptian priests formed a "caste," like the Indian Brahmins, but *the caste-system in the Indian sense did not exist in Egypt;* Hêrodotos' chapter on this subject is full of absurd errors, and has, besides, been wrongly interpreted. The great order of Scribes was almost entirely priestly in character; the embalmers also and all persons connected with the service of the gods down to the lowest bottle-washers of a temple were priests. Undoubtedly the Egyptians were a priest-ridden nation, but then they were a nation of priests. The official head of the priesthood was the king, who was both priest and layman. At his accession, he became *ex-officio* the highest High-priest; he who was an earthly god was the human being best fitted to address the heavenly gods in their holy of holies. In his priestly capacity he was usually spoken of as *Netȧr nefer*, "the Good God," as "The Son of Nût," "The Image of his Father Amen," etc.; in his lay capacity he was *Ḥon-f*, "His Majesty;" *Per-wiâa*, "Pharaoh," a title which means literally "The Two Great Houses," or *Neb-tawï*, "Lord of the Two Lands," i.e. the two banks of the Nile. Sometimes we find him simply designated as *Sûten*, "king." Whatever he be called, his name is invariably followed by the words *ânkh, ûza, sonb!* "Life, wealth, and health to him!" He possessed three names, his own proper name, his "throne-name," which he assumed at his accession, and his "*Ka*-name," the name which was bestowed on his *ka*.* He is often represented standing with a little figure of his *ka* behind him. Above him are his proper name and "throne-name," both enclosed in the "cartouche" or "royal oval," accompanied by various titles, "Son of the Sun," "Lord of the Two Lands," "Lord of Appearings," and invariably preceded by the two signs, a plant and a bee, which read *Sûten Bâtï*, and perhaps mean "King of Upper and Lower Egypt;" above his *ka* is the "*ka*-standard," surmounted by the crowned hawk (emblem of the king as "The Golden," or "The Living" Horus), upon which is inscribed his "*ka*-name." Thus we have a bas-relief of King Thothmes II.; above him is his proper name (Tahutimes Neferkhâû), Thothmes Beautiful of Appearings, and his "throne-name" (Âakheperùrâ), Great One coming into being through Râ; above his *ka* is his *ka*-name (Kanekhti Userpeḥtï), Mighty Bull, Strong in Power.† Various other titles, such as *Dȧânkh*, "Giver of Life," *Netȧrâa*, "Great God," are also inscribed upon this bas-relief.

* See Article III.

† This bas-relief is figured on p. 26 of M. Maspero's lately-published work, *The Dawn of Civilization*, S. P. C. K., 1894.

The queen was always known as the *Ḥimt-sûten*, "King's Wife;" her name is usually written in a cartouche. She was either a foreign princess or the daughter of some great noble.

The royal children were called the *Saû* or *Saût-sûten*, "Sons" or "Daughters" of the King; the eldest son was also usually designated in later times as the *Sar-Kash*, "Prince of Ethiopia." The king's sons, after spending their childhood in the harem and their boyhood with other juvenile companions under the care of a tutor, usually a priest or general, went to a great priestly university, such as Heliopolis (On), where they became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Then they accompanied their father the king on his warlike expeditions, and, finally, those who did not succeed to the crown settled down as high-priests, generals, provincial governors, or superintendents of public works. The king's daughters remained in the harem till they were married to great subjects or foreign princes, or, if they were strong-minded, they assisted their father in the government of the empire, as Bintresht, daughter of Râmeses II., did. As women could succeed to the throne, we have in Egyptian history several great queens reigning in their own right, such as Nitâqrit, Sebekneferûrâ, and Hâtshepsû, who, though she lived so long ago, was essentially a "new woman," for she always wore men's dress, and was spoken of as "king."

(*To be concluded.*)

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM TALBOT ROAD TO MARTHA PLACE.

No letter came for Morag for nearly a fortnight, and then one arrived from Aunt Rebecca herself, with oh, such poor, broken handwriting, and so many signs of worn and shaken nerve, in words written in wrongly; and sometimes two words run into one, which made no word at all.

Nevertheless, the significance of the letter was but too plain. The Hendersons were ruined! They had nothing whatever left—save a cottage in the country, "which had never been mentioned to that blackguard, Lumsden," wrote Aunt Rebecca. "If we'd only had enough to go and live there, I'd have been satisfied; but we haven't a penny. So we've had to sell it, and there's such a quantity of property in the market, through these wretches, and nobody with any money to buy—through the same—that it sold as badly as it could, though people say we were fortunate. And the only way to make such a sum of money worth anything, was to buy an annuity for me. At my age, they give one about fifty pounds a year for five hundred pounds; and I hope the insurance company is safe. But I don't trust anything nowadays; only the Government wouldn't give as large an annuity. So we've got to live on a pound a week, and as I tell Gladys there's many a working man and wife bring up a family on that, and so we ought to be thankful. But she says that's quite different, and asks what's to become of her when I die? And I say if it hadn't been for her worrying I'd be a well-to-do woman to-day, since she said it was all for her sake that I ought to do whatever that blackguard advised. But surely something will turn up for Gladys, poor dear, and she such a pretty bright girl till that man's behaviour soured her."

Morag felt that those last sentences unconsciously set forth the whole moral atmosphere in which her aunt and cousin would henceforth live.

"Of course we are leaving this house," Mrs. Henderson went on, "and then one finds out that one has to be honest with other people, however much one may have been cheated oneself. We've got to pay the landlord and all the taxes till the place gets another tenant, and there are bills to pay, and the best furniture and the nice carpets will have to be sold at a ruinous loss. We shall have to go into unfurnished rooms somewhere, wherever we can get them cheap enough. We are thinking of Stonehouse Street or Martha Place. For we must have something cheap, and those are at least clean and quiet. You ought to be thankful, Morag, that you know from the beginning what cloth you have to cut your coat from. They that are down need fear no fall, and those who have nothing can't lose. My advice to you is, save every penny you can and trust nobody."

Under such counsels, for what would one be living? thought Morag. If works of love are to cease, and the heart of faith to grow cold, where can hope take root and thrive?

"Poor woman!" sighed kindly Elspeth Vass, when she heard this melancholy history. "It will come hardly to her. I should say she was one of those who would spread a pound far on finery, but would not know how to bring comfort out of each one of twenty shillings. She did seem to me to be a poor shallow creature, when she came to fetch you from the Kyle, Morag. And I remember the Kyle folk all wondered how your father's brother could have married such a woman. But brothers are not always made on the same pattern, whatever."

Presently she went on. "Don't you think, Morag, you might let me write and tell Hamish that you bid him call on your aunt and see if he can help her with any of her business. Hamish is sensible and shrewd, though he is but young, and anyhow, a man-body is a grand stand-by at a moving. He can lift things, and he can knock in nails that are sometimes too much for women," said this comfortable soul, always intent on the mission of making the rough places plain, and the crooked straight.

"But the winter term is beginning, and Mr. Vass will have his own work at college," protested Morag. She could not but remember Gladys' account of the cold reception he had got in the Talbot Road.

Elspeth smiled, wagging her head

knowingly. "Hamish is far too good a worker to be so over busy," she said. "His classes only meet in the winter, you know, and he gets light teaching in the summer, which keeps himself and maybe a little more, and he sticks to his own work all the time. He is very forehanded, is my Hamish. It is the men who are always busy at their own ploy who have the time to do a hand's turn when there's a chance of making themselves useful or agreeable to others."

"But Mr. Vass will think it an impertinence for me to suggest such a thing," suggested Morag.

And now Elspeth laughed outright. "My Hamish will think it a great pleasure—anything he could do for Morag's asking. Don't you remember when he spent his whole long summer days scouring the moors to find you the bit of white heather that you wanted for your mother's birthday?—which was her last."

Morag's eyes filled with tears. "Ah," said she, "I wanted it because I had heard somebody say it was lucky. But that was all the 'luck' it brought!"

"Well, why should it be luckier to live long on earth, than to live the longer in the City of God!" asked the Highland woman. "I know the shadows are left with us, and I'm missing my grandfather yet; although how glad he was to go! But that gift o' white heather was lucky to you, all the same, Morag. For it stands as a type—as the ministers say—of the love you bore your mother, and the trouble you were willing to take to show it."

"Or to get other people to take!" said Morag, humour glinting through her tears.

"Well, Hamish or you, it was all the same. You'd have done it if you could, and he did it as you couldn't. I believe Hamish has kept to this day the pocket-handkerchief that you marked for him at the last New Year you were at the Kyle. At any rate, so long as I looked through his things I always saw it—wrapped in a piece of paper, along with a sprig of bog-myrtle."

Morag's mind had turned back to the old days, whose memories Elspeth's kindly talk brought out, as the wash of the waves brings out on a beach those delicate tints which vanish when the pebbles lie high and dry.

"I suppose," said she, "that the strange old man, Roderick of the Hills, has been dead for a long time."

"He died just before grandfather," Elspeth answered. "But what put him into your head?"

"Because I once saw him act in a way which puzzled me," Morag replied. "I have often thought about it since, and wondered."

"He was a strange man, Roderick of the Hills," said Elspeth, her soft voice sinking to an awed whisper. "Grandfather said he was one of the last of the old-world folk, who knew more than other people. I'm not saying I believe all stories that I have been told, but I'm not saying that I disbelieve them all, whatever," went on cautious Celtic Elspeth. "There are changes in everything, everywhere, and there must be changes in man, too, and folk with railways and telegraphs and telescopes don't see so far nor hear so quickly as the Red Indians did. So who knows what else may be passing away? My grandfather believed Roderick o' the Hills had powers. He claimed to see visions and hear prophecies, and to see death-marks on those who seemed in perfect health. I think I'll tell you something, Morag, which was greatly talked about in the Kyle at the time. There's no harm in your knowing of it now, whatever."

Morag was listening intently.

"Roderick of the Hills declared that the last time he passed the school-house before your parents' death, he saw both your father and mother at work in the garden, looking strong and healthy, but that he could also see the 'dead clothes' close about their necks, so that he knew neither of them had many days to live. He said that he had meant to go into the school-house, but when he saw this, he could not bear the sight, and passed by and went on over the moor."

There was silence for a moment, then Morag whispered: "And what did the Kyle people think of his tale?"

Elspeth shook her head dubiously. "My grandfather and some old folks believed him, and there were a good many that would not just disbelieve him. But the doctor, he laughed, and said second-sight was easy after first sight, and that prophecies which came true were made after the events had come to pass. And there was no answering that. But my grandfather and the other old folks had heard Roderick say such things before they did happen—many times."

"Well," said Morag, "all I know is that I did see Roderick of the Hills coming towards our house the very last evening we were altogether, and when he saw father and mother he stopped short, and threw up his hands like one dismayed, and turned away and went over the moor. It was that very action of his which has always puzzled me. Mother saw him as he went away and spoke to father about him, and wondered why he had not come in. But I did not tell what I had seen, and I have never mentioned it, Elspeth, from that day to this."

"And what for did you not?" asked Elspeth. "And yet I know. There are things which seem whispered to us as secrets, and we may not speak of them till the hour comes. And I wonder what Morag is keeping in her heart just now which will come out as the years pass on?"

Why was it, that as Elspeth spoke, Morag remembered that New Year card, inscribed to Hamish, which still lay in its hiding-place in her little writing-case?

"And now, how our talk has wandered from its starting-place!" mused Mrs. Vass. "And so I may tell Hamish that you would like him to call on your aunt. It would be a pride and a pleasure to him to do anything for Morag," she added, thinking of past days, and quite oblivious in this instance of the terrible truth that time changes all things, and that circumstances seem so often to alter cases.

Whether or no Hamish was pleased by the request which his sister conveyed to him, he did go to the Hendersons, and he did make himself useful to them, and he went in again and again after they were settled in their tiny flat in Martha Place.

And it is quite certain that Morag was not made perfectly happy by an intangible something about a letter which presently came from Gladys, even though it dropped the objectionable "Dear Rag," and took up the propriety of "Dear Cousin."

Gladys wrote—

"Mr. Vass has been very good to us. We think him wonderfully improved—quite polished up. Of course, our men of the peasant class do have it in them to rise to the very highest, provided they are wise enough to form new associations with presentable people. What a world of pity it would have been had Mr. Vass got entangled with a pretty dairymaid when he was, as I suppose, some sort of plough-boy. I wish Mr. Vass would think of going into the church. I am sure he would be popular, and he might end as a Queen's chaplain. But he declares that his whole aim—one can't call it ambition—is to be a first-rate parish schoolmaster. Yet undoubtedly there are charms in such a life—it must have a great deal of influence of its own—and the schoolmaster of a country parish is a big person in his own sphere. After all, a good name and a substantial income are valuable considerations."

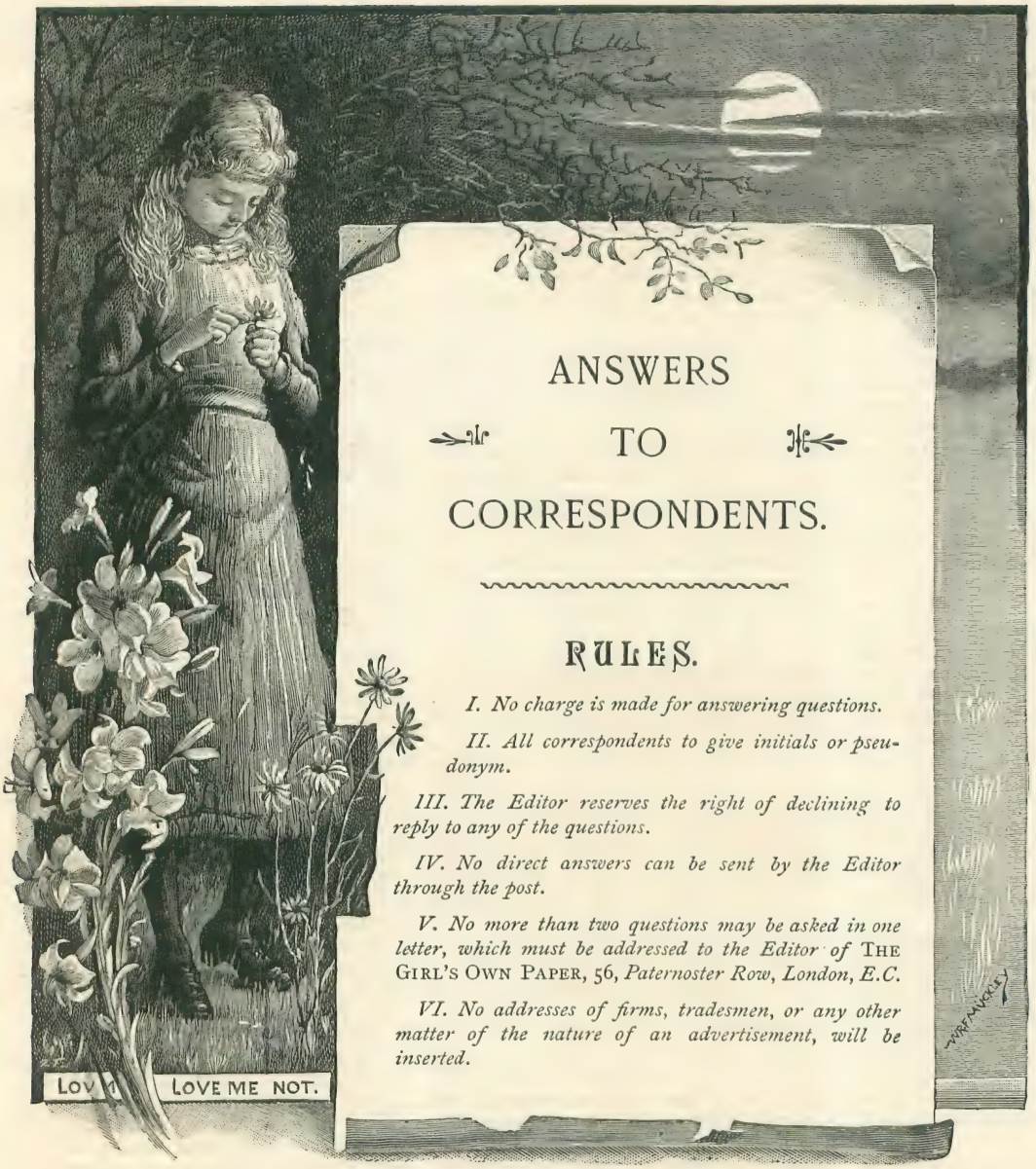
"Yes, Gladys," Morag answered the letter in her hand, and she spoke with something very like venom. "Yes, you will grasp at these now vanity and wealth have stung you and slipped from your hand. You will think that she who was good enough for 'Ned Lumsden' to jilt, will be a boon and a blessing to such as Hamish Vass!"

She went on reading the letter.

"Hamish Vass is certainly a godsend in our present miserable existence. Of course a great many acquaintances have called upon us (people don't like others to say they turn their backs on those who have lost their money; though they do it). They came, and told us that Martha Place was just where they would like to live, and our rooms were just what they would like to have, and how nice it was to do everything for oneself, and so get rid of all servant worry. Oh, dear, yes. And then they won't come again, and they'll forget all about us except when they want me to work for a bazaar. Mother is very low, in mind and body, and worries dreadfully, though she's all right. It is I who ought to worry. A gable of Sillerton poor's house forms part of what our dear friends call 'our delightful wide view,' I tell mother that's my future destination. But I don't think so. After all, when one has nothing of one's own, one has the best chance of the best husband—he who will love one for oneself."

Morag sat long with that letter in her hand. She was sorry for Gladys; she was sorry for Hamish; and she was most sorry for herself—she felt so rebellious and wicked.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

VIOLET.—You are certainly not too old to become a probationer at a hospital. In some twenty-five is the age prescribed. A small salary, uniform, and board and lodging are supplied (we believe) in all. Good health and nerves are regarded as essential. We are glad our answers are so much appreciated. The word "to" is a preposition, "denoting motion towards anything;" "to" is also an adverb, the prefix to the infinitive mood, as "to live, to speak." But the word you substitute for the latter, though likewise an adverb, means "also excess," as too full, too old, too difficult. Again "there" is an adverb, and means "in that place;" but "their" is a pronoun-adjective, and means "belonging to them." Your spelling needs attention.

SARAH DREW.—There are ambulance classes in many places in town, and amongst them at the Polytechnic Institution, at the top of Regent Street, not far from the Langham Hotel. Write for a prospectus to the Director of the Ambulance Department at the above-named institution.

LITREBILI.—There are very few amateur societies which we can now mention, because the secretaries do not give us any notice of removal, new directorships, nor even of their becoming defunct; and we cannot tell by intuition what they are doing all over the country.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—You would receive training for every kind of domestic and other work at Zeals, near Bath, Somerset. Direct to the Secretary. Training is given in the Wilts School of Domestic Economy, Secretary, Miss Bridgman, Trowbridge.

. H. P.—You should read history, improve your knowledge of geography, read travels, study our articles on "The Art of Conversing Agreeably." Make yourself acquainted with our English classics (the great poets), and study some rudimentary works on astronomy, geology, and natural history. The Home Education Society might be of use to you, Hon. Sec., Miss Ralfe, 102, Eaton Terrace, S.W.

DOT.—Very inexpensive lessons by correspondence can be had by girls whose education has been neglected, from a lady holding the higher Cambridge certificate for English, French, Literature, etc. Terms 1s. a lesson. Address "R. G. P.," 38, Milford Road, Lordship Lane, S.E.

L. DURHAM.—There is a Benevolent Institution in behalf of Milliners and Dressmakers for those living within twelve miles of the General Post-Office, London; apply for information to the Secretary at 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W., who may know of some sister society of wider scope. We do not give private answers.

LEILA MAY.—The National Home Reading Union might suit you, Central Office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. The Secretary, Miss Moody. Or else the Home Education Society, Secretary, Miss E. Bradley, 4, Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

ALICIA (Reading).—The English (women's) Mission Homes in Paris, under the direction of Mrs. Lewis, are in the Avenue Wagram, Rue de Milan, and Faubourg St. Honoré. Mrs. Lewis's address is 77, Avenue Wagram.

ANXIOUS.—You are not eligible for nursing, as your health is not good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ADMIRER.—The father's maiden sister takes precedence of her niece, and the daughters of the house of their younger brothers and their wives.

DOLLY.—Our exact antipodes, could we in London make a tunnel straight through to the other side of the globe, would be a spot in the ocean S.E. of New Zealand, and near a small island entitled Antipodes Island. It may interest you to hear that Plato, was the first (it is said) who thought it possible that Antipodes existed (B.C. 388), and that Boniface, Archbishop of Metz, denounced a bishop as a heretic who maintained this fact, A.D. 741.

MARCIA.—The divisions of the year into seasons are purely arbitrary as regards their character in warmth and cold. Their commencement cannot be determined by precise astronomical phenomena. One year will sometimes vary much with another. With reference to Easter, the earliest date on which it can fall is the 22nd of March, and the latest on April 25th.

R. E. M.—We have not heard of anything which is an effectual and permanent cure for drunkenness. But we do know cases where, with God's help, men and women have withstood, and conquered the temptation, and left off hard drinking, never to taste spirituous liquors again.

UNE PARISIENNE.—Say "do you take sugar?" either "lump" or "piece," of sugar are correct terms.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.—We think you had better get your father, or mother, to help you by some carefully-worded inquiry about your lover's intentions, your future life, and the means to keep your house upon, which he has to offer.

HYACINTH had far better have the silk dress cleaned. There is nothing else to be done with these soft surahs when they become soiled.

APRON STRINGS.—You could not claim wages, unless you had an agreement to that effect. A servant should speak of her master and mistress as such, at all times.

EVELYN.—The Christian names of Lady W. Lennox are Maria Jane. The dukedoms of Richmond and Gordon, and Buccleuch, belong to the names of Lennox and Scott.

WOOD VIOLET.—Cleopatra was born B.C. 69.

MIGNON.—In Ireland we find two addresses of the kind, *i.e.*, Irish Ladies' Work Society, 47, George Street, Kingstown; and the Irishwoman's Work Society, Holywood, Co. Down. Secretary, Miss Mathews.

QUEENIE, L. A. W., A SERVANT OF CHRIST, AN OLD GIRL, CINDERS, CINDERS II., MAMIE, JUNIA, ANXIOUS ONE, J. P., PHYLLIS, H&θ.—All send us poetry, none of it, we regret to say, worthy of a place in our columns; but all of it shows good and pious feeling; and it has, we are sure, given the writers pleasure in the composition.

ENQUIRER (Cambridge) must advertise, and answer advertisements. There is no other way of obtaining such situations.

G. R.—It is not usual to shake hands when first introduced, unless in exceptional cases—where people older than yourself are concerned, who perhaps expect it. Never reject the proffered hand.

A READER OF "G.O.P." (Barbados).—We are so sorry we cannot help you with advice on the subject. What a very good letter, and how well you write and spell. We are glad to hear that you like the "G.O.P."

MISS MUFF.—The only library that we know of to suit you containing books of reference, which can be lent out, is the London Library, St. James's Square, S.W. The subscription is moderate, and the extent of the library very great.

VOL. XVII.—No. 872.] SEPTEMBER 12, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FIVE CROCHET D'OYLEYS.

THE centre of each d'oyley is formed of a piece of damask, diaper, or brilliant, cut to the size and shape required, and hemmed round with a narrow hem, about one-eighth of an inch wide. Use No. 24 Coats' crochet-cotton.

No. 1 is crocheted straight on to the centre. Pierce some tiny holes round the foot of the hem with a stiletto, about one-eighth of an inch apart, then crochet 1 double stitch and 2 chain all round, putting the needle into each hole made with the stiletto.

2nd Row. 5 chain: 1 treble into the first loop of 2 chain in first row, then 2 chain: 1 treble into each consecutive loop.

3rd Row. 7 chain: 1 double into every other hole of previous row.

4th Row. 7 chain, 1 double into the first loop of the row before, 7 chain: 1 double into second loop, 2 double long treble (cotton 3 times round the needle) into next loop; * 5 chain: 3 double long treble into same loop, repeat from * twice more (leave the last loop of each double long treble on the needle, and draw the cotton through the three together with a single stitch), 2 double long treble into same loop, take up the next loop of 7 chain with a double crochet, repeat from the beginning to end of row.

5th Row. 7 chain: 1 double into every hole of previous row.

6th Row. Same as 4th, but work so that the fans come into the centre loops between the fans in the 4th row.

7th Row. Same as 5th.

8th Row. Same as 4th, only take up the loop at the beginning and end of each fan with a double stitch. The fans in this row should come opposite to those in the 4th row.

9th Row. Same as 5th.

10th Row. Same as 8th, the fans to come opposite to those in the 6th row.

11th Row. 7 chain: 1 double into every loop of previous row. For the heading—2 treble into the loop at beginning of fan on 10th row; * 2 treble into next loop, 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 2 treble into same loop, repeat from * twice more, then repeat from beginning.

No. 2 is worked on to the centre the same as No. 1, the first row being the same. If possible get a number divisible by 8 of the loops of 2 chain, as 8 of these go to one pattern.

2nd Row. Commence with 7 chain: 1 long stitch (cotton twice round the needle) into first loop of 2 chain of previous row; then continue with 2 chain: 1 long stitch into every loop of 2 chain.

[*Continued on page* 788.

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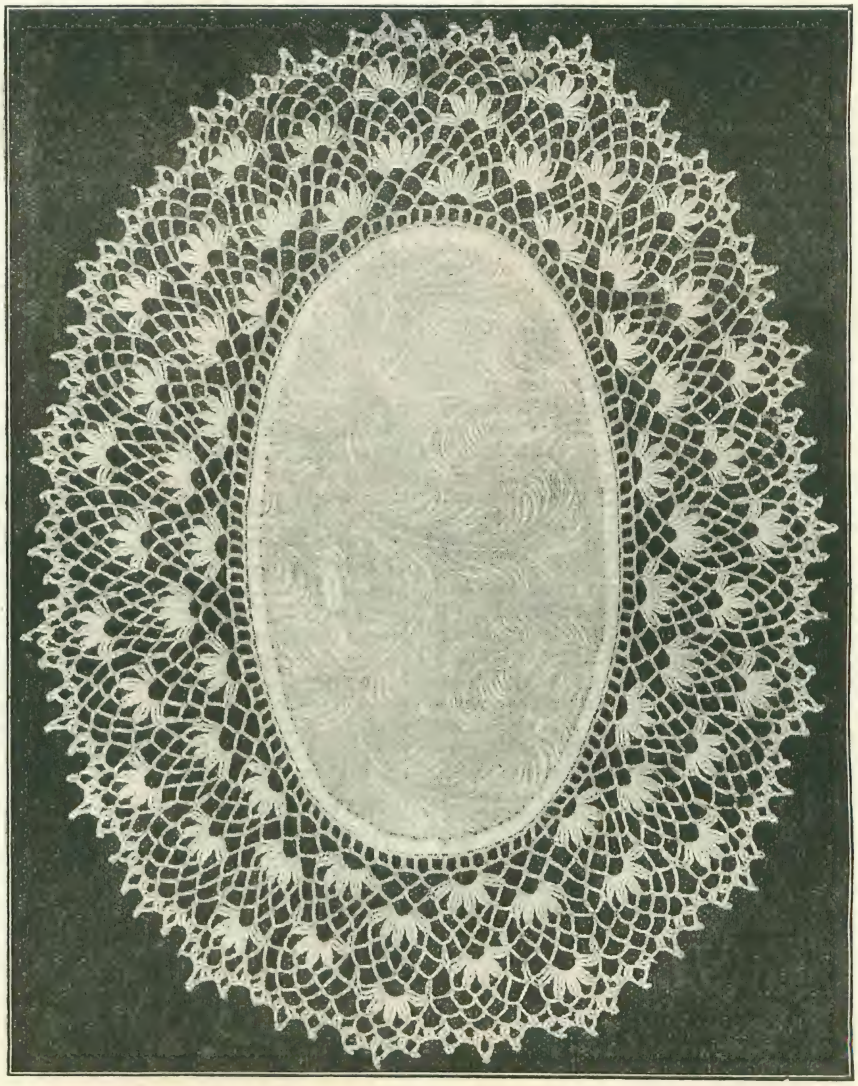
3rd Row. * 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, repeat from *, once more 2 chain: 1 double into 2nd hole of previous row, then repeat from the beginning, missing every other hole in row previous

4th Row.—* 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, repeat from * once more, 2 chain 1 double into next loop of row before, repeat from beginning.

5th Row.—Same as 4th.

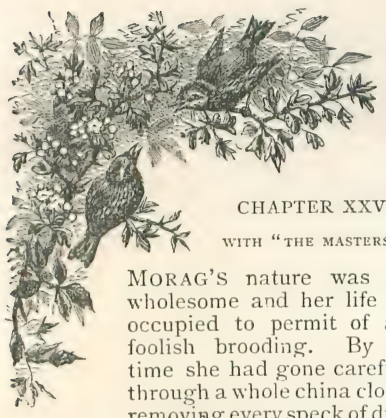
6th Row.—* 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, repeat from * once more,



NO. 1.

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.



CHAPTER XXV.

WITH "THE MASTERS."

MORAG'S nature was too wholesome and her life too occupied to permit of any foolish brooding. By the time she had gone carefully through a whole china closet, removing every speck of dust, she had regained herself, and had got everything into right relations with her. If Gladys' troubles had made her see things in a wiser light—well! that is what troubles are meant to do—though Gladys was not likely straightway to become perfectly wise and sweet. As for Hamish, his destiny was in God's hand and his own, and surely we have cause to be thankful that no power is given us over another's fate. And Hamish was her old playfellow, bound up with her early life, nothing more than that, and he never could be anything less.

So the quiet life went on day after day. In that house everything was kept so beautifully, that there never seemed to be any "dirty work." The "masters gave their orders" in the form of expressed wishes. They never interfered in any way. They seldom entered their own kitchen, but it was always ready for them. Mrs. Vass's salary rose, she told Morag, by six pounds every three years, and Morag might look for a yearly increase of one pound. The "masters" made punctual and detailed scrutiny of the housekeeping books, and always asked Mrs. Vass for her explanation of any variation. And it struck Morag that she had never realised the perfection of thrift till she saw it practised by Elspeth Vass, the working-woman, dealing with the wider margins of the wealthy class. The utmost value was got out of everything, and what could yield no more for the masters' comfort or for the sparing of the masters' purse was then put under levy for other uses—the poor, the household animals, the birds in the garden, aye, and the poor man's animals, the hawker's pig, and the little schoolboy's rabbits. Morag told Elspeth that her ways reminded her of a couplet she had read somewhere—

"The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou shalt grow fat."

And Elspeth repeated the words after her and said, "Yes, we ought to make all God's creatures as comfortable as we can, and that comforts our own soul."

Had Elspeth's own soul ever cried aloud for comfort? And if so, had any but God Himself heard the cry? Morag wondered sometimes. For while Elspeth talked of what she had noticed and thought, and of what other people had told her, she was singularly unautobiographical in her conversation. It seemed to Morag that Elspeth was one of those whose history is to be read only in what they are. Morag noticed, too, that this was the key which Elspeth always expected to be used towards others. For instance, Morag once made some slight remark about Miss Brander, whereupon Elspeth answered—

"Why, you might know that dear lady had been through a great deal. The best diamond that ever was does not sparkle much till it's cut, and the best men or women are scarcely saints till God has dealt sharply with them. You see I know all about Miss Brander through her being related to 'the masters.' She belongs to a branch of the family, once rich and grand compared to 'ours,' and in her girlhood she lived in a beautiful mansion, and had her horses and carriage, and everything heart could desire, and was a dear sweet creature herself even then. And when her father lost all his fortune and went mad and killed himself, and her lover played false because her gold was gone, everybody cried out why need these trials have befallen her? she was not one who needed such discipline. But God knew what He was doing: He knew what work she was fit for, if He put her in the place for it, and now with her fifty pounds a year——"

"Is that all she has?" asked Morag.

"Yes, every penny except that old cottage, the last bit of her family estate, and just see what she does with it! She could not have done it if she had remained a rich woman, because all that she gave then would have been just charity, and that's a different thing; or if she had then only helped those who were helping themselves, then it would have seemed like a hardness in her. But now she's got to do it. And she's giving us the lesson how we can all help each other with what we have. And that's the lesson this world needs. It's not the great banquet that sends the guests away well-pleased. It's the taking out of the one loaf and the small fishes, and the making them go round."

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare,"

murmured Morag, quoting from Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."

"Dearie, now you do remember things out of your reading!" said Elspeth. "I don't seem able to remember the words of anything but the Bible itself."

In truth, Elspeth had read little else which was easily memorable. She was not a reading woman, and her studies never got much beyond the Sunday evening opening of stiff old theological works which seemed to Morag unutterably dry and soulless. Yet Morag felt that these treatises had a meaning for Elspeth, which they had not for her. There was something in them to which her soul responded even as national music appeals to its own nation and means little to another; and a very little of her "reading" would start Elspeth on a train of memories and reflections which often gave Morag as much to think about as did any of her own favourites.

Morag was no longer conscious of bonds and bands; of the painful sense of holding life only at the will of others. There was plenty of work to do, and it had to be carefully and beautifully done, with the eyes of Elspeth Vass on every detail, in a way which cannot be in the case of any mistress who does not put her hand actively into the task of her subordinates. But the work done, the duty accomplished, then there was leisure and freedom. There was no set, relentless "evening out," suggestive, in itself, of "prison parade."

Morag constantly enjoyed afternoon walks in winter-time, and evening walks in the summer; sometimes on household business, sometimes merely for air and exercise. It was arranged between Mrs. Vass and Morag that the freedom of Wednesday evening should be Morag's *inalienable* right—when she cared to exercise it—but as a matter-of-fact, Morag sometimes did not take an "evening out" for weeks together, and then got one when something pleasant in the way of concert, exhibition or lecture was going forward.

The "masters" always sent the daily newspapers downstairs in the evening, and monthly, one or two magazines of rather substantial literary fare. After Morag had been in their employment for about a year, and was proved to be a careful and conscientious girl, they told her she might take books out of their library, provided she wrote the name of the book withdrawn on the "borrower's slate" (which hung on the wall) and left it there until it was returned to its place. "Mr. Hector," the elder of the "masters," kindly said that he feared few of the books were likely to be interesting to Morag, but she might find some such on a shelf which he indicated, where stood such novels as those of Galt and Miss Ferrier, and certain ancient ladies' companions and annuals, relics of the time and tastes of "the masters'" mother. What "Mr. Hector" thought when the first book Morag marked on the slate was *Plutarch's Lives*, and the second Thoreau's *Walden* has never been recorded. It was one of the virtues of "the masters" that they never made any remarks, but took their surprises and experiences silently, and perhaps learned the more from them. But in due time and at due intervals, Morag diverted herself with *The Entail*, the *Annals of a Parish*, and *Destiny*. Elspeth Vass enjoyed these stories when

Morag read them aloud, though she owned she could "see nothing in them" when she attempted them for herself. The only books of Morag's selection into which Elspeth dipped on her own account, were Taylor's *Herodotus* and *Plutarch's Lives*. Her Bible-reading had prepared her for their monumental style and dignified tone.

There were not many nor very striking incidents in those peaceful years. Mrs. Vass got a holiday to go to Sillerton to see her brother "capped," and she took down sundry pretty and useful presents from Morag to Aunt Rebecca and Gladys. When she came back she told Morag that she was sorry for the poor things, because they seemed so miserable, and she thought they might be very comfortable if they only knew how. If their means were so small, why did they live in a city? There were people down at the Kyle, who would think themselves quite well off with the regular income that the Hendersons had. It was a great pity that they would persist in staying on in Sillerton, saying "that the country would be so dull," when really they seemed to have no friends where they were, and Elspeth owned that she could scarcely wonder at it, "for it could be no pleasure to anybody to go to see them; and even Hamish, who liked to be kind to friends' friends, had well nigh dropped off in his visits."

Two or three slight changes came about after Elspeth's stay in Sillerton. For one thing, Gladys who had persistently written to Morag as if Hamish was a constant and devoted guest, henceforth never named him at all. On the other hand, from that time, Elspeth never received a letter from her brother in which he did not send some friendly greeting to Morag, and very often a special message beside, concerning a new book, or a magazine article, or a topic of current interest.

Morag had been little more than a year in George Square, when poor Jean Grieve died. She had left the Garths not long after Morag went away, and from that time Morag had lost all sight of her, till she received a note from a nurse at the infirmary, saying that a patient, Mrs. Grieve, dying there, was very anxious to see Miss Henderson.

Morag went at once. She found poor old Jean, looking so clean and fresh and rested, as compared with her old self, that it was hard to believe that she was not better rather than worse, than when she had been in the Garths' kitchen. But Jean Grieve knew that her days, even her hours, were numbered, and was lost in humble thanksgiving that she was allowed to end her days in being "treated like a lady."

Jean Grieve had her own bit of news for Morag. She had seen Christina; had met her accidentally in the street, about three months before. But nobody was very likely to see Christina again. For she had told Mrs. Grieve that she had got married and was on the eve of departure to New Zealand with her husband.

"Oh, it's all right," said Jean Grieve, with ready comprehension of the grave look which remembrance of Robina's fate brought upon Morag's face at these tidings. "Christina isn't the girl to get into trouble. Forbye, she told me who the man is—though it's nothing to his credit – for he's one of those fellows who go about, speaking in waste places, saying that there's no God, and that we had better make the best of this life, for it is all over with us when we are put in the black box. 'Aren't you shocked, Jean,' said Christina; 'and wouldn't Morag be horrified? But if you see her, you can tell her that I know Tom, and know what he's been through; and if she'd been taught about God as he was, and then knocked about the same, maybe she wouldn't believe in God just altogether, either. I ain't pious myself,' says Christina (you know her way, Morag), 'but it's all nonsense about no God and about going out, as Tom says 'like the snuff of a candle.' 'When he begins to talk to me,' says she, 'I say to him, "Now, Tom, stop your rubbish. Wait till you've known a few good people, and you'll believe in God right enough—for where else do they come from? You know yourself this world can't breed 'em! And wait till you've got a life worth living, Tom, inside and out, and you'll feel that it'll go on somehow." And I'll tell you what, Jean,' says she, 'I've got him this length already, that he said to me yesterday: "Chris, do you know I'm beginning to feel that it's kind of against nature that you should go out like the snuff of——" and there I snapped him up. "Don't be a fool, Tom," says I, "we're all in one lump, and it's take all, or leave all. All the great men that you talk so grand about, and all the little babies that have only lived an hour."'"

But Christina had said nothing about Robina MacTavish. It was not likely she would. Such a death as Robina's was a mere incident in the lives among which Christina had lived. And she had no reason to suppose Jean Grieve had ever heard of the girl, as indeed Jean never had. Yet Morag felt disappointed.

Mrs. Grieve also had her own special petition to offer to Morag. The nurses were very nice and "the doctors" (which term with her included all the medical students) were very kind; but poor Jean had her suspicions concerning dissecting rooms, which none of their assurances could effectually allay. Would Morag "see her buried?" "There need be no trouble about money," said Jean Grieve eagerly. Possibly it was the first time in her life that she had ever been able to say so. "There was that eleven pounds," she went on; "I've had to take out one, but ten will do things handsome in a plain way. There's a good undertaker down near the cemetery, who is very decent and moderate. There's his card, I've kept it these three years. And I've got a good white flannel gown to bury me in. None of my other things are worth much; but you might give them to the collection they make for poor women who leave here cured. It would be a sort of acknowledgment like. And you'll follow me, won't you, Morag. I don't think there'll be anyone else. And I hope there'll be someone to meet me on the other side; but there'll be the Lord Himself anyways."

Morag promised, sobbing. She saw Jean several times after that. The poor woman's utter contentment and sense of completeness seemed to prolong her life. But one day, when Morag went for her usual visit, Jean had, as the Northumbrian nurse expressed it, "got away." She had passed suddenly and peacefully.

Morag carried out her last wishes. Nor was her lowly funeral quite as lonely as she had foreseen, for Elspeth Vass accompanied Morag, and as they turned from the humble grave in the obscure corner, Elspeth said—

"Well, there are few lives that have cost less than hers, whatever, and she's made a clean end, poor dear, and been well used up, as all useful things always are."

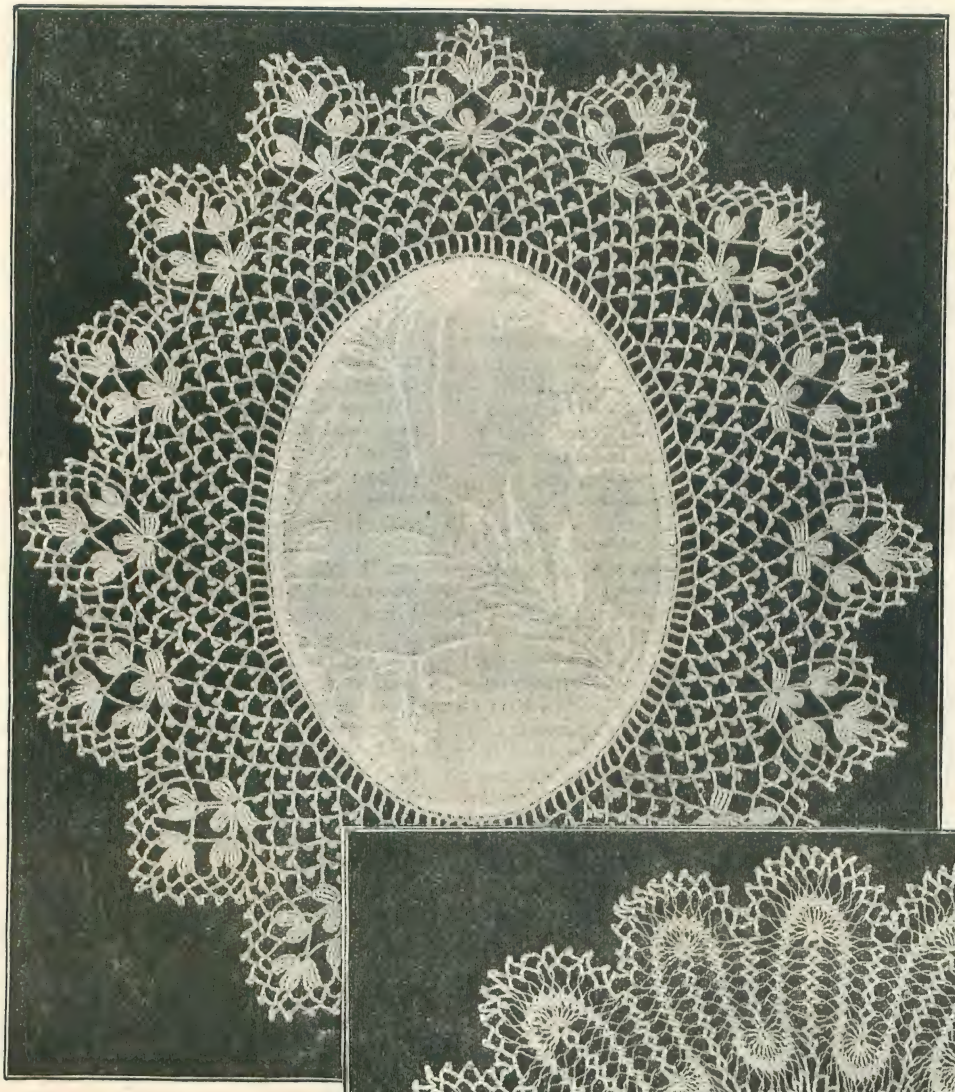
There are too many of us who do not deserve such an epitaph!

Morag had been more than four years in George Square when she received a letter from Margaret Soutar, which put her into a flutter of joy.

Miss Soutar had maintained her correspondence with her, though after Morag was happily settled, she did not write quite so often or so regularly as at first.

Now she wrote: "I am leaving Nigle, having got an appointment in the Highlands which suits the dignities of my advancing years better than my infant school. And before I settle down to my new post, I am coming to Edinburgh to see my cousin, Hugh Soutar."

(To be continued.)



NO. 2.

2 chain 1 double into next loop of row before, repeat from beginning twice more, then 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 9 chain: 1 double into 7th chain from needle, 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into next loop, and repeat from beginning.

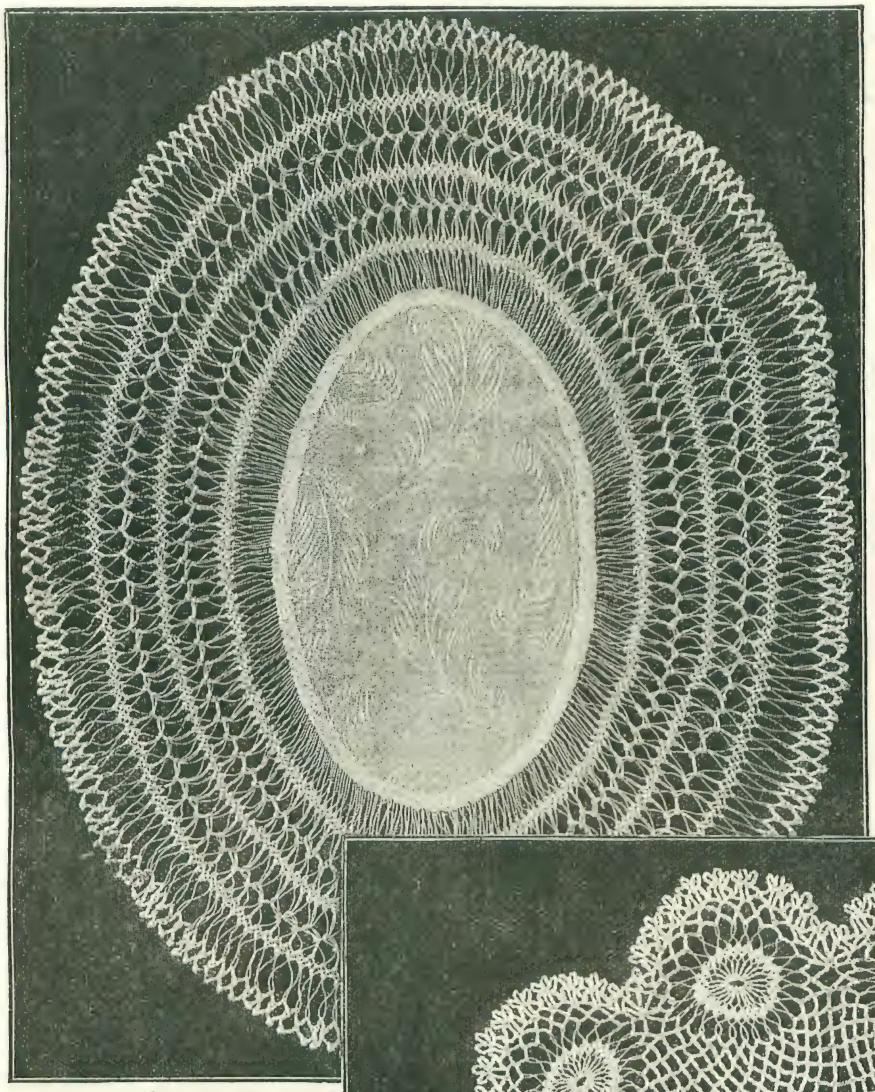
7th Row.—* 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, repeat from * once more, 2 chain: 1 double into next loop, repeat from beginning once more, then 5 chain: 3 double long stitches into the picot of 7 chain in next loop; then work into the same picot the following—5 chain: 1 double, 12 chain: 1 double into 7th chain from needle, 5 chain: 1 double, 5 chain: 2 double long stitches, 5 chain: 1 double, 12 chain: 1 double into 7th chain from needle, 5 chain: 1 double, 5 chain: 3 double long stitches, 1 double into next loop, repeat from beginning.

8th Row.—* 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, repeat from * once more, then 2 chain 1 double into next loop of row before, 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into top corner of 1st petal, 6 chain. 1 double into next picot of 7 chain. * 5 chain: 2 double long, 5 chain 1 double into same picot, repeat from * once more, 12 chain: 1 double into 7th chain from needle, 5 chain: 1 double into next picot of 7 chain, make 2 petals in the same picot like those in the previous one, then 6 chain: 1 double into top corner of 3rd petal, 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into next loop, and repeat.

9th Row.—7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into next loop of 6 chain, 6 chain: 1 double into centre of next petal, 6 chain: 1 double into next petal, 6 chain: 3 double long into next picot of 7 chain, then put into the same picot, 5 chain: 1 double, 5 chain: 2 double long stitches, 5 chain: 1 double 5 chain: 3 double long; then 6 chain: 1 double into next petal; 6 chain: 1 double into next, 6 chain: 1 double into next loop of 6 chain; 7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into next loop, and repeat.

10th Row.—7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into next picot of 5 chain; 6 chain: 1 double in each of the three following loops; 6 chain: 1 double into top corner of 1st petal, 6 chain: 1 double into 1st corner of next petal, 6 chain: 1 double into next corner, 6 chain: 1 double into top corner of

NO. 3.



NO. 4.

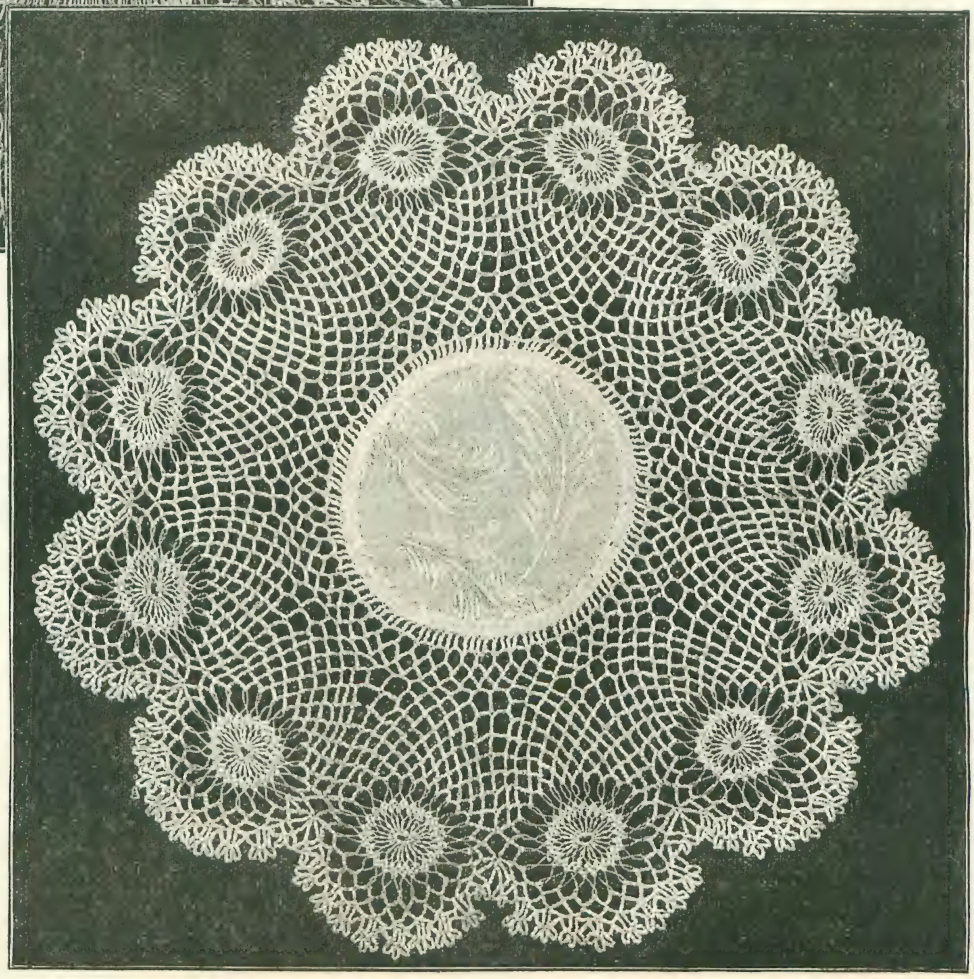
3rd petal; then 6 chain: 1 double into the three following loops, 6 chain: 1 double into next picot of 5 chain and repeat.

11th Row.—7 chain: 1 double into 5th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into every loop of previous row, missing the one with the picot between the patterns, and putting one loop extra into tip of pattern.

No. 3 is made with a long strip of "hairpin-work," which is worked in the following way: Procure a hairpin which measures about half-an-inch from prong to prong, make 2 chain, and draw out the loop to about a quarter-of-an-inch in length, hold the hairpin in the left hand with the points upwards, slip the loop over the prong on the left, put the needle into the first chain, and bring the cotton from front to back to form a loop on the opposite prong, draw through with a single stitch; then 2 chain; 1 double into the first loop made, turn the hairpin round and bring the cotton round the right-hand prong to make another loop, then 2 chain: 1 double into opposite loop, and continue, keeping the chain and double stitches well to the centre of the hairpin. Make a strip about four times longer than the length required for the d'oyley; then commence by making a single stitch in the first loop of the work, 5 chain: 1 single into the next loop (twist each loop once as you take it on the needle) and continue until there are 28 loops of 5 chain on one side of the work. 2 chain: then take up the following 14 loops of work on the needle (twist each one twice) and draw the cotton through all together, work 2 double stitches into the last stitch made; then 2 chain 1 single into next loop, * 2 chain: catch back into the centre stitch of the last loop of 5 chain, 2 chain: 1 single into next loop of work, repeat from * until there are six diamond-shaped holes in the centre of the pattern, then 2 chain 1 single into next loop of work, * 5 chain, 1 single into next loop, repeat from * until there are 19 loops of 5 chain, 2 chain: and then repeat from where you take up 14 loops on the needle, and continue to end of work.

Next work on the opposite side, at the same end of work that you began upon, and make 8 loops of 5 chain (twisting loops as before), 2 chain: take up 14 loops and draw through; 2 double into last stitch made, 2 chain 1 double into next loop, * 2 chain: catch back into centre stitch of last loop of 5 chain, 2 chain: into next loop of work and repeat from * until there are 8 diamond-shaped holes, then make 17 loops of 5 chain, and repeat from where you take up 14 loops.

For the heading—1 double into first loop of 5 chain in first row done, * 7 chain: 1 double into 4th chain from needle, 3 chain: 1 double into next loop, repeat from *.



NO. 5.

For the foot, 1st Row.—1 double into the loop of 5 chain at tip of pattern; then work into the centre chain of next loop 1 chain: 1 treble; 1 chain: 1 long treble into next; 1 chain: 1 double long into next; 1 chain cotton four times over needle into next; 1 chain cotton four times over needle into next; 1 chain: 1 double long into next; 1 chain: 1 treble into next; 1 chain: 1 double into next, and repeat.

2nd Row.—1 chain: 1 long treble into every hole of previous row.

Sew on to the centre, and edge the hem with feather-stitching.

No. 4 is composed almost entirely of hair-pin-work, which is made on a steel pin, measuring about one inch across. One of these pins can easily be made by holding a steel knitting-needle in the gas until it is red-hot in the middle, and then bending it round to the desired width with a pair of pincers. Three strips of the same length will be required. To join them together take up the two end loops of one of the strips on the crochet-needle, then take up the two end loops of another strip and draw them through the first two on the needle, take up the two following loops on the first strip, draw through those on the needle, and continue. Join on the third strip in the same way, then join into a circle as neatly as possible.

For the heading, 1st Row.—1 double into a loop of work, * 6 chain: 1 double into 4th chain from needle, 2 chain: 1 double into next loop, repeat from * (twist each loop once).

2nd Row.—Same as first, putting the double stitches into the picots of previous row.

For the foot, 1 double, 1 chain into every loop. Sew on to the centre, and edge with feather-stitching.

No. 5. The wheels in this are made with hairpin-work, about the same width as that in No. 3. Make a piece of work with 24 loops on either side and fasten off, leaving about two inches of cotton at each end of the strip. Take all the loops on one side of the work on to the needle, twisting each loop twice as you do so, then draw a coarser piece of cotton through all the loops, and tie into a circle securely. Join the work with the two ends of cotton, each of which should be drawn through the 2 chain of the opposite ends and tied securely and neatly. Crochet 1 single: 5 chain into every loop of the circle, twisting each loop once, then 5 chain: 1 double into every loop of 5 chain; fasten off.

Twelve of these wheels make a round d'oyley about ten inches across. Make a loop on the needle and fasten two of the wheels together by the loops of 5 chain with a double crochet, then 5 chain: 1 double into the next loop of the wheel on the left-hand side, * 9 chain: 1 double into the same, 5 chain: 1 double into the next loop, repeat from * until there are ten loops of 9 chain, then 5 chain: 1 double into the next. Take another wheel and join into a loop with a double crochet; continue the same as before, until you have joined a sufficient number of wheels, join into a circle.

For the heading—3 chain: 1 double into first loop of 9 chain in previous row, then 6 chain: 1 double twice into the same loop, * 3 chain: 1 double into next loop of 5 chain, 3 chain: 1 double into next loop of 9 chain; then 6 chain: 1 double three times into the same loop, repeat from * until the last loop of 9 chain on the wheel is reached, into which do 3 chain 1 double: 6 chain: 1 double twice: 3 chain: 1 double into place where the wheels are joined; 3 chain: 1 double into first loop of 9 chain of following wheel, 3 chain: catch back into the centre of last 6 chain of previous wheel, then 3 chain: 1 double into same loop of 9 chain, 6 chain: 1 double into same, and repeat.

On the opposite side of the wheels—

1st Row.—1 double 6 chain into all the loops, excepting the last where the wheels are joined, 3 chain; cotton three times over needle, catch up the centre stitch of last and first loops of the two wheels, and work off into 1 double long crochet, 3 chain: 1 double into next loop and repeat to end of row.

2nd Row.—6 chain: 1 double into all loops of 6 chain, 3 chain: 1 double long stitch into the long stitch in previous row, 3 chain: 1 double into next loop, and repeat.

3rd, 4th, and 5th Rows.—Same as 2nd.

6th and 7th Rows.—Same as 2nd, only put a treble stitch instead of a double into the loops of 6 chain, before and after the double long treble.

8th and 9th Rows.—6 chain: 1 double into every loop.

10th Row.—4 chain: 1 treble into every loop.

11th Row.—1 chain: 1 long treble into every loop and treble stitch of previous row.

Sew to the centre, and finish off with a row of feather-stitching.

L. Fanny Rose.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. PERCIVAL'S illness ended fatally in the course of a few months. When the life-in-death of paralysis was over, both his wife and daughter, who had tended him devotedly, were utterly broken down. Never, to hear them speak, had such a husband, such a father, existed before; never had such a loss afflicted loving hearts! This tender self-deception could not be interfered with, but Mr. Gordon, who had not quitted his sister for many hours since the first shock, could hardly respond to the eulogies she lavished on the one who had gone.

She never knew the secret the doctor knew. Mr. Percival had always let it be understood that he was not to be interrupted; and the fatal indulgence had come to be the chief stimulus and enjoyment of his indolent life. Always vaguely dreaming of some great achievement to be accomplished one day; always nursing his vanity in an exaggerated estimation of his own powers; always posing as *par excellence* a lover of all beautiful things; he had come in very deed to live a life of degradation and ugliness, lower far than the life of the breaker of stones on the road, or the honest maid-of-all-work, whom he shuddered at for their coarse ignorance.

During the trying illness Miss Withers, who was a neighbour, gave all the help she could to Mrs. Percival, and of course the Lovells did much in the way of sympathetic attention. When the sad task of tending the sufferer was over, and he was laid to rest in the fairest spot that could be selected in the neighbouring cemetery, Mr. Gordon came forward to take charge of his sister and niece. Every one who knew them felt that, whatever they might think, the removal of their natural guardian was the best thing that could possibly have happened.

"Sooner or later my poor sister must have been undeceived; and death has been merciful to spare her that," said the Laird.

He proposed that Mrs. Percival should return to Scotland with him, and become mistress of his house, but a question arose about Mary. Ought she not, now that the way was open, to devote herself to the cultivation of her artistic talent? Mr. Lovell, who had taken a kindly and sympathetic interest in the family from the first, suggested that she should have a temporary home with Nora and Katharine, and pursue her studies at South Kensington until plans were formed for her future.

"Do, dear Mary!" cried Katharine urging this scheme one day in summer. The friends were sitting under a tall elm in the garden; the foliage was swayed by light airs, the haymakers were busy in the fields beyond, the sunny soft warmth of a July day surrounded them. "Just think how splendid it will be for me! It would be the one thing to console me for leaving the dear High School! And you owe it to yourself to develop your capacities. For you have real artistic ability, Mary—Mr. Waldegrave has said so, and everybody knows it."

"I cannot, Katie," said the gentle girl in black. "It would break my mother's heart to be separated from me just now that she has lost my father. She needs me every minute of the time. Her way is plain; to go with my uncle up to Scotland and share his home. And I must be with her."

"It seems such a pity!" insisted Katharine. "Craigentulloch is a most beautiful place, and you will be very happy there, but how can you study? How can you get opportunities? Oh, it is a shame! with your talent! It is quite throwing away your gifts. I don't

think it is right. Are we not told that we ought to make the best use of all the abilities that have been given us? What about the parable of the talents?"

"As to that," said Mary, "even supposing I had such a talent as you say, it seems to me that my duty is clear. The first thing for each and all of us is to do right, and fulfil our duties. Character comes before everything. If I were to become a wonderful painter, I don't see that it would make up for my being a bad daughter in the very least. The artist—I don't know if I can put it clearly—seems to me to be a sort of instrument, to express beautiful or wonderful things, but before that is done, the instrument must itself be made as perfect as may be; and if there are dreadful flaws in that, it is not a good medium for expressing the beauty of life. I daresay this sounds very confused, but I often think of our Lord's words when he said 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' If I left my mother in her widowhood, it would be wicked—simply wicked—and what would it profit me if I gained a whole world full of honour?"

It was not usual for Mary to make so long a speech; but her calm, reserved nature had sometimes been stirred to utterance since the beginning of her friendship with Katharine. The other heaved a deep sigh, and sat silent.

"That is something like what Douglas once said. They are certainly kindred souls," she thought, but she replied, "You make me feel as if I ought not to have left *my* mother."

"That was different," Mary quickly interposed. "You had not your place exactly—the second marriage made all the difference—she had her husband—and the children."

"Poor mother!" sighed Katharine. "However, as to yourself I suppose you are right, Mary, and you must go and bury yourself in Perthshire, and lay aside your palette and brushes——"

"On the contrary I shall get inspiration from the scenery—and we shall very likely go to Edinburgh in the winter, and I can study under some fine artist there."

"That desultory, occasional sort of thing is no good," said Katharine, recollecting some stringent and emphatic words she had heard from Herr von Drachenfels only that very morning. "Art demands the consecration of all one's time, all one's being."

"Then Art, in my case, cannot have it; for my mother comes first," rejoined Mary, seriously. And Katharine knew it was settled that she should not have her friend as a house-mate.

Nora highly approved of this decision. She, perhaps naturally, felt that her home life would be made no happier by the introduction of a third, to whom Katharine was so openly devoted. Both cousins were really to leave the High School at the close of the summer term. Then Nora was to go into society with her mother; and Katharine—what was to become of her?

Herr von Drachenfels had stated his views on the question with no uncertain sound.

"You must go into the profession," he insisted. "While you were busy with your education, I did say nothing, for I knew you had little time, and all you could, you gave to music. But now you will no more have your other duties: now you must with heart and soul devote yourself to your art. Three years at the School—you will take the gold medal—and then——"

Here the excitable musician proceeded to sketch out a career of honour and glory. He would himself find Katharine plenty of teaching when she was fitted for it; she should give a concert and then would soon take her place. Only for some years, study must be continuous, and he warned her that half and half measures were no good. Of course overwork must be guarded against. On the other hand, it would never do to throw aside the hours of practising for every tennis-party, river-party, shopping expedition, or "At Home" that came up to put in a claim.

"It will be a crying shame," urged Herr von Drachenfels, in almost the same words Katharine had used to Mary, "if talent such as yours is neglected and turned to no account."

These were serious questions, and not to be settled in a hurry. Katharine put them aside, with a feeling of relief that nothing called for immediate decision. Her leaving the High School was the question of the hour, and a very painful one.

It was with deep regret that both the girls bade farewell to their teachers and schoolfellows.

Miss Seymour was genuinely sorry to lose them, and Miss Withers shed tears at saying good-bye to Katharine. There was much embracing and lamenting, but it was some consolation to remember that the same district still held teachers and pupils, who hoped to meet often in social intercourse.

In the closing of one chapter of a life there is always something serious and impressive. The year and a half, at the High School, short as the time was, had done much for Katharine, and she felt melancholy to think it was over. She was to lose Mary too! All seemed unsettled, vague, unsatisfactory. She was roaming alone in the fields below the garden one evening just after the end of the term, when she saw a tall form emerge from the elms on the lawn and come striding towards her. It was Douglas Gordon.

"Of all the extraordinary people for starting up at an instant's notice when they are supposed to be four hundred miles away at the very least, you are the most extraordinary!" ejaculated Katharine as she gave him her hand. "We supposed you were in Edinburgh."

"The session's over; and I've just come to town to escort my aunt and cousin to Craigentulloch," said Douglas. Was it Katharine's fancy, or was he blushing behind his numerous freckles? "They'd feel strange and lonesome travelling by themselves—and my uncle's laid up with a sprained ankle—oh, nothing to speak of, but enough to keep him prisoner in the house—so I said I would run south and fetch them to their new home."

There are some young men—may their tribe increase!—who are remarkable for their thoughtful kindness and chivalry to all women, totally irrespective of any considerations of youth or beauty. If Katharine had reflected, she would have given Douglas full credit for belonging to this category, remembering his filial attention and gentleness to her mother. But a different train of thought was occupying her mind.

"It will be a great change for you to have them live with you."

"It will that," said Douglas warmly, "and a very pleasant one. It's an awful dreary thing for two men to live by themselves. You see, they haven't the sense to know how to make the home—that's where it is! I'd do anything in the world for my uncle, but now he's lame, I'm only a helpless fellow! I'm glad he'll have his sister. And it shan't be our fault if we don't make them both happy at Craigentulloch."

"Nobody could help being happy there!" said Katharine.

"Do you really mean that?" said Douglas, so earnestly that she was surprised.

"Of course I do," she retorted, "but now, Douglas, you were always great at giving advice—I want to ask you about my music. I've said nothing to anyone else."

And, as they paced along the field in the glow of sunset, she repeated to him all that Herr von Drachenfels had said. Should she "go in" for professional excellence? or should she keep her music merely as a drawing-room accomplishment?

"If I do not 'go in' seriously for it and make them understand," concluded Katharine, "I know how it will be. I shall be just settled at the piano, or at my composition, when aunt or Nora will come in; the carriage will be going into London, and 'will I come shopping?' or 'it is such a fine day, shall we walk across the common?' or, 'will I go and call on this person?' or such-and-such a one has come in and would like to see me. My time will be frittered away and nothing will get done."

Douglas was evidently much interested. When he spoke, it was after some thought.

"I'd not settle yet whether you'll be professional or no, in the sense of making money by it. There's no hurry. I'm inclined to think myself that it would be a pity to take the bread out of somebody else's mouth, by teaching. But if I were you, I would not go in for any frittering away of my time. Mrs. Lovell has one daughter for her companion: if she doesn't mind, make it a practice to give up so many hours a day to music, as your master wishes, and you'll just feel you have a serious object in life—until——"

"Until what?" demanded Katharine. But Douglas, who seemed rather ill at ease, did not pursue the subject, and at the same moment Nora was heard sedately calling from the lawn.

(*To be continued.*)

A SONG OF OLDEN DAYS.

THE MUSIC OF THE PAST.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the music-room I'm sitting,
As I used to, long ago,
And I see dim shadows flitting
In the twilight, to and fro.
Childish forms about me hover,
And 'neath gloaming's friendly wing
Lover's hand steals out to lover,
While they quaint old love songs sing.

Then from out the shadows falling,
Where I know the spinet stands,
Comes a gay voice "Bravo" calling,
And a clapping of soft hands;
Ah, those children, happy hearted,
Must be old and grey ere now;
And the lovers' hands were parted
By Death's angel, long ago!

And the jangling strings are broken,
Like the melodies they made;
There are only panels oaken,
Where those figures flit and fade;
But I keep the dear old spinet
In its corner to the last,
For sweet echoes live within it
Of the music of the past!

IDA.

CHAPTER II.

Ida's presence of mind did not forsake her in this new trouble. Loosening the old-fashioned stock her father wore round his neck, she managed to lay him down and then Ben was despatched for the doctor.

Before he came, and while the old man lay in the profound unconsciousness of apoplexy, she read Christie's letter.

It was not hard to find in it the cause of this new attack, though at first reading Ida could scarcely believe she saw the tear-blotted words aright.

Christie, the bright lad who had gone from home all ignorant of the temptations of the great world, had been led astray by gambling companions.

"Indeed, dear Ida, I never thought of the harm," he wrote; "it was some friends of Cousin Ned's persuaded me. They said all the fellows back horses, just for fun and to get on, so I ventured half-a-crown, and now and then another; and then I thought I could make some more money that way to send home. And then I lost again and again, and when uncle went away for a week I used some of his money and tried to win it all back, and lost that too. And now I must have ten pounds before he comes back or he'll send me to prison. He's so stern about money. Oh, Ida, send it to me without worrying father! I'm in such awful trouble, but I'll never bet again as long as I live!"

Then Ida saw that the letter was addressed to herself, and her father had read it; and to his right-thinking, honest nature racing and gambling in every form were the highway to ruin, here and hereafter. There was no hesitation as to what her course must be. The lad should be saved if she dieted herself on bread and water for the rest of her days. But her father must first be cared for, and, forcing herself to drink a cup of hot coffee, Ida met the doctor with a brave effort to be calm.

"Send for Nurse Clare to help you," he said, looking up from a hurried examination of his patient. "It is a bad attack and he must be got to bed at once. Probably it will not be long," he went on, in answer to her mute questioning. "But we can never tell in these cases. Always keep hoping, you know!"

It was kindly said, yet the words struck to Ida's heart like a sword. For when doctors talk of hope it so often means that the time for hope is past. And if her father died now from the shock of that letter, how would Christie bear the life-long remorse? For his sake death must be fought inch by inch. The sick-room was soon in perfect order, and after all possible remedies had been tried Nurse Clare was installed there to watch for the return to consciousness. Then Ida stole away. Over the dressing-table in her own room hung a text she had illuminated long before—"His children shall have a place of refuge." It comforted her now as with one whispered cry for help she unlocked her writing-desk and counted out their little store of ready-money.

Ten pounds and a few shillings were there, hoarded to pay the quarter's rent and help with the heavy bill from the wholesale grocers, nearly due.

"Surely God will interpose before quarter-day," she whispered, as she hurriedly wrote her letter.

It was hard to let it go to satisfy a gambler's claim, harder still to feel that her boy had actually taken money not his own, but the bitterness was kept out of the written words, and she sent a loving, pitiful letter in answer to his cry of despair, only telling him at the end of his father's illness.

A note was enclosed asking his uncle to allow him to come home for a few days, and within half-an-hour a registered letter was speeding on its way to Bristol with the relief so feverishly waited for. On her way back from the post office, her pale face flushed with haste, Ida saw a stranger with a portable camera standing in front of the thatched cottage she had almost claimed as her own. With his head under the black cloth he was safe from recognition, and various small boys on their way to school made wondering comments on his doings. Ida hurried on to her father's room and, sending nurse down, took her place at his bedside.

The air was sweet with the fragrance of

honeysuckle and red roses, that came in every time the breeze swayed the white curtains. A thrush sung on the topmost bough of the apple-tree, and everywhere in the garden below there was the stir and gladness of abounding summer life. And on the pillow beside her the sleep of death seemed already begun, so pale and silent her father lay. But presently there was a slight movement, and his eyes opened and were fixed on her in the pleading question his lips could not frame. Ida knew, and in an instant, bending over him, said quietly, "Yes, it is all right, father! I have sent off the money and Christie will be saved. He will never do it again!"

A flush of relief swept over the tired face, and soon, with Ida's kiss on his forehead, he fell asleep again. And with equal relief from the strong tension of the last few hours she knelt at his side to thank God. It had seemed so unlikely that he would speak to her again or know of Christie's safety.

"Miss Ida, come down—you're wanted in the shop—and I'll come up the minute I can wash my hands." Having delivered this summons in a loud and painful whisper at the foot of the stairs, nurse retreated, and Ida smoothed out her brown holland dress and, tossing back the masses of dark hair from her hot forehead, ran swiftly down.

"Mrs. Dawes has probably heard of father's illness and found out that she wants soap and soda. Oh, if only they wouldn't ask me about it!" No one knew of Christie's letter she thankfully remembered as she crossed the sunny sitting-room to the shop, and no one ever should know. But the tall customer who stood there, with sunburnt face and merry blue eyes, had certainly not come for washing materials. And evidently Ida herself was quite unlike the person he had expected to see.

"Forgive my troubling you, but I want to ask about that picture in the window. Is it for sale, and may I know who painted it?"

A flush that matched the rose she wore dyed her cheeks for a moment. Would God answer her cry for help so soon? "Yes, I hope to sell it, but I do not quite know how much the price should be. Perhaps a guinea?"

"Then you painted it?" he asked, still more eagerly.

"Yes; I finished it this morning!" And her voice faltered, so much had happened since she had put the last touches to the rose-bush, glowing beneath the silver birch.

"It is beautiful!" he said earnestly. "I tried to get a photograph just now but couldn't satisfy myself. This looks like early morning; the atmosphere is perfect."

"Very early indeed," said Ida, with a glimmer of a smile that lit up her dark eyes. "The public gaze here is an intensely curious one, so I go sketching before the world is awake."

"I see," he answered appreciatively. "My camera has been the seventh wonder in some out-of-the-way places. Have you any more pictures finished?"

"Not many, I have had so little time of late. But there are one or two here I could show you." And following her into the room behind, Alec Chesham decided at once it would be no hardship to spend a day in that cosy place with a portfolio of dainty sketches to look at, and shy wistful eyes lighting with pleasure at his unstinted praise.

He lingered so long examining, discriminating, and now and then criticising a little, Ida was obliged at last to tell him of her father's illness.

He rose at once with genuine sympathy and concern, but just then a fumbling knock came to the kitchen door and Ben again appeared.

"He be gone, Miss Ida!"—and then, seeing the stranger, he touched his cap in confusion.

"Gone?" was her startled reply, as her thought flew instantly to her father.

"Ay, miss, Dobbin's gone, sure enough; and I be that there cut up I don't know what to do. Who'd ha' thought that bit of a dash last night would ha' finished un like this? They says master's better now, but you must tell un about this, for he'll only say I ought to ha' been more keerful. And I did do my best. Poor old Dob!"

And Ben, having made one of the longest public speeches of his life, hurriedly retreated.

"I am afraid this means fresh trouble for you," said Mr. Chesham kindly. "Do let me be of some service, if I can, in any way."

But Ida gratefully declined, assuring him that Ben could manage.

"Dobbin was our last horse and a very old friend," she explained. "He was frightened and ran away last night, and this is the end. I shall keep it from father if I can, but I must go to him now."

"You will let me come again? I must have another look at these, and I want you to keep the one I saw first for me, though not at your price. I can get much more for you, I feel sure, if I take it away with me." And with a hearty clasp of her hand the new friend departed, and the room looked strangely empty when he had gone.

Five minutes afterwards the cracked bell tinkled, and into the shop came Mrs. Dawes.

"Marnin', Miss Ida! So you've got your poor father took again, and they be saying down the green as Dobbin's dead. I hope it bain't true?"

"Yes, quite true, Mrs. Dawes; but father is a little better. What can I get you?"

"Laws, now, to think on't all happenin' like that. I said I'd step in just to get the rights on't. There's so many tales going about, and I says, says I, 'Never believe what you do hear till you do know.' Yes, I'll have a bit of cheese, please, and half a pound of mottled. I must get to washing, I s'pose, though 'tis Friday. My poor mother allays would have the lines out fust thing Monday morning. 'No hurry,' her used to say; 'but when you've done't, you've *done't*.' But there, she only had three to do for, and I've got seven."

Ida almost shuddered as she pictured the comfortless home, with washing and ironing, cleaning and scolding, filling up the end of every week and overflowing into Sunday, while the sullen father made the only escape that seemed possible, and sat in the sanded bar of the George as long as the doors were open.

"My goodness, if that bain't old Hazel's cottage as natural as life in the winder, and you've been and painted it I s'pose. Well, it's nice to be you, Miss Ida, with only your father to see to. It beats all how you do do't; but there, them as have got the time can." And finding that no more particulars of the events of the day could be extracted, the shiftless wife and arch-gossip departed.

A great deal of tense and busy thinking was got through in the sick-room that day, where Ida made a careful study of the financial situation.

The carrier's business had fallen off lately, and of the takings little had been left after paying Ben's wages and the keep of the horse.

To buy another was utterly out of the question now; a younger and more enterprising rival had lately started in competition, and, besides, the long talked-of railway might come at any time. Ben must go, the stable and loft might be let, and, if the lumbering old van could be sold at once, its price would help to replace the ten pounds. Rent and bills for grocery and farm-produce sold in the shop had to be faced, and another doctor's bill incurred, but her heart rested on the hope of her father's recovery. And surely Christie would come out of this trial and fall as gold tested by fire? And then her thoughts went out to the new friend who had promised to dispose of her picture. And as she read again the card he had left behind, and saw that he too lived in Bristol, the hope was born that he might be a friend and helper to her brother in days to come.

Another day and night of watching and then came a sudden improvement in her patient, and he was sitting up in bed when Christie came home. There were lines of care on the boy's face that had not been there when he went away, and he broke down utterly at his father's feebly-spoken welcome.

"I was mad, father, I do believe, but it shall never happen again. I promise you, as I have promised God, and I ask Him every day to keep me, and I know he will."

"Keep you, lad? I should think so! He won't make the first failure over you. Ida, this is the bright light in the cloud. I could die in peace now, for I have seen His salvation for you both!"

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

TRY TO MAKE GOODNESS AGREEABLE.—If good people would but make goodness agreeable and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win over to the cause of righteousness.

MAY THAT TIME SOON ARRIVE.—"The time will come," says Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, "when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit."

FLOWERS AND HOMER.—In her *Familiar Studies in Homer*, Miss Agnes Clarke says that Homer only mentions six flowers—the poppy, hyacinth, crocus, violet, rose, and white lily. Other plants are named, but not these flowers, and in none of the poems is there any allusion to the perfume of either flower or fruit.

OUR FRIENDS.—Judge yourself by the friends you form, for in them you will find mirrored either your own lofty ideas or your own selfish desires.

OF REAL IMPORTANCE.—It is the glory of a high and noble soul to recognise in principle and in life that nothing is too small to receive careful attention, no duty too humble to be faithfully performed, no claim too remote to be duly considered, no office too menial to be exalted by affection.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.—Time past is irrevocably gone, let it alone; time future will inevitably come, lose no moments waiting for it; time present is irredeemably yours, use it.

RECIPES FOR OCTOBER.

THE "kindly fruits of the earth" have nearly all been gathered in by the time October is fairly with us; chief among those fruits we rank the potato, and it will be by no means inappropriate if we study some of the many and various ways of cooking and using this most excellent of earth's gifts.

Potatoes à la Duchesse.—Very mealy potatoes are the best for this dish; peel four of them, and boil or steam till thoroughly tender, drain and mash finely. Add to the mashed potato two tablespoonfuls of potato-flour, a teaspoonful of salt, half one of pepper, a spoonful of finely-minced or dried and sifted parsley, and a beaten egg. Mix well, then take up a teaspoonful at a time, shape into little rolls and dip first in beaten egg, then in fine breadcrumbs or raspings, and fry to a golden-brown in boiling fat. Drain and arrange either on a dish by themselves garnished with parsley, or make a garnish of them around a stew of meat or roasted steak. Delicious also to serve with cutlets.

Potatoes Soufflée.—This is a French *chef's* recipe. Peel, wash and dry some nice potatoes, cut them in slices half the thickness of a finger. In a saucepan place some clarified frying-fat, as soon as it is melted put the potatoes into it; as soon as the skin begins to blister lift the potatoes out with a strainer and drop them at once into another pan containing more fat that is boiling hot. They will then become *soufflée* directly, or puffed. Take them out into a strainer, dust them with salt, and serve immediately, as they very quickly fall.

Potatoes Sautées.—Peel, slice in rounds not more than a quarter of an inch thick, in a wide but shallow frying-pan place about two ounces of cooking-butter or dripping; let it frizzle, then put in the potatoes (not more than enough to just cover the bottom of the pan), turn them over several times that both sides may be equally coloured. When lightly browned sprinkle them with pepper and salt and chopped parsley.

Fried Potatoes are best cut in finger-lengths, and about the thickness of a little finger. Drop them into boiling fat, and let them cook very quickly. They should be crisp and well-browned, but not burnt.

Potato Pudding.—Butter a plain mould, slice some potatoes and put a layer at the bottom, and fit them neatly round the sides; sprinkle with seasoning and a spoonful of sago. Then put another layer of potatoes, more seasoning and sago until the mould is full. Pour in milk to just cover the potatoes, place a plate at the top and set the mould in a corner of the oven to cook gently for an hour and a half. Turn out. Very good for the nursery-table.

A *Pie* may be made very similarly, using a pie-dish and covering with a nice flaky pastry crust. Cook the potatoes before putting on the crust.

A delicious *Potato Tea-Cake* may be made from the remains of cold mashed potato by rubbing them with an equal quantity of flour, a quarter as much butter, and a good pinch of salt and baking-powder. Mix to a rather stiff paste with one or two beaten eggs, roll out to an inch thick, cut in rounds or triangles; brush over with egg and milk, and bake in a brisk but not too hot oven.

Potage Parmentier.—Whether this soup was known before Parmentier's day we cannot tell, but he claims to be the first to bring it to perfection.

The potatoes must be of a dry, flowery kind and white colour.

Peel and boil until tender four or five large ones, crush them down in the same water, then rub all through a sieve; frizzle a spoonful of finely-minced onion in a little butter, but do not let it brown; when done add it to the potato *purée*, and with it a tablespoonful of potato-flour wetted with milk. Season with pepper and salt. Add sufficient clear veal-stock to bring up to the required quantity of soup, or failing that use new milk. Let the soup boil for a minute, stirring constantly; just before pouring into the tureen stir in very carefully the beaten yolk of an egg and a spoonful of thick cream mixed together.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Peel and wash some smooth, rather large potatoes; scoop out quite a third of them from the middle. Fill up the hollow with a savoury mince of meat in thick gravy. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top. Lay them in a baking-pan with a little nice dripping, and bake for upwards of an hour.

Turnips in White Sauce.—Pare them, boil in salted water until quite tender, then drain and cover with a white sauce made with milk and a little butter, season it rather highly, and sprinkle minced parsley over the top of the dish.

Chelsea Pudding and Sauce.—Chop very finely two ounces of best beef-suet, rub it into four ounces of flour with half a teaspoonful of good baking-powder, a pinch of salt, and two ounces of castor sugar. Mix all together, then make into a thick batter with one egg (whisked), a teacupful of milk, and a drop or two of almond or lemon flavouring. Dissolve some butter in a tin pudding-mould, coat the sides well with it, then sprinkle the bottom and sides with Demerara sugar. Pour in the pudding mixture; bake in a moderate oven for upwards of an hour. Turn out.

For the sauce: Dissolve two or three tablespoonfuls of plum or currant jam, with an equal quantity of water and a few lumps of sugar, let it boil well, then strain through a strainer and pour over and around the pudding.

Pastry Sandwiches.—Roll out very thinly some light short pastry, lay one sheet on a greased baking-tin, spread it with nice jam without stones, then lay another sheet of pastry over this; cut the edges evenly. Brush over with a little dissolved butter and sprinkle with castor sugar before the tin goes into the oven. Bake quickly to a bright brown. Cut in finger lengths or squares.

King John's Dumplings.—Roll pastry out in a sheet, but not too thinly. Pare and core some good cooking-apples, place them on the pastry at equal distances, fill the centre cavities with brown sugar, cut a round of pastry large enough to wrap the apples in, fold them up, making neat balls, and bake on a tin in a quick oven. Grate sugar over them.

Cintra Cakes, for Tea.—A little good puff-paste is needed for these, and if too troublesome to make at home it is not more expensive to buy half a pound at the baker's. Roll out to half an inch thick, cut in small rounds and press a hollow in the centre. Put a small teaspoonful of the following mixture in the middle and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, taking care they do not brown too quickly.

For the mixture take an ounce of fresh butter, two dessertspoonfuls of ground almonds, a drop of the essence, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a dessertspoonful of castor sugar. Mix thoroughly together.

To Dry Autumn Leaves, etc.—Hang them with the cut stalks uppermost, and after two days take them down and dip them in a solution of size and water, then hang them up again to get perfectly dry.

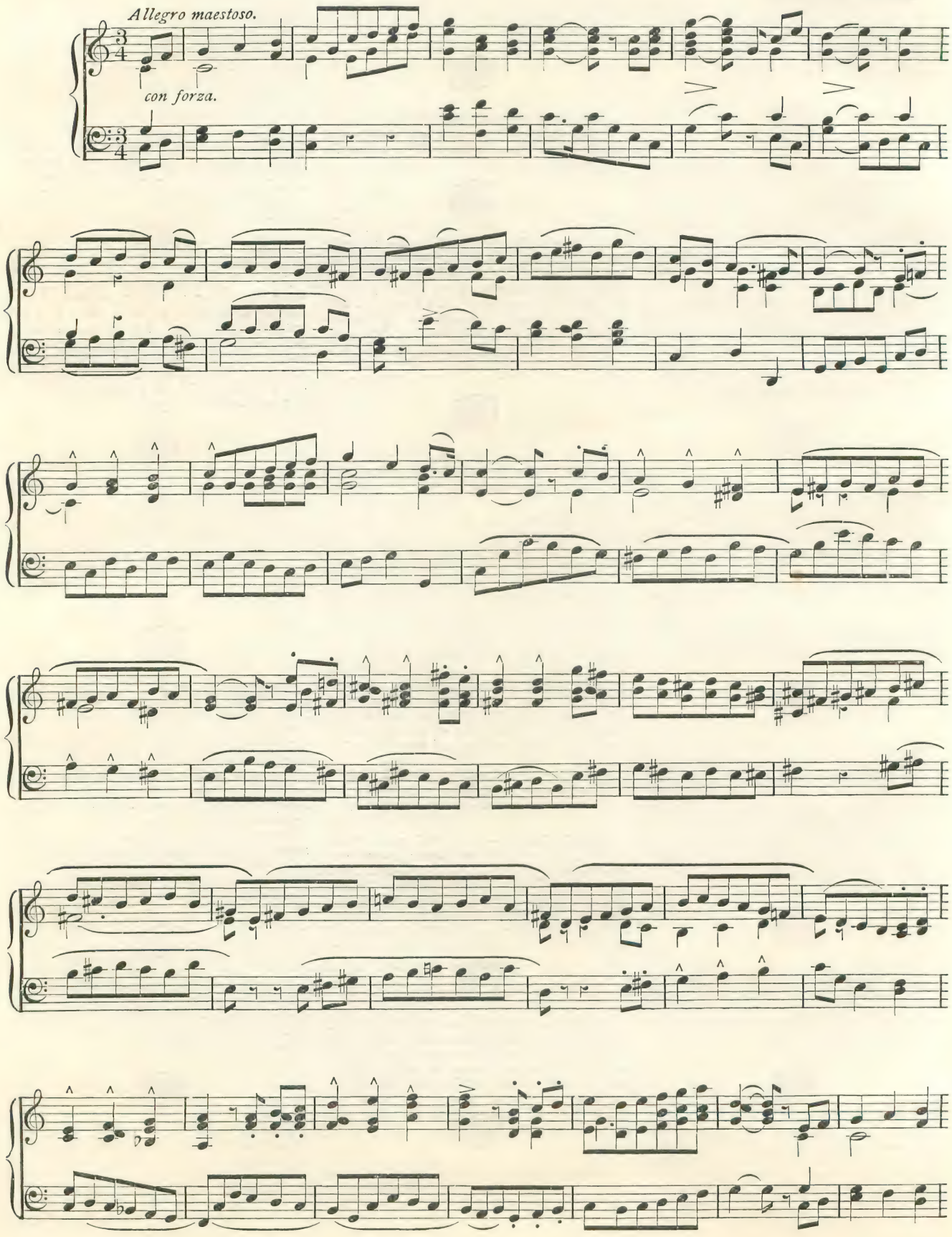
Bramble and beech leaves make a beautiful winter decoration for table and flower-vases. All grasses and rushes should be dried with the heads downwards, as this sends the sap into the leaves and flowers.

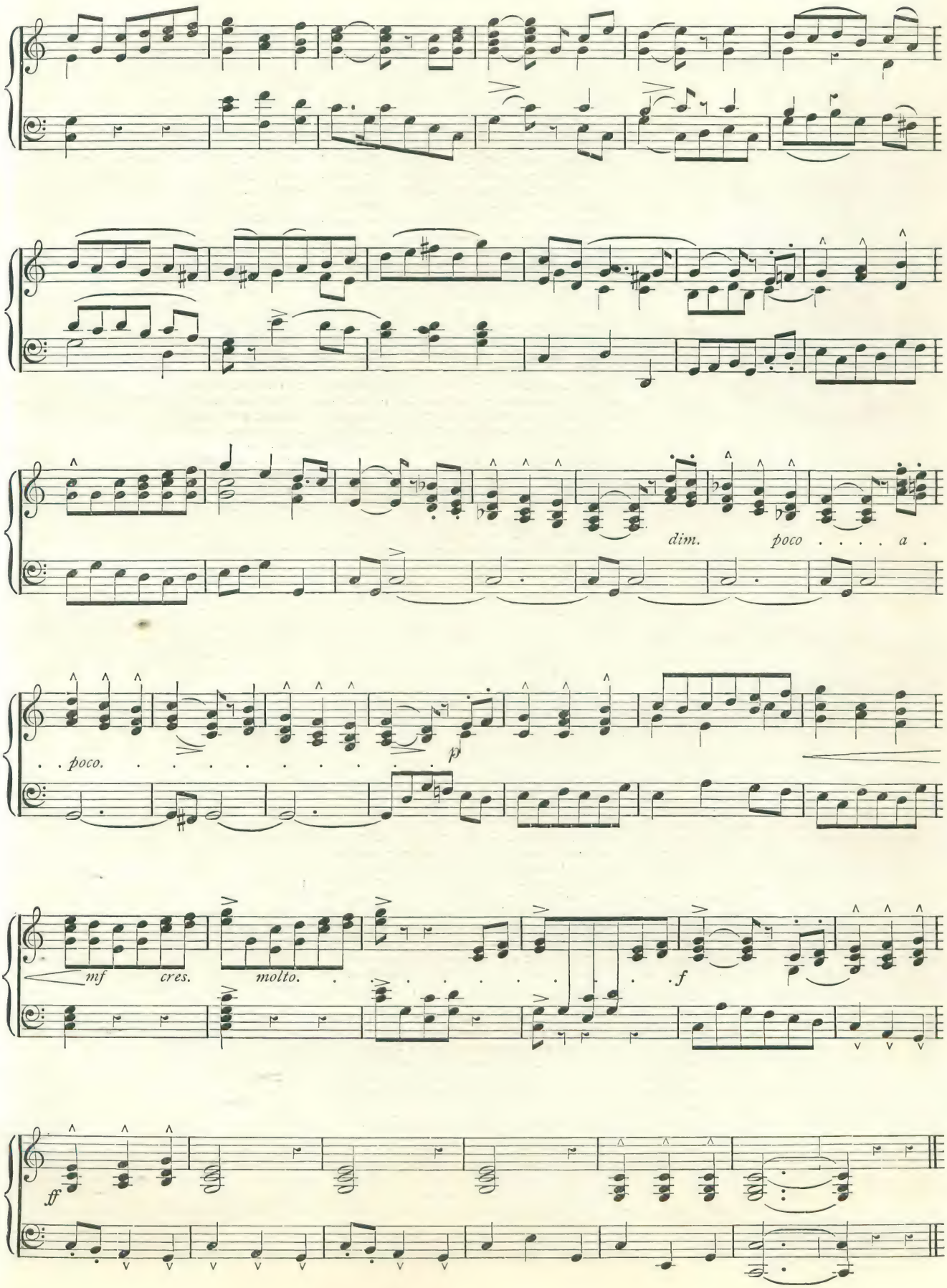
L. H. YATES.

POSTLUDE.

FOR PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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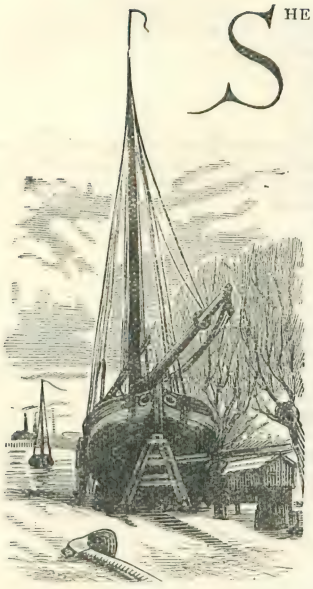

She was only eighteen, and it was her first voyage. How intensely she had enjoyed it! She would have thought it impossible, only one short fortnight before, when bidding farewell to the dear old home, with her sisters clinging about her, reluctant to let her go. When the hardest parting of all was over, and her father's form on the tug at Dartmouth grew more and more indistinct to her tear-dimmed eyes, she had felt that the future looked somewhat dreary, and that she could not possibly expect to be really happy again for a long while to come.

But she was young, and the spirits of youth are elastic. Her surroundings were all strange, and she found the novelty delightful. Even those disagreeables, common to the outset of every voyage, she would laughingly declare to be only new experiences that she positively enjoyed. So being blessed with a keen sense of humour, she derived some fun out of every little mishap, and unceasing amusement from the study of her fellow-passengers.

Her life had been unusually quiet, and being one of the youngest of a number of sisters, she had been treated much as a child still and had mixed very little in society. This public life on board ship seemed like a sudden plunge into the world, and it excited her as a first voyage almost invariably does a young girl. She delighted in every new sight, and revelled in the daily increasing warmth and glorious sunshine and the exquisite deep blue of the water. Her joyousness was quite infectious, and many envied her her perfect simplicity and freshness.

Very soon it was no longer alone that she leaned over the bulwarks, watching the sparkle on the waters and the flying-fish gleaming with their lovely colouring. A man was beside her, a man young and ardent, who seemed never to tire of listening to her talk and of contriving any possible addition to her comfort and pleasure. She had heard of him through her brother, and been told they must make friends, so that she did her part naturally, taking it equally as a matter of course that he should also fulfil his own. As time went on, he was only more unceasingly beside her. His was the easy chair in which she would recline, whilst he read to her passages of poetry. Together they would pace the deck, in eager discussion of favourite authors, and at night they would sit at the vessel's stern, whence the girl loved to watch the wonderful phosphorescent light, and the shining track, left on the water, as they glided along. She never wearied of gazing at the glorious tropical skies, thickly studded with brilliant gems, whilst he instructed her in star-lore and she listened as though to an oracle. And all the while, unknown to herself, she was imbibing other lessons too. Free from all self-consciousness, she never noticed the meaning smiles of her fellow-passengers or their interest in the little drama that was being played out before them. She only knew that life was very beautiful, and that it was a simple joy to live. Once or twice she had vaguely wondered why her aunt looked at her with disapproving eyes, and she had wished that she was with a more sympathetic person. But, aware that she had never understood young people and their lighthearted nonsense, the girl had several times innocently increased this disapproval by proposing to her companion that they should move further apart, in order that her aunt might not be disturbed by their talk or laughter.

But the awakening came at last.

In two days they would reach the port where she and her aunt were to leave the ship. There was to be a concert that night, to which she had looked forward with unmixed pleasure. She put on her prettiest dress, that he had once admired,—and as she surveyed herself before the miniature mirror in her cabin, she knew that she was looking her best and wondered what he would think. When they met, she read her answer in his eyes, and the evening passed for her like a dream of bliss. A wonderful revelation had come to her. Now she knew the reason for all the happpiness she had never analysed, knew that it was dependent on this one man and why it was that a thrill passed through her at his approach, whilst his voice was sweeter to her than any other sound. She was conscious of some change in him, a still more tender reverence for her, and with the quick sympathy, born of true love, she noted now and again an expression of pain flit across his face. Her hand trembled as it rested in his when they said "good-night," and she went below, not to sleep, but to think over this wonderful thing that had happened. Could she be the same girl who had come on board feeling lonely and depressed only two weeks before, and who had been content to live so long at home, asking nothing beyond the daily round of small girlish duties and amusements? She thought with tenderness of her sisters, and wished that they could know of this great joy that enfolded her and took her completely out of herself. For now she thought more of another, and her innocent little heart was wholly engrossed with this strange new love and her boundless admiration for him. She knew that a crisis was at hand, that though the near parting was inevitable, he would certainly speak to her first, and that its sting would be taken away by what he would tell her, for he could not have acted as he had done that night without having more to say.

The next morning she met him with a new shyness but with quiet dignity. It was the last day, and he seemed unable to let her out of his sight. Occasionally she was somewhat puzzled by a forced, unmirthful laugh and by an almost savage manner when anyone else spoke to her, but, womanlike, she felt sorry for him, found excuses for his unreasonableness and did her best to help him through the day.

But she was to receive a rude shock. On going to her cabin in the afternoon to pack her trunk, she was followed by her aunt, who abruptly and scornfully began to upbraid her with her folly in giving so much encouragement to a man, who had only been amusing himself with her, declaring that never would she have brought her abroad, could she have supposed it possible that she would make herself the talk of the whole ship. The girl continued her work as if she did not hear, and when the torrent of words ceased, she very quietly said: "You know perfectly well that what you have been saying is absolutely untrue, and now you had better leave me alone."

But when left, her apparent calm gave way. What did this awful thing mean? Had she done anything wrong or really been unmaidenly and given people cause to say these things? Above all, was he really untrue and meaning nothing after all? But at that question, her loyal heart made answer: "No, a thousand times, no"; and if not, how could it matter what the gossips said? It was an unkind world, and her aunt had been cruel to say such words and in such a manner too. All the same, things looked different to her when next she went on deck; she fancied herself watched by curious eyes, and a feeling of depression hung over her, though he was waiting for her and came forward eagerly, as if he had grudged her absence.

It was after dinner, on that last evening they were to spend together, that he came up and asked if he might speak to her alone. They went together to the stern, and there, leaning over the bulwarks as they so often had done before, the poor child experienced at once her keenest joy and bitterest suffering. At first she scarcely realised that anything could signify much, when she knew from his own lips that she was beloved. For was not love stronger than all beside, and together could not they overcome any obstacle? But he had said, to begin with, that he had a confession to make, and now with wild words he was repeating that, when she had heard all, he could never hope for her forgiveness.

"Tell me everything," she said with a curiously quiet manner, still thinking to herself that love such as hers could forgive much. Yet when she learned that he, who had made love to her, and taking advantage of her ignorance and innocence, had discovered her own secret, was all the while not free but was engaged to a girl in England, her woman's pride and anger rose of a sudden and almost overpowered her. Her aunt's words sounded again in her ears with a cruel sting. She had been shamefully deceived and made a toy of; her faith in one she had entirely trusted was wrecked. Bitter were the reproaches with which she turned upon him, scathing the taunts she poured out hotly. Afterwards she wondered whence she had learned those expressions that came so freely, and how it was that she had suddenly been so transformed as to glory relentlessly in each shaft that went home and made him wince and suffer.

But all at once her strength gave way. The bitter pain on his face, as it showed white in the moonlight, brought her to herself again, and she laid down her head with a little sob. "Tell me about her," she said, "you have wronged her as well as me." It was a dreary story, and he told it in a bitter, hopeless tone. She was a cousin, whom her father as well as his own mother had always destined for his wife. He was a queer, unpleasant character, and, aware of the reluctance of his nephew to the marriage, he had felt some satisfaction on his death-bed in having left his money to his orphaned daughter, only on condition that she married her cousin. The young man felt himself entrapped but in honour bound to her, though he might possibly have found some way of escape from the position he so loathed, had not his mother unceasingly urged the union upon him, avowing that his cousin was deeply in love with him. Thus it came about that at last, on the very day before starting on his voyage, he had made her happy by asking her to become his wife on his return.

"The next day," he said, raising his haggard eyes to the girl beside him. "I met you, and you know the rest. I loved you from the first, and though only too well aware how low a thing I was to treat you as I did, I could not keep away. Heaven knows I never meant to cause you any pain, or to go so far. But I would not stop to think till last night, when I forgot myself, and realised then that to-day I should have to tell you everything, and all would be over between us. I am in your hands, tell me what I am to do."

She was inexpressibly touched with pity for the man's suffering and weakness, pity too for the girl at home who loved and trusted him, and for her own self also.

But she felt strong now. Raising her head she bent on him a look of noble, womanly compassion.

"Be true to yourself and to her," she simply said.

"How?" he eagerly asked, and a new light of hope flashed across his face.

"You have taken her happiness into your keeping. Do not deceive her doubly. Tell her the whole truth, and if she be a true woman she will pity you—as, God knows, I pity you."

"But then perhaps—perhaps——" But even in that moment his tongue refused to utter the thought which filled his heart with secret joy.

"And then perhaps she will release you, you would have said. But," with exceeding gentleness, "can you not see that that would make no difference?"

"No difference?" he faltered.

"Oh," she cried with sudden bitterness, "can you not understand? Can you not see that you seem different, that everything is different since yesterday?"

"You scorn me!"

"I scorned myself until I reflected that your words, your manner, and ah! your tones during these last days gave me a right to feel—to feel what no woman need be ashamed of feeling for a good and honourable man."

"Which I am not."

"Which you must be, in spite of this miserable aberration. That reflection has already blunted the sharpest pang. Time will do the rest. Go and do your duty."

"I'm much more likely to go headlong to the bad."

"Be a man, and not a coward."

"I will," he said with sudden resolution. "Even though a loveless marriage must be the price of your esteem."

"Not necessarily loveless; nothing could justify that. Think less of self and more of her, and time will help you; and—and——"

"And what?"

"The grace of God."

They parted then.

When she left him and went to her cabin she broke down, realising then in its fulness the bitterness of this further awakening, and that her short dream of happiness was indeed over. The next day the ship came into port, and left her aunt and herself behind, carrying him on, remorseful and unhappy, to his distant goal.

* * * *

Years passed on, bringing many changes to her, and strange things happened, but they two never met again. Yet, with a woman's faithfulness, she always remembered with a peculiar feeling the man who had first spoken to her words of love, thinking tenderly of his failings, which had caused her such suffering, and changed her from a mere light-hearted girl to a woman, with a woman's deepest experiences. She believed that he would some day justify her faith in his promises that night and prove her words true, when she had foretold that, instead of going to the bad as he had recklessly declared he would do, he would make good use of his life and talents, and that some day she should feel proud of him.

As time went on she occasionally saw his name in the papers, and she experienced a thrill of triumph when at last his great and now well-known book appeared on the subject, which in old days had been a favourite study, and which they had often discussed together. Only twice did she ever receive news of him privately, and on both occasions he was spoken of as unmarried; indeed, she heard it said that an old engagement had been broken off, owing, it was believed, to some unfortunate attachment formed abroad.

But after the lapse of nine long years she saw his name one day amongst the list of marriages in the newspaper that her husband handed her, and recognising that of the bride, she smiled to herself as she thought: "He listened to me in this too, and has waited till he could love her, and his cousin is happy at last."

FAITH BARRETT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOK-WORM.—See the published rules of the "Girl's Own Guild of Scripture-Reading," for your answer, we can add nothing to them. You had better begin the work at the New Testament. Your writing is clear and good.

ROMEO.—The "National Home-Reading Union," for encouraging and directing home-study, is one of the best institutions of the kind. The central office is, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. Address the Secretary, Miss Mondy. We write at once, but cannot say when space will admit of the appearance of this answer.

"AU PAIR."—We think if you wrote to Miss Green, London Secretary for the Students' Home in Berlin (Kleinbeeren Strasse 22-111) at 23, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W., you might obtain some information and advice. This home is for British and American Girls.

NATHALIE.—Write to the office of the Civil Service, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., for their Prospectus, and all information with reference to the examinations for telegraph and post-office appointments. We do not keep them.

ELEVEN YEARS' READER.—We recommend you to state your case to the Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Blindness, Dr. M. Roth, 48, Wimpole Street, W. Also the Kensington Institute for the Blind (to provide work and instruction in brush and basket making), H. R. Knipe, Esq., Hon. Sec., 2, Young Street, High Street, Kensington, W. Also the London Society for Teaching the Blind, Upper Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W., J. H. Wright, Esq. We sympathise much with the poor girl. Send the vols. of the "G. O. P." to the Y. W. C. A., for one of their many Homes.

"GIRL'S OWN" PERUSER.—We can only refer you to the rules of the institution. Are you under the orders of this mistress? If so, of course you would be expelled if insubordinate to authority, and you would set a bad example to your pupils.

NELLIE.—Take a note of the information given with reference to spinning and weaving, for which instruction is given at 3, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, W. It might prove a boon to the many inquirers for home-work.

SOCIETY.—We feel much disinclination to give the address of any amateur society, because they so generally fail to give notice of any change of address or of management, or even of the break-up of such society. But so late as Feb. 1896 we received a notice of a Half-Hour Reading Society; Secretary, Miss Cole, Helions Bumpstead, Haverhill, Essex.

COOKERY.

FLORENCE.—The summer number of which you speak is "Meadow-sweet" (not "Maiden-hair"), 1891. We again give the recipe for "feather-cake:" One tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful and a half of flour, half a cupful of milk, two eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat butter and sugar together, and a little milk; add flour and baking-powder, a little at a time; lastly, the eggs, beaten very well. Bake in a hot oven. To make "orange feather-cake," flavour with the grated rind of an orange, and introduce orange-juice in place of part of the milk.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—See Summer Number of "G. O. P.," "Meadow-sweet," 1891. Also "Afternoon Tea Dainties" in "G. O. P.," April 6th, 1895, vol. xvi. p. 67. Also December 16th, 1893, No. 727. "Useful Hints" for cold-meat cookery. Rissoles, curry, potato-pie (some people call it "cottage-pie"). Ends of joints can be minced, flavoured with herbs, parsley, lemon, catsup, pepper and salt, and made into little patties or "turnovers" for tea or breakfast. Of course the flavourings must be arranged to suit the meat used—mace with veal and sage with pork. Veal, beef, and pork are best for this purpose. To cutlets made of minced meat and formed into cutlet-shape, a piece of maccaroni may be put in to simulate the bone.

ELVIRA RANSES.—To make "Eccles cakes," first crumble some stale pound-cake and sweet biscuits together; mix with the crumbs some chopped apples, currants, candied peel, cut finely, mixed spices, a little butter and sugar, a little essence of lemons, and some lemon rind grated. Then moisten the whole with a little thin raspberry jam; mix all thoroughly, and press it into a jar for use. This description of preserve is called "Banbury meat," although there is no meat in it. To make "Eccles cakes," first procure some pieces of tin, of about a foot long and six or eight inches wide, and upon these roll out sheets of puff, or flaky paste, about an eighth of an inch in thickness, or rather more, so as to cover the tins. Spread a layer of the "Banbury meat" over them, and roll out a sheet of paste to be laid over each; trim the sides, divide the cakes into squares, bake in a moderately-hot oven, and sprinkle white sugar over them when taken out.

NASTURTIUM.—The buds of the nasturtium make a far better pickle than the seed. They should be picked when the flower just shows a little through the green bud and dropped into vinegar. They want neither spice nor peppercorns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SECOND TIME.—It is quite a matter of choice whether you pour the custard over the fruit tart, or eat it with the spoon from the custard-glass.

A GLASGOW LASSIE must write copies and endeavour to form her handwriting. August 7, 1879, was a Thursday.

MARGUERITE.—The word "crust" when applied to wine, means a concreted deposit on the interior of the bottles, the result of the fermentation or ripening of the wine. It is composed of tartar, either red or white, and some colouring matter. The term "crusted bottles" is used by Swift.

OLD READER had better write to make inquiries about Lady Dufferin's National Association for Supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India. Hon. Sec., Miss Edith Heather-Bigg, 14, Radnor Place, London, W. The address of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission is 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C. Secretary, Miss Hamilton.

A TRAVELLER.—1. We can find no other meaning for the word "gregarious," than "herding together," like a flock.—2. The word "insatiable" would mean "always wanting more."

A GIRL.—For the Girls' Friendly Society, Emigration Department, address, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester, enclosing a stamped envelope, for information.

CURIOUS MADGE.—The most common of all English Christian names is Mary. The next to that is William. Then follow John, Eliza, Thomas. George, Sarah, Anne, James, Charles, Henry and Alice. The first four are more than double in use than the next five; and the last three considerably less again.

JOSEPHINE.—We can recommend nothing new for the benefit of the hair. See all that "Medicus" has said about it, and our continual answers to correspondents. Loss of nerve power is one cause of baldness. Hot herbal baths, taken once a month, are beneficial. Dr. W. A. Hammond considers that in another 1000 years, should the world last, all mankind will be bald.

MARIANNA.—The National Training School for Cookery is at Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Training for the post of Cookery Instructor—plain cookery, 13 guineas for twenty-four weeks; high-class cookery, 20 guineas for twenty weeks. Apply for Directory.

B. J. D., INQUISITIVE, FLORENCE, UNA, and OTHERS.—Whitaker's Almanack contains the fullest information on wills and bequests, proving wills, and who will receive the money from intestates.

Odds and Ends.

On the south coast of Patagonia on the Straits of Magellan, there is a post-office without either postman or clerk. Near the shore is a large sign-post with "Post Office," written upon it, whilst attached by strong chains to its foot is a very strong chest which is the post-office. Ships passing through the straits send a boat to the shore to fetch any letters there may happen to be addressed to their ports of call, and also to leave any letters they may wish to be left in the opposite direction. There is another similar post-office in the Torres Straits in Australia.

An interesting story is told in Motley's *Dutch Republic* of the important part played in the fortunes of Holland by a spaniel. "On the night of the 11th and 12th of September, 1572, Don Frederic (the Spanish leader) hazarded an *encamisada* upon the enemy's camp, which proved eminently successful, and had nearly resulted in the capture of the Prince of Orange himself. A chosen band of 600 arquebusiers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their skirts outside their armour, that they might recognise each other in the darkness, were led by Julian Romero within the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised, and for a moment powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant of by how small a force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe. The boldest, led by Julian in person, at once made for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, but a small spaniel that always passed the night upon his bed was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness, before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives; and but for a little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber. In the statues of the Prince a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet."

A pavement which is being greatly used in Vienna is made of granulated cork mixed with mineral asphalt and other cohesive substances, compressed into blocks of suitable size and shape. It is said to be cleanly, noiseless, durable, elastic, and never slippery whether it be fine or wet. Unlike wood, this cork pavement is non-absorbent and consequently is inodorous. There is no vibration under the pressure of heavy traffic. The cork blocks are imbedded in tar, and rest upon concrete six inches in thickness, and after two years' wear only showed a difference of half-an-inch when compared with absolutely new blocks.

In Germany there are schools of domestic science where every detail of housekeeping is thoroughly taught to the girl pupils, and no diploma is issued until the girl has proved herself to be an expert.

"A large proportion of people are greatly lacking in downright honest, moral courage. Many times it has been the case that one man having rugged moral courage, will boldly speak out his mind on some unpopular question, concerning which a dozen of his neighbours have the same opinion, but dare not openly declare it from sheer cowardice. A large body of people have been known to hold certain views concerning a matter, but kept solemnly quiet until one brave man expressed the same views without apology, and then the rest of the company have cheered him and said—'Those are our sentiments exactly.' The great strong leaders of men are those who have the highest type of moral courage."

In Sweden doctors never send bills to their patients, the amount of remuneration being left entirely to the latter's generosity. The rich however, pay their doctor very liberally, when once he has been retained by them, whether they have need of his services or not. From the poor he receives only small sums, and from the very poor, nothing. Yet to his great credit be it said the Swedish doctor visits the poorest of his patients as faithfully and constantly as his richest.

Not long ago an old ash tree in the manse garden at Duddingston near Edinburgh fell a victim to a severe storm. In the early part of the present century Sir Walter Scott was a constant visitor to the then minister of Duddingston, and his favourite seat was under this tree. It was beneath its branches that the great writer sketched out a portion of the *Heart of Midlothian*, in which the scene of the home of the devout David Deans is laid in the immediate neighbourhood of Duddingston.

It is said that the custom of throwing rice at brides and bridegrooms upon their departure for their honeymoon is going out of fashion. Bowls filled with rose-leaves and orange blossoms have at several weddings recently been handed to the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and the various happy pairs at whose weddings the innovation has taken place have gone to their carriage under a shower of fragrant pellets. The idea is certainly a pretty one, and much kinder in its effects than the biting rice, which frequently finds its way, quite unintentionally on the part of the throwers, into the eyes of the wedded couple.

During a thunderstorm it is always wiser to keep the doors and windows of a house shut as a draught is liable, curiously enough, to attract lightning. This is the opinion of a scientific man.

A very funny wedding was recently celebrated in a village near Paris. The bride was forty-six years of age, and the bridegroom only twenty-two. The bridal procession was formed at eight o-clock in the evening and was led by a man riding a camel, a fiddler followed him seated on a donkey, the rest of the guests riding similar animals. In the only carriage rode the bridegroom's mother, who was only two years older than his wife. Great amusement was caused by this grotesque procession amongst the villagers, who accompanied it, carrying coloured lanterns, and beating a wild tattoo upon tin pots and frying-pans and kettles.

Sir William Flower of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, has publicly expressed an opinion, which coming from so distinguished a naturalist cannot fail to be of the greatest possible weight, on the subject of ladies wearing feathers in their hats and bonnets. Sir William inveighs more particularly against the use of the aigrettes usually known as osprey feathers. He says:—"Especially has it been pointed out that the lovely, delicate plumes of the small white herons or egrets can only be procured by the destruction of the birds during the season in which they have their nests and young, as then only are these feathers developed. In the trade, for some unknown reason, they are called 'osprey,' though the real bird of that name, a kind of fishing-hawk, produces no ornamental plumes. Notwithstanding all that has been said the fashion is as prevalent as ever. I have recently noticed many of the gentlest and most kind-hearted among my lady friends, including some who are members of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and who, I am sure, would never knowingly do any injury to living creature, adorned with these very plumes. Why is this? Simply because, in order to keep up their trade and dispose of their stock, the purveyors of female raiment, to salve the consciences of their customers, have invented and widely propagated a monstrous fiction, and are everywhere selling the real feathers warranted as artificial! Within the last few days I have examined numbers of plumes, the wearers of which were priding themselves on their humanity, relying upon the assurance of the milliner that they were not real egret's feathers, but manufactured. In every case I did not take a very close scrutiny to ascertain that they were unquestionably genuine. The only 'manufacture' consisted in cutting the plume in two, and fixing the upper and lower half side by side, so that a single feather does duty for two in the 'brush.' Thus one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood."

"Nature, that formed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all."

Christopher Marlowe.

VOL. XVII.—No. 873.] SEPTEMBER 19, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IDA.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIE had a week's leave of absence from business, and Ida had plenty of chances to test the reality of the change in him.

He would sit by his father's side and talk and read to him as long as his strength could bear it, with no sign of the old impatience.

Boy-like, he had hated gardening, but now Ida found the late planting taken out of her hands, and weeds her order-loving mind had mourned over subdued in a marvellous way.

For, with very little help from Ben, the whole garden had been planted by her own hands this year, and thoroughly cared for, though in the last busy month the weeds had over-reached her.

The strawberry bed was her special pride,

THE STRAWBERRIES.

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and one bright evening Christie brought in the first ripe fruit and laughingly blindfolded her with one hand while he fed her with the other.

At that moment Alec Chesham came into the shop with the air of one who had learned to feel at home there, and shook hands with both.

"I see I am forestalled," he said ruefully, as he handed a small basket to Ida. "I have been to Glossington to-day and brought these, thinking your father might enjoy them. It is early yet for strawberries, but you are quite abreast of the times, I see."

"Come and see ours growing," said Christie audaciously, leading the way to the garden that was looking deliciously cool and inviting now.

"They're not really ready yet, but promising splendidly." Ida slipped away to put the fruit in a cool place, and shut the shop door for the night, but was straightway hindered by the youngest Dawes, who wanted half-a-dozen pennyworths of things.

"Her mother must have seen Mr. Chesham come in and sent her across to reconnoitre," thought Ida. "Her prying is intolerable—one might as well live in a lantern at once."

There was a touch of pain in her heart to-night that stirred these rasping thoughts.

For a week Mr. Chesham had stayed on in Houseley, making folks wonder how he could find such a number of subjects on their old-world village green.

"Been to the shop four times to my certain knowledge," Mrs. Dawes had remarked on her own doorstep to all whom it might concern. "But there, some folks is that close you can get no news out of them."

This would be the last of the enjoyable talks they had had together about all imaginable things.

Ida's reticence had vanished in the pleasantness of this new comradeship, and if sometimes she had talked like a book, because it was so unusual for her to utter her inmost thoughts at all, yet she had talked well, and Alec Chesham found himself continually recalling some haunting phrase or fancy of hers.

For her sake he had stayed on and given a whole week of his precious holiday to the little place that he had destined but a day for when he came.

It was all so different from the busy architect's office in the city that claimed him nearly fifty weeks in the year. His father had been a builder, and he had thoroughly mastered all practical details of the trade.

But a passion for architectural drawing and design had possessed him from boyhood, and half his earnings were spent in schools of art classes, and many were the prizes he proudly carried home. Then he entered an architect's office, and soon won a good position there.

Now he was alone in the world, and with the little capital his father had left him, and his own savings, he hoped soon to start an office of his own, and intended at Christmas to resign his post and take his chance in some new and busy town.

To-night, as he sat under the arch of cluster-roses in the garden, other visions took shape, and his thoughts went beyond the office to the home that might be possible by-and-by. A home that should have warm, rich colouring, sunny rooms bright with pictures and flowers, and dark welcoming eyes to smile for his home-coming always.

"Is your sister not coming again?" he asked, as Christie looked up from his fruitless search among the strawberry leaves.

"Oh, yes; it's some late customer keeping her. Lots of the folks forget to buy their candles till they want to go to bed, and next morning have to send again for sugar or something before they can have breakfast. That and nursing father keeps Ida busy morning, noon and night, but there's no help for it, and I haven't made her burden lighter lately. But it's going to be different now."

And then, in a burst of boyish confidence and contrition, he poured out the story of his own fall, and talked in glowing words of Ida's love.

"She's been like that to me all my life, but I never knew till that awful time how loving and forgiving she could be. And she never hints a word about my making father worse, but I can't forgive myself. Though he says now I've given myself and all my life away to God it's better than all the doctors for curing him, and Ida says so too."

"*What* does Ida say?" questioned someone hurrying from the shadow of the yew-tree path.

"I didn't know you were coming, sis, but it's all right. I've been telling Mr. Chesham about it, Ida—you won't mind?"

"I am sure she will not," interposed Alec, and there was a new ring in his voice that even Christie noticed. And then he unfolded a plan that had sprung into existence in the last half hour.

"You are free on Thursday evenings, Christie?"

"Yes; that was the worst time for me—I mean there were so many fellows about, and we always seemed to fall in with those who thought more of betting than anything else."

"Well, I don't," laughed Alec. "I haven't a scrap of interest in horses except to get a scamper on the back of a good one now and then. I used to ride and have grand times when I was a little chap on my grandfather's farm. But now, Christie, I want you to give me Thursday evenings for the next six months, and I'll see you enjoy yourself in all manner of ways that shall have no harm in them."

"Do you really mean it?" cried Christie. "It's awfully good of you, but I'm afraid I shall be no end of a bother to you."

So it was settled, and Ida's gratefully spoken thanks more than repaid him.

They lingered on till the last flush of sunset had faded, and a slender slip of moon came out, attended by one shining star.

Christie went in to see if the father needed anything, and Alec and Ida were left alone.

"I love a garden like this," he said, "with roses and currant-bushes all mixed up together and clumps of old-fashioned flowers everywhere. What quantities of lilies you have coming out—and that cabbage-rose, how sweet it is!"

"I am glad you like it," she answered eagerly.

"None of the new ones, with grand names, like Baroness Rothschild there, are half so sweet."

"They might have had a bush like that, with tall white lilies, growing in Eden."

"Strange that all the sin and sorrow began in a garden," he went on meditatively—"the plot God Himself had planted."

"But isn't it good to think it ended in a garden, too?" said Ida quickly. "In the place where they laid Him was a garden. At least, the sins and sorrows of those who love Him are surely buried in the grave He left empty?"

"Ah, yes, the real Eden was planted there, thank God! But there are other Edens still growing up in the world, Ida, and I have had visions of one to-night. And some day I shall tell you my dream."

Before she could answer the low-spoken words that communicated their own thrill of sweet, intangible hope to her heart, Christie came to say she was wanted. The good-byes were spoken then, and next morning Alec Chesham went away by first train, taking two of her pictures with him.

Two days after Christie departed, and things settled down into their old quietude.

But with many a difference!

All the father's fretful anxiety and depression had vanished, and, though too feeble to move without help, his patient cheerfulness was never broken. The loss of Dobbin and the sale of the old van, in which he had taken so many hundreds of journeys, did not seem to trouble him at all.

"Nothing matters, now Christie is safe," he would say. "God will see to everything for you, my child, and give you back a thousandfold for all you've done. It's such a comfort Mr. Chesham is to be Christie's friend; there was a look in his eyes one could trust. There'll be nothing to leave you, my child, when I'm gone; but there, maybe you'll do as well without it. We allays thought my father worth a tidy bit of money, for he was carrier when the trade was worth something, before railways got so common. But neither he nor his father before him would have aught to do with banks. Didn't believe in them, they said, or in trusting other folks with their money. Yet when he and mother died, almost at the same time, there was bare enough to cover expenses. But the Lord has provided and he allays will."

Right well Ida knew this, and yet some very anxious days were before her.

The sale of the van had partly replaced the £10 she needed for quarter-day, but other bills were coming in, and one morning, a week after Christie's return, she heard that the owner of the Manor House had been declared bankrupt and had disappeared, leaving small hope behind him of any payment whatever for his numerous creditors.

And the bill for a whole year's carrying of parcels, messages, etc., to Glossington was still unpaid. It was the only heavy debt owing to her father, and on its payment so much had depended. Yet even this loss did not break the old man's serene quietude of spirit. In the near light of eternity there is a great reversal of values. The fine gold of earth becomes dim; only the "well done good and faithful"—that encomium that has no current value in any earthly market—seems worthy of desire. James Brooke had utterly failed in his life-long aim to secure a competence for his children, but it was failure that angels count success.

The days went by and brought no tidings of the fate of her pictures, and Christie's letters told of disappointment on two Thursday evenings. Mr. Chesham had not called, and Ida wondered vainly what combination of hindrances had prevented his doing so. She never doubted the sincerity of his promises, yet as the hot days grew more sultry and her spirits flagged she chided herself for a depression out of all proportion to its cause.

"Why should I worry about it?" she asked herself wearily one night, when the rumble of distant thunder made it impossible to sleep. "Mr. Chesham is nothing to me. It was not likely that a chance friendship like that could last for us; and yet, for Christie's sake——"

There was a sudden blinding flash of lightning, and a peal of thunder like the roar of a battlefield overhead, and a faint cry from her father's room. And a moment after, in the intense stillness that followed the peal, unbroken as yet by the rush of rain, there was a terrific noise in the sitting-room below, as if all things movable had fallen at once.

Ida sprang up in dismay, and dressing hurriedly ran first to reassure her father, who was greatly startled. Giving him a dose of the cordial, always ready at hand, she lighted another lamp and ran down to see if a thunderbolt had fallen, or if some burglar had taken advantage of the storm to get in.

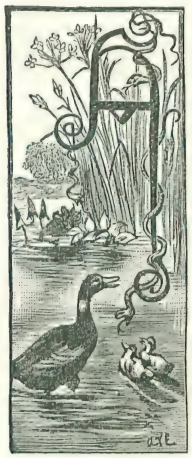
Flash after flash lit up the room and the thunder rolled incessantly; but, though one small picture had fallen from its place, there was nothing to account for the extraordinary

noise. A search in the kitchen revealed nothing, and Ida gave up the puzzle and went back.

"Only one little picture tumbled down, father—nothing else—and I think the storm is passing over, and there is a splendid rain falling. It will do everything so much good, after all the dry weather we have had."

And with a smile for the garden that was still a perennial joy to him, though he could work in it no more, the old man fell asleep. Then Ida went to bed to dream of earthquakes and a storm of unpaid bills threatening destruction to their home, and Alec Chesham coming to the rescue with a delightful assurance that he could put things right. And mingling strangely with the fabric of her dreams were the words of a verse she had learned for its beauty long ago. "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night, that calleth for the waters of the sea and poureth them out upon the face of the earth. The Lord is His name."

CHAPTER IV.



LOVELY morning followed the great storm.

All the world looked fresh and beautiful in its raindrop dress, and the smell of the watered garden when Ida stepped into it was overpoweringly sweet.

She went from border to border, enjoying the freshness, and caring for her pet plants that had been beaten down in the deluge, spending, as she usually did, a few minutes in the pure air before beginning the work of the day.

As she threw open the sitting-room windows on her return she was puzzled by the unusual silence, and, looking round, saw that the tall clock in the corner had stopped at two o'clock.

Only once in her life before had such a thing happened, and then, with great ceremony, the upper part had been taken down and the works sent to Glossington to be cleaned.

Her father had lately given to her care the nightly ceremony of winding it, for his shaking hands had no strength for the task.

And she was certain she had wound it as usual last night. Quickly opening the door she saw that the great weight had fallen, causing the noise that had so alarmed them in the night. The ceiling of the room was low, and when long years before her grandfather's pet purchase had been installed in its place, a hole had been cut in the floor to receive the lower part of the case.

Plunging her hand down into the abyss, Ida groped for the missing weight and presently found it, and hauled it up to daylight.

But she found more than this.

In feeling round the inner wall of the case, near the bottom, her hand touched a small hard bundle that was certainly no part of the wood.

It moved a little at her touch, but she could not detach it. So she lit a candle and let it down to explore, little dreaming that she had found a veritable gold-mine.

A small black roll met her gaze, securely fastened with cord to two hooks driven into the oak case, and hastily cutting the string Ida drew up her find.

As she did so a strange excitement swept over her. It was so hard and so heavy, and once she heard a faint jingle such as only money can make.

But the reality almost took her breath away.

An old black silk stocking lay on her lap, so old that it seemed like tinder to her touch, but as she unrolled the compact ball banknotes and gold fell out to the value of four hundred pounds.

Bank of England notes, and, though yellow with age, as good in value as the compact rolls of sovereigns bound in little bundles of linen, twenty in a roll. Every one of the gold pieces bore a date more than thirty years back, and must have been put there in her grandfather's life-time, long before she was born.

The long-lost hoard had been found, and with joy that was still half incredulous Ida gathered the money together and knelt down before her father's easy-chair to thank God.

Their money difficulties were over, she could smile now at the Manor House failure that had seemed such a great calamity.

There would be enough to buy all imaginable luxuries for her father's last days; enough to start Christie in business—and for herself?

But Ida paused resolutely there, and, crowding all the wealth into the quaint little cupboard in the wall, she locked it securely and went out to light the kitchen fire and get breakfast.

Her father's cup of tea must come before any new excitement for him.

Even the wild visions of her girlhood, that she might some day go to Rome and study in earnest for an artist's career, might possibly find fulfilment through this strange discovery. But, after all, she was not quite sure that she wanted this now.

When gently and by degrees she told her father the shock of joy was almost more than he could bear. The thought that his children would have the fair start in life he had craved for them and striven for in vain was unspeakably sweet.

"No doubt mother kept that hoard there for safety. She was took sudden soon after father died, and never conscious after the stroke she had, or able to speak at all. It might have saved me many a struggle if I had found it twenty years ago, my child, but it's best as it is, and it's all saved for you both. Christie must have his half when he's out of his time, and there'll be no fear in trusting him with it now. And don't you stop here when I'm gone, dear! You've been cramped here all your life, and, though I love every brick in the old house and every bit of grass on the green, there's no call for you to bide here always. Sell this business and make a home elsewhere till, maybe, some one will make one for you. As for me—'in my Father's house are many mansions.'" And the old man, grown drowsy again, smiled feebly at her and, giving back the money, fell asleep; and in that slumber the angel of the shadow came to the quiet room, and before sunset, with one word of love for Christie and one more radiant look for her who had been his best earthly treasure, he was gone—gone beyond her reach, farther than the farthest star, and yet so near, so safe, so blessed, Ida felt a strange exaltation of feeling that lifted her utterly beyond the bitterness of death.

"I'm so glad for him I can't be sorry for myself!" she said when Christie came. "And he was so happy about *you!*"

Then she told of the finding of the money, and together they rejoiced that it had been found before their father died.

On the morning after the funeral, when things were going back to every-day ways again, a letter came in a hand unknown to both. But Ida felt no doubt as to the sender. It was from Alec Chesham and told of a chapter of accidents that had prevented their hearing before. A day or two after his holiday he had been sent to London at an hour's notice on business for the firm. Scribbling a line to Christie to explain his absence on Thursday, and another to Ida, he went off, trusting the letters to the office-boy to post. In the fascination of a dinner-hour game with other messenger boys the letters were consigned to the pavement for safe keeping, and mysteriously disappeared. The boy had the courage to confess the loss to Mr. Chesham on his return from town. And now came a piece of good news. A dealer in London had valued her picture at five pounds, and it had been sold for that amount and payment was enclosed.

"I have hope of one or two other small commissions," the writer added, "but I want to tell you of these face to face. Please give me a word of welcome and a talk in the old garden when I come!"

Ida pondered long and deeply over this letter. The banknote in her hand seemed to her sanguine dreams the crisp forerunner of many delightful sums to be earned in the same way, and looking at it she resolved to sell the business and leave scales and weights behind for ever. But Alec Chesham came as soon as he heard of her father's death.

Under the cluster-roses in the summer twilight he listened to her plans for leaving Houseley and giving herself to hard study for two years, and quickly negatived all the latter part.

"You would succeed in time and win name and fame, but you have no idea of the intensity of the struggle. So many people who really love beautiful things can only just meet the mere bread-and-butter claims of every day, and those who have wealth either dabble in art themselves, or only spend money where the fashion craze of the hour, in art circles, happens to dictate. And the getting known is such hard and wearying work."

"But my picture sold," she ventured sadly.

A very tender look came into his merry blue eyes as he answered—"Yes, I bought it."

"You? Oh, Mr. Chesham, I thought a London dealer had it!"

"No, he valued it—I bought it. Did you think I would let any sordid dealer on earth come into possession of that? Oh, Ida, forgive my discouraging words. It is rank selfishness that prompts them after all, for the truth is I want you for my own. I love you, dear—have loved you, I believe, from the first moment I saw you when your picture drew me into the shop to find my fate.

"Can you give me the answer I want, dearest, and take your rightful place as queen of my heart and life?"

There was silence eloquent for a few moments, and then a belated thrush, having settled his household for the night, broke into jubilant song on the apple-bough overhead; and Ida, feeling as if all her life had been suddenly set to sweet music, looked up and whispered her reply.

There was gladness too deep for words in both hearts that night as they paced the path between the tall white lilies, and together planned the future.

"You shall paint as much as you like, my Ida, and make money too if you can, though, please God, there will be no real need for that.

"We shall be able to make a good start in a quiet sort of fashion, and whatever the uphill path may be afterwards, at least we will foot it together."

"But I can help more than you know!" cried Ida, as she joyously remembered her newly-found wealth.

And then she told once more the story of its discovery, and Alec, being a sensible

fellow, did not pretend even for a moment to love her less because she would come to him not quite portionless after all.

So at Christmas there was a quiet wedding in the old grey church at Houseley, and Ida went away to the new life amid outspoken good wishes from the village folk.

"I allays said that 'u'd be the end on't, now didn't I?" remarked Mrs. Dawes when the carriage had driven away. "Ah, well, some folks is in luck's way and some isn't. And to think of that money being found like 'twas—they do say more'n a thousand pounds! Shouldn't wonder if her rides in her carriage some day down Houseley Green!"

That prophecy has not been fulfilled yet, but in all England there is no happier home than that which calls Ida mistress.

As the bright days come and go, marked by the cheery-faced old clock on the stairs, her hands and thoughts are still busy for the well-being of others.

Together, out of their own joy, she and Alec do what they can to bring in that kingdom of love that shall fill the world with Edens once again.

[THE END.]

IN THE KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF GOD.

HERE dwelt once in the town of London a man and a woman. The name of the man was John, and the name of the woman was Mary. John was a clerk in the house of a merchant in the City, and Mary was his wife. They loved each other with a great and tender love, and they were so exceedingly happy that they resolved also to be exceedingly good. They obtained for their use two seats in a church where a great clergyman preached, and thither they went on every Sunday morning and evening. Also, they were kind to the poor according to their ability, and to each other they were amiable and affectionate. They owed no man anything, and they lived peaceably with their neighbours. And every night before they went to rest, they read together a chapter from God's Holy Word. The first book they read was the prophecy of Isaiah, and after that the Acts of the Apostles. And then they read the four Gospels of Jesus Christ. When they had finished the Gospels a great sadness fell upon Mary, so that she could hardly do her work cheerfully nor meet her husband with a smile. She told no one the cause of her trouble, but it weighed greatly upon her, and at last her husband questioned her concerning her sadness.

"I am sad," said Mary, "since we read together the four Gospels of Jesus Christ."

"How is that?" asked her husband. "The Gospels are full of comfort."

"They have not comforted me," replied Mary; "before I read them with you I was satisfied, and now I am unhappy."

As she said this, Mary saw the face of her husband that it was much troubled. And she went and caught him by the hand, while tears fell from her eyes.

"Do not mistake me," she cried. "In this only I am unhappy, that whereas before I read the Gospels I believed that we lived a Christian life, now I fear that our righteousness does not exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees."

"My dear one, what more can we do? We give according to our means——"

"'Tithes of all I possess,' not even that," sighed Mary.

"We love each other dearly."

"Do not even the Pharisees the same?"

"Nay, but, my wife; more than all this, the love of God is in thy heart, as I pray it is in mine."

"Still," she said, "let us read the Gospels again, and I will show thee what I mean."

So they read the Gospels, and as they did so, they marked those passages which seemed to them hard sayings, or difficult to understand.

These are some that they marked: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"To obey that command honestly and faithfully, might prove very hard," said Mary.

And again they read—

"I say unto you that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

"No man shall bully me," said John with a blustering air.

"Nay, but read on," said Mary, "and perhaps we shall find light."

So they read on for many days, until they had even finished the last chapter of St. John, and then, when they had looked again at the many passages which they had marked, the man shut the book and said—

"This doctrine is too hard for me. I do not understand it, and were I to attempt to follow it, I should be accounted but a mad fellow."

"My husband, perhaps it is our ignorance which misleads us. Let us go to the preacher and ask if so be he can explain these matters to us."

They went, therefore, to the church where they worshipped, and sought audience of the great preacher who preached there.

"My friends," said the great preacher, when he had heard the difficulties of John and Mary, "these words are but metaphors and must not be accepted literally. Inquire not too closely into such things, but do thy duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call thee, and all shall be well."

So the man and the woman turned and went home again, but they were still sad, for the words of the great preacher had not satisfied them. And John said to his wife—

"Let us read the Gospels yet once more, and let us see whether the Lord Christ will not make His meaning more plain to us."

As they read they came to a verse which said, "They that do the works shall know the doctrine," and at these words the eyes of the woman did brighten, and she exclaimed—

"This let us do! Every day as we read the Gospels, let us do even as its words instruct us. Perhaps, only so, shall we understand the spirit of its teaching."

"I misdoubt me that my faith is not strong enough," replied the man, "for the commands of this book are so contrary to the wisdom of the world, that I fear to follow them lest I be called mad."

"Nevertheless," replied his wife, "let us give this strange teaching a trial, and though our faith be but as a grain of mustard-seed, it may grow and strengthen as our knowledge increases."

"So be it," said the man, "and if we fail, let us seek a new Gospel, for I cannot accept only what is pleasing to me in Christ's teaching, and reject the rest. To do so seems to me not the way of an honest man."

It happened soon after this, that John's master, a merchant in the City, grew spiteful towards John. The merchant was a coarse man, who loved to wound the feelings of others. He came into the room where John sat amongst the other clerks, and said—

"Here, fellow, take these packets to such-and-such a house at once."

Now this was the work, exclusively, of the youngest and meanest clerk. Wherefore John's face flushed, and he was about to answer hotly, when he remembered the words of Christ's Gospel, which said, "He that compelleth thee to go one mile, go with him twain."

He put on his hat and picked up the packets without a word.

When he returned there were three other packets lying on the table ready to go to the houses of other merchants in the City, and these also John picked up and turned with them to the door again.

The merchant was astonished at this, and said gruffly—

"Don't trouble about those; it's wet, isn't it?"

"I do not mind the rain," said John, and he went out with the packets.

When he got home, he told his wife what had happened.

"Do you understand the doctrine any better?" asked Mary.

"No," he replied; "and yet I am glad I went with the packets. I do not know why I am glad, but I am. And, strange to say, when I left the City this evening, my master's face had lost its spiteful look towards me."

"Let me not be behind thee in any good thing," said Mary. "To-morrow is my birthday, and instead of asking our most important friends to supper as we have hitherto done, I shall invite the little dressmaker who sews for me, and old Luke and his wife who have lost all their money; your fellow-clerk too, who is so delicate, and the orphan girl and boy who live in this street. For I read that, 'When thou makest a feast, call in the poor and the maimed, and the halt and the blind.'"

When the company arrived the next evening, they found everything prepared as if for important guests, and this pleased them much so that they could hardly eat for pleasure. But John and Mary encouraged them with hospitable words, and soon all ate with appetite and praised the viands which were set before them. John and Mary had never before enjoyed the birthday feast so much. Mary was free from anxiety about the quality

of her butter and the lightness of her cakes, for everything seemed to be appreciated by her guests, and John filled everyone's plate with a generosity which made his own heart glad.

In the evening, when it was near the hour to go home, Mary noticed that the little dressmaker had no wrap to put over her thin gown, and she thought to herself she would lend her a cloak. But as she went upstairs to fetch it, the words of our Lord came to her which said, "He that hath two coats let him give to him that hath none." Now the cloak would have been useful to Mary as a second best one, to put on when the weather was inclement, but she did not hesitate; she helped the little dressmaker into it herself, and whispered to her that she was to keep it for her own.

"Do you yet understand?" whispered John, as he said good-night to his wife.

"No," said Mary, "but I am happier to-night than I have been for a long time. And this at least I know and have proved—it is more blessed to give than to receive."

It seemed to these two, as time went on, that nothing was too great for them to do which Christ had commanded. All that seemed to them most contrary to their wills and to the accepted opinion of men did but make them happier in the fulfilling. So that, sometimes, it almost appeared as though their actions and the results of them were contrary. The hardest things seemed to bring the best blessing with them. Still, the doctrine of Christ seemed strange and difficult of comprehension; John and his wife saw through a glass darkly.

At last it happened that, according to the good will of God, the faith of these two was put to a harder test than any that had yet tried them.

And this is how the thing came to pass:—

There was, in the house of the merchant where John worked, a certain evil fellow named Matthew, a nephew of the merchant. This man was as a thorn in the flesh to John, for he was both vain and covetous. He lived an ungodly life and wasted all his fortune so that he came to be in sore straits. The merchant, however, knew nothing of this.

Matthew hated John, because John was upright and honest, and lived a good life. He went to his uncle and spoke very evilly against the man. And so it happened that, when one day the merchant discovered that his coffer had been robbed of much gold that was in it, he easily believed that it must have been John who had taken it.

John said, "Sir, I have taken nothing which is yours." And more than this he did not say, for he had read, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." Therefore, as an honest man, he spoke once for all and said, "I have taken nothing."

Nevertheless, the merchant would not believe him, but drove him from the house and refused to give him a character. So John returned very sadly to his home.

But Mary cheered him and said, "In His own time, God will make thy innocence clear, my husband."

Still, as John's heart was yet sore because of the evil things of which he had been accused, and because of the malice and hate which the merchant and his nephew had shown him, Mary continued and said, "Do not let this make thy life bitter, my dearest, neither let it grieve thy heart. Rather let us thank God that, in His sight, you are free from dishonour."

"I feel degraded in the sight of my fellow-clerks," said John, bitterly.

"Dishonour alone could have degraded thee," said Mary, quickly. "That which cometh from without cannot degrade a man: it is his own evil deeds alone which can do so."

Thus Mary comforted John.

After some while, it happened that John got other work to do, but it was meanly paid, and he and his wife were obliged to go and seek a home in another and a poorer part of London. They lived thus, in much poverty, for more than a year.

Till one night, as John returned home very tired, a poor woman asked an alms of him. "For," she said, "my husband is grievously ill, and I have no food to give him."

Although John was very tired, he turned and went with the woman to see the sick man, for a voice seemed to say to him, "Inasmuch as ye do it to him, ye do it unto Me." Therefore John turned and went cheerfully to the poor garret where the woman led him. And lo, when he had entered, he found that the sick man on the couch was the nephew of the merchant in whose house John used to work.

He was in a very grievous way and nigh unto death, but John raised him on the pillows and, sending home a message to Mary to bid her not be anxious, he lit a lamp and sat by the sick man's bed all night. He fed him with what dainties he could buy, and after a while Matthew recovered himself a little and spoke to John.

"I am a dying man," he said, "and I have much on my mind."

Then he began and told John how he had quarrelled with his uncle, and had gone from bad to worse, until at last he had brought himself and his wife to their present evil straits.

"But more than this," he continued, "I have ruined others by my wickedness and folly. Yes, let me confess it before I die, it was I who committed the theft on my uncle's coffer, of which you were accused."

When John heard this he was fain to turn from Matthew. He thought of the evil which this man had brought about: he thought also of his own good name gone, and he considered that Mary had no servant now, and that their home was poor and mean.

With these thoughts came also another thought. It was that, at this very hour, his wife would be reading from the Gospel of Christ, and praying that the faith of her and her husband might be strengthened. A struggle so fierce took place within him that his cheeks grew white and his breath came short and quick.

"Mary, Mary, pray that my faith fail not," he murmured. For he felt at that moment as though he hated Matthew.

Just then, Matthew moaned a little and asked for water, and John went and fetched him some in a cup and held him up in his arms as he drank it. And, after that, forgiveness seemed easier to John. Nay, it seemed to him a most beautiful and blessed thing, and he bent over the sick man and said, "I forgive you, Matthew; may God also forgive you and give you peace."

And soon after, Matthew died.

Afterwards, John and Mary took the poor young wife to their own home and sheltered her and cared for her until she could find work to do. And the poor woman was very grateful, but she could do nothing in return for all she received, and she could not justify John to the merchant, because she knew nothing about the theft of the merchant's gold. But one day the merchant came to John, and he looked old and haggard as he used not to look when he believed in his nephew. He held out his hand to John and said, "I believe you are an honest man, will you come back to my house and serve me as before?" Then, as John agreed, he continued: "As for this poor girl whom you shelter, it ill becomes me that she should be a burden upon you, seeing she is my nephew's widow. I shall therefore make a home for her, but it will be a sad one, for my heart is heavy always."

So the merchant took his niece to his own home, and John worked for the merchant as before.

And still, as time went on, John and Mary his wife continued to learn, like children, the mighty truths of the Gospels.

Again there came a day when John said to his wife, "Do ye understand aught yet of the doctrine of Christ?"

Mary answered, "It seems to me it is the doctrine of unselfishness which thing is also the law of Love." And then she murmured, "He that loseth his life shall find it, yea, and he that loseth himself shall surely find God."

"The selfless life," said John; "yea, that is the God-like life, and it is full also of great happiness and most perfect peace. Nevertheless, this is a thing which each man must find out and prove for himself."

S. MACNAUGHTAN.

VARIETIES.

THE ART OF FORGETTING.—If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbours' faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them.

RESPECT OLD BOOKS.—"The most worthless book of a bygone day is a record worthy of preservation. Like a telescopic star, its obscurity may render it unavailable for most purposes, but it serves, in hands which know how to use it, to determine the places of more important bodies."—*De Morgan.*

HAPPILY MARRIED.—"I have lived a good long time in the world," says Sir Walter Besant, "and looking back upon all the people that I have known, I can safely say that the number of unhappy marriages I have personally witnessed have been very small indeed. Given love as an essential, then the woman who yields to the promptings of her heart and accepts the burdens—light or heavy—of marriage, leads the happiest life."

DISCREET DEAFNESS.—A certain discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance in dishonourable conversation.

THE "BEST ROOM."—"You see," says a working man, "my wife's a curious woman. She skimped and saved and almost starved all of us to get the parlour furnished nice, and now she won't have any of us go into it, and hasn't even had the window blinds of it open for a month. She is a curious woman."

THE TALE OF LIFE.—"So surely as the day and night alternately follow one another does every day when it yields to darkness, and every night when it passes into dawn, bear with it its own tale of the results which it has silently wrought upon each of us for evil or for good."—*W. E. Gladstone.*

LADIES'-MAIDS OF THE EAST.

By L. PIERSON.

IN my many journeyings through the world, the first experience I ever had of an Oriental maid was one "Bargoum" a Persian. So few in number were the English ladies who had visited Persia when I first made my home there, that the demand for them was small, and the supply so extremely limited that it was difficult, indeed almost impossible, to find a respectable waiting-maid of any description, much less one skilled in the art of attending upon a lady.

After endless inquiries, inexhaustible patience and a prolonged search there was one day ushered into my presence by the "nazir" (head man-servant) a veiled and mysterious figure. I must explain that the "nazir" undertakes to engage and dismiss all servants in this country, so that be they men or women they are all under his surveillance. She was veiled from top to toe in a long blue cotton sheet, which she drew closely around her, leaving nothing but her eyes and feet uncovered. The head-servant knowing a little English announced her with a low bow saying, "Khanum" (lady), "here is a woman I have bring to attend upon your person, she very good, very good, you will find she do everything you require."

This somewhat sudden introduction took me a little by surprise, and I felt no inclination to take into my service a creature with so vague a character and personal appearance. It seemed however to be the custom, and as I also understood her to be a treasure it would not on any account do to lose, I gave ear to the matter and put to her the few following questions.

"How old are you?"

She shook her head but was mute, to which question the "nazir" replied with a Parisian shrug of the shoulders, "Who can tell! she may be twenty years, perhaps more, perhaps less."

"Are you a good needlewoman?" I inquired.

"Oh yes," was his answer, "she make sew the cloth very well." In despair of receiving any answer from the motionless figure before me I addressed myself to the nazir.

"Can she wash fine handkerchiefs and laces?"

"Why should she not?" was the reply.

"In whose service has she latterly been?" I inquired in my innocence, at which a smile seemed to play over her hitherto expressionless eyes, for the idea of ever having been a maid to anyone before evidently amused her.

"Oh, that is quite little matter," exclaimed my nazir, growing restless, "we think noting of this in our country; in the name of the prophet she can do all you wish."

So this wonderful apparition was engaged at the rate of twelve pounds a year, much to the delight of her representative, into whose pocket some few coppers would find their way each month as her wages became due for having procured her the situation.

Labour is cheap in the "land of the lion and the sun," but even at this low rate of wage my rather picturesque attendant proved costly in the extreme. She broke almost every ornament in my bed-room, that had stood the wear and tear of a rough journey from London to Teheran, in but the course of a few days; my handkerchiefs were torn, she spilt ink upon the beautiful Persian carpets, and wherever she passed she left a most noxious odour of tobacco-smoke and garlic behind her.

Bargoum served from left to right like all Persians, and continued inconveniently to reverse matters, by tacking collars into one's gowns with the band upwards, by which contrivance the collar itself was carefully concealed and the band exposed to view. She had no respect for old laces, treating them also in the same ruthless manner. Each time that this feat was accomplished she would bring her needlework to me with an air of great satisfaction exclaiming "See, khanum, see, it is very well this time!"

Most of her spare hours were spent in smoking the kalian (water pipe) and gossiping with one of the washerwomen who usually work under a washerman, until over some trivial matter a deadly feud sprang up between the friends and a terrible battle ensued near to the drawing-room windows 'neath the shade of the walnut trees. They began by hurling large stones at one another, but it soon became a hand-to-hand fight; they tore one another's garments into shreds, they scratched each other's faces with their long finger-nails until the blood trickled down their necks and shoulders and clotted their long, swarthy, clammy hair, they kicked, they screamed, and had not utter exhaustion compelled them to part they must to a surety have killed each other.

The immaculate "Bargoum" therefore was despatched at a short notice, and was replaced after some weeks by a quiet person of dignified mien with long and languishing soft brown eyes. "Jutti" was her name, and like most Orientals, however lowly bred, possessed small and delicately-shaped hands and feet, which tinkled as she walked with a variety of silver ornaments. On entering a room her most constant habit was to turn the key instead of the handle of the door as she closed it, in consequence of which she spent several hours while in my service seated upon the floor with her head resting upon her knees, listening and waiting for someone to pass who might hear her calls and free her from her difficulties by explaining from the outside how she must turn the key back before the door would open.

Often as this occurred, it seemed ever to dawn upon her as quite a new idea, so that the instructions were always received with the same expressions of intense astonishment. During such emergencies if she saw me in the garden below with friends, she would, regardless of any sort of delicacy, rattle at the windows, knock on the glass, and as a last resource thrust out her head and scream, "Khanum, khanum, let me out, come up and let me out, the door has in some manner become closed and cannot be opened!" "Jutti" remained nearly a year with me and left suddenly, overwhelmed to all appearances by the most heartrending grief, which I was told was caused by the death of her mother.

She was an excellent actress indeed!

When she left, furs, gloves, handkerchiefs, and many other useful articles had also disappeared, and like the thief were never seen or heard of again.

Where are the police, will naturally be asked, and I can but reply that the police were cast in much the same mould.

Several things of value therefore found their way into the bazaars at that time, one of which was an exquisite and costly travelling clock that had been, the evening before, sold much under its value. The following day it was of course up for sale again at treble the price that the purchaser had given for it, and was rapidly purchased and carried off by some of the Persian royal household, who were all attracted by its beauty and its tone.

Some few weeks after this unwelcome event, one, with whom I was acquainted, chanced to be making a visit at the palace of the Shah, when the new possession was brought out and exhibited by the Princess of the Anderun (Harem) with the most child-like glee and excitement. "Hush!" they cried as they, and their waiting-maids, and children, gathered round it. "Hush! and you will hear it speak!"

They were deeply grieved to part with their lately acquired treasure, but when they heard its history they most willingly returned it to its owner.

Although its striking powers had been heavily taxed during the few weeks that it was in the palace the little clock was in no wise seriously injured, and as I write still goes calmly on, bringing to my remembrance the long lapse of time that has passed since these adventures occurred in its life and mine.

The Indian ayah is as a rule too well known to need much comment. She has had very many more opportunities of becoming an efficient maid than her Persian sister, although with but few exceptions there is a great deal in her still to be desired. Several came into my service, who, if not dishonest, were in many other ways unsatisfactory, but I have only space to give two strikingly opposite instances.

On my first arrival in Calcutta I had learnt a few words of Hindostani, but those few were so hopelessly false in pronunciation that no one would be likely to understand them, so an ayah was promptly procured for me who could speak "the English." She salaamed to the ground on coming into my presence, and produced without delay from a muslin wrapper numerous chits (notes or written characters) of a most excellent tone. The latest in date however was unfortunately, she informed me, written by a lady who had that very day sailed for England, as the "chit" also notified, for several years. In my innocence I engaged her, and her first duty, while I was from home was to unpack countless possessions brought from London and Paris. On my return I went with the ayah to inspect the contents of the cases she had opened, when to my untold dismay numberless things were missing! in particular rolls of materials as yet unmade up.

I questioned her narrowly concerning them, and at length accused her of having been the thief, but she wept and moaned bitterly at the suggestion, and throwing herself at my feet, "Oh! protector of the poor," she exclaimed, "with all my good chits how you think I do this thing!" Finding that this had little effect, however, she rose, and folding her hands across her breast in a saint-like attitude she turned her eyes up to the ceiling and exclaimed "Memsahib" (mistress), "heaven only know where they got. Hum Christian hai" (I am a Christian).

After her flight, for she vanished that evening, I was told she had been seen by some of the men-servants in my absence to leave the house with several bundles, which, on

inquiry, she replied were clothes for the washerman; needless to say her chits were forgeries, or perchance might have been sold to her by another of the same name, which is a not uncommon trick.

For the last ayah who came into my service what can be said enough in praise of her faithfulness! Night or day in the bitter snowy weather of the hills, or 'neath the scorching sun of the Indian plains, early or late, in anxiety or sickness, she was always willing, always cheerful, and ever at hand to attend upon her mistress; her devotion was so deeply rooted that nothing could sever it. She was an intelligent woman also, and sometimes would talk to me upon her ideas of religion.

"Listen, memsahib," she would say, "my religion is this, I avoid all I can that I think is wrong, and I try to do what seems to me to be right. I believe that the great Allah (God) is good and merciful, that he sees me and knows all that I do, and that he will not forget me in another life. Is not this sufficient? Memsahib, if you had always been brought up in one religion, ever since you were old enough to understand, would you not believe it was the right one, and would you change it for another?"

I was greatly attached to her as she to me, and felt the parting with her deeply, although it had to be, when I returned to England.

Some days before I left India she inquired of me in a quavering voice, "Memsahib, what day is it that you have arranged to make your journey, and at what hour in the day?"

When I told her the probable date she burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, memsahib, I shall never find another mistress like you, no, never again wherever I go," and she knelt down and kissed my feet while the tears poured over her dusky cheeks.

"You will not find me anywhere the day you leave, memsahib, everything you need shall be in readiness, but no one will find me, I shall be gone! I cannot stay, dear lady, to wish you good-bye."

She spoke truly, this faithful friend, for when the hour came for my departure all was arranged, but she was nowhere to be found, nor have I ever heard of her since.

THE GOAT AS A PET FOR GIRLS.

PART III.

HAVING treated of rearing and feeding a goat, the present paper will be devoted to the subject of keeping our favourite under the best conditions for its own and its mistress's comfort and enjoyment. There are certainly few pets that can be more easily kept free from all drawbacks of evil odour and other sanitary objections than the one under consideration, provided always that the arrangements are such as to allow of a due regard to the drainage and sanitation of the house or shed in which the animal will have to pass many hours of its existence. Thus the most important detail of goat-keeping will be the proper construction of the goat-house.

To achieve the most perfect cleanliness it will be found best to keep the goat tied up in a miniature stall, as thus all the manure drops upon one spot, and can be readily cleared up and removed, instead of soiling the whole area of the apartment.

In a stall two feet wide the goat will contentedly pass the nights in summer, and many of the days in rough weather in winter.

In Switzerland the goats are all housed in November, and do not go out of doors again until the mountain snows begin to leave the pastures; the amount of space allotted to each during the winter being very small indeed. In painful contrast with their summer life upon the free and breezy mountain-pastures must be these weary months passed in the crowded stuffy cow-house, and yet the animals do not seem to suffer by the confinement.

A goat that is to supply any milk in winter cannot be kept too warm. Energy that is employed in keeping out the cold must be drawn from that which would have been available for milk-production, and, moreover, goats much exposed to cold, naturally grow a coarse and long coat, which spoils their appearance, and renders them more apt to be dirty and offensive. The goat's stall, therefore, should be fitted up in a warm stable or shed, the most important consideration being free and ample drainage, for with this condition and with the bedding I am about to describe, the stall can be kept absolutely free from any offensive odour.

In my book, before referred to, I have given a description of the bedding I adopt for my own goats, and which I have found most successful. It consists of a wooden frame, three feet long by two feet wide, upon which are nailed strips of wood about two inches wide, and with spaces of an inch between each. This frame is raised upon iron legs about eighteen inches from the ground, so that broom and mop may be freely used upon the paving beneath. During the day, when the goat is out, the bed can be washed down and put in the fresh air to sweeten, and thus perfect cleanliness may be ensured.

In summer the goat will rest comfortably upon her wooden bed, but in winter a sprinkling of clean straw will add to her warmth and comfort.

The sides of the stalls should be about three feet high and sloping towards the rear, but such details may best be adapted to the space and position available. The fastening-chain should be very short, about six inches, and sliding upon a bar, to allow the goat to stand or lie down. If the chain is any longer the goat will turn herself round in her stall, and thus evade the sanitary arrangements made for her. A rack for hay or grass, and a manger for corn or acorns, will be necessary fittings, and they will require to be kept scrupulously clean. An excellent manger is to be made by dropping an ordinary galvanised pail into a hole in a board, and this arrangement certainly facilitates cleaning, but when chopped roots are given, as they should be in winter, I think there is some danger of the roots acting upon the metal and producing unwholesome results, and for this reason I have discarded the pails in favour of wooden mangers. The edge of the manger should be eighteen or nineteen inches from the floor or bed upon which the goat stands.

Grooming is an operation that a well-bred, sleek-coated goat will well repay, and the art may best be acquired by noting how it is performed upon a horse, though the general health and condition of the animal will have more effect upon the gloss of its coat than any quantity of labour expended in brushing.

The task of milking a favourite goat is far from being an arduous one, and may soon be learnt by a fairly neat-handed person. The teat must be firmly grasped and the forefinger and thumb so placed that the milk cannot flow back into the udder, the second, third, and fourth fingers are then brought to bear successively to press the milk down and keep it flowing in a steady stream until the teat is empty, when the grasp of the forefinger is relaxed to allow a fresh flow of milk from the udder to be in its turn pressed downwards until every drop has been withdrawn.

A beginner will find the operation easiest when half the milk has been already taken, a full, tight udder being often very difficult to manipulate.

Milking should be performed as nearly as possible every twelve hours, and not oftener. A young goat has sometimes considerable trouble and difficulty in retaining the milk so long, and at first a portion may run away, but the capacity of the udder soon becomes equal to the requirements, and after the first week little inconvenience will be noticed.

Very little training will induce a goat to go in harness provided it is already a gentle and tractable animal, and children who possess a goat usually sooner or later try its paces in some sort of vehicle. For this purpose an ordinary mail-cart can soon be adapted. But to pursue the subject further I should exceed my allotted space, and I must therefore bring my remarks to a close, only hoping that I have said enough to show that the goat may very efficiently fulfil the office of "a pet for girls."

AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.

SONG.

I SOMETIMES wish the thrushes would not sing
Exactly as they sang a year ago!
I loved their music, in that strange sweet Spring;
But now—it hurts me so!

My heart aches, now the trees begin to wear
Their delicate and dainty April dress
In all its spring-time freshness—yet last year
I loved their loveliness.

Last year I loved the lark's sweet, far-off song.
I do not want to hear the lark again!
This sunny streamlet as it glides along
Fills all my soul with pain.

The dainty flowers which almond-buds unfold,
The dear dog-violets, on a bank apart,
The yellow daffodils, the gorse's gold—
All stab me to the heart.

I can be brave, I know, where City street
And City sounds shut out the fair spring day;
But in these lanes where budding hedgerows meet
My courage ebbs away.

L. G. MOBERLY.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

AND ITS SOLUTION.

By H. R. HALL, B.A.

PART VI.

MINISTERS AND CLERKS—THE PEOPLE AND THEIR HOMES—ART AND LITERATURE—CONCLUSION.

FROM the Pharaohs we pass to their ministers. In early days the country was administered by the great feudal nobles, descendants of the ancient local princes (*Ḥaqû*), who ruled in their nomes as the vicegerents of Pharaoh; these chiefs were known as *ṛ̀pâû ḥâû*, "hereditary princes," their official title was *ḥrïû-tep aâyû nû ḥsapû*, literally "the Great men who are on top of the Nomes." Very frequently they united various nomes under their rule; Âmeny, Neḥerâ, and Khnûmûḥotep, for instance, the great XIIth Dynasty chiefs of the *Máhez* or Oryx-Nome in Middle Egypt, who were buried in the great tombs at Beni Hasan, united several other nomes under their rule by fortunate marriages. Such chiefs were powerful subjects, and the king appears to have usually loaded them with offices, mostly honorary, in order to secure their fidelity; such offices or distinctions were those of *S'mer wâtï*, "Friend who has sole access," *Rekh sûten*, "Acquaintance of the king," *Sâḥû bâtï*, "Royal Treasurer," etc. Âmeny bore no less than thirty-two titles, most of which were purely honorary. Rather exhausting for the poor *ûḥĕmâ* (herald) if he had to proclaim all these titles before his lord wherever he went! German titles would have been nothing to these pomp-loving old Egyptians, and in this connection it is curious to note that Egyptian titles were often distinguished as "Real;" the distinction between the "Acquaintance of the King" and the "Real Acquaintance of the King" was exactly the German distinction between the simple "Geheimrath" and the "Wirklicher Geheimrath."

Length of time, however, and the Hyksos wars, gradually reduced the number of the old feudal families, till under the New Empire we find a new phenomenon in the body-politic, a highly-developed bureaucracy, a "Beamterschaft," as German in its characteristics as the old "Adelschaft." A body of royal officials, dependent solely on the king, had succeeded the old feudal chiefs in the government of the land. They were organised in a regular hierarchy; next to the king stood "the Chief Mouth," or chancellor, and next to him the Vizier (*Zât*), under whom were the various governors of the towns and the prefects of the *Mazâyû* or military police. Besides the "Chief Mouth" and the "Vizier," the other chief officials were the ministers of the household, of cattle, of granaries, and of the "House of Silver," *i.e.* the Treasury. Under this last were ministers-adjoint and a host of scribes, clerks, and treasury-officials. Here is a specimen of a correspondence, dating to about 1200 B.C., between Ânenâ the novelist, who was a second-class clerk in the treasury, and his superior the first class clerk Qagabu, who had received an order from the Minister P'râmḥeb to inspect the vineyard of the temple of Âmen in the treasure-city of Ramses and to deliver up the wine that was pressed. Ânenâ performed the duty, and this is his report to Qagabu*:—

"When I came to the city of Râmses, which is on the Pter-canal, with the transport-barge of my lord, and with the two-span of oxen of the house of King Sety II. in the temple of Âmen which endureth for millions of years, I then appointed the number of gardeners for the gardens of the house of King Sety II. in the temple of Âmen which endureth for millions of years, I found:—

Gardeners:—Men	7	
Youths	4	
Lads	4	
Boys	6	
Total	21	persons.

List of the wine which I found sealed by the head-gardener Zazery:—

Wine:—Jars		1500
Shedḥ	,,	50
Paûr	,,	50
Pomegranates	Baskets	50
Grapes: Bunches.	,,	50
	Packages	60

"I loaded the two ox-wagons of the house of King Sety II. in the temple of Âmen which endureth for millions of years and I drove southwards to the city Per-Râmses of the Great Image of Horûmâkhtï. I there delivered them into the hands of the official in charge of the house of King Sety II. in the temple of Âmen which endureth for millions of years, and I now write this report to my master."

Such was an Egyptian official report, straight and to the point, yet "full of big words," as the Egyptians themselves said. A minor Egyptian official was never happy unless he was writing reports of some kind upon something; the consumption of ink in Egypt must have been enormous!

It will be thought that the whole nations must have been either priests or officials, but there were also the soldiers, and the great mass of the people, the artizans of the towns and the *fellahîn*.

The army was in early days a mere local levy, but in later times the native troops were divided into regular regiments, called by certain names, often those of gods, while bodies of foreign mercenaries, Libyans and Europeans, were also employed. Just as they do at the present day, the Sûdanese negroes then formed a considerable part of the Egyptian army. The strength of Egypt lay, however, not so much in her footmen as in her chariots, the *ûrerïût*; the chariot-troops were called *ṅtḥetrâû*, literally "horsemen," though true cavalry was unknown in Egypt. Horses were seemingly introduced into Egypt by the Hyksos, about 2000 B.C.

The navy was also from the earliest times important in a land in which a great river formed the chief road and which had two seas on its borders. We are often told that the Egyptians were no sailors; this is totally untrue, they fought best of all the Persian host at Salamis, and we know that they navigated the waters of the Red Sea and of the "Great Green," as they called the Mediterranean, from the earliest times. Under the VIth dynasty, B.C. 3500, we find mention of *ṅmashâû*, "men-of-war," and *uaaû nû âkhenûtï*, "government yachts;" and we have records of voyages to Pûnt and Sinai made by royal officials. Also there is a very old tale of the adventures of a sailor who was wrecked on the enchanted "Isle of Serpents," and was hospitably received by the djinns who inhabited it. In later times the sole instance of Queen Hatshepsû's great naval expedition to Pûnt would be sufficient to vindicate the seamanship of the Egyptians.

Of the people, the artizans *(ḥemtïû)* were sharply distinguished from the peasants *(sekhtïû)*, and there was no love lost between them; a very early story "*The Story of the Importunate Peasant*," tells us of the wrongs and indignities which a *sekhtï* of the Fayûm suffered from an over-bearing *ḥemtï*, of how he complained to the high-steward Meruïtensâ, how the king prompted the nobles to wait and see how many times he would make complaint, and how finally he so charmed them with his importunate eloquence that the *ḥemtï*, after many times of asking, finally got his deserts. The lot of these *sekhtïû*, who were the ancestors of the modern *fellahîn*, was hard. They were mostly freemen, but they rarely moved from village to village, and were practically tied to the land, most of which, under the New Empire, belonged either to the king or to the great priestly corporations. Their great concern was with the proper irrigation of the fertile land by the canals and dykes, with the regulation of the waters of the yearly inundation, when, in summer, the Nile pours down the melted snows of the

* This translation is that of Dr. Erman, considerably modified. *Ægypten*, p. 161.

Abyssinian and Equatorial mountains in a turbid flood which brings life to parched Egypt. The yearly obliteration of landmarks caused by this was the cause of the early development of surveying and geometry among the Egyptians; with them our familiar "Euclid" originated.

Slavery did not originally exist in Egypt; in later times it did, but the only slaves were foreign prisoners of war, some of whom, however, attained positions of great power and influence, recalling that of the Roman freedmen under Claudius. But slavery was never really acclimatised in Egypt; it is the glory of the Egyptians that they never enslaved their own countrymen, as the Greeks did. But then the true national feeling was more developed among the Egyptians than among the Hellenes.

The Egyptian Household was entirely ruled by the *Nebt-het*, or "Lady of the House," the wife-mother, whose position in Egypt was very high. The line of descent was usually traced through the mother, except in the case of the royal house. Altogether, the position of women was higher than in Greece, at Rome, or among any modern oriental nation. Egyptian ladies did not change their fashions about three times a year, but they did change them occasionally, contrary to the usual opinion. They were very fond of using kohl, which they called *mesdemût*, to darken their eyes, and also used a green salve (*uazyt*). The hair was usually worn confined by a broad band; the usual head-dress was a simple flower. Queens sometimes wore a close-fitting cap made like the body of a vulture, the bird of Mâût, the mother-goddess. Men's dress altered considerably from time to time, but its main motive, a long white apron, remained constant. They shaved their heads, thinking their hair a nuisance in a hot climate, and wore great wigs, one of which is still preserved in the British Museum. Boys, however, until about the age of eighteen, wore their hair long and plaited in a thick pigtail which hung over the right ear. Royal princes always wore this *coiffure*, no matter how old they might be.*

The Egyptian house somewhat resembled that of the Greeks and Romans; it possessed a hall, on to which other rooms opened, corresponding to the *atrium*. But it was designed to keep out the heat more than to admit the light; so that open colonnades were rare, and the walls were thick and solid, built of brick. The roofs, moreover, were flat, and being surmounted with awnings, served as a cool sleeping-place during the summer nights, and also, in the towns, served as gardens. The palaces of the nobles and the king were enlarged editions of the ordinary house; each stood in the midst of spacious gardens and vineyards, for Egypt was the original home of the vine. In every house were pets, a cat or an ibis, and whenever such sacred animals died, all the family had to shave their eyebrows in token of mourning. The dog, though not sacred, was greatly prized, and all kinds existed in Egypt, from the homely turnspit to the huge hunting-hound who could tackle a lion. King Rameses II. had, by the way, a pet lion, named S'mamkheftaûf, "slayer of his enemies," who accompanied him to war.

Whole towns have been laid bare, preserved in the sand of Egypt with all their contents, even down to the rag dolls and little go-carts with which the children played.

The walls of the better houses were painted, like those of the "Eternal Houses," the tombs, with scenes of domestic life, of hunting, or of war. The ceilings were usually decorated with beautiful ornamental designs, many of which were adopted by the Greeks, and have been passed on from them to us: nearly all the so-called "Greek" designs of spirals, mæanders, etc., are really Egyptian.* The Egyptian artists excelled in the representation of animal and vegetable life, but they never mastered the most elementary rules of perspective, and, when human beings were portrayed, the most important person of a group was always drawn several sizes larger than the rest. An interesting comparison may be made between their art and that of the Japanese. We are accustomed to depreciate their sculpture as compared with that of the Greeks; in this branch, however, we are as inferior to the Greeks as the Egyptians were, only we are degenerate, while the Egyptians had not reached the Greek level. It is curious that the earliest Egyptian statues were the best; as time went on the Egyptian sculptors became fixed in a certain "manner," in certain conventions, for which they never, except for a brief moment under the inspiration of the remarkable heretic-king Åkhĥåten,† extricated themselves. So their statues became heavy and ponderous, all as if made on one model; but if we look at them more closely, we see that they are conventional, triumphs of conventionalization, of the power of grasping all the salient points of the man or animal represented, and forming them as it were with one *coup* of the chisel, without any unnecessary detail. Very different indeed are they from the weak and laboured works of archaic Greek art, with which they are often unthinkingly compared. Great attention was always paid to the portrait, the rest is summarized as simply as possible. Our art students might do well to devote some portion of their time to the study of the masterpieces of old Egypt.

Nor is the literature of Ancient Egypt less interesting than her art. We have already reviewed its chief points, and given our readers some idea of its range;‡ we will now proceed to consider it more in detail, and then conclude this account of the answer to the Riddle of the Sphinx. We have already mentioned Ånenå, the novelist, who was a junior clerk of the treasury in the reign of King Sety II. of the XIXth Dynasty, about 1200 B.C. He was the author of the famous *Tale of the Two Brothers*, of which we possess the king's autograph copy. The story of the two brothers, Ånpû and Bataû, of the wrongs of the latter, of his flight to the "Valley of the Cedar," of his transformations into a bull and a tree, of how he becomes his own son, and of how he punishes the wicked wife of his elder brother—is well-known; the story was translated by Mr. Budge in *The Graphic* a short time ago, and will be found in the second series of Prof. Petrie's *Egyptian Tales*. Other stories of the same period are *The Tale of the Possessed Princess of Bekhten*, which is an elaborate advertisement of the sovereign efficacy of the god Khonsû for the cure of fits, and *The Tale of the Doomed Prince*, of which the following is a much-compressed summary—

> "Once upon a time there lived a King who had an only son, at whose birth the Seven Hathors had prophesied with one voice that he would die by a crocodile, a snake, or a dog. Accordingly he had been kept away from these animals, but one day he saw a man with a dog, and thenceforth never rested till a puppy was given him. Then he went forth with his dog to seek his fortune in the land of Canaan, and eventually arrived at the court of the King of Mesopotamia. Now the King of Mesopotamia had a daughter, whom he kept at the top of a high tower, and there were at his court many suitors for her hand, but to all of them he said 'Whoever shall climb to the window of my daughter shall marry her.' And not one of them could do it, so, when the Egyptian prince arrived, describing himself as the son of an Egyptian officer, they told him of it. And when he also tried to climb the tower, he succeeded. The old King was terribly angry, and vowed that he would give his daughter to no Egyptian fugitive; but directly his daughter made it clear that she was going to be refractory if he didn't, he gave way, the marriage was celebrated, but they didn't live happily ever after. The Doom of the Hathors still hung over the young prince, and, though he escaped from the snake and the crocodile, he was finally killed accidentally by his faithful dog."

Such is the substance of this ancient tale. A later story is *The Tale of Setnaû*, which is of the sensational order; the scene in which the living man Setnaû plays a game of draughts with a mummy in a tomb for the possession of a magical book, loses the game, and is buried up to his neck by the triumphant mummy, is positively blood-curdling. Earlier stories are *The Tales of the Magicians*, histories which purported to have been recited to King Khûfû; one mentions a sorcerer named Dedi, who, says the reciter, "is a young man of 110 years old, who eats 500 loaves and a joint of beef, and drinks 100 jugs of beer a day." This juvenile old gentleman could join a goose's head on to its body. Middle Empire tales of a different order are *The History of Sanĕhat*, an Egyptian exile who became a prince in Edom before the time of Abraham, and the funny *Story of the Importunate Peasant*, to which we have already referred. Passing from fiction and biography to "heavy" literature, we have various volumes of *Precepts*, such as those of Ptaĥhotep, in which the following ungallant passage occurs—

> "Feed thy wife well, clothe her well, and give her some recipes for pomade, and she will become devoted to thee."

Poetry we have both religious and secular; the following is an example of a naïve lovesong, addressed by a girl to her lover:*—

(1) "'Tis the cry of the goose that waileth,
She is caught by the bait; but I tremble
Because of my love for thee.
I cannot loose the snare, I must carry my net away:
When I come back to my mother,
What will she say?
Every day have I returned with the spoils of my net,
But to-day have I set no snare because of my love for thee.

(2) "'Tis the voice of the dove that speaketh,
She saith 'Tis dawn i' the world!
See it begin.'
Thou, thou bird, dost entice me,
And I find my love at his home,
My heart is joyful.
Ne'er will I turn from thee, my love,
My hand shall remain in thine; when I go out
With thee shall I be in all most beautiful places."

This reminds one very much of modern Arab poetry. The following ode or chant, called the "Song of the House of Antef," is probably that spoken of by Herodotos as "The Song of Manerôs," which was sung when the figure of Osiris was carried round at the feast to remind the revellers of death. It is typically Egyptian.

(1) "All hail to the prince, the good man,
Whose body must pass away,
While his children remain for aye!

(2) "The gods of old rest in their tombs.
And the mummies of men long dead;
The same for both rich and poor.

(3) "The words of Imĥotep I hear,
The words of Ĥordâdâf, which say:—
'What is prosperity? tell!'

(4) "Their fences and walls are destroyed,
Their houses exist no more;
And no man cometh again from the tomb
To tell of what passeth below.

(5) "Ye go to the place of the mourners,
To the bourne whence none return,
Strengthen your hearts to forget your joys,
Yet fulfil your desires while ye live.

(6) "Anoint yourselves, clothe yourselves well,
Use the gifts which the gods bestow,
Fulfil your desires upon earth,

(7) "For the day will come to ye all
When ye hear not the voices of friends,
When weeping avails ye no more.

(8) "So feast in tranquillity now,
For none taketh his goods below to the tomb,
And none cometh thence back again!"

* In the same way Spanish princes and princesses are always called "Infants" and "Infantas," no matter how old they may be.

* See Prof. Petrie's *Egyptian Decorative Art*.
† See Parts II. and IV. ‡ Part I.

* The translation is M. Maspero's, considerably modified. See his *Études Égyptiennes*: i. 244 ff.

The following lines are from the "Song of Amon," an ode in which the god Amen is conceived as addressing Thothmes III.—

(1) "I am come, I give thee to smite the princes of Zah,*
I throw them beneath thy feet; I cause them to see thy Majesty
As a lord of sunbeams who shineth on their faces as my image.

(4) "I am come, I give thee to smite the lands of the West
Kafa† and Asy‡ are in fear of thee, I cause them to see thy Majesty
As a young bull, firm of heart, with pointed horns, whom none can resist.

(5) "I am come, I give thee to smite those who are with their chiefs;
The Lands of Mathen§ tremble in fear of thee; I cause them to see thy Majesty
As the crocodile terrible lord of the waters whom none dare approach.

(6) "I am come, I give thee to smite the Men of the Isles of the Great Sea
With thy roarings; I cause them to see thy Majesty
As the slaughterer who risest on the back of his victim.

(8) "I am come, I give thee to smite the ends of the waters,
The circuit of the Great Sea is grasped in thy fist; I cause them to see thy Majesty
As a swooping hawk who spyeth whatsoever he willeth."

This refers to the great Asiatic conquests of Thothmes III. The next specimen is a hymn to the God Amen—

(1) "I cry, the Beginning of Wisdom is the way of Amen,
The Rudder of Truth.
He giveth bread to him who has none,
He sustaineth his servant,
Let no prince be my defender in trouble,
Let no man consider my petition,
For My Lord is my trust,
I know his power, he is a Strong Defender,
There is none mighty except him alone.

(2) "Strong is Amen, knowing how to answer,
Fulfilling the desire of him who cries to him.
He is the Sun, King of the Gods,
He is the Strong Bull, loving his power."

The last specimen of Egyptian poetry which we give is a little folk-song, which was very common in Egypt; it is called "The Song of the Oxen," and is a typical song of the sekhtïu.

"Thresh out for yourselves, thresh out for yourselves, ye oxen!
The straw for yourselves, the grain for your masters.
Rest not, 'tis cool to-day. O oxen!
Thresh out for yourselves!"

With this we must conclude our account of Egyptian literature; we have seen that it is by no means devoid of interest. The folk-songs of the peasants were simple and pretty, the religious hymns fine and lofty in tone. The religious texts, however, early became obscure, and the more mystic of them appear to us the merest jumble of unintelligible words, in which we often come upon startling indications of primitive savagery.* The semi-religious odes and chants were usually grand, though with a tendency towards super-magniloquence; the idea of death, which was constantly in the minds of the Egyptians, is often alluded to with deep feeling. The folk tale were very like those of other nations, and are far more western and European in character than one would have expected, though oriental traits constantly crop up. The official inscriptions were always magniloquent, their sober prose is constantly interrupted by poetical flights. The same is noticeable in official reports to a minister, in which a junior clerk sometimes bursts into poetry. Wills and other documents were interminably lengthy and abundant; sixteen witnesses had to sign their names to all legal instruments.

With the literature of old Egypt we must conclude our summary of the Solution of the Riddle of the Sphinx, which, we trust, has interested many of our readers, who can now say that Egypt is no longer to them a "land of mummies and mysteries," but the home of a mighty civilisation, which has passed its message to us through Greece and Rome.

To conclude in orthodox Egyptian fashion—*spû nefer m̀ ḥotepit*, "It is well finished in peace."

[THE END.]

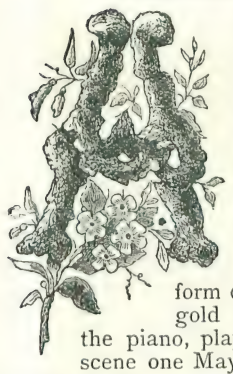
* Canaan. † Phœnicia. ‡ Cyprus. § Cilicia.

* See the passage from the Pyramid Text of Unàs, quoted in Article IV.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.



LARGE concert-hall filled to the doors, with an audience consisting of young and old; in the front seats an august row of professors; on the platform a "concert-grand" and a girlish form crowned with red gold hair, seated at the piano, playing; this is the scene one May afternoon. The pupils of Herr von Drachenfels are giving a pianoforte recital before their friends and the staff of the National School of Music. It is a great occasion, for Herr von Drachenfels is known as the most exacting and brilliant of masters; if anyone can strike the spark of genius from the dull metal, it is he. But the performer on this occasion is pre-eminent even among the aristocracy of the German professor's pupils. She is playing Liszt.

"What is her playing like?
'Tis like the wind in wintry northern valleys;
A dream-pause; then it rallies
And once more bends the pine-tops, shatters
The ice-crags, whitely scatters
The spray along the paths of avalanches,
Startles the blood, and every visage blanches."

To play Liszt really well is a test of artistic power; and Katharine Lovell is playing well. She is absorbed in her music; no agonising nervousness, no terrors of a *débutante* are disturbing her, for she has succeeded in losing self-consciousness in her art. Sir Michael Harrington is enjoying a somewhat rare emotion;—real satisfaction in the performance of one of the pupils under his sway. Herr von Drachenfels is calmly triumphant; calm, that is, in outward seeming, though the gleam in his eye and the gesture with which he tosses back his long hair, speak of exultation.

The audience cannot all feel the wonderful meaning of the music, or rather, cannot all enter into the emotion that it should produce, but there is no one who does not perceive that this is no ordinary performer. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell are delighted and proud. Mr. Lovell appreciates the artistic power; Mrs. Lovell does not, but is nevertheless triumphant to observe the success of her niece. Nora is smiling and sedate by her mother's side; they cannot help hearing the inquiries behind and around them, as soon as the performer has ceased amidst a tumult of applause.

"Who is that?"

"Oh, it is Miss Lovell. She is sure of the gold medal."

"Is she going to enter the profession?"

"I believe so."

"No she is not. She has a very rich uncle, and he will not allow it."

"What a pity!"

"Oh, but she *is* going to be professional, for I heard"—buzz, buzz, buzz.

"Herr von Drachenfels says she is his best pupil."

"Sir Michael says——" and so on, and so on.

A strife was raging in Mr. Lovell's mind. It was nearly a year since Katharine had begged him to allow her to devote her life to music, and enter "the profession." Mrs. Lovell had been horrified, and Nora also. Mr. Lovell had a juster sense of the state of the case and could appreciate modern tendencies; yet he could not make up his mind. He had so far yielded, that he allowed Katharine to make her music a serious pursuit; and thus he temporised. Nothing was permitted to disturb her during the hours sacred to practising or composition. Mrs. Lovell lamented bitterly, when she found her niece could not be carried off at a moment's notice on all sorts of pleasure expeditions. "What on earth is the use of working the poor child to death at that eternal piano?" she would say. "She don't need to earn her living, Richard. I call it too bad."

To all his wife's complaints Mr. Lovell had but one answer. "It's the girl's own wish. I don't say she shall make it her profession, but she shall acquire excellence; and we shall see!"

Needless to state, Katharine was intensely happy. She was not allowed to overstrain her nerves or to overwork in any sense. There are really a great many hours in the day; and she had abundant opportunity for exercise and enjoyment of the social life that fell to her share.

Nora did not understand how her cousin could like such constant application. Her tastes were different, and

she enjoyed the domestic and ordinary routine of a girl "at home" in a luxurious house, leading a busy, happy, and useful life. Katharine too, did not neglect work for others; she now had her class in the Sunday school, her workhouse infirmary to visit on certain days, and above all, Miss Withers' lame brother, whom she constantly went to see, and cheered with gifts of flowers, fruit, books to read, and all the endless little attentions that can be bestowed by the rich and thoughtful on the suffering.

To hear some women talk, one would imagine that a little letter-writing, shopping, and visiting were really sufficient to fill up a day! But we repeat that there are a great many hours from eight in the morning till ten at night! and by careful planning, and strict portioning out so that there are no wasted intervals of time, much can be achieved.

The success of Katharine at this long-anticipated concert was complete. Sir Michael congratulated her warmly; Herr von Drachenfels was ecstatic; the other pupils were, some a little envious, others congratulatory. "There is nothing in music you cannot do; nothing, I tell you!" her master repeated again and again in the green-room. Katharine's cup of delight seemed overflowing; to succeed in what one loves intensely is so happy a lot!

On the next morning, Mr. Lovell called her into his private room after breakfast. Katharine felt tremulous; there was evidently something of importance in the air.

"My dear, I have been thinking very seriously over your future," he began. "I had a few words with Sir Michael Harrington yesterday. I will not deny that your playing impressed me very much—very much. And I have come to the conclusion that it is not for me to place any obstacle in your way, if you really wish to become a professional musician."

Katharine, radiant with joy, was beginning to speak; but he stopped her.

"No, don't say anything just yet. I would rather you thought well over it. And I will not conceal from you that your aunt and cousin do not look on the scheme with favour; but your aunt, as you know, though she does not pretend to be artistic, is the soul of kindness, and she will not put any difficulties in your way. I wouldn't myself have you take an inferior rank; but I think—yes, I really think—you may do well. Now, as to details——"

There was a knock at the door.

"I said we were not to be interrupted," sternly remarked Mr. Lovell, going to open it. But his face changed when the servant handed him a telegram addressed to Katharine. She tore open the envelope: it was from Belle-Rive.

"Mother ill, come directly.

"Duvigny."

Down, down went the fair edifice of hope and joy before the tempest of fear and anguish. "My mother ill! I have heard nothing! what can it be!"

"It is nine o'clock," said Mr. Lovell, practically. "You can catch the Dover express at eleven. Parker must go with you. Have the carriage round in half an hour, Robert, and ask your mistress to be kind enough to step here for a moment."

It seemed a dream-like confusion until Katharine was speeding on her journey with her bewildered escort. The plaudits of yesterday were still ringing in her ears; the prospect of having her heart's desire fulfilled had just been opened before her; but all seemed as nothing in comparison with her grief and fear.

Madame Duvigny had paid her yearly visit to England in the preceding summer, and Katharine was now anticipating the third of such visits. Mr. Lovell, who defrayed the travelling expenses, insisted that his sister-in-law should come at least once in the twelvemonth to see her daughter. Katharine was anxious, self-reproachful, wretched, all in a breath. Oh, if the distance were not so great! How long ago it seemed since she left Belle-Rive for her London home! how much had happened since then! but what would she feel if she lost the mother whom then she so lightly agreed to leave?

It was not wonderful that she was exhausted by the effect of the excitement of her concert, and the shock following closely upon it. Fortunately "Parker," the maid, was an old and trusted servant who had been brought to Belle-Rive on the occasion of the Lovells' visit. When she recovered from her amazement at being whirled off so suddenly, she looked carefully after her young mistress. The fresh air on board the steamer revived Katharine a little, and wearied nature asserted itself so far as to make her sleep during the night journey from Paris to Switzerland.

At last she saw once more the wide plain of the lake glimmering in spring sunshine; she drove up the steep streets, and entered the familiar shabby yard.

The cobble-stones, the disconsolate poultry, the miscellaneous collection of domestic utensils, all were there; and there was Professor Duvigny, shaggy and unkempt, hastening to open the door, with the swarm of plush-headed boys and flaxen-headed girls rushing to greet their sister with a rapture that was only kept in check by constant warnings.

Katharine had left Parker at the hotel on the way. She entered the bare familiar hall, controlling her emotion, and sought all details from her stepfather.

It was a severe attack of *La grippe* (the expressive name for influenza) which had seized poor Madame Duvigny; her chest had never been strong, and now she was ill—oh, very ill! Tears dimmed the poor Professor's spectacles.

Katharine had to command her feelings as best she might when she went into her mother's room. There was a *garde-malade* with a pleasant face, who admitted her. Madame Duvigny was propped up with pillows and breathing with difficulty; she looked very much altered, but a smile spread over her wan features and she pressed her daughter's hand.

"You will soon get better now I have come, mamma dearest!" said Katharine hopefully, mastering the impulse that would have made her fling herself down on the bed and burst into sobs. The patient could not talk, but showed that she rejoiced in her child's presence.

"Does the doctor think that—that she will get better?" Katharine tremblingly asked, as soon as she could obtain a moment's private speech with the nurse.

"Ah, mademoiselle, he cannot say, but there is hope—yes, there is hope. See you, much depends on the house being kept quiet, and the nutriment being of the very best and strongest; but——" Here the nurse proceeded to dilate on conditions that Katharine could only too well appreciate. When the mother, the nurse-in-chief and cook-in-chief was herself laid aside, she suffered from the lack of her own services! The children, though well-meaning, careered noisily about, and the ignorant Swiss girl could not tempt the palate or encourage strength to return by her thin soups.

Here then was an opening for Katharine's energies! Her mother should recover, she vowed to herself, and she set to work to alter the face of things. The strongest beef essence was procured from the English chemist, and she planned meanwhile to ask Mrs. Neville, the chaplain's wife, without loss of time, to teach her how to make the very best and most nourishing of soups. Hers also should be the task of diverting and managing the children, so that nothing should disturb the invalid.

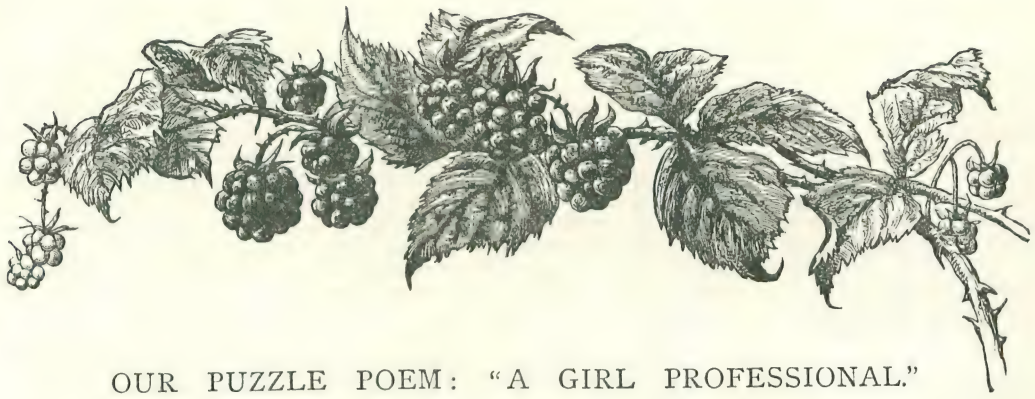
"Of course *he* is no good!" she thought with compassionate scorn of her stepfather.

What Katharine's hand found to do, she did with her might. She ran down that very evening to see her former friends, the chaplain's wife and daughter, listened attentively to all they could tell her, and set to work to put her theories into practice. She and Parker took rooms at the hotel; Katharine herself was seldom there, but she despatched the Duvigny children thither during the worst days of the illness, and employed the trusty English servant in looking after them, far from the scene of action. She courageously attacked the cooking arrangements, and succeeded, as who will not succeed, where energy, capability, and affection are brought into play? The rejoicing nurse declared that Miss Katharine had altered the whole aspect of affairs; and Madame Duvigny slowly but steadily began to improve. How the girl's heart throbbed with joy and emotion when the doctor pronounced her mother out of danger!

"We saw your name down in the *Musical Courier* as playing so beautifully at a "recital" by pupils belonging to the National School of Music," said Lucy Neville who now eagerly sought her former companion's society. "How dreadful for you to have to come off here the very next day! And was it not a trial to leave your lessons and all your musical life so suddenly?"

"The trial," said Katharine rather indignantly, "lay in the fact that my mother was dangerously ill; compared with that, everything else seemed as nothing."

(To be concluded.)



OUR PUZZLE POEM: "A GIRL PROFESSIONAL."

SOLUTION.

A GIRL PROFESSIONAL.

There is a little girl I know
  Who left her home to earn her bread,
She would not "burden father," so
  She followed where her genius led;
O little girl, so brave and true,
May fortune never frown on you.

But poverty and tempting snares
  She feared not and escaped them all;
And yestereve I saw no cares
  Upon her studious forehead fall;
She gave me tea and looked a queen—
O where can all the swains have been!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Eight Shillings Each.

Margaret Archdale, Coltishall, Norfolk.
Annie Fitt, Hockliffe Manor, Leighton Buzzard.
Caroline Gundry, The Vicarage, Cerne Abbas, Dorchester.
Violet B. Harrison, Chesney Wold, Weybridge.
Annie C. Johnson, Seymour Place, Northampton.
Laura Pickworth, Pavilion Boarding House, Buxton.
Beatrice and Ida Rafford, 25, Spencer Road, Bedford.
Mary Roberts, 76, Leyland Road, Southport.
Helen Theilmann, 1, Dorchester Terrace, Hull.
C. E. Thurger, 7, Essex St., Unthanks Road, Norwich.
Annie M. Vivian, Roseville, Winchmore Hill, N.
Florence Whitby, Bridgewater.
Eleanor Whitcher, 21, Hove Park Villas, West Brighton.

Special Mention. (*Equal with Prize Winners.*)

Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Mrs. Grubbe, Elizabeth Lang, Rev. T. L. Lingham, F. Miller, Ellen M. Price, M. J. Champneys.

Very Highly Commended.

Ernest N. Atkins, Adelaide G. Barnes, Nellie Breakspear, Ethel C. Burlingham, Jessie M. Carmichael, Mary I. Chislett, Edward G. Fenner, Miss Fleming, Miss N. George, Hilda Gilbert, Oliver Goldsmith, Edith E. Grundry, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Edith L. Howse, Mildred M. C. Little, Mrs. C. T. McCready, Ethel McGowan, E. Mastin, Mrs. Ellen May, Edith Minter, Winifred Pratt, E. Roe, L. Rowden, Kathleen H. Sharp, Isabel Snell, M. Thomas, Ethel Tomlinson, Hubert Tutte, Alice Varley, Maude M. Walford.

Highly Commended.

F. G. Archer, Clara Arnold, Elsie Bale, Mrs. L. A. Belling, E. Benson, Ellen L. Brigham, G. Browne, Rev. W. M. Butcher, Mary Candler, A. C. Carter, R. A. Carver, Nellie Craze, Fan Cunliffe, Minnie Daintree, Ethel Darbyshire, James Day, A. Duggin, Fanny Duggin, Miss Durrant, Sophia S. Gevers, E. E. Gotobed, Bessie Gray, Maude E. Gray, Maude E. Hayes, Henry Hayward, Edward A. Healey, Margaret K. Hickman, Mary Hinkson, Bertha Holehouse, Lily Horn, Ethel Knight, Carlina Leggett, Ida Lewis, Evelyn Long, Annie G. Luck, Harriet M. Manley, Blanche A. Moody, Mrs. Norman, Margery Nugent, Annie Parrington, Alice M. Pearson, Amy A. M. Plater, Annie E. Potter, Alexandrina Robertson, Ellen A. Rogers, Lilian Short, M. M. Smith, Mary E. Spencer, F. M. Thornes, Hannah Tillotson, Florence Whitlock, Florence E. Wright, Elizabeth Yarwood, Oliver Yeoman.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

A very easy puzzle attracted seven hundred competitors and so large was the number of good solutions that the award was a matter of exceptional difficulty. In order to reduce the number of candidates for the prizes to a reasonable limit we had to reject all who gave "lady" for *girl* in the title. "Young lady" we accepted because the terms ought to be, if they are not, synonymous.

The "lady" solutions find themselves in the Very Highly Commended list in company with two others, which omitted a note of exclamation or of interrogation at the end of the last line.

We were sorry to have to resort to such an arbitrary ruling, but the youth of the heroine was clearly indicated in the verse, and was intended to be apparent in the title.

Again we are obliged to omit a list of honourable mentions, the number of solutions worthy of the distinction being too large for the space at our command. In the examination for the award of the consolation prize at the end of the year, the authors of these solutions will receive due credit for their work.

The seventh line in the puzzle seems to have given the most trouble. The variety of readings given was amazing, but only one could be adjudged equal with the original. "But want and youth-enticing snares."

In the 12th line *Studious* is a more accurate interpretation of the picture than "thoughtful." "Learned" is not so good as either. One reading of this line "Upon her husband's forehead fall" evinced a curious failure to grasp the spirit of the lines.

One of the most encouraging features about the solutions is that only ten girls spelt professional with two "f's." Also, the punctuation is much better than it used to be.

To solvers.—Do not send more than one solution in the same envelope as one is apt to be overlooked, and to come before the examiners too late.

THE MONTH OF RAIN.

A Correction.

Line 7 of the solution should read

"Come let us nestle side by side and sing."

The work of the competitors was adjudged by this reading.—PUZZLE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

MARCH WINDS.

Very Highly Commended.

Edwin Douglas (Barbados), Anna I. Hood (Pas de Calais), Katherine J. Knop (Madras), Mrs. Phillips (Lille), Florence Stephenson (Cape Town).

Highly Commended.

Florence Buchanan (Lucerne), Mrs. Burgess (Madras), Mrs., Clara and Edith Hardy (Australia), Rev. Hy. Lister (Lyon), Mary S. Reid (New Zealand), Ellen Sanger (Pau), Ida and Olga Seifert (Barbados), T. A. Swan (Constantinople).

THE MONTH OF RAIN.

Highly Commended.

Helen L. M. Miller (India).

Honourable Mention.

Bessie Alexander (Jamaica), Patience Bowen (India), Grace Cowley (Winnipeg), Rev. F. W. Flack (Cape Colony), Clara J. Hardy (Australia), Katherine J. Knop (Madras), L. Plunkett (India), Mary Ruttonji (India), Florence Stephenson (Cape Town), Edith Wassell (Queensland).

FANTASY.

Very Highly Commended.

Sophie S. Gevers (Holland), Clara and Edith Hardy (Australia), Ethel Malone (B. W. I.), May Malone (Antigua), Helen Miller (India), Mrs. Phillips (Lille), Ida and Olga Seifert (Barbados).

Highly Commended.

Mrs. N. Browne (India), Mrs. J. H. Reid (Canada).

Honourable Mention.

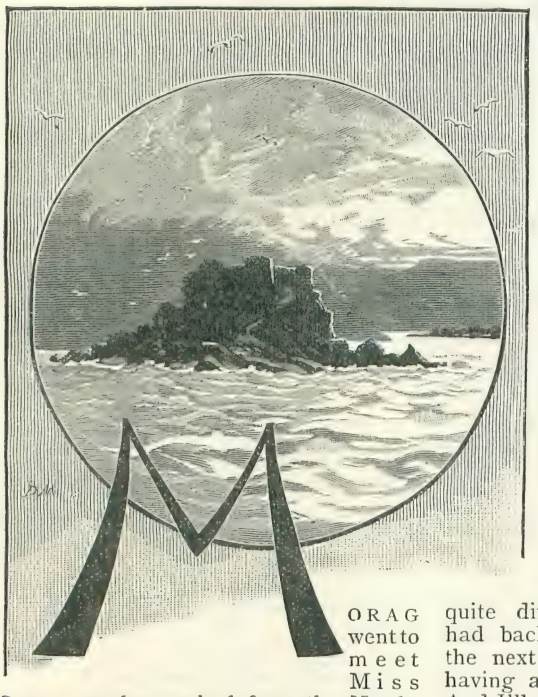
Rev. F. W. Flack (Cape Colony), Annie Ethel Melville (Jamaica), Mary and Minnie Ruttonji (India).

OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WRONGED AND UNFORGIVEN.



MORAG went to meet Miss Soutar on her arrival from the North. She found she was not to stay with Hugh Soutar and his wife, but was to put up at a quiet little hotel on the old-fashioned edge of Central Edinburgh. There was nobody to welcome her but Morag, and Morag went with her to the hotel, where they had tea together, and made an appointment for the following day. Miss Soutar said she was going to spend the evening with her cousins, and as they lived in the George Square direction, but farther out, she and Morag walked so far together.

Morag wondered whether, if she had not known there was some touch of tragic interest in her old friend's relations with the Hugh Soutars, she would have noticed anything in Margaret Soutar not quite like her usual self. As it was, she seemed to Morag somewhat tremulous and highly-strung. There was a light of pathetic expectancy in her face, and then again a cloud.

But for aught she said it might have been but the most commonplace visit to kinsfolk, and Morag, of course, respected her reserve.

The two met again day after day during Miss Soutar's brief Edinburgh visit, but beyond alluding to the hours arranged for her to be with her cousins, she never even mentioned them.

Indeed, she and Morag soon had an all-engrossing subject of conversation, concerning which they took Elspeth Vass into immediate confidence, and then sought council with Miss Brander.

This was nothing more nor less than the suggestion, soon shaping itself into a plan, that Morag should give up her situation in George Square and take that of household helper to Miss Soutar herself, whose new position, with her own time wholly and closely occupied in scholastic work, demanded such assistance from somebody.

Elspeth Vass said at once that there was no use whatever in denying that she thought Morag ought to be in a more responsible situation than she now held under her.

"It's very nice for me that I can trust her as well as I can trust myself," said Elspeth, "but that really means that she's good enough for my own place. And it's idle for me, yet awhile, to be teaching and training no one. Maybe that's my best bit of work. I'll miss Morag long and sore. But I'll not miss her so much as I did when she went away from The Kyle, because now she's less likely to change into something quite different, and who we've once had back safe, it's easier to let away the next time. There's no peace in having anything till we can let it go. And I'll not hold Morag back from her mother's Highlands."

"And yet you hold yourself back from your fatherland, Elspeth," said Morag wistfully.

"The Highlands go with me everywhere whatever," answered Elspeth, "but you did not live there long enough for that."

As for poor Morag herself, she did feel rather torn in two. It was woe to leave Elspeth Vass; it was joy to go to Margaret Soutar. But she knew that there were many more who could fill her place in George Square, than could or would take up such a post as Miss Soutar offered, where the helper would have to do the humblest household tasks and also the higher, to be prepared at once to scrub the kitchen floor and to cook the dinner, and to keep the household accounts. And Morag felt that she ought to be guided as far as possible by the course of growing duty and power of service, since only in these does one find that satisfaction which flies for ever from attempts to gratify personal inclination, generally ending, whatever one does, in one's wishing one had done the opposite!

Then Miss Soutar and Morag went out to Home Cottage and conferred with Miss Brander. Her vote was given without hesitation or reserve, that Morag should go with Margaret Soutar.

"You will be fulfilling my ideal of household help," she said. "For I have an ideal which I am sure will become general reality some day, though I am equally sure that I shall not live to see that. According to my view, household work, 'home-keeping,' should be all women's work, as home-maintaining should be all men's work. These are the two great lines of human life. But just as many men have ceased to do any useful bread-winning work, and live on money made by others. so many women have discarded household work, and live in homes kept in order by others. Hence comes a servant-class, really, to speak plainly, a caste. My ideal would put things on quite another footing. Young and inexperienced girls, for whom there happened to be no work at home, would go out to the homes of other women who had more work than they could do, and needed help, but who would be prepared to live and work with those girls precisely as Mrs. Vass lived and worked with Morag. When these girls grew older and more experienced, as Morag is now, they would become the household helpers of women, who, being bread-winners, are set aside from constant household duty, and in whose homes they would instantly fall into much the same place as that occupied by the wife of the bread-earning husband."

"Of course, I shall wish Morag to make my house her home, and to give me as much of her society as she can," said Miss Soutar.

"Granted," returned Miss Brander, "that is only natural in your individual case, and I believe now, that it is by such individual cases, multiplying and influencing public opinion, that the great mass of household workers will be redeemed from their disabilities and placed on their proper level, which should be, the level of what they are, in character, mind and education, without any reference to their being employed in household work. Once upon a time I used to dwell on mere detail, on the possibility of the household help joining the family table, sharing the family leisure, even, *pace* Punch's ridicule, using the family piano! I have left all that behind. I see now that this would not always be a happy arrangement for grown-up women, save upon a basis of real friendship such as cannot exist everywhere, or, at short notice, anywhere. Nowadays I would not so much alter much existing domestic arrangement as infuse a new spirit into it. There must be official subordination. We know that exists everywhere, even among cabinet ministers. There must be consideration and convenience. (I should not wonder if you two should find that comfort is not always served by her who prepares a dinner sharing that same meal with her for whom it is prepared!) I would not so much insist upon the employer treating the employed on what are called 'terms of equality' as I should look for an improved feeling which would not be in the least astonished to meet that employee as a friend, outside the official relations. The most domineering old government official is not disgusted when he encounters the meekest subaltern in society.

The youth is not treated as contraband in that old gentleman's circle simply because there is a time and a place when he is 'under orders.'

"Once upon a time, too," said Miss Brander, "I used to dream that it would be a grand thing if some lady of rank and fortune gave herself to the duty of elevating domestic work as Florence Nightingale did nursing—by taking up its cross upon herself. I used to say playfully 'Wanted, a heroine, to make herself the greatest and most useful woman of the century and to become the patron saint of all households, one whom everybody would rise up to bless.' But now I see that good fulfils itself in many ways, and seldom twice in the same way. I believe the ennoblement of domestic work will come in more democratic fashion—by the gradual increase of household helpers who are willing to serve those whom they love and honour, and that this little leaven will begin its work in the homes of breadwinning women, who naturally will be the first to recognise and appreciate those who give them the home peace and assurance without which the nerves of breadwinners must fail, and their hearts break!"

Miss Brander spoke earnestly, as one pouring out ideas long cherished. Then changing her tone, she said with a bright laugh, "And household work for girls has this advantage over every other kind of labour, inasmuch as it prepares them for households of their own!"

So it was decided that Morag should follow Miss Soutar to the north, and she spent with Miss Soutar the last hours of that lady's Edinburgh visit. The little tremulous flutter had gone from Margaret's manner, replaced by that kind of calmness which somehow is always suggestive of an "accepted sorrow."

In the twilight of that last evening, she told Morag of her life-long trial. Morag did not care to pain her by letting her know that some of it at least was public property.

Oh, she had loved her young cousin, Hugh Soutar. She had just made an idol of him; she might well have spoiled him, had he been spoilable. He was more than ten years younger than herself, and being all she had in the world, and she all that he had, she had been to him cousin, sister and mother all in one. "She had done her best for him," she owned that. "I could not have found it in my heart to undertake any duty which should prevent me from helping him forward in his education," she said, under which easy euphemism she disguised what Morag found to be the case—that she had put aside an offer of marriage, since its acceptance by stopping her breadwinning, would have also suspended her power to help. "Hugh was so clever, and so bright and so good. There was never a fault to be found in him." Even when his education was complete, she had still been so glad and proud to smooth his path. "I thought I could trust Hugh in everything."

And then, alas! alas! a day came when she found that for months he had been married—and married to somebody of whom she had never heard, and of whom and of the marriage, he would tell her nothing! The blow seemed to stun her for a while—and with returning faculties, all her affection seemed to turn to indignation—she spoke sharp words, bitter words, fierce words. That was all she herself could remember. She put aside the thought of her ignored affection, of her outraged faith. It might have been but the truth she had spoken, but it had not been spoken in love. She had not made enough allowance of youthful impulse, for the strength of passion, wrong and weak perhaps, but yet possibly strong and pure. And she did not wonder that Hugh could not forgive her, nay, not though she sought his forgiveness.

"Why did he not remember that you would never have needed his forgiveness if he had not first needed yours, a hundredfold?" was on Morag's lips, but she checked the words. She saw this was not the comfort her friend's soul craved. Miss Soutar wanted to be wholly wrong herself, so only that Hugh might be excused, if not justified!

"I have to be thankful that he has consented to see me at last, and has invited me to his home," said Margaret Soutar. "He has been very kind—very like his old self. But yet it was different. His wife was very kind too, poor thing. But it is all too late now. For she is dying. And so of course, he can never again feel the same to me. My own rash words have put me aside from the happiest part of his life—and now he can never care much for one who was not the friend of his life's love."

The story illumined much of Miss Soutar's character for Morag. Nevertheless Morag resented her conclusions for her sake. It seemed to Morag that the balance of need for forgiveness inclined the other way, and she thought that probably the young couple would have realised that long ago, if Margaret Soutar had been calmer and more resolute, either by loving less, or by being stronger in self-command. And Morag remembered Elspeth's words.

"There's no peace in having anything till we can let it go."

A few days after Margaret Soutar left Edinburgh to take up her Highland post, Morag saw by an announcement in the *Scotsman* that Hugh Soutar's wife was dead.

(*To be concluded.*)

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Members of the guild are informed that no further fee is required of them to complete the present course, which will carry us forward to the Book of Revelation.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

351. What is known of St. John the Evangelist? How is he described in the Gospel that bears his name?

352. Give some facts which indicate that St. John belonged to an upper class in society. What was the sacred charge given to him by his dying Master? How was it fulfilled?

353. What is known of this evangelist after the Ascension? and with whom was he chiefly associated?

354. What is known of his meeting with St. Paul?

355. With what object, more especially, did this apostle write his Gospel, and what was his primary subject?

356. What miracles of our Lord are recorded by him only?

357. Name the three prayers of our Lord which are to be found in this Gospel.

358. On the shore of what lake was a very important part of our Lord's life passed? Give two references in the Old Testament, and the several names by which the lake was known.

359. What was the final political reason for Pilate's failure to save the life of Christ, after five efforts to release Him?

360. What prophecy in the Old Testament foreshadows the place of our Lord's sepulture, and how was it fulfilled? What royal burial likewise took place in a garden?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A CONSTANT READER. — There is a Deaconess's Training Institution at 41, Ferntower, Mildmay Park, London, N., and The Willows, Stoke Newington, N. At Chester there is the Diocesan Deaconess's Institution, for training gentlewomen as deaconesses. Apply to Sister Violet Hyde. There is another in Liverpool; apply to Mrs. Stephen Menzies, Princes Park, Liverpool. Ladies are trained here for both Home and Foreign Mission work. You should endeavour to improve your writing, as you may have to teach the art. If employed by a society and sent out on mission-work, you would obtain a small salary and your travelling expenses from most institutions.

TRYING TO IMPROVE.—We can only refer you to back vols. of this paper, as the series of articles on "Good Breeding in every position of Life, and under all Circumstances," is not as yet published in separate form.

SARAH WILLS.—There is a Colonial Training Home at Wrockwardine, Wellington, Salop. It is called the Leaton Colonial Training Home; and the education comprises housework, cooking, milking, washing, cutting-out, and plain dressmaking. Also companion-helps are placed in Canada or South Africa. The terms are moderate; girls of the servant-class over twelve years have only 6s. to pay. Address Miss M. E. Eyton, Wrockwardine Hall, Wellington, Salop.

ONE ANXIOUS TO HELP.—Yes, there is such an institution, The Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead. Office, 5, Robert Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

MARGARET.—The half-yearly examinations of the College of Preceptors might suit your purpose, as the certificates granted are recognised as guarantees of a good general education. The fee is 10s. The college is incorporated by royal charter. Address the Secretary, C. B. Hodgson, Esq., Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

MAY, PHILIPPA GREEN, and E. V. BROMLEY.—We recommend you to communicate your wishes both to Mrs. Lewis, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris; and Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

HORACE INMAN.—We regret that your letter has remained rather long unanswered. We have our own Scripture Reading and Study Guild in full work, and we only give information of our own work in that line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SIMPLE GERMAN.—So far as we understand the case, it seems wisest for you to leave your future husband free in the matter, and let him make the decision for himself. Do not press him to marry in the face of his mother's opposition. You do not tell us what his age is nor your own.

THE TIN GEE-GEE.—It is by no means needful to introduce people to each other when they meet by chance in your drawing-room.

N. B. DAISY.—The address of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots is Redhill, Surrey. Office, 36, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.

GIPSY.—A girl of sixteen should get up at seven o'clock A.M., and be in bed by ten P.M. Sitting up late is very bad for young people.

E. L. A.—No, the great bell of Moscow is not the largest in the world; for it is said that there is one still larger in Japan. It is in the Temple of Clars, at Kiuto, and is covered with Chinese and Sanskrit characters. It is peculiar in having no clapper, and is struck outside with a sort of wooden battering-ram. There are larger bells than our own Great Paul, at Amazapoora, in Burmah, and at Pekin, as well as that in Japan; but it is thought that our bell is, in point of volume and tone, the finest in the world. It is now fifteen years old.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—The 3rd of July, 1873, was a Thursday; and the 4th of Sept., 1874, was a Friday.

R. P. S.—1. The value of a George II. guinea of 1734, is from £1 10s. to £2. Extra fine £2 10s.—2. "Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread," is from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, part iii., line 66.

AMARANTH. — 1. The Rheims version of the New Testament was published in 1582, and was a translation made from the Vulgate. A companion translation of the Old Testament was published at Douai, or Douay, in 1609 and 1610, both by Roman Catholics.—2. We think you mean the 47th Psalm. The recognition of the Messiah is still future to Israel, though long past to the Church. See verse 5.

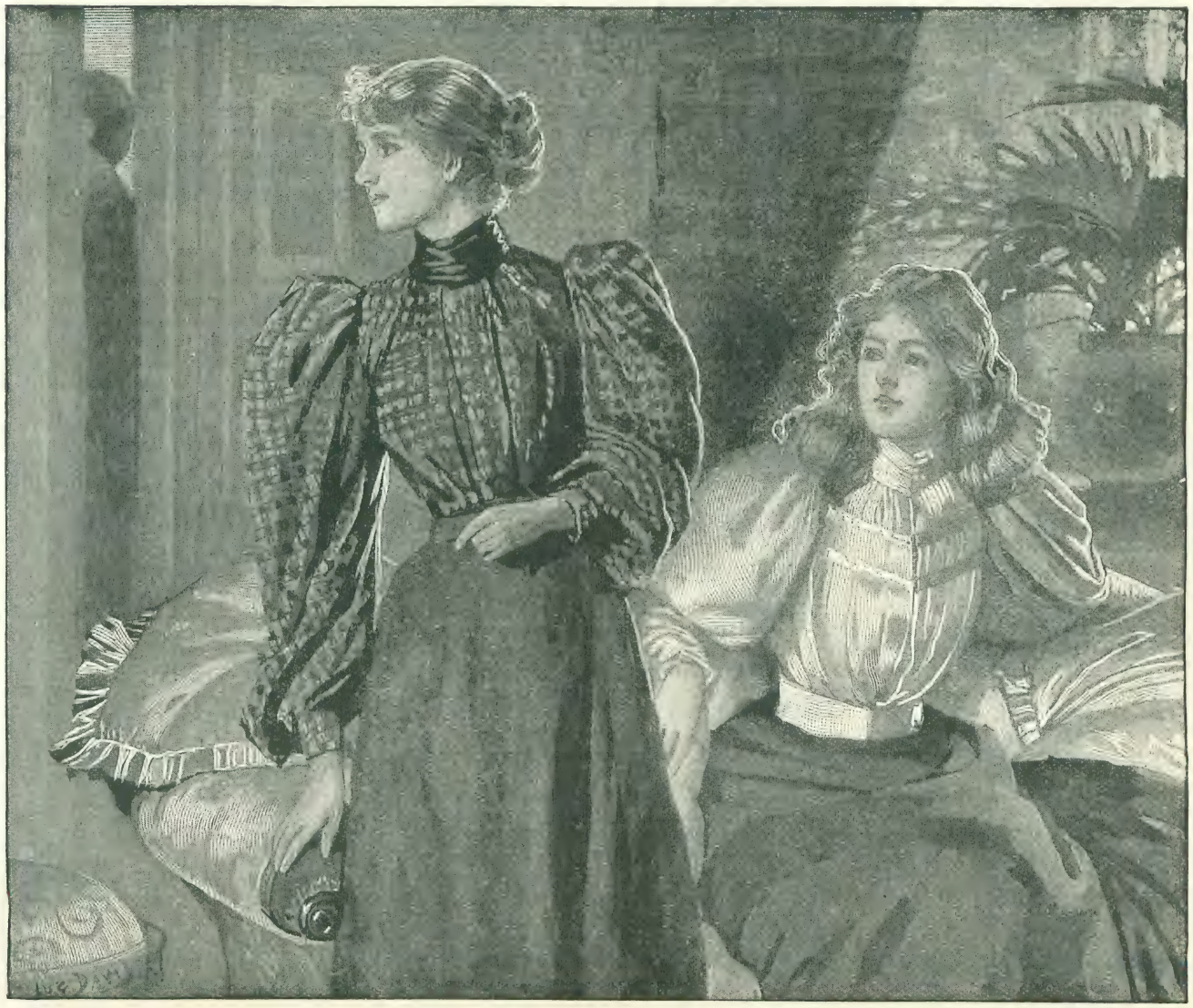
MOONSTONE.—1. *Ervum Lens* is the botanical name of the lentil. The Egyptian lentil is of an orange colour.—2. "Toucher," the Russian word, means faith, or faithful. Perhaps truth would be more sensible to English ears.

SIGNORA.—1. Alberta, means nobly, bright. It is the feminine of Albert. Cecilia, means dim-sighted, is the feminine of Cecil.—2. July 1, 1871, was a Wednesday. June 30, 1876, was a Friday. March 26, 1878, was a Tuesday.

VOL. XVII.—No. 874.] SEPTEMBER 26, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Hill of Angels," "In the Days of Mozart," etc.



"KATHARINE COULD HARDLY RECOGNISE HIM."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"I HAVE had such a delightful letter, Katie. Guess whom it is from!"

Madame Duvigny was sitting in the sunshine beside the lake; little Louis had just brought down the "English post" from home. Katharine was straying on the quay, looking at the mountains, and wondering, as she often wondered, what was to come next, now that her mother was convalescent. Soon the climate of Belle-Rive would really be too hot for the invalid, and then, what was to be done?

"I cannot guess, darling!" answered Katharine, hurrying to her side.

"It is from Mr. Gordon; and he asks you and me to go and spend part of the summer at Craigentulloch! He says it is beautiful in Scotland now, and that it will brace me up. Here is the letter. Of course it is impossible; but it is very kind of him!"

Katharine read the letter attentively.

"Why impossible?" she said after a pause. "You could ask old Mlle. Duvigny to come here and look after the children; the Professor might come to Scotland too, for part of the time, as he is asked. He would like to see Mr. Gordon's fossils! But he would be quite willing for you to go, anyhow, I am sure."

"Oh, my dear child! think of the distance!" faltered Madame Duvigny, tempted by the prospect more than she liked to say.

"You must go away somewhere, and it is more homelike for you than going up to the mountains here," said Katharine decisively. "I shall write to my uncle about it."

The end of the various negotiations was, that Madame Duvigny and Katharine with the long-suffering Parker were soon on their way to England. The journey was broken for a few days at Clevedon House. It seemed strange to Katharine to re-enter her home under such conditions. What would happen after the Scotch visit? Ought she to go and live at Belle-Rive again with her mother and sacrifice her musical life? "Certainly not!" said Mr. Lovell, when she consulted him privately. She tried to feel that she would do what she ought. But at present the time was hardly ripe for any decision. She would let the weeks of this visit go by first; and how delightful it would be! She loved Scotland, and dwelt with rapture on the thought of seeing her mother revive into perfect health.

It was an enchanting summer evening when they drew into the little station of Craigentulloch. Mr. Gordon, beaming with kindness and hospitality, waited on the platform; the carriage was outside.

"Come away, come away!" was his greeting. "Jean and Mary will be just beside themselves with joy to see you."

And there, as they drove up, were Mrs. Percival and Mary, on the steps of the dear old house. The evening sunshine was slanting on the misty mountains and the gleaming loch; the park lay in peaceful solitude, the place looked fairer than even Katharine had thought it could look. She had left the region of magnificent mountain and lake scenery; but this too had a beauty all its own.

The two friends, parted for upwards of a year, embraced each other with girlish eagerness of affection. It was a pleasant meal that followed, in the old oaken dining-room, while the last rays of sunlight pierced through the mullioned windows. Mrs. Percival looked calm and peaceful, younger than when Katharine had last seen her. The Laird's conversation ran largely on Douglas, whom he evidently cherished as a son—his success at the Edinburgh University and his prospects of success in the world of literature. Already he had created an impression by one or two magazine articles of originality and force. "He'll make his mark, the lad will!" repeated the proud uncle more than once. Douglas was soon to come home, and then, as Mary said to Katharine, there would be excursions without end.

How bright Mary looked! Her limp had grown scarcely perceptible, due, as she told Katharine, to the attentions of a first-class Edinburgh surgeon. And how she had improved! Good food, pure air, and the absence of grinding anxiety, had done wonders for her development; she was, as Katharine told herself over and over again, really lovely. The Laird was very fond of her.

"And so you are growing famous, Katie," she said with proud affection to her former schoolfellow. "I read in the paper—Miss Withers posted it to me—of your success at the concert. You will be making music your profession, she says."

"I don't know—all is unsettled yet. And you—what about your painting?"

"I am always busy in my own studio, and uncle talks of our going to Italy some day. That, too, is indefinite just now."

"Well, there is no hurry," said Katharine, reverting to an idea that was very constantly in her mind. Douglas would no doubt marry Mary. He had been struck with her on the first day they met. They were inmates of the same house; what more natural? Soon Douglas would come home, and then she would see.

He came; though Katharine could hardly recognise in the fine young Scotchman, with the athletic form and curly hair, the freckled, long-limbed lad who had appeared before her at Belle-Rive. His joyous laugh was the same. He seemed, however, half abashed on greeting Katharine; as though she were a stranger. But he was eager in urging her to play on the evening of his arrival, and hung over the piano enthralled by the strains of the wonderful Liszt music.

"A man need feel honoured with a painter and a musician of genius both under his roof," he proclaimed. "The Arts are well represented."

"And you are going to represent literature, I hear," suggested Katharine. "So Craigentulloch may be considered a 'Temple of the Muses' all round."

The three young people amused themselves with this conceit, as young people will make merry on the slenderest of material.

The subject of Katharine's future career, however, came up in earnest between mother and daughter ere long. Madame Duvigny emphatically told her child that she was not to return to Belle-Rive. All was to be as it would have been had not this illness occurred. "My home is no sphere for you, darling; and I owe it to your uncle and aunt, if not to you, to put no obstacle in your way for the future. I should be unhappy to have you go back to that life; it would be impossible. Only let us meet as often as we can."

And no one knew what it cost the mother to make that sacrifice; but she felt and knew: "I have chosen my own path, and must abide by the consequences."

Katharine was dubious and half unwilling, but letters from her uncle put the matter forcibly, and she gradually reverted to the scheme of life which he had proposed on the morning she had received the Swiss telegram. She would become a professional musician, and work her way into the very front rank. Meanwhile she was to have rest and enjoyment, after all her anxiety, and she threw herself into the holiday with the ardour of a girl of twenty. Fame and hard work were very delightful, but it was also delightful to "frivol" with young companions. The bracing Highland air lent fresh glow to her colour, fresh alertness to her tread. Every day of the glorious July weather saw some new delight. Sometimes it was a long drive to distant moor or loch and a picnic; sometimes it was a leisurely row on the lake in the Craigentulloch grounds; but always it was something in which Mary could take a part.

How fond Douglas was of Mary! Katharine remarked new signs of it each day. He was attentive to her slightest wish; always ready to help her with his arm when she was weary, to fetch and carry for her, to render her all the trivial services that could be devised to brighten her life. To Katharine herself, his manner was sometimes on the other hand, formal and constrained. Katharine fell into the habit of musing frequently on the future of the two young people. They would marry by-and-by, and perhaps live at Craigentulloch, with the Laird and Mrs. Percival, or have a little house in Edinburgh; perhaps they would alternate between the two. Katharine herself would be

far away in London, achieving distinction, and taking a benevolent, old-maid, aunt-like interest in the young couple. That would be her future. She would never marry; certainly not. The claims of her art would forbid it. Sometimes, to the blithe joyousness of a day out of doors in the brilliant sunshine with her mother and friends, would succeed a fit of melancholy, and, to Katharine's horror, her lot would not appear so tempting after all. "Will you not be lonely?" a tormenting voice would whisper. "Your mother will be far away, so will these dearest of friends; your aunt and uncle and Nora will represent all the love, all the family life you will ever know. Will not you want some one else to take an interest in these great successes that are coming; will they not lose their sweetness if——"

At this point Katharine would resolutely stop her ears against the tormenting suggestions, and meditate anew on the delights of her art, and the loftiness of the life she meant to lead.

One day the party had driven up a wild glen to the Laird's shooting-box, whither there was some talk of their migrating about the twelfth of August. The house, now uninhabited, lay among trees on the banks of a lonely mountain loch; the mountains were all around. It was a wild and glorious spot, and Katharine was ecstatic at the thought of coming to stay there awhile. After the merry picnic luncheon on the shingle by the lake was over, she moved away alone. Douglas and Mary were together below, talking as usual in their bright, familiar way; they would not miss her. Higher and higher she climbed among the bracken, and the spell of the solitude laid hold upon her.

"What does it mean? the passionate pleasure,
Tinged by a yearning no lot fulfils;
That floods the young heart without stint or measure,
Afar on the great lone hills?"

Something of this questioning was in her mind. She stopped and gazed around her; the steely, dark blue waters of the loch shimmered below; the mountains, in changeful hue of sunshine and shade, stood like sentinels around it. Afar she caught a gleam on the shoulder of Ben Voirlich. She sighed—

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,
'What pleasure lives in height?' the shepherd said;
'In height and cold, the splendour of the hills.'"

It was Douglas's voice, and he appeared suddenly from behind a great rock.

"True to your character of starting up from the earth when nobody expects you!" she cried gaily.

"True to yours, of dreaming; till you cannot see a body climbing up from the valley straight towards you," retorted Douglas.

"I was not dreaming; I was thinking of Herr von Drachenfels at the National School of Music this very day, tearing his hair because I am missing all my lessons."

"Let him rave!" responded Douglas, but he was evidently not thinking of Herr von Drachenfels. "Shall we rest here a little while?"

Katharine assented, and they sat down on a flat stone. Neither seemed inclined to speak, till all at once Douglas looked at her, strangely as it seemed; and she trembled.

"I cannot help it!" he burst out. "I must speak!"

"What can you mean?" Her tone faltered in spite of herself.

"I promised my uncle once I would wait awhile—till we were older—'Bide a wee,' he always said. Well, I have bided, and I'll bide no longer! Katharine! will you be my wife?"

Oh, wonder of wonders! Could he be jesting? But no! his face was sufficient proof that he was very much in earnest.

"Ever since I saw you first, and we used to roam about at Belle-Rive, I've had the thought, the dream—it's aye been with me, and now I can wait no longer. Katharine! speak to me!"

In her confusion, her tumult of thought, the girl caught at her one coherent idea—her former conviction. She leapt to her feet.

"You're treating me ill!" she cried vehemently. "Let me go, Douglas—it's not me at all, it's Mary, you know it is! You know you're fond of each other, so how dare you say this to me?"

"Mary!" Douglas looked whimsical in spite of his emotion. "I would have thought I might be allowed to know myself which it was I was fond of! Mary and I are just brother and sister. We agreed it should be so; we're first cousins, and would never think of anything more. She knows about this, and wishes me success with all her kind heart. No, it's you, Katharine, it's you!"

"But my music? No, Douglas, I am going to devote myself to my art." Katharine drew herself up heroically, though her lip trembled. "Marriage is not for me."

"I'll not ask you to give up your music. Are there no married musicians? You shall go on as you like with your study till we can be married, then——"

And Douglas drew a fairy picture of a home in "the modern Athens," where he and Katharine should dwell, each happy in the pursuit of the chosen art. Then he broke into passionate pleading, growing more and more urgent as she hesitated.

No girl was ever more bewildered and startled by an offer of marriage than was Katharine Lovell. It shot athwart all her preconceived ideas of life. She tried to argue, struggle, temporise, but was conscious through everything that a new world of exquisite joy and beauty was opening before her.

As this was so, she could not but prove the weakest in the fray; and when at last they descended from the mountain, she and Douglas Gordon were betrothed. Their party were awaiting them on the shingle.

* * * *

"And what will be the meaning of all this delay? But you need not tell us what you've been saying! I see it in your face," cried the Laird, excitedly shaking his fore-finger. "Douglas, you rogue, how dare ye!" But a smile was in his eyes.

"I wish you joy, dearest Katie, with all my heart!" cried Mary falling on her friend's neck. And Madame Duvigny, bursting into tears, drew Katharine aside and whispered—

"There is no one I could have loved and welcomed so dearly as a son."

Smiles and tears! So the world goes on; some to suffer, some to rejoice; some to walk in the sunshine, some to stay in the cloud; and so it will be till the end of time.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

PAID FOR BY LABOUR.—Labour is the price which has been paid for all things: money is only the representative of labour; it was not by gold or silver, but by labour that all the wealth, all the refinements, all the means of comfort in the world, were originally purchased.

WASTED YOUTH.—She who lies in bed all a summer's morning loses the chief pleasure of the day; she who gives up her youth to indolence undergoes a loss of the same kind.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.—She who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT DRUDGERY.—Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

INGRATITUDE.—One ungrateful girl does an injury to all who are wretched.

AN ANSWER TO CALUMNY.—To persevere in one's duty is the best answer to calumny.

THE Queen of Portugal, who is an adept in the use of the camera, has lately taken Rontgen photographs of the waists of the ladies of her Court, to prove to them the evils consequent on tight-lacing.

ARGUMENT.—"Never argue," says the late M. Alexandre Dumas, "you will never convince anybody. Opinions are like nails, the harder you hammer at them, the deeper you drive them in."

THE HORRORS OF SOCIETY.—In repeating the titles of books, amusing blunders are sometimes made. We have heard of a lady who wished to possess a copy of Dr. John Brown's delightful *Horæ Subsecivæ*—"Hours of Leisure," but not having caught the title accurately, or failing to understand it, she ordered from her bookseller, "Dr. John Brown's *Horrors of Society*."

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Other People's Stairs

CHAPTER XXVII.

HAMISH AND MORAG.

Morag started for the north, taking with her a sweet little watch, a parting gift from "the masters," and also Elspeth's last injunction that, as she was to stop in Sillerton and spend a day or two with Aunt Rebecca, she must be sure to see Hamish, now an assistant-master in one of the Sillerton public schools.

Morag found poor Aunt Rebecca very much "failed," and she found Gladys very fretful and faded. But she found her ancient pensioner, the deserted cat, still living in the old charwoman's charge, and she had Miss Soutar's consent that she should bring it with her, in a basket, and let it take up housekeeping with them.

And did she see Hamish?

Oh yes, she saw Hamish.

Well?

She was in Sillerton four days, and she saw Hamish four times. It was he who helped to pack the cat. She laughingly told him of his sister's declaration that "a man-body was a grand standby."

Then she went on into the Highlands, not her old Kyle Highlands, yet not so very far from them, and took up her duty with Miss Soutar.

(And to own the whole truth, Hamish wrote to ask whether she had arrived there quite safely!)

After she had been with Miss Soutar for more than a year, two astounding pieces of news came to them — one apiece — on the same day, as things will happen. Morag's news was, that Hamish Vass had received the appointment to the old Kyle school, where Morag's father had been master!

Miss Soutar's tidings were of a different sort. They were tidings of joy, too, surely, for there was the silvered outlines and monograms which signify marriage announcements. Yet Miss Soutar sat like one struck, and then, rising without a word, she put the missive into Morag's hand and left the room.

Hugh Soutar was married again!

Morag knew all that meant to her friend. It meant that he had been first undutiful, and then relentless, for the sake of a love which had no power to bind him in constancy! It meant that he had wounded and shadowed the life of the kindest and truest friend of his youth for the sake of one, whose memory he could easily and readily put aside for newer delight. He had cost Margaret Soutar dearly, for the sake of something which after all he himself held but cheaply!

Probably he never really knew how he had hurt Margaret's life. The great human tragedy is, that affection given by one measurement, is so often received by another!

Margaret and Morag never spoke on the subject. Morag saw that Margaret wrote a brief note of acknowledgment of the news, and days after Morag found that she had discovered a new level whereon to blame herself rather than Hugh.

"When we expect from people more than they are," she said, "we have only ourselves to scold when we are disappointed. The others are to be pitied, and I fear our misplaced expectations may sometimes do them much wrong."

* * * *

When Hamish Vass was settled at the Kyle (and "the masters" gave Elspeth a holiday to help in his establishing), he insisted that Miss Soutar and Morag should come there for a visit to see the old place.

What made Morag take with her that old New Year's card which had lain waiting "for Hamish" for so many years? Could she have foreseen that Hamish meant to show her the treasured handkerchief marked with her childish needlework, of which Elspeth had reminded her?

What did they say to each other—Hamish and Morag—one glorious evening when they wandered beside the blue waters, and paused to gaze at the island, which in the translucent atmosphere, looked like an ethereal land dropped down from heaven.

Why did they go home by the little quiet churchyard? Why was there such a mingling of tears and smiles on Morag's face. And why, oh, why, was there a little ring on Morag's hand where never a ring used to be?—a useful little ring—one of the sort which need

not be taken off when one is "washing-up" or "making bread"—an "engagement ring" as strong and serviceable as a marriage ring itself.

But Morag has not yet taken up her home in the Kyle school-house. She is still with Margaret Soutar. For Hamish told her, plainly, that he must ask her to wait for him till he had "requited" Elspeth for all her sisterly sacrifices. And then Morag knew indeed that she had won a love worth having—"that love of one" made in the same piece with the love of God, of duty and of all the world.

Morag is making her own wedding-dress at this very hour.

[THE END.]

STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

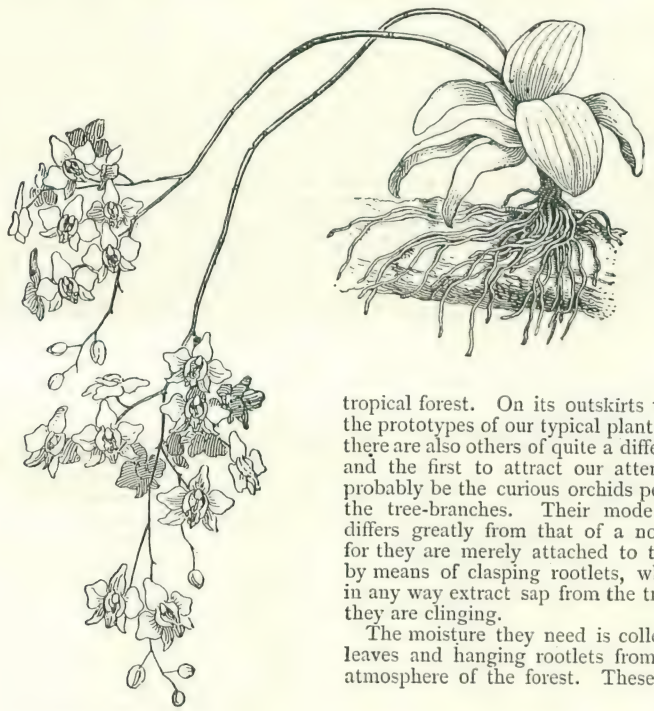
PART XII.

HABIT OF GROWTH IN PLANTS.

My readers have possibly noticed that in the previous chapters my aim has been to describe the various organs of a plant, and that I have tried to show not merely the botanical meaning of the many differences in the organs of allied species, but to point out also how these structures are adapted to help the plant to multiply itself. The object of this final chapter is to take a more general view of plant-life, and to give some idea of the different habits of plants; how in their struggle to grow and reproduce themselves they form such habits as tend to assist them in this effort, and also how entirely, in some cases, they differ from our ordinary conception of plant-growth.

We have already seen how beautifully plants are adapted to the life they have to lead, how they are specially fitted to grow in some particular place and climate, and now I will ask my readers to study with me certain of the varying habits of plant-life. A typical plant of an ordinary kind grows, of course, in the earth, produces root, stem, and leaves, and finally flowers, which are the origin of fruits and seed; by the latter the plant is again produced, and by this circular action the continuity of that particular plant is maintained.

Let us now, in imagination, peep into a tropical forest. On its outskirts we shall see the prototypes of our typical plant; but inside there are also others of quite a different aspect, and the first to attract our attention would probably be the curious orchids perched upon the tree-branches. Their mode of growth differs greatly from that of a normal plant, for they are merely attached to the branches by means of clasping rootlets, which do not in any way extract sap from the tree to which they are clinging.



PERCHING ORCHID.

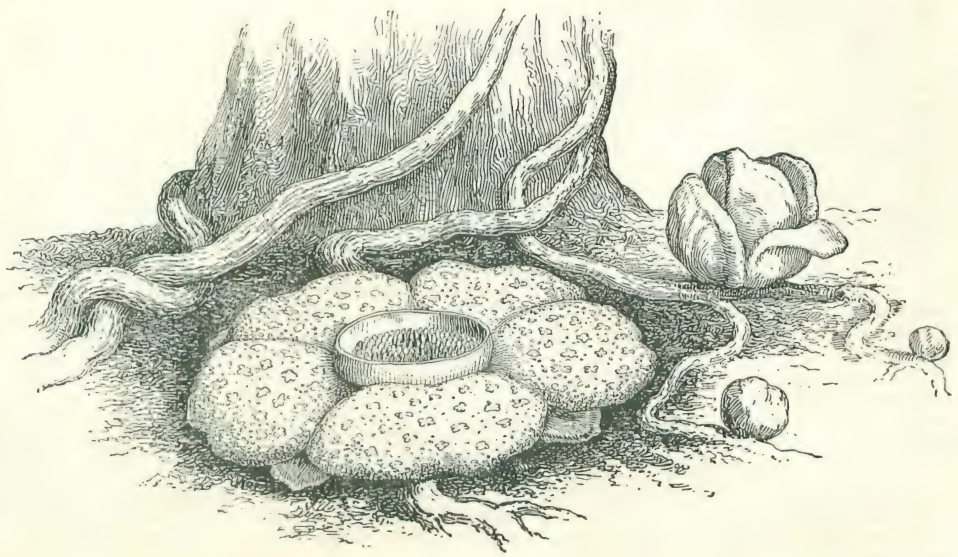
The moisture they need is collected by the leaves and hanging rootlets from the humid atmosphere of the forest. These plants that have acquired a perching habit sometimes grow to an immense size, and where they do so vegetable *débris* accumulates about their lower leaves and roots to such an extent that it serves to supply them with needful food.

This habit of growth is not confined to the lovely orchids; mosses, lichens, ferns, and many other plants have acquired a similar mode of growth, and the various ways by which they attach themselves to the bearer plants would form an interesting subject of investigation. It is a not uncommon error to regard these perching plants as parasites, but this term is properly used for plants which actually feed upon the branches of the trees where they grow, and of course seriously injure the trees by so doing. The orchids, on the other hand, do not in any way injure the branch upon which they rest. Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his later poems has, with a poet's license, which in this case is contrary to fact, described the perching orchid thus—

> "For in the groins of branches, lo!
> The cancers of the orchid grow."

This inaccurate observation is, however, more than atoned for by the wonderful insight Stevenson has given us into the character of woodland strife, the ceaseless struggle for light and air which goes on in tropical forests.

In studying the parasites as a group of plants associated by the same habit of growth, we are led to the conclusion that there is some difference after all in the morality of plants! Here, for example, we are confronted with a group of plants that differ entirely from those we have hitherto examined. The mistletoe, which is the commonest type, is certainly



RAFFLESIA ARNOLDII.

lower in the social plant-scale than the perching orchid, the latter with its leaves and rootlets being enabled to earn its own living, while the mistletoe sends its roots down into the soft sap of the branch upon which it is growing and—there is no other name for it—steals its means of living and growing from the substance of the poor tree upon which it preys. It is true it does in a half-hearted kind of way assimilate a little gaseous food for itself, but the sickly metallic hue of its leaves is evidence that even in this respect it is shirking its proper duties of nutrition.

If we desire to study the curious habits of parasitic plants, the two examples referred to in a previous chapter, the clover-dodder and the yellow rattle, will afford good examples, the latter plant being easily obtainable in fields where the pasture is poor and scanty. Very curious are the modifications and contrivances developed by plants which have acquired this habit of parasitism, especially amongst such weird tropical species as *Rafflesia*, a huge parasite growing on the *Cissus* in Sumatra. When the leaves and flowers of the cissus have withered, then here and there a huge knob protrudes from the stem or root, and this grows in time to an immense stemless flower, measuring more than three feet across, its cup frequently containing as much as twelve pints of liquid, and the weight of the whole flower being said to be about fifteen pounds.

Differing a little in habit from the parasites are the *saprophyte* plants, which live on decaying vegetation. The little brown leafless orchid called the bird's-nest orchis is of this character, as well as the equally curious coral-root orchis. These plants, as well as many other parasites, are destitute of chlorophyl, and are therefore dependent on organic material for food; this they obtain either as we have seen from living plants or from decaying organic matter. In their efforts to obtain a needful supply of light and air, some plants assume climbing habits, using as supports other trees and plants, to the very obvious disadvantage of the latter. We can well understand how, in a tropical forest, the weak-climbing plants strive to pass out of the shaded recesses and force their way to the tops of the slower growing trees, in order to obtain the share of light, moisture, and air which are essential to their existence. Very vividly has the late Mr. Louis Stevenson described such a scene in a tropical forest—

"The hooked liana in his gin
Noosed his reluctant neighbours in;
There the green murderer throve and spread,
Upon his smothering victims fed,
And wantoned on his climbing coil
Contending roots fought for the soil
Like frighted demons; with despair
Competing branches pushed for air."
* * * *
"So hushed the woodland warfare goes
Unceasing; and the silent foes
Grapple and smother, strain and clasp
Without a cry, without a gasp."

I may explain that the "murderer" alluded to is a species of fig-tree which, in its early youth, climbs up the trunks of other trees, and by means of its clasping roots so constricts their stems that they ultimately perish.

In pleasing contrast to this phase of vegetable growth is the habit which indicates to us something of mutual help and co-operation. In the *compositæ* we find many instances of a habit of growth that bears distinctly upon this "help-one-another" mode of life. A common daisy will serve as a type-flower of this kind. The little head is a colony of flowers, but so close is the association of its individual florets that it is usual to regard it as one flower rather than a distinct inflorescence composed of numerous separate and distinct flowers.

In order to understand the mutualism displayed by this little flower, we must remember that it is an insect-fertilised blossom, and, therefore, insects must be attracted to it. If we carefully dissect a flower-head we shall find first a ring of strap-shaped flowers on the outside, constituting the ray florets—these are imperfect;* but placed side by side on the outer edge they become conspicuous; then we find in the centre of the flower-head a number of tiny yellow flowers, each one containing stamens and pistils What wee things they are, and if they were developed singly how inconspicuous they would be! When, however, they are grouped side by side in the centre, and further, when the outer florets are of a different colour and shape, what a beautiful and symmetrical whole they make! Truly this is another rendering of the maxim, Union is strength. From a different point of view the arrangement is equally interesting. The white and pink tipped florets of the ray are not capable of bearing seed, and yet we see how they help those florets that are perfect by their attractive appearance; then at night or on a cold rainy day these same ray florets bend over and completely cover up the florets in the centre which are busy producing seed. My readers will find a rich field of investigation open before them in studying the flowers of the daisy family, and finding out for themselves how the florets are grouped together, and to what extent this principle of co-operation can be traced.

CORN BLUE-BOTTLE.

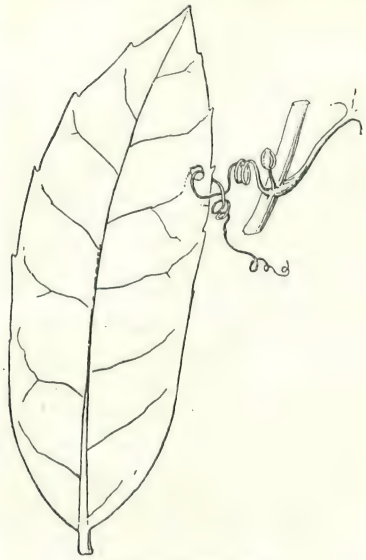
Students will find the corn blue-bottle especially interesting; the large outer florets contain no organs of reproduction, but still they are brightly coloured and highly attractive to bees; the inner florets, with their protruding stigmas and anthers, are much smaller; they are the seed-bearers, and cannot fail to receive pollination when the bee alights on the flower-head, allured by the showy outer florets, which apparently exist solely that they may draw insects to visit the unattractive flowers of the disk.

The direct influence of the separate parts of a plant upon one another, and the very distinct habit of associating together that they may attain some end such as the visits of insects, leads us to consider two other aspects of plant life, both of which are so full of interest that no botanical work can now be considered complete without some reference to the matter. If we carefully dig up a clover plant or a broad bean and examine the little rootlets we shall observe some small knobs or swellings upon them. These swellings are only found here and there on some of the roots, so that their presence is not a normal condition. Placing one of these knobs under a powerful microscope, we shall find it to be not ordinary root tissue but a substance teeming with countless numbers of rod-like or rounded atoms which botanists who have investigated the subject tell us are bacteria, *i.e.*, inconceivably small one-celled plants which are often the cause of terrible diseases. But some of these mysterious organisms, on the other hand, are capable of beneficial results. It has of late been clearly proved that leguminous plants having these colonies of bacteria on their roots possess the power of assimilating the free nitrogen that forms such a large proportion of atmospheric air. When therefore a farmer sows his wheat in a field previously occupied by clover he finds the clover roots left in the soil contribute the best possible supply of nitrogen to the wheat crop. This seems a remarkable fact, since vegetable physiologists have hitherto insisted upon the fact that plant life is unable to make use of the free nitrogen of the air. The other instance of strange habit is that of a connection which exists between certain trees on the one hand and the threads of spawn of some fungi on the other. If the roots of the white poplar are examined minutely, quite a mantle of whitish threads will be found covering the growing point. It is said by that eminent botanist, Professor Kerner, and by others that, as the roots are developed from the young seedling-tree, they are enclosed in the meshes of the fungus, and that this particular fungus is always a close associate of the roots as they grow in all directions. This fact we can see when we dig up the roots, but the most striking part of the story is this, that between this fungus root and the roots of the tree there is an organic connection, a division of labour which results in the tree receiving from the thread-like filaments of the fungus (*Hyphæ*) both moisture and certain food stuffs from the ground, whilst the fungus gets in return such organic food as the tree has produced by means of its green leaves. Such cases as these present to us a manner of growth that is akin to social habit, and, strange as the union may appear, the circumstance is by no means uncommon in the vegetable kingdom. Stranger still perhaps is the union that is sometimes to be found between plants and some member of the animal world, of which union I will give an example. On one of the larger species of sea-anemones (*Anthea cereus*) are small yellowish spots, which at one time were supposed to form part of the animal itself. But now the spots turn out to be vegetable cells, which can be isolated and induced to continue growing after the death of the anemone. The yellow spots are small algæ, and are furnished with chlorophyl. We must not regard the algæ as parasites on the sea-anemone, because they split up the carbon dioxide under the influence of sunlight, and by so doing supply the anemone with oxygen for respiration, whilst the starch formed in the protoplasm of the algæ passes by diffusion into the anatomy of the animal. The transaction does not end here; the algæ in all probability receives nitrogenous substances in return, so that there is a mutual interchange.

These are but one or two of the many wonderful phases of vegetable life, and I hope by thus briefly sketching a few of them my readers will be stimulated into a greater desire to explore God's marvellous works in Nature. There is an endless succession of such wonders to be investigated, but in order to find them we need a careful spirit of observation, passing nothing by without trying to learn something of its life history. Every hedgerow is full of

* Barren.

delightful problems which will reward the interested student. A single field has been found to contain as many as fifty different species of plants, and every month of the year will present a new aspect of life. In the early spring we have the germinating seed and the tiny growing



BRYONY TENDRIL.

moss. A little later the opening buds with their wealth of interesting points to study, then the unfolding of the leaves and the gradual development of the flower. Here and there a climbing plant will engage our attention, its mode of climbing, its modification of part or parts to enable it successfully to overcome difficulties, its acceptance of help by the way—as in the case of a bryony tendril I once came across which cleverly attached itself to a minute hole in a laurel leaf—these and many other items will interest us in our walks if we keep our eyes open.

Then, as summer slowly passes away and autumn approaches, the fruits will engage our attention; their forms and shapes and modes of dispersion will afford ample subjects for study.

Winter, too, still brings its store of pleasure for the young botanist. Nature is not dead—she only sleeps. Nay, unless there is hard frost and deep snow the field for observation is just as wide and the harvest as plentiful as at any other season. Look on the old apple-trees and see what a host of tiny plantlets there is there to glean. Here are pale green bearded moss and lichens, there a branch, perhaps, lies on the ground dead and decaying, under whose mouldering bark, if we have keen eyes, we may discover tiny tufts of the *Mycetozoa*, whose capsules, under the microscope (and in some cases even with the naked eye) are seen to give off clouds of spores, actually thrown out by the active movements of fine waving threads, a sight never to be forgotten when it has been watched under favourable circumstances. Winter is also rich in its harvest of mushroom-like fungi; these will well repay a little study. We shall be led to note their form, colour, mode and habit of growth, how they affect certain trees and soils, and the important difference of some kinds being eatable and others virulently poisonous; the mere book student can know very little of the keen pleasure enjoyed by those who thus think about what they see, and are ever adding to their stock of knowledge by personal observation. I may close with some true and beautiful thoughts by one * who is herself a reverent student of the book of Nature.

"No pleasure is more sure and none less costly than that of watching day by day the signs of the coming spring; than the delight of seeing unexpectedly the first primrose and of finding that the anemones and hyacinths are pushing their way to the sunshine. Year by year the miracle of spring-time, when the green leaves are shaken forth from the hard bud, is more

TRICHIA THROWING OUT SPORES.

miraculous. Summer after summer the lilies are fairer, the wild roses more exquisite, and on through the seasons the varying pleasures succeed one another. These things never pall; and if the time should come when we can no longer go out to the hills and woods to welcome the spring and revel in the bounty of summer we know that the past is not lost. The fair remembrance of the flowers of the field is safe in our hearts, and will 'flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.'"

* Miss Blanche Atkinson, Founder of the Barmouth Branch of the Selborne Society.

REPLIES TO OFTEN-ASKED QUESTIONS.

I am seventeen years old, under five feet high and very stout, can you help me to improve my appearance?—You should not remain too long indoors, especially not writing or studying, but take plenty of exercise in the fresh air, in the country if possible. As regards your diet, very little farinaceous food and no alcohol should be taken, but there is no advantage in limiting the amount of fatty food. For exercise you should walk about three miles a day, and do besides a little gymnastic exercise.

What should be the contents of a medicine cupboard for an isolated country cottage?—A well-stocked medicine cupboard should contain—scissors, lint, absorbent wool, calico bandages one inch, one and a half inches and two inches in diameter, each eight yards long, sticking plaster, sal alembroth gauze for dressing wounds, and a solution of carbolic acid, one part in sixty of water, with which all wounds should be washed before being bound up; this solution should be labelled poison. Besides these it is advisable to have some collodion, which is an excellent preparation for slight cuts, as it protects them with a thin transparent film, which is not unsightly like sticking plaster, and some eucalyptus ointment spread on lint for burns and scalds.

Of drugs for internal use, the following are those most frequently used. They are given below with their doses and the complaints for which they are intended.

Pill of aloes and nux vomica—℞ extract of nux vomica, ¼ grain; pill of Barbados aloes, 5 grains. One at night time, aperient. Calomel, dose, ¼ to 3 grains for biliousness, bilious headache, etc.

Sulphate of magnesia, dose ½ to 2 drachms, aperient.

Carbonate of soda, dose 5 to 20 grains, stomachic.

Rhubarb and magnesia (Gregory's powder), dose 5 to 20 grains, stomachic.

Subnitrate of bismuth, dose 10 to 30 grains indigestion, vomiting, etc.

Spirit of camphor, dose 10 to 30 drops for colic.

Spirit of ginger, dose 5 to 20 drops for indigestion.

Bromide of potassium, dose 10 to 30 grains for sleeplessness.

Phenacetin, dose 5 to 10 grains for headache.

Citrate of caffein, dose 5 to 10 grains for headache and nervous prostration.

Aromatic spirits of ammonia, 10 to 60 drops for fainting, palpitation, etc.

Paregoric, 10 to 60 drops for cough.

Quinine sulphate, dose ½ to 5 grains for cold in the head, feverishness, etc.

Alum, 1 teaspoonful in half-a-pint of warm water for a mouth wash. Chlorate of potash, one part in twenty of water for a gargle for sore throat, etc.

Glycerine for chapped hands, etc.

Mustard, about one tablespoonful in half a tumbler of warm water, which makes the best emetic for accidental poisoning that we possess.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

DIRECTLY the summer sales have passed, we seem naturally to turn to thoughts of our autumn garments, even though it seems early to do so in the months of August and September. But the woman who is wise is always a little forehanded in the way of dress, and will manage to make purchases at the summer sales which will fit her out in the winter with something new, or will help her to re-model and re-make the clothes which remain of last winter's stock. I think that winter clothes are rather more difficult to alter than those of a warmer season. We have one great resource in the present day, and that is dyeing, which is now so well performed that the old prejudice against it has quite departed, and we use the dyer as we do the cleaner, and feel thankful for both of them. Very little unpicking is required of us, and in consequence the skirts and jackets are more easily put together than they were, and are not too difficult a task for the home dressmaker. If she be wise too, she will take them to pieces herself, and learn in this practical manner how to re-make them. One of the things most difficult for the home dressmaker to learn is how to press with the hot iron, and without this no very good effects can be produced by her. Some strength is needed, but more cleverness and knack, I think, and the attempt at doing tailors' work has a happy influence on the accuracy of home-work and arrangement. The reason we like the work of the tailor is, I think, because of its superior evenness and accuracy of fit—and it seems difficult for a woman to acquire it.

A visit to a celebrated tailor, to try and discover a few of the secrets of the future, the other day, showed me that the coat and skirt will remain as popular as ever, with the small differences only which make it suitable for cold weather use. The skirts seem much as they are worn at present, the width from four and a half to five yards. The linings most generally used seem to be linen, even in preference to silk, which all the tailors assure me wears out very much sooner, and splits speedily. One tailor told me he preferred to have no lining at all, and considered the lack of warmth was fully made up by the adoption of knickerbockers to match the material of the costume. I find that the idea of the warm and comfortable knickerbocker has been very fully adopted by everyone, and certainly by all the cyclists, some of whom wear silk ones, so large and wide as to seem like petticoats caught in round the knees. It is perhaps a little too early to go into this subject just now, but later on I shall recur to it.

The jackets of the two new costumes I saw were of different shapes; one had a double-breasted front with large buttons, a small-sized turn-over fur collar, and a full basque at the back. The other was edged with a very narrow binding of fur, and the two fronts met and hooked together, the whole jacket being tightly fitting and very stylish in its general appearance. The material, a dark-green cloth; the fur, a fine astrachan in black. Down each side of the fronts, from the collar to the edge of the skirt, ran a row of braiding in bold tracery of leaves, and a large kind of pear-shaped point which was fitted in the centre with a red cloth *appliqué* There were six of these on either side the front, and a very pretty and novel effect they had.

Our illustrations, however, deal with a milder time and are less cosy in appearance. The first is an autumn cloth costume, which is equally suitable for the fashionable and much worn blue serge. The jacket is of *sacque* shape, with a cape over the shoulders of the same, the edges are trimmed with black velvet, and on each side of the front of the skirt there is a band of velvet finished by three buckles. If the dress

AUTUMN CAPE.

be desired in a plainer style this front trimming could be left out. The bodice is full with a yoke piece of coarse white lace.

The Autumn Cape shown in our sketch is made of melton or Sedan cloth with a roll-over collar lined with a bright colour which matches the lining of the cape itself. The trimming is of bands of the cloth edged with white, either of cloth or silk. The stitching of the model was exquisitely performed, and was also carried out in white, the colour of the cape being a dark rifle green. The lining of the original was white satin, but to our mind it might be fittingly replaced by either pink or yellow, of a straw-coloured tint, but rather darker and more of what was called corn colour, a golden, but not a true yellow. The accompanying blouse would be suitable for *table d'hôte*, home evening wear or concerts, worn with a black silk skirt. It might be made in any of the fashionable materials, the sleeves and trimmings being of plain silk or satin, and the bodice of *chiné* silk or *vice versâ*. The fulness is pleated into the waist back and front, the fastening being invisibly accomplished down the centre by hooks and eyes. A deep flounce of light lace is arranged fichu-like round the shoulders, partly veiling a simulated zouave (which in reality is a ribbon laid on afterwards) which ends in front in a large bow, passes under the arms, and meets behind at the nape of the neck in a tiny rosette.

The moderately full-puffed elbow sleeves are caught together in the centre with a rosette. It is high at the back but slightly open in front, so for a delicate person a few folds of tulle, chiffon or net might be worn inside to fill it up, shaped into a point at the back so as to set better. Ruffles of lace might be added to the sleeves if desired. It is meant to be worn inside the skirt with a fancy or ribbon belt. The model from which this was taken was carried out in two plain materials, the bodice being white, the Zouave, sleeves, bow and rosette and belt being palest blush-pink satin.

We give below illustrations of fashionable hair-dressing, which is inclusive of two hats, which are so simply trimmed as to need no explanation, save that we must remind our readers that the edges of all the most stylish hats of the present season are bound in quite the old-fashioned manner with black velvet, and that these are no exception to the rule. This little black edging is a very decided improvement and makes the hat of the present day far more becoming to the face, the binding giving a softening appearance to the face. Finger puffs, it will be seen, are much used, a style which helps the possessor of scanty locks to make them appear as plentiful as those of her more fortunate sisters. But the knack of putting them up and of fastening them in place must be learnt and practised too, to enable you to make a proper effect. Rolled

HAIRDRESSING OF TO-DAY.

AUTUMN GOWN WITH A STRAIGHT SACQUE.

hair is also most fashionable, and for this the proper pads are required. The hair is still crimped and waved, but it should look smooth and well cared for, or, as the present day expression goes, "well groomed," which describes the satin coat of a horse, as well as that satiny gloss which is only given to hair by constant and faithful daily brushing. We have very often advised our girl readers to take care of the hair, and we assure them that nothing conduces so much to personal attractiveness as a well-kept head of hair.

A few words must be given here on the subject of sleeves. Although we have been assured on good authority many times that we were to return to the old tight coat sleeve, we must confess we see at present no chance of such a thing. The sleeves are much smaller, but the chief alteration in them is that the puffs and frills which adorn them are now placed quite high up the arm, and the same appearance of height on the shoulder is preserved that was so much the fashion a year or two ago. Some of the lace frills are quite of the butterfly kind and stand out as though they were wired. One of the prettiest sleeves is that with two frills, which are put in with the sleeves, and so are short at the top, and stand out well and stiffly. The rucked up or full sleeve is also very pretty, and this often has the puff at the top of the sleeve put into the collar of the dress.

With the experience won in the decoration of blouses this summer, our girl readers should be able to arrange either half-worn blouses or bodices, so as to make them useful for the winter. For instance the Eton or Zouave jacket and the pinafore style can both be made use of to re-cover bodices or blouses, and many of the new velveteens are so beautiful in colour that they can be adopted with much success. A glance at any of the illustrated papers will help the clever adapter to ideas, and so will a visit to the shop windows. There are quantities of all descriptions of net and lace, which may be made useful to cover bodices, and jet trimmings can be picked up very cheap at the sales, where many useful remnants of satin and brocade are to be found by the clever shopper.

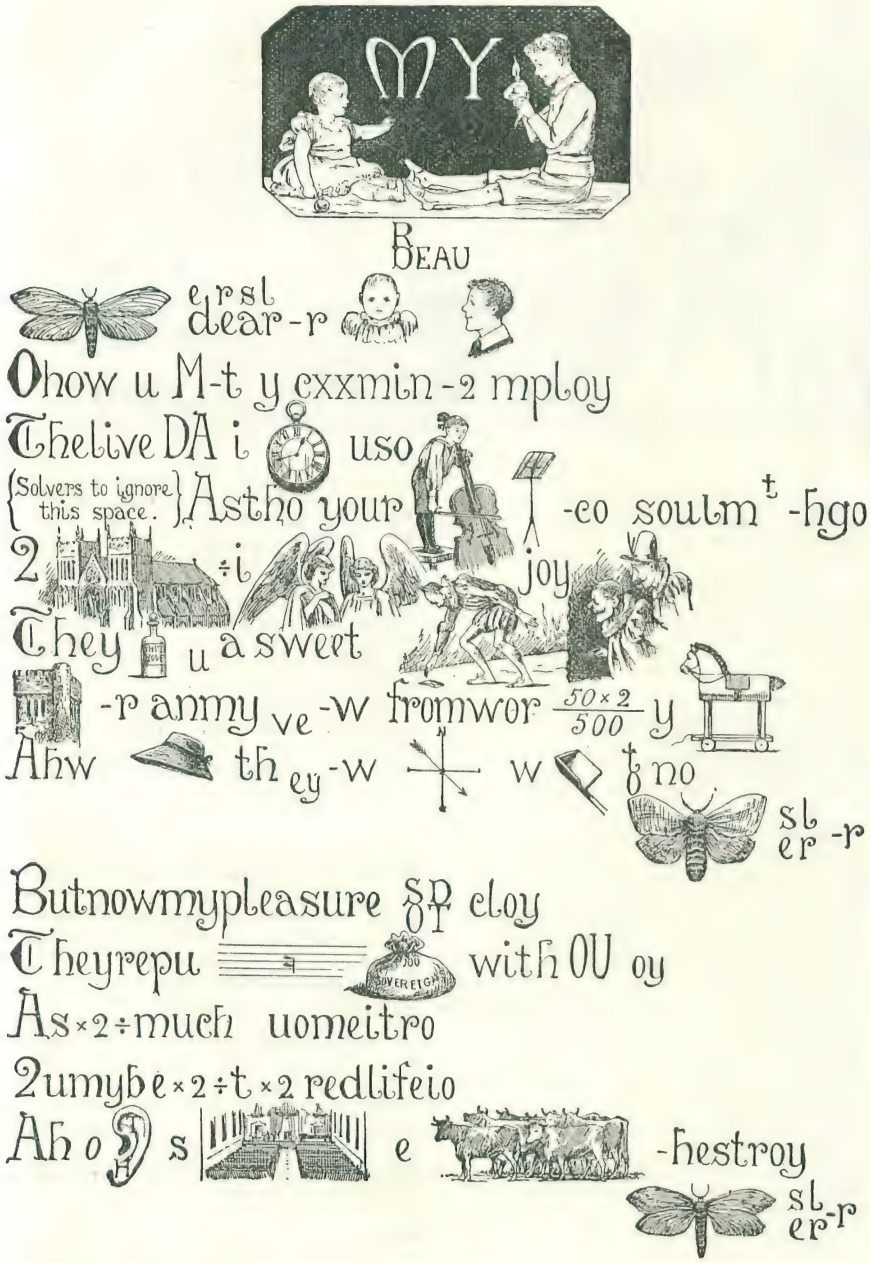
Mention has been made of the sleeve with frills at the shoulder, so a word or two as to its manufacture will not be out of place. The upper frill may be cut on the cross way of the material, is about an inch narrower than the lower, and not quite so long. It is set into the shoulder in flat pleats. The lower frill is cut on the straight and measures about a yard and a quarter or more in length. It should be six inches and a half wide at the point of the shoulder and narrow to five inches and a half under the arm. This frill requires interlining, the upper one does not. In both cases the dress material is used double. The frill must be set into the upper part of the armhole in six or eight box pleats, but under the arm it is only eased in. Frills set better when tacked to the bodice under the arm, but when this is done the idea of wearing a jacket over them must be given up.

The blouse given in our illustration has also been selected for our paper pattern; a full description has been given of it, and it will be found a very useful addition to the wardrobe of any of our girl readers who may need, on some occasions, a little extra dress. The blouse is simply a full bodice, and a full sleeve puff with a plain coat sleeve. The chief trimming is given by the ribbon which simulates the Zouave jacket and terminates in a bow at the neck. There are two pieces in the blouse and three in the sleeve, and it will require to be made up on a fitted lining.

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice, instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown. *Children.*—Child's combination, overall dress. *Mantles.*—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt. All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.

PAPER PATTERN.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be November 16, 1896; from Abroad, December 18, 1896.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1895 to October 1896), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

IGNORAMUS.—You need a course of reading, under direction. Such you could obtain on application for membership to the National Home-Reading Union, Central Office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., Secretary, Miss Mondy. Also the Home Education Society, 102, Eaton Terrace, S.W., Hon. Sec., Miss Ralfe. There is a private club, called The Amateur Guild for Young Gentlewomen (aged from ten to twenty-eight years), and the fees from 1s. to 2s. per annum. Hon. Sec., Miss Mary Anderson, Oaklands, Lansdowne Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

ANNIE R. BUTLER, Secretary of the Medical Mission, 49, Highbury Park, N.—We have pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to any good and charitable work, and yours is certainly of that character. This association was established in London in 1878. The special work undertaken was to assist young men of Christian character, of proved gifts, to full medical education, with a view to service in foreign fields under any Evangelical Missionary Society. A Students' Home was established in 1885. There is a children's auxiliary. For all particulars write to the Secretary. The Ambulance Institution for rendering first aid to the wounded was instituted by the Order of Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the chancery is at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C., being all that remains of the ancient hospital of the order. The Medical Mission is one of the independent societies having the same object in view.

MISS MABEL BROWN.—We are glad to comply with your request in bringing the North India Medical School for Christian Women to the notice of our readers. It is designed for native women, who are trained for medical and missionary work amongst their fellow-countrywomen and children. Every lady medical missionary finds herself in great need of native assistants, and the school now opened at Ludhiana, of which Dr. Edith Brown is the Principal, with a training-home attached to it, was urgently required. The city itself has a population of more than 45,000, and the district, comprising several hundred villages within a radius of ten miles, a population of about 650,000. For the Report, address Miss M. Brown, 23, Cameron Road, West Croydon, Surrey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROOKIE.—Many thanks for your kind note. The 3rd of Sept., 1848, was a Sunday.

DODO.—Your handwriting would be much improved by writing copies, and taking pains to form your letters better. The 4th of January, 1877, was a Thursday.

A READER OF "G.O.P.," FLORENTINA, HAMILTON, MOTHER and OTHERS, write to make inquiries about the best way to wash the hair. We notice that experts are beginning to recommend far less washing of the head than formerly; and even have advanced so far as to advise inquirers to apply a little oil to the hair to prevent dryness and breaking. Soda is never good for it, we think, and the best way seems to be to wash the hair with an egg (raw of course).

MABELLE.—The situation of a companion is very difficult to find, and the duties are very various, and amongst them reading aloud, sewing and mending, and sometimes housekeeping, writing letters and keeping accounts. One lady companion of our acquaintance has a great deal of parish and school work to do. Experience would be necessary, and a person not less than twenty-five years of age would be needed.

PLAIDIE.—We think you are making a confusion between the two words "straight" and "strait." The last one means "narrow, confined and rigid," and in this way it is used in the Bible. "Strait is the gate," meaning narrow. A straight line means one "not crooked," and a "straight road," one that neither twists nor turns.

WILLING TO LEARN should try to take a course of gymnastics, which will probably do her more good than anything else. If she will also read the many articles by "Medicus" on health, she will soon learn how to manage herself so as to attain it.

JUDITH.—Why not continue to write? As you are only thirteen, it is very good exercise for you, especially if you really try to improve yourself. No doubt your compositions amuse your mother, and reading them aloud is excellent for you.

CARRIE.—If the money be honestly due you should pay it, of course. It seems to have been lent to your father by a friend who trusted in him, as an honest man. You would have to consult a lawyer as to the legal nature of the paper signed as security; but if the demand be a just one, it should be paid.

VERA JONES.—Paint your hat with one of the numberless kid revivers and glosses. We do not advertise any special thing. Try Berlin black.

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KITTY.

See "AUNT JANE'S TURKEYS."

The Herald Angels:

BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled.
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

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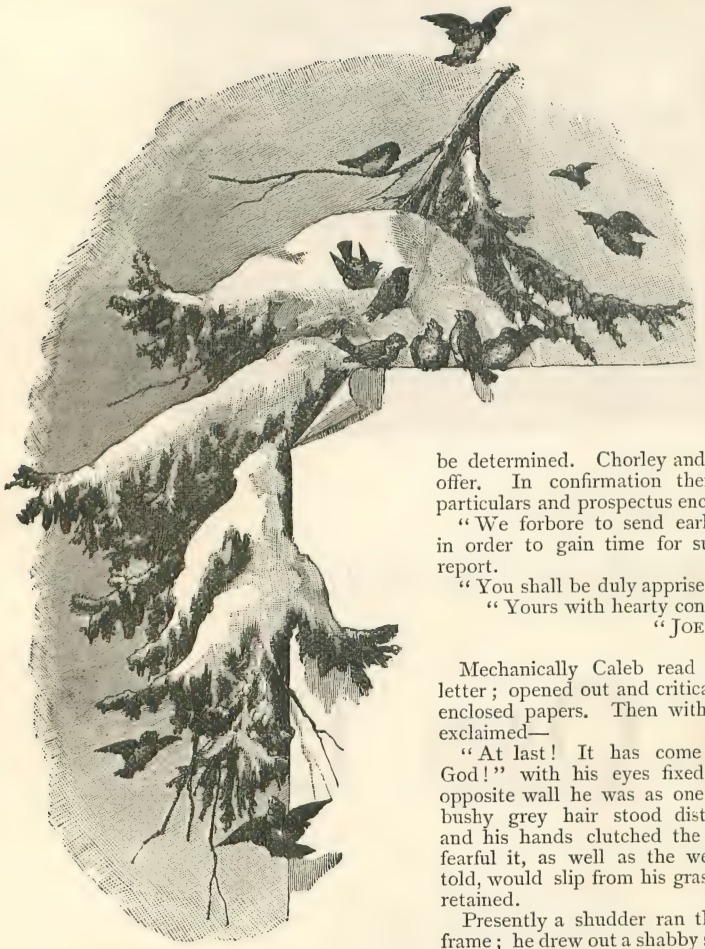
1895.

UNCLE CALEB'S CHOICE.



CHAPTER I.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"Hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things."
Wordsworth.

"HERE'S a letter for you, sir," said Caleb Ayres' landlady as she entered the room to take away his supper tray. "It came by the eight o'clock post, but I was that busy setting the clothes to soak, that I clean forgot to bring it up."

"Thanks, Mrs. Rawlings. It does not matter at all. Good-night." Caleb Ayres turned again to the perusal of the paper in his hand, and it was some little time before he took up and examined his letter.

The handwriting seemed familiar, and for a moment or two he held it against the light trying to recall where he had last seen it. Finally he broke the seal and read.

"New Boston Road, Quarriston.
"November 28th, 1861.

"DEAR AYRES,

"Say no more that Chorley and myself have duped you into hazarding your hard-earned capital in a failing enterprise.

"Our mine! the mine belonging to Morriston, Chorley and Ayres (let me write the names of the happy partners in full), has been the means of making your fortune, man!

"A new vein has just been struck. See enclosed papers.

"You know the risks of mining, and have frequently wished yourself clear of the business.

"Will you care to withdraw now, £30,000 being paid down, plus a small future share hereafter to be determined. Chorley and I make you the offer. In confirmation thereof, see formal particulars and prospectus enclosed.

"We forbore to send earlier news to you in order to gain time for substantiating our report.

"You shall be duly apprised of proceedings.

"Yours with hearty congratulations,
"JOE MORRISTON."

Mechanically Caleb read and re-read his letter; opened out and critically examined the enclosed papers. Then with broken voice he exclaimed—

"At last! It has come at last! Thank God!" with his eyes fixed blankly on the opposite wall he was as one transfixed. His bushy grey hair stood distractedly on end and his hands clutched the letter as though fearful it, as well as the wealth of which it told, would slip from his grasp, unless forcibly retained.

Presently a shudder ran through his slight frame; he drew out a shabby silk handkerchief, wiped the drops of perspiration from his forehead, and broke out into a bitter wail of lamentation.

"Too late! Too late! Oh God, that it should come to me now! Now, when I am broken down and hobbling to my grave. Now! when I am alone, unloved, friendless!

"All my life, the life that was once strong and young has been starved, blighted for want of a little gold, a little help, and now it has come in time—for what? To gild my death-bed! to canopy my hearse.

"Is this Thy justice, my God? Is this Thy reward to Thy servant who, if at a distance, has yet followed Thy hand? I would not have spent it wholly for self—that Thou knowest.

"Oh the past! the sorry, irrevocable past! Catherine, my lost love! had this come earlier, perchance I had not now been alone."

Caleb Ayres hid his face in his hands, and the sensitive, warm-hearted, lonely little man gave way to a storm of voiceless sobs.

As these subsided, he again examined his letter and papers, which he spread out on the table in front of him.

Yes, he was not mistaken. It was a positive fact, Caleb Ayres was now a rich man. He looked as it were with new eyes upon the surroundings of his third-rate lodgings.

The soiled, tawdry wall-papers, the couch and chair-coverings of a similar character—the well-worn carpet and the gaudy ornaments, possessed no longer the power to offend his refined taste since they were no longer inevitable adjuncts.

He went to the window from whence he had so often gazed on the unvaried scene of tiled roofs, dingy windows, and smoking chimneys.

The night was too dark for anything to be visible but the gas and candle-light glimmering from a few windows.

He drew the faded maroon curtains as closely together as their narrow limits admitted, turned up the wick of his unshaded paraffin lamp, and heaped a most unusual allowance of coals on the fire in his little grate. Then drawing his chair close to its grateful warmth, he seated himself, and in a few minutes was lost in a profound reverie.

In that reverie the leading incidents of his life with their dominant pain and sorrow, interspersed with fitful, brief snatches of happiness passed before his mental vision.

He was again a studious lad of sixteen, spurned from his father's house because he had dared to differ from and oppose his atheistic views and teachings. He felt again in spirit the sufferings of a timid, gentle nature working its way before the mast under a cruel captain. Later, when serving as a clerk in New Zealand, he met the one friend of his young manhood to whom his spirit had cleaved with the love of a Jonathan, and to satisfy whose ease-loving nature, the young Caleb had often taxed his not over strong constitution; working by night at his friend's neglected duties.

Wearying of their work as clerks, how vividly he recalled the time when he and his friend, Bernard Evans, engaged themselves as helpers to a wealthy farmer.

There it was that he had met and loved the farmer's daughter Catherine, and for a brief time Caleb had learnt what happiness meant, and what rich possibilities life might yet have in store for him.

How Catherine had met his advances, Caleb could not even yet recall without a thrill, as memory pictured the happy glowing face, the down-cast eyes, and the lingering touch of hands long held in his. Ah, that such happiness should only prelude the long years of misery so quickly to follow.

Vividly he remembers the night on which Bernard Evans confessed that he also loved Catherine, and Caleb, on the altar of his friendship, makes a great sacrifice. Knowing his own poverty and inability to make Catherine his wife perhaps for long years, and equally aware of the golden prospects of Bernard Evans on his father's death, he offers, for his friend's sake, to go away and leave the coast clear for Bernard to woo and win Catherine Ord if he could do so.

The offer is eagerly accepted by Bernard, and again in memory Caleb is turning his back on home to become a houseless wanderer.

Still his faith in Catherine's love is too strong to allow him to despair, and with an earnest endeavour for her sake to earn money speedily, he seeks, and obtains, work with a sheep farmer.

All too soon a letter from Bernard reaches him, telling of his betrothal to Catherine, and of his father's death.

Mad with misery, bereft of friend and lover, he finds his way to the gold diggings, and seeks to drown care in the reckless life led by his associates there.

Vain is the brief attempt. Repentant and humbled, he then strives to undo the evil of his example by setting himself the task of ministering to the souls and bodies of those around as opportunity arose.

It does not occur to Caleb to count in his life's retrospection the untold good of his silent

example, and his active service among the godless diggers during the long years of his sojourn among them.

In the deep humility of his nature, he reckons them to himself and to his God as part of his life's failure.

Oh, those years! The weary years of lonely toil! He recalls their red-letter days. The times when he suddenly became possessed of a gold nugget or of gold dust, only to be robbed shortly after, and to experience the weariness of making a fresh start.

The time also lives in his memory when a paper reached him with a notice of the marriage of Bernard Evans and Catherine Ord, and later the return of his two letters marked "Gone away."

Swiftly memory travels over the thirty-two years of his Australian life: his many struggles with poverty, his few successful ventures, till finally he sinks his small capital in the Quarriston mines, for which investment he receives the title of partner to a concern that, too late, he learns is regarded as a failing one.

And now, after having been three months in England, in his dingy London lodgings, he hears how the Quarriston investment has made his fortune.

What shall he do with his money? How live the few years of his life, which the doctors warn him may not exceed that limit, although he is but fifty-six years of age.

Caleb Ayres rises, looks at the clock and finds it is exactly twenty-one minutes to twelve! He has then spent nearly three hours in retrospecting his life. He stirs the fire, goes to a cupboard and draws forth a bottle of elderberry wine, reserved for colds, but which may now be consumed less charily.

He prepares himself a hot glass of his favourite wine, and places it on a table near his chair. Then he opens his door and listens. Apparently all in the house have retired to rest. Again Caleb settles himself in the arm-chair, and again falls into a deep reverie, but this time his reverie looks forward and deals with the possible future.

At the end of an hour the little man feels for his pocket-book, and writes some brief entries, making a running commentary meanwhile.

1. Seek a good rambling house in some pretty country place—say Devonshire. "Not too cold, and rents will not be expensive."

2. Furnish it comfortably. "Perhaps I might get one ready furnished at a moderate price. That would be better for the present."

3. Seek two or three servants. "I should like to know how I'm to set about that."

4. Find my visitors. "Yes, it's easy to put down find the visitors, but where are they to come from. Let me think. What relations have I? I've no brothers or sisters now. True! but Jacob and Martha both left children. They'll be grown up or in their teens; well, I'll ask them to spend Christmas with me. Then I ought to have some second cousins somewhere. My register will tell me," and he fetched a small bulky-looking book. "Now this should contain their ages, their addresses, and all I need know." He turned over the leaves impatiently till he came to one headed—

"My brother Jacob's children. Charlotte and Willie Ayres.

"Yes, they shall come certainly." Caleb turned to another leaf.

"My sister Martha's child. Stephen Boyd."

"Well, that's only one; but he shall come.

"Now for the cousins. Ah! here they are.

"Fred, Phillip, and Florence Weston.

"I'll invite all three, that I will. Let me count. How many does that make? Six. Well, that will do for the present. I'll write my letter of invitation now, just to see how it reads."

The expression on his face was changed. There was a glad look in his eyes as he sought pen, ink, and paper, and then with considerable labour composed a somewhat lengthy epistle.

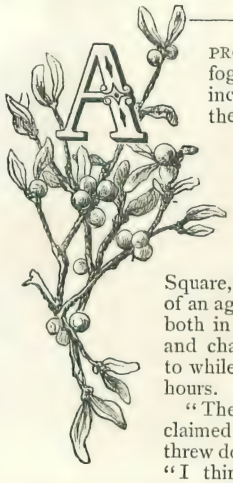
"There," he exclaimed as he read it carefully through, "I think that will do. It's a stiff task though, trying your hand at work you're unused to. I must make two copies of that in the morning, with the necessary alterations, and send them off as soon as possible. I must know whether they'll accept before I take the house on my hands.

"Perhaps, after all, the money has not come too late," with a heavy sigh. "I may by its aid make someone happy. It's clear that's what it's sent me for, and to find suitable hands for its guidance when I've passed away. Well, I'll do my best. I'll see what the young ones are like. There may yet be a little corner in someone's heart left for the old man among his own kith and kin. Time will show. Aye, time will show."

CHAPTER II.

A GENERAL INVITATION.

"Fortune is merry, and in this mood will give us anything."—*Shakespeare.*



PROVERBIAL November fog hung over London, increasing in density as the day wore on.

A marked contrast to the outer cold and gloom was the ruddy warmth and comfortable aspect of a sitting-room in Gower Square, where two girls nearly of an age, but differing much, both in personal appearance and character, were seeking to while away the afternoon hours.

"There, Frances," exclaimed the elder, as she threw down her crewel work, "I think I've spoiled that poppy now; it looks perfectly flat, and not in the least like a flower. I'm sick of the stupid work."

Putting her hands behind her head, she leant back in her low chair, looking across at her companion, who apparently very busy over some cross-stitch work only nodded her head murmuring, "fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight."

"Oh, bother your counting! Whenever I speak to you, you answer me by a string of numbers. You'll never get that thing right, I tell you I've utterly spoilt it. Now this poppy you might manage to shade up to the mark," Frances nodded again, and went on with her counting.

"How you can bore over the wretched things I can't think. I must be differently constituted from you; I can make a dash at a thing, and if it comes right well and good, if not I can't worry over such petty trifles. It seems beneath one. It's lucky I've got you. What a brilliant idea that was of mine, that after your father's death you should come as my companion. I don't know what I should do without you now," and she yawned heavily.

"Come here, Frances," she presently exclaimed. "You are only trying your eyes by that little lamp, and I won't have the gas lighted yet. I want to talk to you about something very important."

"Six, seven, eight," responded Frances shaking her head.

Charlotte Ayres muttered something not very complimentary, and gave a little kick to the poodle at her feet. In a certain sense Charlotte was a fine-looking girl, she possessed an excellent figure, and carried herself with stately grace.

By many she was pronounced a handsome girl, and as she sat now in the fitful play of the fire-light, she certainly deserved the title. Her rather coarse features were agreeably toned, and her bright black eyes wore a softened look in the subdued light.

"I've got the pattern right. It's done, Charlotte!" And Frances, leaving her seat by the window, came triumphantly across the room and offered her work for inspection.

"So you have, well done! You've the patience of Job," Charlotte exclaimed, just glancing at the work. "Now you'll see to the poppy, and shade it correctly for me, won't you; but first——" She stopped abruptly as the door opened to admit her mother, a tall well-dressed woman, who began immediately—

"My dear Charlotte, I've quite a piece of news for you. This letter," and she went to the table by the window which Frances had just left, in order to read it by the lamp-light, "this letter is from your Uncle Caleb (your father's brother, you know), of whom you have often heard us speak. He writes to say he has unexpectedly come into the possession of money, has returned to England, and wants you and Willie to spend Christmas with him down in Devonshire, where he intends taking a house."

"Mamma! How perfectly delightful! Of course we must accept. It will be quite a new sensation spending Christmas with an old Australian uncle. By-the-bye, does he invite any other people, or shall we be the devoted pair on whom he will vent all his crotchets and his temper?"

"He says he is asking the cousins from Leicester, the Westons, all three of them; Fred, Phillip and Florrie. They will be nice company for you. He has also asked——"

"But, my dear mamma," Charlotte interrupted, "what about Frances. I can't positively go without her. She plays all my accompaniments, and then she arranges my hair so beautifully, and a hundred and one other things she does for me, which I could never do for myself now I've no maid."

"That could be managed easily enough, dear," said her mother. "Of course Frances will go with you; your uncle will, I am sure, be only too delighted to include her in his invitation."

"I shall write to him at once, and ask the question. Also see if he needs any help about servants and other domestic arrangements. I shall either ask him here, or arrange to meet him in London just to see, my dear, what sort of man he is before I allow you to go. Willie can accompany me."

"Oh do, mamma; I am quite excited. I shall set myself to charm the old bush man; there's no telling what might follow. Has he much money? You'll come, Frances, won't you."

For one moment Frances paused, looking into the fire. Her bright little face clouded as she thought of her mother, once used to luxury, now living alone in two small rooms, helping to maintain herself by needlework. Then the thought of the help her own absence and the small salary would bring her mother, decided her, and she answered steadily—

"I am quite ready to do as you wish."

"Then I will go and write to your uncle at once," rejoined Mrs. Ayres, as she passed from the room.

A moment later the girls heard her exclaim—

"Dear me, Stephen, who would have

thought of seeing you, and on such a day too!"

And before the girls had time to recover from their surprise at his arrival, a tall young man looked in at the door and made an elaborate bow.

"Come in, come in, you truant," said Charlotte, as she seated herself more gracefully. Frances jumped hastily up from her lowly position on the hearthrug, and while Stephen Boyd was shaking hands with his cousin, beat a hasty retreat to the library, and set to work at some music she was expected to copy ready for Charlotte's use in the evening.

"How did you find your way here?" asked Charlotte. "I thought you were miles away working hard."

"So I was this morning," Stephen answered. "I came up by the 2.15 train, and found this letter awaiting me at home. Here it is. I will give you the felicity of reading it."

"Thanks for the inestimable honour," she said, as she took it up. "More especially as 'tis the first of its kind."

The letter was from their Uncle Caleb, and contained an invitation for Stephen to spend Christmas with him.

Then followed as a natural consequence Charlotte's news, and a spirited discussion on the possible merits and demerits of their mutual relation.

"What are you going to do there?" exclaimed Charlotte. "Don't light the gas. The fire-light is so pleasant. Can't you sit down, you restless fellow?"

"I was going to look for a map. I remember you used to have a large guide or descriptive book on Devonshire somewhere about. Where shall I find it?"

"If it's not on that shelf, they've taken it back to the library," said Charlotte.

"Not to be found here," answered her cousin. "I'll fetch it, then we'll look out some charming place, and get aunt to suggest it to him."

"Capital," Charlotte rejoined. "It's in the book-case on the left hand, I think," she called after him.

Whistling softly, the tall Saxon-typed young fellow went down the stairs three at a time, and into the library; stalked up to the book-case and began his search, while the whistle broke into the words of a song,

"Once I loved a maiden fair,
But she did deceive me."

"Hullo! Who's there?" and he turned sharply round as a slight sound met his ear.

By the far window sat a little figure, pen in hand, scratching away as for dear life.

"Frances! by Jove. How did the sprite come here? and why did she run away when I came in, and why didn't she let me know she was here, eh? Answer all my questions." And he strode up to her taking her hand, and giving it perhaps just a shade warmer clasp than was necessary.

A very bright arch little face looked at him as she answered: "1st. I came in by the door; 2nd. I had some copying to do; and 3rd. You came to fetch something, I suppose, not to see me."

"Humph! You make a little mistake there. So you're copying music! Call that copying music. Your triplets are atrocious! Look here!" He took the pen from her hand, leant over her shoulder, and in a few bold, clear notes gave her an example to copy.

"Now try," said Stephen. Frances did try, but somehow the notes went all up and down, and were anything but distinct.

"Worse and worse," remarked her self-constituted tutor. "I will show you." His strong hand closed over her small one, and guided it while some few notes were made.

Perhaps he noted the warmth of the cheek so near his own, or perhaps he remembered his errand, for suddenly Stephen exclaimed as more blotched characters were produced, "There, that will do, I think, now I'm off."

He took up his book, and went to rejoin Charlotte, grumbling at her for sending him on errands when he had only a short time to stay.

However, Charlotte persuaded him to remain long enough to choose a suitable place for their uncle's house, and then to have a cup of tea.

CHAPTER III.

GENEROSITY OF LOVE.

"Be still, be still, poor human heart,
What fitful fever shakes thee now?
The earth's most lovely things depart,
And what art thou?"—*E. L. Hervey.*

"You brush hair most delightfully," said Charlotte that same evening, as she sat in an easy chair before her bed-room fire having her long black hair unbraided by Frances' skilful fingers. "The way you pass the brush through the hair is so soothing. Give me an extra allowance to-night, there's a dear, while I talk to you."

"'HOW DID YOU FIND YOUR WAY HERE?' ASKED CHARLOTTE."

Frances prepared to do as she was desired, though a sigh escaped her involuntarily, for not only was she tired, but she had a letter to write to her mother that night, having vainly sought an opportunity to do so during the last few days.

"What do you think of my cousin, Stephen Boyd?" Charlotte began.

"How? In what way?" questioned Frances surprised.

"In all ways. Isn't he handsome? Are not his manners attractive. In short, you must guess what I mean, Frances. Don't you think he's the sort of man to make a good husband. Oh, take care!" she exclaimed. "What a bang you gave my head." Then, after a little pause—"Why don't you answer?"

"I hardly know what to say. I should think so?"

"How luke-warm you are, Frances. Ah, you don't know what it is to love. But now I mean to make a confession to you. I love Stephen Boyd so well that I am going to help him on in life. Shall I tell you how?"

Frances' brush fell from her hand to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, then with her back to Charlotte she stirred the fire vigorously.

"That will do. You know I don't want the fire kept in; and pray don't make such a clatter, go on brushing my hair, and I will tell you."

Frances returned to her former occupation while Charlotte continued. "You know how poor Steve is. At his father's death there was barely money enough to pay debts and provide him with daily bread, certainly nothing to carry on his studies as a doctor."

Frances did know and murmured some almost inaudible reply.

"Well, if we marry, I intend to make him give up his present employment and continue his studies at my expense. I will, myself, defray all liabilities for a year or two, and then (for everyone acknowledges that Steve is unusually clever) he will be proficient and I daresay earn heaps of money."

"I did not know you were engaged," said Frances in a hesitating voice.

"Nor are we really. Steve is very honourable and sensitive, or whatever you like to call it, and would not think of proposing to me when he knows that I have means and he has none, but I have talked to mother, and she, in a delicate way, you know, will show him that he need have no such qualms."

"You—you are sure of his sentiments, then?"

"Why should I not be? We have always been fond of one another, and—— Oh, do be more gentle, you are simply tugging at my hair! I was going to say, Is there any reason why he should not love me? As a general rule men admire me, and his will not be the first offer I have received, as you know. Then think of the position and chances in life his marriage with me would give him!"

"That is true," Frances acknowledged, "but he may not feel able to accept so much from any woman, even if he loves her and appreciates her goodness."

"Oh, as to that, he would be sensible enough to see that though, of course, it is very generous of me to risk as much as I do, mine will be the gain in the long run. He is sure to attain eminence as a physician, and besides, mother and I have ascertained (of course, without his knowledge) on most reliable authority that he has very good expectations in the future, though it may be many years before we reap any benefit."

"Then your self-denial and your generosity of love do you infinite credit," said Frances with a dash of spirited satire Charlotte failed to detect.

"Ah, I thought at last you would appreciate my confession. That will do for to-night. You really don't seem to be in the humour for hair-brushing. You haven't soothed me at all—you have been so jerky. Won't the visit to Devonshire be the very place in which to ripen and forward my schemes? Just untie my shoe-ribbons for me, I'm so sleepy. Good-night."

Frances was too tired to write the letter to her mother when she reached her own room.

Somehow she felt very dispirited, but well for her was it that she had learnt from her mother where to go when sorrowful and heavy-laden. "Hold up my going in Thy

"AS MEMORY PICTURED THE HAPPY GLOWING FACE, THE DOWN-CAST EYES."

paths that my footsteps slip not," was the burden of her prayer that night; and when she rose from her knees, she felt both strengthened and comforted.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

"The time of gifts have come again,
And on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight."
Whittier.

It was Christmas Eve, and Uncle Caleb's visitors had been with him a week. His business arrangements respecting the Quarriston Mines had been advantageously settled.

A charming house had been selected a few miles distant from Exeter. The requisite servants judiciously chosen, thanks to Charlotte's mother, and a ladylike person, whose husband was abroad, had been engaged to act as housekeeper.

All domestic arrangements were working smoothly, and the cousins, nephews, nieces agreed they were having a right good time.

In preparation for the morrow, the whole party had decided on an excursion to Exeter in order to choose their Christmas presents, and much fun resulted from the difficulty of concealing the gifts from those for whom they were intended.

The Westons, not being short of pocket-money, were easily suited. Charlotte and Willie Ayres combined their means and gave conjointly. Stephen Boyd managed his presents by dint of denying himself some books of reference for which he had been saving, and Frances alone had no money to spend on the tempting things lavishly displayed in the shop windows.

It was not all sunshine for Frances. The cousins were good to her in their way. Florrie patronised her, and often came to her for help. The twins, Fred and Phil, dubbed her "A pretty taking little girl," and were ready to make themselves amiable to her whenever she gave them a chance, or Charlotte was not by. Willie only was disagreeable to her, and the cause of his secret enmity was well-known to Frances, for it had originated in one or two severe snubs which she had given him on certain occasions, and for which he attempted to punish her by treating her with a studied indifference when in the presence of other people.

Stephen Boyd was always kind to her, but then Charlotte and the cousins so monopolised him, that she had little intercourse with him; and Charlotte found her so many little tasks, that she often saw the party depart merrily for some walk or skating expedition without being able to join them. Still, as she was a sensible girl, she knew there was much in her life for which she should be grateful—and Frances was grateful, enjoying every pleasure which came in her way with a zest which was the envy of many who knew her.

It was wonderful how Caleb Ayres took to his new position as master of a house full of spirited young people, to whom he stood in the relation of uncle.

Their attentions gratified him deeply, and he was never tired of following them about and devising fresh schemes for their amusement.

He treated them all as his children, and would make no exception with regard to Frances, unless it was that her dependent position called forth a larger share of his consideration.

Charlotte or Florrie often offered to read his paper to him after breakfast, but it generally happened that after a few paragraphs the sight of the men, through the morning-room window, would cause them to remember some letter that they had to write, or the fact that reading aloud would make them hoarse for the singing in the evening—and Uncle Caleb was told Frances should take their place because she was so fond of reading aloud—to which arrangement Caleb was always agreeable.

The bright frosty weather had largely contributed to the enjoyment of the young people.

They were out the greater part of the day, had high tea at half-past six, then spent the evening in music, or games.

It was a true Christmas picture which greeted Caleb's guests, as they looked from their windows on the following morning. There had been a slight fall of snow during the night, and though the sun gave some promise of showing itself by-and-by, the dark clouds around suggested more snow to follow.

Hearty were the Christmas wishes exchanged at the breakfast-table, and unbounded the delight—true or feigned—expressed by each person as they opened the interesting packets piled by their plates.

Charlotte left her place to assist Uncle Caleb, who soon found himself the happy possessor of a smoking-cap, a volume of poems, a morocco writing-case, a foot-warmer, a cigar-case, and a newspaper-rack.

When all had opened their larger parcels, a sealed envelope was found on each plate—the contents of which proved to be a £5 Bank of England note.

Profuse were the expressions of gratitude to Uncle Caleb, from whom they knew the note came. But Frances was silent from sheer astonishment. Tears dimmed her eyes as she realised what the money would do for her mother. She received other presents also, all but Willie Ayres having given her some remembrance of the season.

Her present to Charlotte of an embroidered handkerchief sachet had been given before breakfast, but there was one other gift of her own work, which Frances had not yet summoned up courage to present. It was a small hair watch-guard, over which she had spent much care and time, as it was intended for Uncle Caleb.

She had all along been very doubtful whether she ought to offer such a trivial thing to him, yet his kindness to her had prompted the idea, and made the work throughout a labour of love. After seeing all the presents he had just received, she resolved the neat little packet should remain in her possession.

"Frances," called Charlotte from the hall where she stood with the others, talking and laughing, "just ask if uncle would like you to read to him before church, we are going to see if all arrangements are ready for this evening."

"Shall I read to you, Mr. Ayres?" said Frances, returning to the breakfast room.

"Surely not to-day, my dear, go and play with the others. But didn't Frances promise to call me 'uncle' instead of Mr. Ayres, eh, my child? Or can't you like me well enough for an uncle?"

"Indeed I can," said Frances, raising her lustrous eyes. "You are so good, so kind to me, I don't know how to thank you for all, and for your magnificent gift."

"Then don't try to thank me, my dear, only make yourself very happy, and come to me, and tell me whenever I can do anything for you. Don't be afraid of your uncle, will you?"

"No, oh no," Frances answered, her hand slowly finding its way again to her pocket, and grasping her little packet.

"I think, my dear, you want to say something to me now, do you not?"

"No—yes—well," she faltered. "I would be so glad if I might offer you a tiny little present I have been making for you—only I fear it is too worthless."

"Making for me," and his face expressed the genuine pleasure the knowledge gave him. "How good of you to think of me."

He took the little packet and opened it carefully, while Frances stood by the side of his chair watching. Suddenly she noticed a pained look cross the brightness of his face. He passed his hand over his eyes, then asked in a low voice—

"Did you make this? Who taught you, dear?"

"Mother showed me."

"So like, so like," he murmured.

"You do not care for it. Oh, I am sorry, and I have grieved you somehow," she exclaimed.

He roused himself promptly. "I like it very much, and shall always prize it. I was only a little startled at first, for it reminded me of another chain which I had given to me years ago. Thank you, my dear, now go and get ready for church.

Frances ran upstairs, wondering at Uncle Caleb's strange manner, and a few minutes later, she joined the party assembling in front of the house on the broad garden path.

It was very cold, and the little party walked fast, yet judging by the repeated bursts of laughter, particularly from the leaders of the procession, it would seem that they were all in the highest spirits.

The service was just beginning as they entered the large old pew assigned them, where some of the seats faced one another.

Frances thought the service both grand and comforting. As she sat next to Uncle Caleb she offered to find the places in his prayer-book, but Charlotte prevented her doing so, ostentatiously performing that little attention herself, and passing him her own hymn-book, while she shared Stephen Boyd's.

It was a comfort to Frances to know that her mother would be joining in the same service, at the same time, and the thought lent an additional warmth to her own prayer and praise. In a sense she could scarcely analyse she felt they were both lonely and isolated. She knew she ought to be happy and she strove bravely against the feeling that she was less so than formerly, yet a tear or two found their way slowly beneath the fingers of her gloved hand. She wiped them stealthily away hoping no one had noticed her weakness.

As she rose from her knees her eyes met Stephen Boyd's, and their kindly expression caused a hot flush to suffuse her cheeks. When they came out of church there was some loitering about in the churchyard reading the epitaphs on ancient graves, but Frances noticed that Stephen and Charlotte had walked homewards together.

The dinner passed off merrily and was with the dessert prolonged a most unusual time.

As the light faded, they gathered around the huge log fire, pulling crackers, propounding riddles or telling anecdotes. Frances watched her opportunity, and while they were thus engaged contrived to slip quietly away. Going to the morning-room she seated herself by the window overlooking the broad lawn, and in the glimmering firelight, despite her resolution and the general sunniness of her nature, a strange fit of depression took possession of her. She had not long been seated there before the scent of a cigar reached her.

In another minute Stephen had entered the room and thrown himself into the large easy chair close to where she was seated.

Frances was surprised to hear him sigh deeply and to note the sad look on his face. Filled with sympathy she asked timidly—

"Are you not well, Mr. Boyd?"

"Never felt better in my life!" he answered brightening visibly. "But why do you run away from us. I have been seeking you everywhere. Come to the fire." He had risen and was leading her as he spoke to the chair he had just vacated.

"I was only sitting by the window," she said.

"But why sit by yourself? I am not sure if I can trust you," he continued as he stood leaning against her chair. "What makes you sad, little one? for I know you are sometimes."

"Oh, nothing," she answered now smiling brightly. "I think I ought to ask you that question."

"Perhaps, elf that you are, you saw my thoughts written on my face, and they were not of the brightest just then—any more than your own. By-the-bye, I want to know what troubled you in church this morning. I could not get the thought of a certain little face out of my mind."

To this question Frances would give no answer, saying she could be quite as reticent as he.

"That is but fair," Stephen rejoined, "but I would tell you my thoughts in a moment, only that they are not worth hearing and would only weary you."

"Try me," she answered softly.

"You know I was studying to be a doctor, do you not, for I was so often joked about it, when you were on that visit to Charlotte sixteen months ago. How well I remember it! You were not a companion then, nor had either of us learnt what it is to be poor," he added with a kind look. "Well, there's not much to tell, only at my parents' death, four months after your father's, Frances, I found I must give up all hopes of going in for the profession, and get to work at once. Do you know what I have been doing since!"

"No, tell me," said Frances, unable to conceal the intense interest she felt in his answer.

"I got a situation as clerk at seventy pound a year. Yesterday I heard that the firm has failed, and I am discharged there, that is all!"

Frances breathed a deep sigh of relief. So far then she had not been mistaken in him; whether he loved Charlotte or not, he certainly had not consented to be dependent on her generosity!

"I am so sorry," she said gently, and Stephen looking down at the sympathetic upturned face could not doubt the fact, nor fail to understand why the knowledge of her sympathy should be so sweet to him.

"It isn't just being poor, and living without the comforts money can command," he continued, "that has power to hurt me, but it may mean that one's whole life must be ordered differently, and that often one's dearest wishes must be set aside, anyhow for a weary while."

Why did he look at her with so much meaning, or why should Frances' cheeks all of a sudden rival the scarlet berries nestling in the bodice of her dress?

"We must find the others," she said hastily. "They will be missing us," but she thought, "Does he mean he must accept Charlotte's help?"

"Let them miss us," he retorted. "Just one moment, Frances. I never have a word with you now. You do look on me as a friend, don't you?" and his eyes had a pleading look very dangerous to Frances. "You won't be always running away. You can't think how dull it is when you're not with us."

It is doubtful what answer Frances would have given, for at that moment a loud cough caused both to start violently, while Uncle Caleb's voice was heard loudly exclaiming—

"Bless me! How deaf some people are. This is the third time I have called out that tea is ready. Come along, children."

They followed somewhat confused, each wondering "How much has Uncle Caleb heard?"

CHAPTER V.

HIDE AND SEEK.

"The sounds of mirth re-echoed through the hall,
The eager guests sought high and low."

THE rambling country house resounded with the merry laughter of the young people as the old-fashioned games of Blind Man's Buff, Judge and Jury, and finally Hide and Seek were played with much spirit and fun that Christmas evening.

It would have done anyone's heart good, who had previously known the lonely Caleb Ayres, to have watched him now, as he applauded, or participated in, as far as he was able, the games of his visitors.

Mrs. Gearing the housekeeper had at last been persuaded to hide herself, and Uncle Caleb had discovered her retreat. It was therefore his turn to hide, and, as he found it useless to resist, he set about seeking a suitable place.

Entering fully into the spirit of the game, he determined to give his guests as much trouble as possible to discover his place of concealment.

He chose therefore an unused cupboard in a large reception room, adjoining the morning room.

The door of the cupboard fitted so well into the surrounding woodwork, as to be scarcely discernible when properly closed.

Safely ensconced within, Caleb laughed softly to himself, as he listened to the movements of those who were seeking him.

Presently footsteps and voices were heard passing and repassing, then the door of the room was opened, and Caleb, in his excitement, softly pulled his cupboard door to, hearing it fasten with a click.

He heard that the heavy window-curtains were shaken, the furniture dragged about, but all to no purpose; the explorers passed from the room, and for a time Caleb felt that he was safely hidden.

Soon, however, another little party entered, went through the same investigations, and declared that he couldn't be in that room.

"Then where on earth can he be?" exclaimed a voice he recognised as Fred's.

"In one of the bedrooms," suggested Phillip.

"Mrs. Gearing and I have searched them all again and again," said Frances.

"So have I," echoed Charlotte and Florence.

"We've been in the hall, the library, and in all the downstair rooms," said Stephen.

"Let's go over them all again in a body," suggested Willie Ayres, "and then close the rooms one by one. You're all witnesses that he's not here, so we'll lock this room up. We won't let the old Australian gold digger beat us, will we? We'll search the house again from top to bottom."

"Agreed, agreed," was the response.

The door of the reception-room was accordingly locked and the explorers next searched the morning-room with the same result.

Caleb heard their laughter and wondering exclamations from time to time, as they prosecuted their rigid search throughout the house.

"I will open my cupboard now," he said, seeking for the nob by which he had pulled the door to.

He found, however, that he was unable to open it, and he remembered, at first with some consternation, that it shut with a spring action to be opened only from the outside.

Then he smiled as he thought how easy it would be to knock or kick against the wall. Thus reassured he seated himself on the one shelf the cupboard possessed, which being both low and only half the width of the recess proved tolerably comfortable.

It seemed to Caleb as he sat waiting and listening that hours passed before he heard again the steps and voices of his visitors in the hall. Judging by the tones of their exclamations he guessed that something was troubling them.

They went into the morning-room, and from the distinctness with which their different voices reached him, Caleb knew that the boards dividing his cupboard and that room must either be very thin or have space left between them.

"Let's give it up," said Willie Ayres.

"It's easy to say 'Give it up,'" chimed in Fred, "when we've practically given it up the last half hour. Either he cannot hear, or will not answer our calls; I don't like the look of the thing."

"Nor I," said Charlotte. "I think what began as a game is likely to end as a serious matter."

"What do you mean?" asked Frances, alarmed.

Caleb had intended to knock and reveal his presence at once, but though feeling very tired and cramped, he was now too much amused in listening to their different opinions to interrupt just yet.

Florrie's answer to Frances' question came in an awe-struck voice, as she said—

"Have you forgotten about the bride buried in the chest?"

A loud laugh followed, interrupted by Stephen saying: "Uncle Caleb is too sensible for that sort of thing. Still, I confess I am a trifle anxious, in case he should have been taken ill or met with some accident. Have any of you examined the cellars?"

"No. Not I indeed. He wouldn't want to bury himself down there," responded Fred Weston.

"My only fear," said Charlotte, "is about that trap-door over the cellar we could not enter. Did you say it was partly open, Steve?"

"It had been drawn back some little way," he answered. "But though I confess it gave me a turn at first, remembering afterwards that part or passage is shut off, and never used even by the servants, I do not for a moment think it probable Uncle Caleb would have attempted to hide there. However, now an entrance to the cellar must be forced and every nook carefully examined. A fall from such a height might be serious!"

"Just look at Frances," exclaimed Charlotte. "Just look at her! I do believe she is going to blubber. Well, you are a baby!"

Caleb listened intently, wondering if it were possible Frances could be so affected, and rightly guessing that if such were the case, being made the subject of general attention would only increase her discomfiture.

"Oh, let's come away and have supper," said Charlotte. "The tiresome old man is spoiling our evening. I daresay he has done it all on purpose. Come, Steve!"

"I shall have another search," replied Stephen.

"I want my supper."

"And so do I. Let's go with Charlotte."

"He'll turn up when he chooses."

"Then we'll say that we are half killed with anxiety," chimed in a chorus of voices.

"Oh, you needn't run away, Frances," said Willie Ayres. "We'll leave you in peace to sob." A satirical laugh followed, and then a general movement towards the dining-room.

Now more than ever determined to hear what might follow, since it gave him an opportunity of observing the characters of his young relatives when off their guard, Caleb continued to listen. By-and-by he thought he detected a sound strangely like stifled crying, and the sound was close by his cupboard.

A little later a manly footstep was heard crossing the room, while Stephen's voice said: "You mustn't fret, Frances. We'll have another search, you and I, and I daresay we'll find him soon."

"Thank you. We'll begin at once. I'm heartily ashamed of myself," responded Frances.

"Don't thank me," said Stephen. "Who wouldn't do anything they could for such a brick as Uncle Caleb. I'll confess to you he has taken a warm place in my heart. I never knew such an unselfish good nature as his. Now to work. I'll begin at the cellars, but first I'll just ask the gardener to look round the grounds. Pretend it's still a game, you know, only."

"He is looking now," said Frances. "I asked him before we came in here. He was then in the kitchen."

"Well done," Stephen responded. "Come with me; I'll take care of you."

The words were hardly spoken before a loud thumping at the back of where

they were standing caused Frances to scream and Stephen to jump aside in a most undignified manner.

"Let me out, children," called Uncle Caleb. "I'm locked in the cupboard here, in the reception-room. Let me out."

In a moment Stephen had entered the room and stood wondering where the cupboard could be in which his uncle had hidden himself.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here," answered Caleb, tapping on the cupboard-door. "Press the raised wood where I am knocking."

Scarcely was Uncle Caleb freed from his retreat before he went up to Frances, who stood with widely-opened eyes staring at him. He took her face between his hands and kissed her gently on the forehead.

"Thank you, my child, for the tears you have shed for me. I am sorry to have caused them, but you would not grudge me the short-lived pain to yourself, if you could know how comforting it is to a lonely old man like myself to find that he is of value to anyone."

Stephen had seen the action, and stood by the door with his back turned to them, whistling in an unmusical manner. When Caleb had finished speaking, he turned towards them, and saw Frances throw her arms round Uncle Caleb and kiss him impulsively.

"I wish I'd been in the cupboard in his place if that's the reward when one is found. I'd have stayed there double the time he has," Stephen murmured, tapping one foot over the other impatiently.

"Shall I go and tell the others that you're found?" he asked presently.

"No, Stephen, don't go to them yet, please. Let them think that you are still seeking me. Come back in half-an-hour's time to Frances and me in the morning-room. I want to talk to her a little before we rejoin the others."

"So it seems," thought Stephen, as he rather ungraciously consented, examining his watch that he might not exceed the time by an unnecessary minute.

"'LET ME TAKE A FRIEND'S PRIVILEGE AND ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.'"

CHAPTER VI.

REAPING A REWARD.

"For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain."

"Now sit down, my dear," said Uncle Caleb when they were alone, "and if you feel you can trust me, let me take a friend's privilege and ask you a few questions. I do not think you have always been just in the same position as you are now, from remarks that Charlotte has made to me. Tell me about yourself, I think I may be able to help you, and then perhaps when you look back on this Christmas Day, you may have something bright to remember it by. Are you an orphan? I think they told me so."

"Oh no," said Frances eagerly. "My mother is alive. We thought we were comfortably off till father died, then when all he owed was paid, there was barely six shillings a week left for us."

"How long is it since you lost your father?"

"About a year."

"Had he no relations willing to offer you a home."

"Yes, father's people were well off, and they proposed that we should live with them. But as we had never been on friendly terms, we could not accept the offer. They always thought father had married much beneath him." There was a touch of scorn in her voice as she concluded, accompanied by a proud little toss of the head.

"So you and your mother preferred to work and be independent. Tell me, my dear," he added after a pause, "do you think she would be offended if she were offered a position as lady housekeeper?"

"I am sure she would be very glad if it were a tolerably comfortable place and she didn't have to work too hard. As we must be parted, I would rather think of her holding such an engagement, than living alone and sewing as hard as she does now. But please, Uncle Caleb, do not trouble about us, you have already been too kind," and Frances thought with a swelling heart of the crisp five pound note, and the present it would buy her mother.

"Let me see, what did you tell me your surname was. Have I ever heard it. You seem simply Frances to everyone."

"They all knew me as Frances when I was quite young, for I used often to stay with Charlotte, and she with me before father died. My surname is Evans."

The sudden pained look she had noticed once before came into his face, but he only said, "Child! how is it that I can never be long with you, but you in some way recall vividly to my mind the happiest and the saddest time of my life? Now your very name must needs be the same as hers. Her married name," and he muttered softly to himself, "Catherine Evans—Catherine!"

"Did you know anyone named Catherine Evans? How very strange! That is my mother's name."

"Your mother's name," cried Caleb excitedly. "What did you say? Tell me her maiden name."

He leaned across the table, and scanned Frances' face with a feverish impatience.

"My mother's maiden name was Ord. Catherine Ord. Oh, what is the matter?"

Caleb had clutched her wrist; his lips were white as he asked, "Your father's name—tell me quickly."

"Bernard Evans," said Frances not a little alarmed.

Caleb's head sunk on the table, his arms clasped beneath it. He appeared not to hear her appeal to him to tell her what was the matter, but remained as neither seeing nor hearing anything.

Presently he raised his head. Frances was still more alarmed at his white face.

"And she is lonely and in want? Frances, I must go to her. I will look out a train. I must lose no time. Oh, child, child! I loved your mother with my whole heart, and I lost her. Tell me, was she happy with him?"

The girl's head drooped. Then an angry look came into her eyes, as she answered in a low voice: "She was not. Don't ask me more."

The little man before her straightened himself to his full height. A righteous indignation burnt in his face. Then slowly the power of these feelings relapsed, and a change passed over his countenance. He came near to her and asked softly, his eyes shining with a new light, "Has she—has she ever spoken to you of—of me?"

"I have never heard her mention the name of Caleb Ayres," said Frances thoughtfully. She repented her words directly they were spoken, the light, energy, and animation seemed to die out of him, as he murmured, "Of course not, of course not, why should she?"

Suddenly Frances seemed inspired by some thought. She jumped up, went to him where he had re-seated himself, and kneeling by him, with one hand on his shoulder she asked very tenderly—

"What were you doing when you met and loved my mother?"

"Studying farming under her father. Evans and myself lived in the house," he answered despondently.

"Oh," cried Frances smiling and excited. "So you were the young man who lived with Bernard Evans and who left suddenly, and as mother then thought, because you tired of her, and gave her up to your friend, but as she has since learnt (for father told her before he died) that—that you acted a noble part, and he your friend and my father deceived both you and my mother."

Caleb, as she spoke watched her face, and hung on her every word. Then he said humbly and timidly, "Perhaps after all she did care for me a little, enough to have had me, if things had gone straight?"

"Care for you a little," said Frances emphasising each word. "Oh, Uncle Caleb, if you only knew!" she laughed softly as she rose to her feet. "How could you ever have known and loved her and yet believed her

capable of marrying my father unless she had been deceived about you."

She could hardly finish her last words. Caleb had risen—had caught her in his arms, embracing her and talking over her as one half distracted.

"My child! my precious child! My Catherine's child—God bless you. You will live with me, Frances. You shall never leave me——" He stopped abruptly. Stephen had entered the room, and stood before them, lost in sheer amazement. Presently he said in cold cutting tones—

"I see I interrupt. Pray proceed. Do not let me spoil so pretty a scene!"

"Come here, Stephen, my boy, come here. I want to be off to-night. I must catch a train at once to—to—where to, Frances?"

"Brixton," said Frances blushing and glancing shyly at Stephen who kept his eyes studiously averted.

"Yes, to Brixton. Find the train, Stephen. Wish me joy, lad," and grasping Boyd's unwilling hand he shook it heartily.

"I have yet to learn the occasion for such demonstrations of joy," replied Stephen in the satirical tone he knew only too well how to assume. "Though I suppose I may guess, judging from the tender scene I interrupted."

"I will tell you, my boy," said his uncle scarcely hearing Stephen's words.

"I have just found out that Frances' mother is a lady whom I knew and loved long, long ago. By some misunderstanding we were separated. Now I have found her again, and I cannot rest till I go to her. Help me, Stephen, help me. I am so excited that I am helpless myself."

Amazing was the sudden transformation in Stephen's appearance and demeanour. He congratulated, he sympathised, he proffered help, bestowing at the same time tender looks on Frances, who now in her turn was obdurate, and pretended not to notice them, escaping soon from the room.

Stephen arranged with Uncle Caleb a suitable train by which they could both leave for Brixton on the following morning; for he declared that his uncle should not go alone, and that he himself had friends there, whom he could visit till Uncle Caleb was ready to return with him.

"Very well, my boy, we will arrange it so, and during our journey I want to continue that little talk with you about your future prospects. I have a scheme to propose. But now my brain is full—so full that I can think of nothing else but of her and her trouble. I suppose now we must seek the others and explain my place of hiding. Mind, not a word as to my discovery about Frances or her mother."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

"Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless."—*Goethe.*

WHEN Uncle Caleb and Stephen had rejoined the guests, and had eaten such supper as they were able, while answering the many eager questions put to them, Uncle Caleb, late though it was, proposed music to wind up the evening.

All were delighted with the idea, and in a short time were singing right merrily.

It is not to be wondered at that Stephen managed to persuade Frances, though with some difficulty, to leave the others and give him an opportunity to ask her forgiveness in the little conservatory leading out from the drawing-room.

"I know I was abominably rude and bearish just now," said Stephen, "but confess, Frances, that there was sufficient cause to make any fellow mad and jealous."

The last word brought a glow of delight to her as she heard it, yet she made it (perhaps to hide what she really felt) a fresh occasion to quarrel with him.

"Indeed," assuming an anger she was far from feeling, "since when, may I ask, have you done me the honour to entertain so questionable a sentiment towards me?"

"Since first I saw you. I believe I should have felt the same had you given me occasion. But why speak so to me, it is not like you."

"That shows how little you know me," she answered, turning to examine a pot of Christmas roses, and wondering how she could manage to escape without appearing rude, for she mistrusted her power to conceal her love from him if he continued longer to speak to her so kindly. She knew also that she ought to resent his doing so when Charlotte had, she feared, the sole right to such attention.

Stephen watched her as she toyed with the flowers, her face partially averted from him, her eyes lowered till the long dark lashes rested on the flushed cheeks again, as brilliant in their colour as the scarlet holly berries in the black gauze of her bodice cut low at the throat. As he watched her an almost irresistible longing possessed him to snatch her in his arms and say to her all the wild loving thoughts he had so long and with such difficulty restrained till he should possess some adequate means to offer her.

What if while waiting he lost her! or what if she did care for him to some extent and—— The joy of the thought, often as it had been before indulged in and checked, gave him to-night while in her presence such intense alternations of rapture and pain that he determined, on the strength of the hope Uncle Caleb had held out to him, to speak then and there. Only a few words that without compromising her, should yet show he was himself bound to her by the deepest affection of his heart.

Frances had moved slowly from plant to plant, and now stood in a slight alcove apparently watching the fast-falling snow; but more than once she glanced shyly at Stephen intending to speak suitable words to excuse herself. In reality she was thinking: "How fine and statuesque he looks leaning against that marble pillar. How strong and good his face is; like himself it is one to trust in and love utterly. Oh, Steve! Steve!" and she sighed involuntarily, "I believe you do care for me a little; you are so kind and chivalrous, but oh, if you loved any woman, as I suppose you do or will love Charlotte, you will marry her! Ah, you will be a fine pair! You will never, never know how or what I think of you."

The silence was growing awkward, though but a few moments had passed since they had last spoken.

Suddenly she looked up. Stephen was crossing the conservatory to her side. His face was so pale that she was constrained to glance a second time. Then her eyes dropped, and she trembled she knew not why.

"Frances."

She could make no answer.

He came nearer to her resting gently his two hands upon her shoulders. "Listen to me," he began, in his low deep voice. "I can no longer be silent. I have striven to wait—to crush all expression of the love filling my heart—stifling it, I might say, till I had earned a right to ask you to love me in return, by having a home to offer you. I miscalculated my strength. I must out with it—I love you—wholly, devotedly, madly!" He paused, and taking one of her hands held it in a close clasp between both of his.

"You need not answer me," he continued, seeing that she was about to speak. "It would be mean of me to seek to bind you even if you cared for me, while I am little better than a beggar; but if in the future I am successful, may I then hope that——"

"Hush," said Frances, seeking to release her hand. "You must not say such things without giving me a chance to speak. Have you forgotten Charlotte?"

"What about her?" he asked petulantly, a shade of annoyance crossing his brow.

"Oh, you must understand. Are you not engaged?" she stopped greatly confused.

"I see," said Stephen, his face flushing as he spoke. "You have heard something. I must therefore explain, then let the subject never be mentioned again. She was very generous; she would have helped me; but—don't you see it was impossible—I could not give such return. There, do not let us waste our time."

Frances had watched him furtively. A great joy filled her heart casting out the wretched unrest and fear that had before possessed her. Her eyes were suffused as she raised them shyly, breathing his name in a low voice.

Another moment Stephen's arms enclosed her, all else was forgotten. The old story of mutual love was fully told and fully answered.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNCLE CALEB'S CHOICE.

"God can make the autumn
The glory of the year."

THERE was little sleep for Caleb Ayres that Christmas night, or rather during the early hours of the following morning.

His brain throbbed and his heart beat tumultuously as he pictured the woman he so ardently loved, friendless and perchance suffering, while he yearned to help her and had the means to do so.

At an early hour Stephen and he departed on their journey, Uncle Caleb telling his guests not to expect them till the evening of the following day, as he had some little business to attend to in London.

During his absence his visitors managed to entertain themselves very well, but Frances was so excited and restless, that she found it difficult to appear as usual.

A good substantial tea was prepared in readiness for the travellers the next day.

There had been a heavy fall of snow, besides being intensely cold, and all were glad when Uncle Caleb and his companion returned, apparently none the worse for their trip. Indeed the young people could not understand their uncle, he looked twenty years younger, appearing for the first time since they had known him not more than his real age, and was so bright and full of energy, that he was quite the life of the tea-table.

Stephen, who contrived to sit next to Frances, whispered to her while the others were talking—

"I have told Uncle Caleb, and he consents. Be in the library at eight o'clock, do, darling. I am to go in for my exams., and I'll tell you all then; I have so much to say to you."

When the meal was nearly at an end, the conversation turned on the time when their visit would be ended, and among the many loudly-expressed laments, invitations were given to Uncle Caleb to return with them, and become their guest.

But Uncle Caleb shook his head and said it was impossible.

"Now you know that's nonsense," said Charlotte, smiling at him sweetly. "You know you can't refuse me, I mean to take you back with me. I have set my heart upon having you, and I am not one to be refused, am I, Stephen?" she added turning archly to him.

"Nevertheless I fear I must run the risk, my dear. I shall be too busy to go away from home."

"Why, it isn't till after the 14th of next

month, so you can get all tiresome business finished by then," persisted Charlotte.

"You must come and visit us also," said Fred Weston. "Indeed you must. We shall expect you," chimed in the brother and sister.

"You see you are in for it," said Charlotte, gaily tapping his hand as it lay on the table near her. "So submit, sir, with a good grace."

"My dear children," answered Uncle Caleb, looking rather confused, but very happy, "it is impossible for me to accept any of your invitations to return with you on the 14th, for—for I am going to be married in the following week."

A profound silence ensued. They all saw at once that he was not joking, and yet could neither realise nor understand this sudden announcement.

"Yes, my dear children," continued Uncle Caleb, "I am going to marry a lady whom I deeply loved and from whom I was separated when I was young. That lady is Frances' mother."

As no one ventured a remark their uncle continued—

"I hope this will not be the only Christmas we shall spend together. You must all come and see us often."

"Thank you, uncle. Thanks. We will keep you to your word," came from the Westons and Stephen Boyd. Neither Charlotte nor her brother made any response.

"Perhaps there is something else that I ought to say to you, though the time has not yet come that I had proposed to myself to speak on the subject.

"When I asked you all to spend a month with me, I had resolved to choose from among you—if I could do so—one I considered suitable to make my heir. You will all agree with me that circumstances have in a measure helped to decide that question. But I may as well tell you that my choice is made. Frances, whom I hope shortly to own as daughter, may eventually become my heiress.

"Now, my dear children, I must beg you all to excuse me for I am very tired. Good-night."

As Caleb Ayres walked slowly along the passage his heart swelled with gratitude, and his eyes were misty with the unshed tears of a great happiness.

"My God, I thank thee," he murmured, "Thy way is best. Thy gift has not come too late. My times are in Thy hands."

THE END.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY, Author of "A Friend in Need," "By Parcel Post," "Speaking Likenesses," &c.

In recent years there have appeared in these pages, about Christmas-time, entertainments suitable for a small number of performers, with a limited space at their command; but, as I have each time owned, they have not been absolutely new, in that they were performed at the house of Mrs. Greyden before they appeared in the "G.O.P." This year, however, I propose giving you one that is absolutely new, as it has never been performed anywhere. They say there is a charm about novelty, and on this account it may be acceptable. I have framed it on the same lines as the previous ones, viz., that it requires only a small number of performers, that no large platform is requisite, and that it provides for the distribution of presents. It is therefore applicable to school treats as well as private parties, where young people always appreciate their gifts more if accompanied by a certain amount of mystery in their production.

Let me start by saying there is no real difficulty in what I am going to set before you that cannot easily be overcome by fertile brains and active hands, and, acting on the rule I have hitherto followed, I will first give you the words and directions for performance, and then such further hints as may be necessary.

Performers:

WINTER.
DISCONTENT.
GOODWILL.
And two Pages or Attendants to GOODWILL (if preferred).

SCENE.

(*A rocky cavern, with opening at back. The lights are low and blue. On the curtain being raised* WINTER *is discovered seated on a piece of rock in the cave.*)

WINTER. There is a saying "Each dog has his day,"
And if that's true, well, then, perhaps, I may
Be fortunate in this respect as well;
Though why I should thus draw a parallel
Between myself, being Winter, and a hound
I cannot give a reason really sound,
Although I know a sad dog some folks dub me;
Still low abuse does not the wrong way rub me.
I'm Winter, and as such have my employment,
And with it what to me is great enjoyment.
My stay in England always is but brief,
And my departure some think a relief.
The way last Spring and Summer lingered here
Most anxious made me, and caused me to fear
That I should be excluded altogether,
And Christmas would be spent in scorching weather.
But here I am, and my intention now is
To make up for lost time, and show my prowess.
I'll let folks know, and knowing they shall rue,
What Winter, when he's put to it can do.
I'll rain, I'll hail, and vary this with snow;
And in between times, for a change, I'll blow,
Not genial airs, but downright blinding blizzards;
For as to storms I've all the skill of wizards.
I'll start this minute, just to let folks see
What they, poor souls, may now expect of me.

[*Rises, and taking his staff, waves it slowly in all directions during the following, which he speaks slowly.*]

Black clouds arise,
Blot out the skies.
Blow high, blow low,
Come hail! come snow!

Stern warfare wage,
And tear and rage.
And in an icy shroud, and cold,
The shivering, trembling world enfold.

[*Sounds of a fierce tempest with rain and hail are heard outside.* WINTER *stands quite still for a time, listening, then seating himself.*]

That's set them going, what a noise! Oh dear!
It's glorious the howling wind to hear,
I must be in it. [*Rises to go out.*]

(*A voice heard outside.*) Hollo, there, I say!

WINTER (*laughing*). There's some poor wretch——

(*A voice.*) Who's that? I've lost my way.
Where am I? Give me shelter. I'm half dead
With cold and snow and wet.

WINTER (*at entrance and speaking off*). Come straight ahead.
There's shelter here. Now mind that rock.

(*A voice.*) All right,
I see. My word! it is an awful night.

[*Enter* DISCONTENT *shaking a cloud of snow off her head and shoulders.*]

So unexpectedly it came on, too.
Why, Winter! you don't mean to say that's you?

WINTER. What, Discontent! It's you, my lady, is it,
Upon your way to pay your yearly visit?
We always meet.

DISCONTENT. Now, Winter, it's too bad
To play a trick like this, and send half mad
The elements about my ears to-night;
A joke's a joke, but this is far from right,
There's no fun in it, none at least for me.

WINTER. I'm sorry, Discontent; but then you see
I'd no idea——

DISCONTENT. Oh, nonsense! No excuse,
You know with me they're not the slightest use.
I'm up to all your ways——

WINTER. But, Discontent,
I didn't mean——

DISCONTENT. No matter what you meant,
Just stop this noise, and let me speak in peace;

WINTER (*waving his wand*). Wind, storm, snow, hail, shut up,
your turmoil cease. [*Instant silence.*

DISCONTENT. That's better; now then, what's all this about?
And why this dreadful atmospheric rout?
You've got a finger in it, come now?

WINTER. Yes;
You're not so very far out in your guess.
The fact is simply this, last spring and summer
Were so superb, I feared the latest comer.

DISCONTENT. You mean yourself?

WINTER. Just so; might underrated
Be, or scoffed at, so I contemplated
A little taste of what I really *could* do,
And what, as days and weeks went on, I should do.

DISCONTENT. Quite right, for mortals very uppish get,
And fancy they must have, now dry, now wet,
Just as it suits them.

WINTER. No, it will not do
To pander to their fancies; but then you
Don't do it.

DISCONTENT. No. I act up to my name,
I'm Discontent, and make some mortals blame
Most things.

WINTER (*laughing*). You do; your nature is not sweet,
For disagreeableness you're hard to beat.
Now I'll be bound that in your bag you've got
Of ills and trials quite a pretty lot.

DISCONTENT. You're right, I have, a really choice collection,
There are some outside, quite worthy your inspection.

[*She undoes a bag she is carrying, and takes from it parcels, as required.*]

Look here (*holding up parcel*), this is a gross or two of colds,
And this sore throats and influenza holds, (*holding up another*)
Chilblains and hotaches for the hands and toes, (*another*)
And this is for young ladies, marked "red nose"; (*another*)
Burst water-pipes, which mortals do not much like, (*another*)
And here are frozen greenhouses and such-like; (*another*)
This one is loss of work (*another*), and this, you see, (*another*)
Contains a mass of want and misery.
I've here a batch of falls and accidents,
And broken limbs make up this one's contents;
Besides all these——

WINTER. Oh, thank you, that will do,
I shall receive, I see, much help from you.
And we shall little difficulty find
In making these poor mortals keep in mind
For years to come this season, as the one
In which they'd all the kicks and little fun.

DISCONTENT. Let's start at once, I'm sheltered now and warm,
So just turn on again that awful storm,
'Twill set some people shivering.

WINTER. All right,
We'll start our season with an awful night!

[*Rising and waving his wand as before.*]

Black clouds arise,
Blot out the skies,
Stern warfare wage,
And tear and rage;
Blow high, blow low,
Come hail, come snow,
And in an icy shroud and cold,
The shivering, trembling world enfold.

[*The noise of the storm is heard outside as before.*]

DISCONTENT. That's grand, I love the sound when I'm in shelter,
Just hark how it is hailing helter-skelter.

WINTER. Yes, listen to the hurricane too! This
A real good storm is (*sounds cease suddenly*). Hollo! what's amiss?
There's something wrong; they've stopped!

DISCONTENT. What can it be?

WINTER. I can't conceive. I'll just run out and see.

[*Going, when he is met at the door by* GOODWILL, *at the same moment the lights are turned up, and change from blue to rose, and the scene becomes bright and warm-looking, and* WINTER *and* DISCONTENT *huddle together in the farthest corner away from* GOODWILL, *as if in terror.*]

GOODWILL. Ah, yes! just what I thought might be the case.
No wonder you don't like to see my face.

WINTER (*aside to* DIS.). Goodwill! We're done for!

GOODWILL. Raising such a storm,
And you yourselves in shelter, snug and warm.
However, Winter, I have scotched your spite
And bottled up your malice for to-night.

DISCONTENT (*aside*). Just like her impudence, this domineering.
I hate Goodwill, she's always interfering.

WINTER (*aside*). It is too bad.

GOODWILL. Who have you with you there?
What, Discontent! A very pretty pair!
No wonder mischief was abroad! No doubt
You quite expected not to be found out.
But I won't have it, Winter. Do you hear? (*decidedly*)
It's perfectly disgusting! you appear
To fancy you can do just what you please,
Send snow and hail in showers, blow, and freeze,
As if the place belonged to you. But I
Won't have it, as I said; I'll tell you why—
You're sent here to do good, not ill, and so
I don't object to now and then some snow,
And ice in reason, also wind and rain,
When through them Earth can some advantage gain;
But if you send them only out of spite,
At once I'll stop them, as I've done to-night;
And further, you will give of all you do
A strict account——

WINTER (*sullenly*). What! give account to you?
I'll not.

GOODWILL. You will, or else, my friend, you'll rue it.
You'd better settle once for all to do it;
For if you don't—but there—— Now, Discontent,
A word with you. You're not like Winter, sent——

DISCONTENT. No, rather not.

GOODWILL. But come of your free will,
Yet when you come you bring no good, but ill.

DISCONTENT (*aside*). Just listen to her.

GOODWILL. Now then, I'll be bound
A mass of trouble might on you be found.
What have you in that bag?

DISCONTENT (*impudently*). What's that to you?
The bag's my own.

GOODWILL. Hollo! This will not do (*looks fixedly and sternly at* DISCONTENT, *who cowers back and slowly opens the bag she carries*).

Now, Discontent, be careful; you know well
You're powerless before my potent spell.
Produce what you have there, and if I see
That you have tried to steal a march on me,
Then woe betide you. Quick now, hand them out.
What's this? (*Taking a packet which* DISCONTENT *hands her.*)

DISCONTENT. Bad colds.

GOODWILL (*taking another*). And this sore throats, no doubt.

DISCONTENT (*handing another*). Chilblains and hotaches.

GOODWILL. One might well suppose
You would not spare the young. What's this (*reading*) "Red Nose,"
You wretch! (*to* DISCONTENT).

DISCONTENT (*handing another*). Burst water-pipes.

GOODWILL. It's clear.
You've——

DISCONTENT (*handing another*). Frozen greenhouses.

GOODWILL. No business here.
Give me them all, and those you left outside

[DISCONTENT *turns out her bag, and brings in the other parcels, putting them all down together.*]

You needn't think that I can be defied.
Your spite I'll bring to naught (*standing over the parcels with outstretched hands*). It is my will
That each and all be changed to good from ill.
They're harmless now; indeed they each contain
Something that pleasure will afford, not pain—
Now, Discontent, begone. At this glad season
Your presence here is nothing short of treason.

DISCONTENT. But may I not?——

GOODWILL. At once begone, I say,
Nor dare to linger longer.

[*Exit* DISCONTENT, WINTER *is following.*

Winter, stay,
Your time's not up, and as a punishment
For what you did in spite, you shall present
These gifts to those for whom they are intended.
And take care that henceforth your ways are mended,
So that in future mortals may have reason
To speak of Winter as a merry season.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS.

And now then for the *modus operandi*. As to the curtain and the proscenium, I have recently in "Speaking Likenesses" given full instruction with regard to them, so that I need only refer my readers to that article. For the scene itself a rocky cavern will be most effective, and there is no difficulty in this. I gave instructions how it was to be managed in an article in one of the Christmas Numbers, headed "A Friend in Need," but as some of my present readers may not have seen it, I may say that the rocks are formed by sheets of brown paper crumpled up and sewn on to canvas, which is either nailed to frames or hung from cords, stretched out of sight above the proscenium. The brown paper can be made more effective by being painted here and there to deepen the shadows, when the canvas is hung in its place. A roof can also be formed in the same way, but this should not be stretched too tightly, but allowed to sag down in the middle, thus giving the effect of naturally uneven rockwork. In the present case an opening can be left at the back through which the performers may enter, but then a back cloth must be painted with a wintry scene. This would not be a difficult task to some, for the opening need not be a large one; and the effect would be greatly enhanced. The floor of the cavern should be covered with brown canvas or holland to represent sand, and a few stones or rocks lying about would help the illusion.

The lights should be hung as described in the entertainment "Speaking Likenesses," with the addition of one behind the canvas on which the rocks are fastened, pointing on the back cloth, otherwise this would hardly be seen. Sheets of blue gelatine or pieces of blue glass fixed in front of the lamps will give the cold, dim light requisite during the first portion of the entertainment, and these can be quickly changed for red ones on the entrance of Goodwill, when the lights will of course be turned up to their full. Several careful rehearsals of the lighting should be held before the performance, when the best effects will be discovered, for it may be that it will be found sufficient to have only one of the lamps lighting the interior of the cave with the red glass in front, and the other merely the plain white light.

The sound of the hail is obtained by allowing peas to fall upon a sheet of cardboard from some little height, and the moaning of the wind is managed by a piece of silk stretched over a wheel.

Of course these effects must be carefully rehearsed, as a good deal of the picturesqueness of the performance will depend upon their being well executed; they should attain their full power when the characters are silent, and gradually sink so as not to interfere with the words. Use them at all rehearsals so that those who manage them may be fully up to their duties, and the performers may grow accustomed to the noise and not be distracted by it.

Winter should be represented by a male, and should be clad in a grey robe down to his feet, edged with ermine or fur, and tied with a girdle round his waist. His head should be covered by a hood, part of the garment also edged in the same way. He should have a wig of straggling grey hair, and grey eyebrows made, as I have often previously described, of *crepe* hair, but no beard or moustache. His face should be made up old, lantern-jawed, and sallow. You will find grease paints the best to work with, and the easiest to get rid of after the performance if the face is well rubbed with vaseline before washing in warm water. Winter's nose should be decidedly red towards the tip, and you may make this more or less pointed by the aid of spirit-gum and cotton wool. I may here mention that there is a book published on making up, which may be obtained through any bookseller's, in which you will find directions for representing any class of face that may be desired. Care must be taken that Winter is not confused with Father Christmas, but this can be avoided by giving him a thin, pinched, miserable look, instead of a jovial, merry, good-tempered one. In this performance it will be seen that the worst side of Winter's character is brought to the front, and his face must be a reflex of it.

Discontent may be represented by either a male or female as may be found most convenient, but if by the latter she must not hesitate to sacrifice every atom of her good looks to the character. Discontent, as her name implies, is a disagreeable, vixenish old hag, soured in temper and looks. She also should be in grey with bare skinny arms, and a hood or cloak over her head, beneath which grey elf locks should appear, falling partly over her face, which should be very sallow and withered-looking, the corners of the mouth must be shaded to give the appearance of being drawn down, and the forehead must be well wrinkled, while two short, dark lines going straight upwards from the inner ends of the eyebrows will give a cross, ill-tempered expression. Her disagreeable appearance may be heightened by depriving her of most of her front teeth. There will be no need of a dentist to effect the operation, it will be quite sufficient to stick black court plaster on those you wish to disappear, and at a few feet distant the effect will be complete.

In direct contrast, in every way, to these two characters must be Goodwill, who will be sure to carry off the sympathies of the audience. Her representative should be young and nice-looking. She must dress in any flowing robe of white (of course not of a modern fashion), which may be relieved by a gold belt or some gold embroidery, but not put on too heavily. Her hair should be worn down her back and a diamond star in the front would heighten the effect. Her arms and neck should be bare. The only jewels she should wear must be diamonds, and not too many of them. Her character is a bright and happy one, and this should be reflected in her dress and appearance. A little rouge should be used, and the eyelashes lined as I have given directions in former articles.

The snow which Discontent shakes off on her entrance is formed of coarse powdered salt, sprinkled over her just before she appears. The parcels of "troubles" which she carries are of course the presents intended to be given to the guests, and they may be done up in any way most convenient.

And now what more is there to say, save my oft-repeated direction, rehearse, rehearse, rehearse, till the whole thing goes like clockwork. Let the representatives of Winter and Discontent remember that they are not to expect a particle of sympathy from their audience, and that if they get it they may know they have not performed their part properly. They are the villains of the piece, and the greatest compliments they can receive is to be soundly hissed. Goodwill may have two pages attending her if it is found convenient, and space is sufficiently large, but if she has them, they should also attend rehearsals though they have not a word to say, because they must learn where to stand so as not to get in the way of the others; as to their dress I may leave that to the taste of my readers, only imploring them not to allow them to appear in anything in modern fashion; and now then go to work, and may success attend your efforts.

CHRISTMAS IN HISTORY.

To judge by the slight references made to the subject in the magazines and newspapers of the last century, Christmas was not so very much thought of in England until, as husband of the present Queen, Prince Albert came over from Germany to revive its popularity. It would have been quite reasonable if a German family, on settling down in this insular home, had brought their national customs with them, and if this had been so Christmas-trees would have struck root in the English national affection more than a century earlier than is found to have been the case. We are probably still somewhat behind the Germans in our enthusiasm for observing this season, but in a degree which could hardly have been understood by our ancestors, we have learned to make Christmas pre-eminently the season for the enjoyment of children and young people. A century and a half ago, under the rule of the foreign King George II., London at the approach of Christmas would not have shown any such enlivening spectacle as is the case to-day. The butchers and the grocers might have shown greater supplies than usual, but there were no Christmas numbers or annuals as we understand them; and only short and casual notices of the season occurred in the newspapers, if, indeed, anything at all was said about the subject. The keeping of Christmas seems even to have declined since the preceding century, for under the Stuarts before the Revolution the festival appears to have been observed with an enthusiasm and a splendour surpassing anything to be seen in any other of the nations of Europe.

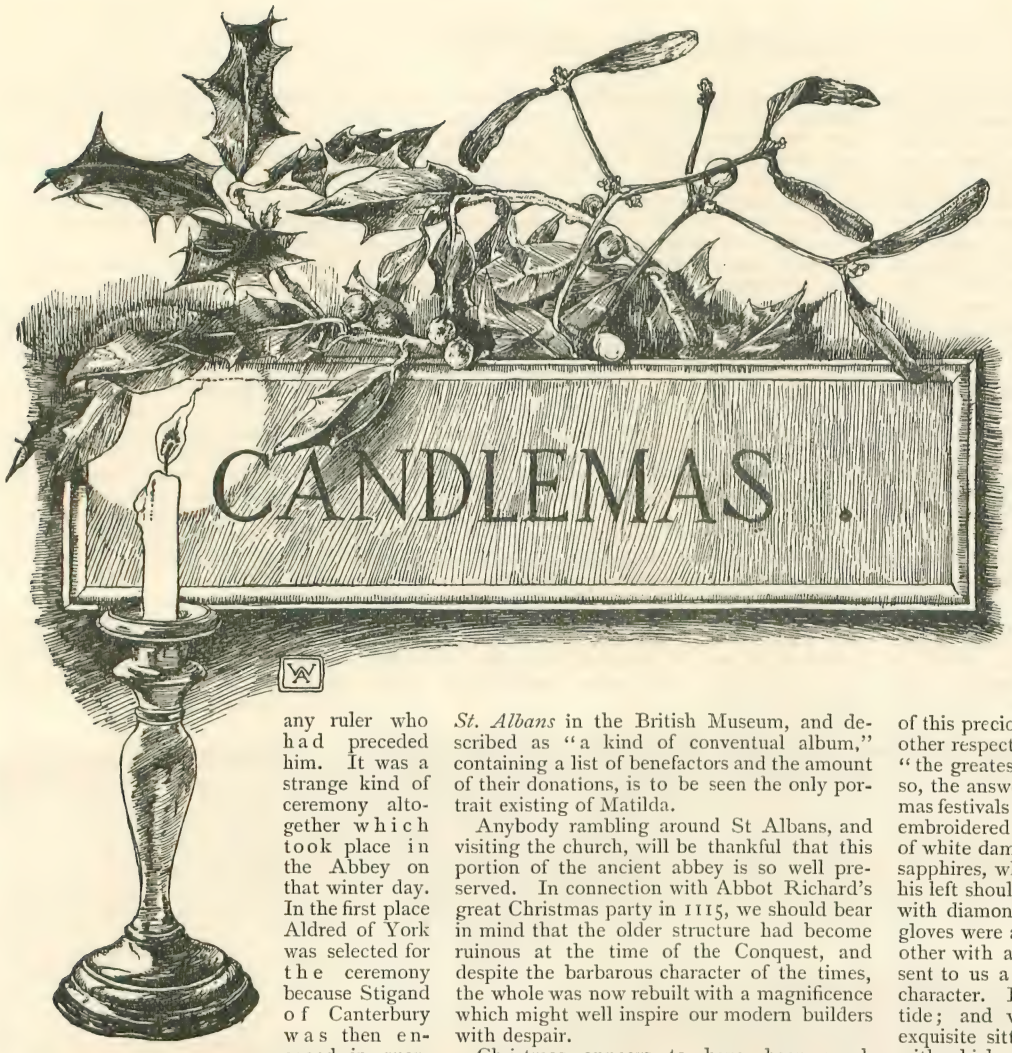
As we try to realise what Christmas in the abbey or the baronial castle in pre-Reformation days was, we may recall a few of those old-time sayings which were once, as it were, current coin. Thus, "After Christmas comes Lent," reminded those who were disposed to be too roystering or convivial, that fasting might really be better for them than feasting. On the other hand, those who looked too lingeringly on the joys that were gone, that "Another year will bring another Christmas." The French had a proverb, "Christmas is talked of so long it comes at last." In the reign of Elizabeth, old Tusser gave forth his ringing couplet—

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer;
For Christmas comes but once a year."

The saying, "A green Christmas a white Easter," was probably taken seriously in a day when those who had mastered the arts of reading and writing were naturally supposed also to possess the gifts of the seer. The supposition that mild weather in midwinter was unhealthy, was of course founded in mere prejudice. What we know is, that "A green Christmas" is more healthy than a frosty and foggy one, such as occasionally afflicts modern London.

In the year that William I. made the conquest of England, Christmas Day fell on Monday, and being the antipodes of Midsummer the Saxons called the festival Midwinter Day. That was the time that the Conqueror chose for his coronation. As the Saxon chronicle tells, Archbishop Aldred consecrated the king at Westminster, and at the same time gave him possession of "the books of Christ" as well as of the kingdom. It being Christmas Day, the churchman may have thought that, in a sense, he occupied vantage-ground. At all events, before he would consent to place the crown on the king's head, he made him swear that he would govern the land as well or better than

DISTRIBUTING THE MISTLETOE.



any ruler who had preceded him. It was a strange kind of ceremony altogether which took place in the Abbey on that winter day. In the first place Aldred of York was selected for the ceremony because Stigand of Canterbury was then engaged in quarrelling with the Pope. Though the people and nobles had no choice in the matter when William had won his place by conquest, the archbishop was apparently as particular to have both sides agreed as to the new era, as if he had before him a coy bride hesitating to accept a rough husband who was eager to possess her. When he asked the native nobles if they would give their allegiance to their new king, the affirmative response was so hearty, that the Norman guards outside mistook the noise for a growl of discontent. Houses were set on fire and many lives were lost, so that it was a woful Christmas night for London.

The great abbey of St. Albans was one of the most magnificent buildings of mediæval England, and on Christmas Day, 1115, when the then new structure was consecrated, one of the most imposing spectacles which that age could afford was witnessed, the king, Henry I., and his wife, Matilda of Scotland, being among the guests. Abbot Richard, who held office during the building, must on that occasion have felt somewhat of the satisfaction of an ambitious ecclesiastic who had realised to the utmost his fondest day-dreams. The queen was there not only as a guest, but as a benefactress who had given two manors to the abbey, and to meet her and the king were the Archbishop of Rouen, a number of Anglican bishops, nobles, and other eminent persons. The festivities, which commenced on Christmas Day, were kept up for nearly a fortnight, or until January 6, our present Old Christmas Day. In *The Golden Book of St. Albans* in the British Museum, and described as "a kind of conventual album," containing a list of benefactors and the amount of their donations, is to be seen the only portrait existing of Matilda.

Anybody rambling around St Albans, and visiting the church, will be thankful that this portion of the ancient abbey is so well preserved. In connection with Abbot Richard's great Christmas party in 1115, we should bear in mind that the older structure had become ruinous at the time of the Conquest, and despite the barbarous character of the times, the whole was now rebuilt with a magnificence which might well inspire our modern builders with despair.

Christmas appears to have been much thought of in those rough days when kings and nobles seemed to regard war as their natural occupation. Thus, two years later, when the king had to leave England to put down a revolt in Normandy, he and his son thought it worth their while to pay a hasty visit to England in order to keep Christmas with the queen. Father, mother and son then met for the last time. As regards Henry I., however, the Saxon annals make further reference to his Christmas merry-making in later life. Thus, in 1126, we find him observing the festive season at Windsor in accordance with his own tastes, his chief table-companion then being his second Queen, Adelicia of Louvaine, otherwise the Fair Maid of Brabant.

"Boxing Day" as we understand it was probably unknown in the twelfth century; but December 26th being the feast of St. Stephen, the successor of Henry I. chose to be crowned on what he called his "Name-day." This was in 1135, and it is one of the most sunny memories of Stephen's inauspicious reign. Twelve years later, or in 1147, the season was observed by Stephen and his queen with a greater degree of splendour, however. The reason of this extra outlay was the fact that amid snow and wintry blast a few nights previously, the Empress Matilda, the claimant to the throne and therefore the troubler of Stephen's peace, had left Oxford Castle for the Continent. The king and queen happened to be at Lincoln, and among the superstitious prophecies current in that day—the midnight of the mediæval age—was one to the effect that some unknown evil would happen to any king of England who should presume to appear in Lincoln Cathedral on Christmas Day dressed in royal robes and wearing the crown. Notwithstanding the seers, and "against the advice of his sagest counsellors, both temporal and spiritual," as Agnes Strickland tells us, the king attended service in state and returned home unscathed. With all his faults, Stephen may have been in advance of the follies of a time when the highest ecclesiastics and the greatest politicians were the slaves of superstitious fears.

In times of semi-barbarism and of abounding ignorance, extreme splendour in dress was so far removed from being any indication of moral worth, that low or even degraded natures might be seen as the chief slaves of such weakness. Probably few of us have any higher appreciation of the character of King John than his own nobles had when, with ominous threats in their scowling eyes, they compelled him to sign Magna Charta; but, however small the attractions of this precious adventurer may have been in other respects, Miss Strickland declares he was "the greatest fop in Europe." If we ask how so, the answer is that, "At one of his Christmas festivals he appeared in a red satin mantle embroidered with sapphires and pearls, a tunic of white damask, a girdle set with garnets and sapphires, while the baldric that crossed from his left shoulder to sustain his sword was set with diamonds and emeralds, and his white gloves were adorned, one with a ruby and the other with a sapphire." This seems to present to us a curious side of John's degraded character. He liked to honour Christmas-tide; and we have to think of such an exquisite sitting-down to a feast, compared with which our modern elegant repasts would show but a meagre provision. Thus the kitchens of a royal castle would then have fireplaces and appliances for roasting oxen whole—an appetising royal dish, indeed, if the cook were only master of his art, and also knew how to prepare a seasonable piquant sauce. As regards the necessity for thus roasting oxen whole, it may have been found in the immense consumption of beef at a great feast in those days, when a multitude would need to be fed at once such as would never enter into our modern calculations. Take, by way of example, the feast given by the Archbishop of York at Christmas, 1251, when his guests included the royal families of England and Scotland. Alexander III. of the latter kingdom, aged twelve, was married to Margaret, daughter of Henry I. and Eleanor of Provence. There was a great Christmas party, at which, according to the old chronicler, 600 oxen were eaten at one repast. When we realise that 2000 persons would not dine amiss if they were now to consume an ox, this looks like exaggeration; but mediæval oxen were not such as ours, and the common people when they sat down to a feast probably attacked the viands with the appetites of cannibals.

The Scottish nation has never taken to Christmas so cordially as the English; and although in these times we might go to Scotland at Christmas-tide, we should hardly think of going thither to keep Christmas. In 1304 Edward I. and his wife, Marguerite of France, kept Christmas Day at Dunfermline, under very exceptional circumstances. The unhappy

pleasant, fine, and delicate," remarked the young Virgin Queen, "and henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

Passing from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century, we find several references to the festive season in Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence. Being in Rome on Christmas Eve, 1644, he tells how he walked about all night, going from one church to another "in admiration at the multitude of scenes and pageantry which the friars had with much industry and craft set out to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people." On Christmas Day the Pope sang Mass, while a representation of the cradle of Christ was exhibited.

As a Royalist Evelyn has a somewhat doleful entry for Christmas Day, 1654, when the season was supposed to be "abolished" by the Puritans of the Commonwealth. As no churches were open or public assembly allowed, Evelyn says, "I was fain to pass the devotions of that blessed day with my family at home." As might have been expected, it was afterwards found that the love of Christmas was so engrafted on the public mind that it could not be put aside, notwithstanding the penalties to which those persons exposed themselves who kept the season after the old English manner. It was on Christmas Day, 1655, that Evelyn makes his most mournful entry in regard to what he regarded as the iron rule then prevailing:

"I went to London, where Dr. Wild preached the funeral sermon of preaching, this being the last day; after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer sacraments, teach schools, etc., on pain of imprisonment or exile. So this was the mournfullest day that in my life I have seen, or the Church of England herself, since the Reformation, to the great rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyter. So pathetic was his discourse, that it drew many tears from the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family received the communion; God make me thankful, who hath hitherto provided for us the food of our souls as well as bodies. The Lord Jesus Christ pity our distressed church, and bring back the captivity of Zion."

A year later, or in 1656, Evelyn attended "an assembly of devout and sober Christians" at Dr. Wild's lodgings.

We find that a man like Evelyn would have money given him to distribute in charity at the festive season. Christmas, 1683, was remarkable for its excessive cold, and also for a severe epidemic of small-pox. It was one of those phenomenal winters to which we may in any year be exposed in this high latitude, but of which a person may grow old and know nothing. The ice on the Thames became sufficiently strong for streets of booths to be set up upon it. The river was really frozen over before Christmas Day; and early in January Evelyn says: "I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat and had divers shops of wares quite across, as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over." A little later we find Evelyn going to Sayes Court to look into the condition of his garden. "I found many of the greens and rare plants utterly destroyed," he says. "The oranges and myrtles very sick, the rosemary and laurels dead to all appearance, but the cypress likely to endure it." At the time that was supposed to have been the coldest winter which had ever occurred in the memory of man. Evelyn sent a report of the season to the

northern kingdom was supposed to be completely subdued, and the king was desirous that the queen should undertake the journey from England, in order to judge of the thoroughness of his work. The war, indeed, had been so successful, that the great patriot, William Wallace, was a captive soon to be judicially murdered; but the roads through which Marguerite was obliged to pass were infested with armed desperadoes, which rendered them extremely dangerous. We do not envy Edward his merrymaking under such conditions, for we seem to think that there must have been mocking spectres at the feast.

Philippa of Hainault, queen of Edward III., was welcomed by the Londoners to her adopted country on December 23, 1327, and on Christmas Day, and for some days afterwards, there were feasts and rejoicings in the old city on the royal bride's account. We find that a great number of the clergy, in "solemn procession," went before when she entered the city; and then the Lord Mayor, on behalf of the guilds he represented, presented a service of plate of the value of £300 —no mean offering when money was worth many times over what it is to-day. Some months previously a commercial treaty between England and the Low Countries, and which promised to be profitable to the Londoners, had been completed, the prospect of its advantages no doubt stimulating the loyalty of the merchants, the smaller traders, and their apprentices.

We pass from the fourteenth to the fifteenth century, and, while doing this, it may be interesting to remember that from one Christmas Day to another, from the beginning of a century to its end, the wax-lights at the tomb of Edward I.'s beloved Eleanor have been kept burning night and day, and that they will burn on until put out by the light of the Reformation in the sixteenth century. The scene we now look upon is at Eltham, and the time is the Christmas of 1413, where in the old suburban palace Henry IV. and Jane of Navarre are spending their last Christmas together. It was a sombre, or even a sorrowful, occasion; for, in addition to an accusing conscience, the king had become so afflicted in body that his days on earth were fast drawing to a close. Henry was an epileptic, and the eruptions on his face, which sorely disfigured his once comely countenance, were declared by some to be a judgment on him for many misdeeds. There was good reason for keeping the season in seclusion; and the crown, once so eagerly desired, was now found to press heavily on the brow, if it was not actually the symbol of cares almost too grievous to be borne.

The idea of spending Christmas in the Tower of London is to us sufficiently doleful, and the conditions under which Elizabeth of York, otherwise the Good, there passed the days preceding the Christmas of 1502 were such as might have frightened away a fair woman, whose family associations of that place were terrible in their tragic interest. Just before Christmas Day we find the queen adjourning to old Richmond Palace, where the presents bestowed on various people reveal to us how Christmas was observed in days close upon four hundred years ago. In those days great personages were especially fond of minstrels, and such of these as were not regularly employed would have a special gift made to them at Christmas. The minstrels included the reciters, whose performances would sometimes take the form of several acting their parts; and anyone who gave more than common satisfaction would receive an extra gift. Thus the sum of 13s. 4d., which Elizabeth of York gave to one William Cornish, "for setting the carol on Christmas Day," was not a small fee when money was so much more valuable than now. A dancer was supposed to be well rewarded with 4s. 4d., and a fool with 6s. 8d. A few weeks after this merry Christmas, and on her birthday, the queen passed away at the age of thirty-seven.

The son of Elizabeth of York, Henry VIII., was even more partial than his mother to festive occasions and imposing pageants. He was proud of his knightly prowess, and in the early days of his married life, when he seems to have been happy with Catherine of Arragon, he had a craze for suddenly leaving the company and soon reappearing in some strange disguise. Thus it was at Christmas 1509 that the young king "stole from the side of the queen during the jousts, and returned in the disguise of a strange knight, astonishing all the company with the grace and vigour of his tilting." The court shows, as well as the street pageants, were then more costly or picturesque than now; but as was also in keeping with the times, they may also have been more childish. What is more surprising is, that the commonalty from the City would crowd into one end of the great state-apartment, then called the White-hall, when anything more than ordinarily striking was to be witnessed. Occasionally there would be a scramble for mementoes of a court pageant, and persons of title have even lost jewels and ornaments in a *mêlée*, the distinguished company being literally despoiled of their valuables by the vulgar herd of sightseers from London.

Years pass on, and we are enabled to see some of the attendant circumstances of Christmas 1523, when the Reformation time of transition had hardly come on in England, though some far-sighted seer may have thought that he descried its dawn. The king and queen dined at old Eltham Palace on that Christmas Day, now exactly three hundred and seventy-one years ago; and one of the chief topics of conversation would be the foundation of the great college at Oxford, named after Christ. Wolsey was then at the height of his prestige, and Henry VIII. was so proud of the achievement of his favourite, that during the holidays of that Christmas he introduced Langland, Bishop of Lincoln, to the queen, with the memorable words: "Madame, my lord of Lincoln can show my lord cardinal's college at Oxford, and what learning there is and shall be." Langland's account of what further happened is in his own handwriting in the Cottonian MSS.:—"And so the king departed, and I showed the king's grace the effect of all, and what great good should come of the same, likewise in the exposition of the Bible; and expressed to her grace the number of the house, the divine service of your college, and of the great suffrages of prayer ye have made her participant of." That was perhaps as pretty a Christmas scene as can be found in history; but only seven Christmas Days onward how wofully the outlook had changed. The queen was then discarded by her husband, the English Bluebeard, and the great Wolsey had just died in disgrace.

Greenwich appears to have been a favourite place in the time of the Tudors at which to spend Christmas. Thus, in December 1536, we find the court removing from Richmond to the old palace in the nearer suburb, there to spend the holidays. Only just before, the Princess Mary was again received into the good graces of her father, King Bluebeard, after an estrangement, and Bluebeard gave his daughter some gold bordering for a dress, which cost the recipient nearly £5 to have altered into the fashion. What is especially noteworthy is, that the young royal lady lost a greater number of angels "at the cards" than appeared to be quite decorous, according to our modern notions, each angel being a coin of the value of 7s. 6d. On the other hand, her grace gave alms to the poor in a right royal manner, and, consequently, passed as a good Catholic in a credulous age, when a good deed was superstitiously supposed to counterbalance a bad one. A year later Mary is found travelling by water from Windsor to Richmond to keep Christmas, giving the boatman 5s. for his trouble. Then as the Christmas diversions were aided by "Jane the fool," that young woman had to be suitably rewarded. There were many other calls to which a royal lady was expected to make a proper response; and to do this was not always convenient when the allowances of such dames were commonly quite out of keeping with their brilliant expectations. It was not the golden age, though the artistic work of ladies in the royal palace made it appear an industrious one, while the learning of courtly dames was considered to be in their case a commonplace characteristic. The presents they gave to other dames of rank oftentimes were evidences of their taste as well as their skill. Thus silken hose ornamented with gold, "a gown of carnation satin," sleeves for other gowns worked with silver or gold. In the early part of the sixteenth century oranges were served up with the Christmas dessert. The fruit was ten a penny—hardly so cheap as they are now, when due allowance is made for the difference in the value of money.

The marriage of Queen Mary with the worthless and fanatical Philip II. of Spain, in 1554, boded no good either to the bride or her country; but on account of the wedding festivities being postponed until the end of December, the Christmas of that year was particularly brilliant, and one that was long remembered as a red-letter day in our English annals. The season appears to have been observed at Whitehall, where hundreds of coloured lamps were made to produce a kind of magical effect on Christmas Eve. The Princess Elizabeth and a great gathering of English and foreign nobles were present. The only drawback was to those who had to provide the entertainment, the restriction which the queen put upon their enterprise from economic motives. Carden, the master of the ceremonies, insisted that he had already shown his novelties, and needed resources for new inventions. Master Carden's genius found plenty of scope for its exercise; and the mention of some of his devices shows that the inventions of the sixteenth century were just of the kind which would be appreciated by grown-up children in the nineteenth. Thus, by means of rabbits'-skins apes were well counterfeited, and, sitting in a row, they played various musical instruments, and thus were made to appear like minstrels of the most comical kind. Dozens of cats'-tails were also in request, "a masque of cats," with an accompanying recitation, causing great merriment. Plays representing the condition of Ireland, Venice, etc., were also produced at considerable cost. A great book, painted by Holbein, for the royal diversion at Christmas-tide would now be a relic of the Tudor era, which would command a high price.

In regard to the Reformation in England, Christmas Day ought to be held in some account, for it was on that day in the year of her accession, 1558, that Queen Elizabeth is supposed formally to have broken away from the Romish Mass. As the public opinion supported her in her action, the English service took the place of the Romish Latin in the Chapel Royal and all other churches. Perhaps it may not be generally known that silk stockings came in with the Reformation. Henry VIII. wore cloth hose, which were certainly too good for him; Edward VI. appears to have had a pair of Spanish silk ones "sent him as a great present;" but in 1559 Queen Elizabeth commenced the wear of silk stockings, which was afterwards continued. "I like silk stockings well, because they are

Royal Society, and it is to be found in their "Transactions."

Master Samuel Pepys was also an admirer of Christmas, as observed after the old English manner, and next to a good dinner he seems to have liked an able sermon. After morning church on Christmas Day, 1660, went "home to dinner, where my brother Tom, who this morning came to see my wife's new mantle put on, which do please me very well." The dinner consisted of "a good shoulder of mutton and a chicken," which being succeeded by a dull sermon at afternoon church "made me sleep." Each Christmas Day seems to have had its own particular characteristics. Thus, in 1664, Pepy's went "to Mr. Rawlinson's church, where I heard a good sermon." Nor was that all; for in the same place was found "very great store of fine women . . . more than I know anywhere else about us." On Christmas Day of the year following, or in 1665, Pepys witnessed "a wedding in the church," an unusual spectacle for the season. What also struck him was seeing "the young people so merry one with another!" It was also "strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." On Christmas Eve Mrs. Pepys would sit up until four in the morning, "seeing her maids make mince-pies," and these, with "good ribs of beef roasted," as well as "plenty of good wine of my own," Master Pepys considered to be good seasonable fare.

On Christmas Eve, 1667, Pepys is found going in a coach "to see the ceremony's . . . at the Queen's Chapel;" but he was disappointed, and fearful that his pocket would be picked. The sight being "nothing but a high masse," he might well have stayed at home, and we find him exclaiming: "What an odde thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor Papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the show." In the small hours of morning, the moon shining brightly, he returned home, not forgetting to drop money at several places about the City, "which I was the willinger to do," says Pepys, "it being Christmas Day, and so home, and there to find my wife in bed, and Janie and the maid making pyes." The last Christmas Day which Mrs. Pepys passed on earth appears to have been that of 1668, when, with her husband at her side and a boy to read, she was employed all day in "altering and lacing a noble petticoat."

Probably it will be thought that Christmas in the *Spectator* would be Christmas in fiction rather than in history, otherwise reference might be made to the efforts which were made by Sir Roger de Coverley to make the Christmas season a gladsome time for the farmers and cottagers on his estate. Then, though it was not very much written about, some illustration of the way in which Christmas was observed in different parts of the country might be gathered from the periodicals of the last century. The customs greatly varied in country places in days when the provinces had far less intercommunication than now. Of course elderly persons thought that the times of their youth had been more favourable for the worthy keeping of Christmas than the then present times. That was a too common delusion which still survives however; Christmas is properly the festival of youth, and those who have grown older can never again look upon it with the eyes of early days, nor ever again enjoy its diversions with equal zest.

G. H. P.

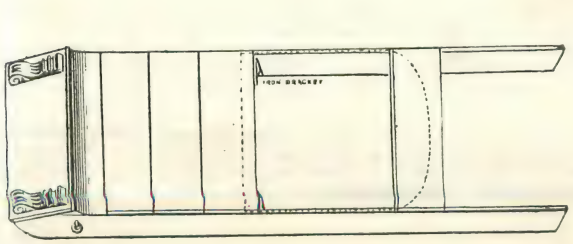
HOW TO MAKE AN ICE SLEDGE.

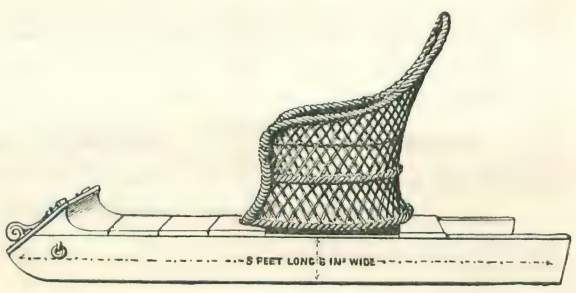
THE advent of ice is always a time of rejoicing to the young who can figure about on skates. But the pleasure would be half lost if dear mother could not come and view with pride the sporting of her young flock, and many a time have I seen her with praiseworthy patience beating the cold out of her feet on the borders of the pond. Now I think it is high time something should be done for her, and, coming home from the ice at 4 o'clock, I determined to have a sledge ready by the next morning. I will give you a short account of how I set about to accomplish it. I reckon it was six hours' work, and cost me 4s. The first thing of importance was to borrow from the house or garden an ordinary wicker-chair, then cut two lengths of ordinary flooring-boards six inches by two inches in lengths of five feet, curve them upwards towards the front, and round off the sharp corner at the back. Plane them along the base taking off a slight bevel towards the inner edge, now you have your "runners." Set them apart at a convenient distance, being guided by the width of your chair. Board over two-thirds with some of the flooring-boards, take an angle off the front of the runners and nail a

piece of the flooring across. You will now have a pretty firm platform for your chair, which you can fix down with one-and-a-half-inch iron staples, but, before fixing this, turn your runners over and strengthen them midway with a pair of iron brackets to keep them from splaying out at the base. These must be placed to get clear of the snow. The board across the front acts as a set off for snow, and can be ornamented at the two corners by carved wood trusses, 8d. each at any wood carver's or turner's; nail or screw them round side downwards. These give quite an elegant finish. The sledge can now be painted any colour to suit the fancy, bright green or sealing-wax-red looks the best. At any time the staples can be drawn and the chair taken off and put back in its place, and the runners hung up in an out-house until the next frost. There is nothing cumbersome about it—always an objection to a sledge. "What shall we do with it all the summer?" Utilising the chair obviates this, and it is one of the most *chic* things one can have.

By twelve o'clock the next day we packed mother in a nest of rugs and furs, and we boys and girls flew over the ice with her, her cheeks all aglow, looking by far the most youthful of our party. Then in the evening decorated with Japanese lanterns—— But there, I must leave something to my readers' imaginations.

	s.	d.
16 feet of floor boarding, 6 by 2 at 1½d.	2	0
Pair of carved wood trusses . . .	1	4
Staples and nails	0	4
Pair of iron brackets	0	4
	4	0





"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

A SHORT CANTATA FOR GIRLS' VOICES.

Words by HELEN MARION BURNSIDE. *Music by* MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

Andantino.

CHORUS.

1st Soprano (Joy).

1. Lo! we watch the dy - ing year,
2. While we watch, and while we pray,

2nd Soprano (New Year).

1. Lo! we watch the dy - ing year,
2. While we watch, and while we pray,

Contralto (Sorrow).

1. Lo! we watch the dy - ing year,
2. While we watch, and while we pray,

Andantino.

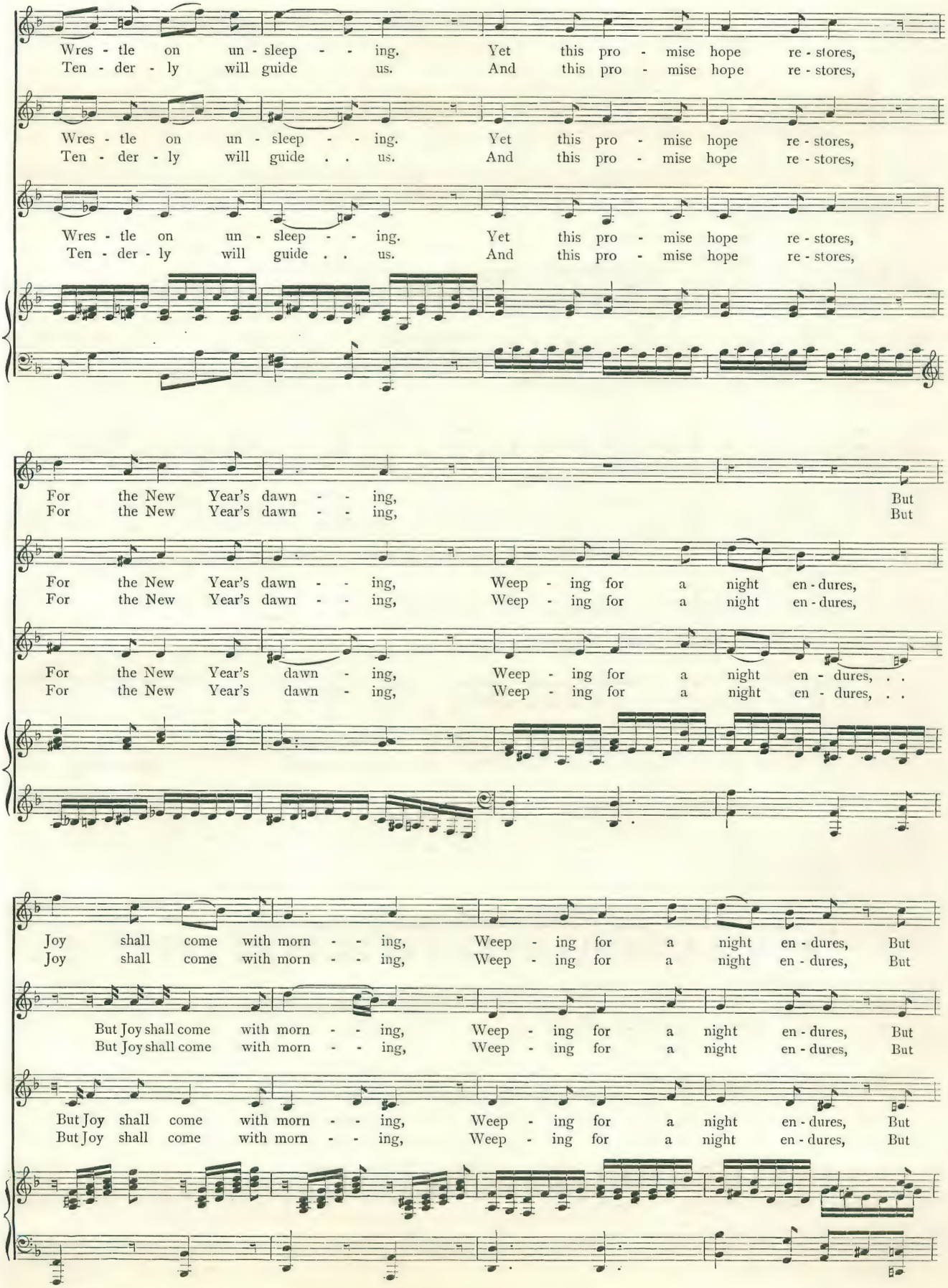
mf

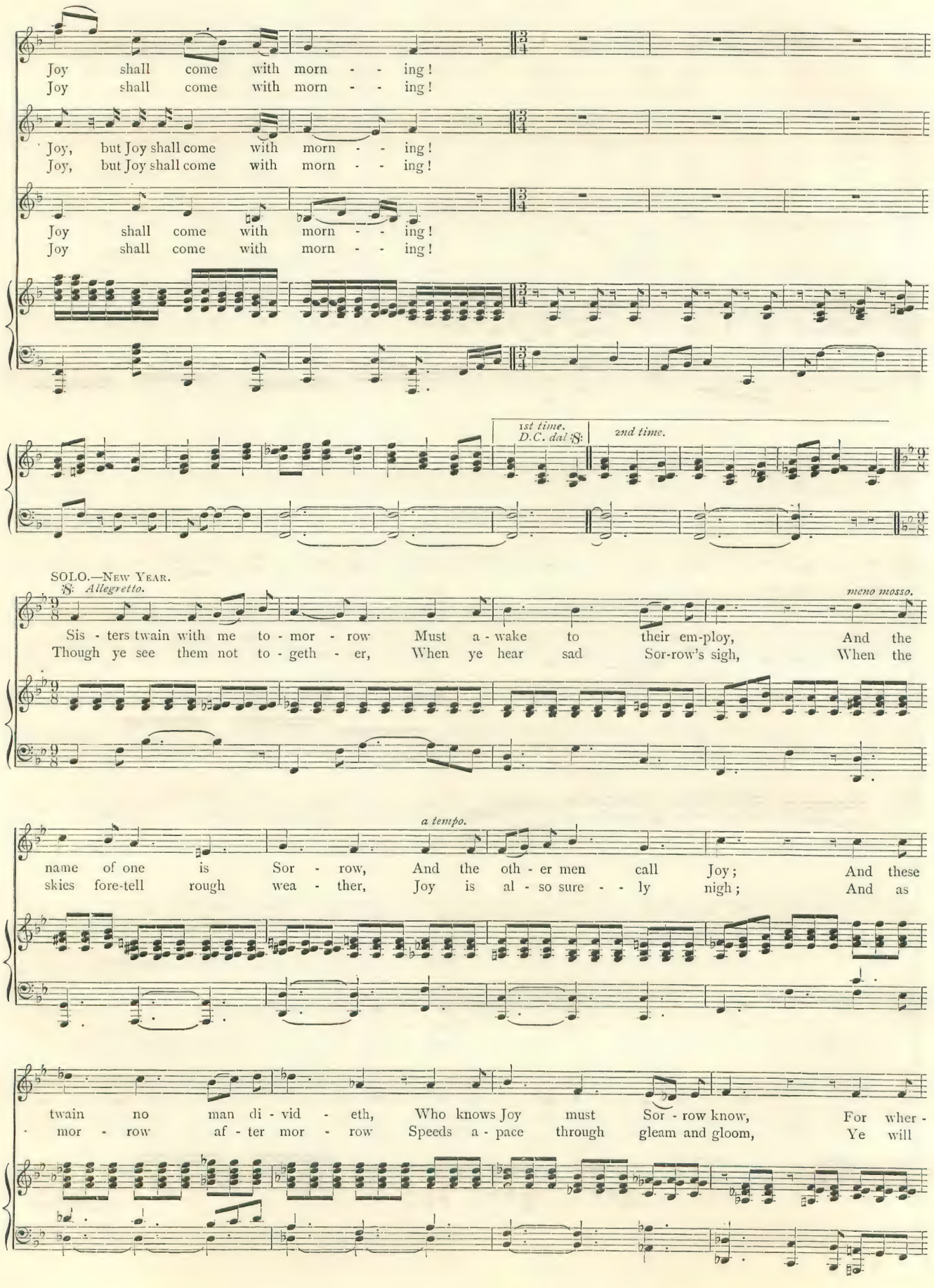
Pianoforte.

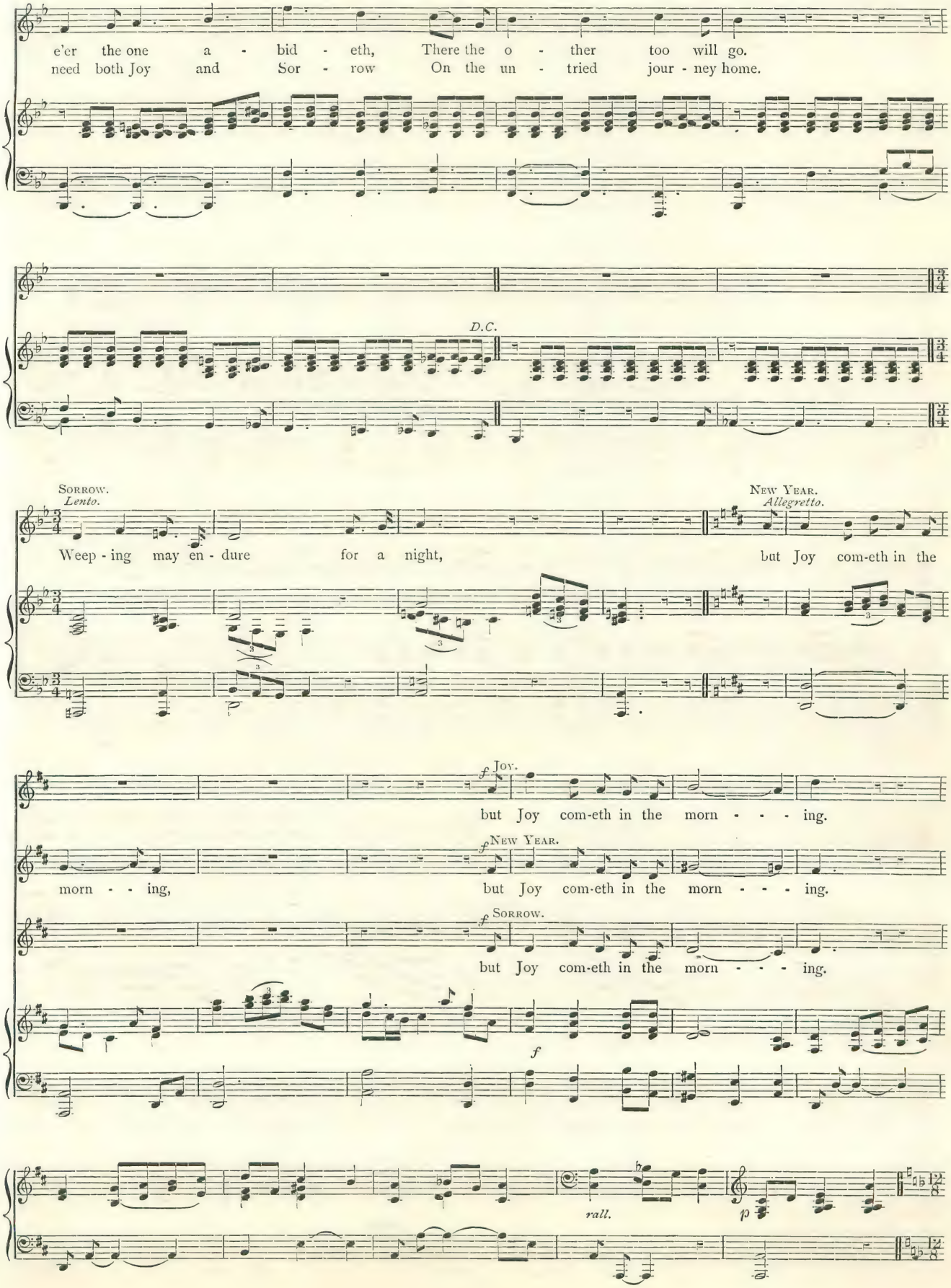
Faith - ful vi - gil keep - - ing, While the hosts of hope and fear
There is One be - side . . . us, One who on the un - known way

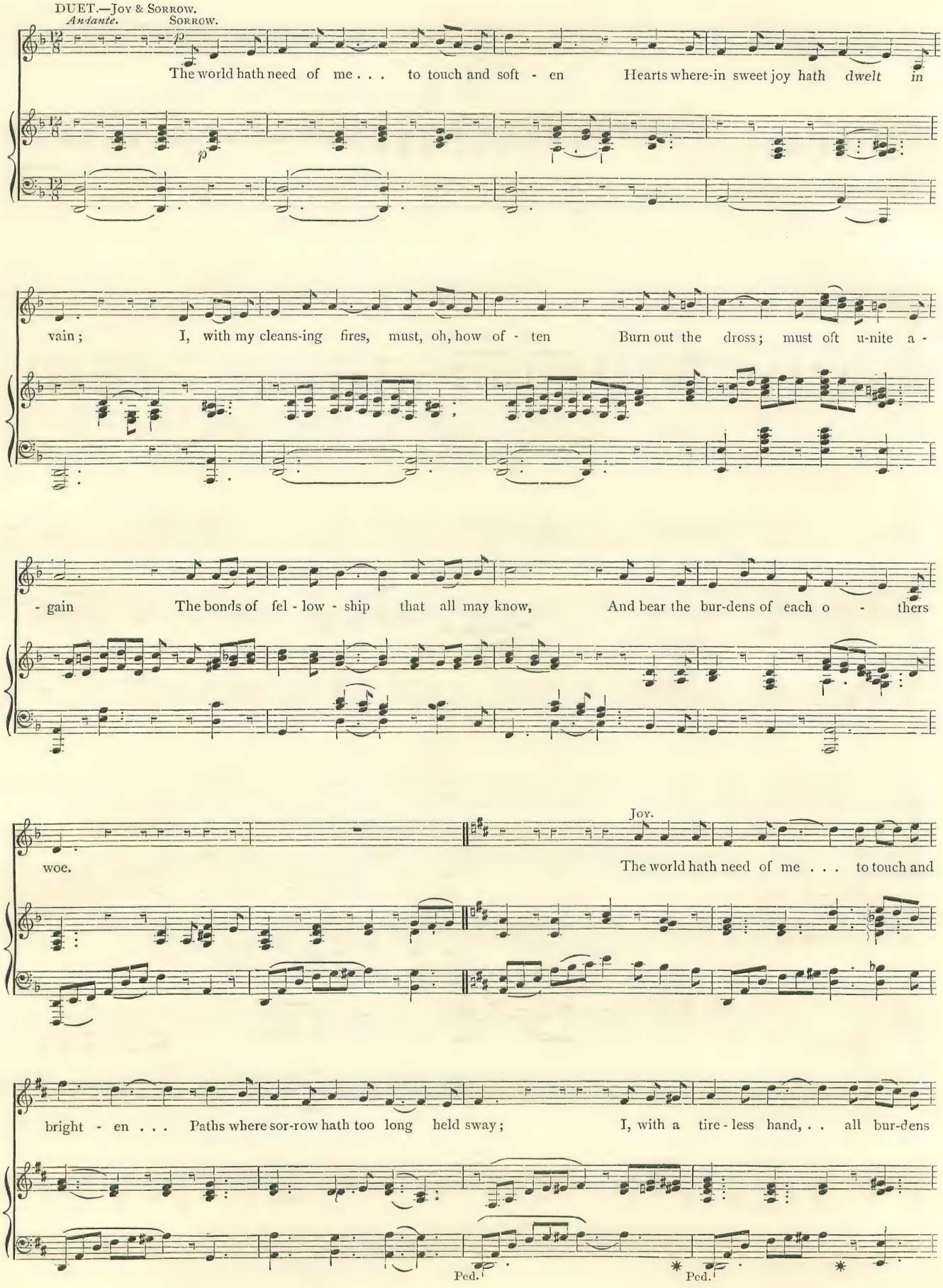
Faith - ful vi - gil keep - - ing, While the hosts of hope and fear
There is One be - side . . . us, One who on the un - known way

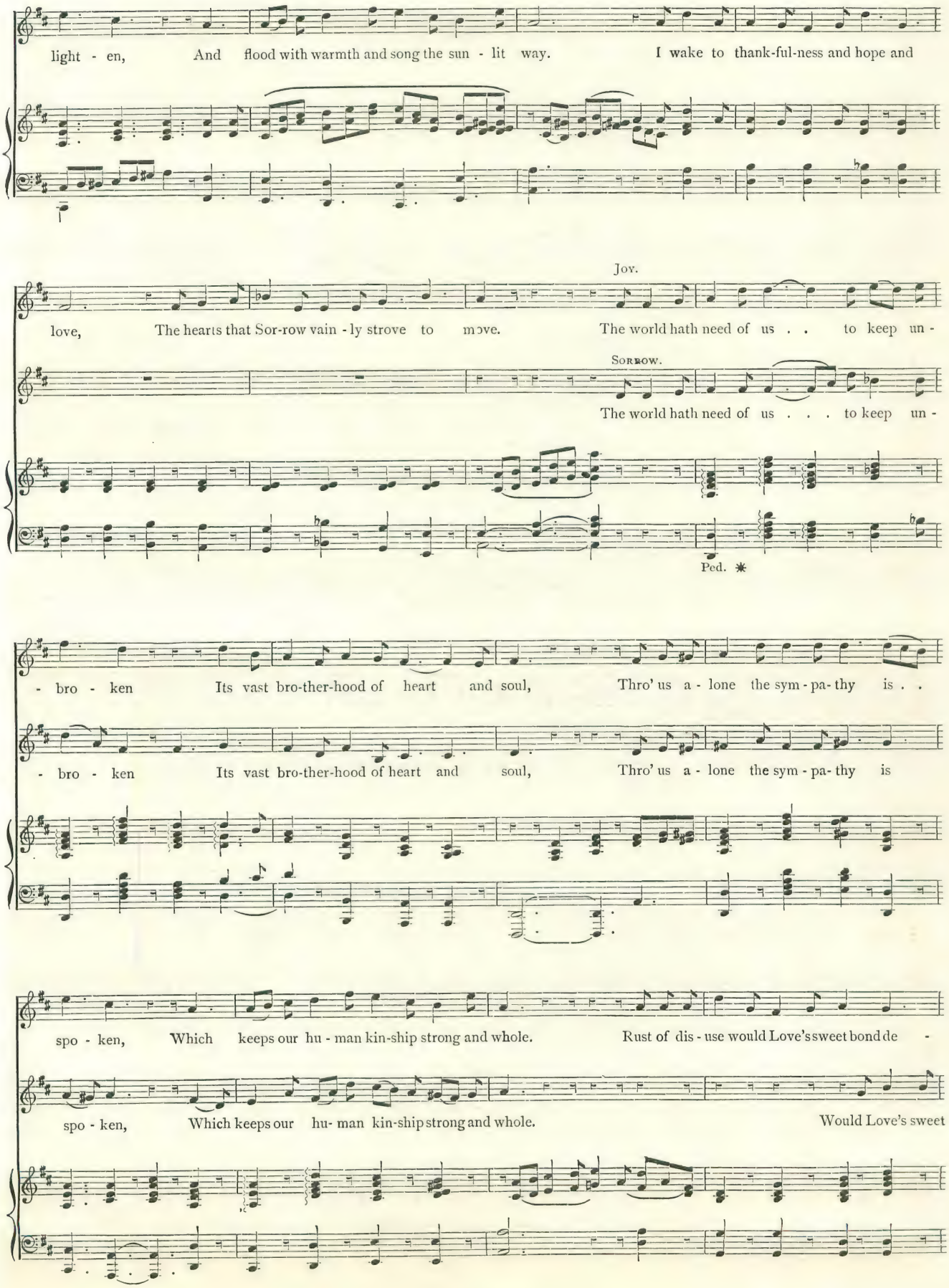
Faith - ful vi - gil keep - - ing, While the hosts of hope and fear
There is One be - side us, One who on the un - known way

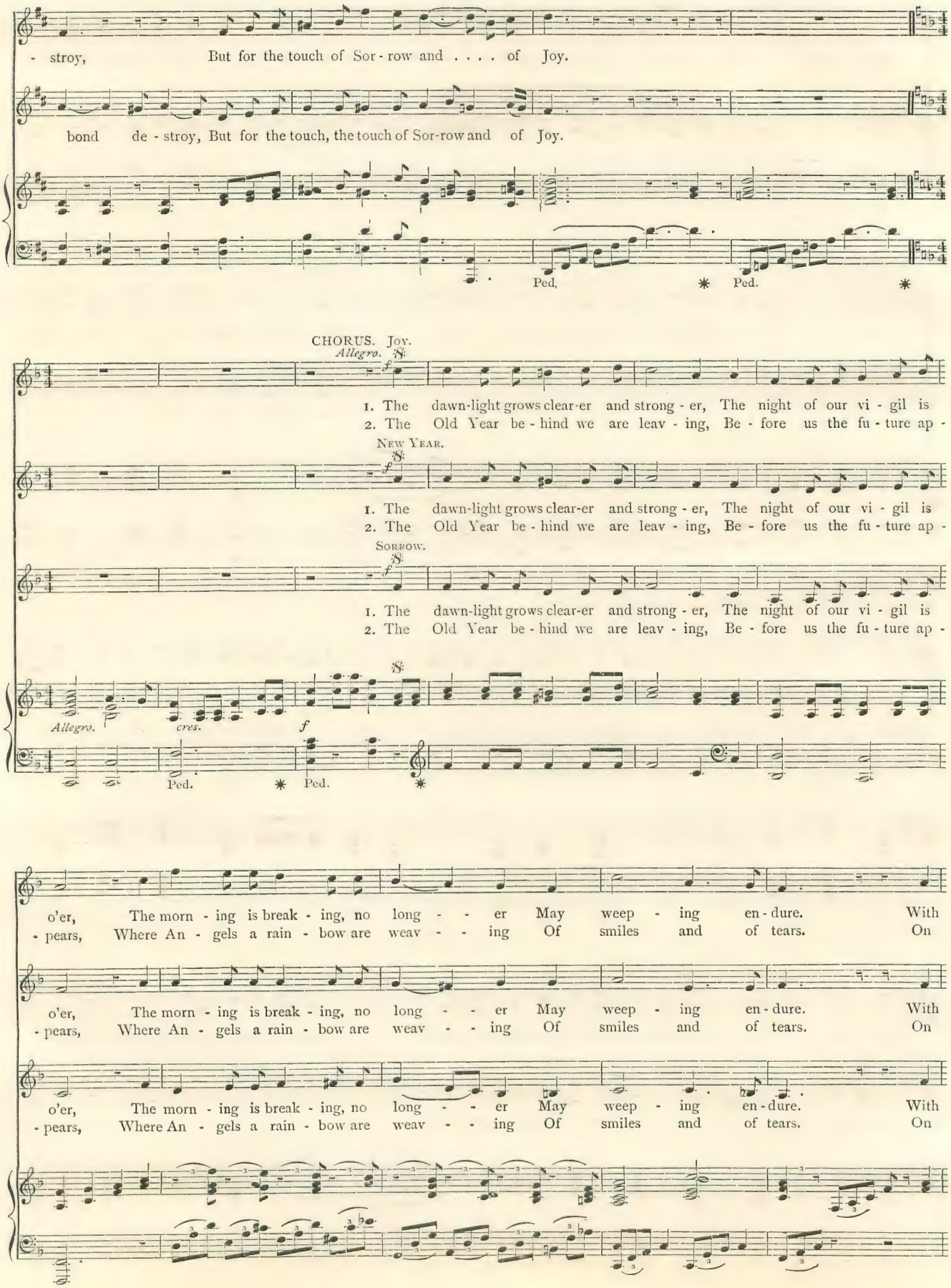

Wres - tle on un - sleep - - ing. Yet this pro - mise hope re - stores,
Ten - der - ly will guide us. And this pro - mise hope re - stores,
Wres - tle on un - sleep - - ing. Yet this pro - mise hope re - stores,
Ten - der - ly will guide . . us. And this pro - mise hope re - stores,
Wres - tle on un - sleep - - ing. Yet this pro - mise hope re - stores,
Ten - der - ly will guide . . us. And this pro - mise hope re - stores,
For the New Year's dawn - - ing, But
For the New Year's dawn - - ing, But
For the New Year's dawn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures,
For the New Year's dawn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures,
For the New Year's dawn - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, . .
For the New Year's dawn - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, . .
Joy shall come with morn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, But
Joy shall come with morn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, But
But Joy shall come with morn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, But
But Joy shall come with morn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, But
But Joy shall come with morn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, But
But Joy shall come with morn - - ing, Weep - ing for a night en - dures, But

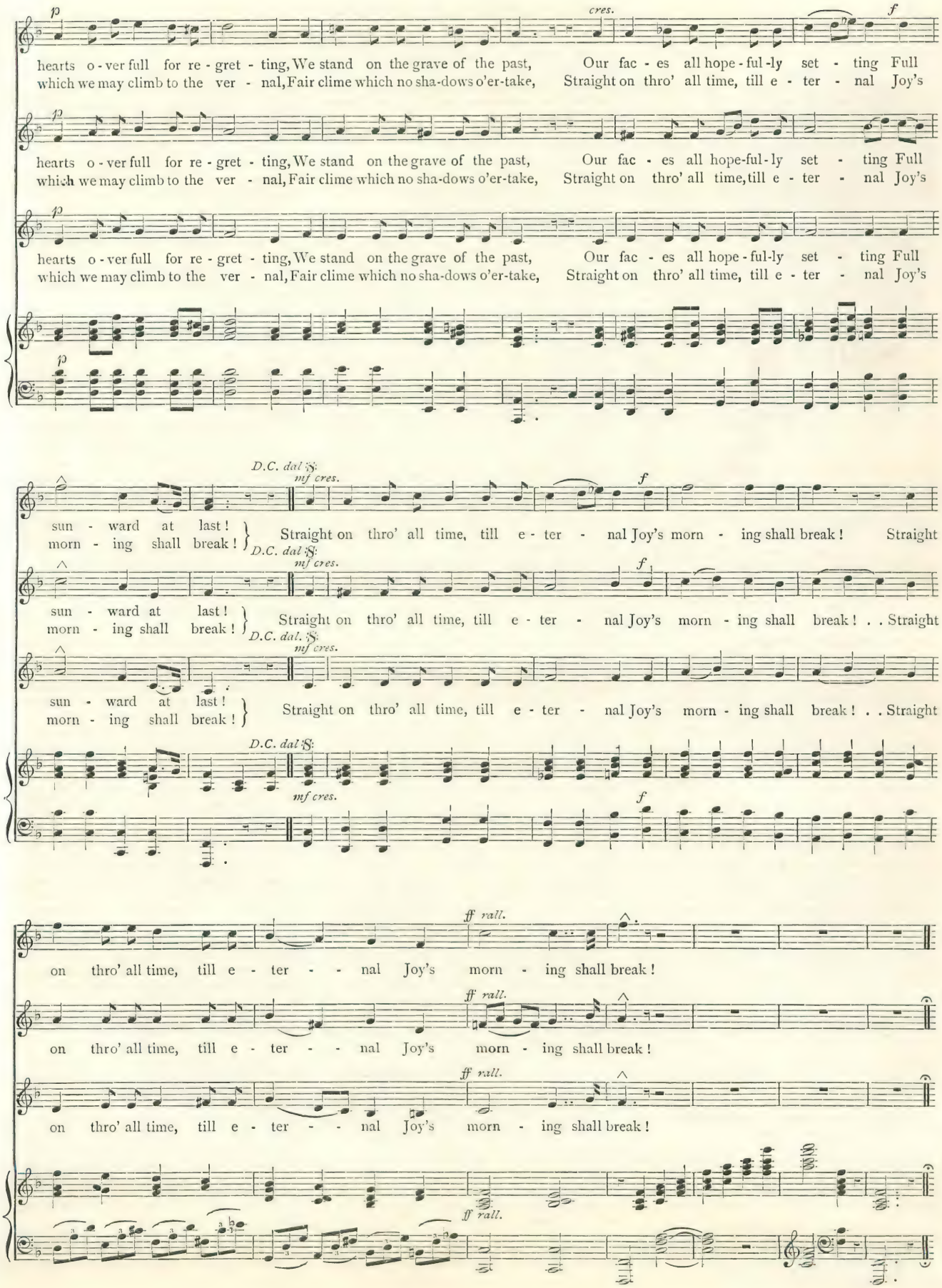

Joy shall come with morn - - ing!
Joy shall come with morn - - ing!
Joy, but Joy shall come with morn - - ing!
Joy, but Joy shall come with morn - - ing!
Joy shall come with morn - - ing!
Joy shall come with morn - - ing!
1st time. D.C. dal 𝄋
2nd time.
SOLO.—New Year.
Allegretto.
meno mosso.
Sis - ters twain with me to - mor - row Must a - wake to their em-ploy, And the
Though ye see them not to - geth - er, When ye hear sad Sor-row's sigh, When the
a tempo.
name of one is Sor - row, And the oth - er men call Joy; And these
skies fore-tell rough wea - ther, Joy is al - so sure - - ly nigh; And as
twain no man di - vid - eth, Who knows Joy must Sor - row know, For wher -
mor - row af - ter mor - row Speeds a - pace through gleam and gloom, Ye will


e'er the one a - bid - eth, There the o - ther too will go.
need both Joy and Sor - row On the un - tried jour - ney home.
D.C.
Sorrow.
Lento.
New Year.
Allegretto.
Weep - ing may en - dure for a night, but Joy com-eth in the
f Joy.
but Joy com-eth in the morn - - - ing.
f New Year.
morn - - ing, but Joy com-eth in the morn - - - ing.
f Sorrow.
but Joy com-eth in the morn - - - ing.
f
rall.
p


DUET.—Joy & Sorrow.
Andante.
Sorrow.
The world hath need of me . . . to touch and soft - en Hearts where-in sweet joy hath dwelt in
vain; I, with my cleans-ing fires, must, oh, how of - ten Burn out the dross; must oft u-nite a -
- gain The bonds of fel - low - ship that all may know, And bear the bur-dens of each o - thers
Joy.
woe.
The world hath need of me . . . to touch and
bright - en . . . Paths where sor-row hath too long held sway; I, with a tire - less hand, . . all bur-dens
Ped.
Ped.


light - en, And flood with warmth and song the sun - lit way. I wake to thank-ful-ness and hope and
Joy.
love, The hearts that Sor-row vain - ly strove to move. The world hath need of us . . to keep un -
Sorrow.
The world hath need of us . . . to keep un -
Ped. *
- bro - ken Its vast bro-ther-hood of heart and soul, Thro' us a - lone the sym - pa- thy is . .
- bro - ken Its vast bro-ther-hood of heart and soul, Thro' us a - lone the sym - pa- thy is
spo - ken, Which keeps our hu - man kin-ship strong and whole. Rust of dis - use would Love's sweet bond de -
spo - ken, Which keeps our hu- man kin-ship strong and whole. Would Love's sweet


- stroy, But for the touch of Sor - row and . . . . of Joy.
bond de - stroy, But for the touch, the touch of Sor-row and of Joy.
Ped. * Ped. *
CHORUS. Joy.
Allegro.
1. The dawn-light grows clear-er and strong - er, The night of our vi - gil is
2. The Old Year be - hind we are leav - ing, Be - fore us the fu - ture ap -
New Year.
1. The dawn-light grows clear-er and strong - er, The night of our vi - gil is
2. The Old Year be - hind we are leav - ing, Be - fore us the fu - ture ap -
Sorrow.
1. The dawn-light grows clear-er and strong - er, The night of our vi - gil is
2. The Old Year be - hind we are leav - ing, Be - fore us the fu - ture ap -
Allegro. cres. f
Ped. * Ped. *
o'er, The morn - ing is break - ing, no long - - er May weep - ing en - dure. With
- pears, Where An - gels a rain - bow are weav - - ing Of smiles and of tears. On
o'er, The morn - ing is break - ing, no long - - er May weep - ing en - dure. With
- pears, Where An - gels a rain - bow are weav - - ing Of smiles and of tears. On
o'er, The morn - ing is break - ing, no long - - er May weep - ing en - dure. With
- pears, Where An - gels a rain - bow are weav - - ing Of smiles and of tears. On


p
cres.
f
hearts o - ver full for re - gret - ting, We stand on the grave of the past, Our fac - es all hope - ful - ly set - ting Full
which we may climb to the ver - nal, Fair clime which no sha-dows o'er-take, Straight on thro' all time, till e - ter - nal Joy's
hearts o - ver full for re - gret - ting, We stand on the grave of the past, Our fac - es all hope-ful-ly set - ting Full
which we may climb to the ver - nal, Fair clime which no sha-dows o'er-take, Straight on thro' all time, till e - ter - nal Joy's
hearts o - ver full for re - gret - ting, We stand on the grave of the past, Our fac - es all hope - ful-ly set - ting Full
which we may climb to the ver - nal, Fair clime which no sha-dows o'er-take, Straight on thro' all time, till e - ter - nal Joy's
D.C. dal 𝄋
mf cres.
f
sun - ward at last!
morn - ing shall break! Straight on thro' all time, till e - ter - nal Joy's morn - ing shall break! Straight
sun - ward at last!
morn - ing shall break! Straight on thro' all time, till e - ter - nal Joy's morn - ing shall break! . . Straight
sun - ward at last!
morn - ing shall break! Straight on thro' all time, till e - ter - nal Joy's morn - ing shall break! . . Straight
ff rall.
on thro' all time, till e - ter - - nal Joy's morn - ing shall break!
on thro' all time, till e - ter - - nal Joy's morn - ing shall break!
on thro' all time, till e - ter - - nal Joy's morn - ing shall break!

THE CHURCH ROBIN.

"O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord."

IT was a hot Sunday afternoon. Little Peter, the doctor's motherless son, stood on a slippery hassock with his chin on a level with the books of the congregation, and tried his hardest to join in the hymn, though his scholarship was so exceedingly limited that words of three syllables were a mystery to him.

It was his favourite hymn, and he struggled manfully to follow the choir—

"Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy Altars, O most High."

Then, for the first time, he took his eyes off the book and gazed upwards.

The church was old, it had stately stone pillars and high-springing arches. The carved oak choir seats in the chancel and the pews were black with age. Just outside the chancel was a tomb on which lay the figure of a knight in full armour, his hands clasped in prayer, and at his feet a kneeling angel.

Long ago—as far back as the spring—Peter had been afraid of the stone figures. To-day he knew no fear.

"Happy birds that sing and fly," he sang, and there resting on the head of the kneeling angel was a beautiful robin redbreast, plump and of fine plumage, his slender feet planted firmly on the angel's stone curls, his bright eyes twinkling and his throat trilling. Nobody heeded him. For the last five years Robin had been an inmate of the church; he had his nest high up in the carving, he feasted royally on fruit and grain at those seasons when the church was decorated, and he flew in and out without let or hindrance. Not a person in the parish, from the vicar down to the smallest school child, would have raised a hand to molest him. But Peter (who was the same age as Robin, and had not been nearly so long a member of the congregation) regarded him with special love and veneration. A bird who lived in the church, who hopped on the chancel steps, and even sat on the lectern whenever he had a mind, ah! he was a hundred times more interesting than any robin in the garden at home!

Just now Robin ceased to sing, and soaring upwards alighted on the oak screen, where he fluffed himself into a brown and red ball, and twinkled his black eyes with satisfaction (as it seemed to Peter) because the hymn was his favourite too.

Service was over, and little Peter walked home hand in hand with his nurse, Mrs. Bullivant. His curls fell in a golden shower on his neck, his white suit was spotlessly clean, and he had on a brand new pair of silk gloves, which, as the elastics were tight, caused him some annoyance. But he would have scorned to complain on Sunday afternoon; but he had other matters at heart besides his personal comfort.

"Mrs. Bullivant?"

"Master Peter, deary?"

"What does robins eat?"

"Well to be sure, dear, I should suppose 'most anything that they can get."

"Jam tart, Mrs. Bullivant?"

"I should think not, my dear. A bird would be more likely to fancy the fruits of the earth, or a nice piece of soft bread."

Just then Peter's silk-encased fingers coming in lively contact with Mrs. Bullivant's lisle-thread glove, caused him such a curious sensation of dizziness in the head that he forgot all about the church robin.

The next morning, however, he remembered him again. He had enjoyed his bread and milk at breakfast. Suppose the robin should be hungry?

Half an hour later Peter, carrying a small parcel, was making his way across the churchyard to the vestry door, which stood wide open.

Following a ray of golden sunshine, he entered cap in hand. He went on quickly through a dark room, and found himself at last in a large, cool building which was at once strange and familiar. Over his head was a stone arch, here a window that he did not know, and there, jumping on the tiled pavement, was Robin himself.

"Chirp, chirp," said Peter softly, while Robin, all curiosity, came a step nearer.

"Isn't you hungry? Have a 'ickle breakfast?"

Peter held out a handful of crumbs, a small slice of turnip and a raw potato; these he had selected after due consideration, as being the fruits of the earth most likely to prove tempting to his feathered friend.

"Well, my little man, and what are you doing here?"

The voice was gentle, and Peter turned to find the vicar by his side. The old man had a book tucked under his arm, his hair was thick and white, and there was an odd expression in his deep-set eyes. The child eagerly explained the object of his visit, while Robin tasted the crumbs with the air of a connoisseur.

"Ah!" said the vicar with a sigh, "that's right, that's right, only you see he won't eat vegetables. I hope there isn't a boy in the village who would do our robin any harm, pretty fellow. He has lived here for a great many years, and in the winter I feed him myself. It would not do to let the Church Robin starve, you know. Look, there he goes!"

With three flights round and a mighty puffing of his feathers, Robin flew upwards and was lost to sight. The vicar patted Peter on the head, then he picked up the turnip and potato, put them into one coat pocket, while from the depths of another he produced a silk handkerchief with which he dusted every scrap of earth from the pavement.

"There, there!" he said, holding out his hand absently, "he is as tame as possible in the winter."

Peter put his little hand into the vicar's and trotted by his side, through the vestry, out into the sunshine again.

"As tame as possible!" repeated the vicar, "ungrateful little fellow! But after all, there's a great deal of nonsense talked about ingratitude; we expect too much, all of us, more than we are able or willing to give to others. True it is that if we could see into the hearts of our fellow-creatures, the gratitude of men would oftener leave us mourning. Serve us right too—serve us right."

"Please, is you angry?"

The vicar started. "No, no, why, the child—God bless him! can't understand a word I am saying. Peter, you and I have the same tastes. *Rubicula Familiaria*—ungrateful! Why, our robin is the best behaved bird in the county, it will never do to give him a bad character. You might offer him an orchard to live in, or a castle full of dainties, and I don't believe he would leave us. Too faithful for that, much too faithful!"

"Please," interrupted Peter, "don't he want no more breakfasts?"

"No, my lad, he'll do very well till the winter."

"Please,"—they were close to the Vicarage gate now, "mayn't I go and see him no more? Mayn't I give him a 'ickle lunch?"

"Ay, ay, if you are good and quiet. There is always room for you in God's house, and I can trust you too, I know. Good-bye, my child."

The vicar placed a kindly hand on Peter's shoulder, and smiled. Peter stood bolt upright, and took his straw-hat off with both hands.

"Good-bye, sir," he said, "I'll be trusted."

When the vicar's man, Thomas (who was house-servant, gardener, errand-boy, bell-ringer, and first bass), turned out the contents of his master's pockets the following morning he was fairly horrified. He was accustomed to bits of rubbish from the hedges, specimens of all kinds, creatures—the master had once been known to carry a lame kitten about with him for hours—but garden-stuff! Thomas flung the potato on one side indignantly, imagining that some impertinent youngster had dared to tamper with his master's coat-pocket.

The autumn set in, and it was lovely bright weather. There was abundance of food for Robin, both inside the church and out. The small mortal with curls sometimes strewed crumbs on the steps of the chancel, and besides the Harvest Festival was just over, and for days there had been wheat and barley, grapes, apples, pears, and even crisp baked loaves in plenty.

Robin grew finer and more courageous every day; his orange breast, bordered with greyish-blue, was beautiful to behold, and, though he was not aware of the fact, he had long since passed the average length of his race, he was nearer seven inches than six from bill to tail.

One morning he sat on the ledge of the window through which he was in the habit of entering the church. The breeze blew over the common where the heather glowed red and sweet. Up above the weathercock pointed steadily south, below was the quiet village, the vicarage in its snug garden; the children were in school, and the whole place seemed asleep. Only Robin was wide awake, more active in fact than he had ever been in his life before. He took a short flight to the church porch, where the swallows used to build, they had all gone for the winter. Now that Robin came to think seriously on the subject, he remembered that he had lately missed many of his feathered companions, and suddenly there arose in him a yearning to go too, to stretch his wings and skim through the blue skies, and see something of the great world beyond the village. The idea took a firm hold of him; he went back to his favourite haunt by the knight's tomb, and balanced himself on the head of the stone angel.

"I must go!" he sighed, "but they won't like it. The vicar will miss me, and the crumb-boy, he's a nice little mortal, and he'll miss me. I mean to come back; any way, I'll leave a friend in charge to keep the place open for me."

No sooner thought than flown. He soared up to the window—for the last time, was it? he was too busy to consider that—out on to the church roof, down again to an outhouse near the vicarage.

He had not long to wait, for, in obedience to his summons, a small dingy-looking sparrow came forth.

The sparrow gave a faint chirp of surprise, it was all he dared, for he regarded the Robin as a bird of very high degree.

"Sparrow!" quoth Robin, swelling himself out to twice his usual size, "I require change of air."

"Yes, sir," said the sparrow with a hop.

"And while I am gone you will take my place."

The sparrow gasped: "You—you are so beautiful, sir," he remonstrated.

"I am aware of that, my good friend, but I hope that I know how to be humble, in spite of my advantages. I cannot disappoint the vicar, not to mention Thomas, and the greater part of the congregation, by leaving them altogether in the lurch. *Noblesse oblige!* therefore you must be my *locum tenens*. There is no member of my own family whom I could call at a moment's notice, consequently, Sparrowling, you must do your best. To-night, as the five o'clock bell rings, enter by the chancel-window—you know it—and fly across. I am sorry that your coat is not in better order, but it can't be helped; Thomas is rather blind, he may mistake you for me. If possible, keep back your fullest song until the organ begins. Be punctual, and modest. In that respect," continued Robin with a swagger, "take me for a pattern, and guard the place until my return."

Without deigning another word of explanation, Robin spread his wings and departed.

The news of the Church Robin's disappearance soon got abroad, and Peter came crying to the vicarage. The vicar took him into the church; hand in hand the two walked up and down the aisles, and searched in remote corners of the carving. The Robin was not to be found. Mrs. Bullivant naturally hoped that her little charge would soon forget his fancy: she hoped in vain. Sunday after Sunday Peter asked the same question of Thomas (who was nearly as much troubled as the child himself): "Has Robin come back yet?" always to meet with the same answer: "No, sir, not been seen anywheres." And one day he added, "There's a bit of a sparrow flies about, but he don't count for much!"

And though Peter liked the sparrow, as he liked all birds, it did not occur to him for many a long week that perhaps the stranger was trying to take Robin's place.

Scene I.

"A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage."—*Blake.*

THE leaves had long since fallen from the branches, the cold wind sighed round the corners, a dreary fog hung over the face of the country. Robin began to weary of the wood to which he had betaken himself; if it had not been for the children in the great house yonder he would not have stayed so long.

Accustomed as he was to the strange ways of human beings, he had instantly responded to the advances of the two little sisters, and had allowed them daily the privilege of seeing him dance on the window-sill, and enjoy the dinner which they provided.

"I wish he would always stay here," whispered one sister to another this cold morning.

"Edwin is going to put him in a cage, and then he will be quite safe. Look, how tame he is!"

Robin, for all his conceit, understood nothing of this scheme to deprive him of his freedom, he came again and again. His trustfulness cost him dear; Edwin crept upon him unawares one day, threw a handkerchief over him and shook him out, panting and terrified, into a new cage which had been bought for the purpose. Alas! poor Robin! he beat himself against the cruel bars, he struggled and piteously cried, and hurt his soft bill in useless attempts to pick up the floor on which he stood. All in vain, he was a prisoner, and escape was impossible.

The winter wind blew fiercer, it moaned in the cedars, and a driving snow was blown against the school-room window.

A long time went by, he was faint from misery, when the younger of the sisters stole in to visit him. For a few seconds she stood motionless, staring at her pet, then big tears welled into her eyes.

"Robin, Robin, don't you like it, dear? I said you wouldn't, and Edwin and Gerty did not believe me."

Robin stayed in his corner, a fluttering, quivering mass of feathers.

"I wouldn't have you fret, love, for the world. Don't you like your new cage?"

The tears fell down the front of the little maid's clean pinafore. "You shan't be teased, dear. I'll let you go."

With this comforting assurance she seized the cage, and bore it down a long passage to a back-door which stood ajar. Here she put her burden down, opened the cage-door, and waited to see if he really, really preferred the drifting snow and the darkening night to the safety of the warm school-room. She hadn't long to wait; one breath of fresh air, one whiff of the pines, one glimpse of freedom and Robin bestirred himself. No longer a heap of feathers, but an eager, living bird, panting for a chance, just one chance, to use his wings, and be free! He darted to the open door, spread wide his pinions, and disappeared in the empty darkness.

Scene II.

"And superstition lays her blighting hand
On all that's fair."

So Robin flew about the open country homeless and solitary. The snow fell, the wind blew; very often he found it hard work to get enough to eat. He didn't care, he was resolved to go on; by-and-by he might come to a land where there was warmth and light, in the meantime he shivered and thought of his old friend the vicar, his new friend Peter, with regret.

One dismal afternoon he arrived at the outskirts of a city; he observed that the sparrows whom he met looked fat and well-liking

"Anything to be got here?" he asked of an elderly bird, who swung on the topmost bough of a laburnum tree.

"Plenty; the suburb of a town is the right place for us! always something to pick up."

Robin hopped along an ivy-covered wall.

"You're an impudent ignoramus!" twittered the sparrow; "it's as much as your life is worth to stop there."

"Don't talk to me," quoth Robin in a rage, and he added with great inconsistency, "Why shouldn't I walk where I choose?"

"Cats! You young peasant! cats!"

"I have held the same appointment for five years. No cat will molest me!"

The boast was hardly out of his bill before there was a rustling in the ivy leaves, and a huge black cat sprang towards him—just too late—he was off and away for dear life.

His next resting-place was in a shed, behind a red-brick house, and here he stayed till hunger drove him forth. By this time the ground was frozen hard, every slate on the house top sparkled with hoar frost. What was a robin to eat? Nothing.

Forgetful of his late escape from prison, he made straight for a window and peeped into the room.

A girl, who was washing up plates and dishes, uttered a cry of amazement.

"Why, here's a sparrow with such queer feathers! Come and look at it."

"Sparrow!" repeated an elderly woman who now joined the girl, "'tis a robin! Send the tiresome creature off about its business, Elisa. A robin's a bird of ill-omen. I've known 'em bring death to a house before now."

"But," remonstrated Elisa, "the poor thing is half starved, and there's nobody ill in the house!"

"There's no saying who may be struck next. A robin came and sang the day before my poor brother got hurt by a chopper down in the woodyard more than thirty years ago. Robin indeed! no, we've trouble enough without that!"

So saying the old woman flicked a duster out of the window and roughly scared the visitor away.

Scene III.

"Happie is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise."
George Herbert.

A LIGHT burned in a back window of a room in a poor house, though it was barely noon. A young, sweet-faced woman, in a worn stuff dress, was sewing eagerly; each stitch in the black mantle that lay spread on the table was so much gained, each stitch brought her nearer to the goal for which she was striving. When the work was finished she would get paid, and what those few shillings would mean it would be hard for any outsider to guess, who had not faced the bitter struggle for bread with which she was familiar.

By-and-by, without dropping her work, she raised her head and listened. Was that a step on the threshold? No, the light of welcome died out of her grey eyes. Not yet, he was still weak from illness, he had a long way to go, he could not be home yet. He had left her early that morning with a short farewell; she had read the truth in his downcast looks and grimly clenched hands, his patience was rapidly coming to an end. He had been out of work for months; to-day, he had said, was his last chance, and if that failed—— He did not finish the sentence. But Anne shuddered as he left her. What might he be tempted to do in his despair, in his great love for her, to save her aching eyes from the black work that the doctor had forbidden her? God knows what fears were in her heart as she sat alone hour after hour, fears that she dared not put into words, a horror of violence, of sudden passion, and lastly, deep down below the rest, a dread of the rushing river. No, no, the whole force of her nature shrank back aghast.

Once more she fixed her attention on her needle, to be interrupted again by a faint chirp, the flutter of a staring bird against her window-pane.

"I do believe!" she exclaimed, "that it's a robin redbreast! Well, there isn't much of a dinner, but he shall have his share, the pretty creature!"

Verily the dinner did not count for much, a slice of cold suet pudding and a piece of bread. The pudding, it would seem, was to be reserved for another occasion, she would share her bread with the bird. She opened the window, calling softly, and tears rose to her eyes, as Robin pecked at the crumbs, and twittered forth his thanks with many little jerks and turns of the head.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so downcast," thought Anne, half smiling at her visitor's antics, "and me with such a good husband. We shall pull through somehow, I'll be bound, the robin has come to tell me so!"

She wiped her tears pretty quickly, for tears make sad stains on black *crêpe*. The trappings and the suits of woe were for the afflicted

in a higher rank of life. The manager of the mourning establishment for which she worked was a hard master. No allowance could be made for the follies, or the troubles, of a workwoman who allowed herself to be beaten down to the lowest scale of pay.

The daylight outside waxed dimmer, lamps were lighted in the street. It was time to draw the curtain and shut out the cold, but Anne was loath to do that. The robin might still be somewhere about, and, a flash of colour rose to her face, somebody was coming upstairs; the house was full of people, but she knew her husband's footstep. She sat upright in her chair, her large eyes fixed on the door. She could not put the question which trembled on her lips as her husband entered. She didn't need to ask, for his eyes told the same story as his footstep.

"Anne! it's all right," he said coming across the room. "I begin work again tomorrow at the old place."

He was slow to grasp new ideas, he was slow to speak out what was in his mind, he but saw that something was amiss, something more than over-work and privation. She had not looked so since their baby died last year.

"What's the matter, my girl, are you ill?"

"No, no, Mat! I can't help it. I'm glad that you have come home, I'm not ill. I'm only glad!"

He poked the fire into a blaze, made her sit in the most comfortable chair, and solaced her all he could. He was a stern man, fierce too when he was angered, and he loved his fragile wife with all his heart.

"It's all going to come right now," she whispered, "even the mantle is done at last. We'll get the back rent paid up, and next week there'll be your wages. Oh, Mat, Mat! Thank God for His goodness!"

The man looked round the room, poor and bare enough it was, what a home for her who had been brought up well! One by one, during his long illness, the household goods had vanished. The chest of drawers, the clock, the good chairs, the bookcase and the books (Anne was always a scholar!), they had all gone. It was a hard task to be thankful for an empty home, and his first instinct was to say so; then he looked at Anne. At that moment she raised her head and smiled with eyes full of happiness and trust. He remembered her uncomplaining patience, her clever management, her great tenderness, and a throb of passion moved him to the quick.

"He has given me the best of wives, Anne," he said in a gruff voice, half ashamed to give expression to his strong feeling; "thank God for His goodness!"

* * * *

Spring at last, and the swallows were busy building. A broad gleam of sunlight made a golden path from the village to the churchyard, where the yew tree stood dark and motionless and the larches spread forth their young green branches to the soft breezes.

Peter was looking out of the post-office door, while Mrs. Bullivant bought buttons and cheese from the post-mistress. It was nearly ten o'clock, in a few moments the bell for service would ring out.

There at the shrubbery gate stood the vicar, staring at nothing, as it seemed to Peter. In reality, he was drinking in the beauty of the spring morning, grateful for the song of the birds, for the blue sky above him, for the primroses at his feet. The vicar had come out hastily and had forgotten his spectacles, that mattered the less, as he knew both lessons and psalms by heart; but it made him blinder than usual to the events that were going on around him. He took no notice of Thomas (passing by on his way to the church), and as he walked leisurely along, both hands behind him, he failed to see the doctor's trap waiting at a doorway farther down the street. He had no more idea that the doctor's new pony was dancing and pawing the ground in its impatience to be off, than that little Peter was smiling and waving his hand from the post-office steps.

The first stroke of the bell roused the vicar from his reverie. He opened the gate and set off at a quick pace. A puff of wind came down the street at that moment, caught the brim of his hat, whirled it off his head and sent it flying into the dust some twenty yards ahead. He put his hand to his head and then to his pocket where he fumbled hopelessly for his spectacles.

By this time, the hat was rolling down the street in the direction of the doctor's trap. Peter, from the post-office, saw the whole thing, and shouting with glee at the bare notion of a chase, ran off in hot pursuit.

"Come back, deary, come back!" cried Mrs. Bullivant, hurrying to the rescue. Too late!

She saw the vicar running wildly, his white hair flying; she saw the hat whirling along the road; she saw the child dart towards it. There was a tearing, rumbling sound, the pony, already fretted with long standing, had taken fright. There was a rush, a clatter on the stones, a cry from Mrs. Bullivant, and as the pony galloped off to his stables, a little crowd gathered round the spot where the doctor's child lay on the ground.

* * * *

Merrily blew the March winds as Robin said farewell to the city. The yearning for home was on him now, as the yearning for travel had been on him in the autumn; he could not stay—no, not another hour. A boy flung a stone at him, he passed on unhurt. A sharp shower fell, he took refuge in a hollow tree just beyond the outskirts of the city. The smell of moss and dead leaves was delightful to him: what splendid materials for building a nest! should he stay a while? Nay! Miles away in the old church there was a convenient niche near the broken window where the sunshine poured in and the sweet breezes came. There he would build his nest. He remembered him of a certain shrubbery near the vicarage, there he would find a mate!

He braced himself afresh for his journey, and the hollow tree knew him no more.

Late one afternoon, weary and travel-stained, he alighted on the church roof. The dust was creeping up rapidly, the church tower stood square and dark against the last red glow of sunset.

Robin did not pause even to hunt a spider who had thrown her web across a leaden gutter; he made straight for the familiar entrance. Here a fluffy brown object came hopping to meet him. Immediately he puffed himself out to his full dimensions: he could at least impress the sparrow with his importance.

"All well, Sparrowling?"

"Sir, I have done my best. I have allowed no other bird to usurp your place. The recess in the carving is unoccupied——"

"Good," replied Robin, who was swelling with inward delight; "be brief, my old friend. All is well, I perceive. And down in the village—the vicar? the congregation?

Sparrow drooped his wings, and faltered a sorry tale.

"For his part he could see but little, but there were evil rumours afloat of an accident. The doctor's little son——"

"Who told you?" interrupted Robin angrily.

"A little bird, sir."

Then Robin, forced to give credit to the report, forgot his assumption of grandeur, even his gladness at home-coming faded. Of all the moon-faced children who sat below, the yellow-haired boy Peter was the one to whom he had given his affection; before now he had sat on his shoulder and taken bread from his hand. Next to the vicar came Peter.

He could bear no more that night; he tucked his head sadly under his wing and sought refuge in slumber.

* * * *

"I don't never go to church on Sunday morning, Mrs. Bullivant?"

"Not as a rule, master Peter, darling, but today the doctor wishes it."

"What for, nursie?"

"To return thanks," replied Mrs. Bullivant quietly, as she stooped to kiss him.

Mrs. Bullivant was unlike herself this morning. Peter felt mystified; he reflected a moment and tried to remember what had happened yesterday, why father had carried him home like a baby, and why the vicar had come this morning early to ask how he was.

"Return thanks," he repeated, "cos I didn't get dead, Mrs Bullivant?"

Mrs. Bullivant choked down a sob. "We won't talk about it, deary."

"The new pony wasn't deaded neither!"

"The spiteful little animal! I don't want to think of it, Master Peter, knocking you down and racing off like the wind."

"I gave him a bit of sugar, his nose is soft and he don't bite; I don't like deaded ponies, nor robin redbreasts."

"There, there, deary. Don't talk like that, let me get you ready."

"When'll he come back, nursie."

"What are you talking of, Master Peter?"

"The Church Robin."

"I don't know. Now be a good boy and go to church. There's plenty of robins in the hedges."

"I don't want plenties of robins," said Peter with decision; "the Church Robin's gone to heaven pra'aps for a 'ickle while. When he comes back, he and me'll say our prayers together; I 'spect he'll come back soon, don't you, nursie?"

Mrs. Bullivant pretended not to hear, she couldn't bear to tell the child that the Robin had gone for good.

"Robin'll be glad I'm not killed dead, he'll be glad pony's not dead, nor nobody!"

So saying Peter put his prayer-book under his arm and marched off in search of his father.

Very beautiful was the old church this morning, and the sunlight blazing through the windows threw patches of colour on the pavement. There were a great many people there, and many looks of sympathy were cast towards the seat which was occupied by the doctor and his little son.

Peter, dimly conscious that father's voice sounded strange to-day, and that Mrs. Bullivant was crying behind her veil, tried hard to follow the service, but it was very long; presently his attention began to wander, he looked at the crimson light on the pavement and wondered whether it would reach the knight and shine on the little angel.

It was the custom in this church for the congregation to join in the general thanksgiving. Peter saw his father bow his head in prayer; he too clasped his hands and listened.

"Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men; particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for Thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them."

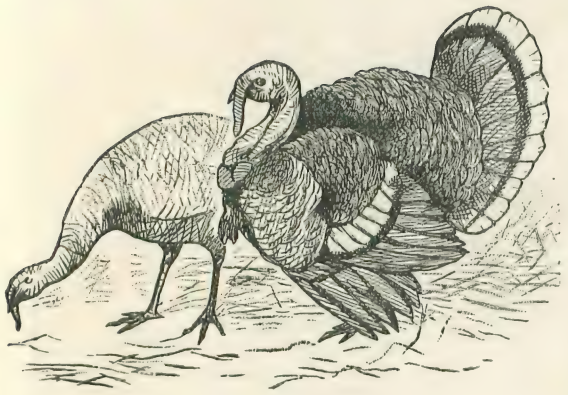
As the vicar and his people uttered this prayer, there was a sound of fluttering wings, a familiar chirp of greeting. Little Peter rose from his father's side and peeped over the pew door. "He's come back from heaven," he whispered in delight.

The beautiful crimson patch of colour was on the vicar's white hair and on the knight; and the Church Robin, perched once more on the head of the kneeling angel, face to face with the congregation, burst into his song of joy and thanksgiving.

"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION FANCY FREE."

AUNT JANE'S TURKEYS.

By E. A. BENNETT.



"Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! do make haste. There's such a lot of letters for you. Do come and see what they are all about."

"Letters for me, my dear? Why, no one writes to me. It must be a mistake."

"Oh, no it isn't. They are all addressed to you. Just see," counting them, "eight, nine, ten. Aunt Jane, do you think they are invitations? Perhaps a party or two? And will you take me?"

"My dear, who do you think would ask an old woman like me to go anywhere? a party indeed! I should look well at a party, shouldn't I? Ay, laugh away, my dear. Time was when I was a slim bit of a lass and could hop with the best of them. I remember when my dear good man first saw me, he said I was like a wild fawn bounding about. But that was only his nonsense and because he was so fond of me. Many a dance we had together at the harvest-homes and Christmas suppers and—— Ah! you don't care to hear an old body prosing on about bygone days, so let's have a look at these letters. Dear me! now I've been and left my spectacles upstairs, that's because you hurried me so. Run up and fetch them, my love, and I'll get the tea made and we can enjoy our breakfast before the bacon gets cold."

Aunt Jane, whose portly figure certainly did not look as if it would do justice to a fashionable dress, seated herself at the table and gave her whole attention to the important business of making tea, "As it should be made, my dear, and not in a slip-slop fashion, anyhow, whether the water boils or not." By the time she had accomplished the work to her satisfaction, Kitty Lee had returned with the spectacles and waited with much impatience while Aunt Jane put them on. She had been staying in the house for some weeks, and except from her own father Aunt Jane had not received any letters, so she looked on this large correspondence with great curiosity.

"There's one from your father, I see, we'll keep that till last, as it's sure to be the best. Now let's see what all this to-do is about. Christmas cards—perhaps a bit too soon.

"'My Dear Jane,

"(Now I don't know whose dear Jane I may be.) 'It is many years since we wrote to one another, and it is only lately that we heard by chance that you had returned to England after my dear brother's death.' (Oh, Jessie, is it? you thought a deal of your dear brother when he was alive, my dear!) 'And my husband and I were talking of you a few days ago and saying how lonely you must feel, especially at this season. We very much wish we could ask you to pay us a little visit, but I fear our houseful of children would be too noisy for you, and with our small means we cannot afford as large a house as we should like. Still we do not like you to think yourself forgotten, and have sent you a little Christmas hamper containing a turkey, which we hope you will accept with our love. With all good wishes, your husband's sister,

"'Jessie Morrison.'

"How very kind of her, isn't it, my dear?" remarked Aunt Jane, drily. "To think of her remembering me for nineteen long years and without one single letter to refresh her memory! I trust her turkey will be as tender as her affection! Now for the next.

"'Dear Cousin,

"'I have been abroad till last month, and have only just learnt that John is gone and that you are left alone. I should have enjoyed it greatly if you could have spent Christmas with me, but as my bachelor establishment is on an extremely limited scale, I fear I could not make you comfortable. However, I have sent a messenger of my respects in the shape of a turkey, which I hope will reach you safely.

"'Your affectionate brother-in-law

"'James Harding.'

"My dear Kitty," looking over the top of her spectacles, "I hope you are fond of turkeys."

"Yes, very, Aunt Jane," returned Kitty, laughing. "Do see what the others are."

"'Dearest Aunt,

"(Now this is very nice!)—'It is so long since you wrote to us. Why did you not tell us you were living in England and all alone. We should so much like to see you, but ours is a miserable house and we dare not ask you to leave all your comforts to visit us. But we have not forgotten you, and we often talk of you' (Umph! Umph!), 'and we hope you will let us send a trifling gift as an offering of affection from your ever loving nieces.

"'Deborah and Susan Holt.'

"'P.S.—We have done our best to procure a tender turkey.'

"Don't laugh, Kitty, please don't laugh.

"'Dear and Honoured Lady,

"'Time steals on apace, and ere we know it years pass away. I doubt not it has dealt more lightly with you than with me, as even that stern enemy respects the fair sex and withholds his relentless hand. How has it been with you during the long period that has elapsed since I had the pleasure of seeing you? Alas! man is born to trouble and you have experienced it in the loss of your respected partner. I also have been sore troubled by the loss of the competence left me by my honoured parent, and have only a small pittance—but enough! why intrude my uninteresting and unimportant matters upon you? And at this season let us cast dull care away. But in memory of bygone days I would fain offer a humble gift—the bird considered suitable at this season, and as saith the poet of Stratford, "may good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." Permit me, madam, to subscribe myself,

"'Your humble servant,

"'Peter Morris.'

"Kitty, when my life is written—as of course it will be some day, everybody's is—don't forget to have that letter put in, and if possible let it be printed in capitals.

"'Dear Aunt,

"'A merry Christmas and no end of a lot of them! Why don't you ever look me up in town? not that a poor beggar like me could do much to amuse you, unless you could provide the sinews of war, but if you would like to see a little life, I'm your man, and this is the place to make the money go! I should like to see you and your diggings, so don't be surprised if I have a spin some day and catch you on the hop.' (My dear this letter is a little beyond me, still though I don't understand his expressions, I do his wishes, perhaps, more than he guesses.) 'I'm trundling off a hamper of goodies, with all the proper wishes, and as I'm not much judge of a bird, I have got a friend to tip me a wink about it, and it looks a good 'un.

"'Ever, dear Aunt,

"'Your devoted old boy,

"'Charles Reed.'"

"There's just a chance, aunt, a bird need not be a turkey. But oh!" clasping her hands tragically, "my mind misgives me, a turkey it is, I feel perfectly sure."

"I really think, my dear, we had better leave the rest till we have had our breakfast. I don't feel as if I could bear any more affection—till I've had something to eat!"

"Oh! do go on, aunt. It is such fun."

"'Dearest Jane,

"'I feel much ashamed of myself for not writing before to express my sympathy with you in your lonely life, but with all my little ones and our increasing expenses and straitened means, I hardly have a moment to myself. We were fully intending to ask you to visit us, but alas! my little ones have had the measles, and we should not like to run the risk. My husband has been very successful with his poultry this year and hopes you will allow him to send you' —(Kitty, be quiet!) 'to send you a—turkey' (My dear, it is no laughing matter, it is perfectly appalling!) 'as a specimen——'

"Now look here," throwing the letter on the table, "you shall open the rest. I can't stand any more."

"All right, Aunt Jane," returned Kitty, recovering her gravity and taking the letters. "This is from cousin James Hill, and he hopes you are as well as can be expected and not dull, and his chimney has been smoking, and he cannot ask you to stay with him just now as he must have the room painted, and he has sent you a—Aunt Jane, a turkey."

"Ugh! ugh! go on, my dear, it can't be much worse. Let's have number eight."

"This is from Cousin Martha—

"'Years have passed since last we met, but what is time when hearts beat true, distance but lends enchantment to the view——'"

"Why, it's poetry, isn't it? and borrowed too, if I'm not mistaken. Yes, time has brought weight and—well, say size to view, but enchantment—never mind, let that pass."

"'And loving friends once seen we ne'er forget' (odd sort of way these lines rhyme!) 'Though oceans may between us roll, what's that to any kindred soul, and so, dear Jane, to

descend to prose, I have ventured to remind you of my humble existence, struggling I may call it for mere bread, by sending you a' "—Kitty paused and gasped—" 'a turkey.' "

"Now there's want of originality about that for a poet. I thought it was going to be a peacock or a swan at least. Now for the next."

"It's from niece Jane," Kitty went on, hardly able to speak for laughing. "She is so sorry for you and hopes you have not forgotten her, and she has the rhuematism and can't write much, but she has told her man to get you a—a——"

"My dear," groaned Aunt Jane, "not a—don't try to speak—nod!"

Kitty nodded her head like a china figure, and then, dropping the letter, laughed till she could laugh no longer. Aunt Jane, after staring blankly at the letters for a minute, followed her example and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"My dear Kitty," she said at last, wiping her eyes and struggling for breath, "this is a warning to me never to open my letters before breakfast! Here's the tea stewed till all the goodness is gone, the bacon and toast cold, and I shan't be able to eat anything for thinking that those fearful turkeys may be here at any minute. What are we to do, and however are we to eat them?"

> "Turkey young and turkey old,
> Turkey hot and turkey cold,
> Turkey broiled and turkey fried,
> Turkey gravied, turkey dried,
> Turkey minced, turkey curried,
> Turkey pie and turkey——

curried—curried—can't think of a rhyme for curried!"

"Worried, my dear, worried. Turkey pie and eaters worried; there, don't make me laugh any more. I declare we've nearly forgotten your father's letter. If he has sent a turkey, I vow I'll never forgive him!"

"There's not much fear of that, Aunt Jane," said Kitty, suddenly becoming serious. She knew too well the difficulty her parents had in providing the simplest fare for their large family to suppose they could indulge in the pleasure of making presents. She could not help thinking with what delight one of these turkeys, that were being showered on her rich aunt, would have been received at the Rectory. How pleased her mother would have been at the unexpected addition to her Christmas fare, and how the children would have shrieked at the sight of it! Her thoughts had flown homewards till they were recalled by her aunt's voice.

"Here's a note for you from your mother, Kitty. I hope they don't want you to go home to-morrow. I wish you could have stayed over Christmas with me, only you would find it a bit dull with an old body like me."

"I shouldn't, indeed, Aunt Jane, it has been very good of you to have me so long, but, of course, I should like to be with them all, especially as Walter has been so ill."

"Ah! poor lad," remarked Aunt Jane, rather absently, being deep in the perusal of her letter. "It's very odd, my dear," she said, taking off her spectacles and looking at Kitty with a comical twinkle in her eyes, "your father hasn't sent a turkey, but the children are not noisy and have not had the measles, the chimney does not smoke, or any of those terrible evils that seem to afflict my other relations, and he writes to ask if I can go back with you, not because he thinks I'm dull, but because he should like to see me. What do you say to it, Kitty?"

"Oh! Aunt Jane, will you?" exclaimed Kitty, eagerly. "It would be splendid! I should like to show you all the little ones. Bobbie is such a funny little fellow, and Pink and Blue such a roly-poly pair. You'll never know them apart, I'm sure. Nobody does, and father pretends he wouldn't unless mother dressed them in their own colours. Do come, won't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I think I will. It's many years since I saw your father and mother, and I should dearly like to see them again."

"Mother says she hopes you'll come, and I am to give you her love and tell you she is looking forward to seeing you and thinks you will be amused with all the tribe."

"It's very kind of her and it will be a great pleasure to me, I'm sure. Now if you have breakfasted, I'll just go and tell Sarah about the turkeys. What a pity they are not alive. I could have started a poultry yard and beaten niece Katherine Clare's husband. Then, my dear, perhaps you'll come and write to them all for me and give them my best thanks. You can tell them I'm not at all dull as you are staying with me, and that I am going to spend Christmas with your father, and how pleased they will be to hear that!"

Aunt Jane chuckled vastly at some thought, and betook herself to the kitchen to inform Sarah of the impending invasion, and Kitty ran up to her room to put the finishing touch to a piece of work she had in hand.

When she came down again to the morning-room, she found Aunt Jane sitting by the fire, so deep in thought that she did not notice Kitty's entrance.

"Ah! my dear, I did not hear you come in," she said at last, rousing herself. "I was thinking what a different Christmas the last I spent in England was. What wouldn't I have given for one of these turkeys then! Well, well! things are altered, to be sure, and how little I thought I should ever be the rich woman I am, in that miserable time."

"Were you in trouble, Aunt Jane?" asked Kitty, sitting down in a low chair by her aunt's side.

"I was indeed, my dear, in terrible trouble. Perhaps you don't know that my dear John got into hot water with his relations for marrying me. I was a farmer's daughter, and he had an accident while he was walking through our village, and my father carried him in for mother to nurse, and while she was nursing him, he fell in love with me. His friends thought he might have done better, and so he might, my dear, but he would never have found anyone to love him more—ay, I say it now, as I look back on the past, he never had cause to repent it. We loved each other and were happy together, my dear John and I, and when troubles came to us, in God's good time, we shared the burden and made it lighter. For troubles came upon us before we had been married many years. My father and mother died, and the farm was sold, and then the firm John was working for broke, and not only did he lose his place, but we lost my bit of money that we had been persuaded to put into it. That upset him very much, but I told him it didn't signify as long as he had his health, and as soon as he got work, we could save some more, and so we did. But then the worst trouble of all came. He fell ill and had to give up and rest. We were living in a tiny cottage, and when all our savings were gone, bit by bit our furniture went too, and on Christmas Eve things had come to the worst. John was as weak as he could be; the doctor had said he was to have nourishing food, and all I had to give him was a little bread and some milk. I looked round my little kitchen, but there was nothing left that anyone would have had at a gift; I was almost thankful that John was not there to see how bare it was, and then I sat me down and had a good cry."

"Poor Aunt Jane," said Kitty, stroking her aunt's hand softly.

"I had no one I could ask to help me, for I had already asked some of John's relations and been refused. Yes, by those very people there," pointing to the letters. "They said as John had chosen to go against their wishes, they would have nothing to say to us. I did not tell John of their letters, he would only have been angry, and indeed so was I, for after all John's grandfather had been a farmer, so they need not have held their heads so high. I could not ask again and I did not know what to do, but while I sat there, despairing and miserable, help was being sent to me. A knock at the door made me dry my eyes and open it, and there stood the postman with a letter. I hardly cared to look at it, for I did not expect anyone to write to me, and when I did open it, I could hardly read it for the tears in my eyes. It was from a nephew of my husband, at least so he signed himself, though we could hardly call him so, for he was only the son of John's mother's stepson, but he said he had heard accidentally that we were in trouble, and he had sent us a little help. He wished he could have sent more, but his wife had been ill and he had many expenses he scarcely knew how to meet, but as soon as John was well enough to travel would we come to him and he and his wife would do the best they could for us till John could get something to do. I ran upstairs and told John, and he cheered up directly and said he should very much like to go and see the lad, for his father had been a good friend to him as long as he lived.

"Then I ran out and got some things, and if we did not have a merry Christmas Day, at least we had a thankful one. The nourishing food soon did John good, and the next week we went to his nephew and found a warm welcome. And I am glad to say I was able to be some little help to them, for I nursed his wife and took care of the children, and they would have me be godmother to the little baby, and though we stayed with them a long time, never a word did they say about our being a burden to them. At last after many disappointments, a bit of luck came to us. A cousin of John, who was doing well in Australia, wrote and asked him to join him, as he was getting on in years and wanted someone to look after things. We had no particular ties in England, so we were glad to go, and we got on very well there. James came home once, and when he got back, he told us he had bought a snug place which would do for us all to end our days in. Poor fellow, he did not live to come back to it, and we little guessed that he had left everything to us. After my dear John died, I thought I might be less lonely here, so I came back, and now I am a rich woman, which is not what I ever expected to be, and I only hope I shall make good use of all this money."

"There's not much fear of that, Aunt Jane," said Kitty, who had heard of many kind things her aunt had done, even in the short time she had been with her.

"Well, my dear, I shall do my best—and here I am keeping you listening as if you'd care for an old story that's been done with years ago."

"Indeed, I like to hear about it very much," said Kitty, earnestly. "I do want to know how your kind nephew got on, and whether his wife got strong."

"I believe they are both very well, but I have not seen them since I came home. They have a large family and are not very rich, I fancy. I am thinking of going to see them soon. I have not forgotten their kindness, no, nor ever shall forget it as long as I live. There, now," taking off her spectacles and wiping her eyes, "you must get those letters written, Kitty, and then I've ordered the carriage, and we'll go into Fenton and get a few things for the children. I daresay you can tell me what they would like."

"Oh, aunt, indeed I can, thank you," cried Kitty joyfully; "I shan't be long if you will tell me what you would like me to say."

The letters were soon written, and pronounced by Aunt Jane to be perfectly satisfactory.

"By the way, my dear," she said, as Kitty was fastening the last envelope, "I daresay you would like to do some shopping yourself, shouldn't you?"

"My shopping will be very small, I'm afraid, Aunt Jane," said Kitty, thinking of the small coins remaining in her purse after she had put aside her return fare. "But never mind," she went on merrily, "I shall deal largely in penny articles, and so get a great deal for my money."

"Have you got your purse there?" inquired Aunt Jane, opening a drawer in her writing-table. "Can you give me change for this out of your wealth?" holding up a shilling.

"I think I can manage that," returned Kitty, laughing. "Isn't this a nice purse? Father and mother gave it to me for a birthday present two years ago."

"Very nice, my dear," said Aunt Jane, taking the purse in her hand. "See if that's the carriage, will you?"

"Yes, it is," said Kitty, looking out of the window, "and Daisy and Bonnie look in a desperate hurry."

"Run up and put on your hat, then"—and Kitty hurried away.

Aunt Jane was following her when she heard her stop abruptly, utter an exclamation of surprise, and come rushing down again in such haste, that she ran against the portly form on the bottom step.

"My dear, what's the matter? Don't knock all the breath out of my body!"

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" gasped Kitty. "Is it really all for me—for my very own?"

"For your very own," repeated Aunt Jane, with much solemnity. "A Christmas-box to do what you like with."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" but, looking with some awe at the five bright sovereigns lying side by side in her hitherto nearly empty purse. "I never had so much money at a time in my life."

"Then don't let it turn your head," returned her aunt, laughing; "spend it as wisely as you can. I daresay you will find plenty of ways of disposing of it."

"I shall be able to get them all such beautiful presents. I don't know how to thank you enough," giving her aunt a great hug.

"I shan't be able to go if you kill me first," returned Aunt Jane, kissing her and much delighted at the pleasure she had given—"and those terrible horses are digging up the gravel all this time. I do wish Charles wouldn't give them so much corn, but I daren't say so!"

Kitty was in high spirits till just as they reached Fenton, when an idea came into her mind that made her silent for some minutes.

"Aunt Jane," she said at last, "do you mind what I do with that money?"

"Not in the least, my dear."

"Mother says the doctor told father that Walter would not get well unless he had change of air, and I think I should like to give it to father to help to send him somewhere, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind, Kitty, but I have a better plan to propose. I was intending to ask them to let you and Walter come back with me; I think this would be a nice little change for him at first, and when the weather is warmer, we might take him to the sea and have the others to stay with us in turn. What do you think of it, dear?"

What Kitty thought and said may easily be imagined, as well as what she said to the wonderful things Aunt Jane purchased for the party at Norton Rectory.

"They will think you are a fairy godmother," she said, excitedly, as she helped to carry in the numerous parcels on their return home. They had never had such a Christmas before.

She carried her own special purchases to her room, and was exulting over them when she heard her aunt calling her. She ran down and found her at the kitchen door.

"They are all come," she said in a thrilling whisper. "All! Sarah is a little upset, but I hope we may be able to manage so as to have a little change of food before the end of next month! Come and see them."

She opened the door and preceded Kitty into the kitchen, where Sarah, looking excessively aggrieved, was standing at the head of the table on which the nine turkeys were displayed to view.

"This, my dear," said Aunt Jane, pointing to a large turkey, "is Jessie Morrison's tender affections; that is James Harding's messenger of respect; this is Deborah and Susan's offering of affection; this is the suitable bird of Peter Morris; this, the 'good 'un,' of Charles Reed. You were right, you see; not even the devoted boy could strike out a new idea. Then see the produce of Katherine Clare's husband's successful poultry-farm; that is the reminder of the poetess; and Cousin James Hill's good wishes and niece Jane Field's regrets bring the show to an end. Now, Kitty, I wish for your advice about the disposal of these generous gifts. Distance might lend enchantment to the view, but here they are, and they have got to be eaten."

But Kitty could not speak for laughing. Aunt Jane's solemnity, utterly belied by the twinkle in her eyes and her evident efforts not to follow Kitty's example, and the tall, gaunt, faithful Sarah, standing stiffly erect as if unable to see anything funny in the situation, were quite too much for her gravity.

"Well, I have made up my mind," went on her aunt, briskly. "Jessie Morrison shall be despatched to a friend of mine in Fenton, who has a large family and small means, and who will, no doubt, find it useful. Charles Reed we had better begin upon to-day, Sarah. Katherine Clare we will ask your mother to cook for us all on Christmas Day, Kitty, and the rest of my relations we will take with us to Norton. I daresay your father knows some old men and women he would like to give a dinner to."

At this Kitty fairly danced round the table in delight, patting each turkey as she passed it, and Sarah, relieved of the responsibility of so much cooking, relaxed into a grim smile.

Two days later, Aunt Jane and Kitty set off to Norton Rectory, the latter in a great state of excitement. It appeared to Kitty that her usually cheerful aunt was a good deal upset when they arrived there, she could not understand why. But she soon recovered herself, and her brisk manner and funny speeches made her a great favourite with all the party. It appeared to the children that she had come for their special benefit, so ready was she to enter into all their amusements. The wonderful presents they received from her on Christmas Day completely overwhelmed them, and in the evening she produced some marvellous games and puzzles, which occupied and amused them till one by one they were carried off to bed.

Mrs. Lee and Aunt Jane remained sitting over the fire, talking of by-gone days, and Kitty, who was considered Aunt Jane's special property, sat down on the rug at her side. Presently Mr. Lee, who had been helping Walter to bed, came back and stood leaning against the mantelpiece.

"Walter is quite tired out," he said. "I am afraid he won't be able to sleep. He does not seem to me to get any stronger, but Dr. Hammond says nothing will set him up like change of air. He will be delighted to hear of your kind offer, Aunt Jane, we could not possibly have managed it otherwise," with a sigh as he thought of the many expenses of illness. "And as for the pleasure you have given us all to-day, I think your kind heart must be quite satisfied."

"I'm sure I'm very glad of it," returned Aunt Jane. "I should like every one to be happy at Christmas, but I'm afraid that's not possible. I was telling Kitty, the other day, how miserable John and I were one Christmas, and how we were helped out of our troubles."

"Yes, father, some one sent them some money, and took them to live with him, and was ever so kind to them. Wasn't it good of him?"

"Well, it's no more than we ought to do, is it, Kitty?" said her father.

"Everybody wouldn't do it, though," returned Kitty, looking up at her father rather indignantly, as if he were under-valuing a kind deed; "and he hadn't any money to spare either. I hope—I do hope—that other people have been as kind to him as he deserves."

"I don't think he has had much to complain of in that way, at all events not to-day," said Mr. Lee, looking across at Aunt Jane and smiling.

"By the way, Nephew Arthur, I had forgotten that I had not given you a present, and there it is," fumbling in the depths of her capacious pocket and producing an envelope. "Kitty, give me a candle, my dear, I really think it is time I went to bed. Good-night, Arthur, good-night, Mary," and Aunt Jane bustled across the room.

Kitty was following her when an exclamation from her father made her stop and go back to him.

"Aunt Jane, I can't let you——" he was beginning, but Aunt Jane interrupted him decidedly.

"Nephew Arthur, you can and you will, and that's all about it. What's that compared with what you did for us nineteen years ago? Yes, nineteen I declare it was, and Kitty there was a red-faced scrap of a baby, just like all the others, though her mother did think her such a wonder. A fine plague I had with you, too, for all you're such a brisk young woman now. Don't stare so, my dear, anyone would think you had never known your father do a kind action."

But Kitty, who had caught a glimpse over her father's shoulder of the cheque for a hundred pounds he had drawn from the envelope, only stared the more.

"How pleased my dear John would have been to see all your little ones, Arthur; and I know very well he would have wanted to give the best of everything to 'the lad,' as he called you. And his old wife means to do what he would wish as far as she can, so there's no more to be said about it. Give it to Mary, if you can't find a use for it, she can, I'll be bound. Mary, I will not have any tears on Christmas Day. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought!"

"I think I can find a use for it," said Mr. Lee, smiling. "And, indeed, Aunt Jane, it will be a great comfort to us, and make us go to bed to-night with light hearts. I don't know how to thank you enough, and——"

"I don't want any thanks," interrupted Aunt Jane, briskly, "and I would rather see you enjoy it now than wait till I'm gone, if you don't mind. Well I've had a very pleasant day, and I feel sure my 'turkey' relatives would be pleased to know that I have not been at all dull! What can I do to show my appreciation of the compliments they have paid me? I know," triumphantly, "I'll have nine ivory turkeys made for paper-weights and leave them one each in my will, 'in memory of Aunt Jane.'"

ON THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MUFFS.

Of all the accessory details of feminine toilette the muff is the most fascinating. Be it of costly fur, a triumph of millinery, a piece of twisted velvet with coquettish bows of ribbon inconsequently placed here and there, or of plain cloth demurely braided and corded, with wise-looking tassels, it is always an incident in woman's appearance that cannot be overlooked.

It serves a two-fold purpose—it is the greatest boon to cold-nipped fingers; it answers all the requirements of a pocket.

If the tailor makes the man it is woman who makes the muff.

It sprang originally from the fertile brain of an unknown Venetian lady at a vague date towards the end of the fifteenth century. She appeared in public one winter day carrying a rolled piece of velvet lined with fur, its two ends fastened with crystal buttons, and from that time muffs became necessary and important items in all *trousseaux* or wardrobes. Individual taste made variants of the original, but the pattern remained the same for many years, brocade and silk being pressed into the service as well as velvet, the crystal buttons being sometimes replaced by those of gold or pearl.

The word "muff" was already in use at the time, being used to designate the *révers* of fur which were then worn upon the sleeves, a quaint instance of this being the sermon of Robert d'Abrissel, prior of the Abbey of Fontevrault, against the extravagance of his nuns in wearing "muffs" of ermine upon the sleeves of their pale blue dresses.

On its first appearance on the shores of the Adriatic in that Queen of Cities from whence came so much of the culture and luxury of the Middle Ages, the muff was very small in size, but as it passed into new countries it became the sport and plaything of every outrageous fashion that held the hour, sometimes long and straight like a box, at others short and round like a barrel, sometimes reaching above the elbow, at others scarcely covering the fingers.

In the days of powder, of rouge and of beauty spots, when dresses were preposterously wide and manners theatrical and artificial, an attempt was made in Paris to discard fur and carry muffs made solely of cloth, of delicate brocade or silk.

The furriers were in despair, even going so far as to petition the Pope to excommunicate all those who carried muffs of cloth. Their request having been refused, a general council was held at which, after heated discussion, a brilliant plan was evolved.

Time after time the public executioner appeared upon the scaffold, his hands warmly folded in a muff of the hated cloth, and as in England the muff fell into disuse because Mrs. Turner, the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury, was hanged in one of extravagant proportions starched yellow, so in France the cloth muff disappeared from polite society because of its patronage by the despised Monsieur de Paris.

Thus the furriers conquered fashion, and as England then slavishly followed the *modes* of France, muffs of fur became *de rigueur* in each country. Ermine, vair and sable held popular favour from that time forward, otter and blue fox not coming into vogue until a later period.

When skating became a fashionable pastime muffs reached a colossal size, almost taking the place of a cloak. They were generally made of the wool of the Angora cat, covering the knees and protecting the middle of the body against the cold.

It was towards the end of the eighteenth century that the muff reached its smallest form, a French author describing it as "a casket for letters lined with white satin." But notwithstanding the many changes it has undergone, the many forms it has taken, it has ever been in harmony with the costume in fashion; and, curiously enough, it was only when worn by men that its extravagance of shape and decoration became ridiculous.

Henry III. of France took the muff under his special protection, his courtiers imitating their sovereign, who sheltered his hands in masses of ribbon laced together with gold thread with heavy fringes thereto of twisted gold and jewels.

And thus for the first time in its history the muff became vulgarised.

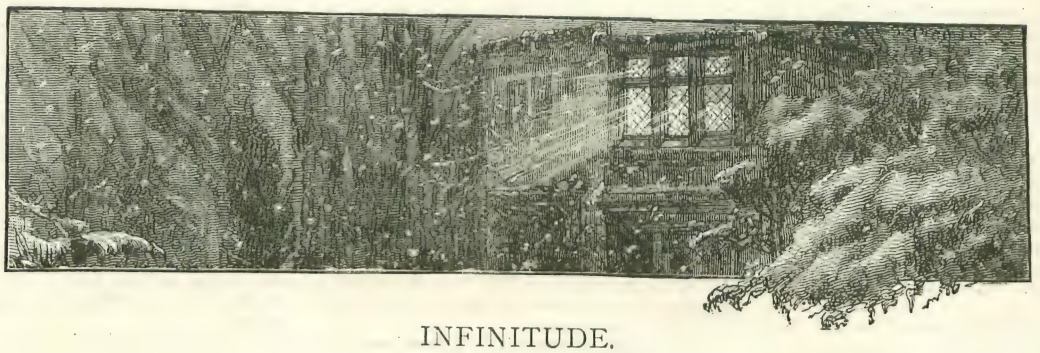
In England men did not take very kindly to the invention of the Venetian lady, but the *beaux* in the earlier part of the reign of George III. made an ineffectual attempt at its revival amongst the sterner sex, Sir Benjamin Backbite in Sheridan's *School for Scandal* showing the fashion of his day in wearing a grey astrakhan muff of large dimensions suspended round his neck by a cord.

Like so many other articles of dress in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was made the subject of sumptuary laws, all but those of gentle birth being compelled to use skins of cats or dogs in the making of their muffs.

In later years the form of the muff has altered but slightly, although it has gone through many phases of ornamentation. Extreme plainness and simplicity are now its chief characteristics, whilst the happy medium in form has been reached.

Whether plain or highly adorned the muff is essentially an adjunct of femininity, useful, pleasant to the sight, and a perpetual proof of the wisdom of the unknown lady of fair Venetia to whose inventive brain it owes its existence.

FRANK HIRD.



INFINITUDE.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

TRY to count the whirling snowflakes falling our eyes before,
Strive to count the sandy atoms upon the sea-beat shore;
Attempt to count the tiny motes that dance in one sunbeam,
Or to number up the pebbles in a clear and shallow stream;

Count the green blades on your grass-plot, the needles on yon pine,
Each single hair that helps to grace that sunny head of thine;
Pluck from the firmament the tale of all its marshalled host,
Or essay to count the foam-bells that break upon our coast;

Count the microscopic millions that fill the sea with life,
The potent viewless mysteries with which the air is rife;
Do all, ere you dare ask from Time, as he is fleeting past,
The measure of Eternity—its future, or its past.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECT.

As Maggie Jordan opened her window in the early morning and surveyed the wintry aspect before her, there came the sound of bells across the country, which found an echo among the hills uprising from the valley, in which Brocklesby Hall farm lay.

The bells had a muffled sound, for the air was thick with flakes of falling snow, whirling fantastically, silently loading the branches of the dark elms that bordered the road on the other side of the stock-yard.

It was Christmas morning, and the bells of Brocklesby church were pealing a welcome to the happy morn. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

To Maggie Jordan's ears, however, their sound was that of "sweet bells jangled out of tune." She did not welcome the day as a young and hopeful spirit should. She was only eighteen, but had already suffered sorrow and disappointment; her brown eyes had taken a look of serious thought beyond her years, and her lips did not curl in smiles as frequently as a girl's lips should. A spirit of quietness had taken possession of her; life seemed to have lost its bright dreams and to have grown full of earnestness and stern reality, to offer nothing beyond the hard facts of the living present which threatened henceforth to continue on the same level of dull monotony.

Why was this with Maggie Jordan? once so gay and bright with sunny happiness.

"Christmas Day!" she said to herself, half aloud, while still watching the falling snow at the open casement, heedless that the chill flakes were blowing wet upon her face.

"How different from last Christmas! I shall never forget that happy day; I think there will never be another like it. How bright and frosty it was, the trees all sparkling with rime, the bells making the air full of music that had its echo in the hearts of two of us at least. They sound weird and unfamiliar somehow this morning, rather as if they were ringing a knell than a glad peal; but the change is in myself I suppose, I am sure I feel years older than I did then, though only twelve months have gone by. What long, weary months they have been, and what long, weary months to follow!"

Why these regrets for the past, Maggie? Why this dull view of the future?

Maggie was the only daughter of old John Jordan of Brocklesby Hall, as the farmstead was called. He had married late in life, and his wife, who had now been dead six years, had left him with two children; the elder—Arthur—was two years his sister's senior.

Aunt Bess, a maiden sister, had kept house for the farmer and watched over his motherless children till two years ago, when the greater necessities of another branch of the family had called her to their aid, for, as Maggie was growing up, a tall bonnie maiden, strong and full of health, she had become able to take the reins of household management resigned to her from her aunt's hands, and aided by the experience of an old servant who had grown up in the family during two generations, she had become skilled in all manner of housewifery, and was the best hand at butter-making in all the dale.

The farmer naturally intended and expected that his son should follow in his footsteps and be a part and parcel of the farm, as he himself and his progenitors had been for the last hundred years; but here was where the trouble began, for Arthur was a terrible disappointment to the old man. He had received his education at a neighbouring seaport town, and hated the calling for which his father destined him. Agricultural occupations had no charms for him; to till the soil, to understand the crops, to look after the stock, all this was an abomination in his eyes. He was lazy and had roving tendencies; nothing put into his hands to do was properly attended to, and there were in consequence frequent and violent storms in the house, for the farmer was hasty and irritable; he could not brook neglect of duty, nor could he understand the temperament that prompted a son of his to choose other paths and possess other tastes than those he had himself inherited. His sojourn in the shipping town had given the youth a liking for the sea; he longed with an uncontrollable longing to cast in his lot with those whose business led them to roam upon the great waters. Books of travel and adventure occupied time stolen from what should have been given to pursuits on the farm, and nothing made the old man so furious as a sight of them, or to hear Arthur talking enthusiastically of the shipping he had seen in the great building yards of Norborough, or of the men he had met from other climes, who had told him tales that fired his ardour and filled his imagination.

He soon learned to indulge his fancies in secret, but still, it was difficult to avoid collisions with his father, for they disagreed on most topics, and both were hot-tempered.

Maggie had often a hard task to keep the peace and shield the brother whom she loved with all her heart, for though the youth was generous and of a forgiving nature, the old man was rancorous and hard; words passed that were difficult to forget, and the breach between them became a wide one.

One of the friends made in Norborough had become a frequent visitor at Brocklesby Hall; this was a clever young engineer who bade fair to make his way in the world, and the farmer, for a time, received him with cordiality. He appeared to take a liking for Arthur's friend, who could talk with him intelligently on all those agricultural subjects that engrossed his attention, who brought him samples of seeds, who suggested improvements in various farm machinery, who listened respectfully to his dissertations on the merits or otherwise of the different artificial methods of dressing the land, and discussed the breeding of cattle as though he had made a special study of the subject. Mr. Jordan was delighted to have met someone who, though apparently such a fine gentleman, and coming from a big town, could yet enter with so much interest into all that concerned the soil, and with such open simple-mindedness receive instruction from the older man's experience, while imparting his own ingenious theories.

All this time, however, Aleck Jameson was studying John Jordan's daughter, and while the old farmer foolishly flattered himself that the young man's visits were paid out of liking for his own society, he was blind to the probability that he was being courted for Maggie's sake, that other subjects of a far different nature and more engrossing interest had been discovered to talk about, and that the hearts of these young people had passed into each other's keeping.

It was Arthur who, in a fit of passion, first gave the old man an idea that Aleck Jameson's visits were not so disinterested or impartial as he supposed, for his father, angry at the neglect of some work, made a bonfire of the books which had caused his dereliction from the line of duty, with the exclamation that he wished his son would take example from his friend and show something of a better kind of stuff, for he would never make a farmer in this fashion.

"No, nor in any fashion," answered Arthur, with face and voice that bore witness to his mental disturbance. "If those had been my books, burning them would not have signified, but you've been and destroyed Aleck's property, and I should say he won't thank you for it."

"Aleck's property! what do you mean?" stammered the farmer.

"I mean that those books you've made such a jolly bonfire of belong to Aleck, that he lent

them me to read, and that I've had many more from the same quarter."

Mr. Jordan uttered an exclamation that need not be chronicled, while Arthur continued, "And he lends Maggie books, too, I know, and why shouldn't he, when he lives in the world, knows what is going on in it, and what is worth knowing, and we do not, nor are ever likely to, if you can prevent it? All the ideas I have I owe to him."

"There are precious few of them then, and of the wrong quality," said the farmer grimly. "I must look into this. If it is making my children disobedient and lazy you are, Mr. Aleck Jameson, the less I see of you in this house the better. Pray did he teach you to answer your father disrespectfully, sir?"

Arthur turned away without speaking, conscious that he had betrayed himself into ill-considered words, that he had said more than enough in his anger to harm the cause of both friend and sister, and for the remainder of that week was rather more diligent than usual. Moreover, he warned Maggie of what she might expect.

"Better stow those books away, Mag," said he, "if Aleck is to get them back again. Father has taken a new frenzy into his head, and thinks that books are the very mischief for demoralising a fellow, who mustn't have more than one idea in his noddle, and that must be the farm. Turnips, pigs, potatoes, wheat and hay, etc., bah! I hate it all, and have a mind above roots and cereals!"

"Arthur, dear, I'm sure you are quite wrong," said his sister, as she had said many times before, without effect. "It is most unfortunate you do not like the farm, for as it must be that which is to gain you a living, I see no help for it but to give your energies to the inevitable. I wish you would try and not anger father so, he does not mean to be anything but just and kind. And as to the books—why should I be ashamed of reading them, or Mr. Jameson of lending them? I don't mean to make any secret of it, and I don't believe father can object if I leave nothing undone."

"That's one for me of course, Mag, and I daresay I deserve it. Well, do as you like, my girl, and wait for results; but as to there being no other opening for me than to be a son of the soil all my days, I say wait, and you'll see what you will see."

With which oracular statement he walked off whistling, and Maggie looked after him with an anxious expression, and the inward hope that he would not rush into any precipitate action of folly.

Mr. Jordan stored up in his memory what he had heard, and kept very much on the alert during Aleck's next visit, which took place not long after, the result of his observations being to satisfy him that, as he expressed it, he had been silly to encourage the intimacy now existing between the young people. Maggie could not understand her father at all; he was moody and unusually fault-finding, while there lurked a suspicious watchfulness in his eyes that gave her a feeling of uneasiness; he looked as if he trusted nobody.

Seeing her one day occupied with a book on her lap, which she seemed to be studying in pauses devoted to needlework, he took it up and looked at it.

It was a volume of Browning's poems. He turned over the leaves, pished and pshawed impatiently, fumed a good deal, and, finally, threw the book with a bang upon the table.

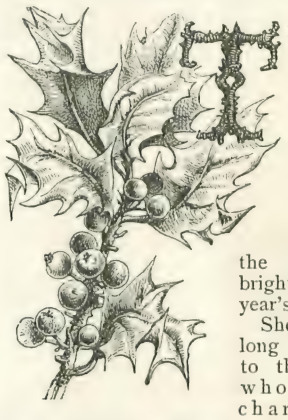
"Rubbish!" said he, "wretched stuff! What good do you expect that sort of reading is going to do you, tell me that? Better stick to what is useful, and do one thing at a time, girl. Give the book back to its owner, and borrow no more of them. I won't have such trash in the house, it has done more harm than good already."

Maggie obediently put the book away, but she gave many sighs to its dismissal, and when Aleck came returned the volume, saying that he must lend them no more at present, for her father objected.

For some time after this, the uneasy feeling possessed her of a highly-charged electrical disturbance in the house, which might break over their heads at any moment, but the danger passed, the moral atmosphere cleared, and all was temporarily quiet again.

CHAPTER II.

"HEART WITHIN, AND GOD O'ERHEAD."



THAT Christmas to which Maggie Jordan now looked back with infinite regrets, as to a past that could never repeat itself for her, was the last spot of brightness in the year's calendar.

She went on a long promised visit to the Aunt Bess who had taken charge of her brother's house at his wife's death, and as she was now settled in Norborough and knew the Jamesons well, Maggie was naturally thrown much into their society, and it soon became manifest to onlookers which way matters were tending.

Aunt Bess had a great respect for the family as well as a hearty liking and admiration for Aleck, and as it never occurred to her that her brother could object to a match which seemed so suitable in every way—for Aleck would eventually be well off, independently of his profession—she innocently encouraged their meetings. She was fond of Maggie too, proud of her bonnie looks and of the housewifely qualities which, she flattered herself, she had done much to form and foster, so she made much of the girl, and threw the young people together, little knowing what harm she was doing.

Maggie also enjoyed her stay in other ways, for Norborough was a centre of great interest to the unsophisticated country girl. Her eyes became opened to many things she had not dreamed of, the world was so much bigger than she had thought, and her views of life became enlarged. She visited the great building yards, the ships, the wharves and quays, she both saw and heard something of the manner of life that had stolen away her brother's heart from its allegiance to the soil, and began to feel more sympathy with his aspirations than she had ever done before.

Maggie was to have remained over the New Year with Aunt Bess, but there came a recall from home.

Her father was ailing; old Martha had an attack of rheumatism, the girl who worked under her had said she must go home, and Arthur was full of gloom.

It was a disappointment, of course, to break away from the charms of the life she had been leading, but needs must, and Maggie was not a girl to shirk her duty. She and Aleck parted with the understanding that he was to come to Brocklesby Hall, as soon as he could take a holiday, in order to make his confession to Mr. Jordan and ask him for his daughter. Her return home was therefore brightened by the hope she now secretly cherished, and the burden of all the added duties that fell upon her seemed light in consequence. No wonder she found her father's fractiousness easy to bear, or that Arthur's gloom was chased as by magic. The infection of her happiness went through the household, and even Martha's complaints died out for want of fuel to feed them.

No wonder the bells, which rang in the New Year, had hopeful, golden sounding notes. There was not a single presentiment of evil to come lurking among the bright hopes with which the veiled future was laden.

Maggie trusted, "Heart within, and God o'erhead."

In pursuance of his promise, Aleck took an early opportunity of coming to the farm; but he arrived at an unpropitious time, for the farmer was absent at a cattle sale, and not expected till evening. This, however, was no great disappointment to the young people, for it allowed them undisturbed pleasure in each other's society.

Maggie was busy as usual; she had her bread-making in the morning, churning in the afternoon, poultry to feed, and eggs to collect, but with Aleck's merry assistance the work became play, and Martha felt scandalised. The invasion of territories sacred to the mysteries of kitchen and dairy did not please her, and she hobbled about, grumbling and discontented. Not all Aleck's suave politeness and cheerful fun could soothe her ruffled temper; he had no business there, and she hated philandering.

"Now, Martha," pleaded the girl coaxingly, "you know very well that you are fond of Mr. Jameson, and that, as a rule, you like him to be cracking his fun with you, as you call it. What makes you so contrary when I am so happy?"

"And what makes you so happy?" asked the old woman with a suspicious look at the girl's glowing cheeks and bright eyes.

"That's a secret at present, Martha, but after to-morrow it will be one no longer. I wonder where Arthur is; have you seen him?"

"No, that I haven't. He should have been in to his dinner long ago," answered Martha, with whom the ne'er-do-weel was a favourite. "It worrits me not to have folks come to their meals when meals calls them, and Master Arthur isn't used to be one of that sort, he's always ready and hearty."

The day wore on however and Arthur failed to appear.

"He must have gone with your father after all, Maggie," suggested Aleck.

"No," said Maggie, "I saw father go off alone, and I know Arthur was sent to the barns on the Norborough road where we have some of the stock. He should have been home long ago."

Seeing how troubled she looked, Aleck volunteered to go in search of him, and receiving some general directions as to Arthur's possible whereabouts, he started on the quest.

While he was gone, Mr. Jordan returned, not in the best of tempers, for he had not done a good day's business, and his first question was for Arthur, whom he expected to find at hand, ready to take charge of the horse and trap. With some trepidation Maggie broke the fact that she had not seen her brother all day.

"Just like him," growled the farmer, "and now I suppose I've got to see about it myself, tired as I am; no lads in the way of course."

"No, I can do it, father—don't you worry. It won't be the first time I shall have unharnessed Jenny, and I will call Dick to help me, I saw him cross the yard a few minutes ago. Father dear," she added a little

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

timorously, "Mr. Jameson has been here, he came expressly to see you."

This news did not seem to improve the farmer's state of mind. What did he want with him? Where was he—had he gone? No; he was in search of Arthur. Then, as she proceeded to follow up her intention of looking after Jenny, he called her back, bade her summon the cow-boy and come herself to see about his supper.

In haste and silence Maggie attended to her father's wants, and being both tired and hungry, the appetising meal she soon placed before him had the effect of soothing his temper, and by the time he had finished, received his lighted pipe from his daughter's hand and settled down into his favourite chair by the warm chimney corner, he was in a more placable frame of mind.

"I think, father, if you don't mind, I will go out and see if I can meet Mr. Jameson and Arthur."

The farmer nodded silently, and put up his slippered feet to the cheerful blaze.

Fearful of a possible recall, Maggie hurried away, and after a few moments' thought, took the Norborough road towards the barns. The wintry twilight had long stolen over the country and a cutting wind was blowing down the valley from the east.

At last she descried a form through the gloom coming towards her. It was Aleck, and he was alone.

"I have searched in every direction without avail, Maggie," said he; "it is a curious thing. What can have become of the fellow?"

"I am afraid to think," she answered tearfully; "suppose he has run away to sea. I have long had my fears of what he might do."

This suggestion Aleck pooh-poohed, though his inward suspicions tended in the same direction.

"It won't do to put such an idea into your father's head, Maggie; has he come home?"

"Yes, and rather out of sorts; he was in a great way on hearing Arthur was nowhere about. I told him you were here, and——"

"And that did not add to his peace of mind," laughed Aleck. "I can't think what has come to your father, darling, I never seem welcome to him now; he guesses, I suppose, that I want to rob him of his daughter, but that must come at some time to any man who has the good fortune to be possessed of daughters, and, as a rule, I should say they are not unwilling."

Maggie was silent, she began to have doubts. However it might be, the time for Aleck to make his declaration seemed unpropitious; with a good deal of hesitation on her part, and unwillingness on his, he at length yielded to her representations, and agreed to wait a day or two, or till something final should be heard about her brother. As matters stood, he declined to enter the house after Maggie had ascertained that Arthur had not come in, and saying that he should just have time to catch the train to Norborough if he took a short cut across country to Woolver, he said good-bye, both promising to let each other know at once whatever news, good or otherwise, might come to them.

"And if I find the truant anywhere in Norborough, I will bring him home, dear, and then, I hope, gain something different than a rough dismissal at your father's hands."

One day, two days passed, and there was no Arthur. Maggie's heart sank lower and lower, Mr. Jordan's heavy brows grew blacker. On the third day there came a messenger to Brocklesby Hall; he was the bearer of a letter that should have come to hand sooner, but, thinking it was of no particular importance, he had delayed its delivery till business brought him to the neighbourhood.

The letter was from the missing Arthur, who, in a few brief words, dealt a blow in the old home from which his father never quite recovered. It told them that he had forsaken the life he had always felt unsuited to him, that he had gone on board a merchantman bound for Eastern ports. He bade them farewell, asked their forgiveness, and promised to return a credit to the family.

"Never again!—never again!" moaned the old man with an ashen face.

"But it may not be too late to stop and bring him back," urged Maggie, searching for the date of the letter. Alas! the ship had sailed, and by this time was miles away from home.

"Ungrateful boy! Wretched boy! never again," muttered the father brokenly.

He seemed too stunned by the suddenness of the unlooked-for blow to be angry, as was his wont, and went about the farm in a heavy, dazed condition, scarcely opening his lips to speak. Maggie, who wept from day to day, would rather have seen him storm and rage; the sight of him was pitiable to her.

A day or two later, Aleck Jameson appeared at the farm. The inquiries he had instituted at the docks having confirmed his suspicions; he knew the name of Arthur's ship and of the captain; he wished, for their sakes, that he could have secured the truant, but for the youth's own sake he was glad, for he felt sure that roving spirit had found its true calling, that the life in store for him was the one to give him ballast, and that however severe the trial now, the day would come when John Jordan would have reason to be thankful that he had not succeeded in tying his son down to a slavery he hated.

The sight of Aleck seemed at once to rouse all the farmer's rage, which he vented on the young man's luckless head, while Maggie stood by trembling, and helpless to stem the torrent.

"This was what came of so-called friendship; he had harboured a viper, and, as he might have expected, it had turned and stung him. This was all Aleck Jameson's doing; he had tempted his children to disobedience, and ruined the boy. Let him get out of the doors of Brocklesby Hall, and never show his face there again. Was he contented with his work? He had stolen his son, would he now steal his daughter also? A thousand times *no!* Let him go, go—go!"

No attempt at self-defence or reasoning was possible; by mute signs Maggie implored his departure, but before he could turn his back reluctantly on the scene, the poor unhappy old man, foaming at the mouth and purple with inarticulate rage, fell to the ground in a fit.

CHAPTER III.

"MIZPAH."

ILLNESS is a great unsettler of the regularity of a household, turning everything out of the ordinary course to make way for its requirements, and so Maggie found, till Aunt Bess stepped in, and brought her experience to bear upon the necessities of the trouble-tossed family, soothing her niece by her kindly presence.

Once more, for a season, till her brother was again able to get about, she held the reins, nursed the invalid, and left Maggie comparatively free to discharge her usual avocations, for the world will go round, and work must be done however sore the sorrow, and Maggie's was now twofold, for she had to say farewell to Aleck. He had accepted an appointment as railroad engineer out in America and was obliged to repair to his post forthwith.

The parting, though sad, was not hopeless, for though the fates were against them at present—Maggie not being the girl to fly in her father's face—her lover was not the man to give her up.

"Remember," said he, "you are mine, and as such I shall come back and claim you. Your father will not always stand between us; he will give you to me yet. Wear my token, Maggie, and do not forget me."

As if forgetfulness were possible to the faithful heart.

The token was a ring, and the word engraved upon it—"Mizpah."

Mr. Jordan recovered from his attack, but he was never the same man again. Arthur's name never passed his lips; grey and broken down, he became gradually more feeble and incapable.

The farm did not prosper; as the weary months wore on, difficulties began to creep about him; nothing prospered.

The year was a hard one in almost every respect. Drought ruined the hay; then immoderate rains spoiled the corn. Root crops were unsatisfactory, and sickness broke out among his cattle.

Some months previously he had spent a great deal of money on machinery, the latest improvements in which had taken his fancy. He was fond of experimentalising, but his finances did not warrant the outlay; the yield from his acres did not reimburse him, and the expensive implements now lay unused. He had to borrow in order to meet the demands upon an empty purse.

A terrible blight seemed to have fallen upon the year, upon the family and upon all belonging to it.

Maggie could not help knowing that her father was in difficulties, but to what extent she was ignorant, for Mr. Jordan was not a man to talk about his affairs, least of all to his womenkind.

She had uncomfortable suspicions, however, that he owed money, that he had borrowed money, and that the visitor who had been to Brocklesby Hall so often of late, far too often she considered, had something to do with the business. She had never been present at any of the interviews held between her father and this man, for they were always conducted in private, but a chance word that came to her ears now and again, convinced her that her surmises were correct; that this man was the lender, her father the borrower.

She took an unaccountable dislike to him, she could hardly define wherefore, except that her feminine instinct told her he was not to be trusted.

He was a red-haired man, and she disliked red hair. He had bold, hard eyes too of a nondescript colour, which he had an unpleasant way of fixing upon her whenever a chance meeting occurred; an admiring stare accompanied by a smile intended to be fascinating and persuasive that she resented as an unwarrantable familiarity.

In other respects he was not bad-looking, for his features were well-shaped, but of what use the possession of good looks if unaccompanied by any expression denoting goodness of heart? He had besides a fine tall figure, which always gave her the impression when he stood up that he could crush both her shrunken old father and herself with one of his big hands.

His name was Sanderson, and he hailed from Norborough.

Soon the visits he paid to the farm became lengthy and frequent. Maggie dreaded them; she could see also that her father was not at ease on these occasions, that he was particularly careful to give no offence, and welcomed the self-invited guest with much apparent cordiality.

Once, when Maggie ventured to remark that she disliked the man and wondered why he came so often, her father was conveniently deaf; he often became so now she noticed, but on one occasion, he mysteriously hinted that they were under obligations to Mr. Sanderson, and impressed upon her the necessity of being on civil and friendly terms.

"I am sorry to hear it, father," she replied, "for I don't think he is a man to be trusted."

This idea of hers he pooh-poohed rather angrily.

As time went on, matters became much worse, cattle were sold at a sacrifice, for there was no hay to feed them on, and the two best horses on the farm were disposed of likewise to meet some heavy bill. The old farmer pottered about with the help of one man and a boy; but the hedges remained untrimmed, the fences and gates were left unrepaired. There was an atmosphere of depression and decay about the whole place grievous to Maggie's heart, she remembered it so different. Added to this, nothing had been heard of Arthur, while Aleck's last letter was dated two months back.

No wonder, that Christmas morning, when the sound of bells came muffled through the snow-filled air, opened in sad contrast to the previous one, and that Maggie wondered despairingly whether the future held anything yet in store for them which should tend to brighten their lot.

The whole of the previous day had been spent by Mr. Sanderson at the farm; the afternoon had been devoted to conferences in private, while in the evening he had sat with them by the big wood fire, trying, without success, to make himself agreeable to Maggie.

He was still beneath the roof of Brocklesby Hall, and the girl wondered, with disgust, whether he would not soon take up his abode there altogether.

Remonstrance with her father was of no avail, and she began to fear, circumstances pointed out, that the old man was completely in Mr. Sanderson's power and enmeshed in a net of difficulties from which there seemed no escape.

The guest stayed over Christmas Day and tried to inveigle Maggie into accompanying him to church; but that she was determined not to do, and managed to avoid his presence all the morning.

After dinner he went out, leaving Mr. Jordan and Maggie together.

Silently she sat by the glowing fireside, too sad to read, too dull to talk, while her old father sat opposite, puffing at his pipe and glancing cautiously at her from under the penthouse of his brows. Shifting his feet uneasily, and with rather a quavering voice, for he had begun to be a little afraid of Maggie, he at length opened his lips and disclosed to her astonished ears the plot that had been hatching in secrecy for so long.

Mr. Sanderson wanted Maggie. He had asked for her, and Mr. Jordan had approved of his suit. He intended asking her to be his wife.

What! that man? To pretend to love her, when she knew so well he was doing them all the harm he could! To want her to marry him, and her father to be willing! Impossible!

"But it is no pretence, and it mustn't be impossible, my girl. I tell you I am under obligations to him, very serious ones too. I can't refuse, and you mustn't either."

"Can't—mustn't! What obligations, father, tell me everything. I have been kept in the dark too long as it is. Why do you feel obliged to sell your daughter to a man she could never love or even respect?"

"Hard words, Maggie," whined the old man. "I'm not selling you; only wanting to do what will be best in the end for both of us. Sanderson is a highly respectable man, he's well off, and we are very poor. As to your not loving him, that's only high-flown, girlish nonsense. There's nobody who'll have you if he doesn't; the other folly is over long ago, I hope."

Maggie did not answer, but she twisted the ring on her finger, she felt the word engraven on it, and repeated to herself "never, never."

"And if you refuse such an offer, you'll be doing an undutiful action," continued the farmer, in the same whining tone. "You might consider me, Maggie!"

"What do you mean, father? How are you in this man's power, and why is it so important that I should be sacrificed?"

"Listen, girl," he exclaimed excitedly. "I am ruined—you are ruined—the farm is ruined! What is to become of us? I owe Sanderson hundreds! We have been eating of his bread this long while."

Maggie started from her chair, with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks staring at him.

"Father!" she cried hoarsely, "what does it mean? This can't be true," and she wrung her hands in anguish.

"Don't take on so, Maggie, don't. It couldn't be helped; after all, the money is only borrowed."

"But it cannot be paid back, if it is true that we are ruined," she returned vehemently, "you know it can't."

"Except in one way," replied Mr. Jordan, in a low voice, and with eyes downcast, for he could not meet his daughter's indignant sorrow.

"You mean, that Mr. Sanderson has consented to cancel the debt if I will promise to marry him?" she said.

The farmer nodded. "You wouldn't be unhappy, Maggie; he'd be very good to you, he told me so, and just consider——"

"Oh, my happiness or unhappiness has nothing to do with the question," said she bitterly. "It is purely a business matter, father, and as such I shall consider it."

The farmer looked up hopefully. "That's right," said he, "you are a good girl, Maggie, you always were. You see, my dear, Sanderson has the power to sell us up if he chooses."

She looked up quickly, startled at this fresh revelation, and raised her hands as if to ward off more cruel blows.

"I don't understand how things ever came to this pass," she said faintly, and then to herself half aloud, "and what can a poor helpless girl do?"

"A great deal, my dear—a great deal," chimed in Mr. Jordan, who could hear well enough when it suited him. "The way lies open."

"Ah yes, that way, but——"

"You won't go back from your word," interrupted her father, in hasty, anxious tones.

"I haven't given it," she replied, "and I must have time to consider. This is not a question to be answered at once. I must have time and you must not press me, father. Mr. Sanderson I will not speak to, and he must not approach the subject with me at all. Tell him so, and in two months he shall have my answer."

"Two months, Maggie! I fear he will not wait so long; make it less, my girl, be reasonable."

"Two months," she reiterated without wavering. "You must not press me, father. I am going upstairs; I shall not come down again, for I will not see Mr. Sanderson. Martha will give you your tea."

Mr. Jordan made no attempt to detain her, and she went up slowly, heavily, like one stricken and sore wounded.

She had been eating of this man's bread and had not known it! Oh, what humiliation, and how she hated him the more for the thought; she would rather starve, and now it was demanded of her that she should go on eating of his bread all her life through. No, she could not. For hours she pondered in the cold and darkness; what mattered it, when warmth and light could never more enter into her heart or life.

At length her mind was made up. She would write to Aleck and tell him all. If there came no answer, no help from that quarter, whence it seemed she had a right to expect it, then, at the expiration of the two months, Mr. Sanderson should have his answer; she would save her father's home. Was it not a question of honour?

"It's all right, Sanderson—I believe it's all right," said the farmer to his guest when he re-entered, "but you mustn't press her. She asks for two months to decide."

Mr. Sanderson's brows grew black. "That's a long time," said he; "but I'm patient, I'll wait."

CHAPTER IV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

How swiftly the days pass on their merry rounds when one is happy; how heavily they drag when one is sad; and yet again, when some event that is to become a crisis in one's fate is looked for at some particular point of time with anxious dread, how all too rapidly the wheels go round, bringing one ever nearer and nearer to the moment of trial!

It was thus with Maggie, whose once bonnie face was now pale and thin; whose expression was now altered into one of set and almost stern determination. So changed was she that her father would sometimes gaze at her in wonder, so silent and unapproachable had she become, that he felt nervous in her presence. He noticed how sparingly she ate, that her diet was chiefly vegetarian, and he fretted at what he called her obstinacy and foolish pride.

"I was stupid to tell her so much as I did," he reflected.

Once he reproached her with unkindness. "Is it not as hard for me as for you?" he asked; "harder, because I am kept in suspense."

How sadly she turned upon him the eyes that had grown so large and pathetic. "Poor father!" she said softly, "I do not mean to be unkind. I am afraid I have left you too much alone, but I have so little heart for anything," and she bent over to touch his wrinkled forehead with her lips. Somehow she had rarely kissed the old man of late. The action touched him, and he passed the back of his hand quickly across his eyes.

No—the suspense was hardest for Maggie; six weeks passed before she received any answer from Aleck. Then it came; only a few, hurried words, but they were enough to fill her heart with renewed hope. There would be a deliverance for her.

This was the substance of what he wrote:

"Your letter only just received. I am coming home, but in the meantime have sent instructions to a friend to act for me. Never give in, my darling. Let that man do his worst; send him to the place where he belongs, and remember, under all circumstances, you are mine."

He was coming home—that was enough for Maggie; what fervent thanksgivings went up from her much-tried heart!

What plan of action he intended to pursue, what he meant by instructions to a friend, she could not divine, but it was enough, he was coming. Help and deliverance were at hand. She felt she could now brave everything, and truly, it was a dreadful ordeal that awaited her.

Mr. Sanderson had to receive his answer from her mouth, her old father would be brought to the verge of despair, and how would he believe her that help was at hand, when she could not point out whence it was to come?

It was as if hers must be the hand to draw tight the noose that had been placed around his neck.

"And this is your final decision?" said Mr. Sanderson, when, with pale lips but calm, clear voice, Maggie told him that her mind was made up; she wished she could have told him sooner, that she could not marry him.

"Yes, final," she replied in the same quiet tones, despite the threat conveyed in his voice and manner.

"I am afraid you will regret this, and Mr. Jordan also," he said between his teeth, and with a look of savage disappointment in his eyes.

"I am not afraid—help will come."

"Where from?" he questioned; "from which corner of the earth do you expect it—or from heaven?"

"Yes," she replied quietly, "from heaven," and left him alone.

"Yes, you shall repent this," he repeated, shaking his fist at her retreating figure, "for I will drag you and the old man into the dust. I can, and I will. If you were to come and beg a crust at my door, Margaret Jordan, I would refuse it. Now, Joe Sanderson, do your worst, and set about it."

Thus apostrophising himself, he proceeded to put his horse into the gig which had brought him to Brocklesby, and drove off without waiting to see the farmer again.

The hardest task before her was breaking the news to her father, and she was quite prepared for the bitter reproaches, the senile tears, the impotent wrath, which he by turns poured forth upon her devoted head.

"You might have saved me, you might have had some consideration; but it is all self—self, in these days. Children rise up against their parents; they have no sense of filial duty or of affection. Oh, who would have children, if they could guess at the ingratitude and disappointment they are sure to meet with from them! And you might have saved me, for you held the power in your hands. We must leave the old place—the home where generations have been born. We must go forth as beggars on the world, a world without pity for the unfortunate—and you might have saved me!"

Thus the old man went on, pouring out his complaint like water. Maggie listened, but remained dumb; the injustice of his moans was hard to bear. She knew not how to comfort him, for to hold out the hope of assistance from the only quarter whence she expected it, would have been a mockery to him, that would but have added tenfold to the bitterness of what he had to bear.

Much against her will, old Martha was sent to her relations; she was only an added burden. Maggie tried hard to induce her father to leave the farm, and go to Aunt Bess, who had offered them a temporary refuge, intending herself to stay till the sale, of which they had had notice, was over, but no persuasion was of any avail; he would cling to the old home till nothing was left but bare rooms, empty barns and sheds.

Like one distraught he wandered about the house, over the yards, and in and out of the granaries, stables, and cow-byres, as if taking a last farewell.

The day of the sale was in the end of February—a miserable, pouring day. How disconsolate everything looked, how utterly in keeping Maggie thought with the melancholy of the occasion. She herself was possessed by a spirit of feverish expectation and disquiet, for she was ignorant of the manner in which help was to come, or whether, after all, Mr. Sanderson would not be left to do his worst, according to his threat.

He was there, with many others who had come from all parts either to look on or bid, but in all the throng there was no one she could distinguish as a friend.

Before half the dreadful day was over, however, it became noised about, and the report was not long in coming to her ears, that everything was being bought up by one man. The excitement and curiosity was tremendous, for the purchaser, who outbid everybody, was a stranger. He had it all his own way. The excitement communicated itself to Maggie, but she could glean no information about him, owing to the fact that no one could give her any, except that his name was Smith, and that was no clue. He was a very ordinary looking individual too, quiet and altogether business-like.

Maggie wondered, was this the friend alluded to by Aleck, to whom he had given instructions? If so, what did his day's work imply?

The sale was over, the public gone, and where all had been noise and bustle, was now silence and desertion.

It was a relief to be left alone again, with all the household gods still around as heretofore.

Nothing was removed, all was as it had been before Mr. Sanderson and his myrmidons began their morning's business.

Was all a dream? Had they but just awoke to find that the nightmare which oppressed them was over?

The rain had left off, the drops were still dripping from the eaves on to the flagstones below, but the sun was breaking through the thick mists, and the air outside was fresh and sweet.

A farm lad came to the door with a note. "From Mr. Smith, Miss Maggie."

She hastily opened it and read—

"Mr. Smith has followed the instructions sent him, and he has now only to inform Miss Jordan, that in pursuance of the same, everything will be left on the premises untouched until the arrival of the purchaser, who requests that the business of the farm may be carried on as usual, and as if everything still remained in Mr. Jordan's possession. Further instructions will follow."

In answer to her question, the lad replied that Mr. Smith was gone, adding, that he had been told there was no answer.

Maggie put the note into her father's hands, who read it bewildered, and not understanding.

"What does it mean, Maggie? Why is it addressed to you? Who is the purchaser? Not this Mr. Smith?"

"No, father; it appears he has only been acting for someone else. He does not say who it is has bought up everything," she replied in a trembling voice.

"It is very mysterious and I don't quite like it. How do you understand this request, my girl?"

"I can only see one meaning to it, father. Whoever the buyer is, he has made it plain that he wishes you to carry on the work for him just as you would if all were still your own. You cannot object surely?"

"I suppose not. He makes me, in fact, his manager, and as such, I shall attend to his interests conscientiously. But how about funds, Maggie?"

"You see, father," she said hesitatingly, "Mr. Smith says further instructions will follow, so maybe you will hear to-morrow."

"Anyhow," remarked the farmer getting up and stretching himself; "I feel free. Sanderson is gone, isn't he, Maggie?"

"Yes, he has gone."

"Gone for good—eh? You feel free too then? I'm sorry I teased you so, my girl, but I was at my wit's end, don't you see."

"I understand, father; and now that is all over, don't let us speak of it any more."

"I don't understand though; it's all a complete mystery to me," he said again, running his fingers through his thin grey hair. "Do you understand it, Maggie?"

"Better than you, dear, perhaps, but I cannot explain. And now, father, I will make up a big fire and give you some supper before you go out to the yard."

The next morning's post brought a registered letter; its only instructions however were contained in the form of bank notes to the value of three hundred pounds. They were enclosed in a sheet of paper on which was written—"From the purchaser. Please use enclosed for expenses on the farm.

"E. SMITH."

The postmark outside was Norborough, but beyond this, they were just as much in the dark as ever.

Spring and summer succeeded each other; autumn tints were beautifying the trees; orchards were full of the golden glories and blushing perfections of ripening fruit. The year had been bountiful in its gifts; seed-time and harvest had not failed; compensation had followed on the heels of previous losses; agricultural prospects had never been better, and the farmers rejoiced.

At Brocklesby all was going smoothly; the blight was gone, and it seemed as if John Jordan found it an easier task to work for another man than for himself. Everybody said he had grown ten years younger and taken on another lease of a life whose sands had threatened nearly to run out.

Maggie, however, looked older; her face had regained its soft contour and bright colour, but the lines of thought which marked it, the far-away look in her deep, serious eyes told a tale of early earned experiences of the sad realities of life.

Still, she wore an expression of content and hopefulness; still, she was looking forward to Aleck's return. He had not been able to fulfil his intention of coming home as soon as he had expected.

At Christmas, he wrote, he would certainly be back.

It wanted only one week of Christmas Day. There came a letter to the farm from Mr. Smith, the purport of which was, that the gentleman who had bought all the farm produce and household effects would pay Brocklesby a visit on the twenty-fifth; that he was only just returned from America and was anxious to make as early an inspection of the farm as possible.

"He might have left us in peace till after Christmas Day at any rate," complained Mr.

"IT WAS A RELIEF TO BE LEFT ALONE AGAIN WITH ALL THE HOUSEHOLD GODS STILL AROUND."

Jordan dolefully. "However, everything is in order—never better—he will see I have been a good steward. You don't think he means to turn us out, Maggie?"

"No, father, I am sure of that," returned the girl soothingly, but averting her face that he might not see its confusion.

"We don't know who he is now; how odd that Mr. Smith does not mention his name even yet. Who can he be? An eccentric man I should say."

"He may have some good reason for keeping his name in the background at present," remarked Maggie smiling, "but we shall soon know, father."

Aunt Bess was coming to spend Christmas with them, and there were great preparations at the farm to greet the expected guests with all due honour and hospitality.

Once again the bells rang out their merry notes, their glad sounds of welcome to the living Christ. There were no undertones of sadness in them to Maggie's ears, her heart was full of a strange joy, of an exultant expectation, which was enhanced by good news from the prodigal. The Christmas post brought a letter from the long-lost Arthur; a letter full of comfort to the father's heart, for it told of his well-being, his success, and his return by the New Year. He was bringing back presents for them all. He had never loved Brocklesby as he loved it now, after this long separation; but still, his profession was mistress of his heart, and ever would be.

"I suppose I shall have to forgive the rascal," said the farmer wiping his spectacles which had grown misty. "He was a bad farmer, and always would have been. I'm glad he has not made a mess of his life altogether. We must welcome him with the fatted calf, eh, Maggie lass? I only wish he could have been with us to-day."

"To-day! To-day!" was the refrain of Maggie's song, and her heart leapt within her.

Aunt Bess had come, and with her a stranger. She arrived at the farm while Maggie was at church; the stranger left her to drive up alone and walked back to meet the young worshipper.

Mr. Jordan was glad to see his sister; not sorry either to have an hour's quiet talk with her alone.

"I am expecting the gentleman to-day, Bess," said he, after relating all she was not already acquainted with, and she knew a great deal more than he gave her credit for. "My employer, you know."

"Ah, yes—your employer, John," she answered, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Well, I think I see him coming now, and Maggie with him."

"What! Maggie with him!" exclaimed Mr. Jordan starting to the door and feeling considerable trepidation.

Yes—there they came; the farmer saw a fine, tall young fellow, sunburnt and bearded, erect and manly—proud-looking, too, for Maggie's hand was resting on his arm and she was radiant.

Old John had never before seen his daughter look so beautiful or so happy.

"Who is that?" he asked in an uncertain voice and with pallid cheeks.

"Why, Aleck Jameson to be sure; don't you know him, John?"

The farmer did know him; he remembered their last meeting and felt paralysed. Maggie darted forward and threw her arms around his neck.

"Father, dear father, be kind to Aleck. Give him welcome this Christmas Day, for he is the friend who saved us, to whom we owe everything!"

Still the old man could not speak, for the revelation was a shock to him.

"Have I your goodwill, Mr. Jordan?" asked the young man offering his hand.

Maggie took her father's and placed it in Aleck's strong grasp.

"I am conquered," said he at last feebly; "you have heaped coals of fire upon my head, Aleck Jameson. But come in, lad, and tell us all about it, for my old wits are failing me, I think, and I scarce understand the rights of it."

They went in and sat around the Christmas fire while Aleck told his tale.

"You will find I have been a good steward, I hope," said the farmer humbly at length, at which Aleck grasped his hand again, and then placed in it a folded document.

"That is my Christmas gift," said he.

Mr. Jordan opened it, Maggie and Aunt Bess looking over his shoulder.

It was a deed of gift, transferring to the farmer's possession all that had been bought through Mr. Smith on the memorable day of the sale.

He could scarcely believe his eyesight.

Aunt Bess read the contents aloud, while Maggie laughed, and cried, and clapped her hands by turns.

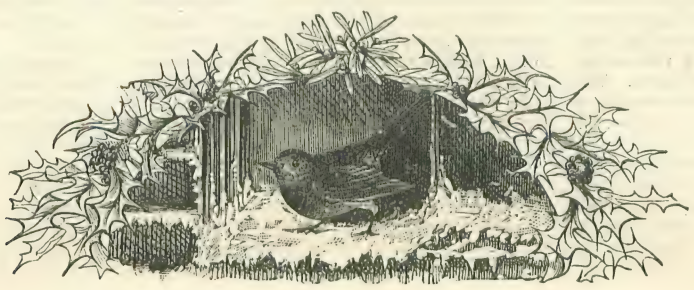
Was there ever such a munificent Christmas gift before?

"And what am I to give you, Aleck Jameson?" asked the old farmer huskily.

To which the young man replied—

"Only Maggie!"

[THE END.]



POPULAR CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN NAPLES.

By the middle of December preparations for Christmas are in full swing. The streets are all animation, and one meets with hurry, jostling and noise wherever one goes. Too often also the ear is pained by the pitiful bleating of poor little lambs as they are carried to their fate. In many of the by-streets vehicles of all descriptions, paniered donkeys, half hidden by artistically arranged loads of fruit or vegetables, throng the thoroughfare, and gaily-dressed country-women, usually squatting on the ground, may be seen in picturesque groups behind their baskets of eggs, in the midst of a nondescript crowd of persons hurrying to and fro, many of them carrying the usual Christmas presents made by clients to their doctors and lawyers. These presents consist principally of lambs, kids, capons, and coffee and sugar, the weight of sugar being always double that of the coffee.

The shops too are already dressed, but the only ones worthy of notice are the fruit and cake shops and the butterman's. The first-named, besides their piles of fruit arranged in various ways and ornamented with flowers and greenery, generally display inscriptions and designs formed of dried fruit, figs, raisins, etc. The windows of the cake shops exhibit wonderful structures in *struffoli* in the shape of castles, houses and churches. These *struffoli* are one of the special Christmas sweets. They are made of a stiff paste of eggs and flour cut into small round pieces, and delicately fried in oil. When cooked they are tastefully arranged on a dish, and sprinkled over with honey and tiny coloured comfits. But most surprising of all is the butterman's display, for his window generally contains the figure of a man all complete, with hat, collar, shirt, jacket, trousers, and even boots, made of dried sausages and bacon fat and rind.

A week before Christmas, along both sides of the principal street in Naples, the Toledo or Via Roma, to give it its modern but by the Neapolitans little used name, the *bancherelli* are put up. These *bancherelli* are stalls for the sale of toys, glass and china, books, brushes, and all sorts of small articles. In the two squares, "Piazza Dante" and "Piazza della Carita," a great display of baskets and tin-ware is always to be seen. Here and there an aged peasant in his old-fashioned costume has an old sack or piece of cloth spread on the pavement before him, upon which he has set out his wares, evidently of his own manufacture; spoons, egg-cups, whistles, and a few other trifles, all made of wood. Of course, in fine weather the scene is gay and cheerful enough, but when the season is wet and cold (and rain nearly always does set in as soon as the *bancherelli* are put up) the scene presented by the covered stalls and the unfortunate vendors, often consisting of whole families, crouching under the poor shelter or huddling together round a pan of kindled charcoal for warmth and comfort, is disconsolate in the extreme.

On the ninth day before Christmas the *Novena* begins, that is to say, a nine days devotion to the child Jesus. It consists of the recital, on those nine consecutive days, of an invitation to shepherds to join in visiting and adoring the newborn Babe, to the accompaniment of bagpipes and flageolet. Very often, however, the words are omitted, only the music being executed by the *zampognatori* or bagpipe players, such as one occasionally sees in England.

They are shepherds still wearing their ancient costumes, who come up to Naples yearly for this purpose, sometimes from great distances, and have to live all the year on the gains of these few days. The sum they carry home may amount to four or five pounds, each *Novena* being paid for at the rate of from half a franc to five francs, according to the purse and the inclination of the devotee. Besides the money, the *zampognatori* take back with them a small provision of Christmas fruits, cakes and liquor, for the reception of which they always carry a big bag and a wooden bottle.

Both in private houses and in churches the *Novena* is performed either before a picture or a little figure in wood, wax, or chalk, of the infant Jesus; and this little figure may be alone or it may form the central point of a *presepe* (manger). These *presepi* may be described as a species of *tableaux vivants*, representing more or less fancifully and on a more or less elaborate scale, by means of a cork background and figures of persons and animals, the birth of the Holy Child, and the incidents attendant on it. These figures are known by the generic name of *pastori* (shepherds). They are either carved in wood or moulded in stucco, and many of them are of such beautiful workmanship—real works of art. The finest of all is the one in the museum of San Martino. The whole is so arranged as to represent rustic scenery, generally including some ancient ruin, and the centre of every *presepe* is, of course, the grotto or stable of Bethlehem, and the holy family with the ox and the ass. Immediately in front are generally placed some *zampognatori*, and the wise men of the east in posture of adoration. A shepherd with his dog, asleep under a thatched hut, while his sheep are grazing around, must not be left out, nor the inn with its array of eatables, maccaroni, ham (eaten raw with fresh figs), and fruit. In a well-got-up *presepe* a lake, stream, or fountain, contrived out of pieces of looking-glass, is essential, while scattered here and there are single figures or groups, all wending their way to the manger in which the Holy Babe lies. There is the woman on a donkey with her baby in her arms and her husband following, carrying their offering of eggs, poultry, etc. There is the turbaned Moor with his tray of precious coins, a tribute from his master. There is the Eastern prince on horse-back, his dress sparkling with jewels, and his retinue of servants and camels, all laden with presents for the Holy Child. Above the grotto shines the star of the East; groups of angels hover about in the air, and so on, according as the *presepe* properties (if I may be allowed the term) permit. Few, of course, are the very extensive *presepi* got up every year, and the minor ones are gradually being replaced by the Christmas-tree, whilst in many families a combination of both is found, a diminutive *presepe* being arranged round the base of the tree.

On the evening before Christmas Eve it is usual to pay a visit to "Via Santa Brigada," one of the finest streets in the town, which, on this occasion, becomes a perfect fish-market. The scene presented there is thoroughly Neapolitan and most picturesque, with its stalls and baskets of various kinds of fish, conspicuous amongst which is the Christmas *capitone* or large eel garnished with green sea-weed, and lit up with innumerable little lamps, while the vendors, often dressed in a sort of fisherman's costume, and actively gesticulating, keep up a continual cry, sometimes in harsh and discordant tones, though more often in long and melodious cadences, resembling more the notes of some fisher's song than the cry of an ordinary salesman.

And now the great day has arrived, for in Naples the greatest festivities take place on the evening of Christmas Eve. They begin with the dinner, which, even in families used to an early dinner, is put off till after dark; and an invitation to dinner on this day is generally understood to extend both to Christmas and to Boxing Days. The average dinner consists of maccaroni with a fish or a garlic and parsley sauce. Then come various sorts of fish, dressed in different ways, and the never-failing *capitone*, a pie of endive with capers, raisins, and anchovies intermixed, a *caponata*, or compound salad, fruit and *struffoli* with various other sweets. Dinner over, the Christmas games are played, lasting till about eleven o'clock at night, when the religious ceremonies begin. They may take place either in church or in private houses, a special permission being accorded on such occasions. The spectacle in the Cathedral is, of course, the most brilliant; and the service on this night is peculiar in this, that, at a certain point in it, a shining star is drawn across the church, an emblem, of course, of the star of Bethlehem. In private houses the ceremony consists of sacred music, Mass being celebrated three times, after which a little figure of the infant Jesus is presented to each person to be kissed. Refreshments are then partaken of while fireworks are let off, and Bengal lights are burnt on the balconies, after which the guests are at liberty to retire.

Only a very few years back it was by no means pleasant walking through the streets on this night, for as soon as the church solemnities ended, such an explosion of squibs and great crackers commenced, that the noise was simply deafening, and numerous accidents were invariably reported in the newspapers afterwards. In the theatres there is a special performance for this evening called *The Song of the Shepherds*, being, of course, a representation of the birth of Christ, though now corrupted by the introduction of some purely Neapolitan characters. These entertainments, however, often come to a somewhat riotous end, owing probably to the late and unusually abundant dinner both of the actors and the spectators.

And here the Christmas festivities may be said to end, for on Christmas Day itself nothing particular takes place. The dinner, of course, is a holiday one, in which the capon, turkey, or goose, forms an item; but the habit of giving Christmas presents is by no means universal in Naples, and Father Christmas is unknown to Neapolitan children.

"WHERE LOVE IS, ALL IS."

By ANNE JENKYNS, Author of "The Wreckers of Lavernock," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE snows of many winters had fallen and frozen on the heart of Elice Faraday, but deep down in its unseen depths, for it was a very large heart, there lived a love that nought but the hand of death could chill.

The babbling brook bares its breast to every stranger, but the silent river carries its secret, unrevealed, to the unfathomable bosom of the ocean. Believe me, the truest love-tales are never told, and souls that sorrow most say least.

No one knew why the lady of Dudly Manor always spent Christmas-Eve alone, or why her hair was white and her smile sad, or the meaning of the yearning in her eyes. Something, they were certain, had taught her patience, and sympathy, and the power to win confidence; but the story of her life was unknown.

This Christmas-Eve she sat by the fire-side in the large dining-room. A servant had come to light the lamps, but she had bade him leave them a little later. On this night Elice Faraday always liked a quiet hour wherein to think of a Christmas-Eve gone by. There comes a day to most of us when our dreams are of the past and not of the future. There are no sweet anticipations, only tear-dimmed memories, and twilight visions of dear faces that have vanished from mortal ken.

It had been thus with Miss Faraday for many a year now. On her lap there lay an open book in which a master-hand had written—

"The cottage of contentment is better than the palace of cold splendour, for where love is, all is."

"Very true," she soliloquised, as she glanced round the handsome room, for it was a handsome room with its black oak furniture and massive old silver and tapestry drapings, worked by fingers that had for generations lain cold in the old churchyard.

Gradually, as she gazed, the fire-lit room became peopled. At the end of the long table sat her father, his rubicund face and twinkling eyes beaming with good humour as he carved the huge joint of Christmas beef. Facing him was her peace-loving mother, and ranged on either side a merry company of brothers, sisters, and welcome guests, all bent upon making the most of the gladsome season.

Among them she could see herself, young and bright, with no shadow in her eyes, and at her side her newly-betrothed lover, George Treharn, the handsome son of the village rector.

How she loved him, and it was no wonder, for was he not the very ideal of a young English gentleman; clever, brave, hopeful and liberal to a fault. Yes, there the flaw came, too generous, and careless of his own and other people's money. He would have been almost perfection had it not been for this one failing, but the best have some "rift within the lute" which keeps them human. It would be a hard world for the sinner if any of earth's sons and daughters wore spotless garments. There would be more stones cast at the prostrate transgressor than there are, if among the accusing crowd there were any without sin. Only One has ever lived who walked the world's highway untarnished, yet not ever reproaching others; that Christian dwells on a high level who does not quickly point to the mote in his brother's eye.

"Excuse me, sir," Treharn's tutor had said to the rector many a time, "but you give the lad too much pocket-money, he does not know the value of it, and is learning to spend too freely."

But the rector would only laugh in his good-natured, easy-going way.

"Spending too freely is he, never mind, Mr. Gibson, he will learn to economise soon enough, but I'm glad he isn't miserly, I cannot stand a miser, we see too many of them in church-life to admire the class. A generous man is uncommon, and the meaning of uncommon is valuable. The clergy who are in favour of disestablishment run a risk, sir, a financial risk. He is a brave man, a sanguine man, who throws himself upon the charity of the British, or any other, public.

"But we were talking about the lad; well, perhaps you are right, you are a Scotchman, Mr. Gibson, you hail from a canny country; I'll take your advice, he shall not have so much money next quarter, and I will have a talk with him on the subject; of course I do not wish him to be extravagant. You say he spends most of it for others, I like that. I heartily detest selfishness. I shall not have much to leave him, but his uncle, on his dear mother's side, intends making him his heir, so he will never be poor; there is therefore less need for caution, but I'll not give him so much, Mr. Gibson, I'll reduce him a little."

Such was the gist of the quarterly conversation between the trainer of young ideas and Treharn's father, but when the end of the holidays came, the big-hearted rector generally forgot his promise, and sent his motherless lad back to school with a well-filled purse. Sometimes, when the form of the Scotch tutor would rise before him with warning finger, he would write George a hurried note admonishing him against uncalled-for and reckless expenditure, when so many poor folks were perishing with hunger, and foreign missions were needing help; but he always ended by saying, "This does not mean, my boy, that you are not to write to tell me if you are short of cash, I know very well how quickly it goes." And the boy knew his father so well, that he never hesitated to avail himself of the permission.

And now, on this Christmas-Eve of which Elice Faraday is dreaming, he declares himself "the happiest fellow in all England." True he is but a briefless barrister, but then he is young, and his prospects are bright, and beyond and above, and eclipsing all else, he has won the dearest girl in all Norfolk. Elice, who had gone blackberrying with him when she was five and he was seven, Elice, who had been his eager companion in many a bare-footed expedition on the swampy shores of the Broads, when the green reeds and rushes were nearly as tall as he. How she had searched with him for the sea-gulls' nests and the moor-hens' eggs. What happy afternoons, too, they had spent on the wind-swept water in the rickety boat that was supposed by their elders ever to be lying high and dry in a state of rotten retirement. Dear old boat. Why, they loved it more than all the new ones that ever swam the Broads. Had they not launched it a thousand times with ribbons flying fore and aft, Elice breaking the bottle and christening it *The Queen of the Ocean, The Victoria and Albert, The Mistress of the Seas*, or some such flattering name. What matter if they had to row with their one oar

by turns, that the other might lade out the water with the old tin saucepan; every boat shipped a little of the element which carried her, the difference was only in the quantity. Rare days those were, but not so rare as these, when the girl had grown to womanhood and had plighted him her troth. Rarer ones were yet in store, too, when the woof of their lives would be woven into one pattern, and their pictures of the future be cased in the same setting.

"Ah me, and lack-a-day," as the old people say, as they lift their withered hands and shake their palsied heads by country firesides, "that was years and years ago." Elice Faraday dreaded to reckon the Christmas-Eves since the one of her betrothal. One more there had been on which she had seen her lover—but only one—all the others had come and gone as this one had come and was passing—the night we first see her—swiftly and silently, with no voice from the past to break their dull monotony.

George Treharn had gone back to London in the early days of his engagement to Elice, with the full determination of working hard, and making a name in his profession, but clients are chary of young beginners, and like to be cognisant of the grey hairs of experience beneath the white wig, ere they place their important cases in their keeping.

That all heights are hard to climb, Treharn soon learned. The men who rise by a "sudden flight" are few, and fewer still the ones who, thus reaching their goal, retain the position. Treharn, too, had unfortunately, in spite of the thrifty Scotchman's advice in his school-days, formed expensive habits, and had still in view the money-bags of his uncle on his mother's side.

That spring-time there came a messenger to the Rectory who beckoned the kindly occupant to the grave of his ancestors, and it was found that he had nothing to leave his "lad in London" save his benediction. The uncle also died before the summer ended, and to his briefless nephew's horror he was duly informed by the executors that his relative had, at the last moment, altered his will in favour of sundry benevolent institutions and public charities, ignoring totally his sister's son.

Then came the temptation that George Treharn failed to resist. He was in debt and he saw no honest and immediate way out of it. He had seen enough of the world to know that it is one friend in a thousand can stand being asked for money, and that one friend was not to be found within the radius of his circle. Squire Faraday might have stood the test and rendered him the help he needed, but then, he was the father of his betrothed, which placed the bare idea of appealing to him beyond the pale of possibility. His creditors soon discovered his position, and he did not attempt to deceive them. Would they give him time, he asked, but he asked in vain, the stroke of a rich man's pen had made all the difference. Circumstances straitened, until the night came the morrow of which meant payment of a formidable sum, or exposure. A college acquaintance had called upon him.

"Try the tables," he advised, "your solitary 'fiver' may turn in twenty others; as it is, it is little or no good."

Treharn yielded, and alas for him, luck was on his side, and sent him home in the grey light of the morning with fifty times the value of the note he had risked in his pocket. He was glad to pay the money away, however, for he could not make himself consider it honestly his own. But when his next bill fell due, he turned for the wherewithal to meet it to the same source, and fortune favoured him again, and again he needed money, and again he won it to another's loss, and so the gyves were forged which fettered him at last and held him down with iron strength in the mire of sin and remorse.

One night, late in the autumn, Treharn lost heavily. He was playing for high stakes and growing desperate, when suddenly the tide turned, and he swept the tables. Elated by his success, he played on until the tardy November sun struggled through the leaden sky, when he rose from before the green baize a ruined man. Haggard and miserable he staggered down the club stairs, and found awaiting him in the hall below a young Oxonian from whom he had won largely during the early part of the night.

"He must be older than he looks," Treharn thought, as he glanced at the girlish, delicate face. "Do you wish to speak to me?" he said aloud, "I am awfully sorry that you were so unfortunate, I can heartily sympathise with you now, for I have simply lost all. I stand before you penniless."

"I am in the same position," replied his new acquaintance with a tremor about his mouth which shot through Treharn's heart, "and worse than that, I have rendered my widowed and invalided mother, together with a deformed brother, penniless also."

"What bewitched you to come here?" demanded Treharn, grasping his arm and leading him into the street, "what bewitched you, I ask? Come out of it and let us curse the day we yielded to such a base temptation."

"It is too late to do that now, Treharn, I must go home."

"Let me come with you, I wish to bear part of the shame, as I helped to ruin you."

Treharn never forgot the scene of the son's confession and the mother's ready forgiveness. When years had passed, he could still see the boyish figure kneeling by the sick woman's couch, still hear the hacking cough that interrupted him as he tried to tell his tale, and testified too truly that he had inherited his mother's fatal disease.

* * * *

George Treharn paid but a hurried visit to the manor the following Christmas Eve, pressure of business, he explained, demanded his return to town that same night. The excuse did for the Squire and his wife, but not for Elice. She knew there was something wrong, and woman-like, she jumped to the conclusion that some town-bred damsel had supplanted her in his affection, and she grew proud and cold all in a moment. Treharn on his side was yearning for a word of sympathy, longing, yet daring not, to bare his heart before her. He tried to do so over and over again, but her coolness chilled him, and feeling it impossible to sit a hypocrite, as he deemed himself, in her presence, he left her and returned to his solitary London lodgings to bemoan the result of his own folly.

"I wonder that you troubled to come down at all," Elice had said, when he bade her adieu; "this short visit is not worth the journey."

"It has been worth it to me, Elice. I shall always want to see you on Christmas Eve, whatever our future. It is the night of our betrothal."

And then he was gone, and Elice Faraday would have given the world to recall him. When it was too late, she could look back and see the yearning love in his eyes, and the lines of trouble on his pale face, and the efforts he had evidently made to tell her something that was on his conscience.

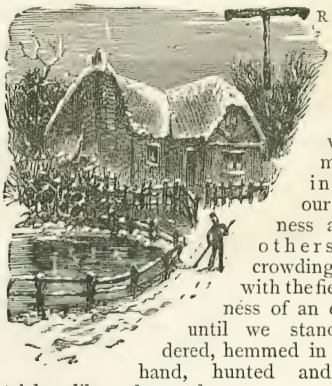
She had never seen or heard of him since that night, but she had waited for him faithfully, and had kept every Christmas Eve sacred to his memory.

One by one her relatives had gone to the land whence none return, leaving her to minister to the poor and sick in the little Norfolk village. Patiently she bore her chastisement, and willingly lent a sympathising ear to all tales of woe and confessions of wrong-doing.

"You can venture," was the verdict of the village folk, on every culprit's story, "to tell Miss Faraday; she won't blame you for the past, and she'll help you to start afresh."

To have won their confidence pleased Elice, but it made her heart ache, almost unbearably, when she remembered how she had repelled this trust in the soul of her only love in the never-to-be-forgotten long ago.

CHAPTER II.



TROUBLES seldom come alone. As a rule when one makes an inroad on our happiness a host of others follow, crowding upon us with the fierce swiftness of an epidemic, until we stand bewildered, hemmed in on every hand, hunted and terror-stricken like a deer at bay.

Thus the rector's son stood, moneyless and therefore friendless, in the great world of London.

The night he had left Elice he bowed his head upon the table of his desolate little room, and something very like a sob escaped his lips.

Is the veil betwixt this life and the next so thick, think you, that those who have gone thither cannot see the loved ones they have left behind? If not, I do not doubt but that the old rector stood by his side just then and whispered in his ear, "My son, my son, would that I could suffer for thee."

Because he had erred, he was none the less near to the father's heart. The lost sheep was dearer to the shepherd than all the ninety and nine. It is over those who are sick the physician yearns, and it is when our earthly love catches this spirit that it becomes akin to the Divine.

Unless we can respect ourselves, it is useless to expect other people to respect us. Treharn knew this, and he determined that, come what may, he would set his foot upon the sin that lowered him in his own eyes. The day he could see would be distant, but he resolved, that with God's help, it should come, when he would once more be able to look the whole world in the face, and to present himself with clean hands before the woman he loved.

That Elice would be true to him he never doubted. He knew her too well to fear her giving her heart to another. The dread of losing acts as an incentive to some natures, but to Treharn, the fact of her unswerving fidelity to him, and to him alone, was the charm that bound him to her, and placed her, in his estimation, beyond a rival. He did fear though, that should she learn how far he had fallen, she would see a flaw in his honour, and deem him weak and mean and unworthy of her confidence. Her love would even then be his, but it would be a changed love—changed from that of admiration and trust, which women yearn to feel towards their lover, to that of compassion and protection, such as is born of the motherhood in their nature.

"Women can love but they also need a refuge." What woman could look upon him as a refuge now? No, he would struggle against all odds, until he could offer her a name and a home worthy of her acceptance; till then

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

he would fight single-handed with disgrace and poverty, resolving to conquer at any cost.

Poor fellow! It was well for him that he could not gauge the cost, or count the weary years ere he would realise his dream. If ever its fulfilment would dawn, what would he be? In all probability the wreck of his former self wearied with the buffeting of the world, ready only for the rest which the grave gives to the wretched and storm-tossed.

Some times in ancient days a sculptor would spend his whole life in the making of one statue. He was a brave man who could do this. He thought nothing of "quick returns." He worked for posterity, not for himself. What a grand statue it must have been when completed. All the love and ardour of his young days had been thrown into it. All the genius of his full manhood and the ripened judgment of his later years. But what pleasure did he realise when it was finished? Were not his eyes too dim to see its beauty? Where was the joy of his early life? Had not the hand of time crushed it, and the chilling winds of old age extinguished its fire? Surely it must have been so, surely as the chisel dropped from his trembling hand tears of regret fell with it, because his life's work was ended and the realisation fell short of the expectation that had urged him on for a generation. Life is but a span, swifter than the flight of a weaver's shuttle. Take its gifts while you have the capacity to appreciate them.

Had Treharn taken the love and help Elice would have given him in his poverty, he would have been kinder to himself and to her, though we cannot but admire the honour which bade him cast away happiness, and allow time to reveal his integrity.

He had written to Elice on his return to town, but his letter was unnatural and constrained; hers in reply was in consequence cool, and so the gulf widened, until at last Treharn wrote three times in succession without receiving an answer. Had he been gifted with "second-sight," he would have known that Elice was prostrated on a bed of sickness, and that his letters had been kept from her by the Squire, who had in some way heard of his intended son-in-law's disgrace, and thought it advisable to break off the engagement. Death, however, stepped in and called him ere Elice was restored to a state of consciousness sufficiently clear to permit of his laying the letters before her, and explaining the case. What he did with Treharn's communications it is impossible to say, they never reached his daughter's hands; and with him also died the secret of her lover's dishonour.

On her recovery to health, Elice wrote to Treharn a long epistle, full of earnest love and anxious inquiry, but it was returned to her, Treharn having been compelled to remove to get cheaper lodgings. Thus the weary months began for both of them, and drifted into wearier years until the Christmas Eve came, when we see Elice sitting in the flickering firelight of the old dining-room. She was still in a deep reverie, when a servant came with letters and parcels which the carrier had brought from the neighbouring town. Ordering the lights she glanced them over, and her eyes immediately fell upon one in a strange handwriting, and with a London postmark. To open it was the work of a moment, but to understand it fully in her flurried state was impossible. She could, however, grasp two facts, which called for prompt action—George Treharn was dying, and he wanted her.

There was a dense fall of snow, rendering the country roads almost impassable, but the little station was reached eventually, and the early hours of Christmas morning saw Elice bending over the thin, fever-flushed face of the man she had loved with such unswerving faithfulness from the days of her childhood. She found him in a dingy room of a dingy street near Covent Garden. Gaunt poverty stood sentinel over the small apartment and over the prostrate sufferer, and the little hunchbacked lad, who was his nurse and general factotum.

Treharn did not recognise her.

"You must not be surprised," the boy said, "he does not know the difference between the doctor and myself! Shall I tell you, Miss Faraday, how I found out your address and all about why I wrote to you?"

"Not now, my dear, thank you. I must lose no time in getting further advice."

With the daylight came two well-known physicians to Treharn's bedside, but they both looked grave.

His constitution, they said, was so poor he had evidently been subject to great privation for a long period.

"Good nursing, dear madam, and strict regard to our orders, is yours, the rest we must leave to a higher Power. The fever will have spent itself within another twenty-four hours. It will be a trying time for you; we will send round a nurse who will be thoroughly experienced in such cases."

How she went through that day and the following night Elice could never describe, it was all one long-drawn agony of suspense. Whenever Treharn's lips moved, it was to pronounce her name, but no recognition ever came into his eyes.

"Oh God," she cried in the anguish of her heart, "have I found my love but to lose him again? Take all, but spare me him."

And her prayer was answered. The morning sun of the day after Christmas had risen over London, when she heard him say in a faint whisper—

"Elice, is it really Elice?"

With tears of joy she kissed him for reply.

Her heart was too full to speak, and he was satisfied, and like a tired child closed his eyes and fell into a peaceful sleep.

"There is hope now," said the nurse, "thank God, there is hope now."

That afternoon the little hunchback related to Elice Treharn's story.

"I would not tell you all this," he said, when at last he paused, almost breathless, "but I have heard Mr. Treharn say, many times, that he wished you could know everything without his informing you, and I know also that he would only tell you the worst about himself and nothing of his sacrifice and endeavour to retrieve. I determined, therefore, when the doctor told me he would, he feared, succumb to the fever, to take upon myself the duty of relating to you all I could of his career in London.

"It was a fortunate thing for us, that my poor brother met him the last night that either of them ever entered a gambling-house, for as my dear dead mother used to say, Charlie would have lost our last thousand pounds in all probability to somebody; in any case, as it was, Mr. Treharn won it, and though he lost it again before he left the table, he told my mother that he should never be satisfied until he had refunded it to us, and until he had likewise paid back all he had gained from others in the same dishonest way. Then there were his debts to be met, many of which he had contracted when at Oxford. It has been a struggle, I can assure you! My brother died three months after my mother, and since then Mr. Treharn and I have lived together. We are far from being above-board now, that is, we have several 'debts of honour,' as Mr. Treharn calls them, yet to meet. When they were cancelled, Mr. Treharn intended going down to you, Miss Faraday, but not till then. He must have 'clean hands,' he used to say, to present to you. No one but myself knows all this," the quaint little lad concluded, with an air of profound importance, "I am his only confidant."

"How much more money is required?" asked Elice eagerly.

"Some two thousand and fifty pounds," replied the boy. "You see, Miss Faraday, Mr. Treharn was the supposed heir of a millionaire, and had never been taught the value of money; he knows it now though."

The following week Dudly Manor was for sale. It was quickly bought by a prosperous London merchant, and George Treharn's debts of honour were defrayed.

As soon as the doctors would give permission the invalid was removed to the house of a distant relation of Miss Faraday's in Kensington, where his little deformed friend, the nurse, and Elice also took up their abode.

* * * *

It was a peaceful Sabbath morning in early May, the huge sails of the great windmills turned lazily in the warm air, and the music of church bells floated over the sapphire waters of the Norfolk Broads, and died away along the pale green of their grassy reed-fringed banks.

By the open window of a small ivy-clad house sat a pale-faced, handsome man who had been for some years under a *nom de guerre* the contributor of clever articles on abstruse points of the Engish law to current literature.

His wife sat beside him, the bright freshness of her sweet face contrasting startlingly with her silvery hair.

"This change is doing you good, Elice," he said; "you are looking quite a girl again."

"I am feeling wonderfully well, my dear, and doubtless my native air has much to do with it, but it is joy that maketh young, George, don't you know that."

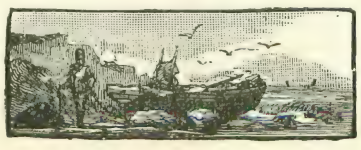
"And is it joy," he returned, "joy unadulterated? Are you satisfied with me as I am, in the face of what I might have been; and is it no sacrifice to take a lower sphere than you dreamed in your young days we should occupy when we married?"

He smoothed her little hand fondly, and waited with anxious eyes for her reply.

She looked at him for a moment, then she answered slowly—

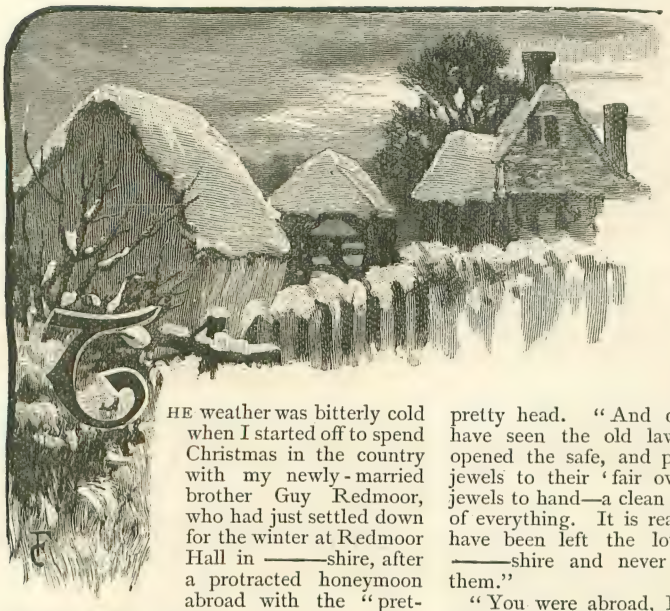
"With you I am more than satisfied, and as for the rest, 'The cottage of contentment is better than the palaces of fine splendour, for where love is, all is.'"

[THE END.]



DRACO: THE DOG DETECTIVE.

By THEODORE CORRIE.



THE weather was bitterly cold when I started off to spend Christmas in the country with my newly-married brother Guy Redmoor, who had just settled down for the winter at Redmoor Hall in ———shire, after a protracted honeymoon abroad with the "prettiest wife in the world."

Through the sudden death of a distant cousin, some two months before my story opens, Guy had come into all the family property, together with an income of fifteen thousand a year. No inconsiderable fortune in this age of general poverty.

Snow had been falling heavily for hours, when after a long, tedious journey I reached my destination, and received the warmest of welcomes from my new sister-in-law, beautiful Barbara Redmoor.

It was late when I arrived, and I had barely time to dress before the gong went loudly for dinner. That meal once despatched Barbara, Guy and I repaired to the huge fire in the long gallery that ran all round the hall, and sinking into the seats most tempting to our respective backs prepared to pass a really lazy evening.

"What a wild night this is," Guy remarked as he threw yet another block of ship timber on to the pile that already lay glowing on the hearth, and idly watched the tongues of green and yellow flame that darted through the old, salt-impregnated bolt-holes, and curled up the wide chimney. "Hark! did you hear that?" As he spoke there came distinctly to my listening ears the deep low howl of a dog, twice repeated.

"Oh, Guy," Barbara exclaimed, "do let the poor creature into the hall, dear, think how bitterly cold it must be outside on such a night."

Thus adjured Guy and I ran downstairs, opened the hall door and looked far and wide: all to no purpose. We even made a tour of the house before giving up our search; but at last were fairly driven back by the violence of the storm, and returned to report our non-success to the expectant Barbara.

"It's very odd," she said decidedly, "I heard the howls all the while that you were gone, yet Parker, the butler, told me only this afternoon that there was no dog about the place."

"Apparently there is not," replied her husband with a faint laugh. "Have you told Jack of your loss yet, Baby?"

"No I haven't," she answered, turning her large violet eyes in my direction, and speaking in really tragic tones: "Oh, Jack! All my diamonds, every one of them have been stolen."

I stood dumbfounded. "Not the family diamonds that Cousin Anne left you in her will?" I said at last. "Why! they were locked up here in the strong room not three months since. I was present at the time: they can't be stolen, Barbara."

"But they are," she rejoined mournfully nodding her pretty head. "And oh, Jack, you should have seen the old lawyer's face, when he opened the safe, and prepared to hand the jewels to their 'fair owner.' There were no jewels to hand—a clean sweep had been made of everything. It is really too distracting to have been left the loveliest ornaments in ———shire and never even to have seen them."

"You were abroad, Barbara, when Cousin Anne died, and I was ill at the time, so none of us were able to attend the funeral. The house must have been broken into that week. I wonder Draco the blood-hound did not give tongue. By the way, where is he? You said there was no dog about the place," recalling Barbara's words. "Surely nothing has happened to Draco?"

"Baby," Guy struck in hurriedly, while his fingers gripped my arm with a warning pressure, "you haven't given me my evening treat yet, and I don't feel inclined to let you off. Go and perform on the organ, will you, dear?"

Nothing loth Barbara strolled off to the end of the gallery, and began playing in really exquisite style, filling the whole house with a flood of melody, as her tiny fingers strayed lingeringly over the keys.

I turned then to my brother, who was gazing moodily into the fire.

"What's the matter, Guy?" I said. "Something troubles you."

He looked up and answered me with the directness he always used when we were together.

"Cousin Anne died very suddenly, as you know, and Jack," with a sort of shiver in his tones, "the conviction is being slowly forced upon me that she died no natural death.

"The doctor's verdict was heart disease, but Cousin Anne, our second mother I might well call her, never had a sign of a weak heart to my certain knowledge.

"When I returned from abroad last week, and found the diamonds gone, I of course put the matter into the hands of the police; but since then Parker has told me that after the funeral, Draco's dead body was found stabbed in four places at the bottom of the dry well on the terrace. The dog disappeared, I find, the night our cousin died, but the servants stupidly held their tongues till yesterday, when I missed Draco and asked for him. Oh why," with a ring of pain in his voice, "wasn't I at home when all this happened. I have sent to town now for two detectives, and I mean to take steps. Not a word of this to Barbara, mind, I would not frighten her with such ideas for the world. I only hope that I may be mistaken."

Here he broke off, for his wife had ceased playing, and now came to his side declaring that she was far too sleepy to sit up any longer.

Guy and I accordingly had no further conversation that evening, but I went to bed at last feeling terribly worried and perplexed. What if my brother's awful supposition had any truth in it.

* * * *

It was the 31st of December, a week later, when Barbara came into the study where I was sitting, locked the door and placed herself beside me on the sofa.

Her face was utterly colourless, her hands trembled, and she looked the very wraith of her usual bright self.

"Why, Barbara!" I exclaimed. "What has happened? Have you had bad news?"

"No," Barbara answered, "but, Jack! did you hear anything odd outside just now?"

"Odd? No," I responded cheerfully, "excepting that that dog we never can find, you know, was howling away gaily a few minutes since, just outside your window."

"I heard it," said Barbara. "What was more I went on to the terrace to bring the poor creature in, and Jack," with a shiver, "the cries went on all the same, close by me, but there was no dog there. If this sort of thing continues much longer I shall go wild. I locked the door, I don't wonder that you look astonished, because I must tell you about a dream that I had last night. Guy has seemed so troubled lately, that I would not worry him with my fancies for anything; but you, Jack," with a wan smile, "are a superstitious person like myself, and are therefore more likely to hear me out."

"I will listen as long as you like; but come nearer to the fire first, you look half frozen, Barbara. Now," as I saw a little colour steal into her delicate face, "tell me your dream."

"I was a very long time going to sleep last night," began Barbara, "but after tossing about restlessly for hours, I believe I fell at last into that curious state, when the body seems dead and the mind is left free to roam at will, time and space being annihilated. All of a sudden, and quite inexplicably, I was seized with an overpowering desire to get up and go out of doors. The next instant I found myself standing in spirit on the floor, looking at myself, yes, Jack, I repeat it, at myself, my body, sound asleep in bed. Then I turned and floated out through the window, on to the terrace walk.

"I had not stood there long, when down the path there glided towards me a dark shadow. Formless yet distinct, thrown by some invisible presence it showed up like an inky stain against the snow-covered ground, and came rapidly onwards.

"Then, and not till then, an overpowering sensation of awful horror seized me; I would gladly have turned and fled, but move apparently I could not.

"The next instant the shadow, phantom, call it what you will, swept by me, and before I realised what I was about, I found that I had started in pursuit. Even then my whole mind seemed to turn in sick revolt at the mechanical action of my spirit; but a will stronger than my own possessed me, and urged me steadily forwards.

"Through the park, past a cleft in the cliffs, where I could see the moon-lit waves washing far below, down a long narrow lane, round a sharp corner, *It* went, and I followed. A shadow pursuing a shadow. At last, just as my powers seemed failing, *It* paused in front of a lonely cottage.

"Still drawn irresistibly onwards, I crept to a window, where shone a faint light, and looked in. Just as I did so, far away, as from a great distance, a clock struck one.

"There was nothing very terrible to be seen at first sight in the room into which I now gazed.

"A fire burned redly on the hearth, and over it sat in the full glow of the flames a solitary man.

"Tall, dark, evil-looking, his face was partly concealed by a slouched hat. I noticed—in the way when utterly overwrought one does notice trifles—that the bottom pane of glass in the small window, through which I was looking, had evidently been broken at one time, and was now mended *with a piece of black ribbon;* I also noticed that the mantelpiece opposite me was quaintly carved with a wide border of fox and deer heads.

"For one moment I breathed more freely, at the next my heart bounded, and then seemed to cease beating. There by the doorway *it* stood, the formless, ghastly shadow; waiting crouched, as if to spring, and showing up more plainly than ever, like folds of crape against the whitewashed walls of the cottage.

"The man saw nothing apparently, but he felt something, for he shivered violently, and I heard him mutter—'New Year's Eve, and a bitter cold New Year's Eve too,' then taking up a dark lantern he made for the door.

"Close gliding at his heels as a dog might, *it* followed, and the two vanished from my sight.

"After this everything became indistinct till I was suddenly aware of a glare of light under a tree on some cliff, where I know not. Then came a dull heavy fall; the same sensation of overpowering mad terror, and then I believe that I must have fainted. When I came to myself I was safe in bed, and the sun was shining; that's all, Jack," drawing a deep breath. "And now, what do you think of my dream?"

"I should say," I remarked, as cheerfully as I could, "that you must have had a bad turn of nightmare last night. All the same I will think your dream carefully over, Barbara, before I pronounce judgment upon it. Meantime cheer up, dear. What would Guy say to your present dismal appearance? Remember it's New Year's Eve."

"That's just what the man in my dream said," replied Barbara with a tremulous laugh. "Well, Jack, I will go now, and make myself beautiful for dinner, but," unlocking the study door, and mournfully shaking her golden head, "you haven't explained away that wretched dog, and you couldn't if you tried."

I made some light reply, and then sat still, with a curious uncomfortable feeling stealing over me. How had Barbara (who was a stranger to ——shire, and had not yet been anywhere, owing to the heavy snow), how had she, I repeat, described the lane, the cliff in the park, and the old forge cottage four miles off? Nay more, had even seen in her dream, the curious carving of the mantelpiece, which I remembered only too well as she mentioned it? A wild resolve came into my head, and I determined to act upon it.

"Guy," I said, as at this moment my brother entered the room. "Will you make me a promise?"

"To the half of my kingdom, Jack, what do you want, eh?"

"Nothing very much," I said carelessly, "only when you have let the Old Year out and the New Year in to-night, according to the time-honoured custom, I want you afterwards to take a walk with me, and to ask no questions."

Guy laughed. "You have my promise, I will go where you like. What new idea has possessed you?"

"Never mind," said I, overjoyed at having so easily gained my point. "Wait and see?"

* * * *

It was some hours later on the same evening, when Guy and I, cloaked and booted, stood at the open hall door, waiting till the last stroke of twelve died away on the air.

Barbara, feeling very tired, had long since gone to bed. The snow had ceased falling; it was a beautiful still night, scarcely cold, as there was no wind blowing.

"Now then, old fellow," remarked my brother, "where are we off to?"

Just at this moment there swept right past us, between us, over the empty path, the low, tremulous howl of a dog, twice repeated.

"Do you hear that?" I asked almost savagely. "Come on, Guy, for pity's sake."

Turning then, without another word, I strode off through the snow, and as if in a dream my brother followed me.

We had not gone many yards before he touched my arm. "Look," he whispered.

There, falling softly in the snow before us, were the footsteps distinctly defined of some presence, itself all unseen.

I have met with many curious adventures in my time, and been out on nasty enough nights, but I never felt quite so cold, mentally and bodily, as I did at that particular moment. All the same, no word escaped me.

Down the long lane, past the wave-washed break in the cliffs, round a sharp corner ran the pattering footsteps—seen but unheard, never pausing, tracking their onward way with a rapid unfaltering movement.

As silently, almost as noiselessly, Guy and I followed, till at last the old cottage came in sight, and I drew my brother to the lighted window.

"Look in," I whispered. Guy did so, but even as he looked an awful change passed over his face.

"Jack," he murmured, "there sits our old tutor Harrison whom Anne dismissed years ago when she found out what a scamp he was; and, Jack, do you see *what* sits beside him?"

I looked in, noting absently, though nothing seemed to surprise me now, that the bottom pane of glass in the small window had been broken, and was mended *with a piece of black ribbon.*

Yes! There, sure enough, sat Harrison, but the room seemed otherwise empty, to my intense relief.

"It's only Harrison," I said. Guy shuddered.

"Look again," he whispered hoarsely.

"Hist," I exclaimed, "Harrison is moving!"

Even as I spoke, far away, as from a great distance, I heard a clock strike one.

Actuated by an irresistible impulse, I put my ear to the broken pane and listened intently.

"New Year's Eve, and a bitter cold New Year's Eve, too," I heard Harrison mutter. Even then a sense of horrible pleasure passed through my mind.

The very words of Barbara's dream were fulfilled.

The next instant I had drawn Guy into the shadow of the house as the door opened and Harrison came out.

He carried a dark lantern, and walked dead lame. Without looking to the right or left he made straight up the road, and we followed.

"Do you still see nothing?" Guy asked me presently.

Looking at my brother my heart died within me.

Ashy pale, he rather staggered than walked, and his white set features wore an expression of awful torture that filled me with an absolute fear for his reason.

"Guy, stop!" I exclaimed; but I might just as well have spoken to the wind for all the attention he paid me.

"Harrison has a lonely walk all by himself," I continued, trying in vain to distract Guy's attention from the scene before him.

"Lonely? Did you say lonely?" he queried, dreamily. "No, Jack, Harrison is not alone. How blind you are to-night."

"Who is with him?" I asked as steadily as I could.

"Shadows, Jack—only shadows, they have no exact shape; but they seem somehow" (in low tones of horror) "to be tracking him down. There! They are close upon him now."

On we went over the powdered snow, our footsteps making no sound, till at last, near the edge of the precipitous cliff that skirted the park, Harrison paused. Thrusting his hand into a hole low down in the trunk of a decayed tree that grew alone in this portion of the ground, Harrison, after a few moments' search, drew forth a small bag, and then turned as if to retrace his steps.

Just at this instant there swept once again through the still air the low howl of a dog twice repeated. The sound seemed to rise in our very midst, and deepened threateningly as it rose.

With a violent start Harrison dropped the bag and looked up.

Ah, me! We both saw then, and he saw, too, I make no doubt, a sight that I shall never forget to my dying day.

There, a little in front of us, moving slowly, steadily towards Harrison, glided two shadows, phantoms, call them what you will.

The shadow of a woman with a cloak drawn over her head. The shadow, even darker, more deeply defined of a gigantic dog straining in a leash.

For one awful moment pursuers and pursued faced each other. Then, without a word, without a cry, flinging up his arms as if shot through the heart, the murderer staggered, lost his footing on the slippery turf, and fell heavily backwards over the cliffs.

The noise of the fall, a brilliant glare of light from the dark lantern that Guy carried, seemed to recall my scattered senses.

Dashing down the cliff by a circuitous path, we soon reached the shore, where, on the broken rocks, mortally hurt, lay Harrison.

We did all we could for him, but he only lived for a few minutes. Before he died he made a faint, broken confession to Guy of his crime.

It appeared that some two months previously he had broken into the hall, and had succeeded in stealing the family diamonds. Before commencing the theft he had laid a handkerchief steeped in chloroform over Miss Redmoor's face; soundly, peacefully asleep at the time, she had never waked again.

Harrison reached the garden in safety when Draco the bloodhound met him, and with unerring instinct flew straight at his throat.

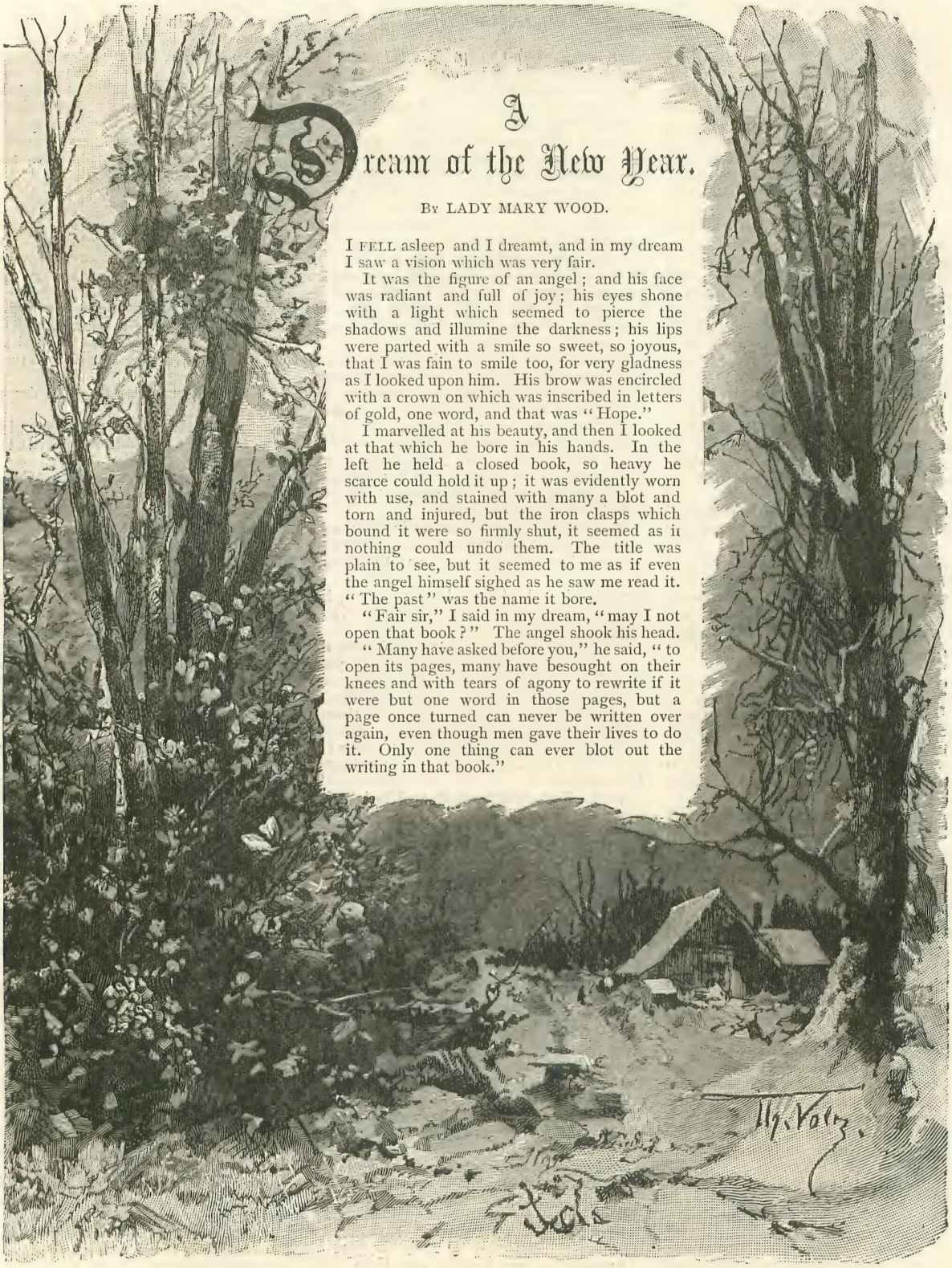
The faithful creature paid only too dearly for its fidelity, but succeeded all the same in mauling Harrison so severely that he had been obliged to lie up for weeks under the care of a woman to whom the old forge belonged.

Fearing a search Harrison had secreted the jewels on his way in the tree before mentioned, and was about to fly the country when his well-merited fate overtook him.

Barbara, in what manner she could never quite make out, again became the owner of the Redmoor diamonds.

She also speedily recovered her good spirits, for we all left the hall shortly after the above narrated events took place.

Save to the detective, who refused to believe our tale till we showed them Harrison's dead body, Guy and I never breathed a word to any living person of the terrible walk we took that cold winter's night, of Barbara's inexplicable dream, or of Draco the Dog Detective.



A Dream of the New Year.

By LADY MARY WOOD.

I FELL asleep and I dreamt, and in my dream I saw a vision which was very fair.

It was the figure of an angel; and his face was radiant and full of joy; his eyes shone with a light which seemed to pierce the shadows and illumine the darkness; his lips were parted with a smile so sweet, so joyous, that I was fain to smile too, for very gladness as I looked upon him. His brow was encircled with a crown on which was inscribed in letters of gold, one word, and that was "Hope."

I marvelled at his beauty, and then I looked at that which he bore in his hands. In the left he held a closed book, so heavy he scarce could hold it up; it was evidently worn with use, and stained with many a blot and torn and injured, but the iron clasps which bound it were so firmly shut, it seemed as if nothing could undo them. The title was plain to see, but it seemed to me as if even the angel himself sighed as he saw me read it. "The past" was the name it bore.

"Fair sir," I said in my dream, "may I not open that book?" The angel shook his head.

"Many have asked before you," he said, "to open its pages, many have besought on their knees and with tears of agony to rewrite if it were but one word in those pages, but a page once turned can never be written over again, even though men gave their lives to do it. Only one thing can ever blot out the writing in that book."

"Sir, tell me, I pray you, what is that? is it a thing easy to obtain, is it a common thing, or is it costly and precious?"

"It is the most precious thing in heaven and earth, and it cost the Son of God His life. It is only the Blood of the Lamb of God Himself that can blot out the writing in that book—naught else can do it, and if only those who wrote such words in the book could know what it cost to blot them out, rather would they have died a thousand deaths than let them be written."

"Surely they know it not, or they would never, never do it."

The angel looked down on me and gently shook his head. "They might have known had they cared to know, but you mortals, you forget, you have only mortal eyes; we who have eyes which see through the veil continually wonder and marvel at your blindness; and sometimes we long to say to you, 'If only you saw, if only you knew!'"

"Ah! fair sir, if indeed we only saw and knew—alas! why cannot we?"

"You might see and know far more than you do, did you care, but if you saw and knew all, where would be your trial of worth? No, thus it is decreed that you should live by faith and not by sight—but see," and his eyes again shone with their wonted light, "there is another book which I bear," and he showed me the volume in his right hand. The title of this book was "The Future." Its leaves were white and fair; not a word was yet written on them. They were edged with gold, at least so it seemed to me, and in the beginning was this heading, "Called to be Saints."

"Saints!" cried I, "Who are called to be saints?" and I grieved in my dream because of this, for I had hoped that in this book, one like myself might find a page wherein to write.

"Who are called to be saints?" the angel repeated, and his words and smile sank into my heart. "Why you, and others like you—you are called to be saints."

"I," I exclaimed, and my voice seemed to mock the angel's words.

"Yes, you," and he laid down the book of the past and took my hand in his. "The saints in paradise were once just like you, some, it is true, God took while their page was still white and clean, but others had many blots on their pages, some of them caused much grief to God's Holy Son, but the blots were wiped away by blood and the pages washed with tears, and so it may be with you; here is your page now ready, I turn it for you," and he turned the page. I looked up in his face and once more hope and joy filled my heart as he gazed on me. Then I considered what should be the first words that I would write on that fair white page, which was numbered 1896, and I wrote—

"Teach me to do Thy will, O God, and let Thy loving spirit lead me forth in the way of righteousness,"—and as I wrote there seemed to be shadowy letters coming in between the lines—"Grant them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting."

Then the writing faded, the vision of the angel vanished, but in my heart there still remained printed the golden letters of the word—Hope.

"I will hope in Thy Name, for Thy saints like it well."

MOTHER'S DEPUTY.

SLEEP, my baby brother, sleep.
Your mother soon will leave the mill,
And father rest from plough and drill,
And then they'll hungry bodies fill,
So sleep, my baby, sleep.

Sleep, my baby brother, sleep.
The cottage is so neat and bright,
I've rubbed and scrubbed with all my might
That each may have a restful night,
So sleep, my baby, sleep.

O peace, sweet baby, sleep.
The angels God's goodwill did sing,
Though poverty some hearts doth wring
While others soar on luxury's wing;
But sleep, my baby, sleep!

O sleep, sweet baby, sleep.
Would we could more contented rest
And lie unsullied on His breast—
Lord, take not from us such a nest!
Dear baby brother, sleep!

"DEAR BABY BROTHER, SLEEP!"

A HOUSEMAID UP-TO-DATE.

I LIKED her appearance and manner so much when she answered my advertisement—("House-Parlour maid Wanted. Two in Family. Light place. No Fringe. No beer. Apply personally this or to-morrow evening between 5 and 7 to Mrs. Holmes, 15 Pelargonium Road, West Kensington, W.")—that, although she had never lived out before and was quite inexperienced, I decided to engage her and try what training would do for her. She was very plainly and simply dressed, her light-brown hair was rolled back from her forehead, and she wore a sensible straw bonnet with strings under the chin. She spoke so softly and nicely that I was not at all surprised when she said—"At one time, ma'am, I never thought I should go out to service."

"I daresay not," said I; "and it's very creditable to you not to be above going to service if reverses have come to your family."

"Thank you, ma'am, for speaking so kindly to me," she answered respectfully.

Well, I was highly pleased with her and with all she said. She had no "followers," though she was young and pretty. And as for beer or a "fringe," she was as indifferent to one as to the other. "And though I'm inexperienced, ma'am," she said, "I think you'll find me quick to learn my duties, and that I shall not want telling a thing twice."

A lady, who knew of her in her home, gave her an excellent character for honesty, respectability, and intelligence. A few days later she came to us.

She was right in saying she would learn her duties quickly. It was really quite a pleasure to teach her. The second or third day she was with us she laid the luncheon-table better than any girl we ever had, and, under my directions, she did out a couple of bedrooms very well indeed, though I feared she looked a little tired afterwards. "I'm afraid you're not very strong, Anne?" I said.

"Not so very strong, ma'am, thank you," she answered; "but when I'm more accustomed to my work I shall not get at all tired."

"You seem to have got a treasure indeed," said Jack, as he smoked one evening; "she's learned to wait very nicely at table."

"Yes, doesn't she wait nicely, Jack," I cried; "but really she hardly wanted any teaching in those matters. And in the heavier work she only wanted showing once. I do hope she won't find the place too much for her strength. It's so refreshing to find a nice, modest, bright girl with no ideas above service, and only anxious to do her duties well. It seems nowadays as if the race were nearly extinct."

Our cook, who is a capable, not bad-looking young woman of about thirty, seemed to be slightly jealous of the new housemaid at first, and to set down her superior refinement of speech and manner to "putting on airs." But Anne's tact did away with this feeling, for the time at least, and cook became very friendly with her fellow-servant—friendlier, I fancied, than Anne quite cared for. Cook's home was not far off, and nothing would satisfy her but taking Anne to tea there on a Sunday evening when I allowed them both out. After this things were not so comfortable between them, and I gathered that the cause of the strained relations was the offering of some attentions to Anne by cook's brother, a carpenter's journeyman, which attentions had been somewhat coolly repulsed, it would seem, from various fragmentary reproaches that I overheard—"Some folk seem to look very 'igh—the idear of a girl in service thinkin' 'erself too good for a steady young feller earning 'is pound a week at the carpentering."

"Come, cook, don't be cross. Have I said I'm too good for him?"

"You 'aven't said so, but it's easy to see you think so. I s'pose nothing but a master, keepin' 'is own shop, 'll do for you."

An even more serious cause of disagreement than this last came up soon. For some months cook had had an admirer, the policeman on the beat to wit, and by this time considered herself formally betrothed to him, in virtue of divers walkings-out, several teas in our kitchen, and an interchange of cheap presents. But Z 340 saw Anne as he passed the house, and was afterwards introduced to her by cook, with some reluctance on the latter's part. Sad to say the constable transferred his allegiance promptly to the pretty, elegant housemaid, and though she showed him plainly that his devotion was distasteful to her, none the less was cook's anger bitterly stirred against her fellow-servant. Like the rest of her sex in such circumstances, she refused to believe that the false one's admiration was spontaneously offered, and maintained stormily that Anne had practised base and wicked arts in spite of her show of coldness.

Matters became so intolerable at last that I had to send for cook and tell her that if the constant scenes in the kitchen, audible from the parlours and passages, did not cease forthwith, I must part with her, as I knew Anne was not to blame. Cook, embittered by her love-troubles, answered impertinently, and received notice.

Half-an-hour later Anne came to me. She wanted me to keep cook. There would be no more trouble in the kitchen, for she wished to leave at the end of her month, which would be in less than a week. She found the place too much for her strength.

I was very sorry to hear this, and I said so. "Just as you were getting into your duties so nicely," I lamented. "It's really most vexing. I never had a girl who, except for some inexperience, suited me so well. Are you not going to service again?"

"Not just at present, ma'am. Mother wants me at home."

"Well, if you should want a character by-and-by, I can give you an excellent one, though it's short."

"Thank you very much, ma'am," she answered, "you have been a most kind and considerate mistress."

Peace was restored in the kitchen when cook learned that Anne was leaving. The former apologised for her rudeness, and asked if she might remain. Her request was granted.

A couple of days before Anne's departure a little incident occurred which, for the first time, cast a slight shade on the brightness of the opinion I had formed of that hitherto faultless domestic. We had a few friends to a musical evening. Among them was Mr. George Charlton, a gay bachelor who shares Jack's barrister's chambers, but is more engaged in literary and journalistic than in legal work. He arrived at about nine o'clock, and I happened to be crossing the hall at the time. He stepped in, and then, as he glanced at Anne, who had opened the hall-door for him, he gave quite a violent start and uttered an exclamation of amazement, at the same moment the girl raised her hand with a gesture that implored silence.

"How do you do, Mr. Charlton?" said I, advancing. As he met me and shook hands, he looked surprised, pre-occupied, confused. Anne vanished down the kitchen stairs.

I could not forbear mentioning the matter to her the following morning.

"Anne," I said; "I should like an explanation of what I saw pass between you and Mr. Charlton, when you let him in last night."

She looked at me: then looked down. "I cannot explain it to you, ma'am," she said softly.

Indignant virtue rose strongly within me.

"Anne," I said severely, "I'm afraid you are not quite what I have thought you."

She was still looking at the ground. "Perhaps I am not, ma'am," she answered softly.

She left the next day. I was sorrier than I can say to have to think ill of her, and I told Jack so, and, further, gave him a piece of my mind with regard to his friend George Charlton.

It was some weeks later that Jack and I dined with some old friends and afterwards went to a philharmonic concert.

"Any celebrities here, Maud?" I asked when we were seated, as I glanced over the well-filled house, for Maud Harper and her husband go everywhere and know everybody. "Any celebrities here?"

Maud swept the house with her glasses. "There's Rooti-Tooti-Lal, the Thibetan Seer, just taking his seat in the front row of the balcony. And there," turning her glasses downward again to the stalls, "and there, going into the third row is Vera Wilton, the new novelist."

"Really?" I cried. "Oh, which is she? I have often wished to see her. I do so immensely admire her novel, *The Forging of their Fetters*. Which is she?"

"That is she standing with her back towards us, taking off a white wrap. She has on an artistic yellow frock, and her fair hair is dressed high."

The lady was seated in the stalls quite near us now. As I looked at her she turned to address her companion, and she showed me the face of Anne, the elegant young housemaid, who had left me at the end of the first month—Anne, about whose character I had been sorry to entertain doubts after what I had witnessed on my at home night.

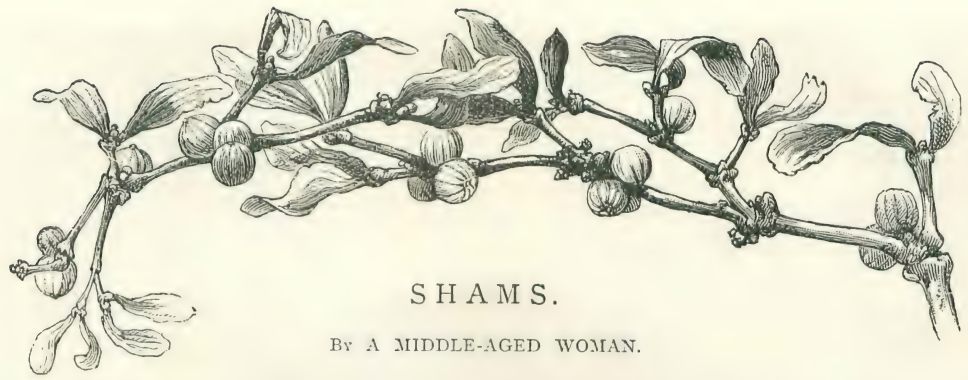
I sat speechless, gazing at the new novelist, who was all unaware of my gaze. Maud Harper continued—

"She has just set to work on another novel, I hear, in which one of the chief characters is a servant girl. And what do you think? there is a story going about that she has actually been out as a housemaid for a month, in order to get real experience of service. I don't know how much truth there may be in it."

And then that cruel Jack leaned forward and quoted into my ear some words of my own spoken exultingly a few weeks since.

"'It's so refreshing to find a nice, modest, bright girl, with no ideas above service,' isn't it, Mary?"

INA GARVEY.



SHAMS.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

How they confront us, whichever way we turn, in spite of the boasted simplicity and love of nature supposed to be the characteristic of the close of the nineteenth century! It is true we have given up painted oak and pretended maple in our walls and furniture. We no longer expect one unfortunate woman to teach half a dozen languages, music, singing, and painting, Latin and English grammar, geography, history, and mathematics, with needlework and calisthenics thrown in, for either a large or small remuneration. We do not feel it necessary to travel first class on the score of gentility, when our finances can with difficulty be so manipulated as to allow us fares for the third. Wax and muslin flowers are banished from our drawing-rooms. Ladies are no longer ashamed to be seen in omnibuses, or carrying a parcel. A healthy appetite is not considered a mark of vulgarity, and therefore indulged only in seclusion. Even Lord Byron, were he alive, would not think it "interesting" to profess to live on biscuits and soda-water, or "believe," as he or a contemporary once remarked, "that he had once eaten a pea." Exaggerated compliments in words of five syllables are things of the past, and "the polite letter-writer" is no longer in requisition to provide elaborate sentences when a note of congratulation or condolence, an invitation or an acceptance has to be concocted.

All this we freely admit, but "shams" are with us still, and most earnestly would we recommend "our girls" to mark them for destruction, as far as they themselves are concerned.

In dress, for instance, do not be persuaded by a foolish friend to compress your waist to look slim when you are naturally thick-set; do not distort your feet by wearing shoes a size too small because you are not satisfied with the shape nature has assigned you. Never listen to advisers who recommend powders, cosmetics and washes for the complexion, or dyes for the hair. We wonder if the "young lady" of thirty-five, who makes herself up with the utmost expenditure of care, time and money within her power, really believes that she deceives her little world into imagining her the girl she tries to look. She must hear, and probably makes, disparaging observations on other women engaged in the same hopeless task. Does she fancy that nobody says when her back is turned, "How Louisa is ageing!" "That juvenile style of dress does not suit her now;" or "What a pity she has taken to paint."

But in our opinion shams in manner and conversation are even worse than shams in appearance. The former do a certain amount of harm no doubt, but they are easily detected, and in most cases injure only the foolish woman who adopts them; but affectations of tastes and affections which do not exist are often seriously detrimental not only to ourselves, but to our friends. How frequently a girl, wishing to secure the friendship of an acquaintance in a rather higher social sphere than herself, or of larger fortune, sets herself to discover the tastes and opinions of that acquaintance, and forthwith pretends that they are hers. The friend is a fashionable Socialist, let us say, and the girl who has hitherto kept aloof from all parish work and rather turned up her nose at philanthropic enterprises, develops a sudden and astonishing interest in "the poor." She is eloquent on the demerits of "society;" she declaims on the wrongs and the virtues of the "down-trodden," and appears, while in the presence of the person she is cultivating, a devoted and earnest sympathiser with the new schemes for "elevating the masses." The Socialist acquaintance leaves the neighbourhood, or shows her or himself impervious to the girl's attack. The next object of attention is a Conservative, and forthwith Primrose League meetings, and similar occupations fill the time, and engross the conversation of the fair enthusiast. Or perhaps politics in all its ramifications are abhorrent to the new attraction, and the girl takes up domesticity. She "loves cooking," she thinks nothing so delightful as a long afternoon in the nursery with the little ones, or an evening with the mending-basket. Unfortunately, much as she "loves" things of this sort, she has always something else of importance which claims attention imperatively, when her mother wants her help in any home duty.

Now we are well aware that there are people whose tastes for the time are actually influenced by intercourse with a stronger character, especially if their affections are engaged. It is highly entertaining to their family to observe the variations of their mental compass, but they are perfectly sincere, they really think they like the things their paragons like, and believe whatever they believe. Girls of this sort, though they may be rather poor creatures, lamentably deficient in backbone, are not shams. What we condemn are girls who know perfectly well they hate the things they profess to like, or at best are absolutely indifferent to the "cause" they chatter about, but who for selfish reasons assume to care—these are "shams."

We have all met with conversational shams. There is the fashionably-dressed lady who uses omnibuses purely because "she loves so to study her fellow-creatures." "You can't think how amusing the people are!" she exclaims; "I never could endure the dulness of driving alone." Then there is the girl who "simply cannot stand cabs, they are so dirty, or omnibuses, they are so full of unpleasant persons; or the Metropolitan Railway, because the atmosphere is so trying, and who always walks, or stays at home." Their friends know perfectly well that poor Mrs. Smith cannot afford hansoms, and still poorer Mabel cannot even indulge in a penny "bus" without a strain on her very limited allowance. It is irritating to hear Florence plaintively complain that "dear mother cannot be persuaded to give dinners, not even little ones," when we are aware that the good woman would be only too delighted to indulge her daughters with society, if she did not find it all but impossible to provide their own bread and cheese out of her attenuated income.

Intellectual shams are not very uncommon in this "superior" age. There is no fear now of a young authoress concealing her MSS. under a piece of fancy-work, as Jane Austen is said to have done when anyone called. Nobody thinks it necessary to hide her knowledge of Greek or Euclid, but a great many glib-tongued damsels prattle about Mahatmas, or Browning, or the philosophy of history, or some "sweet thing in Art," about which they know little, and really care less. Have you never been tempted when someone asked you if you had read the book of the day, and you had only skimmed a notice of it in the newspaper, to convey the notion that you have done so, by giving the reviewer's opinion as your own? When your neighbour at dinner asks how you like Schmalz's new picture, which you have never seen, what is it but a sham to dilate on its lights and shades, and remark on the comparative beauty of the angel figures by the tomb, without mentioning that you are able to do so only from your brother's report of it?

Most repulsive of all are gushing shams: A shower of "dearests, darlings, loves," poured on an acquaintance we only tolerate, because she is a useful society friend, or likely to forward our interests in some other way, is offensive to everybody possessed of good taste or right feeling. It is our Christian duty to "be courteous;" it is not hypocrisy to meet an unwelcome caller at an inconvenient moment with a pleasant smile and a cordial greeting, but it is an unworthy "sham" to protest we have been longing to see her, and are "so delighted" she has come. Who can help despising the girl who assures her friend her new bonnet is "sweet," her gown "not a bit old-fashioned, dear," and her mantle "just like one I saw in Bond Street yesterday;" then turning to her mother after shutting the door on the departed visitor exclaims, "Did you ever see such an object? That smart new bonnet looks so thoroughly out of keeping with that shabby old gown, and as for the cloak, it is just suited for her grandmother!" There is no need to be rude, it is easy to say nothing when we disapprove, and our praise when given sincerely, will be more valued because seen to be discriminating.

In the long run, the artificial person is sure to be found out, and she nearly always fails to produce the effect she aims at. It is far less trouble to be simple and natural, than to act a part consistently. Make up your mind to be candid and straightforward, and you will find life easier and pleasanter. We all like openness in other people, why cannot we realise that other people like it in us? This is not, however, the highest ground to take; "even a child is known by his doings," and a Christian maiden should reverently strive to reflect, though it may be dimly, in her daily life and conduct, the beautiful transparency of character which marked Him who calls Himself "the Truth," and whose service and imitation should be her first duty, and highest joy.

"'SING TO ME, DARLING, SING SOMETHING TO-NIGHT.'"

A LULLABY.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

He sat in the oaken chamber dim,
  In the twilight's trembling glow,
An olden knight, with his long hair white,
  Like a picture of years ago.
He had spent his youth on the battlefield;
  He had raised his voice to save;
And now he waits for the golden gates
  To open beyond the grave.

A watcher knelt at his couch so still,
  While he stroked her silken hair;
And his thoughts flew back o'er the sunny track,
  To the days of his youth so fair—
"Sing to me, darling, sing something to-night!
  Quite softly, and sweet, and slow,
For you have your mother's voice, my child,
  And the angels will hear and know."

She took the harp in her trembling hands,
  That silent had been for years,
And struck the chords of a lullaby,
  While her voice rose up through the tears.
Through the ancient halls fell the broken chords,
  Like passionate autumn rain;
For the maiden wept, and the old man slept,
  Never to slumber again.

A THING OF THONGS;"

OR,

A NEW YEAR'S DELIVERANCE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "Aunt Tabitha's Trial," etc.

"Well! I don't see just how it can be helped, anyway——" Gloriana Vernon nodded her head as she spoke a little defiantly, while a bitter look came into her blue eyes. "There's granny goin' to meetin' along the Creek, an' mother sending for the waggon to pick her up, and only I left to do all the chores about the place. Seems to me I have no time for doing good, or bein' happy, or makin' love. I've nothing to think of but work, work, work. It's mighty wearisome sometimes."

Overhead, the deep blue sky of a Canadian summer was glowing with heat. Underneath spread away, out of sight, the flower-gemmed rolling prairie. Behind Gloriana was a vine-covered porch, while her hands were busy—or ought to have been busy—sowing seeds of "morning glory" beside the old trunk of a tree that lay near. But instead of digging into the cool, damp earth (there had been a thunder-shower over-night), this girl was just perplexing her head over some difficult problems of life, and despairing of everything round her. Gloriana was so cumbered with much serving that it seemed indeed as if she had no time for mental cultivation. Up first thing in the morning to milk the cows and bake the bread. Then to hang bleaching clothes on the hedge. Next, thick, leathery cream to churn for breakfast, dinner to be prepared, and —I don't know what else! Yet, all the same, in the heart of this New England maiden there were more than faint stirrings of a higher, fuller life. Her soul was filled with unspoken yearnings, and aspirations, and longings. The unbroken monotony of life on the farm was weighing upon her, and she little knew how soon it was to be broken into.

But we are wandering from the calico-clad figure in the porch who is gathering up her trowel and setting to work at "ye nexte thyng."

But not for long. Far over the prairie the practised eye of the settler's child noticed a cloud of dust. It came nearer, growing bigger every minute, and, at last, she could hear the soft thud, thud, of horses' feet on the green turf.

It must be the Indians. There was a reserve of them not many miles off, and to many of the squaws Gloriana and her mother had shown kindness in past times. So Gloriana only pulled her bonnet more over her forehead and went down to the gate to see them pass. Quite friendly were these "braves" usually to the family living in that homestead. Little courtesies had often passed between them. Gloriana was not even very much surprised when Red Squirrel, the leader, jumped off his horse and asked for a meal.

She only threw down her trowel, pulled off her soiled deerskin gloves, and hastened in to prepare it.

She set the well-scoured table, with its white cloth upon it, just within the porch. Then she piled up a deep dish with big yellow raspberries, filled a bowl with thick cream, mixed some wheatmeal cakes and began to fry the ever-welcome dough-nuts. Red Squirrel and his party in the meanwhile smoked outside and watched her every movement. When at last the table was full, Gloriana beckoned in the braves and made them welcome with unstinting, generous hand. All this time, though outwardly calm, the girl was thinking fearfully of the lonely house and empty farm. Could she trust these wild, angry men? For alas! war-paint was daubed on brows and chins, and tomahawks slung at every shoulder. How eagerly she went to the back door now and again to see if perchance granny and her escort were coming back from meetin', or to listen for her father's welcome "whoop-la" ringing across the prairie.

The raspberries and milk and dough-nuts and cakes had all disappeared when at last Red Squirrel rose from the table. He held in his hand a wonderful talisman of beads and black cloth and tassels and thongs.

"You will hear soon of a war with the pale-faces," he said in his broken English (I do not attempt to reproduce it). "But hang this out of the porch and we will not harm you. You will hear of us in the far west—in the land of the setting sun. But trouble not when the great war wave surges close. This will be your safeguard."

Gloriana had *something to think of* now! Would Red Squirrel's little gift be enough to guard them from the horrors that were sure, sooner or later, to follow?

Home from the meeting came granny and mother in their little linen covered waggon. Father too, gathered in the cattle earlier than

usual; for there were dark rumours in the air, and it behoved every settler to be at his own farm.

I am afraid the farmer laughed a little at the token Red Squirrel gave to his daughter. But granny bade Gloriana hang up the talisman outside and trust to the Indian's promise.

* * * *

Several months passed away. Rumours of risings in the far west reached Wheatlands Farm more or less often. History has left a record of these frequent, ineffectual struggles between Redskin and Whiteface. I cannot venture to tell you all the details. The insurgents were driven from place to place. But the Indian's talisman had waved in the autumn air and frozen hard through the early winter days before the rebellion reached the Yellow River reserve.

It was a beautifully clear New Year's afternoon when Farmer Vernon came in with a scared face. The settlers' houses for miles round were being burnt to the ground. In the dry, frosty atmosphere, wheat and oats, and hay and thatch and timber ignited like matchwood; and the horizon was bright with these terrible bonfires.

The cold outside was so intense that the women-folk did not dare to venture beyond the doors. Gloriana alone, with the warmth of youth in her veins, ran outside to see if Red Squirrel's talisman still hung on the porch gable. The iron of the door-latch took the skin from her fingers as she touched it—burning as effectually as heat (how well she remembered every little detail in after years!) and the keen, cold atmosphere stung forehead and lips and ears as she peered upwards.

Yes! hard and stiff and black with frost, the talisman still flapped stiffly above. Its thongs and its tassels and its beads proclaimed bravely what it was. Gloriana, I am sure, put up a very earnest prayer that night that Red Squirrel might keep his promise. In her heart of hearts I think she doubted if little seeds of friendliness and kindness would bear any such wealthy harvest.

"I don't feel a bit safe, granny," she said to the old lady over and over again, as they sat around the smouldering hickory logs, occasionally throwing on a fircone to make a sweet-scented, crackling, fizzing flame. "I want to keep runnin' out to see if Red Squirrel's token is there! Seems such a wee thing to keep us all right."

"Still, it's all we have to trust to, child, except the good Lord above! We were always kind to the Indians! Maybe they will spare us."

That very New Year's night a band of fierce warriors swept through the land. The cowering inmates of Wheatlands Farm heard the thud of passing feet, and the terrible war-cry of the braves as they sped on their mission of destruction. For a moment there was a pause outside and the faces of the settlers turned white. Was this New Year's Day to be indeed the beginning of a new life? Was the key which could unlock the dark portal of death (a "Beautiful Gate" only to old granny, whose dearest and best loved were on the other side) in the hands of Red Squirrel and his followers?

The morning sun was slowly gilding the level meadow-lands, and lighting up the snowy peaks of the distant Rockies with a wonderful glow, when, just as of old, Gloriana's golden head flitted in and out at her morning's task. The talisman was gone from its place and was laid just inside the porch. It was an unspoken message that kindness had not been in vain.

Red Squirrel had remembered his promise.

* * * *

For many years, on the polished pine wood wall of Gloriana's little bedroom, there hung a sadly tattered thing of thongs and beads and tassels. When a stray glimpse of a New England maiden "doing" peaches on the doorstep, had ended in a merry evening wedding, Red Squirrel's talisman was carried to another home.

It lies before me as I write this story of a New Year's Deliverance.

WINTER PARTIES OF THE POOR.

Dig channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
For love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

* * * *

For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
Such is the law of love.

Archbishop Trench.

THE truth embodied in these lines long ago entered deeply into my heart. I have always found by experience that we receive by imparting, and that if we fail to give to others of those good gifts which we have ourselves received, we lose the blessings which might have been ours. When once the Scriptural precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give," has become a recognised rule of life, there cannot fail to be a reaching out to the poor and needy, a desire to help them, to impart to them, and indeed to all around us, whatever it may lie in our power to bestow.

In saying this I do not mainly refer to such material objects as food, clothing or money, since thousands will bestow these gifts from pure kindness of heart, without taking much thought or trouble in the matter.

People satisfy a generous instinct, not always from any higher motive than to relieve themselves from the evidences of present distress. Such giving may be good as far as it goes, but human hearts may be longing for personal sympathy, for gentle words in time of trouble, for proofs of fellow-feeling which gifts alone cannot convey. If we try to visit the poor in their own homes, there are endless hindrances in the way of quiet friendly converse; we disturb them in their household work, the baby begins to cry, a neighbour steps in, or the husband comes home, so that we can but seldom secure any uninterrupted conversation with the wife and mother, although she may possibly be longing to pour out her troubles into a sympathetic ear.

A verse in Isaiah bids us not only to "Deal thy bread to the hungry," but also suggests "That thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house" (Isa. lviii. 7). May I suggest a few ways in which it seems to me practicable to carry out this command? If a district visitor finds some anxious soul longing for guidance and teaching which cannot be imparted in the poor woman's own home, an invitation to spend a quiet hour in the afternoon in the house of the visitor will often be gladly welcomed. Or a lady, unable from ill-health to visit the poor, may arrange a fixed time when her humble friends may always be sure to find her prepared to receive them with a pleasant welcome, and when, away from the ceaseless interruptions of their own surroundings, they are able to pour out the pressing troubles of their hearts and receive in quietude the Christian counsel they so sorely need. There is, however, another more public way in which the command can be carried out. Thousands of parties are given during the summer in fields and gardens, treats are provided in mission-halls and barns; but how seldom are the poor invited to share in the pleasure of seeing our pretty sitting-rooms with their dainty furniture, pictures and ornaments!

I will endeavour to describe some pleasant winter-evening parties of working people at which I have been present. In the house I speak of, the number was usually limited to twelve or fourteen; a larger party presenting certain inconveniences. The dining-table afforded seats for that number, and each guest was personally waited upon by the ladies of the family. To obviate the shyness which poor people are apt to feel when visiting their richer neighbours, it was found to be a wise plan to invite married couples, a father and daughter, or a brother and sister, to come together, as each helped to give the other courage.

The guests would arrive at half-past seven, and, having left their wraps in the hall, would be received in the drawing-room with a kindly welcome, and soon made to feel at ease by cheerful pleasant chat; in fact they would be treated exactly as if they were friends of the family come to spend a social evening. The adjoining conservatory would be lighted up by Chinese lanterns, and fairy lights, which had the effect of glowworms, would be deftly placed in the mossy borders, while the fountain in the centre of a rocky fernery threw its illuminated spray into the air, and coloured lamps lit up the leaves of tropical plants. This charming scene proved always an immense delight to those who had so little to vary the monotony of home life. "Isn't it lovely!" "It's just like heaven!" "I should like to stay here for ever," were the sort of comments we heard on all sides.

It was worth possessing a conservatory to put it to such a use, and to witness the intense pleasure derived from it. But now the gong is sounding its summons to tea in the dining-room, whither our friends repair to find abundant provision for hearty appetites. Tea and coffee, meat pies, fruit tarts, cakes and sweets are successively enjoyed, whilst pleasant chat goes on, and it is evident that our friends are all at ease, and as happy as those can be who, once in a way, are enabled to leave the drudgery of their daily life, and taste the pleasure of real bodily and mental relaxation.

When the repast is ended we adjourn to a music-room, where an hour is spent in listening to sweet homely songs that go to the hearts of rich and poor alike, some organ and piano duets are played by the ladies, and then the guests are invited to contribute their part towards the evening's entertainment. Simple and touching are the old-fashioned ditties we sometimes hear sung by rustic voices, by no means untuneful or devoid of taste and true feeling.

A table covered with interesting objects in natural history supplies material for an informal address upon shells, birds, insects and common things of everyday life, about which much may be said which is not only listened to with attention, but which may be made instructive and practically useful. Sometimes the brief lecture is upon Palestine, illustrated by models, garments, and Eastern curios of many kinds. Time quickly passes, and as the evening draws to a close, we all unite in singing a hymn. Then after a few earnest words of counsel founded on some verses of Scripture, the guests take their departure about ten o'clock, expressing their simple thanks for the happy evening they have had. It is pleasant to be able to say that, although these parties include some of the lowliest people from the neighbouring village, yet all behave with the utmost propriety, really one might say with the manners of gentlefolks, and the appreciation of these small kindnesses is unbounded. All of us may not be able to receive the poor exactly in this way, and some, on the other hand, may be able to entertain them far more lavishly, but we each and all can in some way lighten the often dreary lives of those who make their living by daily toil. Such parties as these cannot fail to bridge over, at least to some extent, that gulf which seems to exist between the rich and the poor, and they certainly tend to create a more kindly feeling between different classes. Whether it is a party of five hundred lowly workers from London, entertained at some country seat, or a dozen poor girls invited by a kind lady to spend an evening in her one sitting-room, and made happy by friendly sympathy and wise advice, the effect will be the same—namely, a thankful recognition of love, reaching out to the lowly, and of unselfish desire to give pleasure to those who toil on with little to cheer their daily life. "Actions speak louder than words," and the poor will begin to believe in the Christianity of others when they see their love to God taking the form of love shown towards their neighbours. May it be that some who read this simple paper may find it suggestive of possibilities in their own lives, which, if carried out, will bring a rich reward of happiness both to those who give and to those who receive such kindly tokens of sympathy! VERAX.

CHRISTMAS FARE FOR RICH AND POOR.

HERE are two plum-puddings that cost so little as to be within the reach of all, but so good-looking and good-tasting are they, the rich man's table would be graced by them both.

A Baroness Plum-Pudding.—Take equal quantities, say, three quarters of a pound of flour, finely-chopped beef suet, and good raisins stoned and cut small, a small teacupful of golden syrup, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a small teacupful of milk. Mix all very thoroughly together, working them to a stiff dough and kneading it for several minutes. Butter a pudding basin, line it with raisins and shred lemon-peel, then put in the pudding mixture, which must not quite fill it, cover with a buttered paper, and boil this pudding, or rather steam it by standing the mould in boiling water for four hours. Turn out of the mould without allowing it to stand more than a moment or two, and serve with simple sweet sauce. This is, or should be, dark, rich, and luscious, and very easy of digestion.

A Vegetable Plum-Pudding.—Cheap but good.

Mix very thoroughly together one pound of mashed potatoes, half a pound of carrot boiled and beaten to a smooth paste, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of stoned raisins, three quarters of a pound of brown sugar, half a pound of chopped suet, a large teaspoonful of mixed spice, and half a teaspoonful of salt. No eggs and no milk.

The mixture should be prepared a fortnight before it is required, and stirred up vigorously every day.

Buttered moulds should be filled to within half an inch of the top, then tied over with cloths, plunged in boiling water, and boiled for nearly five hours. If boiled, these puddings may be kept for a long time, giving them another hour's boiling when occasion calls for their eating.

The above quantities will make a pudding large enough for sixteen persons, and will not exceed half a crown in cost.

The Rich Man's Pudding.—Will make four quart-mould puddings.

One pound and a half of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, two pounds of currants, one pound and a half of raisins, stoned, one pound and a half of suet, one pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of shred candied peel, nine eggs, one pint of milk, and half a pint of brandy. This pudding is not expensive but is almost perfect in flavour; it should boil for four hours also.

There are many persons who cannot be tempted to touch plum-pudding at all, however tempting it may be; for them it is well to have a contrasting one of which they can have the choice at festive times, and either of the following recipes will be found well worth trying.

Exeter Pudding.—Ten tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, three ditto of sago, six of suet, four of sugar, a pinch of salt, half a lemon-rind grated, and two or three well-beaten eggs, with two ounces of dissolved butter. Mix these ingredients well together, adding a little milk if needful; have ready half-a-dozen penny sponge cakes split in half and spread with raspberry jam, also a few ratafias. Butter a mould and lay a row of sponge cakes at the bottom, filling up the spaces with the biscuits, then cover with a layer of the mixture, then more cakes and biscuits, and repeat until the mould is full, keeping the mixture at the top. Cover with a buttered paper, and either bake in a gentle oven, or steam the pudding for an hour and a half.

For sauce a small pot of red-currant jelly is dissolved and the liquid poured over the pudding after it has been turned out.

Alpine Pudding.—A rather shallow, fluted, fireproof china dish should be buttered and sprinkled with brown sugar, then a mixture made from the following ingredients is poured in and baked until it is firmly set, after which it is spread with apple or apricot jelly and a *méringue* made with the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, three-pennyworth of cream also beaten, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar, also heaped lightly over the preserve. Ingredients:—Three ounces of stale sponge-cake crumbs, half an ounce of ground almonds or desiccated cocoanut, two ounces of castor sugar, a pinch of salt, yolks of three eggs, and half a pint of boiled milk.

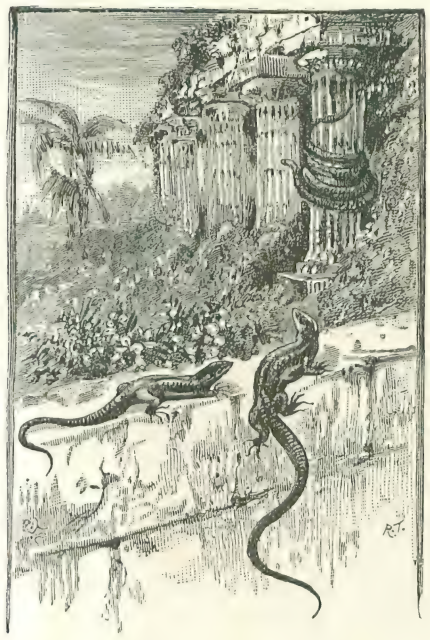
A very inexpensive yet pretty dish is the following, it is suitable for a poor children's party, as it will please the eye and taste, and is wholesome, while but small trouble to prepare.

Peel as many fine apples as are desired, taking the cores out with a scoop, so as not to injure the shape. Put the apples into a deep baking-dish with three glasses of cheap wine, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and the peel of a lemon. Cover the dish and let the apples cook gently, but do not allow them to break. Place them on a pretty dish, boil the syrup longer until it is thick, and let it get cold. Place between the apples tiny heaps of well-boiled rice, pour over all the syrup, and fill up the holes in the apples with bright-coloured preserve. Decorate with strips of green angelica and crystallised cherries.

Apple Snow.—Half-a-dozen large apples that will cook well; let them be pared and cored, and cooked quickly in a very little water, then when perfectly soft beat them lightly with a fork; add, when nearly cold, three tablespoonfuls of castor-sugar and the whites of three eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Whisk all well together. Line a plain mould with sponge fingers, placing them close together at the bottom, and wider apart at the top. Fill up the mould with the "snow," taking care not to disturb the biscuits. Set the mould on ice or in a freezer until it is firm, then turn the shape out on to a glass dish, and heap bright apple jelly around the base of the shape, on the top pile a few spoonfuls of thick whipped cream, and sprinkle that with pink granulated sugar.

"THE SAME TO YOU, MISS!"

KALIMPONG: A GIRL'S RIDE INTO BRITISH BUTAN.



It was too good an opportunity to be lost. A certain "High Official," who was a friend of ours, was going on a tour through Sikkim. His first day's journey was to take him to Kalimpong, a place my brother and I had long wished to visit, and when our friend offered us the benefit of his escort, we accepted with delight, though we had only a few hours in which to make our arrangements.

Kalimpong, a tiny place up in the mountains of British Butan, is unknown to history, although it is very charming, almost Italian in scenery and climate, and only thirty miles from the much frequented hill-station of Darjiling. There are no hotels in Kalimpong, indeed it has not more than half a dozen European inhabitants, but the kind mission people there are famed for their hospitality; and in answer to a telegram from the "High Official" asking if they could take us in for a couple of nights, they at once wired us a welcome. Thus was our last difficulty removed. We ordered ponies, sent off a pair of hold-alls on the back of a sturdy, pretty cooly woman, who seemed to enjoy the prospect of the long weary walk, and waited eagerly for the morrow.

We left Darjiling about ten o'clock in the bright morning sunshine. My brother Tom and the "High Official" walked the first part of the way, and I and the "High Official's" dog travelled together in a "dandy." A "dandy" is a wooden framework, suggestive both of a box and of a canoe; it has a seat, and is furnished with a cross-pole at either end; these poles go over the shoulders of the four strong men who carry the "dandy" safely over the steep mountain paths. One is lifted high above the ground in it, and if the "dandy" is well supplied with rugs and cushions, and if the "dandywallahs" walk in step, two very important ifs, the swinging motion is not unpleasant; but on a rough road, with the four carriers of different heights, it can produce a feeling sadly akin to *mal-de-mer*. My "dandywallahs" were ugly, picturesque, and very dirty; I am sure they had not washed for years, if ever; indeed, it is the custom of these people to wear a garment without changing it, till it simply drops to pieces. They belonged to the demon-worshipping race of Lepchas, and wore old green three-cornered felt hats, into which they had fastened wild yellow flowers, and short, very old garments, of various shades of brown, blue, and green cloth, fashioned like Roman togas. Their bushy matted hair was plaited into one plait; the hill women wear two; and their turquoise rings and earrings showed their love for jewellery.

Our way was down the steep road that zigzags along the mountain on which Darjiling is built; it took us past the large Bootia *busti* or village, where there is an interesting Buddhist temple. The temple is surrounded by little houses; they are built of mud and wood, and are very small and dirty. At the doors, or rather at the entrance, for there are not many actual doors, the women sit weaving the pretty striped Bootia cloths, and the partly clothed jolly little brown babies roll in the mud near them, playing with puppy dogs, black pigs, and kittens, which are in great profusion, and all seem to be on the most friendly terms with each other.

The village is made bright by long poles, to which are attached little bits of cloth, red, blue, yellow, and white, which wave in the breeze. These are prayers, and each time they are moved by the wind the prayers are wafted up to heaven; a pretty conceit, though a lazy one.

Down we went, always down, past two large tea-gardens, called respectively Ging and Badamton; the little bushes looked very pretty, and well cared for, growing methodically in lines. It began to get very warm, and the riding-habit that had been comfortable in Darjiling, which is over 7000 feet above sea-level, felt much too thick. I dispensed with gloves, and cuffs, and both the men, even the "High Official," took off their coats, and said we might as well be in the plains. The road was very narrow; on one side was a steep precipice, on the other a bank covered with wild flowers, beautiful foliage of variegated tints, and moss. Every now and again we came to a spring, and then the "dandy" was put down, and the four "dandywallahs" drank the cool water, filling their hands with it, while my travelling companion lapped eagerly. At last we seemed to be nearing the valley; on either side the jungle was very thick, but through the break in the bamboo clusters and trees covered with moss and lichen, we saw delightful glimpses of the high mountains surrounding us. We approached the Rungeet river, which, seen from Darjiling, looks like a tiny white line, but is in reality, a very respectable size, with blue waters that dash over huge boulders.

"We shall find the ponies here," said the "High Official," the first lot of ponies. "Yes, there they are, all right," as we turned the bend, and saw three small sturdy fat ponies waiting for us, while their *syces* (grooms) sat on the ground, playing a gambling game with little pebbles.

But was it all right? Far from it; my brother was the first to find out the terrible mistake that had been made.

"Look here," he said, in a voice of the deepest concern, "what is she to do?"

"This is extremely awkward for your sister," remarked the "High Official." His voice also conveyed such astonishment and pity that I looked with some alarm at the ponies to see what was the cause of their evident distress; and then I gave a little gasp of dismay, for the three ponies were saddled with men's saddles.

We were silent for a minute, at least my brother whistled a melancholy rendering of "Wot cher," which seemed to relieve his feelings, and then being young and merry we burst into fits of laughter, in which even the "High Official" joined, in a dignified demi-official sort of way. At last I assumed a stern expression, and said reproachfully—

"It is all very well for you to laugh, but what am I to do? I think I could sit sideways if the pony is quiet, and we need not go fast, or shall I go back in the 'dandy?'" How I hoped that they would not agree to my offer of returning, for I was enjoying the trip so much! Then the "High Official" looked more official than ever, but very kind as well, and summed up the situation.

"Going back is out of the question," he observed; "these four men could not possibly carry you up that hill, tired as they are: it is equally impossible to go on slowly, for we must get in before nightfall, and, remember, you are expected at the Mission. We have nineteen miles more to do, and therefore I suggest, my dear young lady—I am very sorry for you—I suggest that you must put appearances out of the question, and ride on one of these saddles astride."

"Oh, I could not do that," I said.

"You need not mind," said the "High Official" kindly; "the hill-people won't think it in the least out of the way, for all their women ride in that manner, and we are not likely to meet a single European, so just be plucky, and make the best of it. I wonder how the mistake was made."

"Can't think," said Tom, who was still whistling "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" in a most unfeeling way; "well, my sister, are you ready to try acrobatic performances?"

"I am ready," I said solemnly, after a pause, during which many things ran through my mind. I looked at the question from every point of view, and decided there was no other way out of the difficulty. So, with a smile and a sigh, putting vanity out of my mind, and remembering, with comfort, that a lady is always a lady, and that one should adapt oneself to circumstances, I determined to make the best of it.

"Sensible girl," said the "High Official" encouragingly; "and now let us walk to the bridge, where my people may have work for me. By-the-bye," he continued, "they are sure to present me with eggs, plantains, and *murwa*, which we must partake of, or run the risk of giving great offence. Sometimes I have to refuse, for their taste is so peculiar that they offer, in all kindness, the most detestable stuff, such as absolutely putrid pork rolled up in paste. When I can though, I always accept and taste their gifts."

We came to the bridge, a beautifully-constructed suspension-bridge, which takes one across the Rungeet into independent Sikkim. The picturesque natives, clothed in different shades of blue, green, and brown, gathered round the "High Official," telling him of their doings, their joy at seeing him, and of the grievances that required redress. They naturally asked who we were? why we had come? and where we were going? Then from one of the many mud huts near the bridge was brought a rough table, which was placed in front of us as we sat on the green bank, then came hard-boiled eggs, large yellow plantains, and *murwa*, so that with our own luncheon and their gifts we had an excellent meal. The *murwa* was brought with some state; it is the millet-beer of the hills, and is kept in large polished bits of bamboo, scooped out and silver bordered. The seed is placed in this after preparation, hot water is poured over, and this is drunk through a little wooden tube, after the fashion of the straws in American drinks. *Murwa*, when properly made, is not intoxicating, and that supplied to us, being

the offering of the well-to-do people of the place, had been prepared with every care.

After we had washed our hands in the cool water of the Rungeet River, and said good-bye to the friendly people of the bridge, we prepared, with no little anxiety on my part, to mount our ponies.

A fat, subdued-looking grey animal was chosen for me, and brought near to the rock on which I had climbed. I had no fear, except for appearances, as I had ridden a great deal, and was never nervous on horseback; but this was to be different from anything I had ever done before! Mounting was difficult, but after several attempts I settled myself, arranging my habit in festoons. As the pony moved, I really doubted the possibility of reaching the journey's end in safety. Indeed, the least thing would have upset me, for I kept my seat entirely by balance. The "High Official" observed that it was a very sensible way to ride, and Tom said I looked most adventurous, and reminded him of several pictures he had seen of lady-explorers; I hope it was the memory of their exploits that made him laugh so much. The road we now took was a very pretty one, fairly broad and level, with the Rungeet River rushing along on the left side, below a bank on which grew trees and shrubs, and on the right another bank covered with moss and flowers. No spot in these hills is without vegetation; even the branches of the trees are clothed with many varieties of moss, hanging in fantastic festoons, like a gymnasium for fairies.

"My friends," said the "High Official," "we have eight miles of this delightful road, and then comes a terribly steep climb to Kalimpong: therefore it behoves us to make good use of our time and opportunities; will you fix your own pace?" he added politely to me.

"Yes, if I can fix on at all," I said ruefully, "but the saddle is very slippery; however, it is a way of gaining experience: let us try a trot."

We tried it, it did not answer, and I felt considerably ruffled, for I had the reputation of being a good rider: I had once won a trotting match, but that was on a lady's saddle, and oh, the difference to me! On this occasion, trotting, or rather jolting miserably along the banks of the blue Rungeet, I found it impossible to keep anything like proper balance, and wondered whether it would be better to be dashed against the bank on one side, or thrown down into the river on the other. All my dearest hopes, and all my wasted opportunities rose before me, and the future, as I had planned it in a dear green garden far away in Kent, and I wondered if . . . somebody, who had often walked with me there, would mind very much if I were killed and never came back to keep the promise I had . . .

"I advise you to make your pony break into a canter," said the "High Official," interrupting my memories and looking round with rather a comical expression. I took his advice, and found this pace much more successful, for though the danger was greater, there was less time to think about it. And so we went on along the quiet road, the occasional singing of a bird, the swish of the river, the horses' hoofs and our own voices being the only sounds we heard. Presently the "High Official" called to us to pull up.

"This is where the Teesta and Rungeet Rivers join," he said: and we stopped to gaze at one of the most magnificent sights in the world. The blue waters of the Rungeet meet and mix with the great Teesta River, white with snow water, and for a short space they flow side by side, the two colours showing quite distinctly. The Teesta, which has its source in the snow mountains, is a very broad and beautiful river. We rode along its bank, now admiring the huge wooded mountains, now stopping while our *syces* gathered for us a rare fern or brilliant orchid, until we came to the great bridge. Close by is a little white-washed house, possessing three rooms, and a scanty amount of furniture, a rest-house where people may stay on payment of a small sum. We three, rather weary people, entered to rest for half an hour, and found the beautiful *murwa* case, decorated with sprays of orchids, provided for the "High Official."

"You will hardly believe it," said the "High Official," as we rested, while the punkah was pulled overhead, to cool us, "but this is one of the most deadly places to live in. Fever is terribly common down here in the Teesta valley."

It was indeed hard to believe that so beautiful a spot should be so unhealthy. Meanwhile the saddles had been changed to the new ponies that were waiting for us, and we walked across the bridge, the villagers coming out of their huts to look at us. We had to go for about a hundred yards of the steep mountain path on foot, for no pony could have climbed it with a rider on its back, and then we mounted again. This time I had a nice little bay, not so thick-set as the grey pony, and pleasanter to ride, but in mounting I nearly fell over on the other side, and was obliged to remind Tom that if he tried riding on a lady's saddle in a habit, I might perhaps have cause to laugh at him, and he apologised.

The road was very steep and very beautiful; one great feature of these mountains is the number of terraced rice-fields cut in their lofty sides; all the ground is highly cultivated, the favourite crop being the graceful waving Indian corn, the staple food of the natives. No tea is allowed to be grown on this side of the Teesta, while on the Darjiling mountains nearly the whole ground is covered with tea plantations. The reason of this prohibition is that the ground has been broken up and held by natives for so long, that Government refuses to deprive them of their little plots of cultivation by selling the land to tea-planters. Our little ponies scrambled up the hill valiantly, but the "High Official's" dog grew so tired that its master took it up and it rode on the saddle before him. We passed groups of huts, and the babies, with the inevitable black pigs and puppy dogs came out to stare at us. We met a great many pack-ponies, heavily laden with wool, for there is a large wool trade between Tibet and Darjiling; the merchandise generally changes hands at Kalimpong or Sikkim, the Tibetans rarely coming all the way. The good little ponies trotted quietly down the hill, obedient to the slightest word from their drivers, who greeted us merrily as they passed. Then the sun began to sink, the air became cooler at every step, and the orchids and fern seemed to be more beautiful the further we went. Presently we came to a pretty pony waiting on the hill-side, with a groom, a basket of hard-boiled eggs, a plate of biscuits and some more *murwa*: Raja Tenduk had sent these things for the use of the "High Official."

"Tenduk is a thorough gentleman," said the "High Official" as he shared his gifts with us, "you ought to go and see him. I'll introduce him to you to-morrow morning. He is a Lepcha, and has recently been made a Raja by Government, under whom he holds an appointment, being collector of rates and taxes, for he is very poor, and has a sort of position to keep up: he is a very good fellow."

"Has he a wife?" I asked.

"Two or three, I daresay," laughed the "High Official," "but they do not live together. There is only one at Kalimpong."

We reached Kalimpong just as the sun was casting a glory over the blue mountains. There, standing out clear and stately, was the Christian church, testifying to the worship of God in these far-away hills, where good men, by teaching and example, are showing the heathen the way to Light. We rode through the one street, the bazaar, and up a hill to the pretty mission-house, where a kindly welcome awaited us from Mr. and Mrs. Graham. Tom was anxious to accompany the "High Official" part of the way on his march the next day, so I was left in the charge of my kind hostess. I was stiff and worn-out that evening, and went to bed very early, but the next day was beautiful, and the sunshine woke me streaming over the flowers in the well-kept garden. After breakfast the household assembled for prayers; not such a household as one is familiar with, neat house-maids, and a kind old cook; here there was only one woman-servant, a solemn old ayah, the other three were men, and it was very touching to see them kneeling in simple faith, to listen to the words of God's minister. The Holy Book was read, and prayers said in the language of the place. I could only understand a part, but the tears came to my eyes as I saw the bowed heads of the natives, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham, a tiny son on each side, praying for the welfare of the little flock, while the serene blue mountains spoke of peace, and the strength of the hills, which is His. Soon after prayers came Tom and the "High Official" to say, "Good-morning" and "Good-bye."

"I have brought Raja Tenduk to see you," said the latter, and a Lepcha gentleman came forward, smiling.

"What ought I to do?" I whispered, in some alarm, for I am not used to the society of Rajas.

"Shake hands," said the "High Official," and I did so.

The Raja has a frank pleasant face, he was clothed in a simple brown garment, the loose sleeves lined with red, his hair was brushed back and plaited into a tail under a cap of soft felt, and he wore a great many rings.

"I hear that the lady had much discomfort in journeying," he said, in very good Hindustani, which I fortunately understood.

"Yes, Raja Sahib, but it was worth all to see this new and pretty place," I replied.

He seemed pleased, and invited me to come to tea, at four o'clock, and then went away.

Later in the morning, Mr. Graham found time to show me the many interesting things I was so anxious to see. We went first to the beautiful new church. The Macfarlane Memorial Church (called after the first missionary who went to Kalimpong) is an imposing building with a tower, in which a large bell is soon to be hung, a duplicate of the Leopold Memorial bell at Cannes. The church is even now used for services, though not quite finished, and Mr. Graham told me that many Christian churches have been built on the lonely surrounding mountains, erected by native Christians, with their own hands, and in one or two of the recent ones, they have tried to copy, as far as possible, the Kalimpong church. The services, which are largely attended by the native Christians, are conducted by Catechists. Mr. Graham also took me to see a fine new hospital, which will be a great boon to the sick of the place. The Mission hope to get out a doctor soon to help in the good work by attending to the health of the people. At present Mrs. Graham dispenses medicine to all who ask for it, whether they be Hindus, Buddhists, or demon-worshipping Lepchas. Mr. Graham supervises the building of the new hospital himself, thus saving the expense of a contractor. He is much loved among the people, and it would be a wonder indeed were he not.

We wended our way to the girls' school, where a bright-eyed teacher was instructing the small dark hill maidens. Some were writing on slates, and others reading Hindi lesson books: there were sixteen of them, and

they are divided into three classes: they learn geography, reading, writing and arithmetic. Many girls who live a long distance off cannot attend school regularly, and the Mission wishes to establish girls' schools in the different mountains, so that the little ones may be taught near home. They are pretty children with brown complexions, red cheeks and bright eyes: they are very clever at needlework, and knit socks that are sold to the planters about Darjiling.

We also visited the boys' school, and the Normal School, which is under the charge of Mr. Sutherland, the other missionary at Kalimpong. The boys in this school are educated to become teachers in the hills in the district: we found them hard at work writing the pretty Hindi character with much skill. Some of the boys were reading aloud, and others were teaching smaller boys. Mr. Sutherland took us into his laboratory, a small room adjoining where he had several electric batteries, and he told me that the little native boys take a very intelligent interest in the elementary science he teaches them. They are quite as quick as English boys of the same class, and understand all about the telegraph system, and other wonders wrought by electricity.

The ignorant hill-tribes are developing a love for reading, and there is a large sale of books among them. The whole vernacular education is entrusted to the Mission, and government helps it by a grant.

There is also an Anglo-Hindu school, for the higher class of boys, where they pay a small fee and learn English.

Mr. Graham then took me to see the cemetery, a charming spot, beautiful with wild flowers, and pointed out the grave of the missionary pioneer, Mr. Macfarlane. Here, in God's acre, natives and Europeans are buried side by side, brothers because they believed in the same Saviour, and because death has ended any division caused by race feeling. I would fain have lingered longer in that place of rest, but Mr. Graham's time was precious, and we made our way back to the flower-girt bungalow.

I asked if the people were very poor, and Mr. Graham said not very, though many of the Lepchas were badly off before the ripening of the Indian corn. "The crofters are very well off, on the whole," he said, "they have an ideal land settlement."

This kind missionary, with the interests of the people ever at heart, tries many experiments in the way of growing fruit, in the hope of finding an industry that will be a source of wealth to the people. Oranges reach great perfection at Kalimpong, and grapes and plums grow well there. We stopped to look at a coffee-bush, and a cinchona-tree; cinchona bark is made into quinine, that bitter medicine so much given in cases of fever.

During lunch I asked Mr. Graham to tell me about the natives and how he liked them. He said that he was very fond of them, they were honest and independent, not cringing like the people of the plains. "I wish you had been here yesterday," he said, "for there was a marriage that would have interested you. A young silk weaver had been in love with the daughter of an agricultural farm labourer—a Christian girl—and she returned his affections, but there came a rich wooer, an elderly man, whom the parents favoured. For a long time everything was against the young couple, and it seemed as though the acres of the rich suitor were to win him the bride. The poor young people were very miserable, but finally, the elderly aspirant to the maiden's hand, seeing how matters stood, proved himself to be kindly and sensible by withdrawing his offer, and the faithful lovers were married yesterday. The bride wore a beautiful silk shawl, bordered with red—the marriage colour—presented by the silk expert at Berhampore, who had taught the bridegroom his trade, and had a high opinion of his capabilities."

After lunch Mr. Graham brought the marriage register for me to see; few of the couples being able to write, they put a cross by their names, over which Mr. Graham writes "his mark," and "her mark." It is the custom among these primitive people for the bridegroom to give three large marriage feasts, and until he has given the third of these feasts, the bride, even if she has been married for years, still belongs to her own people. The Mission endeavours to prevent this useless waste of money, and few of the native Christians conform to this extravagant custom.

At four o'clock my pony was brought round, with a borrowed side-saddle, and I set off with some trepidation; for was I not going—all alone—to visit an Indian Raja? Raja Tenduk's house is upon a hill, and I had to pass through the Kalimpong bazaar to reach it. It is a very pretty bazaar, full of quaint shops. In some were strange Tibetan and Chinese cups, in others, English cotton piece goods, then there were the sweet shops with white and creamy-looking sweetmeats, made of milk, sugar, and cocoanut. Perhaps the prettiest shops of all were those of the grain-merchants, where the different kinds of grain in their delicate shades of red and yellow were kept in large earthenware vessels. The people seemed to be accustomed to white faces, and did not evince any curiosity regarding me. The children, however, were rather excited, and ran after my pony, shouting, "Salaam" in shrill clear voices. Such dear, dirty children, some in little gowns of blue or brown, some with no clothes at all, for Kalimpong is fairly warm, and the babies are not all supplied with the expensive luxury of clothes, and their round little limbs grow strong and hardy from exposure. My small bay pony bore me gallantly up the hill to the palace—I supposed that it would be a palace—of the Raja. Indeed, when I saw nothing but a rather barn-like bungalow, I doubted whether I had come to the right place, and I inquired if this was the house of the Raja. I spoke Hindustani, which very few hill-people know, but the man understood the word "Raja," and nodded and smiled, so I rode to the verandah and dismounted. A servant, with a long pigtail, and a wondering smile, ushered me into a little sitting-room, where the furniture consisted of a table and three chairs; over each hung a carpet, more gaudy than beautiful. Above the door hung a wondrous Japanese screen, gay with dragons and monsters, and the white walls were almost covered with photographs of various English people of Raja Tenduk's acquaintance, from H. E. the viceroy, down to junior civilians. There were portraits of our "High Official" and his wife, and a very large one—of which the Raja is extremely proud—of Mr. Paul, who was for some time the political officer at Kalimpong, and practically made the place what it is. He afterwards looked after British interests on behalf of the government in the Tibetan trade treaty we have made with China, and which required to have some disputed points settled.

There were so many ancient photographs of people with albums, and smiles, and modern ones in bromide with artistic light and shade effects, that I really felt, to be in the fashion, I ought to have had one of myself at hand to present to the Raja; but I only possess one photograph of myself, and that was done in a dear green garden down in Kent. I am not alone in it, and I could never give that photograph away.

I was still admiring the interesting collection, when Raja Tenduk entered, and shaking hands bade me be seated. In the best Hindustani I could muster, I expressed my pleasure at visiting him, and my regret that owing to my want of learning I could not converse freely. He remarked, in his turn, that his grief was great that he could speak no English, but he said his eldest boy was at school in Darjiling, and learning our language. Then I asked if I might be permitted to see the Rani and the children; Tenduk rose and went out, returning with two little boys. The eldest wore a cap of great magnificence, embroidered with gold and thickly studded with turquoises: they were dressed like their father, but the effect was slightly spoiled by their boots, which were tan-coloured, and unmistakably English. They greeted me with some shyness, and their father explained that the Rani would presently come and make her salaams to me. We talked a little about the photographs, and where the people they represented now were: some were dead, some were still working in India, many had retired to spend the remainder of their days in old England, and one had settled in sunny Italy. The Raja seemed much interested in hearing about Italy, and I asked him if he had travelled at all. Yes, he had once been down to Calcutta, but he would never cross the sea to visit far-away England, and he had never been into Tibet. Then the door opened wide, and in came the Rani, clothed in rich attire of deep blue silk, with large hanging sleeves, and a sort of apron striped with many bright colours. On her head she wore the weighty and marvellous head-dress of the high-born dames of the hills, a three-cornered coronet, made of many strings of seed pearls, with large turquoises and coral, the latter looking very well against her abundant black hair, made more abundant still by the black silk cunningly plaited into it. The Rani is very handsome, with remarkably fine eyes, and the many jewels she wore set off her beauty; she was followed by a shy little girl, who clung to her skirts.

Then a servant brought in three quaint cups, without handles, and with the saucers on the top, and a wooden *chunga*, with the tube sticking out. "This," said the Raja, "is *murwa*, such as you drank on the road yesterday." And I pleased him by saying I thought it preferable to English beer. He told me that it was usually made from millet seed, but sometimes maize or rice is used instead, and it can be made sweet, sour or bitter. The top of the *chunga* was lifted off to show me the pretty red seed inside, and then tea was brought in.

Now when the Grahams had heard that I was going to tea with the Raja, they smiled meaningly, and said that they hoped I should enjoy it, and that I must remember to drain the cup to the dregs, or I should be wanting in courtesy. Therefore I felt rather excited when the cups were filled with a greasy-looking fluid, tea made in the Butia fashion, brick tea, with butter and salt. I hope I looked pleasant as I hurriedly drank this terrible mixture: my cup was promptly refilled, and again I drank it in one deep draught, for I would have suffered much rather than hurt the feelings of these kind people; but I was obliged to refuse a third cupful! I have been told though that Europeans find this tea very comforting on a cold day; it may be so, but personally I should never turn for comfort to such a dreadful mixture.

Then I produced a box of sweets, and the children nibbled one fondant in turn, and the baby was brought in by a pretty barefooted nurse, who wore a simple garment of a beautiful peacock-blue colour, a flower in her hair, and a necklace of rough coral round her brown neck.

I should have liked to have stayed longer, but Mr. Graham had promised to take me, and another lady guest, staying at the Mission,

to see a Buddhist monastery, and it was growing late. I made my farewells to the children, and the smiling Rani; we could only smile at each other, for she knows neither English nor Hindustani, and I am not acquainted with a word of Lepcha, or Nepali, and the Raja escorted me to the door. I met my two friends on the high road to Tibet; that forbidden land which no European may enter, was only forty miles away from us. It is a fine road, with here and there a well-built house, belonging to rich Butias. The monastery was built of plaster and wood, quaintly picturesque, with many unexpected little peep-holes and windows; we saw a Lhama, or Buddhist priest eyeing us from one of these. We first came to a large outer room, which is reserved for travellers from a distance to rest and eat in: the walls were painted, but it was too dark to see what was depicted upon them. The inner room however was very striking, and a great deal lighter. On the walls were represented the incarnations of Buddha, painted in brilliant colours, and fantastic attitudes: there are hundreds of them, the whole wall being covered by these strange figures. In a fine shrine sat a statue of Buddha, the Great Teacher, larger than life, and robed in real silk. He is represented sitting on a lotus, with folded hands and a peaceful expression. The rich shrine was ornamented with peacock feathers, and before it were brass bowls, containing rice and flowers, offerings from the devout: wondrous and hideous masks hung above. The three Lhamas who were present advanced to speak to us: they had kindly faces, and were clothed in their sacred colour, yellow. They seemed pleased to see Mr. Graham, and showed us all their treasures. Cupboards containing the sacred books, which are of great antiquity, and only used at ceremonials; they were covered with dust, cymbals of wrought brass, which they clashed for our benefit, and curious prayer wheels. A part of the floor had become dinted by the continual pressure of the knees of a devout gentleman, whose ambition lay in gaining a reputation for saintliness. The dints were so deep that we agreed afterwards that the man, who is now a recognised and distinguished Lhama saint, must have manufactured them by some other means than the attitude of prayer. There was a loft above, but we were not energetic enough to climb to it, so we bade farewell to the Lhamas, and walked home. I found that Tom had returned, after a pleasant day, and the next morning we were up betimes, to make our way reluctantly back to Darjiling. We said good-bye to our kind friends, the people who had opened their doors to us, strangers though we were, and had given us so hearty a welcome. They said they hoped we would come again someday, but dearly as I should like to revisit them, I fear it cannot be, for I am going home next spring, back to the dear green garden. The flowers will be out then, yellow primroses, and the sweet little violets, and the blossom of snow on the cherry trees, and I think that someone will find a reason for at once coming down to Kent: how far away Kalimpong will seem then!

A lady had kindly lent me her saddle, and I rode back in state and ease and without any adventures. We had not brought any lunch with us, for we had an introduction to the hospitable manager of the Badamton tea estate, and after he had entertained us (I am afraid we finished his whole stock of lemonade and soda water), he took us all over the factory. We saw the whole process of tea manufacture, which would take an article to itself, were one to describe it, from the drying of the newly plucked leaf, to its final packing in the tin-lined wooden cases in which it goes home to the grocer to be sold at so much the pound.

Then refreshed and grateful, we mounted our ponies and proceeded upwards, in sight now of the little houses, which dot the mountain of Darjiling. The great snow mountains were standing boldly out, the peaks of Kinchinjunga, which is nearly as high as Everest, and much more imposing, glowed golden in the setting sun.

The nearer blue mountains were covered with little cloudlets, that looked like masses of cotton wool. Up and up our ponies climbed, along the climbing road, past the Butia temple, into Darjiling itself, and as we approached our hotel, the snow mountains flushed to vivid pink, which faded even as we watched, leaving them stately and very cold in the coming darkness.

"Do make haste," said Tom, "we shall be late for dinner," and we went in, back to civilisation, and the routine of life.

THE CARVED UMBRELLA

By LA PETITE.

CHAPTER I.

"You never saw such preparations for a dinner party!

Rachel stopped sweeping to laugh as the thought occurred to her, but recommenced operations vigorously the next minute as a glance at the clock reminded her of the flight of time. Only that morning she had come down to Dashaven to spend her Christmas holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Sylvin, the latter being her cousin, and from the first moment she entered the house, she had recognised the fact that pretty, thriftless, madcap Milly was a bad manager.

It did not seem to trouble either the housekeeper or her husband much, but to Rachel's neat and orderly mind, the confusion and discomfort that reigned were bad auguries for a successful dinner.

Milly was immersed in a cookery-book, the little maid-of-all-work was cleaning the upstairs portion of the house, and the doctor of course was out, so Rachel had good-naturedly offered to get the dining-room ready, which accounts for our discovering her enveloped in a huge apron with her skirt tucked up and a broom in her hands.

To Rachel Grey, who for three-fourths of the year drudged in London as a daily governess, this was pure fun, and she hummed a gay little song to herself as she swept industriously, if not very professionally.

"A modern Cinderella," murmured a young man, who, passing through the hall, caught a glimpse of her, for she was not the only guest in the house, and this second visitor paused, himself unseen, to study her a little further.

Small, slight and graceful, Rachel Grey did not look her twenty-five years, and with her large dark eyes and abundant brown hair, would not have been bad looking if she had had a dash of colour in her sallow cheeks.

So thought the watcher as he softly withdrew, while Rachel, all unconscious of the keen scrutiny to which she had been subjected, put down her broom, and blithely took up a duster with which she performed prodigies to the admiration of another spectator who, however, stood boldly in the doorway, without attempting to disguise his interest in her operations.

Rachel quite jumped when she caught sight of the weird elfish little figure clad in a grey flannel dressing-gown miles too large for it, and trailing for yards on the ground, except where it was held bunched up in front in two chubby little hands.

Recollecting Milly's mention of her only child, "Baby Harold," she made a friendly movement towards it, but with an unearthly yell, the queer little imp incontinently fled, wildly flourishing the tail of the grey flannel dressing-gown like a banner of victory.

Rachel could not forbear laughing as she proceeded with her self-imposed work, though she sighed too at this fresh proof of the mother's shiftless ways, and many times during the day she found tears and laughter close together. The mingled odour of lamp-oil and cooking that pervaded the house offended her sensitive nose, as much as the dirt and confusion displeased her fastidious eyes, and, having the instincts of a gentlewoman, she did nothing but wash and dust all day, for her soul revolted from making a grand show outside by merely covering up and hiding the dirt.

It was evident her Bohemian cousins lived beyond their narrow income in some ways by scraping and stinting in others; but how much better it would have been to be simple and honest!

Up to the last she was washing glass and china, arranging flowers and polishing silver, so when she entered the drawing-room she found the house party assembled, Milly looking as if she had never seen a cookery-book in her life, Dr. Sylvin in immaculate evening dress, and a second gentleman who was introduced to her as "Mr. Asteer."

In a brief cursory glance she saw he was dark, ugly, and intelligent-looking; but the company now began to arrive, and she found herself being introduced right and left.

Knowing prophetically that the dinner would be a dismal failure, she had hoped against hope that the guests would be of a kind not to notice it, but this was ruthlessly crushed as one by one they appeared. The Sylvins seemed to know good people, and her spirits sank lower and lower as the room gradually filled with stately dowagers in velvet, military-looking old gentlemen, and middle-aged bachelors with a fair sprinkling of pretty girls, and one or two young men.

By the time dinner was announced (twenty minutes late) she was so depressed by the prospect before them, that she did not glance at Mr. Asteer as she took his arm, and only looked up when he gave a queer little chuckle as they descended the stairs.

There, openly visible to all and regarding them solemnly, was the grey flannel imp, oblivious of the frantic signals of its agonised

parents and evidently enjoying the fun. Disaster had overtaken them at the outset, and haunted them through the whole evening.

The greengrocer's young man (hired for the occasion) and the maid-of-all work seemed to have a natural animosity towards each other, which led them to collide at every possible opportunity.

The silver ran short, the soup was cold, the fish boiled to rags, the entrées doubtful, the joint raw, the vegetables inferior, and the sweets a failure.

Rachel turned hot and cold, red and white, a dozen times, being one of those sensitive natures who take on themselves the disasters and mistakes of their friends.

Afterwards she gratefully remembered Mr. Asteer's gallant efforts at conversation, for he got no help from her, but he ate and talked unceasingly, and appeared unaware of the fiasco.

She was supremely thankful when it was over and she could retire to her room, firmly resolved to talk to Milly seriously on the morrow, and to urge her to be less ambitious another time.

The last vision she had was of the baby in grey flannel, climbing the stairs with a piece of pickled pork hugged affectionately to its heart.

Alack for good intentions.

Her words of wise advice were never spoken, and Milly went on her happy-go-lucky way unchecked; for other interests rose in Rachel's life and pushed the reformation of her relatives into the background.

What a halcyon week that miserable dinner-party ushered in!

In spite of the discomforts and disadvantages of that very Bohemian household, Rachel always looked back on that visit with rare delight.

It was something new for the neglected governess to have a clever man of the world, such as Mr. Asteer proved to be, listening deferentially to her timid remarks, sympathising with her in her likes and dislikes, and evidently taking pleasure in her society.

An orphan since her fifteenth year, she had never experienced from that time to this the same quiet protecting care, the same quick appreciation of every beautiful thought she uttered, and the same flattering, yet unmistakably sincere attention.

She was too plain ever to have excited it before, so receiving it was as novel as it was charming.

In a thousand unobtrusive ways he showed a keen interest in her and his eloquent eyes said much that his tongue did not.

Who could resist such a subtle incense?

Milly rejoiced unfeignedly (being a born match-maker), especially as Mr. Asteer was well-off, and knew many influential people, and held an important post in the Diplomatic Service.

She would have rejoiced still more had she foreseen coming events.

CHAPTER II.

JANUARY found Rachel back in London with a vivid recollection of Mr. Asteer's expressive eyes when he said at parting, "We shall meet again, Miss Grey. This is not good-bye."

She had need of all the brightness she could squeeze out of such memories, for about this time she was dismissed from her situation, as the family she had taught so long went to live in Germany and did not require her services any more. It was a severe blow, but she was a brave little woman, and set to work to find another post, discovering, as many had done before her, how difficult it is in over-crowded London to obtain employment.

One morning on wearily entering the Registry-Office, where she had put her name down, the superintendent remarked abruptly, "Would you object to go to Russia, Miss Grey?"

"Russia!" exclaimed Rachel, slightly startled. "Well, no!" she said, after a pause, "not if it's worth my while."

"It's decidedly that," replied the woman. "To teach one little girl music, English and drawing, for which you would receive £100 a year, be treated exactly like one of the family, and have every single expense paid. You won't get such a chance again; and it's in St. Petersburg, too, where you would see life and be amused."

Rachel thought for a minute. "It's a long way," she murmured, "but as you say, I shan't get such a chance again. Who are they?"

"Here you will learn all particulars," was the reply, and Rachel read on the piece of paper held out to her "Countess Poniatowsky, 101 Fitzalan Road, Hampstead."

"The countess is a friend of the princess, (did I tell you the little girl's mother is a princess?") continued the superintendent, "and has promised to interview any applicant for the post. It's a *sine-quâ-non*, she told me, that the governess must be quiet and lady-like in appearance, dressing neatly, and with nothing in her look or manner to excite remark or attract notice. When she said that I thought of you at once, and waited till you came, so you have the first chance."

Rachel thanked her heartily and, finding that she was to call any time during the day, set off at once.

The house was large, the door was answered by a dainty maid-servant, and the room into which the visitor was ushered was beautifully furnished, and contained a profusion of exquisite flowers, a sure sign of wealth, considering the month was January, and the place London.

A rustle behind her made Rachel turn from her pleased contemplation of a bowl of superb azaleas, and she found herself confronting a tall fair woman who, in spite of her foreign name, looked distinctly English.

The most noticeable thing about her was the possession of a pair of remarkably keen, bright grey-green eyes, that flashed like stars, and seemed to look Rachel through and through, as she bowed gravely and pointed to a chair.

The girl plunged into business at once, briefly narrating how she had come to hear of the situation, and modestly enumerating her small stock of talents, and at the same time producing references and testimonials.

The Countess looked them over rather hurriedly and perfunctorily, and then, returning them, said aloud: "These are very satisfactory, Miss Grey, and from your appearance I judge you to be exactly the sort of person my sister wants."

"Your sister!" said Rachel quickly. "I did not know that."

"My friend, I meant," corrected the countess hastily. "The fact is, I have been engaging a governess for my sister as well lately, so got a little confused. As I was saying, you seem likely to suit. Your manners and looks are extremely nice; I can hear from your speech that you speak your own language properly, and your voice tells me you are musical."

"Would you like me to play something?" asked Rachel.

"Ah, do," replied the lady, as if the idea had not struck her before.

Rachel accordingly sat down before the grand piano and played a Lieder Ohne Worte she had last played at Dashaven with Mr. Asteer bending over her.

This memory, the exquisite instrument, and a great desire to do her best all helped to make her play better than she had ever done before, so she felt deeply chagrined, on peeping furtively at the countess to see what impression she was making, to find that lady tapping her foot on the floor with a bored air as if impatient for the end of the performance.

She was further mortified at being interrupted in the middle by the countess saying: "Thanks. That will do. I need no further proof, and feel quite justified in engaging you. Can you start at once? This is Friday. What about Monday?"

Rachel was a trifle taken aback, but replied: "Certainly, I can start on Monday, but—you have told me nothing of my duties, and I do not even know the names and address of my future pupil and her mother."

The countess laughed rather confusedly.

"How stupid of me," she exclaimed. "Princess Golutsky is the name of my friend, your pupil being called Catherine. It is small use giving you the name of their residence as you don't know Russian, but when you arrive, you are to go to the best hotel in St. Petersburg, called Hotel de France (where of course your expenses will be paid), and wait there till the princess sends for you. I know this is not usual," she added, in reply to Rachel's mute look of surprise, "but circumstances oblige my friend to make this arrangement."

Rachel could but acquiesce and rose to go.

"Your salary is £100 a year," continued the countess, "and you will start, please, on Monday, reaching Berlin on Tuesday, and forty-one hours later getting to St. Petersburg. You will then at once drive to the Hotel de France, and in the course of the day the princess will send her messenger, by whose instructions you will abide. Don't sleep anywhere *en route*, as you are alone, and you will have time to rest when you reach Russia. Of course you know you must obtain a passport and a certificate of competency, and here is money to cover all your expenses," she added, handing a pocket-book full of bank-notes.

Rachel thanked her and took leave, but in the hall the countess overtook her, carrying an umbrella with an elaborately carved handle.

"So stupid of me to forget," she exclaimed laughing, "but may I ask you to do me the favour of taking charge of this umbrella and giving it to my friend? I think so fragile an article will be safer carried by hand, so please put it with your own."

Rachel readily promised, and once more turned to go, but the countess detained her. "You are not going to travel in that costume, I hope," she said, sharply eyeing Rachel's neat dress of fawn-coloured tweed with great disfavour.

"Why not?" asked Rachel, surprised at her vehement tone.

"Oh! it will get so soiled," was the evasive answer. "Pray wear something quite dark, and I recommend a veil. I shall not see you again, so goodbye and *bon voyage*."

This time Rachel was allowed to depart and, once clear of the house, she began to think it was odd that the countess had engaged her so promptly without writing to any of her former employers, without seeing any of her drawings, and without specifying her duties.

It was rather odd altogether, but she was in for it now, and being a brave little woman, accustomed to fight her way in the world single-handed, she thought no more about it. The rest of her time in England was fully occupied as may be imagined, and she felt like really starting as she strapped the carved umbrella up with her own, and added the bundle to her portmanteau and Gladstone bag.

Mindful of the countess's last remark, she chose a dark red dress trimmed with black velvet and a coat to match with fur collar and cuffs, while she spent her last bit of English

silver in a veil, a hitherto unknown luxury to her.

Thus equipped, she started on her eventful journey with the courage of ignorance, as, fortunately, she could not foresee the disagreeable experiences about to befall her.

CHAPTER III.

RACHEL hardly knew herself as she sped along in the train that was bearing her ever nearer Russia.

She had found time to write a hasty line to the Sylvins, explaining all, and the morning she left had received a loving letter from Milly, containing these words: "Fancy your going to Russia! I wonder if you will meet Mr. Asteer. He went to St. Petersburg shortly after you left us."

Rachel treasured this phrase in her memory, and the "thud, thud" of the steamer, and the "rattle, rattle" of the train kept repeating it.

It was a long, weary journey, for it was not till Thursday that she arrived at her destination.

At the frontier-town, Wierzbolow or Wirballen, a searching examination of luggage and passports took place, but everything apparently was all right, and Rachel went on again, feeling half dead with fatigue and want of sleep.

Fortunately she had met a very nice old lady, who travelled as far as Berlin, and looked after her in a motherly way that made Rachel regret her departure, but after that there was no one in the train towards whom she felt at all drawn, and she sat, muffled up in her corner, conscious only of her utter weariness.

Arriving at last, she drove at once to the Hotel de France and engaged a bedroom, finding to her relief that everyone spoke excellent French, and fair English.

The first thing she did was to order a meal (having ascertained that as yet no messenger had arrived for her), then she had a thorough bath, and finally, she threw herself on the bed, where she fell into a sound sleep.

On waking she felt much refreshed, and quite ready to receive her marching orders, but the hours passed on, and there was no sign from the princess.

She had chosen a back-attic, imagining she would be in it only for a few hours, but as the winter darkness descended ever deeper, and no one came near her, she began to feel nervous and dull.

She could not go out, fearing lest the summons should arrive in her absence, and she was too shy to venture down into the public rooms, so she sat on, wondering if there had been any mistake, and was just about to start downstairs to see, when a sharp imperative knock at the door startled her out of her reverie.

She had unlocked the door when she awoke, so she cried "*Entrez*," thinking it was the messenger at last, and, grasping the carved umbrella in her hands, she rose to receive him The door was flung open, and a flood of light from the passage outside so dazzled her eyes that she could only discern the tall figure of some man standing on the threshold, with two more behind him.

"What is it?" stammered Rachel, a little confused at this sudden intrusion. "Do you come from the Princess Golutsky?" The man made no answer, but said something in Russian to one of the men, who stepped forward and lighted several candles, by whose aid Rachel saw that the three were dressed in some kind of uniform, partly concealed by long, thick grey overcoats.

Meanwhile the leader stepped into the room (leaving the third man outside), and calmly shut and locked the door, putting the key in his pocket.

Rachel had been hitherto too stupefied to say anything, but now she demanded in her best French, not without dignity, "May I ask what you are doing? There's some mistake!"

The second man took up his position in front of the door, while his chief advanced and said politely, in perfect English—

"There is no mistake, but only a slight formality to be gone through. May I see your passport?"

With the calmness of conscious innocence Rachel produced it, and he scrutinised it keenly inside and out, finally pocketing it. "I am distressed to occasion you any inconvenience," he continued, "but I must search your luggage."

Rachel silently handed him her keys, and sat watching him full of impotent indignation, as he ransacked her portmanteau and Gladstone bag.

Nothing was sacred from his touch, each garment was unfolded and shaken, all the linings examined, every book and paper confiscated, and finally, both articles turned upside down, evidently in expectation of finding a false bottom!

Of course he found nothing suspicious, and at length turned towards Rachel as if about to say something, but stopped short as his eyes fell on the umbrella she was still mechanically grasping.

"Would you like to examine this?" she asked ironically, holding it out.

Irony is a dangerous weapon to use, especially in Russia. He took it instantly and opened it, looking at the elaborately-carved handle with interest, and presently began bending it this way and that with one hand, holding the umbrella tightly in the other.

"Take care! you will break it!" exclaimed Rachel starting forward, and at the same moment the handle broke in half, and from the broken end protruded a long, carefully-folded slip of tissue-paper, thickly covered with writing, interspersed with what looked like diagrams and ground-plans. The man seized the paper with a triumphant smile.

"Ah! I knew it was somewhere in the room," he exclaimed.

"What is it? I never knew it was there!" ejaculated Rachel, inwardly trembling, but outwardly calm.

"I must request you to accompany me," he went on, taking no notice of this remark.

"What! now?" she burst out, thoroughly alarmed. "Where to? Why?"

"This paper," he condescended to explain, tapping the flimsy sheet, "is serious, as of course you know, and while an inquiry is being made, you will be regarded as a suspicious character, and be put under arrest."

Rachel turned white to the lips.

"But," she began, only to be interrupted by the officer, who said significantly, "You will come with us either with your consent or without it," at which ominous phrase she rallied her courage, donned her hat and jacket, and intimated her readiness to depart.

The officer bundled all her possessions back into her bag and portmanteau, which he locked and sealed, blew out the candles, picked up the broken umbrella, and unfastened the door which he double-locked again as soon as Rachel had passed out.

She walked like one in a dream between the two men, the officer keeping beside her, and she flushed hotly under the curious glances and whispers from the people collected along the corridor and staircase who had evidently gathered that something unusual was taking place.

A carriage was waiting at the door into which the officer assisted her, and was himself just following when he was stopped by the proprietor of the hotel, who seemed to make a deprecating apology.

Rachel could not, of course, understand what transpired, but the officer appeared to admonish the man about something, as the latter looked extremely uncomfortable.

Then the officer took his seat next Rachel, one man sat opposite, the other mounted beside the coachman, and the horses sprang gaily forward through the frosty air.

The girl sat still as a mouse with compressed lips and white face, wondering what on earth would become of her, a stranger, alone in a foreign land with imprisonment staring her in the face, and not a single friend to appeal to.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY drove some way through vast squares and wide streets that to Rachel's unaccustomed eyes looked all much alike until they stopped before a massive building, where the officer helped her to alight and led her through a long passage into a large room at the end.

It was fitted up as an office, and at the centre table sat a tall man busily writing, who looked up sharply as they entered and made some remark in Russian to her conductor, who answered in the same language, showing him the umbrella and tissue-paper.

A lengthy colloquy followed, at the end of which the man at the table said to Rachel in French, "You will be examined to-morrow. Meanwhile you are under arrest and must remain here for the night."

"But if the Princess Golutsky sends for me at the hotel," exclaimed Rachel, by this time on the verge of tears.

The officer looked at her oddly for a minute and then replied, "We have made arrangements for that."

At this moment a knock at the door came and the officer stepped to it, returning in a minute with a card which he laid before his chief.

The latter called out something, and as the door opened to admit a gentleman, the officer took Rachel by the arm and led her to another exit.

Had she been less dejected or conversant with Russian she might have heard the visitor exclaim, "Who was that girl?" but as it was she heard nothing.

She was conducted to a small room where she had to undergo the very disagreeable process of being searched by a woman who could not speak a word of anything but Russian, or at least did not attempt to, and when that was over she was locked in a cell containing little besides a pallet-bed, where she was left to her reflections.

As may be imagined she did not feel inclined to sleep, but even had she done so the discovery of a movable wicket in her prison-door, through which the sentry outside regarded her suspiciously from time to time, would have effectually banished it.

Sitting on the bed she gave herself up to thought.

She was loth to believe she had been made a "cat's-paw" of in the hands of designing and wicked people.

The cold-blooded cruelty of sending an unprotected girl alone on a perilous journey, which was known would most probably end in disastrous failure, seemed monstrous and more than human beings could be capable of.

She preferred to cherish the idea that the countess was as innocent in the matter as herself, but the impossibility of letting any one know the predicament she was in struck her afresh, and more than ever she realised her helpless loneliness.

Presently a thought flashed across her tired brain which sent the blood to her cheeks.

What had Milly said about Mr. Asteer?

If he were here he would help her.

If he could and if he remembers you! whispered common-sense, and she admitted one was as unlikely as the other, besides he did not know she was here, and how was she to let him know?

Towards dawn she sank into a restless doze, from which she was awakened by the arrival of breakfast, and a summons to appear before some one with a high-sounding name.

Having performed a hurried toilette, she signified her readiness to depart, and, accompanied by a strong guard, was marched into a room where sat an old man, who asked her in French searching questions about herself, writing down her answers methodically; but nothing seemed to come of it, for she was marched back again, and once more left in solitude.

Towards mid-day two men and a woman appeared, who searched the cell thoroughly, and she was never secure from the vigilance of the sentry, otherwise she was not again disturbed, except to receive meals.

The day wore slowly away, Rachel being dimly aware of certain mysterious scratchings and knockings going on in the neighbouring cells which she guessed was some system of communication between the other prisoners; but, of course, being without the key, she did not understand, and could not take part. That night she slept heavily, worn out with fear and suspense. Next morning another examination took place before a third man, who did his best to confuse her and trip her up, but Rachel having nothing to conceal kept to her plain statement of facts, and succeeded in baffling his ungenerous intentions.

The suspense was beginning to tell on her nerves, and when, having been left once more in her cell, the door was yet again abruptly thrown open, she shrank back against the wall in an agony of terror. The next minute she sprang forward with outstretched hands, exclaiming, "Mr. Asteer!"

He advanced and took them in his, looking down into her face in a way that made her eyes fill, and her lips quiver.

"Miss Grey," he said, in a tone of genuine concern, "I am indeed sorry to see you here. How did it happen?"

"I will tell you," she began eagerly, but he interrupted her with a gesture.

"I must caution you," he observed, "that we are surrounded by spies, and that every word we speak is overheard. It is only by extraordinary favour that I have this interview at all."

"I have nothing to fear," she retorted, proudly, at which he shook his head gravely as one who knew better.

Rapidly she told him all, and he listened attentively, remaining silent for some minutes when she had finished.

"Now I will translate the mystery," he commenced, "and then I will tell you my plans. The Countess Poniatowsky (which by the way is an alias), is in the service of the Nihilists, both here and in England. Her story about a governess for a friend was a 'blind,' the Princess Golutsky and her little girl being in fact non-existent. She wanted to convey an important paper to members of the society here, and being unable, for obvious reasons, to bring it herself, or let any of her satellites bring it, she hit on the scheme of an English governess, who was to be her tool. The paper was ingeniously hidden in the umbrella-handle, which was to be called for by some messenger, who would notify to you that the princess had altered her mind, and you were to return to England as best you could."

"What a cold-blooded arrangement!" exclaimed Rachel, indignantly. "To decoy a poor helpless girl all this way only to cast her adrift when they had got all they could out of her!"

"Nihilists are not at any time remarkable for benevolence and kind-heartedness," he answered drily. "She concluded that a handsome gift would compensate you for your trouble and loss of time, having funds at her disposal which allowed of this expensive method of working. Unfortunately for her the government agents over here got wind of the affair, and arrested her envoy at the door of the hotel just as he was coming to you, hence your misfortunes."

"But how did you find me?" she asked.

"I was in the room the night you were brought here," he answered quietly, "and thinking there was something familiar about you, I made inquiries and discovered the truth. Since then I have given no one any rest, and have left no stone unturned to procure your release. All you have to do now is to come with me to the head of the department, who will make notes of your appearance, age, name and other particulars, and then you must sign a paper, promising to leave the country within twenty-four hours and never return, after which you will be free."

"How can I ever thank you," she exclaimed. "But the countess will suffer through me, if I tell them about her, won't she?"

"She is wiser than to venture near here," he returned "and as long as she remains on the other side of the frontier she is safe; besides, so much is already known against her that your revelations can make no difference. Have no fear, but relate all exactly as it happened."

Reluctantly she consented, though to her tender conscience it seemed awfully like betrayal, but Mr. Asteer's presence sustained her through the trying ceremonies that followed, and when they were over he escorted her to a quiet hotel he knew of and left her to make hurried preparations for the journey, as he was himself returning to England.

Her property had been restored to her intact, and she had just satisfied herself of this, when he returned bringing with him a tall, handsome, dignified lady, whose name proved to be Mrs. Musdiel, and who was travelling to London, so that Rachel could journey so far in her company.

The latter could but admire his thoughtfulness for her, but privately would have preferred travelling alone, for Mrs. Musdiel proved a most uncongenial companion, and evidently felt it an extreme condescension to chaperone so insignificant a person, besides engrossing all Mr. Asteer's attention on the way.

Rachel however was too genuinely thankful at being *en route* for England, instead of Siberia, to care very much, and made the best of it until they reached their destination, where a surprise awaited her and a fresh proof of Mr. Asteer's thoughtful kindness.

It seemed he had sent full particulars to Dashaven, so Rachel stepped out of the train into Milly Sylvin's arms!

Mrs. Musdiel said good-bye coldly, evidently glad to get rid of her charge, and then summoned Mr. Asteer to her side so imperiously that he had only time to whisper, "I shall call to-morrow," but Milly, as she bore Rachel off to an hotel, waxed almost hysterical over her, rather to the latter's discomfort, for by this time she was quite worn out.

Her flighty, happy-go-lucky little cousin calmed down after a while, and wisely left her to recover herself, so by next day she was much refreshed, but Mr. Asteer did not call or even write, and when they went down to Dashaven at the end of the week he had made no sign.

Milly casually remarked that he was to join the party a little later, and with that the subject dropped.

By degrees Rachel became her own quiet, steady self again, with an added shade of sobriety perhaps, and a certain wistful sadness in the dark eyes for which her cousins could not altogether account.

She herself, however, could have told them it was due to Mr. Asteer's behaviour, called forth, she thought, by Mrs. Musdiel, who was certainly highly attractive and likely to fascinate any man.

What was there to attract him at dull sleepy Dashaven, in comparison with the delights of London and the society of a brilliant woman of the world?

She asked herself this question a week after her arrival, and did not consider it answered even though he arrived unexpectedly in the course of the day.

She could not but consider him greatly changed.

He was courteous as ever, but distinctly avoided her, going off early in the mornings for long walks, hardly ever addressing her except when obliged, and apparently bent on showing her his late actions were not to be misunderstood.

The poor child flushed hotly as she reflected he need not be at such pains to prevent her misinterpreting him, and adopted the same tactics, rarely looking at or speaking to him, and flying precipitately if she heard him coming.

She was sitting alone in the drawing-room one morning languidly working when he entered so quietly she had no chance of escape, and as it would look too marked to leave the room now she sat on, hoping he would not stay.

However, after watching the sleek brown head bent industriously over her needle for some minutes, he remarked, "I must go back to business to-morrow, Miss Grey."

She looked up with intense pain in her eyes and said—

"I have never half expressed my thanks to you, Mr. Asteer. But for you, I might be in Siberia. Who knows?" she finished with a little laugh rising from her seat.

"I am glad I was in time," he replied simply and, it seemed to her, a little coldly.

Silence followed, so painful that at last she forced herself to break it, by asking tremulously, "How is Mrs. Musdiel?"

"Wonderfully well," he returned, brightening up suspiciously. "Handsomer than ever, and looking younger every day."

"She is a very fascinating woman!" Rachel went on absently.

"You are right there," was Mr. Asteer's reply, while a smile crept into his dark eyes. "I knew her late husband, Charlie Musdiel, intimately, and always considered him a lucky fellow."

Rachel murmured something about going to play with Baby Harold, and made a desperate movement towards the door.

"I am glad," remarked her companion, as he turned to the window, "that your Russian experiences have apparently done you no harm."

"Thanks to you, they did not last long," she returned, fighting down the tears that for some inexplicable reason would creep into her eyes. "They have taught me a lesson, for I shall never accept again so blindly all that people choose to tell me."

"You are going back to the same life of drudgery?" he asked abruptly turning round and facing her.

"I must," she rejoined, giving him a rather watery smile. "You see, I am poor and all alone in the world, and I could not live here on my cousins."

He made no answer, but slowly came towards her as if about to leave the room.

"If only I had something valuable to give you as a visible proof of my gratitude," she went on sadly, with a chill sensation of sickening loss and disappointment.

He was now quite close to her, and was standing looking down on her with a curiously tender expression on his face.

"Pardon me," he said softly, "there is something valuable you can give me—if you will."

Wonderingly she raised her eyes to his and read his meaning too plainly to mistake it.

Rachel was no coquette or flirt who thought to enhance her gift by affecting reluctance or hesitation.

Quietly and modestly she held out her hands to her lover as her answer, and his was a nature to appreciate this frank surrender, which was what he expected of her.

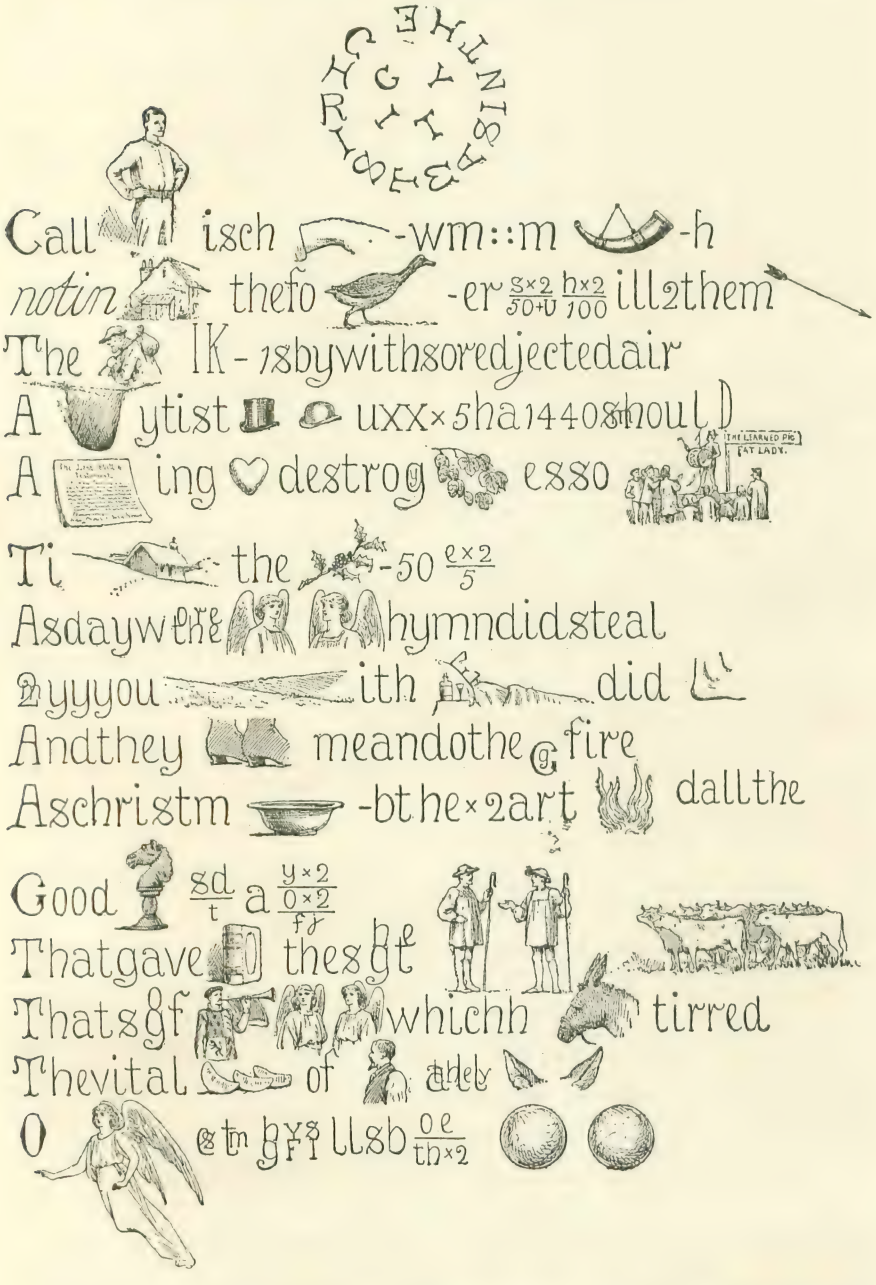
It was not till after the first few moments were over that she found courage to whisper her doubts and fears of Mrs. Musdiel.

He laughed as he answered: "She never had the least attraction for me, Cinderellina, and never would while you were by," and Rachel was content.

Milly and her husband were supremely pleased, especially the former, who attributed it to that dinner-party, and at any rate, it was from that circumstance Bertram Asteer derived his wife's pet name of Cinderellina.

They never heard any more of the countess or the registry office which she patronised, as Rachel's marriage placed her above the necessity for work, but though Bertram's wedding-present to her was a silver umbrella you may safely conclude that they did not spend their honeymoon in Russia.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Abroad will be Feb. 15, 1896.

N.B.—This competition is open to all, without any restriction as to sex or age.

VARIETIES.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION. Character is what we know ourselves to be; reputation is what others think we are.

THE EYES OF THE EGOTIST.—Egotism always looks at her neighbours through the wrong end of the telescope.

WHAT HAPPINESS CONSISTS IN.—Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have and with what we have not.

AN AID TO BEAUTY.—There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy around us.

WASTED TIME.—She who unintelligently attempts what is beyond her power must leave undone her own proper work, and thus her time is wasted, be she ever so closely occupied.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?

AT THE LAST HOUR.—When the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low alike—then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others that we think on most pleasantly.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

MY FIRST EARLY CYCLE RIDE.

[*See page* 19.

SUMMER SPICES

BEING THE

Extra Summer Number

OF THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER

1896

And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.

Tennyson.

A MAN'S SHADOW.

A TALE OF TWO ARTISTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE IDEAL VILLAGE.

UNDER the lee of one of the Sussex downs lies a certain village, we will call it Fieldham, on the map it bears a different name. Like most other English villages, Fieldham has a church, and schools, a rectory, a large house, and sundry cottages; but Fieldham is an ideal village, at least so said the two artists who came to spend the summer months in one of its ideal cottages; and so the cottages are all thatched, and the rectory and the big house have Tudor-windows and timbered walls, and picturesque gables with dormer-windows and tall chimney-stacks, in fact Fieldham is nothing if not picturesque.

Beyond the shelter of the soft, rounded down, the green pastures of the middle distance roll away into a deep-blue haze. Here and there a windmill breaks the monotony of the stretching sward, and the oaks and beeches, the poplars and elms, cast their sun-pierced shadows on the white roads and green turf. Even the down itself is practically clothed with trees; patches of beech-trees, and occasionally a wood, enrich its cold, pearly tints and fill up some of its rounded hollows, and there are winding roads on Fieldham Down, which lend a human interest to it, which the long, dreary sheep-walks of the more southern downs often lack.

The rector was a rich man, and lived in the big house, and let the pretty rectory to a maiden-lady, a Miss Addison, who devoted her life to looking after the parish. Opposite the church and the rectory stood two little cottages, covered with climbing roses, which thrust their beautiful clusters in at the windows, and carpeted the narrow path with their fallen petals, and shed their fragrance on the sweet summer air.

In one of these cottages, with its thatched roof and its latticed windows, facing the soft, grey down, two artists came to lodge for the summer months. They came in June, and they meant to stay till October; and let it not be for one moment supposed that they intended to waste any time. Far from it, they came to work hard, to study, to sketch; they were terribly in earnest; life, we know, is short and Art is long, and was not Art the end, the aim,

the object of their lives? Surely if Art was what they were created for it behoved them to give themselves up to it, and it was with this intention they came to Fieldham. They had been working hard in a London studio all through the winter, and in Paris the previous year, and now they had come to Fieldham to live out of doors as much as possible sketching from nature. The scenery and the picturesque surroundings were some of the inducements to come to Fieldham; Miss Addison, whom they knew, was another; and the independence of the life was an unacknowledged third reason.

On their arrival, after the view, the thatched roof, the climbing roses, the latticed-windows, and the gable-roofs had been sufficiently admired, the artists turned their attention to their more immediate surroundings, and the first things that called for notice were the pictures that adorned their sitting-room.

They were mostly cheap prints of members of the Royal family, which were at once voted "impossible," and turned with their faces to the wall; the *chef-d'œuvre* and pride of the landlady's heart was an oil-portrait, too large to be treated like the Royal family, too appalling in its vulgarity to be endured by artistic eyes, so the first drawing that was unpacked was promptly pinned over it, and that happened to be an anatomical figure, which had gained a prize for the artist.

"We shall have some sketches in a few days, we will hang them up over these prints and hide the wall-paper, that is atrocious; and by the time we get our easels up and bring in some wild-roses and grasses, some pink may and some laburnum, and cover that sofa with an Indian shawl, and the uneasy chair with my Algerian rug, and when we get our palettes and paint-boxes and canvases about the room, it will look habitable," said May Waters.

"Oh, yes, it will look quite different then," said Norah Masters.

When these arrangements were completed the room certainly looked changed; whether the changes were entirely improvements was a question on which the landlady took one side and the artists the other; and the debate that ensued was so lively that the artists' tenancy would have been very brief if Miss Addison had not most opportunely come to the rescue.

She first of all heard the artists' version of the quarrel, and while they were being regaled and soothed with tea and cakes in her garden she ran across to smooth the landlady's ruffled plumes.

"Artists, indeed, ma'am. Did you ever see such a room? All the rubbish out of every hedge in Fieldham carted into it; the Royal family insulted, so that if it were not for you knowing them I should have thought they were Nihilists instead of young ladies; and as for that skeleton, so long as that is in the room I don't enter it, for I was not brought up to such ways."

Miss Addison effected a compromise, the anatomical figure was removed and the oil-portrait allowed to remain, whereby Mrs. Street was pacified, and the Royal family were banished to another room, on the ground that the artists would want every available space to hang their sketches upon to dry. Thus peace was restored, and the girls settled down quietly to work, though Mrs. Street never forgave the slight to her pictures, which she considered infinitely superior to anything either of her lodgers would ever produce if they lived to be a hundred, and worked day and night.

And certainly to uneducated eyes the unfinished studies of trees, the impressionist-sketches of the downs, the unworked-up pictures of windmills or cottages were neither interesting nor beautiful; it required a trained eye to appreciate these efforts which now covered the objectionable wall-paper. Even Miss Addison, who was no mean judge, protested against the modern methods of striving after effects and impressions, and abhorring detail and finish as if they were crimes.

"Well, to please you, Miss Addison, I will do a finished picture while I am here; I'll paint the village with the down in the distance, and the church nestling among the trees, and that pretty turn in the road leading up to your gate in the foreground. I have a big canvas ready, I'll begin to-morrow," said Norah, when they had been nearly a fortnight at Fieldham.

"You will have to work hard, but fortunately we are not likely to have any interruptions here; no tennis-parties, no visiting, no shopping, no home-duties, and above all, for they are the greatest nuisance of all to Norah, no men," said May.

"No, indeed, I am not likely to have any hindrance of that kind in Fieldham," said Norah.

"Don't be too sure, Norah; my mother used to say they come from the north and the south and the east and the west, and if they can't get in at the door they'll come in at the window," said Miss Addison.

"Anyhow, it is no use their coming after me, I am wedded to Art," said Norah, taking off the great picture-hat, which had astonished the natives of Fieldham by its dimensions, and fanning herself with it.

Norah was very pretty, tall and graceful, with dark curly hair and great dreamy brown eyes, a bright colour in her cheeks, and a lively manner, touched with a certain restlessness that had not escaped Miss Addison's sharp eyes. She was an enthusiastic young woman, full of life and energy, who threw herself heart and soul into whatever interested her. Just now Art was her supreme interest.

May Waters was very unlike her friend in every way; she was a big girl, tall and squarely-built, with rather large features, pale flaxen hair, and a freckled skin; in disposition, plodding, cold, phlegmatic, but true as steel, with a will which her friends called strong and her enemies obstinacy. She had great powers of endurance, and a fixed determination to succeed as an artist. May had her moods like many others; but from the one great purpose of her life she never wavered. She did not talk so much about it as Norah, who never wearied of saying and singing she would live and die an artist; but perhaps May thought the more. Still waters, we know, run deep.

The next morning saw Norah in her big hat, seated at her easel by the side of the road, facing the church and the rectory, sketching the village. For three hours she worked without interruption; then the school-children crowded round her and disturbed her, and when they were gone May came and criticised.

"Your shadows are not deep enough—especially in the foreground."

"Oh, May! And I thought I had got such a beautiful sunny effect!"

"Your foreground is much too light. That white mass of road wants breaking up. A shadow across the path would be the making of the picture. I wonder how you could get it?" said May, looking at the canvas.

Almost as she spoke, a man's shadow was thrown across the path, and May exclaimed excitedly—

"There's the very thing you want! Put it in quickly!"

Norah hesitated, and looked round to see who was casting the shadow. While she looked, May seized a brush, and painted the shadow across the white road. Norah, turning, saw between the sun and her a man—young, fair, not very tall, but broad and strong-looking, with a short yellow beard, and a pipe in his mouth. He removed the pipe as he caught Norah's eye, and, raising his hat slightly, entered the rectory garden.

"Are you sure it won't spoil the picture?" said Norah, watching the retiring figure of Dr. James Addison, as, clad in a light summer suit, he pursued his way to his aunt's house.

"I have put it in for you. Look and see. To my mind, it is the salvation of the picture. That broad sunlit road made you hot to look at it. The shadow relieves the scorching effect," said May.

"Umph! I suppose it is an improvement; but I am not sure. I liked my sunny foreground. I am tired. I shan't paint any more to-day. Let us go for a walk after tea. I wonder who Miss Addison's visitor is—perhaps Mrs. Street knows," said Norah.

"He has helped your foreground for you, whoever he is; that is the main point. If the foreground is wrong, all the picture is spoilt, I think. He came in the very nick of time," said May, full of the foreground.

"I suppose he did," said Norah, thinking of the man, not of his shadow, and wondering who he was.

She soon learnt he was Miss Addison's nephew, a young doctor living and practising at Brighton, who frequently came over to his aunt's house for a day or two when he could snatch time; but he worked very hard, and was seldom able to get a week's holiday.

And that evening, while the girls were gone for their walk across the down, Miss Addison and her nephew called upon them, and the latter at least was much disappointed to find they were not at home.

CHAPTER II.

A REAL FOG.

THE next day was Sunday, and the artists always spent their Sundays with Miss Addison. Norah was suddenly seized with a fit of shyness, and suggested going back to their lodgings after the morning service; but Miss Addison would not hear of it, so she was obliged to make Dr. Addison's acquaintance. The fact that she could not pursue her artistic career on Sunday reconciled her somewhat to this, and she condescended to be agreeable to Dr. Addison, who was secretly much amused at the serious way in which Norah took herself, and the enthusiastic manner in which she spoke of the joys of an artist's life. He was too wise in his generation to allow his amusement to lend even so much as a twinkle to his blue eyes. He knew what a serious person a

modern woman is; and when she is weighted with a career, it does not become a poor simple man to have so much as a doubt about her ultimate success in pursuing it.

Dr. Addison knew his place. He did not venture to arrogate to himself any superior airs. Modern woman is uncommonly like her female ancestors in this; she must be humoured in all her little fancies—at any rate, by the man who wants to win her—and it was surprising how soon Dr. Addison found himself in this position with regard to Norah Masters. Probably it was with this end in view that he delayed his return to Brighton until late on Monday night, and spent the morning by Norah's side, and was agreeably surprised to find how easy and pleasant it was to set a palette, when the artist was kind enough to show the way. In the afternoon he was taught to wash brushes, and rewarded for his trouble by being allowed to go for a walk with the artists.

The next Saturday brought Dr. Addison again to Fieldham, and again his Brighton patients were good enough to do without him till Tuesday; and in the intervening days the two girls worked as hard as ever—Norah at her ideal village, May at a portrait of a blind woman she paid to sit for her. Norah had far more natural artistic talent than May. Her eye was very correct and her touch firm, and she had a great love of beauty, and was quick to detect it. May, on the other hand, was plodding and persevering. Her knowledge of perspective, and the laws of light and shade and colour, was far greater than Norah's, and she often felt mortified to find how easily Norah succeeded almost without any effort, where she toiled and toiled only to fail.

"If I had only your talent, Norah," she would say sometimes, "I would be a great artist!"

And Norah would laugh and say they would both be great artists some day.

Dr. Addison's second visit to Fieldham resulted in a moody fit on the part of May. So long as he was there, Norah was too much occupied with him to notice it; but when he was gone, she found May scarcely opened her lips unless she was spoken to, and then she only answered in monosyllables. Norah bore with her for two or three days, and then she came down to breakfast on Saturday determined to have it out with her friend.

"What is the matter with you, May? You have scarcely spoken to me since last Tuesday. Have I offended you?"

"No—at least, not intentionally."

"Apparently I have, then. What have I done?"

"Nothing. It is not your fault. You can't help it. I am stupid to mind," said May reluctantly.

"To mind what? What can't I help?"

"Oh, being so pretty and charming, that wherever you go some one is sure to fall in love with you. I don't blame you; but of course I know what the end of it will be. I knew directly that man's shadow darkened your door," said May, with more excitement than Norah ever saw her exhibit.

"And pray what will be the end of it?" said Norah, blushing.

"You will abandon art, and marry Dr. Addison. And, as I said before, I don't blame you. You can't help it; but of course I am bitterly disappointed in you, Norah. To think that such talent as yours should be thrown away, just for the sake of a man! It is maddening!"

"You dear, ridiculous old May! Just because the poor man is rather nice to me! You know—for I have told you again and again—I am wedded to art. I shall never, never marry. Dr. Addison knows that."

"He does not believe it; nor do I," said May calmly.

"May, you have no right to say such wicked things! It is very unkind of you! Besides, it is not true. Dr. Addison does believe me. He takes the greatest interest in my artistic career. He is coming down to-day to see how my picture is getting on," said Norah, with much fervour.

"How kind of him! How disinterested!" said May.

"May, you are odious I won't speak to you again!"

And Norah ran out of the room, feeling very angry with her friend.

She was not one to brood over offences, though, and in a very few minutes she returned, still rather flushed, but otherwise as bright as usual.

"Look here, May. Dr. Addison is coming about five to-day. Now, just to prove to you that you are wrong, I propose we go to Brighton by the four o'clock train, and walk home over the down in the cool of the evening. Will you come?,"

May agreed to the proposal; but whether she considered it a proof of her error, she did not say. Perhaps if she had known that Norah took infinite pains to explain their movements fully to Mrs. Street before they started, she would have remained strong in her conviction that she was right after all. For unless some ulterior motive had to be fulfilled, it really was not necessary to be so very particular in telling Mrs. Street exactly where they were going.

Brighton was about nine miles by rail from Fieldham, and about five by road across the down—the way the girls intended to return. They had tea at Brighton, and then sat on the pier till half-past seven—the time Norah had told Mrs. Street they should leave, when at her instance they started to walk home.

"How hazy it looks over the sea! I hope it is not a fog coming up. I should not care to be caught in one on the down," said May.

"Oh, it is only heat; and if it were a sea-fog, we should be home long before it reached the downs," said Norah.

Their way lay for the first two miles along a hot dusty road with houses on both sides, and the girls agreed it was a very uninteresting walk until they got clear of the environs of the town; thence another mile or so brought them to the foot of Fieldham Down. There was a road across it; but it was much longer that way than to climb up by an unbeaten track, and they scorned to avail themselves of it, and struck across the short grass, glad to get away from the hard, dusty road.

"We seem to be going into the clouds. It is quite chilly and damp up here," said May, as they paused to take breath.

"Why, it is fog, just look, May, you can scarcely see the road behind us! How fast it has come up, you can see nothing but white mist behind us," said Norah, looking down into the valley they had left.

"You can't see much else in front of us. Come on, Norah, let us make haste, I don't want to fall into a chalk pit," said May.

"There are none on this side of the down, we had better make for the road when we get to the top, then we shall be all right."

They climbed higher and higher, but the higher they got the denser grew the fog, until they could not see a yard in front of them. The thick white mist clung round them like a wet blanket, and although it was still daylight they could not have seen each other had they been separated by a few steps.

"May, this is no joke, let us keep close together, for if you know where we are I don't," said Norah.

"I know we are on the top at last, but whereabouts I have not the vaguest notion, I think the road ought to be somewhere to our right. Shall we make for that?"

"Certainly; we won't attempt to go down the other side till we find it, we should run such a risk of pitching head foremost into a chalk pit. Oh, May, how lonely it is, there is not a sound, not so much as a sheep-bell, and not a sign of life; we seem to be cut off by this dreadful cloud from heaven and earth! I would not be alone for all the world; the loneliness is terrible."

"I don't care a straw about the loneliness; I know Fieldham is down below if we could only find it, and I daresay there is a flock of sheep and a shepherd within a stone's throw of us if we could only see or hear them. It is the wet I mind not the loneliness; I could wring my coat and skirt," said the practical May.

But Norah, who had more imagination than her friend, was frightened, the thick impenetrable white mist which surrounded them on every side seemed to cut them off from everything. She felt as if she and May were the only two living things in a world of cloud; if it had not been for the solid ground beneath their feet she would have half doubted whether they were awake or in a dream. If they could only have seen the blue sky Norah would not have minded so much, but the fog hid heaven as well as earth, and the awful loneliness terrified her.

"Oh, May, let us go down the side we came up; let us get off this dreadful, dreary, lonely down and walk back to Brighton; we can go home by train or take a fly. We shall never find the road in this awful fog."

"I don't much think we shall, we seem to be wandering about; and I believe in a fog people always walk in a circle without knowing it," said May.

"Well, let us go down the hill, we can tell when we are going down-hill at any rate."

"Yes; but we can't tell which side we are going if we have been walking in a circle, we shan't know which is the Brighton side," said May.

"Oh, May, what are we to do? Shall we have to spend the night here? It is beginning to get dark. I wish we had never come; I am tired!"

"So am I! Let us sit down and rest a little while, and then we will try and find the windmill; if the worst comes to the worst we may be able to get inside it, at any rate we could sleep under it if we can only find it. It is no use risking a fall into a chalk pit, we had better get rheumatic fever, as we probably shall, than that," said May, philosophically choosing the less of two evils.

They sat down on the damp ground. May said it could not hurt them, for their skirts were wet through with the fog; and as they rested May remembered she had a small compass on her chain, perhaps by its help they might find their way to the windmill which they knew to be on the east end of the down. Their object in life just now was to find this windmill; it was very unlikely that they could get into it even when found, but at least they would know where they were if they found it; and, as Norah said, that would be something, so they started off towards the east to look or rather to feel for it.

They had not gone many steps when the clear notes of a man's whistle pierced the fog; it was the sweetest music they had ever heard, though it was only the tune of "Tommy Atkins" whistled fairly well.

"It is a shepherd, let us shout to him," said May.

So they stopped and shouted "Shepherd, shepherd," but it was not a shepherd's voice that answered.

"Holloa! Where are you?"

"Here—here!" answered both girls with delight, and one with a strange new joy tempering her gladness.

"Stand still till I find you; now shout again," cried the man.

May shouted again and yet again, and then a great figure loomed like a giant in the fog, carrying a lantern in one hand and a stout stick in the other, but the stick was not a crook and the man was not a shepherd.

"At last," he cried as he came close to them.

"Dr. Addison! How did you happen to find us?" said May.

"Well, I happened to hear from Mrs. Street you were coming home over the down, and I happened to know you would never get across it in this fog, so I came to meet you; and I took the precaution of bringing a lantern with me."

hot supper, which however the doctor ordered to be eaten in bed, whither he sent them both at once, for they were exhausted with fatigue and excitement.

CHAPTER III.

A FOX CROSSES THEIR PATH.

THE girls were none the worse for their adventure when they rose on Sunday morning. May was in a silent mood, and her spirits did not improve when she heard from Miss Addison that her nephew was going to take a

whole of life, May," said Miss Addison gently, for she had not lived without discovering that Art alone cannot satisfy the human soul created as it is for a far higher purpose.

She foresaw breakers ahead for both these girls if Art was the long but narrow channel they hoped would lead them to perfect happiness. She knew that even if that channel led them to the temple of Fame, which it was not likely to do, they would not find happiness inside it, nor anything else that would satisfy them completely. She knew it is a wider sea that leads to heaven than the channels of Art or Science or Politics, she knew that sea is the

"'WELL, NORAH, WHAT IS IT?' ASKED MISS ADDISON."

"How kind of you. I am so glad you came; but where are we, do you know?" said Norah.

"You are about a mile and a half from Fieldham, but I know every foot of this down. You are close to the road, let me give you each an arm. Miss Masters, you shall have my staff, and Miss Waters the lantern. Now come along, we shall be home in half an hour. Don't be afraid, I know these downs and their fogs and all their wicked ways."

Dr. Addison saw Norah was overtired, and her nerves unstrung by the fright she had had, so he made as light as he could of the adventure till he got them both safely to their lodgings, where Mrs. Street had prepared a

fortnight's holiday and spend it with her at Fieldham.

"It won't be a regular holiday after all, for he means to go to Brighton three mornings a week to attend the dispensary in which he is much interested. I tell him he should get some one else to look after that and go quite away to Normandy or Switzerland for a thorough change, but he prefers this arrangement, so as I am very glad to have him, I said no more: but I am afraid he will rather interfere with your studies," said Miss Addison.

"He won't with mine; I should never let anything interfere with my Art," said May pointedly.

"Art is a great interest, but it is not the

ocean of God's Love, and that it is only when the soul has cast itself on its bosom that it is likely to reach the goal for which it was created. But she did not expect these girls to know this yet, that knowledge comes to some in early youth, but not to all, not to many: it certainly had not come to either of these girls yet.

They were as they said devoted to Art, and so far they were right; it is good to have a great interest like Art or Literature or Science, and to pursue it with enthusiasm, but it is not good or wise to allow any one of these to absorb the whole life to the exclusion of all else, and this Miss Addison feared these girls were doing, but she waited till she knew them better before she told them so.

The mornings of the following week were devoted to painting; the days Dr. Addison did not go to Brighton he spent with Norah watching her work. In the afternoons they sat in Miss Addison's garden, for it was very hot weather, and after tea they went for a drive or a walk over the downs and through the Sussex lanes, and came home laden with wild flowers. Dr. Addison was a botanist, and rejoiced with boyish glee when he found one of the rarer orchises which grow on the chalky downs.

Sometimes he would take a geological hammer with him, and explore a chalk-pit for fossils in which these pits abound. He was a delightful companion in a country-walk, for he knew not merely the name of every wild flower and plant but its properties or perhaps a legend attached to it; he knew the note of every bird they came across, its habits and methods of flight. In fact he made a walk so interesting, that even May began to realise there were other things to learn besides drawing and painting, perspective and trigonometry.

Fired by the successful progress of Norah's picture of Fieldham, May left the portrait unfinished, and began a landscape taken from almost the same point of view as Norah's, but the result was not so good. The drawing was excellent but the colour was dingy, her trees were so brown and her sky grey, and May was in despair.

"I can't do landscapes, I don't know what is the matter with it," she said disconsolately.

"It wants sunlight; there is no sun in your landscapes, May, there never is, and I believe you are afraid of colour," said Norah.

"No I am not, but I don't see it as bright as you do. What do you think of it, Miss Addison? Isn't it wretched?"

"No, May, it is not wretched, because the drawing is so good, and all your distances are so true, and the whole picture is well-balanced; but shall I tell you what it reminds me of?"

"Yes please, do, I don't mind criticism."

"It is like a life without religion, dull and grey and unbeautiful. Norah is right, your picture wants sunlight, and our lives want the sun of God's love, our love for Him as well as His for us; for His love is always present, though like the sun in your picture we don't always see it. Your sun is hidden by clouds, but it is there somewhere to cast the shadows."

May was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be thinking over Miss Addison's words; presently she threw down her brush and, seizing her canvas, said—

"I shan't finish this, I shall begin another; and, Norah, I think I'll get you to set my palette for me to-morrow, then, perhaps, I shall get a sunnier effect," and she rose and walked away.

Miss Addison followed her into the garden and took up some needlework, and when they were out of hearing of the others, said—

"May, I hope you did not mind what I said then. I could not help saying it, because the mistake in your picture is the mistake which spoils so many people's lives, if they only knew it."

"I didn't mind at all, I like to hear you talk about religion, Miss Addison, because you never talk what I call cant, by which I mean set phrases, conventional words, which may mean a great deal to the people who use them, but they mean nothing to me. You talk of religion as if it were a part of your every-day life, as naturally as you talk about the weather."

"I hope it is a part of my daily life, it ought to be our whole life, embracing everything else and thereby sanctifying all else. Well, Norah, what is it?" asked Miss Addison, as Norah came tearing up to her with a letter in her hand.

"Oh! we have made such a lovely plan, Miss Addison, if you will only agree to it. Dr. Addison writes to say there is a beautiful old Tudor house, one of Anne of Cleves' dower-houses in Lewes; he proposes that we go over there to-morrow afternoon and sketch it, have dinner or supper at the Crown, and walk home by moonlight. Miss Addison, please say you will come with us, if it is not too long a walk," exclaimed Norah.

"It is seven or eight miles, but if I am allowed to rest all the time you are sketching, I can do it easily. Jim and I have often walked to or from Lewes; but why is it to be at night?"

"Because it is cooler, and to see the effect of the moonlight on the downs; oh! won't it be lovely, May? We shan't be home till past midnight."

May was less enthusiastic about the walk, but the prospect of sketching a genuine timber-house was as delightful to her as to Norah, and they all entered into the expedition with glee.

The moonlight walk turned out to be the most enjoyable part of the plan; to the girls, at least, it was a novel sensation to be walking through the heart of Sussex by moonlight, while the generality of people were in bed and asleep. It was a glorious summer night, the full moon flooding the grassy valleys with silvery light, and casting mysterious lights and shades over the downs, deepening the depths of their rounded hollows, and gleaming on their soft curving outlines as they melted into the sky.

From the time they left Lewes to the time they reached Fieldham, they never met man, woman or child; all nature seemed asleep, like the great black cattle lying in the pastures, and the folded sheep within their hurdles. Once or twice they paused to listen to a nightingale pouring out its passionate song from some tree-top; now and then as they passed a farm Dr. Addison called their attention to the weird sound of a hooting owl, but these were almost the only sounds that broke the solemn silence of the night. All the noises of the day were hushed, and over the sleeping dumb creatures the angel of the night kept watch and ward.

"How solemn it all seems. I feel as if I were in church," said May, who, with Miss Addison, was a little in advance of the other two.

"It is very beautiful, it makes one realise in a way I don't think I ever did before that the earth is the Lord's and all that therein is; the sleeping cattle and the waking birds; the closed petals of the flowers, and the everlasting hills. I am glad we came."

Presently, as they neared a village, a strong but, to those who knew it, an unmistakable scent was perceived, and before Miss Addison had time to say what it was, a large fox ran across the road, so close, that had they been quick enough they could almost have touched him.

Dr. Addison was intensely excited, particularly as his dog, a plucky little fox-terrier, darted into an adjoining wood in pursuit, and a halt of nearly half-an-hour had to be called before he could be induced to abandon the search for the fox's den. This was the only incident of the walk as far as Miss Addison and May were concerned, but they were both destined to learn the next morning that there had been another.

Dr. Addison had proposed to Norah during the journey, and had been refused.

May was delighted when she learnt it; Norah had been true to the purpose of their lives; she had refused to give up art for love; she had preferred a career to a husband; but though, of course, Norah was quite sure she had done right and chosen wisely, she did not participate in the enthusiastic delight May evinced, on the contrary, she appeared somewhat subdued.

As for Dr. Addison he was simply furious, and he gave poor Miss Addison the benefit of his indignation.

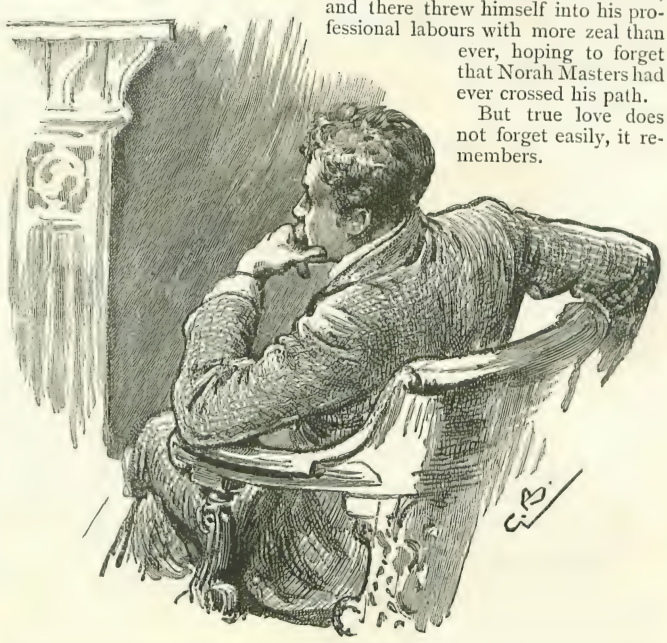
"It is all this wretched modern tomfoolery which is spoiling the lives of half the girls in the country: teaching them to despise the highest duties of women, for the sake of a career as they call it, or painting pictures nobody wants to look at, or writing novels nobody cares to read, modern folly I call it."

"It is only a passing phase, Jim; it is like that fox that crossed our path last night, it is mischievous and disagreeable, but it will soon pass, and vanish more completely than he did. Meanwhile the movement has its good side, to give girls the means and opportunity of pursuing some honourable career is distinctly a good thing; it is only when the more advanced spirits will hold this career up as higher and nobler than fulfilling the natural duties of wife and mother, that it becomes an evil, against which, I agree with you, we cannot protest too strongly. Why did Norah refuse you? Do you mind telling me?"

"Oh! because she wants to be an artist, she is wedded to art, and whether she cares for me or not, her supreme duty as she is taught, is to go on painting ideal villages and Tudor cottages instead of becoming a doctor's wife. Bah! I have no patience with the people who put such nonsense into her dear curly head. It is not her fault, dear girl, I don't blame her," said the doctor, as he ate his breakfast in the worst of tempers, heaping angry sarcasms on modern woman as he munched his toast.

After breakfast he packed his portmanteau and took himself back to Brighton, without saying good-bye to either of the artists, and there threw himself into his professional labours with more zeal than ever, hoping to forget that Norah Masters had ever crossed his path.

But true love does not forget easily, it remembers.



"HE GAVE POOR MISS ADDISON THE BENEFIT OF HIS INDIGNATION."

CHAPTER IV.

NORAH'S CAREER.

THE moonlight-walk had taken place in the middle of July; the latter part of the month was wet, and the artists had to pursue their labours indoors; the confinement did not apparently suit Norah, for she was graver than usual and subdued, whereas May was in very good spirits, now she found Norah had decided to remain faithful to Art. August was fine but very hot, nevertheless both girls worked hard at their landscapes, and by the end of the month Norah's was finished, and was pronounced by May so charming, that they decided to send it to an exhibition of paintings, to be held that autumn in the North of England, in the hope that it would be admitted.

Norah did not begin another picture; she made a few sketches in a desultory sort of way, but she seemed out of sorts and disinclined for work. May thought she was too anxious as to the fate of her landscape to be able to settle down to another finished picture, but Miss Addison had her own theory as to what was the matter with her. One morning in September she invited Norah to drive to Brighton with her, and Norah gladly went; they had some shopping to do, and then Miss Addison went to visit a poor woman who, however, was not at home, but had gone to the dispensary for some medicine.

"Do you mind coming with me, or will you go to the sea and wait for me? I want to see her particularly;" asked Miss Addison.

"I'll come with you," said Norah, and presently she found herself in a crowded waiting-room, where a group of men, women, and children were waiting their turn to enter a door marked "Surgery." At first the din of so many voices deafened Norah, but, presently, while Miss Addison was talking to the woman she had come to see, she found the prevailing topic of conversation was the goodness and kindness of Dr. Addison. His praises were being sung on all sides; one patient vied with the other in telling some kind action of the doctor; of how he had saved that man's life, and sat up all night with a sick child, whose mother was too ill to look after it.

"I suppose he is a father himself," said one woman.

"Not he, he is a bachelor, and if you ask me I don't believe there is a woman on earth good enough for him," replied an enthusiastic admirer of the doctor.

At this juncture Miss Addison called Norah away, and Norah went back to Fieldham more subdued and less inclined for painting than before. A week later came the news that Norah's picture was accepted, and a promise was given that it should have a good place in the coming exhibition. May was delighted with her friend's success, but Norah provoked her by the calm almost indifferent way in which she took it.

"THEY HAD SOME SHOPPING TO DO."

"Now, Norah, you must work hard, you will get a picture into the Academy next year if you try; I mean to send this landscape of mine in next spring. This visit to Fieldham will be the making of us both, I believe; we have both made great progress, I see it in your case, and I feel it in my own. We have both got a future before us, I am sure. I should be wild with delight if I were you," said May.

"So should I have been six months ago, now I am not. I am glad of course, but if I had pictures on the line in the Academy and the Salon every year of my life, I don't think it would make me happy now; put away your brushes and let us go black-berrying," said Norah.

"Black-berrying, when you ought to be working your fingers to the bone; what do you mean, Norah!" exclaimed May.

"I mean I have made a great mistake, and it is one that can't be put right, that is all; and if you won't come blackberry-gathering with me I shall ask Miss Addison; she knows where the bilberries grow, 'hurts' or 'whorts' the people call them here. I want to get some of them, too, if they are not all over."

"Blackberries and bilberries when you might have fame and success. I have no patience with you, Norah: I am not going to waste my time in such a childish way; besides bilberries are over ages ago," and May turned to her easel in a superior manner, that however failed to impress Norah, who went blackberrying in spite of it. On her return, to her surprise all the village appeared to be congregated outside their lodgings, before the gate of which a great waggon was standing with four horses all trimmed up with corn and flowers; the brass bells and trappings of the handsome harness jingling incongruously above the hushed voices of the villagers.

The crowd recognised Norah, and separated to allow her to pass, with some great trails of travellers' joy hanging on her arm and round her great picture hat, till she looked like some wood-nymph as she carried a basket of blackberries up the path. Miss Addison met her at the door and stopped her entrance.

"You had better come to my house, dear, May is there. We have had a terrible accident; poor Street has been run over, he is unconscious, but we hope he is still alive."

"Oh! how dreadful! Why, he told me this morning he was going to a harvest-home to-day."

"So he was; but just as he was climbing into the waggon, where the other men were already seated, the horses started and he fell, and one wheel went over his legs, both of which are broken; but whether he has sustained other injuries we can't tell until the doctor comes. I have telegraphed for Dr. Addison as Mrs. Street has the greatest faith in him. You must be my guests for the present; her hands are so full she cannot attend to you," replied Miss Addison, who then told the crowd that John Street was still alive, and asked them to go quietly away, as nothing could be done till Dr. Addison arrived.

It was nearly six o'clock when the doctor came; he set the broken limbs, and then telling Mrs. Street he would sleep that night in her cottage, so as to be on the spot if wanted, he went to the Rectory to dinner. For a week the man lay in peril of his life, and Dr. Addison came once and often twice a day, sometimes spending the night at Fieldham, and then the patient took a turn for the better, and the doctor, delighted with his success, told Mrs. Street in six weeks' time he hoped to have her husband about on crutches.

One of the strangest things in life, perhaps, is the way in which people influence the life and character of others, who have met them with indifference, little suspecting how much their fate and fortune could be affected by contact with those who have perhaps failed to rouse the slightest interest. Certainly, if Norah Masters had been told that John Street, to whom she had scarcely spoken more than a few words, though she saw him daily for three months, could possibly affect her destiny, she would not have believed it, and, yet, but for his accident, she might never have come across Dr. Addison again, for he had privately vowed never to enter Fieldham again until she had left it.

However, duty in the person of John Street had called him, and he came; coming, he saw Norah very frequently, and the result was Norah exercised one of the privileges of her sex, and changed her mind. The morning

after this occurrence May found Norah stretching a canvas before breakfast, having decided to do another picture during the month that remained of their proposed stay in Fieldham; they had gone back to their old lodgings as soon as Street was out of danger.

"I am glad you have at last determined to follow up your success; I was afraid you were going to let the opportunity of fortune, which they say comes to every one once in life, slip," said May.

"So was I, but I have changed my mind," said Norah, with a smile, the meaning of which was at present lost on her friend.

"What are you going to do?" asked May.

"This cottage from the Rectory garden, with the waggon and horses outside, just as I saw it that day poor Street had the accident."

"You are ambitious, indeed, and I am very glad. I have not seen you so enthusiastic since a certain shadow crossed your path."

"And was the making of my picture, so you said. May, the substance of that shadow is the making of my happiness, and I hope of my career, though you will not think so."

"What do you mean? Has Dr. Addison any influence in the art world?"

"I don't know; he has some influence over me; I am going to be his wife."

"Norah! When you have just got a footing on the ladder of success! It is too provoking of you, and how often you have said how you dreaded the time when any change should oblige you to give up your art."

"I know; but this change has brought such happiness with it, that I would give up painting for it, if necessary. But Dr. Addison wishes me to go on with it; I am going to do this picture for him, and you will see, it will be the very best I have ever done, for it will be painted *con amore*."

May did not answer, she was disgusted with Norah's defection, and doubted whether their visit to Fieldham had been such a good move after all. She lapsed into one of her silent moods which lasted several days, and was so oppressive, that Miss Addison, who now knew both the girls intimately, resolved to try and dispel it, so she asked May to go for a walk with her, and in the course of it asked what was the matter with her.

At first May would not say, but by degrees Miss Addison elicited that Norah's abandonment of so brilliant a career, as in May's opinion hers promised to be, for the sake of being married was the cause of her regret and displeasure.

"You are quite wrong to blame Norah, May, she has chosen the higher life. To be a good wife and a good mother are the very highest duties to which any woman can devote herself, they involve far greater sacrifices than any other calling, if they also bring greater joys. All women are not called to it, but those that are do very wrong to despise it, and to think that any career can be nobler than the natural duties of wives and mothers. I admire the industry and enthusiasm you show for your art, and I hope it will bring you happiness; I think it will, too, if you will leave a corner in your heart for God; but don't be vexed with Norah; she has chosen wisely."

May walked on in silence, pondering over many things; at last she took heart of grace and spoke.

"Perhaps you and Norah are right; but, Miss Addison, you are unmarried, and you are one of the happiest people I have ever known; how is that if your theory is true?"

"I did not say a married life was the happiest life, May, though I think it is very often; the happiest life is that which accepts the Will of God, whatever that may be; happiness is not always in having what we most desire, it is sometimes in not having it; we are like children, we seldom know what is best for us, at least when we are young. We seldom learn the secret of happiness till we are getting into the autumn of life, and then perhaps we find out it is contained in one word, resignation."

"Norah's does not appear to consist in resignation," said May with sarcasm.

"Perhaps not just now, though remember God always wills the happiness of His creatures; sometimes He lets us see this purpose, and sometimes it is hidden under a cloud."

"Well, it seems very evident what brought Norah to Fieldham this year, and I think I came not so much to learn painting as some of the things you have taught me," said May.

And Miss Addison hoped that if earthly love was what Norah had won in Fieldham, that May would go away with a still greater prize in her heart; the Love of God.

OUR SUMMER AT CROMFORD; OR, MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

By C. N. CARVALHO, Author of "Weatherbound," "My First Picture," etc.

WE had not long been settled at Cromford for our annual holiday, when a telegram came summoning my father to town. He was an engineer in a very large business, and was always being called to a distance, so this did not surprise us in the least.

"The worst of it is," he said, making a wry face, for he had been working unusually hard and was really in need of rest, "this affair will keep me employed for weeks; it may even force me to go out to Vancouver. Why could not the people have made up their minds sooner?"

"That is always the way," my mother chimed in; "but if you go up to town, my dear, I shall go with you. You are not well enough to be left alone."

After some discussion he agreed to this. We—that is my brother Tom and I—were quite old enough to be left in charge of the little ones, and as the house at Cromford had been taken for three months, it seemed a pity no one should enjoy it. The only difficulty was that Tom had made arrangements for taking a pedestrian tour with some college friends of his, and was loth to give it up. However, seeing mother was really anxious about father's health, he consented to stay and, as he put it, keep the youngsters out of mischief.

Mother gave me various directions and I entered on my new duties with a light heart. There were only the two children, Hugh and Babette, to look after, and they were good little things and would not give much trouble. The servants, a couple of country girls we had hired with the house, were steady and tractable, although somewhat untrained. There was really nothing to make a fuss about.

And indeed with one exception things went very smoothly. Our temporary home was a pretty house in a pleasant garden and commanded a charming view of the surrounding country. A better centre for excursions is hardly to be found, and to enable us to take advantage of these, father had provided us with a pony trap, just big enough to hold us four, and a boy to look after it and take the reins if we were disinclined to drive ourselves or were uncertain of the way, a piece of kindly forethought on his part, for Tom was an enthusiastic fisherman, and frequently went off for the entire day leaving us to our own devices.

Although I was nineteen, I had had as yet no experience of housekeeping, nor indeed of anything that was useful. At home, perhaps, where things would have gone on in their accustomed grooves, my deficiencies might not have showed so plainly, but here they were speedily forced on my attention.

By the end of the first week, I had spent the whole of the money mother had said was to last a fortnight. Naturally I was averse to confessing this to her, so took counsel with Tom as to how I was to reduce our expenses.

"I am sure I don't know," was his unsatisfactory reply, when I put the question to him. "You haven't given us anything very grand, Florry, rather the other way. But as you say, it will never do to ask for a further grant the very first week. I have a pound or two; I'll lend it to you, and when mother comes home she will pay me back. And for the next few days we must go on short commons. Plenty to eat, of course, but no luxuries."

We tried that plan, but somehow it did not answer. If I provided no fruit, sweets, nor cake, the children—nay, all of us—fell back upon the joint, with the result that the butcher's bill was increased to an alarming extent. And if I refused to have sandwiches cut for a long morning's ramble, we grew so ravenous that we rushed into the first inn we came to and ordered lunch, which, simple as it was, cost more than provisions brought from home. By the time the next fortnight's allowance arrived, much of it was due for things we had already consumed, and really the case was getting serious.

"And mother tells me," I said dolefully, "that she never exceeds five pounds for the weekly bills down here, and I can't pay our way with half as much again. It is mortifying."

"It only shows what a bad manager you are," my brother rejoined with brutal candour. "Housekeeping is not a man's work, or I'd take it off your hands—I'd make both ends meet or I'd know the reason why. Why do you let the maids have such a heap of things, Florry? I'll wager mother doesn't. I saw their table the other day when I looked into the kitchen to ask for my fishing-boots."

"Don't scold me, Tom," I said humbly. "That won't mend matters. Only tell me what I am to do."

"Much you'll mind me," he growled, and

whistling to his dog, he strode out of the room without another word.

I saw no more of him till our dinner-time, when he brought in a basket of fine trout he had caught himself, and handed them to me with an air of having solved the difficulty of providing for the family. The children and I had, meanwhile, been rambling along the Via Gellia, one of the prettiest roads in the district. The lilies were not then in bloom, but we had managed to collect a quantity of wild flowers with which I was filling the drawing-room vases. It was an occupation I thoroughly enjoyed, and for the moment my housekeeping cares were forgotten.

But when Tom came downstairs prepared for dinner, he said—

"You must let me have a few shillings, Florence. The bill for my new rod came down this morning, and I sent up a postal order by return. It has just cleared me out. I gave you most of my ready cash, you know."

"Very well," said I. "Only you must take that ten pound note of father's and get it cashed first, for I haven't a penny in the house. I will give it to you after dinner."

So when we were finished, I ran upstairs to take it from the little cash-box in my wardrobe. But to my dismay it was not there; nor was it to be found in my blotting-book; nor in any of my numerous work-baskets. Tom followed me from room to room as I pursued my fruitless search, and made me quite confused by his irritating remarks on my carelessness.

"Well, this beats all," he said scornfully, when at last, thoroughly tired out, I sat down to rest. "You are a pretty one to have the charge of money. Mother had better have left it with little Babette, it seems to me."

"I can't think what has become of it," I said with tears in my eyes. "Some one must have stolen it while we were out."

"And you don't know the number, of course," Tom went on cruelly. "A nice wife you'll make, Flo. Poor Gerald! I am sorry for him."

I was too much abashed to retort. But my wet eyes had their effect on my brother's manly heart—or conscience—and after a while he ceased to tease me, and employed himself in writing to father an account of what had occurred. The letter should not be posted till evening, we agreed, so as to give us time to seek further.

It was not an easy letter to write, apparently, for the table was soon covered with the sheets of paper Tom had spoiled. Possibly he knew he might have done more to help me than he had done, and did not like to confess it. But that I shall never know, for, while he was still hard at work, the housemaid knocked at the door and asked to speak to me.

"Please, miss," she said in answer to my inquiry as to what she wanted, "a lady and gentleman have called to see the rooms."

"Rooms," I repeated in surprise, "what rooms, Maggie? What do you mean?"

"Ask them in," my brother cried, rising hastily as if an idea had struck him. "Or stay—show them into the dining-room and say we will come in a moment. Florry," he went on as the servant closed the door behind her, "I see what Maggie means These people think the house is to let—the board is still up, I don't know why. Now listen. I have hit upon a plan. We want money, as you know. Why not let them have mother's bedroom and dressing-room, with the little parlour next to it—the one that has a balcony. We can ask a good price, and that will give us something to go on with. The old folks won't be back for a month and more."

The suggestion took away my breath, and taking my silence for consent, Tom went off to the dining-room, and was soon in full conversation with the applicants. A lady and gentleman, both young, and suspiciously like a newly-married couple, as indeed they proved to be.

"Here is my sister," I heard Tom say as I crossed the hall. "You see, my mother is up in town just now, but it will be all right. Florence," he continued, turning to me, "I have asked five guineas a week for the rooms—that is right, is it not? Will you show Mrs. Trafford upstairs?"

Hardly knowing where I was, I obeyed. The rooms were quite the prettiest in the house, and the lady was delighted with them and the magnificent view from their windows. Mr. Trafford made some little demur at the price we asked, but when he saw how much his wife wished to take them, he gave in.

They wanted to take possession at once, but to that I would not consent. I must have time, I urged, in which to get the rooms ready. The gentleman thought this unnecessary, but Mrs. Trafford with a charming smile, said she was sure I knew best, and if we would let them leave their luggage, they would go to the hotel for dinner and return later.

I set to work immediately. I knew pretty well what to do, for we often had unexpected visitors at home, and I had seen the housekeeper prepare for them. When mother's wardrobe had been cleared and a place found for her things, the worst was over, for the rooms had been carefully swept and dusted only the day before. Sheets were soon aired, and while Maggie made the bed, I cut some flowers and placed them about the sitting-room. Everything looked very nice when the Traffords came back, and quite justified the praise they bestowed.

I had anticipated some trouble with the servants, but to my relief they took this very unusual proceeding for something quite natural, and asked no inconvenient questions. Neither did the children who, dear little things, knew nothing of the difference between hiring a house and taking lodgings. They were accustomed to see strangers about when we were at the seaside, and looked on the Traffords as "the other lodgers." Hearing them say so, Tom forbade me to enlighten them.

My brother was in high spirits that evening, but though I laughed at his jokes, I felt exceedingly nervous. The arrival of the young couple had put a stop to our search for the missing bank-note, but I could not forget it, and lay awake for more than an hour wondering where it could be.

My room was directly above the Traffords' parlour, and the sound of their piano beneath soothed me after a while and set me thinking of other things. Presently the girl began to sing, while her husband sat at a little table in the balcony writing letters. Her voice was clear and sweet: she was evidently an accomplished musician. In truth she seemed in every way a most attractive little creature, and I could not help wishing that I had made her acquaintance under circumstances that would have allowed me to make a friend of her. I liked Mr. Trafford too. He had a manly, straightforward air that reminded me of Gerald—a sure passport to my favour—and I fell to wondering when it would be my happy lot to wander about with my husband in this delightful fashion. The cessation of the music roused me from these reflections, and Mrs. Trafford's voice sounded from the balcony—she was making some remark on the greater length of the days so far north, and asking her husband if he had finished writing. Apparently he had not done so, for silence ensued, and I was just falling asleep when two sharp clicks—the closing of a spring inkstand—woke me.

The sound was a revelation to me. All at once I knew where the missing note lay, and the relief was unspeakable. I had been using father's great desk—as I had his permission to do—when it came, and must have left it inside. The desk shut down with precisely the same kind of click. It was strange neither of us had thought of seeking therein; we had sought in more improbable places. I greatly rejoiced that we had not accused the servants of theft, and so did my brother Tom, when, at a very early hour the next morning I went to him with the news.

"Indeed, it was a near thing," he rejoined, with a laugh. "If the Traffords had not turned up as they did, I believe we should have done it."

"Yes," said I. "But I wish I had not been so forgetful, for then we need not have had them here. I don't half like it, Tom, though they seem such nice people."

"It is just as well they are here, though," he went on. "We are really awfully short, Flo. You must not worry yourself; it will be all right, you'll see."

After breakfast I sent up Maggie to ask what Mrs. Trafford would like for dinner, but the girl brought back such a confused message that I had to go myself to see what was really wanted. It was consoling to find the bride was as ignorant of housekeeping as I was, if not more so, for after suggesting sundry impossible dishes, she begged me to choose something for her.

"Only get something Claude likes," she concluded with charming inconsequence. "Don't think of me—I can eat anything."

So could Claude, as it proved, for he never made any complaint. This addition to my duties necessitated a walk into Matlock, for by this time, such of the tradespeople as were in the habit of calling, had come and gone. So telling my little sister to put on her hat and come with me, I went to father's desk for the much-talked of bank-note that I might get it cashed.

A severe disappointment awaited me. The key of the desk, that I usually wore hanging to my watch-chain, was not there, and I was busily turning over the various trifles on the mantelpiece, thinking it might be among them, when Babette came in equipped for her walk.

"The key is quite safe, Florry," the child said when I told her what I was seeking. "You took it off the chain yesterday when you unlocked the desk. I saw you do it. And afterwards, when Tom spread his fishing-flies all over the table, you put it into the pen-tray, so as to be out of his way."

"And closed the desk upon it," I added ruefully. "Yes, I remember now. Whatever shall I do?"

Tom, who was standing in the doorway, broke into a laugh. "It is awkward certainly," he said quietly, "but never mind, Flo, it might be worse. You are a little unlucky, I must confess."

I looked up in surprise, for this was not the way my satirical brother was wont to criticise my shortcomings, and saw Mr. Trafford close behind him. He was waiting for a map or guide-book Tom had offered to lend him.

I said nothing, but Babette, with a child's frankness, told him what I had lost.

He laughed—who could help it—but in another moment caught himself up.

"You must think me very rude," he said apologetically. "It is really no laughing matter. You must let me help you, Miss Allingham. You are going to get things for me, and I may as well pay for them at once."

I could not refuse, for otherwise he would have got very little to eat, so with rather a red face I took the note he held out to me and went away. My commissions did not take long, and when Babette and I came home, we found the others in the garden. Tom, I was told, had taken Mr. Trafford to

MY YOUNG DUTCH.

The Greyhound, to see after a carriage, and meanwhile Mrs. Trafford had made friends with little Hugh, and under his guidance had made the round of our small domain. They were waiting for me now to make up a set for tennis, and together we four played till the sound of the gong warned us that dinner was ready.

The Traffords went for a drive that afternoon, and on their return, seeing me seated at work in the garden, stopped to inquire if I had found the desk-key. Then Mr. Trafford went indoors to finish his letters, and as Maggie had just laid the tea under the great beech-tree, I ventured to ask Mrs. Trafford to stay and have a cup with me. She would not hear of my sending the children away. She had a lot of little brothers and sisters herself, she said, and was never so happy as when in their company.

In a few days we grew very friendly with our lodgers; Tom indeed even more so than I—he confessed to me he had been longing for a man to talk to. With scant regard for the feelings of the lovers, he soon got into the way of carrying off Claude Trafford almost every day, either for an early morning ramble or an evening stroll with a cigar. But Mrs. Trafford never raised an objection. At such times she would come into the drawing-room and ask me to let her sit with me, and when tired of romping with the children, would play and sing to us as long as we would listen to her. If Hugh and Babette were absent, she would talk to me—principally of Claude—by the hour. She was never weary of telling me about her new home in Devonshire, and how frightened she was at the idea of being mistress of so large a house, and how she wished (oh dear, how mistaken she was!) that she could manage everything as nicely as I did.

I should have been much more at my ease with her, if Tom would have let me tell her in return who and what we were, for father's name is known all over the civilised world, and with a girl's foolish pride, I did not like to be taken for a lodging-house keeper. But this I could not induce him to do. "What difference did it make?" he would say petulantly. "The Traffords knew a lady when they saw one, and had I been a princess could not treat me with more respect and consideration."

This was true, still I was not satisfied. But the fact was Tom had put off telling father of our escapade, till it was too late for a letter to reach him, and that being the case was loth to confide in a stranger. As father had predicted, he had found himself obliged to go out to Vancouver, and being so much out of health had taken mother with him. He had made up his mind rather suddenly at the last, and had said nothing to us till he was off Queenstown. He had promised to send us his address, but so far it had not reached us. Meanwhile he had made arrangements with his banker to supply us with what money we needed, and before the time came for the house at Cromford to be given up, he hoped to be back in England.

At the end of a fortnight Mr. and Mrs. Trafford asked us to let them stay on, and they were really such pleasant companions, we did not like to refuse. Now that I was accustomed to my work, I did not dislike it, and having so many to provide for, arranged to have my bills sent in at the end of the month. This gave me plenty of money for small expenses, and I got on swimmingly.

Sometimes, I own, it did cross my mind that with the exception of the five pound note Mr. Trafford had given me the day I missed the desk-key, I had not received a farthing from him. I spoke on the subject to Tom, and we agreed to send in our bill. But when I tried to make it out, I forgot half the things I had to put down, and could not find the memoranda for the rest, so I tore my paper across and lazily decided to wait a little longer.

They had been with us a month or more when one evening, coming in from a drive, we found the house unusually silent. Hugh and Babette ran upstairs shouting for Effie, as Mrs. Trafford had taught them to call her. No answer was returned, and presently the children came down, saying they could not find her, and were going to ask Maggie where she was.

"They are gone, Master Hugh," was Maggie's reply as she came in at the moment bearing our supper-tray. "I was just coming to tell your sister. Yes, miss," she went on, seeing my look of astonishment, "shortly after you went out, a telegram came for Mr. Trafford. I took it up, and was coming away, when he called to me to stop. 'Fetch a fly, there's a good girl,' he says, 'we have to go to the station at once.' Then Mrs. Trafford turned so white I thought she was going to faint. I ran to get her a glass of water, and was going to loosen her dress, but her husband hurried me off, saying they would never catch their train if I didn't look sharp. I couldn't bear to leave the poor thing in that state, so I ran and sent cook to the stables. But when I went upstairs again, Mrs Trafford was better, though she was crying her eyes out."

"Well," said Tom impatiently, as Maggie paused to take breath, "get on. What next?"

"The fly came, sir," Maggie continued, "and the trunks were bundled on to it in double quick time, Mr. Trafford doing half the work himself. They must have been all packed, for there's precious little left behind. Mr. Trafford said his father-in-law was dangerously ill, and had sent for them. He'd write to-night and tell you all about it—I was to be sure to say that."

"What a sudden thing," I interposed. "Poor Effie; how sorry I am for her. I wish I had been at home."

"So do I," said my brother drily. "What a fool I have been, Florry." And when I asked what he meant, he said he would tell me when the children had gone to bed.

Of course I understood him perfectly, and was properly indignant. "Only wait till to-morrow," I urged, when he followed up that speech later by saying we should never see nor hear of the Traffords again, "you will see you are wrong. How can you be so suspicious, Tom? you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

But the morning brought neither letter nor telegram. A week went by and we heard nothing. We would have written to make inquiry, but when it came to the point, neither of us could remember the address, if we had ever heard it. We knew Mr. Trafford's place was in Devonshire, and that Effie's father lived near Worcester, but nothing further.

Tom was triumphant. He boasted all day long of his superior knowledge of the world, though in his heart I knew he was as sorry as I was at the turn affairs had taken. The weather grew wet and chilly about that time, and kept us very much to the house, so we had the more leisure to brood over our disappointment. Either that or the want of exercise made us dull and spiritless—cross, the children said, and I fear there was some truth in the accusation.

I was sitting on the sofa one particularly wet afternoon, lazily darning the heel of one of Hugh's stockings, when Tom sauntered in. He put his empty fishing-basket away, and then took a seat beside me and began a long string of complaints of the dulness of things in general, and of Cromford in particular. He had had a long stupid morning, he declared. Not a fish would bite, and there wasn't a soul to speak to.

Unluckily my housekeeping books had just come in, and lay in a heap on the little table beside me. For want of something better to do, he took them up and began to examine them. Then he picked up a piece of paper and began to jot down row after row of figures. Presently he called to me:

"Come round here, Florry," he said gloomily. "I want you to see what a heap of money we have been done out of."

"Hush!" I said quickly, for Hugh and Babette were near the window busy over their stamp book, and I did not care for them to hear remarks of that kind. But I rose at his bidding, and bent over his shoulder to look at the paper. I was amazed to see how trifling things had mounted up.

"You must telegraph to father," I said despairingly. "We can never pay such a sum with what we have. We have the address now so there will be no difficulty."

"Yes—but they can hardly have got my first letter yet, and they wouldn't know what I meant," said Tom slowly. "And to explain fully would cost a heap. There is that note in the desk, if we could get at it; but it would not go very far."

"Florry, Florry," little Hugh called from the window, "I see a telegraph boy coming up the garden path. Let me run and get the message. I don't mind getting wet."

It was a welcome interruption. I caught hold of the child, for the rain was falling fast, and Tom rushed out in his stead, upsetting Hugh's precious stamp-collection as he went. He brought in the telegram, tore it open, and as he read it, a broad smile came over his face.

"So that is all right," he said in a tone of relief. Then he read aloud, "Will be with you between eight and nine this evening. Let the children sit up. All well."

"Isn't that good of Effie?" cried Babette.

"You will let us stay, Florry, won't you?" said Hugh.

"You'd be much better in bed," Tom growled. "But I suppose I must say yes, as I sent your beloved stamps flying in all directions just now. Mustn't I?"

Though the rain never ceased that day, we felt ever so much brighter and happier. We talked of little else than the Traffords, and speculated for the twentieth time as to what had been the matter with Effie's father, and whether she was only coming to say good-bye, or to settle down again. The rooms were ready, so there was nothing to do but to order supper for the travellers, and this I arranged to have in our dining-room, as I felt sure they would like to be with us.

Tom was in the act of putting on his waterproof before going to the station when, to our surprise, a fly drew up at the door. In a moment he was outside and little Hugh after him. It was too wet for me to follow them, and from the hall, Babette and I heard a shout and a peal of laughter. Then some one in a voice strangely familiar asked—

"Where is Florry? Don't let her come out, Tom. It is pelting."

Pelting or not I would have run out then if my feet would have carried me, for that was father's voice, if I had ever heard it in my life. But when father himself put his arm round me and kissed my cheek, I could neither speak nor move.

"My child, how pale you are," were the first words I made out. "Surely you got our telegram; we did not mean to startle you."

"Yes—we got the telegram," stammered Tom, who was no less "taken aback," than I—to use a favourite expression of his—"but we—but——"

"But we thought it came from Effie," added little Hugh, unconsciously coming to his brother's assistance.

"From Effie? And who is Effie?" mother said inquiringly. "Have you friends here then?"

"Such nice ones, mother," Hugh went on, finding Tom was silent. "But I am so glad it was you instead." And then a deal of kissing and hugging went on between mother and her pet, and the subject dropped.

"But only for a few minutes. As mother looked into her wardrobe, she saw it had been used by a stranger, and she turned to me for an explanation. Of course I had to make full confession. She had never received our letter, so I had to begin from the very beginning. Meanwhile Tom enlightened the *pater*. I saw that as soon as we went downstairs.

"When the cat's away the mice play, Barbara," he said to mother with a queer twinkle in his eyes. "Don't you think, my dear, the next time I am called away, you had better remain in charge?"

He was not angry, at which I was greatly relieved. But then *pater* never is angry, and he dearly loves a joke. Luckily for us, he seemed to consider this as one. Possibly, had money been of more importance to him, he might have been of a different opinion.

"After all there is no great harm done," he said with a laugh, "only I hope, Tom, you will not try to make money in that way again till you have a house of your own. In which case, of course, I'll not interfere. The people at the telegraph office are responsible for our having taken you by surprise, Florry, for they have written the word Allingham so badly it was no wonder you took it for 'all well.'"

Then he told us he had not been to Vancouver after all. Soon after reaching New York he found some alteration had been made in the arrangements, which entailed so much delay, that it was useless to proceed further then. In the spring he would have to go out again. "And I was very glad of an excuse to get back here," he added with a sly glance at Tom. "I suppose I had a presentiment how things were going."

The bank-note was taken from the desk without difficulty, as father possessed a second key. To console me, he confessed this was by no means the first time one had been shut in. And when I wished to hand over the housekeeping to mother, she would have nothing to do with it. It was capital training for me, she said, and she ought to have let me try my hand before.

I have only one more incident to record. Two days later, as we were at tea in the garden, a quick step was heard coming up the shrubbery, and Claude Trafford walked in. The children greeted him with delight, and I with the greatest cordiality, but Tom's manner was decidedly stiff. He was a little suspicious still.

I was beginning to introduce our visitor to father, when, to my surprise, they shook hands as if they had known each other all their lives.

"Well, the *pater* is green!" I heard Tom mutter. But my brother was not so wise as he would have people think. It turned out that Claude Trafford was the son of a man for whom father had lately built a steam yacht, and they had often met before. Father had already guessed who our guests were, though he had said nothing.

And now it was Mr. Trafford's turn to look puzzled, for why should Allingham, the well-known engineer, let lodgings. He asked no questions, but we saw what he was thinking of, and with much laughter told him our story.

He accounted very satisfactorily for his sudden departure. Effie's father, he told us, had been ailing for some days. Her mother had written to Claude begging him not to alarm his wife, for the old gentleman was subject to sudden attacks, and this might pass off as others had done. "Only keep the dear girl's trunks packed in case of a call," she had said; and this, though Effie thought it an odd fancy of his, he had contrived to do.

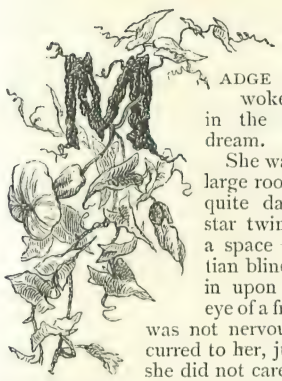
But their hopes were not realised. Mr. Brooke grew worse, and they had to be sent for. A couple of hours after they reached the house he breathed his last, and the shock affected poor Effie so painfully, that for days she lay betwixt life and death. In his anxiety for his newly-made wife, poor Claude forgot all about the letter he had promised us.

"But she is out of danger now, I am thankful to say," he concluded, "and this morning she spoke of you, Miss Allingham, and asked if you had ever written to her. Then I remembered how badly I had behaved to you, and I was so fearful you would both take me for a swindler, that I set off for Cromford at once. And here I am, ready to pay my debts, and make all square."

So saying, he brought out his purse. And then a hot discussion ensued, for father declared most positively nothing would induce him to take a penny from Claude Trafford. And the dispute would have gone on indefinitely, I think, had not mother come to their help, and suggested the money should be sent to a hospital. And so, at last, it was settled.

MADGE AND THE SUNFLOWER.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.



MADGE ERRINGTON woke up suddenly in the middle of a dream.

She was alone in the large room, and it was quite dark; but one star twinkled through a space in the Venetian blind, and peeped in upon her like the eye of a friend. Madge was not nervous; but it occurred to her, just then, that she did not care about sleeping in big rooms. Her own cosy little nook at home was quite spacious enough for a girl of nine. Still, she had gone to bed very contentedly in one of the guest-chambers of the old inn, and her dream had been a delightful one. It was a dream of golden skies, and a green alley with sunflowers growing on the right and left; but suddenly a voice seemed to pierce sharply through the sweet stillness, crying "Ambrose, Ambrose, Ambrose, I am breaking my heart for you!"

It was a real voice, and it sounded as distinctly as if the speaker had been close to Madge's side. As soon as she was thoroughly awake, however, she sat up in bed and groped for the candle and matches on the little table near her pillows. Then she lighted the candle, and saw that she was alone; but some one in the next room was sobbing bitterly. The wall between these two rooms looked solid enough, but it was only a thin partition of laths and canvas, not much more substantial than a Japanese screen.

"Do calm yourself, Erna dear," another voice said. "It is a relief to let it all out at last. Only you mustn't forget your eyes. You don't want to appear with puffy lids to-morrow. You won't think me unsympathetic because I remind you that the world has to be faced as usual?"

"The world, the world—always the world!" And then came another, fainter sob.

"Well, Erna, it would not matter what the world thought of my eyelids; but it does matter what it thinks of yours. I am not in love myself, and I never expect to be; but I do wonder that a girl rich and beautiful like yourself should have managed a love-affair so badly. If you want to marry Ambrose, why don't you do it?"

"How can I do it, Cis?" The sweet voice was shrill with passionate pain. "Uncle Edmund is a most awful man; he is bent on arranging everything in my life, and——"

"Really, Erna, you ought not to have so little sense of the dignity of our sex!" the other interrupted. "After centuries of tyranny we are beginning to liberate ourselves at last, and yet you are actually submitting to the yoke! One would think you had been born twenty years ago, when men had it all their own way! As to Uncle Edmund Ironsides, I would make short work with him if I were you."

It was Miss Willowby who said this. She was always going to make short work with all mankind. But Madge liked her because she told splendid stories at a moment's notice, and was good company on a wet day. She was a journalist, earning her own living with an energy which made some people feel quite ill, and inspired others with genuine admiration. Erna Westwood, beauty and heiress, was her school friend, and the two had lately met again after a long separation.

"But Ambrose is cold to me," said Erna, sobbing afresh. "I believe it is a sham coldness; but it is quite as effectual as if it were real. He avoids me. I never get a chance to tell him what I am feeling."

"Uncle Ironsides has told him to keep at a distance, that's all," said Miss Willowby composedly. "And being a man and an idiot, he does as he is told. I don't approve of marriage as a rule; but if you have made up your mind to marry, it would be better for you to take Ambrose Hathaway than any one else. He is fond of you, and he is not a bad man—as a matter of fact, he is one of the best men I know."

Madge was so pleased with this remark that she smiled to herself among the pillows—for Ambrose Hathaway was the best-loved of all her uncles—her mother's only brother. It was a great surprise to learn that the beautiful princess, Miss Westwood, was unhappy because she could not marry him; and Madge was beginning to understand that he must be very unhappy too. They must be got out of their trouble somehow, she thought.

"But I can't ask him to marry me," said Erna feebly.

"I don't see why you shouldn't," her friend replied. "If I wanted to marry a man, I should certainly tell him so. Women ought to speak out as plainly as men. It is only weakness and want of initiative that keeps them silent."

"I couldn't, Cis—I couldn't, really!"

"Very well; we must think of something else. But you will have to go to bed at once, Erna, if you don't want to be regularly knocked up. I wish you had come under my influence sooner. I could have saved you from a great deal of suffering. However, I see that you can only be made happy on the old lines, and I must do my best to help you."

There was a sound of a door closing, and then a firm footstep was heard in the passage. Miss Willowby had retired for the night. Madge put out her candle and composed herself to sleep again. Her eyes closed; she drifted away once more into a peaceful dream-land of sunset and sunflowers, and did not wake till morning.

When she saw Miss Westwood at the breakfast-table, it was almost impossible to believe that she was the sobbing, wailing girl of last night. She had always answered exactly to Madge's idea of a princess in a fairy tale. Wherever she went, and whatever she did, people followed her with their eyes and were gladdened, or maddened by her beauty. And now, in her cream-coloured morning gown, ruffled with a wonderful confusion of lace and knots of apricot ribbon, she was more like a princess than ever. Her great brown eyes looked dreamingly into space, as if things near at hand were beneath their notice. Every feature was perfectly chiselled; the cheeks, freshly tinted as blush-roses, had surely never felt the hot rain of tears. As to her hair, it was a rich bronze with a good deal of gold in it, and it was coiled up in a regal fashion of which her maid alone knew the secret. Tall and stately, she entered the room in her slow, queenly style, never bestowing even a glance on the little dark girl who was watching her with intense wonder and interest. Madge, with an egg-spoon uplifted in one hand, gazed spell-bound until Miss Willowby's loud, clear voice addressed her.

"She is very good to look at, isn't she?" said Cis, with a laugh. "But, believe me, Madge, she couldn't tell you a story to save her life. Which would you choose — her beauty or my brain?"

"Well, it would be difficult to decide." Madge spoke with thoughtful seriousness. "But the brain is more amusing," she added, after a pause.

"It certainly is," Miss Willowby replied. "Erna will never amuse any one; she simply delights our eyes, and satisfies our artistic perceptions to the uttermost. Erna, do you hear me talking about you?"

"You are always talking about me," said Miss Westwood, with sublime indifference.

"It is a subject that can't be exhausted," remarked a man on the other side of the table. He, too, was a spell-bound gazer.

Miss Westwood looked beyond him far away; it was doubtful whether she had heard him at all. Her uncle flashed an angry glance at her from his seat. Why was she stopping her ears, like the deaf adder, when Lord Goldie was making pretty speeches, and longing to be rewarded with a smile?

It was an odd thing that several society people should find themselves unexpectedly quartered in an old-fashioned inn in a quiet village. But a little way off there was a big country-house, always filled with guests at the end of the London season; and these persons had all been staying there when a great misfortune drove them away. A daughter of the house had been attacked with scarlet fever, and the guests had made a rush. Some had gone in one direction, some in another; and a good many had decided to stay in the neighbourhood for a few days at least. The air was pure, and the scenery lovely. It was fun to waken the silent echoes of the old inn with gay voices, and explore the long garrets which ought to have been haunted. Madge had not come to the age for paying visits, but she had been invited to the big house to spend her holidays with the little girls who lived there; and in the general stampede she had been carried off to the inn by somebody's orders; that was all she knew about it.

Just before the house-party had so suddenly broken up, Ambrose Hathaway had made his appearance among them. He had seen very little of his young niece, and Madge, being fully occupied with her own concerns, had never once associated him with Princess Erna in her mind. When she was at home in London she always saw a good deal of her Uncle Ambrose; but here, in a crowd of smart people, she could not expect to claim much of his attention. The princess did not take any great interest in the children; she had merely smiled on them with lazy kindness when they crossed her path. But Miss Willowby was more friendly, and Madge had learnt to like the plain little woman, with her fresh wholesome face, and clear grey eyes. They were tired eyes, and saw best through spectacles, for Cis had studied hard and worked terribly.

And now, what was to be done? When Madge looked at General Westwood she felt convinced that he was indeed a most awful man, capable of marrying his niece to Lord Goldie by force. Clearly it was a case that must not be let alone. She was pondering gravely over the matter after breakfast when a lady called at the inn and asked to see Miss Errington.

"You don't know me, dear," the lady said kindly. "But I live with Mrs. Howe at the Chestnuts, and she knows your mother quite well. Mr. Hathaway told us that you were here, and Mrs. Howe has sent me to bring you to her house to stay. There are no little girls there, but we shall try to make you happy."

"Is it far off?" Madge asked.

"Oh, no; only up the hill, and through the park-gates. The carriage is waiting outside."

Madge did not want to spend another night in the large bed-room at the inn; and she went gladly.

The Chestnuts was a silent old place, for Mrs. Howe was an invalid, and did not entertain. But Madge was perhaps a little tired of company, and found the house with its quaint furniture and pictures very interesting. After tea, when the park and grounds were steeped in the glory of a golden evening, she wandered out alone, and found herself in the very scene of her dream. It was strange, but it was true. Here was the long green alley with sunflowers growing on the right and left; here was the mystic gold of the sunset, and the sweet stillness of the closing day. She ran up to one of the sunflowers, standing higher and statelier than the rest, and clasped its stalk with her slender little hand.

"You are like Erna Westwood," she said aloud. "Tall, and grand, and golden, and proud to look at, but all the time you are just thirsting for the dew, and pining for the sunshine; and if you don't get what you want, I shouldn't wonder if you wither away. No one would ever suppose that you wanted anything, you great, proud-looking flower! You would stand there, thirsting and pining, saying nothing till you died. You can't help it; you are made to. Perhaps you were a lady once, like Princess Erna herself, who can tell? And if I were to stand here long enough perhaps I should hear Erna's voice coming out of your big golden heart—just as I heard it last night—crying 'Ambrose, Ambrose, Ambrose, my heart is breaking for you!'"

Madge's own voice sounded very clear and shrill in the stillness. She stood gazing intently into the middle of the flower, touching its amber petals with dainty fingers, while the glorious haze of the sunset enfolded her in a mysterious glow. There was something almost weird in this little figure with the small, pale face and dark hair, and some one who had watched her unseen could not help thinking that she looked uncommonly like a witch-child. But when those wild words of hers met his ears he sprang out into the alley with a bound.

"Madge," he said, seizing her by the arm, "do you know what you are saying? Do you mean anything? Did she really——?"

"Yes, she really." Madge was less startled than might have been expected. "I haven't made it up, Uncle Ambrose. I heard her saying it. She woke me in the middle of my sleep. I was only talking to the sunflower, but it's a good thing that you happened to hear, else you never would have known."

"Are you sure that she said those very words? Madge, be careful!"

"I am extremely careful. She was in the room next to mine in the old inn; and the wall between the two rooms is just as thin as paper. Her great friend—Miss Willowby, you know—was giving her bits of good advice, as great friends always do. Princess Erna was crying because she couldn't ask you to marry her; and Miss Willowby said—'If I wanted to marry a man I should certainly tell him so!'"

"Madge, you are a mean little thing!" cried Cis, suddenly bouncing out upon them from a side-path. "Why didn't you make a noise to let us know you could hear us? Not that it matters much, but I disapprove of listening; and I'm afraid you may be tempted to do it again some day."

"I am not mean," replied Madge, with great stateliness. "You—you were talking about my very own uncle, and I had a right to listen. You said he was a man and an idiot."

Ambrose Hathaway burst into a laugh.

"Well, it seems to be ordained that people should hear some simple truths about themselves," said Miss Willowby calmly. She sat down upon a root-seat, thrust her hands into the pockets of her coat, and gazed at the neat toes of her sensible shoes. "But you are not the only privileged person, Mr. Hathaway. It happened that General Westwood slept in Madge's room last night; and I steadily denounced him from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M. Erna expressed her hearty approval of all I said. As a matter of fact she told me how she had begun to detest him very early in life for being a brute to his wife. We remarked that he was not of the least use in the world, and we wished he were out of it. We also stated that we had never met a single soul, in any station of life, who had spoken a good word of him. And I wound up by saying that he had never distinguished himself, even in his own sanguinary line, as he hadn't seen active service. This must have been extremely bitter for him." She sat silent for a moment, with bent head, still contemplating her toes; and Ambrose laughed again.

"He could hear every word, you know," said Madge, with proper gravity. "You have such a clear way of speaking, you see."

"Yes," Miss Willowby replied; "I am justly proud of my enunciation. The modern woman is no mumbler like her abject sisters of the past. At breakfast we noticed that the General wore a crushed aspect, and Erna politely asked if he had slept well? He said he had had a shockingly bad night.

Ambrose, standing opposite to her with his back to Madge's sunflower, was beaming with satisfaction.

"It may be the best night he has ever had," he remarked quietly. "For once he has had a chance of seeing himself in the true light. Miss Willowby, I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

"Of course I know there can be but one ending to all this," said Cis, getting up, with her hands still in her pockets. "I have told Erna that I don't approve of marriage for most women; but in her case, perhaps, it will

MADGE AND THE SUNFLOWER.

turn out well. She is the sort of woman who is clearly intended by nature to become a wife and mother; and she has a character that will submit contentedly to slavery."

"I am not a slave-driver," said Ambrose, with a certain impatience. "If she honours me by being my wife, I shall treat her as if she were my queen."

"That's very pretty, Mr. Hathaway." Cis's grey eyes twinkled merrily. "After all, I'm extremely fond of Erna, and I haven't a bad opinion of you."

She put one hand on the crown of her sailor hat and pressed it firmly upon her head, nodded to Ambrose, and marched off down the green alley. Madge hesitated for a moment, and then ran after her, leaving the young man among the sunflowers alone.

"Miss Willowby," began the child, panting, "let's be good friends. Everything is going to turn out in the most splendid way. You don't really think me mean, do you?"

"No," Cis answered; "but I do think you are rather a subtle little girl. Didn't you know that your uncle was somewhere about when you began to talk to the sunflower?"

"I—I just fancied he mightn't be far off; but I didn't know you were near," said Madge, with a blush.

"I was coming to the house to ask how you were getting on with Mrs. Howe," Cis explained. "And then I heard you holding forth, and I thought it must be for somebody's benefit. Now let me give you some advice. Let this matter alone, and don't say a word about it to any one. If you talk you may undo some of the good you have done. You are quite clever enough to look as if you didn't know anything. Above all, keep out of the way of General Westwood and Lord Goldie."

Ambrose Hathaway did not linger long in the green alley. He walked away with a quick step, and the sunflowers were left to the dewfall and sunset. There was just time enough to go down the hill before dinner to the old inn and call on Miss Westwood.

She was in the reception-room alone, sitting close to the glass-door which opened upon the lawn, and wondering wearily what had become of Cis? Her guardian had gone upstairs to dress for dinner, and in spite of all that he had made her suffer she sincerely pitied him. He had spoken very little all day, and had looked strangely haggard and old. Erna, with her sweet, easy nature, found no difficulty in forgiving anybody. The General had been hard; he had kept Ambrose away from her, but he seemed sick and sad, and she was sorry.

When Ambrose himself suddenly walked into the room the lovely, impassive face underwent a swift change. She held out her hand, blushing exquisitely, and smiling with irrepressible gladness. He smiled, too, remembering how he had thought of her as his "high, proud ladye," who might condescend to be won in time. She was not proud at all, but a big, soft, loving woman, whose queenly beauty gave every one a false impression of the real Erna. Only Cis Willowby, who had loved her in school-days, had known her always.

"I am come," he said, in a masterful tone, "because I won't be kept at a distance any longer. It rests with you to tell me whether I am to go or stay."

"Stay!" said the Princess, dimpling with delight.

He took her in his arms then and there, and any one who had been walking on the lawn might have seen his kisses for aught he cared. About half-an-hour was spent in this pleasant fashion, and then the General came in and found them together.

Ambrose looked at him with a defiant air; but his enemy met him with unexpected meekness.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," the General said. "I was quite prepared for this. Last night my niece and her friend unintentionally enlightened me. I know a good many things now, I assure you."

So this was the cause of his altered looks. Erna, the tender-hearted, quivered all over with remorse.

"Oh, Uncle Edmund, we didn't mean half that we said," she faltered, telling a big fib in sheer compassion.

"Oh, yes, you did," he answered sadly. "And the worst of it is that the things which you both said were true. It was the first dose of unadulterated truth that had ever been administered to me. I admit that it was bitter—bitter enough even to satisfy Miss Willowby."

Ambrose Hathaway stepped up to the man he had so cordially detested and held out his hand.

"Let us bury the hatchet, General Westwood," he said cheerfully. "I'm not surprised that you don't think me half good enough for Erna; but she has made up her mind to accept me. I'll promise to give you as little trouble as I can, and be an all-round good boy."

The General took the proffered hand, but he still looked rather rueful.

"I shall do nothing to mar Erna's happiness," he said. "Take care of her; that is all I ask."

"Oh, Uncle Edmund, I'm so glad—no, I mean I'm so sorry," said Erna, going up to him with lovely, tearful eyes. "What I really mean is that I'm glad to be happy, but I'm sorry that we said all those horrid things last night."

"General Westwood wouldn't believe me if I said I was sorry," said Cis, who had come in through the glass-door unheard. "Nevertheless, it is a fact that I hate giving pain to any one or anything. The pity is that one has to do it sometimes. But—if I went too far, as we women occasionally do—I will frankly say 'forgive me.'"

This time the General's gloomy face brightened as he shook hands with the vigorous little woman before him.

"I don't think you went too far," he admitted. "I feel I have been a very disagreeable fellow for years. I see myself now as others have always seen me, and I'm a sadder and a wiser man."

"Don't take it to heart too much," cried Cis, in her clear, gay voice. "I have no doubt I should wince if I could hear what some of my friends really think of me. Remember that we all live in houses lined and padded with conventional courtesy. Hearing the true opinion of your neighbours is merely a question of an unsubstantial wall!"

WHAT WE DID WITH OUR GARDEN FRUIT.

It was our first year of real country life. Up to this time we had been fairly well-content with the mock country of suburban London and occasional months of farmhouse holidays, but we had never lived the seasons round with nature before.

Father had realised his ambition at last. There was enough laid aside in the bank to provide comfortably for the score or so of years that he reasonably hoped might remain to him, and also to leave us girls beyond the reach of want when he was gone; why, therefore, should he tie himself any longer to desk and pen in the stifling city?

So he bought this country homestead in leafy Warwickshire, and we migrated to it as eagerly as birds flock home.

Oh, the joy of beginning anew in the spring of the year, with everything about us starting, bursting afresh into life! Is there any experience to compare with it?

It was near the end of February when our migration took place, and already the earth was being freed from its winter bonds and the air was freshening with breezes that carried a hundred messages to those who could feel and listen.

The brooks and rills gurgled and swelled, and one could almost detect the sap rising in the trees.

Our homestead was of genuine last-century build; all gables and corners, one part playing hide-and-seek with another, while thick ivy clothed its northern side and a vine covered the south front.

At the western end was a porch, wide and deep enough to shelter many wayfarers. We pictured to ourselves how delightful it would be to sit here on sunny afternoons with the door open to the cool, dark hall behind us, and beyond that, open again to the orchard at the back.

"It is idyllic, poetic, just like a book!" said Susie, in a rapture.

"It is like Norman Gale," her twin added in harmonious second; though to which of the Warwickshire poets' songs she alluded she did not deign to say.

More alluring than all the delights the house held for us, was the garden. Garden back and front, garden all round about, and where the garden left off the orchard began, and beyond the orchard were paddocks and fields, brooks and hedgerows.

No next-door neighbour for a good two miles, no fashions for five at least, and no train nearer than Fordhaven right away over the hill, an hour's brisk trot for our pony's stout legs.

This, for us, meant wearing a short skirt, a blouse, and sailor hat all day long (we eventually settled into print frocks and sunbonnets as being more in keeping), and it also meant flying the flag of freedom on the housetop.

We ran that flag very high in our first flush of excitement, later on it as furled in somewhat as we learnt that liberty must be harnessed to labour if we would reap all we hoped for.

I am not going to describe all our life in its manifold details, they would fill a volume easily. If anyone doubts this let them try a round of busy country life for one week; every day full of engrossing interests, every minute bringing its own duties; and they will doubt no longer. What I have to tell here is the practical tale of pleasure and profit we gained from the fine old trees our garden and orchard held. Never, surely, was fruit grown that tasted sweeter, or trees that bore more generously.

There were five of us girls and our mother; one maid only was allowed to us as our "help," with a man-factotum who groomed and gardened, was carpenter, smith and wheelwright in turn.

It was part of the bargain when our migration was first mooted that we should all take our share in work and play, and we

were nothing loth, being young, of healthy mind and independent spirit.

Father was head overseer out-of-doors as mother was queen within, but both of them allowed us free hands to will and carry out, only guiding and directing when their wiser heads saw a better way.

Maggie was chief in the kitchen-garden, and its plots filled, yielding a wonderful increase under her care.

Lois elected to reign supreme over the poultry-yard and dairy, although mother's eye had to be very watchful here, for Lois was not one of the most dependable souls.

The twins laboured lovingly together in the flower-garden, and it bloomed a sweet reward for their pains; they of us all were the least restricted, but among flower-beds and borders, paths and lawns there was much occupation to be found and little harm to do.

To me, as I wished, fell the care of the fruit trees and the orchard. I had to watch and gather, each in their season, the fruits as they ripened; to make the right use of them and to see to their storing and preserving. And with a garden so prolific you may imagine there was little idle time for me, once the summer had fairly begun.

It is about my own department of the vineyard that I am going to descant upon here; though I say it myself, if other girls could be induced to imitate my course, they would find it bringing benefit to themselves and to others, as it did to me and mine. With experience I could, doubtless, have made much more from the same materials, but for a trial-season's work the result was satisfactory enough.

Let me tell you, then, what I did with my crops.

We rarely had a meal without fruit upon the table in some form or other, and it was my pride to invent and alter, with as many variations as possible, the ways of serving it. Lois and mother grumbled sometimes at my frequent raids upon the dairy in quest of cream and curds, but I would never be refused.

Mother pointed out to me one day the array of empty jam-jars adorning the pantry shelves.

"I want to see them all filled, Betty, before the season is ended, and you will not be able to do it if you stew so much of the fruit," she said.

The reminder was a needed one, doubtless, but what I resented was her designating my *compôtes* and *purées* by the name of "stews," really it was sacrilegious!

The jampots were filled, every single one of them by Martinmas, but before enlarging upon their contents I want to describe some of my pet confections.

I must first own, however, that they were not all the creations of my own fancy, some of them were culled from an American cookbook, some from other sources. The icy coolness which gives so great a charm to all fruit dishes could not, in my case, be brought about by the use of ice and a freezing pail, but I found a substitute which served its turn remarkably well; this was by filling a shallow dish with water and inverting a clay flower-pot upon it, wrapping around the pot a strip of coarse flannel, taking care to keep this bandage always moist. My dish or basin set upon this flower-pot became, and kept, delightfully cool on the hottest days.

When cooking any kind of fruit, I invariably prepared my syrup first, by boiling the requisite quantity of sugar with a little water, then putting in whatever was intended to go. A few minutes' cooking sufficed, and then taking out the fruit I boiled the syrup yet a little longer and poured it over all. A *compôte* made thus is immeasurably superior in flavour and appearance to fruit that has been "stewed."

Fresh cream whipped made with this quite an elegant sweet for the dinner-table, and the juice strained from a *compôte* of currants and raspberries, mixed with curds and beaten light and smooth, was a delicious accompaniment to mother's sponge cakes and scones.

Amongst our greatest favourites were *Fruit Floats;* these were made of every fruit in turn, beginning with gooseberries and ending with apples; they were prettiest when made with cherries.

I first made a *compôte* of fruit, boiling the syrup rather longer than usual that it might be extra thick.

To make our requisite number of floats four eggs were needed, the whites separated from the yolks. With the latter I made about a pint of thick boiled custard with milk and sugar to sweeten it. The whites were whisked to a stiff froth, then two or three spoonfuls of castor sugar were lightly mixed in, and the fruit syrup (when cold) added a little at a time, taking care that it should evenly colour the whole and not be streaky.

A number of small saucers were needed, and at the bottom of each was placed a small round of stale spongecake; upon that a few spoonfuls of custard, then a little heap of the float, and the fruit made a ring around the outer edge. These we ate with biscuits and rusks, or plain cake.

Mother had always had a *penchant* for making sponge cake, and now with new-laid eggs freely at command she indulged her taste. Sometimes one of these became dry before it was cut, and I seized upon it for a *Tipsy Cake*, which was guaranteed to be decidedly non-intoxicant.

A *compôte* of fruit prepared as before mentioned was poured while still hot over the cake that was cut ready in thin slices. When cold, this was built up again to its original shape and sprinkled all over with desiccated cocoanut. It was set in a deep glass dish, the bottom filled around with jelly or fruit float, then whipped and sweetened cream piled over all. This was a Sunday's treat, the chiefest part being prepared the day before, leaving only the cream to be added afterwards.

We were the possessors of some old-fashioned champagne glasses—the tall kind; wine rarely touched them, but we used them instead for our *Syllabubs*, half-filling them with sweetened fruit juice, then pouring in frothing new milk.

Another use I put them to was to place cooked fruit and juice (ripe gooseberries were the nicest, being a little sharp) at the bottom, then to whip the whites of a couple of eggs to a froth, beat in some castor sugar and a few spoonfuls of juice and fill up the glasses with it. Red currants and raspberries made sweet went by the name of *Red Grits*. A *compôte* made from these had to be rubbed through a sieve, and the juice thus obtained was required to be about a pint in quantity. To this, in a saucepan, was added two large spoonfuls of ground rice, a little more sugar, and a small teacupful of water. This was boiled over the fire until rather stiff, then it was poured into a wetted mould and set aside to become cold. When turned out it was smothered in fresh cream, making a delicious and fairly substantial pudding.

Fruit puddings, pies and tarts we had in plenty; for extra occasions there was another way of making the latter, which was especially good when the tart was compounded of raspberries, apricots or peaches.

A tart dish (or tin) was lined with good short pastry, and filled up with fresh-picked fruit well covered with sugar, then the upper crust laid on but not fastened round the edges. When cooked this upper crust was removed and sweetened cream or thick custard poured in and the cover replaced, the cream not revealing itself until the tart was cut.

But I must not forget to tell you of our *Strawberry Shortcake feast.*

This was in early July. The strawberry crop was a very heavy one, it took me all my time to keep level with it, and besides sending away a quantity, we stored up many pounds in jam, not to mention the piles kept for our own faring.

My American cook-book told of a delectable shortcake, and one day I tried it, to the great satisfaction of all. Then mother mooted a project she had long had as a secret desire; this was to invite a number of the aged and poor to a feast of ripe strawberries under the green trees on the lawn.

Fordhaven boasted no Union; the nearest was at Shardling, some fifteen miles away, but hither went our two waggons in search of guests for the feast.

Meanwhile tables were spread under the chestnuts and seats brought from every direction. Tea, coffee, fresh fruit and cream in plenty were made ready; but the glory of the repast were the cakes that Martha and I laboured to prepare.

With sleeves rolled up and aprons donned, we kneaded and rolled, baked and dished a famous batch of cakes, and though I say it who should be silent, no lighter, crisper, or sweeter shortcakes ever were eaten.

This was the proportion of the materials we used:—

To every pound of flour was allowed three ounces of sweet butter, three of sugar, a pinch of salt, and one egg, with about a teacupful of buttermilk. The milk had previously been well-frothed by the stirring in of some carbonate of soda.

We rolled out portions of the dough to the size of a dinner-plate, and the thickness of a quarter of an inch, placing them on buttered baking sheets. When baked one cake was spread thickly with picked berries and sugar and another pressed down over it. The cakes were cut in large triangular pieces and sent round covered with cream, to be eaten with fork and spoon, and "received with thanks."

How many cakes were made and consumed that day I should be afraid to say. Martha and I retired to our beds at an unusually early hour that evening tired out, but with the consciousness of having acquitted ourselves with distinction; and the waggons that rumbled away in the gloaming had cheerful and smiling faces for their load.

And now it is time to take a look at the jam-pots.

The first to be filled and set away were some three dozen of gooseberry-jelly, made while the berries were still green, but on the point of turning colour. When making this I boiled the berries until they almost dissolved, having a little water at the bottom of the preserving-pan to prevent them burning. The fruit was then passed through a jelly-bag until well-strained and the juice returned to the cleaned-out pan.

While this was being brought up to boiling-point, after it had been measured and weighed, the sugar (in proportion of a pound of the finest lump to a pint of juice) was spread out on tins and placed in the oven to become hot through. When the juice boiled the sugar was put in; it hissed and bubbled in fine style, and very quickly dissolved without once hindering the boiling of the pan; a very few minutes longer, and then it was poured straight into heated glasses and set aside to cool. When cold the jars were covered with paper dipped into white of egg and tied down; the jelly "set" firmly even before it was quite cold, and was of a beautiful bright colour.

Our strawberry jam had a good proportion of currant juice added to it, to give flavour to this otherwise somewhat insipid preserve. The

currant jams and jellies had quite a fourth part of raspberries added to them, and we found a mixture of red and white currants with a few rasps made a most delicious jelly.

We had several kinds of plums in the garden, and a selection of each found representation in the jam-pots; so also did the apricots and peaches. Black currants yielded us both jam and jelly, but these jars were set apart for the possible sore throats and colds that winter might bring. Black currants also furnished us with one or two bottles of cordial, and another was added to these when we went blackberrying in October.

Old fashioned raspberry vinegar and raspberry cordial too found a place on the pantry shelves, and mother even essayed the making of gooseberry and currant wines, but truth compels me to state that her first attempts were not crowned with success. She did better with the elderberries in the autumn, however, and many a homely "grog" for winter nights' suppers came from this innocent "brew."

Mother gave me her guidance in the making of the preserves, and she carefully impressed upon me that the secret of success was to gather the fruit when it was at its "perfect" state, *i.e.* ripe, but not over-ripe, in dry weather, and to boil it well before putting in any sugar; to have the latter of the best quality procurable, and to boil the jam for a short time only after the sugar had been added. "It is the fruit that requires cooking, and not the sugar," she said emphatically; telling me how the latter went quickly and almost imperceptibly from one degree to another.

Our apple crop was also an abundant one as the store-room showed when all had been gathered in. A small quantity of apple jelly was made for consumption on high days and festivals, and I also made a trial experiment with apple butter, but lacked the patience necessary to bring this to perfection, therefore, though eatable, it was nothing to boast of.

We had apples galore that winter, in every conceivable form that apples could take, and many a bushel found its way to our less fortunate suburban friends of olden days.

Although our fruit garden yielded me many delights and much profit, it also gave me many anxieties and not a little hard labour.

I lay awake when the winds rose in anger, fearful of the damage I dreaded to see on the morrow; I learnt the meaning of "blight," of caterpillar pests, and waged a keen warfare with the enemy wasp. How to keep the bushes and trees in good bearing-condition became a very serious study, and pruning and grafting were all-absorbing themes.

"Impossible for a girl to attempt," do you say?

"Not a bit of it," I answer. And I maintain moreover, that if more girls—the strong, well-grown, able-bodied girls of to-day—would turn their energies and strength to account in such-wise, our English agriculture would soon revive, and cease to be bemoaned and be pitied as it is!

LUCY H. YATES.

WAITING FOR THE MARKET.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

JUST a pile of fruit fresh gathered—
Gold and purple, white and red,
That are waiting for the market
In a corner of the shed—
And my thoughts have gone a-roaming
To a quaint old straggling town,
With its sunny gardens, sheltered
By the harbour's thymy down.

And I see the crowded market
With its stalls in long array,
And the women with brown faces
'Neath their folded kerchiefs gay.
And the maiden at the corner,
Trying vainly not to smile
On the youthful peasant lover
Who would fain her heart beguile.

Then it brings me happy visions
Of a spot that's dearer still—
Of a grey château that's nestled
In the valley o'er the hill,
Where my thoughts fly—ah, how often!
For there's one I ne'er forget,
Dwelling 'midst the sunny gardens
Of that peaceful valley yet.

THE SCARLET PANSY.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

IT was a place of many gardens, that bowery white town that rose terrace on terrace above the quiet bay. Every villa had its hothouses and its brilliant borders. Every cottage was rich in diamond beds. The great folk cultivated orchids. The poor grew sweetwilliams and lilies of the valley, and all those homely flowers whose names are a rest to the heart and their smell a welcome, a memory, and a hope. In the summer nobody could open a casement without shaking out the scent of a rose.

But the fields! what with hedgerows, trenches, and their own bright-fancied sward, I almost think they were the best gardens of all. From the February day, when the earliest celandine looked out from its sheltered bank upon a half-clothed world, filled with the quavering voices of lambs and the first flurry of projecting rooks, till those golden afternoons when the royal foxglove, born in the purple of perfect summer, saw the rich sunsets bloom and fade, it was all a ringing of sweet changes upon the bells of flowers.

Its lanes—which wisely wound in and out, so that one always had to go twice the delightful distance—were pleached alleys, gushing with the song of thrushes, trembling with the hum of bees, and heavy with the spice of limes. In June its woods were so blue with hyacinths that one might have thought the peeping sky had fallen through. And its orchards! they made one think that the snow which had lain about the mossy trunks had been drawn into the sap and had quickened into perfumed blossom.

Yes, all the white town was a garden. Tender exotics that elsewhere needed coaxing and cosseting under glass throve in the open there. Hardly was there a flower known to the florist's lists that might not be seen growing in luxuriance.

And yet nobody was quite satisfied with the product of his garden.

"It is all very well," folks said, rich and poor alike, "but I cannot grow the scarlet pansy."

Pansies, of course, were rife enough, from the great velvet blossom dark as wine of Burgundy, cat-faced, soft and rich as the fur of a royal bee, to the little yellow or purple thing scorned of its splendid kin, and glad to grow wherever heaven gave an inch of earth; but the scarlet pansy was not. Seed that claimed to be of the true stock had been procured from many a cultivator, at home and abroad, had been lavishly paid for, heedfully nurtured. But sometimes it died without a sign above the ground. Sometimes it was eaten in tender infancy by slug or fly, or without apparent cause, languished and failed. Sometimes it promised well and even lived to blossom. But, though up to that time it seemed to wear the prized authentic hue, as soon as ever its face was revealed, it was seen to be in truth brown, yellow, purple, indigo, or of one of those nameless shades akin to all rich tones of velvet or of plush yet identical with none; of any colour, indeed, save that one desired. No one had ever grown a scarlet pansy. No one did I say? Well, perhaps, that is more than I have a right to affirm. There were people who had seen it, or who

"JUST A PILE OF FRUIT FRESH GATHERED—
GOLD AND PURPLE, WHITE AND RED."

said that they had seen it. It was even alleged by some that at that moment it might be seen growing in the white town. But it was always in the garden of someone else. A few spoke of having themselves reared it, long ago. Many hoped to rear it very soon. No soul, I think, pretended that he had it in present bloom. Some said it needed nicest care and might be cultivated only under glass. Others held that it thrived best in an open border, and loved a northern aspect and common soil—a hardy plant, and not afraid of bleak winds or frost.

Some sighed for it. Some prayed for it. Some called it a myth and a delusion. Yet these, in secret, so their neighbours said, were asking everywhere for seed. It was not in nature, those flower-loving people for the most part held, not to long to own a scarlet pansy.

The children were gardeners not less eager than their elders. Every little one had its own apportioned plot; and the favourite gift to a nephew or a small friend was a rake, a spade, a watering pot—pretty and dainty as a toy yet fit for service too.

In an old quarter of the town, once favoured, now forsaken, of fashion, in two old houses, separated only by a single street door, lived Armour Verity and Faith Shield.

Their names—queer and quaint indeed—were quite a blessing to their friends and neighbours. Assuredly it must have been a dull wit that could not strike a joke out of such flint and tinder as they gave. And some people think that jokes, like wine, need mellowing years to lie soft and kindly on the tongue. Now the jest that was drawn from Armour and Faith was quite certainly free from fiery crudeness, seasoned, safe and soft.

Armour was ten years old. Verity was a twelvemonth younger. He was blind and she walked with a crutch. They were all the world to one another.

First among the many things which were common to the fortunes of these children, it happened that neither had father or mother. Each lived with kinsfolk, not unkind or hard of heart, but far from well-placed in the world, and perhaps a little apt to rate a child not their own, and likely never to do much for itself, as more of a burthen than a blessing. The circle of either home was complete without its little windfall. In the sense of not being very much wanted, each was an odd child. Hence perhaps each grew a little odd in character too. The two unnecessary children became necessary to one another. The two children whom nobody could understand understood one another. Most of the day, Armour and Verity were in company. In thought they were never apart.

Every morning at a quarter to nine, Armour, with his satchel on his shoulder and his staff in his hand, gave a little quiet rap at the door of Verity's house—a rap that was not meant to call anyone forth, but merely to announce that he was there, at Verity's service, and sat down on the low stone wall in front of the house to await the coming of his friend.

"I hope," Verity would say, when, after a minute or two—never longer, the clink of her crutch fell on the two stone steps—"I do hope I have not kept you very long?" Verity saw no reason why one should not be polite to a person because one is very fond of him.

"Not at all," Armour replied; "I only hope you have not hurried on my account. I have been quite happy. I was looking at your roses."

Armour always spoke of looking at things, and indeed he had two very quick observant eyes at his command, but they were the brown eyes of Verity.

As for his own eyes, only a close observer would have recognised their blindness. Beautiful eyes they were—misty blue, like the distant October hills. But they did not dance or play; their look was always the same, and when one wanted to know what Armour thought about anything, it was his lips, and his brow, with its strangely expressive little lines, that one tried to read. When God shuts one door He always opens another; and since Armour's eyes were dark, God had spread a kind of light over the rest of his face.

"I think we ought to be starting," Armour would say, as soon as Verity had joined him, "though," he added, "there is no real hurry, indeed, we are in very good time;" for he remembered his little neighbour's crutch; and a crutch, clever and willing as it may be, is not quite the same as one's own good leg.

"Oh, dear!" Verity would say, pausing at the corner where carts and carriages began to be thick, "how very full the town is to-day! Would it trouble you to give me your arm? I am a little nervous, you know, because of my crutch."

"Trouble!" Armour made answer, extending his arm, "Oh, Verity, how can you be so formal! Take a firm hold. There, now you are quite safe!"

"Thank you; yes," said artful Verity, "I am not at all uneasy now."

Not for the world would she have let Armour guess that hers, not his, was the guardian's clasp. "Dear Armour is a man," she said to herself, "and men love to be protectors."

So, arm in arm they walked to school.

To the other children their behaviour was polite and even gracious. But they made no friendships and joined in no games. Those noisy boys and girls, hungry, eager, loud, of the playground and the class, were unmeaning, half unreal creatures, wholly without the little shadowed world in which they two passed all their true life. Their seats on the long form were next to one another; and Verity sat reading the lesson with her soft eyes, and Armour sat reading it with his wise fingers.

Quick at everything else, his sweet neighbour was slow at ciphering. When Armour got into trouble at school, it was always for the same offence—unlawful working of Verity's sums. For arithmetic, he himself possessed a wonderful faculty, being able to carry long columns and solve quite difficult problems in his small curly head.

Out of school, much of the children's time was passed in their own "house," in a little sheltered cove, yellow-sanded, and wooded down to the still water. It was a house of many chambers, of dark and winding corridors, and unexpected slits of windows, crammed with sunny sky and dancing sails; a hollow echoing house, half as old as time, perhaps; full of sea growths and sea savours. Never was there such a cove; and they would sit in it day after day, so still over their endless talk that the old seals came to hold them in a kindly regard and would say to their young people who might, perhaps, be making ready to flop into the water, "Don't move, my dears; it is only our little friends."

All wild creatures, indeed, received these two children more or less into their society. The blackbirds in Armour's garden went on with the business of their establishment just as though the young master and mistress were not there. By the cove, slow-worms hardly took the trouble to move out of their way, and there was a rabbit who Verity firmly believed always nodded to her as he sat up and washed his face—about which he was very particular; indeed, almost fussy.

Among the things of which the children talked, there was one question which came on for discussion over and over again. It was what they would do if out of the merry heather, setting all the little bells around him a-swing, there should step, in green jacket and red cap, a gallant little fairy, who, bowing till his white plume swept the ground, should say—

"Lady and gentleman, I am instructed by Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Mab (long may she reign) to offer each of you a wish. Have the goodness to give it a name and it shall be done."

But often as the matter was argued, it was always settled in the same way. Each of the friends being free to make a choice, there could be no long doubt as to what the choice should be.

"If you please," the lady would make answer, "I will be cured of my lame foot—quite cured, so that I can run and dance."

"And I," the gentleman would say, "will have my sight."

But when they had disposed of that, another question arose.

"Supposing," they said to one another, "the fairy came only to you, and you could have but one wish; what would you choose then?"

And Verity answered, with brimming eyes and a mouth that would tremble a little, yet with no shadow of hesitation—

"I would choose that you might see."

"And I," said Armour slowly, as one that felt what it was to renounce the light of day, yet with conviction no less assured, "would choose that you might run and dance."

And then the children would take one another's hand, and cry a little, and never know whether it was because they were so happy or so sad.

"Never mind, dearest," was ever the last word. "Perhaps we should not love one another so much if—if there were fairies."

Only at such times did either child refer to the other's affliction, and even then they both stepped lightly, knowing they trod on holy ground.

When they were not together, the friends would work in their gardens, gathering companionship from clinking or scraping sounds that came now and again, or, if nobody were near, from calls of greeting, and perhaps a radish or a gooseberry slily tossed across. Sometimes, indeed, Verity would contrive a sweeter salutation—a bunch of violets or pinks rolled into a mossy ball. Her beds were always richer and brighter than those of the garden beyond. But then the gardener there worked in the dark.

Both plots had pansies, but in neither did the scarlet pansy bloom.

Time went by, and one December night—a night of snow and stars—there appeared to Armour and to Verity, a strange and beautiful vision. To both in that same night it came, but whether or not in the same moment of time remained to the last a thing unknown.

At the bedside of Verity stood One, at once a shadow and a brightness, within whose face all gracious dreams came true. And in a voice that fell like the starlight through the window that One spoke to the child and said:—

"Ask what I shall give thee. Fear not to ask too great a thing. Search thy heart and make answer, that I may give thee thy heart's desire."

To Armour the same words were spoken, but to him the appearance was not a form or a face, but a soft wind and a strain of music, like no music here, and the smell of wonderful flowers.

Now the children were dreaming, and knew that they were dreaming. And they knew, moreover, that the dream and the vision were true.

Then Armour thought. "Ah, me! Now might I have my sight, and behold the sea and the clouds and the face of Verity. Now might I know what are those strange things which she calls purple and scarlet, and which seem to me like the smell of hawthorn and the touch of bricks made hot in the sun. Now might I do great deeds and be a famous man.

It would be like waking in heaven to wake seeing!"

"My child," said that One who was music and perfume and the breath of May, "make thy choice."

And Armour said, "I choose that Verity may be cured of her lameness, and may run and dance."

And the voice answered, "It shall come to pass. Only a little time and the child shall run and dance."

"Ask what I shall give thee," said that One shining and making soft shadow by the white bed of Verity.

And Verity thought, "Oh, how happy I am! How kind is God! How sweet my life will be!"

And (not knowing what was befalling or was to befall in a little bare room scarce twenty yards away) Verity said: "I choose that I may be cured of my lameness and may run and dance."

And the vision made answer, "It shall come to pass. In all the world there shall not glance a lighter foot than thine."

Next day there came some distant kinsman of Verity's of whom till then she had heard nothing, and took her away so suddenly that she could not even wish her friend good-bye. It was not till four lonely weeks had gone past that Armour late at night heard a carriage stop at the neighbouring door, and knew that Verity had returned.

On the following day, while the air was still buzzing with the three-quarter chime, Armour gave his little rap of notice and sat down to wait.

A moment later Verity's arms were about his neck and her hawthorn cheek was laid against his own.

"Oh, my dear," she whispered, and her tears made his face wet, "Oh, my dearest, I can run and dance. Armour, how I wish you could see me! My feet are like blowballs. At first I thought I was an angel or a bird. Oh, Armour, if you could only see me!"

And Armour answered, "Oh, never mind my sight. You are my eyes, dearest. I should have liked to see my eyes once, but perhaps I shall—in heaven. I cannot fancy a blind angel."

"Ah," said Verity, "but I can!" and she kissed his beautiful misty eyes.

A few minutes later, as Armour was about to give his arm to Verity—whose feet of very lightness would dance a little—a carriage dashed round the corner, and Armour—well—Armour was killed.

Knowing her dead friend's love for flowers, Verity asked leave to gather from his own little plot a few snowdrops—very early comers in that soft-aired place.

And when she stooped for the sweet white things, she saw, growing beside them—bright as a drop of the heart's blood—a scarlet pansy.

So it was buried in his coffin.

MY FIRST EARLY CYCLE RIDE.

It was on Easter Eve when father said, "I shall go away on Monday morning for a few days, will you come with me, Con?" He evidently wanted me as a companion now I could cycle. I answered, "It all depends on where you are going and how."

"I am going to bicycle. Where, I don't know, whichever way the wind likes to blow me I shall go."

"I'll come with you some of the way, but I must be home in the evening, so I cannot go very far." I felt I ought to say this as he had been so good as to give me a cycle, as I related in my July article. I had then made it one of the strong arguments with him why he should buy one—that I should go out with him on some of his trips.

Again father broke in on my perusal of a volume, by saying, "I shall get up early, Con."

"Be sure you wake me then," came from the middle of the book. On Sunday night I betook myself early to bed. No sooner had I fallen asleep than I heard a tremendous thumping at my door.

"What's the matter," I called out sleepily.

"Get up, I'm just off," said father.

"Why, it's the middle of the night, I'm not going to get up yet." I seemed to have only just fallen asleep.

"It is just about five and a lovely day, so be quick and we'll start," kindly and gently.

Father's watch must have been very fast for it was barely half-past four, yet I tumbled out of bed. It was far easier to do that than argue about the time of day, or rather night.

When I went downstairs father had made some tea with the spirit lamp, and wanted me to eat some breakfast. I drank some tea, but didn't eat anything, for as I remarked at the time, I had only just had supper. However, I cut some sandwiches and put them in his frame bag and we started. It was about half-past five and the streets were perfectly quiet. As the wind was from the north we rode southward. We bowled merrily along over the smooth gravel of the beautiful Battersea Park. The park looked lovely with the budding trees all glistening with dew.

When we were in the dreary streets again my reflections were broken by the audible remarks of various working-men.

One would think in this age of bicycles that there was nothing extraordinary in the spectacle of a lady riding through the streets, even so early in the morning, but those men evidently thought otherwise, that is if they thought at all. At any rate I expect they are so used to making the same old jokes that repetition does not make them pall. The wonderful part of it is they always manage to get up a laugh, even though they know the speeches so well they could even say them backwards. Perhaps the laugh comes into the joke.

One called out, "Why, miss, your front wheel's going round!"—laugh.

Another, "Take care you don't fall off"—laugh.

A third broke the record, in laughter, with "Where's yer trousers?" Some working-men truly are facetious beings.

We reached Streatham Hill, and had a smooth wood pavement to ride over. Up the hill we went, the wind helping considerably. Then we passed a beautiful common, went on through Croydon and Purley. Father said he should ride to Newhaven, and take the steamer across to Dieppe. I told him that he would have to pay duty on his machine, but he said if he found it would cost much he could easily leave the bicycle at Newhaven.

I left him at a lovely little country-place, as I wanted to return to Croydon to call and see some friends, and then reach home in the afternoon.

Before we parted we sat down under a hedge, and ate the sandwiches I had cut. Very glad I was of them, too, and as for father, he wished there had been double as many. The friends whom I went to see were away, so I went straight home again, and finished my night's sleep.

Father came home on Saturday morning, so he had been away five days. He said that he had had a most delightful time. He rode to Newhaven, and took the steamer across the Channel. He found that duty was only charged on new machines, so he only had to pay five shillings each way over the Channel for his. On the French railways the only charge was two sous (a penny) for registration, and the machine is carried freely as personal luggage. Why should it not be the same in England? Surely a bicycle does not weigh more than two or three trunks. He had a fine passage across the Channel, and took the train to Paris. Then he cycled straight to Fontainebleau, about forty miles away from Paris. He did not like the paved roads, but at places he could ride along the footpaths; that is permitted in France. He said that Fontainebleau was a most lovely place to visit with its vast forest, enormous rocks, a wonderful palace, and fountains and lakes. When he told me of all these things, and of the enormous carp there that exist to eat, and have been petted for ages, I did wish I had gone with him, as he had invited me to do. What a stupid a girl can be sometimes!

His description of the rooms of the palace, of the apartments occupied by Napoleon, by Madame de Maintenon, and by the Pope when Napoleon kept him there; of the articles in the rooms, of the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication, and into which he stuck his knife; of the copy of the abdication, of the various wonderful mantelpieces and the pictures, he made me still more regret I had not been there to see it as well.

Then he told of his repeated visit to the Louvre in Paris on his return, and of his peeps at Rouen and its great clock-tower, of the giant hotel in which he stayed, of the cathedral *façade*, of his run along the smooth roads of Normandy; of his chats with the peasantry, his peeps at their ways of keeping accounts by notching two sticks; of three cyclists he met, with whom he paced some distance; of their *al fresco* meal of hard-boiled eggs and bread-and-butter under a tree; and, finally, of the spin down the steep hill into Dieppe, he made me almost cry with vexation that I had not gone. He will have to take me one day that same route.

But there is another side to the picture. Father had a rather nasty passage back. The sea was choppy, and the boat crowded. They were five hours crossing that little bit of Channel. Everybody was sea-sick, and in the morning a dilapidated, wretched-looking set of people landed at Newhaven. When I heard of this I began to chase away my regrets, to wipe away starting tears, and feel thankful that I wasn't there. I am a wretched sailor, and always feel like that Frenchman, who, the first half-hour on the sea, was afraid he was going to die, and the second half-hour was afraid he wasn't.

Father isn't as bad as that, though he says he would rather cross the Atlantic than the little Channel. He does not intend to go to France again by that route, so he must have felt decidedly qualmish. However he looked very well, and certainly must have had a most enjoyable trip. I still have regrets that my first early ride had not been more extended. Oh, the fickleness of a girl!—at least of this one.

BO-PEEP.

A MODERN BO-PEEP.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME.

"What must be, must be."—*Iliad.*

HER real name was Ginevra! Ginevra Roscoe.

There were already eleven little olive branches in the roomy, comfortable old vicarage before Ginevra opened her blue eyes on the vast enigma we call life, but the hardly-worked vicar welcomed her very kindly with the usual twofold gift—with which he greeted each successive child—a witticism and a blessing.

"Upon my word, Dollie"—looking benignly at the pale mother, and the small pink morsel of humanity nestled beside her—"she looks like a miniature Bo-peep; it may be my fancy, but I could have declared that she opened one eye and winked at me just now. Well, get strong as fast as you can, dearest, and God bless number twelve," and then the vicar went downstairs to write his sermon, keeping watch meanwhile over his four big boys who were playing leap-frog on the lawn outside his study window.

It was only a momentary freak on the vicar's part, for he was a humorist in a mild way, but the name stuck to her, and even the servants called her Miss Bo-peep; and when strangers questioned her, she would answer for herself quite readily, "Me is Bo-peep, and nuffin else."

It must be owned that the vicar's *sobriquet* suited her; as a child, Bo-peep seemed ubiquitous; her small quick footsteps were everywhere; as her brother Clement gravely assured her she had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Her pretty blue eyes were for ever opening and prying into all manner of domestic secrets, and nothing pleased the boys so well as to watch Bo-peep's eyes widen and grow round and fixed as they told weird uncanny stories in the gloaming.

Ah, those were happy days in the old vicarage, and until Bo-peep had attained the age of sweet seventeen, she had known no greater troubles than an unlucky thaw when Bertie had promised her a day's skating; and a rainy day, when she had been invited to play tennis at the big house; or perhaps now and then a refusal on her mother's part to give her the new frock that she coveted, for even then new frocks were "like angels' visits few and far between."

There were only two daughters married when the blow came, and a sudden chill, caught while burying a parishioner one snowy February day, carried off the good vicar, and the broken-hearted widow and her children were obliged to leave the old home.

Clement and two of his brothers were already working hard in London, but Bertie was still at Cambridge. A family council was held, and a committee of ways and means, consisting of Clement and his eldest unmarried sister Adela, went sternly into questions of supply and expenditure, and it was decided, that under present circumstances, no permanent home was possible.

Mrs. Roscoe must share her boys' lodgings, and Adela, Bertha, Kate, and even Bo-peep, must find situations. Adela was already a probationer at St. Luke's, and would soon be a full-fledged nurse; Bertha, a gentle retiring girl, became a companion to a dear motherly old lady, who treated her as though she were one of her grand-daughters, and Kate, who was clever and managing, undertook the education of some motherless children, under the eye of a maternal aunt. Poor Bo-peep, whose list of accomplishments was limited, and whose capacity was by no means brilliant, was obliged to accept with shrinking reluctance a kindly offer made her, by one who knew the family, to become nursery-governess to Lady Merrick's children.

Bo-peep was young, only eighteen, and her duties were light, so the salary was not handsome; but Mrs. Marsden, who managed the negotiation, assured her mother that Bo-peep would have a comfortable home at the Manor Hall, and that Lady Merrick, in spite of her grand air and fine-lady mannerisms, had a kind heart.

"They are dear children, and Bo-peep will soon get fond of them," continued the good woman, but Mrs. Roscoe sighed.

"If only Bo-peep could have lived with either Blanche or Connie," she observed regretfully, "but neither of my sons-in-law are rich, and Clement says we must not think of such a thing; but somehow I cannot bear to think of my little Bo-peep—her father's pet and plaything—going among strangers."

"They will not be strangers long," returned Mrs. Marsden sensibly. "Lady Merrick is young herself, and she will know how to make the child happy. You may set your mind at rest, she is already very much interested in all I have told her; she said more than once that it was a great thing having a young lady to teach Maisie, and that she quite hoped to find her companionable when Sir Walter was away."

"Thank you, thank you for all you have done. Bo-peep and I are very grateful," returned the widow gently. But that night, while Bo-peep cried herself to sleep from sheer fright and misery, the mother lay open-eyed in the darkness, praying voiceless prayers for the child; the little one, who had never been absent from their roof a single night; and who can tell the martyrdom of that tender soul, when her cheek was wet with Bo-peep's tears, and Bo-peep's modest little trunk was being carried down-stairs.

"Oh, mammy, mammy, darling, I would rather die than leave you!" exclaimed poor Bo-peep, pressing the fragile figure almost convulsively in her passionate young arms. But the widow's eyes were dry; her grief lay too deep for tears. They were taking everything from her, her husband had gone, and her home, and now Bo-peep had gone too, and not all the love and care of her grave young son could avail to comfort her.

As for Bo-peep, she was a spectacle to touch all hearts; even the guard who had children of his own took compassion on her, and gave her a compartment to herself, and there she cried herself stupid, until her head ached, and her poor little throat felt dry; but she had got rid of the big lump that almost suffocated her, only the throbbing girlish heart within her felt like lead in her bosom.

The journey was only half accomplished when the train slackened speed, and then drew up at a little country station. Bo-peep glancing listlessly at the empty platform had just said to herself that there were no passengers, when the door was suddenly flung open and a young man jumped in. The train was already in movement, and Bo-peep could not suppress a little cry, though she grew crimson the next moment as the young man raised his hat.

"I am afraid I have startled you," he said pleasantly, "but there was not a moment to lose, and the next train is at 7.30. I should have had to wait three hours if I had not caught this, so please excuse my noisy entrance."

Bo-peep tried to mutter a civil answer, but she was too much overwhelmed with painful self-consciousness to express herself coherently. What could any stranger think of her heated countenance and swollen eyes? and then the remembrance of her own misery made them fill again.

There was a sudden rustle, the young man had unfolded his paper, and was safely entrenched behind it. Bo-peep furtively wiped her eyes, but it was no use—the round babyish face had puckered the next moment—her hat was askew and the soft hair lay damp and uncurled on the pretty white forehead, and no one who had not known her could have decided on the colour of her eyes.

The young man was frowning fiercely to himself, and pulling a rough reddish moustache as though something irritated him, and then as a faint gasp met his ear he suddenly flung down the paper, and what he said to himself was this. "Oh, confound it; how is a fellow to stand this any longer? Why, she is a mere child too. Hang conventionality and all that rot!"

And the next moment Bo-peep was aware of a man's tweed sleeve crossing the radius of her vision.

"Will you let me shut that window? The wind is a bit sharp this evening. I am afraid you are not quite well. Is there anything I can do for you? Perhaps at the next station you will allow me to get you a cup of tea; if you have a headache there is nothing like tea to pick you up."

The voice was so friendly, so thoroughly genial, that Bo-peep opened her poor swollen eyes quite widely and looked at him. He was a gentleman; yes, certainly a gentleman, that was her first thought; and though he was young and not at all good-looking, there was something reliable about his face, and Bo-peep—who knew nothing of the world and was as guileless and frank as an infant—responded instantly to the first note of sympathy, though it was struck in a strange masculine key.

"Thank you, my head does ache, but I will not have any tea. We shall be at Ashdown presently, the guard said so."

"Are you getting out at Ashdown? So am I. Perhaps your friends will meet you."

"I have left my friends—I am going among strangers"—and here Bo-peep's mouth quivered, and two big tears coursed down her cheeks. "I don't think anyone was ever so miserable before. I have never seen Lady Merrick in my life, and I am so afraid of her."

The young man started, and there was an odd amused gleam in his eyes.

"Are you going to the Manor Hall?" he asked, quite confidentially. "Why, I am going there too; what an odd coincidence! Excuse me, but surely you are not crying your eyes out because you are *going* to stay with Lady Merrick. She is awfully jolly, don't you know. Everybody says so."

"Yes; but I am going to be her nursery governess, and I have never, never been away from home before, not even to stay with my

married sisters, and that makes it so dreadful. And father is dead"—and here her voice broke.

"Just tell me all about it, will you?" returned the young man, gently. "Lady Merrick is a connection of mine—in fact, she is my sister. My name is Archibald Ferard—Captain Ferard. Suppose you tell me yours."

Bo-peep was not reserved; she told him her name at once.

"'Ginevra.' What a pretty name, and it is so uncommon," he observed genially.

"Yes; but I am never called Ginevra; I am always Bo-peep at home." And then in her artless way she gave a pathetic little account of herself. By the time they reached Ashdown Captain Ferard knew all about the Vicarage and the boys, and the five sisters, and something like comfort stole across Bo-peep's aching head, for in this strange place she had met a friendly soul.

Captain Ferard had never found himself exactly in this position before, but he was a good-natured fellow, and he instinctively took the right course.

"Look here, Miss Roscoe," he said, cheerfully—Bo-peep had never been called Miss Roscoe before, but she rather liked it—"there is nothing like putting a good face on things. If you have pluck you are sure of getting on. Evelyn—Lady Merrick, I mean—is a regular brick; and as for the kids, they are jolly little beggars, especially Maisie. Take my word for it, you will be as happy as possible. I know exactly what you feel. When I was a small boy I hated going back to school. I was like a whipped puppy all the first day, but before the week was over I was in the thick of the fun. My word, and we did have fun at Rugby."

"Clement was at Rugby," replied Bo-peep brightening up; and then for the first time Captain Ferard had a dim idea that she might possibly be pretty. "Do you—do you live at the Manor Hall, Captain Ferard?"

"I? Good gracious, no! Fancy my quartering myself on my brother-in-law! I am at Aldershot just now until the regiment is ordered to India. I dare say I shall be often down this summer—the Manor Hall suits me down to the ground."

Bo-peep's face fell. Somehow she wished that this friendly and pleasant young officer lived at the Manor Hall. And yet what difference would it make to her? She was only the nursery-governess, and would never enter the drawing-room, and of course——

"Hullo! here we are at Ashdown, and there is Evelyn on the platform."

"Lady Merrick! Oh, do let me see her!" And Bo-peep peeped over his arm, and under it, in her old eager way. A slim, graceful-looking woman in a tweed dress and a close little hat stood on the platform, with a magnificent greyhound beside her. She was very handsome, with a delicate little tip-tilted nose and large brown eyes, which began sparkling very pleasantly as she caught sight of her brother.

"Why, Archie, in a third-class carriage! You are turning over a new leaf indeed. Walter will never believe it!"

"None of your nonsense, Eve. Hullo, Brand, old fellow!" as the hound fawned on him. "I jumped in when the train was leaving Grigsley, and nearly frightened Miss Roscoe to death."

"Miss Roscoe! How on earth did you know her name, Archie?" she asked in her brother's ear, and her manner stiffened a little as she turned to the girl. That first moment Lady Merrick was not prepossessed. She wondered secretly what Mrs. Marsden meant by telling her that Miss Roscoe was a pretty girl. "Pretty, perfectly charming," had been the expression. "A sweet, artless little thing, and as good as gold. Mrs. Roscoe had brought up her daughters so admirably." Bo-peep, in her dusty black dress—why does black always get dusty?—with dishevelled hair and tear-stained face, looked such a shabby, miserable little object that March afternoon. Only Captain Ferard noticed that the sunshine lay like a glory on the rough brown locks, but then he was a man and had an artistic eye.

Lady Merrick's greeting was a little cooler than it would have been if Archie had not effected the introduction; she spoke civilly to the child, but with the grand air of a superior. "I am driving the greys in the phaeton, Archie," she said turning to her brother; "if I had expected you by this train I would have had the wagonette, you always come from Grigsley by the 7.30?"

"Yes, I know, but I thought I would walk up and surprise you; I will jump up behind with Mills, you take Miss Roscoe in front," and before Lady Merrick could object he had clambered up behind, and during those two miles Lady Merrick was too much engaged with the spirited horses to do more than hope that Miss Roscoe was not very tired.

CHAPTER II.

BO-PEEP'S SECOND LETTER.

Be not dismayed.—*Plautus.*

BO-PEEP'S first letter home brought no joy to her mother's heart. Mrs. Roscoe's sad face grew more sorrowful as she perused the heart-sick little epistle; that girlish scrawl with its blotted illegible sentences, had been written hastily before Bo-peep had taken off her dusty hat. Lady Merrick had informed her on their arrival that the post-bag would be locked in half-an-hour and Bo-peep had only time to scribble a lamentable page or two. Her second letter, written twenty-four hours later, ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR DARLING OLD MAMMY,

"I am so ashamed of the horrid note I sent you yesterday—but I was so tired and sore and miserable that I could find nothing comforting to say. Do you remember that poor little sparrow that Bertie and I found under the hedge in the kitchen garden last spring—it had been kicked out of the nest. Its poor little body was almost bare and it would have died of cold and starvation in another hour if we had not rescued it—well, I felt just like that poor little fledgeling! I too had been kicked out of the nest and had no nice comfortable warm feathers to cover me! I was not a bit brave or grown-up, and I was just like the poor little starved sparrow. You know what I mean, mammy darling; that is the best of mothers, they understand without a word. But I must begin from the very beginning, when I sat behind those big grey horses, and Lady Merrick never spoke to me, except once, when she asked me in a stiff, cold voice if I were very tired.

"I was almost too frightened to answer, and I was so thankful when the drive ended and the horses drew up before a great white house. The Manor Hall is a far grander place than Merton Park, there are beautiful dark woods behind it and a green level of meadows in front, not that I noticed it last evening, but I have been all over the place this morning with—but I am coming to that presently.

"A big, fair man, with a light moustache was standing under the portico, and though Lady Merrick said nothing I guessed that it was Sir Walter, and I liked the look of him so much. He lifted me down from the phaeton so kindly, and spoke in such a pleasant cordial voice.

"'This is Miss Roscoe, I suppose? I hope you have had a comfortable journey; halloa, Archie, what brought you by this train? I was going to send the cart to meet the 7.30. Evelyn was calling at the Gaythorns, so she said she would pick up Miss Roscoe. Well, she has hooked another big fish, that's all.'

"'Archie was always an applicant for the casual wards, he likes taking people by surprise,' observed Lady Merrick, and then she turned to me, and all the pleasantness went out of her voice. 'Come, Miss Roscoe, I will take you up to the nursery,' and she swept me off; oh, I did not like her a bit that night, I thought her so cold and repellent. She is very handsome and quite young. I think people would call her face classical; later on I saw her in evening dress and she looked almost lovely, she dresses very simply, but a quiet style suits her to perfection, Adela would rave over her.

"On our way to the nursery we passed several servants, the Merricks must be enormously rich, the staircase is beautiful, and leads to a sort of gallery, on which the bedrooms open; the nurseries are down a long corridor and seemed isolated from the rest of the house; there is a back staircase that nurse told me that I must always use; somehow as I followed Lady Merrick I felt as though I were going to prison.

"But I was agreeably surprised when we entered the nursery. It is such a nice old-fashioned room with two windows overlooking the drive; there is a big old-fashioned couch, covered with the same cretonne that we had in our dear old room at the Vicarage, and a white Persian cat and two kittens were asleep on the rug.

"A pleasant-looking, grey-haired woman in black was working by the fire, whom Lady Merrick introduced as nurse; her name is Mrs. Bolton and she is a widow. Then the children who were playing in an inner room ran in when they heard their mother's voice, but I was too shy and embarrassed to make friends with them.

"Leonard is a pretty boy, with lordly little ways that remind me of Lady Merrick, but Maisie is a darling, she has the dearest little face and large coaxing brown eyes; even at that first moment I lost my heart to her.

"I suppose Lady Merrick could make nothing of my gaucherie, for she said after a moment that nurse would show me my room and give me some tea, and then she told the children that their Uncle Archie had come, and that they might run down and talk to him until the tea bell rang, and they scampered off at once.

"Nurse told me in a kind, pitying sort of voice that I was too tired to unpack before tea, and that when the children were gone to bed she would help me; she is so motherly and comfortable that I took to her at once.

"My room is very sunny and pretty, it is at the back of the house and looks over the garden, towards some dark pine woods, that seem to climb up a steep hill; I found the next morning that a door in the garden wall led into the woods and that they belonged to the Manor Hall.

"My room is far prettier than my old one, and there is actually an easy chair and a writing-table, and nurse had put some flowers on the toilet table because she said young ladies always loved flowers.

"Well, mammy dear, I had only time to scribble off that horrid letter and just wash

my face and hands before nurse summoned me to tea.

"The children were waiting to begin, so nurse told them to say their grace; they both stared at me a good deal and then whispered to each other, and presently Leonard cleared his throat and grew rather red.

"'May I ask a question, nurse, before I have my marmalade?'

"'To be sure you may, Master Lenny,' returned nurse indulgently. But the question was addressed to me.

"'Me and Maisie wants to know dreadfully if all your brothers and sisters have got pink eyes; Maisie said at first that you had been crying, but then nursey says grown-up people never cry; so we thoughted that perhaps your eyes were different from ours—mine is blue, and Maisie's brown.'

"'I did not say you might ask silly questions, Master Lenny. Miss Roscoe has a headache and is very tired, that is why you cannot tell the colour of her eyes; eat your bread and marmalade like a little gentleman, and do not talk nonsense.'

"'Is you very tired?' asked Maisie in her baby voice, 'shall nursey sing "Rockaby Baby" to you?' and though my eyes were full of tears I could not refrain from kissing the winning little face, and then I jumped up from the table and said that I would do my unpacking, but I am afraid I stared out of the window for a long time, for I had not half emptied my trunk when nurse came in to assist me. She very soon set things to rights, and when we had finished she took me into the night nursery to show me the children asleep in their cribs on each side of her bed. 'I am to have them at night still,' she said with a sigh, 'but they will be in your charge in the day-time; this is the room where I shall sit and work, but if you do not mind Lady Merrick would like me to join you at meals,' and then she led the way into the front nursery; it certainly looked very comfortable, a lamp was on the table, and a tempting little supper-tray was placed beside it.

"'You ate next to nothing for tea, Miss Roscoe,' she observed kindly, 'so I asked Mrs. Strickland to send you up something tasty for supper; there is a wing of a chicken and some amber pudding; they have only just finished dinner, so it was no trouble to keep it hot. My lady's orders were that you were to be made comfortable, so draw your chair to the table, and make a good supper,' and, mammy dear, would you believe it, I was actually hungry, and the amber pudding was delicious.

"When I had finished supper I cuddled the kittens, and nurse talked to me—oh, she is such a nice woman! I know she will be a comfort to me.

"She told me that it was rather a trial to part with her nurslings, even for a few hours in the day, but that she felt her lady had been wise.

"'I would do my best for them,' she said simply, 'but I have never had much education. In my young days there were no such things as Board Schools; no one compelled us to learn if we chose to remain ignorant, and with eleven brothers and sisters, all younger than myself, I had too much to do to think of book-learning. I can just read and write, but it would puzzle me to add up figures. Master Lenny, bless him, is beginning his a b ab, and Miss Maisie keeps alongside of him, so my lady said it was high time that they should have a nursery-governess, who would read to them, and tell them pretty stories.'

"'You must give me some ideas of my duties, nurse,' I said mournfully, 'for I have never done anything before, and I am too much afraid of Lady Merrick to ask her any questions.'

"'You will not be afraid of her long, Miss Roscoe, my dear; there, you will excuse my familiarity, but when I see a young creature unhappy, I can't help for the life of me trying to mother her.'

"'I think you very kind, nurse,' was my reply, and then, mammy darling, I could not help kissing the good creature—she returned my kiss heartily.

"'God bless you, my dear,' she said gently, and I saw her wipe her eyes; 'ah, you are too young to be unhappy long. We shall have you chirping like a little bird soon,' and then she told me all I should have to do. I should be free until breakfast-time, and after the children went to bed, and I might be alone if I liked, for she had her own room, but she would always be ready to keep me company.

"'Sometimes Louise comes up for an hour in the evening, she is Lady Merrick's maid, and a very pleasant young person, or I go down for a chat with Mrs. Strickland and Mr. Burnet. Mr. Burnet is the butler, he is own cousin to Mrs. Strickland, but, Miss Roscoe, my dear, you need not fear that anyone will intrude on you. I know my place, and Louise knows hers, and she will not cross the threshhold of the front nursery. That is what my lady said to me last night.'

"'"Miss Roscoe is a gentlewoman, nurse; her father was Vicar of Cliffe, you must see that she is treated well by the household, and that Clayton waits on her properly." Clayton is the housemaid who attends to the nurseries and carries up the meals; she is a good girl, but a little free in her manners sometimes; if Clayton is not civil you must just come and complain to me and I will set her to rights, and give her a dusting; but now, my poor lamb, you look ready to drop, I will just light your candle, and draw you some nice hot water to bathe your eyes.' Oh, mammy, don't you love the kind creature for being so good to your little Bo-peep?

"It was so strange waking up in my new quarters the next morning; the sun was shining, and though the air had a touch of keenness everything looked fresh and spring-like. Nurse had told me that I was free until breakfast-time, so as I had a good hour before me I thought I would put on my hat and explore. Bo-peep was at her old tricks, you see.

"I had some trouble to get out of the house, but a nice housemaid unlocked a little door by the conservatory, and I soon found myself in the garden. How delicious the fresh air felt! how delightful to have the fine old garden to myself, with no one to reprimand or call me to order! no stately Lady Merrick to freeze me! no—here a clear prolonged whistle met my ear, I was running, absolutely running, down a side walk when I felt myself pulled, and to my horror I found my frock firmly grasped by the teeth of the big hound, the next moment he dropped it, and looked beseechingly in my face and wagged his tail. 'It was not my fault, such rudeness is not to my taste. I am only obeying orders,' this was clearly what his great, beautiful eyes said to me.

"'I hope Brand has not frightened you, Miss Roscoe,' and Captain Ferard hurried up to me. 'I saw something moving, and told Brand to seek. I hope he has not done any mischief,' looking at my dress, but when I showed him the signs of his teeth in the long jagged rent he looked very contrite. 'I am awfully sorry, I had no idea he would be so clumsy. Did he really make that big hole? How on earth am I to apologise for him and myself too?'

"'Oh, it does not matter,' I returned loftily, 'I can darn it neatly.' But though I pretended not to care I was ready to cry with vexation; my new serge frock, and I had only two other frocks beside it!

"Captain Ferard looked excessively grave, he told me afterwards, when I knew him better, that he would have given anything to be able to buy me a new frock; he regarded me rather earnestly a moment, and then a pleasant smile came to his face.

"'Were you taking a look round? Should you care to see the greenhouses? I might get you some flowers.'

"'I would rather go into the wood,' I returned shyly. 'I do so love woods.' And he said carelessly that he had better show me the way, 'for fear you get lost,' he added; 'no, I forgot, it was the sheep Bo-peep lost,' and then he looked at me so mischievously that I burst out laughing, as though he were Clement. But now, mother darling, I really must not write any more. I will tell you about that wonderful wood another time.

"Your loving little

"BO-PEEP."

CHAPTER III.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

"Love prudence."—*Bias.*

IT was out of sheer boyishness and frolic that Captain Ferard had put Brand on the scent of the little nursery-governess, but his conscience smote him when she showed him the jagged rent in her frock.

In his contrition he longed to kick the noble hound, and then he told himself that he and not Brand was the real culprit; and to atone for his culpable thoughtlessness, he offered his services as cicerone, and introduced Bo-peep to the solemn mysteries of the grand old Manor woods.

It was an act of pure good nature, but after a few minutes he began to enjoy himself immensely. The little governess was amusing; she had real grit in her; the veritable Bo-peep was coming out of her shell and revealing herself in her true colours.

Captain Ferard felt a little bewildered; it was like a transformation scene. What had become of the dusty, dishevelled little girl with her tear-stained babyish face and shy gaucheries. The fresh smiling little damsel who tripped by his side was surely not the same person! On nearer inspection, perhaps the blue eyes were still a trifle heavy, and now and then there was a pathetic droop of the lip; but when Bo-peep smiled—and how could she help smiling when the spring morning was so beautiful and her companion so kind—the loveliest little dimple showed itself; and as she turned her head to answer him, the delicate curve of her chin and throat filled him with quick admiration. Yes, certainly, little Miss Roscoe was charming!

Captain Ferard said nothing about his morning walk when he met his sister at the breakfast table. "You have been having your usual prowl, Archie," she observed innocently as he touched her cheek with his moustache, after the manner of brothers.

"Ah, yes, I have been out for my usual prowl, and I feel as fit as possible"—and

then he went to the side-board and cut himself some ham.

But Bo-peep was not so reticent; she told nurse quite simply and artlessly that she had met Captain Ferard in the garden and that Brand had torn her dress. Captain Ferard had been very kind to her, exceedingly kind, and had shown her the Manor woods.

Nurse was thankful that Master Leonard was just then wrangling with his little sister over the last piece of buttered toast, so that his uncle's name failed to reach his ear. She changed the subject rather quickly, but her good motherly heart was somewhat troubled; she must give the child a hint one of these evenings. It would never do for Miss Roscoe to make free with my lady's brother. There was no harm in the Captain, but the best and straightest young man in the world would not be averse to a mild flirtation with a pretty girl.

After breakfast Bo-peep did a few simple lessons with the children, and acquitted herself so well, that Leonard ceased to fidget and to nudge Maisie. Lady Merrick found a happy little group round the nursery fire Bo-peep had the kittens on her lap, and Lennie was stretched at her feet cuddling mamma puss, with Maisie beside him, and they were both shouting at the top of their voices in a sort of singing chant—

"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them."

Leonard looked up when he saw his mother.

"Oh, mother dear," he exclaimed, "we are having such fun; we have done our lessons, and Maisie has three good marks and me two, and now Miss Roscoe is telling us a story about herself, and she says that her name is——"

"No, don't tell mother," pleaded Maisie in shrill remonstrance, "let her guess. Do guess, mother darling, guess hard," and then the children clambered on Lady Merrick's lap, and their little arms hugged her tightly. What had become of my lady's stiffness now; her fair face was wreathed in happy smiles, her fine brown eyes rested on the little governess with a kindly beam in them.

"Are you better and happier this morning? Ah, yes, I can see you feel very differently. It must be trying to go amongst strangers. No, Maisie, my sweet, I really cannot guess any more, unless it is Cinderella, or little Red Riding Hood, or Bo-peep."

"Mother has guessed it," they both screamed; "mother always guesses everything," and then they kissed her ecstatically. "Isn't Bo-peep a nice name, mother?"

"A very nice name, Maisie, but you know Miss Roscoe did not mean you to use it."

"Of course not," returned Leonard indignantly, "but she likes us to sing songs to her about it; she asked us to sing Bo-peep over again."

"Yes, and we singed it twice," piped Maisie."

"We like Miss Roscoe ever so much better this morning," continued Leonard confidentially. "She is prettier now her eyes are not pink any longer; but last night Maisie and me thoughted——"

"Oh, good gracious, suppose you keep your ridiculous little thoughts to yourself," and Lady Merrick tried hard not to laugh, but just then she looked across at Bo-peep and saw the dimples *in full force* and she refrained no longer.

But she told nurse a few minutes later that she was sure she should like Miss Roscoe very much. "She is very young, nurse, a perfect child, but I think the children will be good with her, they all seem very happy this morning."

"She is a nice young lady," returned nurse quietly; she was glad that my lady was pleased, she had heard Bo-peep's artless recital as she sat at her work and had smiled and sighed by turns. "How her mother must be missing her child," she thought. "Yes, she was a dear young lady, but she hoped there would be no more morning walks with Captain Ferard."

Lady Merrick had told Bo-peep that the children generally amused themselves about the grounds in the morning; later in the afternoon she might take them for a longer walk. So Bo-peep was soon being dragged into all manner of delightful corners and hiding-places; there were Lenny's rabbits and guinea-pigs to visit, and a certain old white dog, a waif and stray whom Lenny had rescued and cherished, and whom he fondly called "My Sandy." He lived in a disused kennel in the kitchen garden and had grown so fat on the scraps furnished by the kitchen-maid, that Captain Ferard hardly recognised him. Strange to say Captain Ferard happened to be smoking his cigar in the kitchen garden when the children came tearing up to the kennel to let Sandy loose.

"Halloa, old chap, don't bowl me over," he observed, lifting Leonard deftly with one hand and placing him on his shoulder. "How do you do, Miss Roscoe," touching his cap, the young hypocrite quite ignoring that they had met before.

Leonard began to kick. "Let me down, Uncle Archie. I want to undo Sandy, and we have got such a lot to show Miss Roscoe. The rabbits and guinea-pigs and the pigeons, and Maisie's cubby-house in the old fir-tree."

"Cubby-house! Oh, you naughty, naughty Maisie never to have taken me there before!" and to the children's delight, Uncle Archie accompanied them on their visits to their several pets. He was extremely useful too; for he begged some corn for the pigeons from crusty old Stevenson, and wanted to help Miss Roscoe feed them, but Bo-peep knew all about pigeons and would have none of his help. She stretched out her pretty pink palms and began jodelling in her clear young voice, until to the children's astonishment, the pigeons cooed softly in return, and some of the most daring alighted at her feet.

"In a few days they will eat out of my hands," she said proudly, and then she tripped off to see Maisie's cubby-house, and of course Captain Ferard went too, and he was very funny when they reached the cubby-house, for he would insist on creeping into the hollow tree, where he sat making faces at Sandy who barked ferociously until Leonard was nearly suffocated with laughing. At luncheon Captain Ferard remarked—

"I saw the children and Miss Roscoe in the kitchen garden, they were letting Sandy loose. She seems a pleasing little person. Have you ordered the horses, Walter? Evelyn and I thought it would be a capital opportunity to ride to Uptown."

"Oh, yes, and you must come with us, dear," and Lady Merrick looked at her husband entreatingly. "Archie declares you are growing stout. He is a tiresome, disrespectful boy; but indeed, Walter, you do not ride enough. By-the-bye, I suggested that Miss Roscoe and nurse should take the children to Uptown, it is such a glorious afternoon."

And so it fell out, that Bo-peep walking demurely down a long grassy glade was suddenly startled by the sound of horses' hoofs, and a lady and two gentlemen cantered past. Lady Merrick waved her hand gaily and the two men raised their caps. Bo-peep had a beaming smile from one and an odd feeling made her blush very becomingly.

"I think you are wrong, Eve. Miss Roscoe is decidedly pretty," and Sir Walter, who prided himself on his good taste, spoke somewhat authoritatively. "She has an uncommonly good figure and walks well. I have seldom seen a prettier girl."

"How absurd you are, Walter. Miss Roscoe is a nice little thing but not a bit out of the common." Lady Merrick was not pleased at her husband's exaggerated praise; she glanced at Archie to see how he took it; but he was looking down at his horse's mane in rather an abstracted way. What would she have said if she could have read his thoughts. They ran as follows.

"Sensible man, Walter, I endorse his sentiments. Miss Bo-peep is awfully pretty and taking. I was a bit soft over Kitty Maclaren" (in other words Lady Katharine Maclaren whom Lady Merrick had already labelled "Archie's future wife"); "but she's not a patch on Miss Roscoe; she is a downright fetching little creature. Archibald, my boy, it is a good thing you are going back to Aldershot to-morrow, and take my advice, keep there for a bit; a nursery governess is not in your line, my lad, so don't you go and put your foot in it."

And as he dressed himself for dinner that evening in rather a sober frame of mind as befitted a young officer who had just scored a bloodless victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, lo and behold there was high revelry in the adjoining wing, and as he put his door open—cautiously—there were small footsteps dancing up and down the corridor and a childish treble was chanting—

"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them."

"Maisie, you naughty child, come here at once. Maisie, hush I tell you—or somebody will hear—oh Maisie, darling, do be quiet;" Captain Ferard shut his door on the struggle that followed. Wild Maisie; tiresome sweet Maisie demoralised by over much play was leading her young governess a delicious chase, down one corridor and up another; till finally she captured and punished her by carrying her off to the nursery.

Archie gravely walking down the gallery a moment later adjusting the buttonhole in his coat came upon Bo-peep with the child in her arms; Bo-peep's eyes were sparkling with fun, for the chase had excited her; a brilliant colour had come to her cheeks and her brown hair was falling in two long plaits down below her knees; she gave a little cry of dismay when she saw Captain Ferard.

"To think of his seeing me like this with my hair down," she thought as she fastened up the plaits and she passed a miserable evening fearing that Captain Ferard would think her a tom-boy. She dared not; she really dared not tell nurse what had happened, she shut herself up in her own room on the plea of having a letter to write, and poor nurse who had made up her mind to give Miss Roscoe a hint, for she knew all about the fun in the kitchen garden, found no opportunity for delivering her lecture.

Meanwhile Archie went down to the drawing-room in rather a dazed condition.

"Good heavens, the girl is beautiful!" he said to himself, "I never saw such a complexion and her hair must reach to her ankles." He was rather *distrait* that evening, and more than once Lady Merrick looked at him curiously, and each time a pleased smile came to her lips.

"Did you notice Archie?" she asked her husband afterwards; "wasn't he *triste* and absent. I told you, dear, that he and Kitty were falling in love with each other, and you must confess I was right," and the deluded young woman went to sleep happily.

Captain Ferard was decidedly restless. He was a good fellow, an honest, pure-minded young Englishman, and he had plenty of common sense, as well as a kind heart. He

knew Bo-peep had taken his fancy—for of course it was only fancy, and his conscience, that most uncomfortable part of human nature, told him that it was his duty to avoid her.

"If you are a good boy, Archie, you will not go near the kitchen garden to-morrow morning," he said to himself severely, for it was his custom to argue with himself in a friendly fashion. "All right, I won't go!" was the ungraceful but energetic conclusion of the argument; and so, having proved himself a good boy, he slept the sleep of the just.

Sometimes virtue is its own reward, and sometimes it is not, but certainly Archie Ferard felt a secret glow of exultation when, after a saunter through the village and round the common he came upon Bo-peep on the village green haranguing a flock of snow-white geese that surrounded her. She had a little peeled wand in her hand, which she used majestically, and she did not mind their long out-stretched necks and angry hissing one bit; and of all the pretty sights that Captain Ferard had ever seen, he thought the little figure standing on the goose green, waving the rush sceptre over the heads of the cackling birds the quaintest and prettiest picture in the world.

Of course he waited to speak to her—how could he help himself?—but he was so very grave as they walked towards the Manor Hall that Bo-peep glanced at him piteously, for she was afraid her romp with Maisie had disgusted him. But she very soon found out her mistake, for he told her of his own accord presently that he was rather glum because he was going back to Aldershot that day, and that he wanted to stay very badly.

How Bo-peep's face fell. "Oh, must you go?" she asked naively and so sorrowfully that he quite brightened up. They had a nice long talk after that—quite a confidential talk. Bo-peep told him that she felt much happier. "Not quite happy, you know," interrupting herself, "for of course I miss mother; but Lady Merrick is nicer to me, and nurse is so kind, and then I promised Clement that I would try my best to be happy. And I must not disappoint my dear boy, must I?"

"Of course not; it would be exceedingly wrong. England expects—I mean Clement expects you to do your duty." And then he bade her good-bye very kindly, so kindly that one of Bo-peep's pretty blushes came to her cheeks, and Archie went in and ate his breakfast and held his tongue and told himself that he had been a better boy than anyone could expect. And that afternoon he went back to Aldershot and actually stopped there for two whole months, until his brother-in-law wrote to ask why he was cutting them after that fashion, and what he meant by it, and a lot more, in Sir Walter's good-natured way, and then Archie bethought himself that after all he had no right to neglect his only sister—old Eve and he were such chums!

And every day during those two months he had thought of Bo-peep, and he told himself at last that the best way to get over an obstinate fancy was to tackle it face to face, so he made up his mind to run over to the Manor Hall for a week.

CHAPTER IV.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"Wouldst thou run
And tempt a fate which prudence bids thee shun."—*Homer.*

ARCHIE'S idea of exorcising the sweet baffling spirit that haunted him was at once youthful and illogical; but he stuck to it pertinaciously; it was only an illusion; when he saw Bo-peep again disenchantment would set in. As usual he made up his mind to take his sister by surprise; he would not even telegraph before he started; so when he reached the station there was no smart cart or phaeton with the Merrick livery, but as Archie had decided to walk, this did not give him a moment's uneasiness.

He gave orders that his luggage should be sent up to the Hall, and then set off at a swinging pace down the winding road, leading to Ashdown; by-and-bye he would diverge from the main thoroughfare and take a short cut through the Manor woods.

It was a glorious June afternoon; and perhaps it was the sunshine glittering through the green leaves or the faint twittering of young birds breaking the summer silence, or the sweet breath of honeysuckle in the hedgerow; but all at once a vivid picture rose before Archie's eyes, a young girl with smiling eyes, and long glossy golden brown plaits almost reaching to her feet with a laughing child in her arms; and the next moment the oddest refrain came to his lips—

"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them."

"Oh, Captain Ferard, do please stop!" a sharp agonised voice sounded directly over his head. He was just skirting the road by the Manor woods; there was a high bank and a little further on a white gate leading into the wood. As Archie started and looked up, he saw Bo-peep flushed, dishevelled and bare-headed, looking down at

LADY LILITH.

(*Engraved from the water-colour painting by D. G. Rossetti in the possession of A. S. Stevenson, Esq.*)

him with her hands clasped, and a terrified expression in her blue eyes.

"Oh dear, Captain Ferard, do please help me."

"Good heavens, Miss Roscoe, are you hurt? has anyone frightened you?" and here Archie threw away his cigar and looked exceedingly fierce, he was actually preparing to climb the bank, but Bo-peep waved him back hysterically.

"No, no, you will fall! It is not safe; there is the gate round the corner, I will meet you there," but before he could reach it she was already unlatching it with hot shaking fingers. Archie put his hand over them, and gripped the poor little fingers firmly.

"What has happened, dear? Tell me all about it!" he said quietly, and even as he spoke a strange thought came into his mind and an inner voice seemed to tell him that this little trembling creature, with her wide frightened eyes, would one day be his wife.

Bo-peep's hands were held very tightly as she poured out her incoherent story; it was some time before Archie could grasp the meaning of her distress, but by-and-bye he understood it all.

Sir Walter and Lady Merrick had gone to Crosbie for the day, and would not be back until night, and nurse was at Uptown with a dying sister, so there had been no one to help her with the children. Leonard had been in a wild mood all day; and to keep him quiet she had taken them into the Manor woods; they had been very happy in their cubby-house for an hour playing with Sandy and Maisie's dolls, and she had sat beside them with her book; perhaps it was the heat, or the book, but somehow she had fallen asleep, and when she woke up the cubby-house was empty.

"I was not frightened at first," continued Bo-peep, "for I thought they were just hiding for fun, but after a few minutes I called them, but there was no answer, not even a bark from Sandy to tell me they were near; oh, the silence of those woods!" and she shuddered.

"I have been hunting for them for more than two hours; they have lost themselves for fun. But how tired and frightened they will be! and they cannot find their way back. You know you can walk for miles in these woods; everyone says so!"

"They have gone home. Of course they are in the nursery enjoying the fun, and you are just frightening yourself to death for nothing;" but Archie's face grew a little grave at Bo-peep's answer.

"They could not unlock the door into the kitchen garden, the key is in my pocket; I have been there twice, and to the cubby-house, and, oh, dear, what shall I do?" and the big tears began rolling down Bo-peep's cheeks. She was so hot and tired, poor child, her pretty little feet were aching with running hither and thither, and her poor little voice was quite hoarse with calling.

"Never mind, darling." Yes, he actually said that, and Bo-peep heard him and never blushed. It seemed natural to the spoilt child that she should be petted and comforted—everyone had petted her in the dear old days. "Sit down on that log and rest yourself. I am going to the house to get Brand and some of the servants. Brand will find them if they are in this wood. Cheer up, little one, it will be all right in an hour's time," and he smiled at her and rushed away.

Oh, how good he was! Bo-peep felt strangely comforted, though the solemn silence of the woods was round her again. It was evening, long past tea-time. Maisie would be crying with fatigue and hunger by this time—dear sweet little Maisie—and then "cheer up, little one" came again to her ears, and she checked the tears that were ready to flow.

Very soon she heard footsteps approaching, and the next moment Brand passed her with his slender nose very near the ground. He had had his orders and was intent on his business. Captain Ferard, who looked heated and tired, flung himself down at her feet for a moment; he was quite out of breath with hard running.

"He understands all about it," he said, as soon as he could gasp out a word; "what a brick that hound is! I showed him Maisie's doll and her sun-bonnet, and said 'Seek,' and he was off in a moment. Burnet has gone to the keeper's lodge to loose the two retrievers, and George and Dickson and the gardener's boy are all searching in different directions. Now I am going to take you to the cubby-house—that is your post—and I am to make tracks down the crooked path, as they call it, that leads to the Wishing Well. Keep up your heart, we have hours of daylight before us. Mrs. Strickland will send us fresh helpers if we do not soon find them."

Bo-peep sat down by the deserted cubby-house, and tried to be patient; then she said her prayers, and was shocked because she had not said them before: then she longed for her mother—though that was nothing new—and tried to repeat some hymns; but nothing but the nursery doggerel would come into her head, she could hear Maisie's shrill little voice repeating it.

"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them.
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them."

A clear, jubilant whistle interrupted the refrain, and Bo-peep sprang from the ground.

"All right, we've found them," rang in stentorian tones through the wood; "hip-hip-hurrah," sounded in weak piping voice from Leonard. Bo-peep, bless her, did not forget to say "thank God." As she turned joyfully into the crooked path such a strange little procession met her eyes. Captain Ferard was carrying both the children, Maisie was lying in his arms, and Leonard was on his back, Brand marched beside them in stately fashion, while Sandy limped painfully behind. "Hip-hip-hurrah" again quavered Lenny, but as Bo-peep burst into tears of joy and held out her arms both children cried too.

"We were very naughty, but we thought it would be fun to run away," sobbed Lenny, "so I told Maisie that we were poor black slaves escaping from their cruel master, and we runned away so far that we could not find our way back, and then Maisie cried."

"Yes, I kyed and kyed, and poor Sandy hurt his paw, and Lenny was frightened at the big black woods."

"Oh, my darlings, what a fright you have given me!" exclaimed poor Bo-peep covering their tear-stained faces with kisses, "how dirty and torn and miserable you both look! Maisie, my sweet, you know you were very naughty to run away, but it was more Lenny's fault than yours because he is a big boy."

"Brand found us, and then Uncle Archie," observed Leonard, who seemed inclined to be a little proud of his escapade. "Uncle Archie, my bones ache, will you take me on your back again?"

"I will carry Maisie," exclaimed Bo-peep, for she saw how pale Captain Ferard looked; but Maisie with a child's unconscious selfishness insisted that Uncle Archie would carry her too.

Archie consented very good-naturedly. "It is all in the day's work," he said as he lifted the fractious tired child. Maisie rested against his broad shoulders contentedly.

"I'm comfy," she sighed.

"I have one hand left," he said with a smile, and before Bo-peep knew what he meant he had taken hers, and was holding it gently, but all he said was "poor tired little Bo-peep!"

"Uncle Archie," suddenly observed Leonard, "mother said we were never to call Miss Roscoe Bo-peep, 'cos it was not respectful."

"Quite right, Lenny," and Captain Ferard muttered something about little pitchers and long ears.

"Sheep have got ears, long woolly ones," struck in Maisie rather drowsily. "Let them alone, you know, that is me and you, Lenny, 'cos Miss Roscoe is Bo-peep—'let them alone and they'll come home'—ha, ha,—'and bring their tails behind them,'" and this seemed such an excellent joke that both the children exploded.

* * * *

"What is this you are saying, Captain Ferard?" and Mrs. Roscoe looked at him in a bewildered way; the fragile little widow cast dismayed glances at this pleasant-spoken gentlemanly young man who was standing before her. "I do not think I quite understand," and she opened her blue eyes in a way that reminded him of Bo-peep.

"I was saying," he returned gently, "that I love your daughter very dearly, and that I think—nay, I am sure that Bo-peep—I mean Ginevra—returns my affection; but before I asked her to become my wife I said to myself that I must come and see her mother. Have I acted rightly?"

"Quite rightly, Captain Ferard, and like a gentleman; but are you in earnest? My little Bo-peep! and you have known her so short a time."

"Quite long enough to be sure of myself and her. It was love at first sight, but I have really waited months. The treasure I want is yours; but if you will give it to me I will cherish the gift to my life's end."

"But she is such a child," objected the mother, and a tear stole to her eyes.

"Time will soon mend that fault, Mrs. Roscoe, and I am not old myself."

"But your sister, Lady Merrick, all your people—will they not object to Ginevra?" And the widow drew herself up a little proudly, for she could imagine Lady Merrick objecting to her sweet little daughter, and again the gesture recalled Bo-peep.

"I have only one sister, and she loves me too well to stand in the way of my happiness. She has promised to love Ginevra for my sake."

But he forbore very prudently to relate the long and stormy interview that had taken place between them. Old Eve had certainly shown a touch of temper.

"Marry Miss Roscoe! Marry my nursery-governess, my own, my only brother! You must be out of your senses, Archie!" But it is best to draw a veil over Lady Merrick's hasty speeches. Archie used some strong language. At last, in his own expressive words, "he cut up rough and prepared to hook it."

"You can do as you think proper," he sneered. "I need not bring my wife here, you know, if you and Walter do not like it. But the regiment will soon go to India; we shall be far enough off then. Confound all such stuck-up notions," he continued indignantly. "Who cares what the world says! I am going to marry the sweetest, loveliest, dearest little creature that ever walked this earth, and she is a lady too, although she is obliged to work for her living. Haven't I got money enough for us both?"

"Oh, Archie, how can you be so unkind? What would Walter say if he heard you fly at me in this way, and all because I said that Kitty would be disappointed, and that no one was good enough for you." And Lady Merrick wept injured tears.

But finally he coaxed her into unwilling consent, and when he got his own way he left her with a sick headache and walked off to beat up Clement's quarters. How could any widowed mother be proof against such devotion? And then what a brilliant match for Bo-peep? Archie stayed to dinner, and was much taken with the grave young barrister Clement and his two younger brothers. Even Lady Merrick must have conceded they were gentlemen.

"Bo-peep, I have seen your mother and fallen in love with her, and she says you are to marry me." This was Archie's audacious statement the next day. "Will you? Will you, my own darling?" And certainly Bo-peep did not say no.

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

A HOLIDAY AT HOME.

BY "MEDICUS."

ALL good poets are dear to me, but there is a charm about many of the verses of Longfellow that I do not find anywhere else. They seem somehow to suit my idiosyncrasy.

When I have leisure I am fond of a nice book of an evening in a cosy room. If the rain is rattling against the window-panes, and the wind roaring through the trees, it is still more delightful. And so such a poem as Longfellow's "Travels by the Fireside" commends itself to me. Pardon me, girls, if I quote you a verse or two—

"The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.
It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.
Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes."

Well, now, there is a certain class, or rather there are certain classes, of work-day lassies who at this sweet season of the year are unable to obtain a holiday by the sea, or away and away to the mountain brow.

It is for such as these that I pen this mid-summer paper.

Readers who have for some years taken in The GIRL'S OWN PAPER must know that I have written a good deal about seaside holidays and how to make the best of them. I am very much afraid, however, that my advice has not been invariably acted up to, and that in consequence many a fortnight or month spent by the sad sea wave or abroad in Norway or Switzerland has been time spent in the worst way possible.

As far as a holiday spent in foreign countries is concerned, I can't at the present moment call to my mind any single instance in which any real invalid has been benefitted. I do know, however, of many cases where poor sufferers have been sent out to die, or have had barely strength enough left to get home to close their eyes among their own kith and kin.

Travel in many parts of Europe is far too toilsome and tedious for the delicate, let alone the ailing. Abroad

"They see a change, and many a change,
Faces and footsteps and all things strange."

Yes, indeed, and strange diet, strange and uncouth customs, strange beds and, far too often, strange bed-fellows.

Then tourists make the grand mistake, when arriving at foreign watering-places, of imagining they are bound to see everything.

As a rule they have not consulted a medical man as to the place best suited to their constitutions. Perhaps, therefore, they find themselves in a relaxing health resort, where they lose all appetite, mope, and render themselves and everyone around them as miserable, as miserable can be. Or in a too exciting climate where they find their mental harps—or nerves—half a note too high, at least. So they go tearing around wildly and aimlessly; they eat and drink promiscuously; they are carried away by their excited feelings, and instead of resting and deriving benefit, if there be any to be got from the sea and sea-breezes, they just go tearing round and round like a yearling bull in fly-time, and so they end in returning home tired, jaded, and dejected, and their last state is worse than the first. It is just the same with girls who run down to the south coast or east coast, or Wales itself. They don't know how to rest, and, therefore, it would have been better had they stayed at home.

And so I beg to assure girls who can't get away for a summer holiday that those who can are, in nine cases out of ten, not to be envied—mostly their own fault.

But now, my gentle readers, the sweet summer time is with us all again. The winds blow soft through the rustling woods, the nightingale has left us, it is true, but many a happy bird in dell and dingle makes echo ring from tree to tree, and in every wood or forest there are wild flowers springing wanton to be pressed.

I want to tell you how to be independent of the summer holiday, but I *do* wish you to run down to the country with a girl-companion or brother, and stay over the Sunday in some quiet place.

Do not on any account go to the seaside. It must be the country, the green, cool country, or I shall have nothing more to say to you.

Thanks to almost perfect railway arrangements, no town or city is now too large to prevent one getting far away from the madding crowd, even in one short hour. But from Monday to Saturday afternoon I must have you live and breathe and have your being according to the dictates of health and hygiene, else, to tell you plainly, you do not deserve your outing, nor would it be enjoyable; for people should never go on a holiday when too tired and worn out.

Well, now, just listen and see if I don't talk like an oracle to you. I shall suppose that you have come home from the country on Monday morning, only in time for your work or the duties you have to perform, either at the desk or behind the counter.

There will be no time this morning for a cold sponge bath, but do your duty all day without any approach to nervousness or fussiness. Mind you, it is little trifling worries that take it out of you and make you old before your time. These little worries and vexations are the mosquitoes of life, and nothing is more annoying. To be constantly worried about little matters is like sleeping in a bed full of crumbs. This latter is Scotch, and expressive enough if understood. "A bed fu' o' mealochs," they say in the bracing North. Wee Jeannie, for instance, who is your bed-fellow, has insisted on taking a piece of cake to bed with her, and what she doesn't eat she lets fall between the sheets; then, indeed, your night's rest is not to be envied.

Well, your work being done for the day, walk briskly home to your evening meal. I will give you hints about food and eating presently.

After supper go for a long walk and a brisk one. Have a girl-companion with you if possible. Don't excuse yourself, miss, by saying that you have had enough running about all day, and that you are tired. The exercise you think you had all day was not of a pleasant character; it lacked, therefore, one of the chief essentials of health-giving exercise. Besides, your running about, as you call it, was done in the close and stifling air of a workshop or office. No, no, out you go and breathe the free, fresh air of heaven. Indoor air makes pallid, thin cheeks, detracts from the beauty of the eyes, and renders pale both cheeks and gums.

Walking out of doors is one of the best things for the complexion that I know, because it clears the pores of the skin and renders pure the blood itself.

Well, on this particular Monday, having had your walk, come in and read. The reading must not be of an exciting character; nothing that will make you start thinking after you lie down or dream after you fall asleep.

Before going to bed on this Monday night,

as you had no cold morning tub, take a warm sponge bath. And if, while the skin is still hot—in fact, before you come out of the bath—you pour over you two or three spongefuls of cold water from a basin alongside; it will thoroughly brace your nerves, and you will sleep all the sounder.

So passes the Monday, and if you have gone to bed by half-past nine you will feel next morning as if you really had slept.

There are many girls—work-a-day lassies—whom I pity very much, because they are always a-weary. They lack energy. The back aches, they are pale and placid, they go to bed tired, toss about more than they imagine, and wake as weary as when they lay down. If these were to adopt the *regime* I am now laying down, and, moreover, take one of the tabloids called Bland's Ferruginous with alvin, they would be different girls in six weeks' time. A tabloid thrice daily after food.

But this is Tuesday morning. Well, I am not going to deny that there are some girls who have so little reaction that the cold morning tub might not agree with them. But with ninety per cent. of girls it does agree. The others can take a dash of hot water in it. The bath will not be so bracing, but it is better than none at all. The dash of hot water may be reduced every day till the bath can be taken quite cold all summer and all winter also. Don't expect a glow after it, however, for a regular bather has no such glow, but any day he or she would rather want breakfast than the life-giving tub.

Some medical men run it down. They are very much in the minority, and, depend upon it, they themselves don't touch water once a year.

The bath will be doubly refreshing if you have time to wash the whole body lightly over first with hot water and good soap. This should not take a minute. Lave the brow well with cold water before you step in, and do not stay more than a minute or two in the bath, just long enough to sponge—with a big sponge—the whole body well. Then towel hard. The towelling itself is as good exercise as a spell at the dumb-bells.

Now, Edith, Ida, Annie, or whatever your pretty name is, don't tell me that you haven't time to take a sponge bath every morning. Put the water in the evening before, and seven minutes is ample time to complete washing, bathing, towelling, and all. So don't you talk to me about want of time. Why, you spend more minutes than that nodding and smiling at yourself in the glass before you sally forth. Oh, I know all about it!

But, parenthetically, here is a hint worth having. Many girls are in lodgings and don't want to be a bother or demand too much waiting on. Let working lassies, therefore, save a little money to purchase a nice little oil-stove and fairy kettle, with a coffee-mug—handier than a cup and saucer. The whole outfit won't cost four shillings. And it makes you so independent. You can boil water and make tea when you choose, but coffee is better. When away in the wilds in my caravan, "The Wanderer," I and my secretary drink coffee three or four times a day and tea only in the afternoon. Use two teaspoonfuls, not one, as the directions on the bottle tell you. This is only a trade dodge to make you believe the essence is very economical. In the caravan and in the camp we use the best preserved milk, because it does for milk and sugar both.

Breakfast follows the bath, and the bath aids the appetite.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. Well, out in India I have seen some very dirty saints and so-called prophets, but I don't think anyone can be a real good man or woman who neglects ablution.

After breakfast—if you have not eaten too hurriedly or too anxiously, and have not eaten too much—you will feel in good form and cheery all day.

It will be far better for you, however, and far cheaper also, if you take your forenoon snack with you in a little basket. Do not eat too much meat, but always have a flask of nice milk. Every shop-girl or lady-clerk should have a neatly arranged luncheon-basket, for the snacks one purchases in coffee-houses or tea-rooms are sometimes vile and often poisonous. As to soups and slops, avoid them. They are as often as not made from the bones and scraps left on the plates of the British public. Don't drink tea in the middle of the day. Some eating-chocolate may be partaken of between meals and a glass of cold water. This is wonderfully wholesome and refreshing.

Well, let all the other days of the week be much the same as your Tuesday, from morn till dewy eve. But changes in diet are essential.

The cheapest and most wholesome breakfast-dish is a handful or two of the best pea-meal, with a teaspoonful of salt, boiling (hard) water poured over, and just made like starch. It should be thick but well stirred. Place a large piece of butter in the centre, and flank this kingly dish with half a pint of beautiful milk, or more if you can take it. Don't drink or eat anything after this. It is a complete breakfast in itself, and, moreover, it is an excellent thing for the blood and complexion. Also its very cheapness enables you to save up for the Saturday till Monday holiday.

Eat all the ripe fruit you can afford and as little meat of any kind as possible.

As little medicine, too. Be careful to avoid any syrup, or pills you notice advertised and puffed in weekly papers. Some are cruelly deceitful. I am sorry to say that some so-called Christian journals admit advertisements of these stuffs into their columns. Tens of thousands of people in these islands are injured or killed by such patent medicines every year, and thousands on thousands of poor infants are killed by opiated "soothing powders." So pray be warned.

I have little more to tell you, but if you only take the advice I give, and act up to it bravely, at the end of even one month you will be better and stronger far than the other lassie who has been down at the seaside for the same length of time. Yes, and happier too.

OUR GIRLS IN SWITZERLAND.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

MANY a girl who reads of the beauty of Switzerland and sees views of that glorious country wishes with all her heart that it were in her power to visit it personally. Very often she could go if she only exerted herself to discover ways and means, the cost, taking it all round, being perhaps not so very much greater than that to which her annual English holiday comes. It is worth making an effort to go, as the pleasure of travelling of the kind is by no means over when the traveller is at home again. New impressions have been made, and the mind if possessed by an observant lover of nature, is stored with a gallery of lovely pictures which the memory can recall at will, and which serve to colour many dreary days.

The question of route is not one I purpose to enter into. Any tourist agency will supply a book of routes or give information when demanded regarding the different ways of reaching Switzerland, circular tours, etc., and the expense of boat and railway fares, etc.

Suffice to say that in journeying out it is a good plan to take second-class through tickets and procure a ticket which enables you to go first on the steamer. This is always desirable on channel steamers, though on Swiss lake steamers second is quite as good as first, and in some respects preferable, as you escape the smoke from the funnel and get finer views.

For short journeys in Switzerland you can quite well go third if economy is an object.

If several are travelling together—two or four are the most convenient numbers—then you can often charter a carriage in Switzerland to carry you all and a small amount of luggage at not much greater cost than your train fares would come to.

The latest edition of Baedeker's guide to Switzerland should be taken with you. It costs eight shillings, but is well worth the money, and to be without a good guide-book is to run the chance of very great inconvenience, waste of time and discomfort. This done you have next to decide the important question of luggage.

If you are wise you will take as little as you can. This is advisable, whether your purse be long or short, for much luggage is extremely inconvenient and often causes you endless delay and trouble. In some Alpine resorts everything has to be carried to your destination, consequently large and heavy trunks can only arrive there at the cost of great trouble, not to say expense. In some instances men have been injured most seriously by carrying great weights to these high regions, therefore it is for every reason desirable to do with as little as you can.

Unless you are going to very grand hotels you do not want a variety of elaborate costumes, and unless you travel with a maid, who by the way is a great *impedimenta* in other respects, you will find packing and unpacking your finery very troublesome and not by any means improving to its appearance. On the other hand there are girls who have by study of the question reduced the amount they take with them for several weeks' tour to the very smallest amount. In some rare, very rare cases it answers, but with the generality this plan is

A BONNY SWISS GIRL.

not satisfactory, as insufficient things are taken to keep the traveller's wardrobe in good order, and she often presents a peculiarly untidy and unseemly appearance in consequence.

What then is the golden mean between these two extremes?

There are two ways of arranging your luggage, and that must be decided first of all.

The first plan is to take only that amount which you can carry in your hand.

For this purpose a hold-all is necessary, and a Gladstone bag as well, if you are equal to carrying both, for unless you are accompanied by one of your brothers or have some man of your party who is able and willing to act as porter to you all you will most assuredly very often be obliged to carry your things yourself, and that a considerable number of yards. Frequently on the continent porters are rare, sometimes they are not to be found at all. Even granting that you have found one to carry about your possessions he cannot put them into the carriage for you, as he is not allowed to go into the latter at all. Therefore you must lift them yourself up the steps into the carriage and get them on the rack as you best can.

The other way is to have only a light and easily carried amount in your hand, and to have a small trunk which goes in the luggage van. For that, if it exceeds a certain weight, you must pay; in France and in Switzerland it is always charged for, no luggage being allowed free, save what you can take with you into the carriage.

The expense is very small after all, and for many reasons it is the plan I greatly prefer. The trunk can too be sent by post for long distances in the country. Choose a light strong trunk; basket-work, covered with canvas, and with strong leather edges and straps is the best kind.

Now for its contents.

Some people seem to think that it is quite immaterial what is worn when travelling, and that they put their thoughts into practice cannot be doubted by those who have travelled much and seen the untidy, badly dressed women who frequent the Continent. This is a great mistake. To begin with, many people see more of their fellow-creatures in one day's travelling than they do in three weeks at their country village home, and why should they not be presentable and well dressed? Foreigners too criticise our girls when they meet them, and certainly they must often think them very queer specimens of the "English Rosebuds" they have heard and read about.

To be well dressed is to be suitably dressed, and for Switzerland, although much variety of costume is quite unnecessary and finery is very unsuitable, yet a girl should always be smart and "taut" as the sailors say.

For much walking and all mountaineering expeditions serge or merino knickerbockers made full with washable separate lining to take out and be buttoned in are better than ordinary petticoats.

The skirt worn should be of tweed or serge, as both materials can stand rain and not be the worse for it. The skirt should be short, clearing the ground by several inches and showing the neatly shod feet. Have two comfortable pockets in your skirt, and with it wear cotton blouses if warm, and the bodice to match when cold. A woollen bodice or blouse is quite indispensable on wet or cold days. Let your dress be well cut, your bodice fit you well and your blouses at peace with your skirt. If girls would but remember that as someone has said "half the world sees your back" they would be more careful about this very important matter.

To ensure neatness always without any exception have a patent hook and eye sewn on to the placket-hole of your dress and keep it fastened. Few things are so unsightly as a placket-hole gaping open and revealing the under-skirt, etc.

If, by the way you do not like woollen knickers then wear a light short petticoat of silk, alpaca or cotton and have an unlined skirt above it. The latter should have only about a quarter of a yard of lining at the bottom.

Have a running string in your blouses or else a waistband secured at the back to hook inside in front.

To keep the outer waistband in its place and quite over the band of the skirt this I have found the best plan. Sew a safety pin inside your waistband about half an inch from the lower edge; pin this securely to the band of your dress before attempting to clasp it and you will find it answers admirably, if I may say that of a method of my own invention. At least I never saw it done before, and of the safety pins placed outside I do not like the appearance. Besides two or at the most three skirts, some blouses are all you need besides the aforenamed woollen bodice.

Cotton blouses for everyday wear are the best, but pray do not economise in your washing and wear them when soiled or much tumbled. For dinner and any occasion when you wish to be more dressed, some pretty silk blouses made high are the best, they pack well, do not crease and take little room. Excepting at very fashionable hotels it is unusual to wear open-necked bodices and short sleeves for dinner, high silk blouses with the addition of lace collarettes are all that is necessary. These however should be pretty and fresh; and changing your dress for dinner always be done. To sit down for the evening meal, be it dinner or supper, in your dusty walking toilette is unseemly and not courteous to others. Dresses with light and fancy trimming, chiffon and hats trimmed with lace, feathers, and flowers are eminently unsuitable for ordinary Swiss travelling. Rain comes on sometimes when you least expect it, and quickly takes the glory from a smart costume, while mountain mists make havoc with flowers and render your ostrich feathers limp, and give a *cachet* of shabbiness and general draggledness—if there is such a word. Can anything equal shabby flowers and limp feathers for unsightliness?

Sailor hats or woollen caps are the best, and for those whom they do not become any pretty straw hat trimmed with good ribbon—cheap soon becomes shabby—last and look well. If you are going into regions remote from shops take a few yards of good ribbon with you so that you can refresh your head-gear when necessary.

Broad-soled boots with nails are the best for long walks and mountain expeditions. For indoor wear ordinary walking-shoes are the most convenient, as the dainty house shoes you wear at home soon get ruined on the gravel or road outside the hotel. And who, excepting when there is a downpour, does not elect to be out of doors as much as possible when in Switzerland in preference to sitting in the salon?

It is a good plan to clean your own foot-gear. This can be done very easily with a hard brush and a bottle of some sort of varnish or reviver. The object of doing this is to avoid the sticky stuff which is usually put on by the "boots," and which is very nasty if it comes off on your skirt, and often extremely detrimental to the leather.

Whatever boots you take with you should not be new. To take long walks or mountain expeditions in new boots is to cause you great pain, and probably so to hurt your feet that you are *hors de combat* for days afterwards. Good foot-gear is quite indispensable for comfort, and a sensible plan is to have thick soles put on boots which you have worn long enough to be quite easy.

I lately saw it recommended to travellers to take a cake of common kitchen-soap with them, and to soap round the inside of the foot of the stockings to be worn before any long walk. This prevents soreness and blistering.

For a blistered heel, it was also recommended to scrape a little of the soap, and to mix it with enough water to make it pulpy, and then apply to the blistered heel.

A wrap of some sort is very necessary, as well as a macintosh, and a good umbrella. A long leather strap with swivel for carrying your wraps over your shoulder in expeditions is useful.

If you are delicate, it is advisable to take whatever medicines you are likely to need with you. Many can be had in tabloids, and are thus very portable. If, however, you must take a bottle, wrap it round well with something soft, and place it in the middle of your trunk safe from the blows which the sides or top are sure to receive.

A small bottle of ammonia should be taken for insect bites, and you will do well to provide yourself with soap, seldom found in any hotel. A private box of matches often comes in handy, and with your own spirit lamp and some light aluminium cups and saucers to be had at the stores, and which do not break, you will be able to make your own afternoon tea. Take some tea with you, and in most villages you can get sugar and buy milk and biscuits. A flat tin bottle for carrying the methylated spirit is the best. It has a screw top, and when this is closed and some wash leather secured round it, its contents are unlikely to make their way to your clothes.

A tea infuser is a good thing for making your tea, unless there are two or three of you, and no girl is likely even in these days to go off by herself on a Swiss tour—and then a small tea-pot is the best.

Of course, if you are quite regardless of what you spend, you can order tea at the hotels, and find it sometimes good and often the reverse. But many a girl has the necessity for not spending more than she can help, and will in this case do well to avoid meals of any kind at odd times and which are not included in what your *pension* terms are for. It is these small things which run away with so much money, and yet they are very necessary, for in mountain air people often feel very hungry. A cup of meat extract can be easily made with your spirit lamp, and that with some bread does not make a bad lunch if you are hungry, and so are chocolate and biscuits.

As I alluded to *pension* terms just now, I had better say to those who are new to Swiss travelling that at most hotels during the season or out of it you can get taken *en pension* at so much a day; but only if you stay four, five days or more. Each hotel has its own regulations, and you do well to inquire and make all arrangements when taking your room. Before July there is generally a good chance of rooms, but after that it is better to write beforehand and secure them.

It is well to provide yourself with some small piece of fancy work or knitting—something that does not take much room, and which you can fall back upon when the downpour of rain prevents even the most venturesome from going out. Hotel libraries do not generally offer a good collection of books, and time is apt to hang heavily on your hands if you have nothing to do.

It is a good thing to take with you some screw-hooks, which can be had at any ironmonger's, for when you get into a bedroom in which wardrobe accommodation is limited, they are very handy for hanging your things on. They go in easily, and are as easily removed.

Soft slippers to wear in your room are a great comfort to your tired feet, and also are necessary for preventing noise. In many Alpine hotels where the walls, ceiling as well

as floors, are all wood, everything is heard, and every sound reverberates. Consequently it comes under the head of your duty to your neighbour to be as quiet as possible.

In some hotels there is a placard requesting you if you rise very early for some mountain expedition to make as little noise as possible. Many people, however, disregard this entirely, and it was after much irritation from this cause that some lines were written in a visitors' book at Mürren, where I copied them last summer, and will give them here—

"To Climbers.

You find, no doubt, delightful fun,
In rising just before the sun,
To climb the summits that unfold
The glories of this Alpine world.
But when you don your hob-nailed shoes,
Please think of those who wish to snooze.
And when before the house you meet,
Do not proclaim what you will eat
On Schilthorn's crest, or on the way,
Or shout the chances for the day,
Nor talk with guides, in broken tongues,
With all the power of your strong lungs.
But please remember there are those
Who're on these heights to find repose,
And care not when or where you go,
To climb the rocks, or glide the snow.
Their open windows are for air,
And not to hear you shout or swear."

And as the subject of consideration for others has been touched upon, I must add a few hints.

When you are near foreigners at table or anywhere about the hotel, be amiable and courteous, replying civilly to passing remarks, and not looking offended or chilly, as if impertinence was intended. Of course, you will find rude, pushing people everywhere, and in self-defence you can quite well show by your manner that you do not care for conversation. But these are very much the exception, and it is better for every reason to talk to your neighbours foreign or not and make yourselves agreeable. It is not only courteous, but you will gain a great deal of information very often about routes, hotels, customs, and things of local interest.

If you are in the proximity of foreigners, do not then criticise them and their ways as if they did not comprehend you. Many who cannot speak English understand it, and even if they do not it is unadvisable.

Never make fun of customs, religious or other, at the risk of offending some one near you who respects and values what you think a good target for ridicule.

If you are unacquainted with either French or German, the two languages which obtain in Switzerland, you will lose a great deal of pleasure, for you will be deprived of much pleasant intercourse with the foreigners you may meet; but you will find it very dull never to be able to have a little talk with your guide on a mountain expedition, or with the villagers and people of the country you may chance to meet. A great many do speak English, but still there are a greater number who do not, and in the Bernese Oberland even a smattering of German is often found extremely convenient in village shops, with railway porters, etc., who do not speak or understand English or French. Do not be shy about speaking if you only know a little. The only way to add to your stock of knowledge is to air the amount that you have. I cannot conscientiously advise you to try and acquire the Swiss accent in French, or to study the Oberland German; but still you may learn a good deal in one way and another.

In conclusion, one word of warning. To the girl of average strength and fair health Switzerland is a country where she can have full play for her walking and mountaineering powers, and in thus exercising them lay up an increased store of health. But on the other hand, many a girl who is not very strong does herself incalculable harm by trying to walk, and climb, and keep pace generally with her stronger friends, and this is very foolish. Better give up an expedition you know is beyond your strength, and hard though it may be, resign yourself if you can only a little, rather than by overdoing it run the chance of the power of that little being taken away from you. You can see a great deal without necessarily climbing as if qualifying for the Alpine Club, and there are few parts of Switzerland where beauty of scenery is if not actually under your eyes, yet is not within easy reach.

USEFUL RECIPES.

"WHAT shall we do with our cold meat?" is a question frequently on the lips of a mistress of a household, so the following method of using it may possibly bring relief to her mind.

Maccaroni Pie.—Chop finely any odds and ends of cold cooked meat. Boil some maccaroni in milk, or half milk and half water; a good deal of liquid is required for this, and the maccaroni must be tender. The quantity depends upon the size of the dish required, but a pound is usually sufficient. When the maccaroni is boiled, place it in a buttered pie-dish with alternate layers of the meat, and sprinkle grated parmesan cheese, small bits of butter, and a pinch of salt and pepper over each layer.

Boil some potatoes, about seven or eight, and mash them through a sieve. Then make into a paste with two unbeaten yolks of eggs and a little flour. Roll out, not too thin, and cover the maccaroni with it. Put it in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes till it is of a pale-brown colour, and serve at once. This potato paste should not be made until the moment it is required for use.

Curry also is a favourite disguise for cold meat, but the following manner of preparing it, which is much in vogue in India, is not, I believe, generally known.

Chop some onions in slices, add a suspicion of garlic (this can be omitted if objected to), and fry a dark-brown in an ounce or a little over of butter. Then put in small pieces of meat, chicken, or rabbit, or whatever it may be. Mix in a basin three teaspoonfuls or a little more, according to taste, of curry-powder with an ounce of butter and half a pint of milk. Add this to the meat and onions, mix well, cover the saucepan, and let it simmer on a slow fire for an hour and a half. This mixture can be made the day before it is required, if necessary, and re-warmed. The best curry-powder for the purpose is that which is sent direct from India, but the ordinary kind will serve. When the curry is made of uncooked meat, it should boil with the fried onions for half an hour or so before the curry mixture is added. With regard to the rice, great care must be taken to have it perfectly dry, and each grain separate.

Here is an easy and economical way of preparing a "Spanish Cream," which is certain to find favour with those who try it. Soak one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of milk for two hours. Put one pint and a half of milk (no cream is required) into an enamel saucepan, with sugar to taste; add the gelatine and the milk it has been soaking in, and boil all together. When it is just off the boil stir in two yolks of eggs, beaten with a little white sugar, and two whites beaten with a little brown sugar. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, or any other flavouring, and stir till it is getting cold before putting it into the mould, which should have been previously filled with cold water and then emptied. This cream presents a rocky appearance, which need not alarm the maker with fears of curdling!

From "sunny Italy" comes a nice recipe for soup, which may prove useful to my readers.

Soup alla Napolitana.—Cut into small pieces the heart of a small cabbage, half a beetroot, two turnips, two carrots, half a lettuce, quarter of a stick of celery, a bunch of parsley, and salt to taste. Add a quart of stock; stew over a slow fire for an hour, strain, and serve with sippets of fried bread.

Tripe is a dish which usually comes under the category of things impossible, but prepared as it is by the Florentines, there is no reason why it should not figure at the most exclusive board.

Tripe alla Fiorentina.—Cut a pound and a half of tripe into squares. Dry it in a cloth and put it in a pan with two pints of stock or water, the juice of one lemon, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a pinch of salt. Stew over a slow fire for an hour and a half. Make a sauce with half a pint of the liquid, two ounces of butter rolled in flour, the juice of half a lemon and the grated rind of one, a pinch of nutmeg, and three well-beaten yolks of eggs. Stir this over a slow fire until it is nearly thick. Put the tripe on a dish, sprinkle grated cheese upon it, and pour the sauce over. Serve very hot.

The following sauce proves a piquant addition to steaks, chops, or cutlets.

Sauce alla Genoese.—Melt two ounces of butter over a slow fire, add the juice of a lemon, the grated rind of half a lemon, the yolks of two well-whisked eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and a suspicion of garlic, if liked. Stir over a slow fire until it thickens.

For a sauce to eat with plum-pudding, or indeed almost any variety of pudding, the following, called by the Italians Savioni, can be highly recommended.

Beat well the yolks of four eggs, and mix with them four tablespoonfuls of sugar and eight tablespoonfuls of sherry or marsala. Simmer over a slow fire, stirring constantly.

G. C.

SUMMER SPICES.

(FLOWER SONGS.)

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

[The flowers open and sing to welcome the queen of the garden (FLORA), with the exception of the roses, who will not unclose until they hear the song of the nightingale.]

I.

Chorus of Flowers.

The briar's breath is sweet,
The pansy's face is sunny,
The pinks that kiss the lily's feet
Are brimming o'er with honey.
On the orchard grass
The apple-blooms are falling,
Hidden in their fragrant mass
Thrush and tit are calling.
There's the tender lay
Of the mother linnet,
She is off the nest to-day—
Hatched the last egg in it!
Flocks of lambkins white
O'er the meads are playing;
Flocks of clouds as fleecy light
O'er the skies are straying.
From orchard, lea, and lawn,
Hark! the bird-notes ringing;
We, from dewy peep of dawn,
With them have been singing—
Singing every pink,
Singing every pansy—
Singing, while the dew they drink,
Lily, and sweet Nancy!

II.

Solo (LILY).

I stand at my post by the lattice gate
To welcome the garden queen,
Ho, sisters awake, and for love's sweet sake,
Your faces towards her lean.
Wake roses, crimson, and creamy white,
She cometh, she cometh—our heart's delight—
Peep forth from your veil of green.

III.

Duet (LILY *and* JASMINE).

To bask in the presence we love so well
We've waited—we've waited long—
We heard as we grew in the sun and dew
The orchard a-thrill with song:
Ho, roses, crimson, and cream, and gold,
Who beauty, and perfume, and grace withhold,
Ye do to our queen a wrong.
Ho, roses awake from your charmèd sleep
At the sound of fair Flora's feet,
Her tresses unbound, and her brow uncrowned,
Are lacking your chaplet sweet.
Ho, roses, crimson, and cream, and gold,
Your laggard petals unfold, unfold,
Our mother and queen to greet.

IV.

Solo (FLORA).

O give me, my sentinel lily,
A kiss from your pure virgin lips;
Hail, jasmine! caressing so stilly
My brows with your starr'd finger-tips—
Hail! dear little sunny-faced pansies,
I give back a smile for your smile,
Hail also, ye fragrant "sweet Nancies";
But where are my roses the while?

Have not the dear blackbirds and thrushes
Made vocal the garden since dawn,
From haunts in the blossoming bushes
That border the dew-dappled lawn?
There is not a bud but unc loses
To greet me with perfume and sheen,
Then why are my roses—my roses—
Withholding their hearts from their queen?

V.

Trio (FLORA, LILY, *and* JASMINE).

Bright butterflies round them have hovered,
Soft dews have been lavishly shed,
Warm sunbeams have ardently covered
With kisses each verdure-veiled head;
But not one shy rosebud discloses
The warm blushing hue of her cheek,
The spell that seems laid on the roses
Not even Queen Flora can break!

VI.

Chorus of Flowers.

We grow about the rose's feet,
Her dews upon us glisten;
And when she breathes her secrets sweet,
We cannot choose but listen.
In vain the west wind past her slips,
In vain the brown bees woo her,
In vain the sun with eager lips
Shoots burning kisses through her.
In vain sweet music fills the vale,
Where every bird is mating;
'Tis for her love, the nightingale,
Our sister rose is waiting!

VII.

Solo or Recit. (LILY).

Hist! there's a wonderful trill
Stirring the chestnut blooms—
Stirring the lilac plumes—
Setting the air a-thrill.
O lovely melodious voice
Steal to the heart of the rose,
Break thou her charmèd repose,
O love of the rose's choice!

VIII.

Duet (LILY *and* FLORA).

O beautiful, wonderful sound—
O matchless, divine refrain,
Rising, and falling again,
Now Flora indeed is crowned!
O music embodied, all hail!
O magical small brown bird,
The roses your voice have heard,
Their hearts to the quick are stirred,
O wonderful nightingale!

IX.

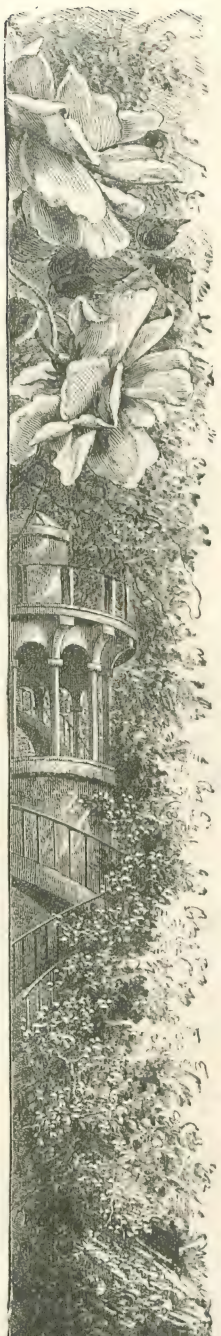
Rose Song.

He has come, he has come, our love is here—
O nightingale of our choice,
We quivered and glowed as you came a-near,
We lived when we heard your voice.
The rose on the trellis her heart unfolds,
The rose on the wall bends low,
The rose in the border her face upholds,
The roses are all a-blow!
O, why have you lingered so late, so late—
We watched 'neath the silver moon,
We slept, though Queen Flora had passed the gate,
In the hush of the drowsy noon.
O where have you lingered so long, so long—
We listened in vain for you.
Dear nightingale sing, till your wondrous song
Has thrilled us with rapture through.

X.

Chorus (*Roses and all Flowers*).

The roses are open, the spell is withdrawn,
Sweet mother and queen in one;
A chaplet now on your royal brow
You may bind ere the day be done.
The breath of the roses is on the air,
The lawn is alight with their beauty rare—
Roseate, and crimson, and pearly fair,
And gold, in the golden sun.
With roses the garden is brimming o'er,
A-glow in the golden sun—
A chaplet now on your royal brow
You may bind ere the day be done.
What though the nightingale lingered late
In the leafy wood by his brooding mate,
'Twas but this morning you passed the gate,
Sweet mother and queen in one.



THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T HOLD HER TONGUE.

MARJA and her father dwelt at a little town on the Lena,* in a wooden hut built by the man himself. The nature of his occupation might be seen in the hunting weapons and spears for catching salmon, which hung on the walls. The hut was kept spotlessly clean by Marja, who was a bright, happy child, and but for one great fault would have been almost perfect.

One evening her father returned home earlier than usual, and wanted his supper at once. In answer to Marja's questions he told her he had set traps for ermine a long way off, according to a method he had learned from the Russians, and that he was going out at dawn to see if he had been successful, and if so it would bring them a lot of money.

As soon as he had finished supper he went to bed, and Marja slipped out to a neighbour's house where she was always welcome, and sat down by the fire.

"Father has gone to bed already," she began eagerly, "because he must get up at sunrise to look after some traps which he set to-day. I know just where they are; he told me they were out by the firs the other side of the marsh, a long way from the town."

Thus she chattered on uninterruptedly until bedtime came, when she said "Good-night," and went home across the street.

On the following day at noon her father returned in a very angry mood, not only had all his traps been stolen but the prizes they contained as well, which was betrayed by several spots of blood.

"Alas! child," he moaned, "we are unlucky in everything! Fortunately for me Omikoff has fallen ill while building his house; I will go to him to-morrow, and, perhaps, through him I may earn something."

Marja nodded assent.

Unluckily she repeated Omikoff's illness to a young man who lived at the other end of the town as he paused for a minute to speak to her at her door. She also told him of her father's intention.

Next day her father returned early, and threw his cap angrily on the table.

"Everything is alike," he exclaimed; "everywhere and always someone is before me; a new man was already at work when I arrived."

Marja was a little frightened, but did not like to believe that which darted through her mind.

Her father collected his powder and guns, and after a pause said—

"Marja, would you mind my leaving you for awhile? A Russian nobleman is here who requires a guide well-acquainted with the country between this and the Baikal Sea."

No, Marja had no objection to his departure, for would it not bring gain, but she must mend his dress before he started, so she ran quickly down the street to the fisherman's cottage, where she had left her work-bag, and found the family at dinner.

"My father is in luck's way," cried Marja as she was leaving the house, and she related rapidly where he was going, and with whom.

As soon as she had gone the fisherman stood up, and left the house.

The father departed with his little bundle, but Marja had scarcely set the little room in order when he was back again. He threw himself heavily on to a bench, and panted for breath.

"Again too late, Marja! these are hard times."

Marja bit her lips, and tears came into her eyes, but yet she could not give up chattering, and so it happened that want found its way into their little home.

One day as Marja sat alone spinning by the fire she suddenly heard shots fired, and peeping out of the door a bear trotted up to her and prayed to be let in, raising his fore paws beseechingly. The girl sprang back frightened into the house, the bear following her, and banged the door. "Help!" she shrieked, and turned to fly.

"Protect me," said the bear, at the same time barring the way. "Just see how they have hurt my coat and wounded my leg, and yet I never harmed them, nor will I hurt you."

Then Marja removed her hands from her face, which she had hidden in terror, and looked into the kind, sincere eyes of the wounded, trembling bear. Her fears vanished, she bade him lie down by the fire and carefully tended his wounds, while he grunted his gratitude.

"You must go before my father returns," said the girl.

"I understand," replied the bear; "bear's-skin, bear's-flesh, and bear's-grease are valuable in hard times, but even if I wished to do so I could not leave this town," indicating his wounded leg.

"I cannot answer for my father," said the girl.

"Then hide me," begged the bear, "if only for a few days."

After some thought Marja led the bear into the empty stall. Alas! the father's hope of possessing a strong reindeer to harness to his home-made sledge had never been fulfilled.

The bear spent a whole week in the stall, only coming out in the evening before the father's return to visit Marja and get food and a warm by the fire. At these times little Marja was a living note of interrogation, and she soon became acquainted with the joys and sorrows of bear-life and with all the travels and adventures of her special bear.

On the other hand the bear was trusted with all that was in the girl's heart, her household trials and with the mischief caused by her one great fault.

He regarded her kindly while her tongue went as fast as a humming-top, and then blinking his eyes he asked, "Will you, can you be silent, Marja, until I am well? If not you will lose your friend, for remember that bear's-skin and bear's-grease——"

"I know," interrupted Marja, "and that is why I dare not talk."

Indeed it cost many a hard battle not to speak to her father about her guest, and the wonderful things he had related to her of an island covered with ice palaces floating on the wide sea; she longed to inform her father that the ivory-bearing mammoth was not a giant mole which burrowed beneath the earth and caused the dreadful earthquakes, but was a creature who had lived for thousands of years on the shores of the river in immense forests. She often wanted to begin talking of all these things, but she bit her lip and forced the words back. She was more silent than she had ever been in her life, and her father became quite anxious, asking, "what has come to my little Marja? Has she lost her tongue?"

Still she kept silence, but she made up for it at night in her dreams when she ran from house to house relating marvellous things which no one believed; indeed, she often talked so loud in her sleep that her father was disturbed and begged her to do her talking in the day-time.

At last the bear was well and taking his last warm by the fire. Marja was grieved at the parting, yet she rejoiced at the prospect of her tongue being free at last.

"You leave us to-day, and to-morrow may I tell father all?"

The bear blinked at her a little reflectively and mockingly but still with hearty good-will, and instead of answering asked, "Would you like to be rich?"

"Oh, certainly!" she answered eagerly. "I have often told you what I would do if I had money."

"I can make you rich if you will obey me," the bear said earnestly, "and I will gladly do this for you, for I owe you much."

"Oh, go on," said Marja impatiently.

"You must on no account betray my sojourn here," said the bear, "and if you keep silence I will knock at the door in three days' time at this hour and guide you to where treasure may be picked up."

"I promise," exclaimed Marja excitedly; "in three days I shall expect you."

Her whole manner became so excited and expectant that her father more than once said, "what is it, child?"

"Nothing indeed, nothing," she answered, and as if to stamp this response as untrue she took up her dress daintily between her fingers and danced about the room.

"You wild thing!" said her father, "I cannot think what has come to you, silent all day, talking all night, and now dancing about as though you had lost your head!"

The three days had passed, and at the appointed hour the bear knocked. "Has your father gone to catch salmon?" he asked through the key-hole?"

"Certainly," said Marja as she opened the door.

"Bring a large sack with you," said the bear.

Marja nodded and brought out a very large one.

"Now sit on my back," was his next command, "for we have a long journey before us."

* A river in Siberia which empties itself into the Arctic Ocean.

Marja obeyed, and the bear bore her away as swiftly as the wind through forests, marshes and plains covered with thin grass; the full moon made the earth as light as day and covered the heavens with a silver sheen.

Suddenly Marja shrieked aloud, for on the banks of the Lena, whose slow-running and scarcely ice-free waters were shining a short distance in front of them, stood a monster animal quite five times as large as her friend the bear. From an unwieldy head hung a large trunk, but still longer were the mighty tusks which branched out on each side. All about him, and on his stiff hair which formed a kind of mane and covered his back and shoulders, played the moonlight in all kinds of glistening sparkles. The bear stood still and shook himself so violently, that in spite of her fright the girl was obliged to jump off. Trembling she held on to the bear and stared at the mammoth. "Don't you see anything?" she whispered. "Oh, let us fly before he sees us."

"That is a friend of mine," said the bear laughing.

"But not of mine," said Marja, "he will devour me and trample on me."

"That he cannot do," answered the bear, "just see how fast his legs are imprisoned in the frozen ground."

Marja silently nodded, and only followed the advancing bear because she was afraid of being alone.

"He is one of the mighty dead released by the sun from the ice this summer after thousands of years," said the bear; "just look at the face——" when Marja interrupted—

"Oh, it is a mammoth, but I am afraid it is ill-luck to meet such a monster."

"On the contrary," replied the bear, "for you it is good luck, since it pointed out to me the road to the great graveyard from whence you will get your treasure."

They had now reached the gigantic creature —just as thousands of years before it had found death sinking into the mud, it stood now the image of strength and power; the raised head bespoke fright and anguish, the large eyes looked wild as if they would start from their sockets with horror, the long dark hair was untouched!

Marja shuddered. "Come away, dear bear," she begged, "I am frightened. Nothing can surely have remained all that time except the sun, moon and stars! Does the earth put on a fresh ice girdle every year in order to cover up all things one after the other?"

"I don't know, Marja," he said shaking his head, "but her chambers are always getting bigger. It is time we got to work."

He trotted a little to one side and began to scratch violently at the ground with his fore-paws, and soon glistening ivory came to light.

Marja shouted aloud and wished to lift it, but she had not sufficient strength even to stir one of the five-foot long tusks of a contemporary of the mammoth which was still standing.

"Don't trouble," said the bear, "that is work for man and bears, and belongs to me."

"Oh, dear bear," laughed Marja, "it is worth fifty roubles, don't you think so?" and she danced round him while he dug deeper.

"More," he replied, "far more"; and began scratching another piece out.

"That will make five-and-twenty or thirty more?" she asked in delight. "Oh, how good you are! Come and dance with me, dear bear."

"Foolish child!" growled the bear. "Is that suitable on a burial ground? Where are your serious thoughts now, Marja?"

As he spoke he put a broken piece into her skirt which she was holding up, and went on digging, she all the time chatting and laughing. When after freeing a fresh prize he sought a new place she ran beside him, and while he worked she lay down, digging her elbows into the ground and resting her head on her hands. Sometimes she looked at the moonlight or at the few floating clouds, and sometimes into the bear's kind eyes or at his busy paws.

And so it went on nearly half the night, when the bear began to collect and pack the masses of ivory. The large sack was brimful, yet the bear carried it in his mouth as though it were but a feather's weight. Once again Marja was seated on his back, and away they went, swiftly as they came, and reached her home safely before break of day.

The bear threw the sack down near the fire panting and blowing from the long run, while Marja ran to fetch him some food and fresh water. While he drank it, he said, "Child, if you keep silence, I will come back before the year is out, while your father is on his travels."

"Of course," said Marja quite decidedly, "but, dear bear, may I not tell father where the riches come from? That is hard."

"It may be hard, but it must be, at any rate for a time," growled the bear, "out of consideration for my old friend for whom I am afraid. When it is safe for you to speak I will let you know, and then you can show your father the way," whereupon the bear stretched out his right fore-paw to take leave.

"Ah, dear bear," Marja implored, "first unpack the sack and lay the ivory nicely over the floor so that father may be astonished when he comes in, and I may get the explanation over."

The bear agreed, emptied the sack, whose contents he seemed to increase as he touched them, and according to the directions of the happy Marja, he spread the whole of the empty floor with the ivory, until there remained not an inch uncovered. In Marja's eyes the dull yellowish white shimmer was as valuable as glittering gold. "Thanks, dear bear," she cried joyfully, "a wounded stranger whom I tended brought me the treasure—will that do?"

The bear nodded, returned Marja's warm pressure of the hand and trotted away.

When Marja found herself alone, she sat down near the fire, and folded her arms on her knees, picturing to herself her father's astonishment, and thinking over what she should tell him of the wounded stranger.

Her heart was full to overflowing. "Oh, if I could run to the fisherman's wife and tell her everything!" she sighed, but she did not run down the street, but waited as patiently as she could until the hour she expected her father. He came at last, bent and grave as he had been for a long time now. Marja flew to meet him and kissed him impetuously.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Are you still dumb? And are you adding kissing to dancing?"

She hung on to his arm, her eyes shining with delight. As he stepped into the room he let fall his weapons in sheer fright.

"What is it? What does it mean?" he asked, pale and trembling.

"We are rich, that's what it means," came joyfully from Marja's lips.

"If all this is ours, we are indeed rich," he said, as he cast a keen eye over the mass of ivory. "But, Marja, where did it come from?"

"It is a present from a stranger," replied the girl earnestly. "He came here one evening wounded, hungry and tired. I washed his wounds by the fire, gave him meat and drink, and prepared a place for him in the stall. Before he left he spread all this ivory over the floor and said it was mine."

She spoke shortly and decisively, but each word oppressed her like a restraining floodgate behind which the foaming water struggled to get free. "Oh, father, father!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round him and kissing him.

Soon the whole village knew that Marja's father had become a rich man, but no one could guess how or through whom the wealth had come.

He now possessed two horses and a herd of reindeer; he sold fur-skins and journeyed with them as far as the Baikal Sea. He and his daughter actually drank China tea; and Marja was the proud possessor of a watch, which seemed to her like a living thing.

"What a pity it is," said some of the neighbours, "that Marja has become so proud and has given up her friendly gossips!"

"She is not at all proud," said the fisherman's wife, "she still has a smile for everyone, and her eyes speak kindness and good-will to all."

This was true; since Marja had had a secret to keep, her eyes laughed and her face shone like those of children who try not to betray birthday presents or surprises to their relations.

When at last the year was up and her father was absent from home, her friend the bear knocked one evening at the door.

"Oh, dear, dear bear," said Marja, as she beckoned him in, "how glad I am you have come! Ah, now I can talk. We have a clock and a shawl from China where the women have crippled feet and the emperor sits on a throne which shines all over with gold. Won't you have a cup of tea? It is so good, and after drinking it I always dream about our ride, and the banks of the Lena, and the island in the sea of ice, and that the earth is so old and like a big graveyard which devours all, and——"

"Marja," said the bear, "stop talking, for we must start."

"Oh no!" implored the girl. "Not yet. I would much rather stay at home, for then I would make you some good tea and sit here and talk the whole live-long night."

"As you please," the bear said putting aside the empty sack which Marja had put before him; "I only thought that two such sacks full would be better than one, and that a beautiful dress would go well with the silk shawl, and that it was time you should know exactly the road to the treasure, but it shall be as you like."

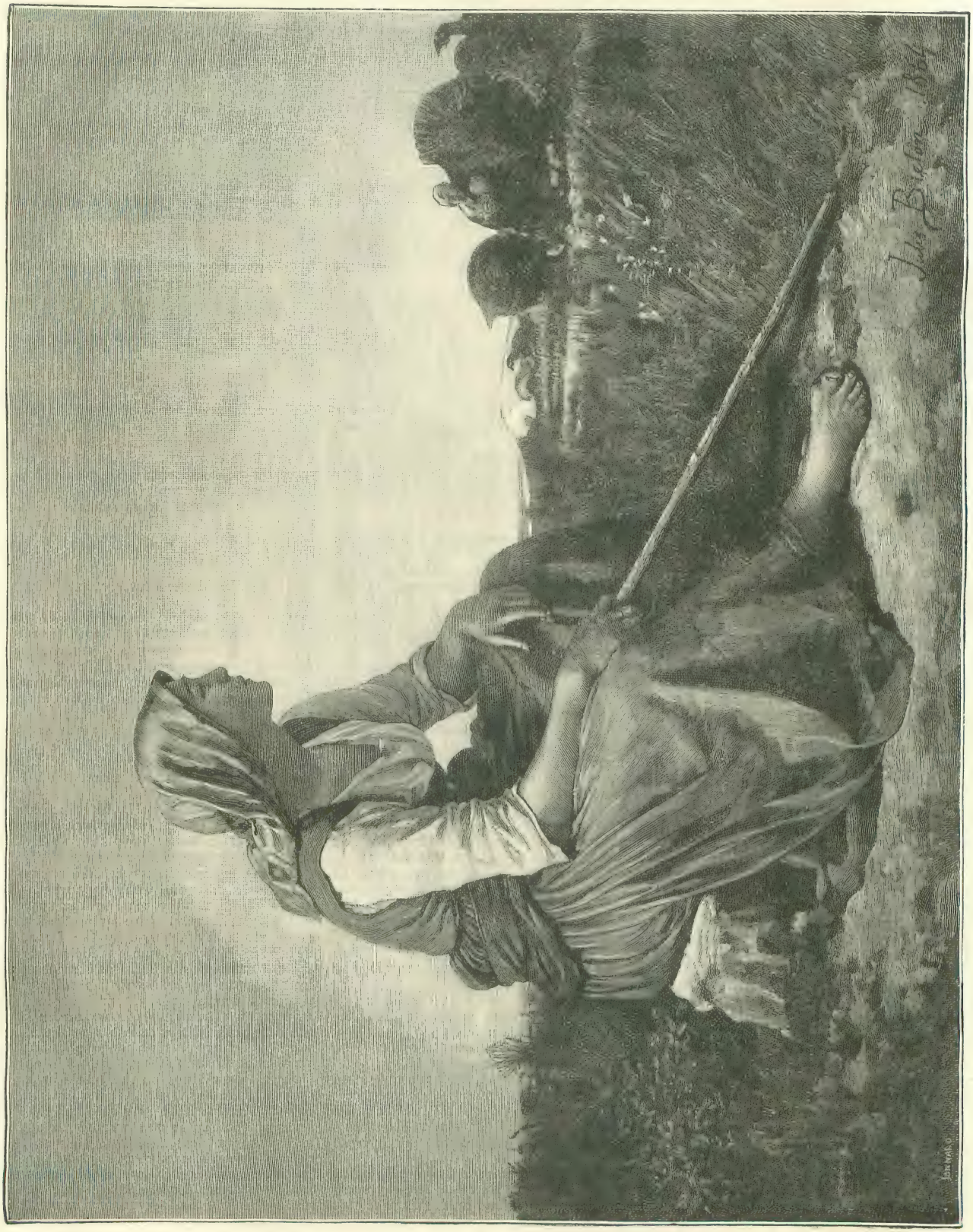
Marja controlled herself and helped herself and the bear to tea, after which she said, "Good, let us start, for of course I must learn the way before father attempts it."

So stepping into the street, Marja mounted her friend's back and away they went. Towards midnight they reached the grave of the buried treasure. The ancient of thousands of years still stood by the Lena, but he appeared larger than at their first visit for the summer sun had freed more of the ice about his legs and only his mighty feet remained imprisoned. Round about him, apparently followed by his wide-open eyes, the bear grubbed and collected until the sack was full. There was no moonlight, but the stars shone like lamps.

Seated once again on the bear's back she asked numberless questions; her eyes never closed in spite of the long ride and the late hour of the night; she wanted to talk of everything; a treat that had been so long denied her. Tenderly and gratefully she took leave of her bear when the hour came for his departure, for he had not only brought her riches but had given her material for thought and gossip.

"You must still keep silent, Marja," were his last words. "I will knock at your door once again at the end of the year, but if you break silence I shall never see you again."

"Good-bye, dear bear!" she answered.



THE TURKEY-MINDER.

"Yes indeed I will be silent if only that I may see you again."

The ivory lay spread out in a kind of pattern, having been so arranged by the bear. Marja's eyes feasted on the treasure while she sang,

"There were giants strong and tall
When the world was young, dear,
Now mankind is weak and small
For the world is old, dear.

Sunshine formed a belt of gold
When the world was young, dear,
Ice is now its girdle cold
For the world is old, dear.

Did it ever laugh with glee
When it once was young, dear?
Will it always silent be
Now that it is old, dear?"

Marja laughed at the little song she had composed, and a great longing came over her to sing it to the bear.

"Only a year," she comforted herself by saying, and ran into the street to see if her father were coming. But he did not return on that day according to promise nor on the next nor on the third.

Then, alas, Marja went over to the fisherman's cottage, for her heart was full to bursting and it must be relieved.

"My father has not yet returned," she began on the doorstep, "and I have prepared such a nice surprise for him."

"A surprise?" said husband and wife together.

"Yes," said Marja, "it is so big that I have only just room to sit by the fire."

"Is it as big as that?" asked the people opening out their arms.

"Yes, quite," she answered mischievously; "it looks like a second floor. There is a riddle for you to guess."

"We give it up," said the woman.

"And it is worth, maybe, a hundred times fifty roubles," continued Marja, carried away by the astonishment evoked by her words. "There is another riddle for you to guess."

But the people could not guess it.

Then Marja's love of talking ran away with her, and she said, "Come and look," and skipping in front of them she led the way into her hut.

The fisherfolk opened their mouths in amazement when they saw the ivory; the man examined every piece, and looked at it scrutinisingly.

"Where did it come from?" he asked, quite hoarse with covetousness and curiosity. "Let us have some benefit of it, Marja."

"Willingly," she said, glowing with excitement and pride. "Just sit down for a minute."

She prepared tea, for she was always hospitable, and at the same time she related her strange experience. The way had by this time been deeply impressed on her mind, and she described it minutely.

"Thanks," said the fisherman, hastily emptying his cup, and signifying to his wife to take leave.

Two days later the father returned. She embraced him boisterously, and pointed proudly to the floor.

"Child," he said anxiously, "has the stranger been here again; is he a magician?"

"No, father," she replied; "I did him good, so he has shown me where to find this ivory."

"Where can one find it in such quantities?" he asked at once.

She reddened. "I ought not to tell you, but I have already told the fisherfolk; you were so long in coming, and I was so lonely. Well, you shall know also," and she confided to him all she had gone through and seen.

Her father was very excited, and pushed his tea on one side, exclaiming, "Let us be off; I will harness the horses, and you get the sack."

It was summer, the hottest Siberia had ever known; the sun was scorching, and the journey which was made on the bear's back in one night there and back, now took several days.

Her father was depressed and melancholy the whole way, and took no notice of the girl's chatter. "If only you had not told the fisherfolk," he said every now and again.

At last they reached the spot, but it was no longer quiet and deserted; it swarmed with people, big and little, old and young. Tents had been put up, and barricades formed of waggons, while the ground was all dug up and hollowed, and from the banks of the Lena there arose a loud tumult. There on the water lay the ancient who had been the bear's and Marja's friend; the sun had melted the icy fetters off his feet, and he had fallen into the water, a hundred busy arms were now drawing him to land; his giant body showed no sign of decay; he was soon robbed of his brown fur. The creature's eyes were still staring heavenward, as if seeking help, the head not having been touched.

"Father," begged Marja with tears running down her cheeks, "may we not return home? Oh, why did the earth set it free after hiding it all these thousands of years? Oh, what a sad ending!"

"Why did Marja chatter, after keeping the secret for a whole year?" said her father, but he yielded to her request.

Without turning a sod and without trying to secure one piece of ivory, they got into the carriage and drove towards home. During that long return-journey Marja did not speak a word, even the smile had vanished from her lips and the brightness from her eyes.

Her father, seeing that the sorrowful expression did not leave her face, felt sorry that he had reproached her, and tried to comfort her saying, "Marja, we are quite rich enough, and I owe it all to you. Do you know that during your silent year I quite longed for your chatter, which I value more than a sackful of ivory. I am glad that your tongue is once more free."

Then Marja had a good cry. Her father went on jestingly: "First of all you talked in your sleep, then you danced and kissed, and now how long is the crying going to last?"

Marja raised her head, and while she was seeking words to thank him for his kind forbearance, her father exclaimed, "What is the matter with the village? Look at the clouds of smoke pouring out of it!"

He whipped up his horses, who responded nobly and galloped on. A horrible smell of burning filled the air, while the wind drove towards them an ever-increasing quantity of smoke.

"We are too late," said her father quietly, when the carriage stopped in front of the charred remains of their pretty little home. Down the whole length of the street nothing was to be seen but glowing smoking ruins. The whole of the little town had fallen a prey to the flames while its inhabitants were digging for treasure in the ivory-fields. It was a sad spectacle. Two women left at home on account of their age and feebleness, while weeping bitterly, related how the fire had broken out in the house of the fisherfolk. This was confirmed later on. The couple had hastened away in their avaricious eagerness without waiting to make all safe.

Marja's father would not allow her even to get out of the carriage, but drove at once southward to Vitimsk. Here he sold his carriage and horses and built himself a little house, the wood for which was supplied by a neighbouring forest.

Now the battle with want had to begin all over again, yet something had been gained by their late experience, for the little housekeeper who looked after her father so diligently and lovingly had become quite discreet. Never a word passed her lips that she had cause to regret, and yet she had resumed the harmless merry chatter which her father loved so much.

In the quiet lonely hours Marja often thought of the bear and had a great longing to see him, but he never came again; and only in her dreams did she sometimes see him, and then she would fall on his neck and cry.

Alas; the earth had opened her mouth and her friend had been betrayed by men, and thus Marja the guilty one had been taught the great value of a still tongue

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PRETTY MISS MINA.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

ECCLESHILL RECTORY was over-peopled. Everybody said so except parson Barry himself. He would never allow that, amidst his crowd of children, there was one too many. On the contrary, though boys and girls, all told, numbered only one short of a dozen, nobody ever heard a complaining word from Mr. Barry when alluding to his olive branches.

It happened sometimes that well-meaning parishioners—maiden ladies as a rule—condoled with their pastor on his "heavy responsibilities," as they called his household flock.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full," would be the rector's reply in the blithest tone possible.

"But my dear Mr. Barry," said one speaker, "the Jewish quiver, it is said, only held five arrows, and you have eleven children."

"Then I ought to have more than a double share of happiness and to be thankful in proportion. Indeed I am, Miss Meek, for they are good children, as young folk go, and ours is a harmonious household. 'Better a little where love is——' You know the rest, Miss Meek. I assure you I never envy the rich or the childless."

"I am sure the rector was in earnest," said Miss Meek, when she repeated this conversation to Miss Strong, another maiden lady who was joint mistress with herself of a dainty cottage in Eccleshill parish. They were the closest of friends, by dint of unlikeness in all unimportant matters, though thoroughly at one in other respects. "Mr. Barry is always in earnest. Never more so than when talking of his children," replied Miss Strong.

"If he ever sighs about anything in connection with his family, I feel sure it is when he passes through the churchyard and casts

his eye on the little white cross which heads those two mounds. We both remember the death of his twin boys, from scarlet fever, within three days of each other," replied Miss Meek.

"Of course I remember, Dorcas, though we were both young at that time. It is twenty-five years since the second died, or will be to-morrow. I hope, however, our rector has too much Christian resignation to sigh over those graves now. Indeed, one would think if he sighs at all, it ought to be with a sense of relief that he has only eleven children, instead of thirteen."

"I can hardly fancy him feeling in that way. I can only speak from the testimony of others as to the feelings of parents, the blessedness of motherhood having been denied me. But I have heard many parents say, that, no matter how long a time has passed since God called away a little child from their home, the place once occupied by the loved and lost one is never filled by those who come after. That the corner of the heart is still sacred to its first tenant, who has only 'gone before,' and is still counted as one amongst the visible flock remaining. No doubt there are exceptions, but real fathers and mothers must feel in that way I think, Matilda."

"I doubt if I should have done so under such circumstances," responded Miss Strong firmly. "I have never sighed after what you call 'the blessing of motherhood.' To my mind, it brings too many worries. Moreover, I am by no means sure that children would have been fortunate in calling me mother. The fact is, Dorcas, I am too stern and matter-of-fact, too utterly robust in health and fond of my own way, to have made a tender, sympathetic wife and mother. Happily for me, I am neither, and I may as well confess, it is a happy thing for the husband and children that might have been, had I been ordained to the high estate of matrimony. My maiden estate to-day proves that others felt the same, for I was never asked to relinquish it."

"My dear Matilda, everybody knows—— " began Miss Meek.

"If everybody knows the truth they must say as I say," said Miss Strong, with much decision of tone and manner, so her companion was silenced, though not convinced. Miss Meek, if allowed to continue, could have told how her friend's devotion to her orphan brothers had moved her to keep at bay a suitor who was good, brave, and rich enough to offer her a home of which she would have made a fitting mistress.

Tears would come into Miss Meek's dove-like eyes when she spoke—confidentially of course—of her friend's past, and told how Matilda bore herself coldly towards her lover, refused to see him or listen to his love-story, and let him go away to India with hard thoughts of the girl to whom he had unreservedly given his heart.

"Matilda looked ten years older in a month" (she was only twenty-two at the time), said Miss Meek. "Not that she uttered a complaining word, but went on caring for her brothers until they were able to care for themselves. Then she took a governess's post for a time, saving meanwhile the little that was left of her own small means, and rejoicing that the boys were doing well, in spite of all they had cost her.

"When Matilda's pupils grew up, she and I began housekeeping together, for we had known each other all our lives, and had no fear of not agreeing. I have always known, too, how much cleverer she is than I am. Just the person for a weak little woman like me to look up to and lean on. I am of the timid sort. I must be linked with someone of greater force of character than myself. It is the greatest comfort to me to have Matilda. She is quite well off now, for as I dare say you know, one of the brothers died at thirty-five, but not before he had prospered wonderfully—thanks to his sister. He left her every penny he had, with a message in the will saying that he owed everything to her."

"Miss Strong must be well off, or she could not help others as she does," said the listener, who had not previously estimated her character at Miss Meek's valuation.

"No one knows how much good Matilda does; people think her brusque. She is a very angel of charity in the best sense of the word. Why, when her brother's will was read, she showed this. She just as quietly as possible made over the better half of the property to her other brother, saying that Jack, with his wife and children, needed it far more than she did—an old maid with only herself to care about."

"No doubt she was right, Miss Meek," responded the other.

"There was quite a fight over the affair, but Matilda finished by having her own way. She always does get it in the long run, whoever opposes her."

The listener was quite sure that Miss Strong would have her own way at Acacia Cottage, with only a creature so gentle as Miss Meek to deal with. If, however, she could have seen the two friends alone in their home, without being herself visible, she would have understood, as no outsider could do, with what tenderness and consideration Miss Strong acted towards the "weaker vessel" who leaned on her superior strength for support.

If Miss Meek had any sentimental memories, she never put them into the shape of a story, or made them the subject of confidential communications as she did her friend's romance, on which she loved both to speak and to ponder. Pretty well everybody of position in Eccleshill and its neighbourhood had shared these confidences, and Miss Meek's version of Miss Strong's tale of self-sacrifice was known to old and young alike.

Naturally it was very interesting to girl-hearers, to no one more than Wilhelmina, or Mina Barry, the fourth of the Rector's six daughters, and the middle of the eleven who made up the family. Mina was the beauty of the flock by common consent, though her loveliness was of a very dainty sort, and not on a large scale like the good looks of some of her sisters. She had a blush-rose complexion, large violet blue eyes, silky fair hair, with the least shade of pale gold that seemed to play in and out of its tresses in the sunlight, and which always appeared to arrange itself by dropping into soft waves and rings, in a way that mortal fingers could not imitate.

Her figure matched her face in daintiness, being of medium height, and slender without being thin. If "pretty Miss Mina," as she was generally called, had not been as charming in disposition as she was externally, all these attractions would have stirred other girls to envy, jealousy and other unpleasant sentiments.

She had, however, that sweetest accomplishment, the art of winning love, and she did this by deserving it. Admiration was her natural heritage. Love was what she had set herself to win from all sorts and conditions of human beings, and she succeeded as those do who are in earnest in such matters.

It was pretty Miss Mina whom Miss Meek regarded as the most sympathetic listener in all Eccleshill parish. Probably all the ailing and infirm old folk whom the girl visited and chatted with so pleasantly, would have said the same thing. Old people and children adore beauty, when it is joined to such other qualities as Mina possessed. The wrinkled, crabby old visage relaxes at sight of it, and perhaps a quavering voice tells its possessor, "I wer' a pretty lass myself once, though you mightn't think it, lookin' at me now I'm gone seventy. They said I made a hantle o' young chaps' hearts ache in them days."

Such words were said to Mina Barry now and again with no small pride, whereat she would reply, "How sorry you must have been. It is a terrible thing to make any heart ache."

"Well, Miss Mina, I couldn't help bein' a pretty lass an' havin' young men come coortin' me, could I now? I married one of 'em, and I could do no more. And it will be all you can do; though you'll have crowds runnin' after you, as I had. But you must marry for love, dearie, as I did, though I might have done better, accordin' to what father and mother said at the time. They lived to alter their minds, and I never rued, so take an old woman's advice, Miss Mina, and marry for love. It pays in th' end."

Mina solemnly promised she would, and left her old friend looking back over fifty past years, and almost feeling young again, as she pictured her "coortin' days," and the triumphs of her pretty face, when she was "like Miss Mina as two peas are like one another."

We all have such dreams at times. It is no small comfort to those who are lonely, as age creeps over them, that they can live in the past, and people an otherwise silent room with the flitting shadows of those who were wont to fill it. Who can see each chair with its familiar occupant, hear again the old familiar voices, and sometimes, forgetting that these are unreal, lift up their own to answer aloud some well-remembered remark, or join in the imaginary conversation.

It was Mina who was the innocent cause of making Miss Meek seriously uneasy. She had listened, for probably the twentieth time, to the tale of Miss Strong's early love affair.

"Would it not be most wonderful if, after all these years, he were to come back, and, finding his first love still unmarried, were to make up matters after all. One has read of such things in books. I have, and I could tell you several stories that finish in that way."

Miss Meek went quite pale at the bare suggestion.

"My dear Mina, you forget how old Miss Strong is. Matilda is at least five years my senior, and I am—past thirty."

"Past thirty" might mean anything the listener chose to imagine, and as Miss Meek prided herself on her youthful appearance, she fondly hoped the interval would be understood to mean a few months. When a child says "I'm past ten," or "I've gone twelve," everybody knows that she is only just over so many years old. Youth prides itself on the largeness of their number, and anticipates the next anniversary by saying, "I'm going thirteen," or "I'm nearly nine," as the case may be.

So Miss Meek, being very childlike in her temperament, hoped that Mina would think she was at most verging on thirty-one. Mina had other data to go by. She knew that Miss Meek was nearer forty than thirty, but where would be the use of saying so?

"I know Miss Strong is considerably your senior," she replied. "She told me that she was forty-four last August. But think what a fine, handsome, stately woman she is, and I suppose the gentleman was older than herself."

"Three years, I believe."

"That would make him forty-seven. Why, many gentlemen marry who are much older than that. There were——"

Mina ran over quite a list of such, known to Miss Meek as well as to herself, varying in age from fifty-five to sixty or more.

"True, Mina dear, but which of them all, whether widower or old bachelor, married a person of nearly his own age. All the wives are many, many years younger than the husbands."

Mina reviewed her list, and was fain to

confess that Miss Meek was right with one exception. "Yet look at my father and mother," she said. "There is almost no disparity between them, and how thoroughly they suit each other. Fancy my father with a mere girl as his wife."

"Mrs. Barry was a girl when she and your father were married, dear, and they have passed on to middle life hand in hand, as one may say. They will, if spared, grow old together, and make the most charming old couple imaginable. But it is altogether different in such cases as you have named."

"I suppose it is," said Mina rather unwillingly, for she had often delighted to add a final chapter to Miss Strong's romance, and had pictured the handsome spinster in bridal attire fitted to her age, leaning upon the arm of a bronzed veteran who, after many days, had won his first love.

Mina brightened again, however, after a short cogitation. She had thought of one case where two elderly people had married and were very happy, she was quite sure.

"I had left Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw of South Lawn out of my list," she said. "He is sixty, and she is nearly as old. Is not this a much more fitting match than that of Mr. Kirkby of 'The Leylands,' who married an old schoolfellow of mine, thirty-three years younger than himself?"

"You and I think so, Mina, and one cannot help looking forward, and seeing that the disparity will seem much greater a few years hence than now. As to the Bradshaws, their union is an exception which rather proves the rule than otherwise. Though married so late in life, they have been friends always. They knew each other so well, and had tastes and associations in common. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that, having no near family ties, and each being in a sense alone, they should elect to spend their remaining years together."

"I am sorry," said Mina. "I have so often in fancy brought Miss Strong and Mr. Lynde together as a faithful pair, who had never varied in their affection, but were true in spite of long years of waiting and separation."

"I must be a very poor story-teller to have left such an impression on your mind, Mina. In Matilda's case, there has been absolute separation, without a thought of waiting or hope of reunion on either side. She drove Edward Lynde away, or rather she kept him at a distance and refused to listen when he would fain have spoken. He left her, equally angry at the treatment meted out to him, and hopeless as regarded the future. You will never be able to add the last chapter that was to finish their story in the old favourite fashion."

"I suppose not," replied Mina, with a sigh of regret; "though we should have liked it to end in that way, should we not?"

Miss Meek might not have heard the girl's last question, for instead of answering she darted to the window with another query.

"Can that be Dandy quarrelling with a dog three times his size? Excuse me, dear, I must make sure."

Dandy, Miss Meek's sadly too obese pug, was peacefully snoring on his special rug in front of the dining-room fire. Mina knew that he was only valiant when in a perfectly safe position, such as standing with his paws on the window-ledge, inside, of course. Thence he would bark vociferously at any quadruped that dared to enter the sacred precincts of his mistress's garden.

It took Miss Meek some little time to assure herself of her pet's safety, and then she stayed to speak to the parlour-maid about a particular cake intended for Mina's delectation, so that it was absurd to expect an answer to the girl's last question after so long an interval.

Mina did not repeat it, for in the meanwhile she had decided that it should not have been asked.

"How foolish of me to suggest such an idea," she thought. "If Mr. Lynde ever came back and married Miss Strong, it would kill Miss Meek, I think. Matilda is everything to her and, though I am sure the dear little lady is so unselfish that she would give up anything in the world for her friend's sake without a murmur, I can well imagine that she cannot bear even to think of such a possibility as I suggested. I dare say the man would go off in a huff and propose to the first girl he met that was unlike Miss Strong in everything, and that he has now a middle-aged wife and a tribe of children."

Mina's guess, though not absolutely correct, was much nearer the truth than her imaginary, romantic last chapter.

CHAPTER II.

MINA was spending a few days at Acacia Cottage, for Miss Strong was away on a visit to her brother and his family, and Miss Meek had a great objection to being sole housekeeper.

"I was never meant to rule," she would say with a little sigh and in a somewhat plaintive tone. "Some natures seem specially fitted, not merely to stand alone, but to act as props to others. Matilda is one of that kind. I require a prop."

The sigh would be repeated, and perhaps, if anybody could have read Miss Meek's thoughts, they would have found her wondering that no such support had been provided for her outside her own sex. There would have been the farther one, however, "How thankful I ought to be for Matilda!"

There was always a girl to spare from the Rectory home circle, and, whenever Miss Meek's ordinary prop happened to be absent, one or other of the Barrys came to the cottage to act as temporary support to the gentle spinster.

If choice were possible, Miss Meek always asked for Mina, and the girl was equally willing to go to her, if she could be spared.

As the pair sat by the tea-table, Mina, who had been more silent than usual for a while, began again to speak on the subject which they had previously discussed. Not about Miss Strong's unfinished romance—Mina had more sense than to allude to it again—but about the re-union, late in life, of those who had been driven apart by force of circumstances, despite their true affection for each other.

"Did you ever know of two people being married and 'living happy ever after,' when they had seen nothing of each other for many years? You must surely be able to tell me a tale of love with a proper ending, for you are so sympathetic," said Mina.

Miss Meek dearly loved to be asked for a story, and to be complimented on her sympathetic nature. Her face quite brightened, and the prettiest flush came on her cheeks as she replied—

"Yes, dear child, I saw the closing chapters of such a love story when Matilda and I went for a holiday to Germany last year, and I have witnessed a second nearer home.

"We were greatly charmed by the beauty of an old city, famous too for its ancient university and the picturesqueness of the scenery around, so we made it our headquarters for several weeks. We had pretty rooms, much balconied, in a good hotel, and we were fortunate in having friends of various nationalities, who made the place quite a home to us during our stay.

"The town is not a very large one, but its charms are quite unique, and it seemed to be full of life to a quiet, stay-at-home spinster like myself, and especially when compared with Eccleshill. In the early morning we were generally wakened by the sound of drums in the distance, and soon we heard the band playing a lively march, whilst the measured tramp of feet told that the soldiers were off to the parade ground.

"But, Mina dear, I must not tell you of all the brightness and life we saw from our balcony, and which had such a fascination for me, or you will not hear what you asked for.

"Nearly opposite to our hotel was the end of a street of handsome houses. At its left corner was a very fine block of flats, with a particularly artistic and roomy balcony. Soon after we were settled in our apartments, I noticed that an elderly lady used to come and sit there occasionally, an attendant having first adjusted the sun blinds and placed a pretty screen so as to shield the sitter from draughts.

"The lady was always beautifully dressed. If in the morning, her wrapper was a work of art. If in the evening, she looked as if she had stepped out of a picture, and her lovely white hair, which harmonised with her dainty complexion, was at all times arranged *à merveille*.

"I can just see her now as she stepped on to the balcony in the early evening, evidently to look for her husband's coming. She wore a lovely dinner dress of pale blue silk, slightly open at the throat, about which fell a cloud of lace. Elbow sleeves were finished with deep lace falling about the white and still round arms, and on that wonderful white hair rested just enough of lace to make a perfect finish to her coiffure.

"All at once her face lighted with pleasure, and I saw an elderly gentleman approaching, whose look reflected hers. He too was dressed with the greatest care and in excellent taste, and at sight of that waiting figure, he lifted his hat in the jauntiest style, and kissed his hand by way of further salutation. He carried some beautiful flowers, no doubt an offering for his love, and as he disappeared within the doorway, she left the balcony. I pictured the meeting about to take place, and I felt quite glad as I realised how very beautiful and precious a thing true love is, at every period of human life. No one could have looked at those two faces as each caught sight of the other, without feeling that love which has lasted to the season of hoar hairs, is even more beautiful than that of youth."

"I am sure it must be," said Mina, whose eager eyes showed her interest in the picture drawn by Miss Meek. "Did you hear the story of the couple whose appearance charmed you so much?"

"Yes, a little later. Naturally what I had seen made me wish to see more, and, without I trust showing impertinent curiosity, I often placed myself in such a position that I could witness the partings and meetings of these elderly lovers, husband and wife.

"It was so pretty to see her watching his departure, and the way in which repeated salutes were exchanged between street and balcony. His hat would be raised more than once, and his hand kissed and waved towards her, whilst she returned these gestures by bending her head and smiling again and again.

"The home-coming would be a repetition of the first scene which pleased me so much.

"I found that everybody knew the story of the pair. They had loved each other as youth and maiden half a century before, for he was

A "GOOD-NIGHT" SONG IN THE ORPHAN SCHOOL.

close upon seventy when I saw him first, and she some years younger. But both were poor in those days, and after a season of hopeless, waiting, they parted with little prospect of meeting again. In time he married an heiress, and moreover won for himself a great name as a scientist. I heard the string of titles which he had won for himself, and that in his own branch of science he stood first.

"Of the wedded life of the great professor I heard nothing. It was only said that by his marriage the ladder of success had been rendered more easy to climb, though his great talents and industry must have placed him on the top rung of it in time, despite the hindrances that poverty had previously accumulated on every step. I could not imagine a man who manifested so many delightful qualities as otherwise than kind to his wife, but after her death he went back to his first love, who had always held the chief place in his affections, and laid fame and fortune, with his heart, at her feet. So in mature age the lovers were reunited, and no one seeing them could doubt their perfect happiness in each other's society."

Mina had listened to Miss Meek's little story with deep interest, but at its close, she remained silent as if lost in thought.

"Do you not approve of this last chapter, Mina?" asked Miss Meek. "I thought you would be charmed with it as I was."

"So I am," replied the girl; "but I feel sorry for the wife. It must have been dreadfully hard for her to know that she was shut out of the first place in her husband's heart."

"Perhaps she never did know this, or if she did, might have been contented with the portion allotted to her. I believe there are numbers of married people of both sexes, who are utterly unable to feel such love as this old wedded pair did for one another, and would have been rather annoyed and embarrassed by its manifestation in a partner. Perhaps you will think I, an unmarried person, ought not to express such an opinion, having no experience. Still, one cannot help feeling interested in those around us, and probably I observe others more from the very force of circumstances. If I had been a wife and mother, Mina, I should not have had the time for such observation."

"There are sadly too many mere partnerships in married life," replied Mina. "Though only a girl, I can see that. But, dear Miss Meek, I should never be contented without a whole-hearted love, because I should give my best and my all, if I loved at all."

The girl spoke with great earnestness and her tone almost startled Miss Meek. She was ready to answer, "Surely, child, you do not speak from experience already, you, after little more than twenty years of life!" Before she uttered the words, however, her own thoughts flew back to the same period of her life as Mina was now passing through, and she asked herself, "Should I have liked to lay bare my girlish heart for anyone, however dear, to read? I had my dreams even then, and though they never became realities, I like to dream them over again when I am alone sometimes."

Mina herself turned the current of Miss Meek's musings by saying, "You told me you had witnessed another union of elderly lovers which had turned out happily, did you not?"

"Ah, my dear, the second ended after a different fashion. Two who in early life seemed made for each other, were parted, mainly through the interference of friends. I will only call them 'He' and 'She,' but they were people whom I knew well. I think he had all the chivalric temperament of my former hero, and would have made an equally model husband; she was the one who had married and after many years been left a widow with ample means. He did not seek her because she was rich, for his own fortune far exceeded his wants, and he made a noble use of the surplus, though many who benefited by his liberality knew not from whose hand the help came. He married his old love with all his old faith in her perfections, and in her power to make his last days better than his first had been."

"And did she?"

"Alas, no. He found that the intervening life had either utterly changed her nature, or else he had pictured one which never existed. She had become sordid, self-asserting and selfish. She was proud of her wealth, and thought its possession could atone for whatever might be lacking in herself. She had tyrannised over a weak-minded husband, and expected to rule a second in the same way.

"Two such diverse natures could not be happy together. He would have borne much. She would yield nothing. She left him without scruple and resumed her independent life, caring nothing as to what his would be in the future."

"I think he was well rid of her," said Mina indignantly.

"Many of his friends thought the same, but they never dared to say so in his presence, though it was pitiful to see how rapidly he aged and shrank into a weary, worn-looking old man after his wife left him. You see, dear, he had set this woman's image on a high pedestal. He regarded it as made of finest gold or purest alabaster, if one may suggest such a comparison, and he found it to be of the coarsest clay."

"Is he living?"

"No, he went down hill rapidly, and in his last illness, my own dear mother watched by and tended him. There was a distant relationship between our families, and we all loved him. She never came near him saying, as an excuse, 'If I do go, we shall be sure to disagree.'"

"What a wretched woman!" exclaimed Mina.

"In your eyes and mine, dear, yes. But she showed no signs of wretchedness, except that in consideration of his having left her half his fortune, she wore a widow's dress for three months."

"What a pity that she should have more money to misuse. I think he made a mistake in leaving it to such a woman."

"Perhaps so, Mina, but he said, 'She loves money, I will give her half of mine. It may make amends for my inability to give her the happiness which I hoped would follow our union.' The rest he left to my mother, and it is from a portion of his bequest that I derive my income. When she died, the other half went to certain charitable institutions in which he had taken a great interest during his life."

"I half wish I had not heard this last story," said Mina. "Indeed, the former had its vein of sadness, for I shall never be able to forget the fact that the professor's first wife never had her fair share of his heart. It seems rare indeed, for those who have loved in youth and then been separated for half their lives or more, to be re-united with much prospect of lasting happiness."

Mina sighed, and again Miss Meek wondered whether her favourite's gravity could be on her own account, or because she was stirred to sympathy with the hero of her own last story.

Miss Meek, however, asked no questions, but became suddenly alive to the fact that she had been neglecting her duties as hostess.

"My dear child, I am quite ashamed of myself. Here have I been tale-telling until the tea is much overbrewed, and the muffins are nearly cold. What would Jane say if she saw them? She prides herself on being the one person in Eccleshill who knows how to toast muffins so as to send them to table hot in the middle."

Mina had to reassure Miss Meek on this point by partaking of the neglected dainties, and then the talk veered round to parish matters, the mothers' meeting, the clothing club, and though last not least, the fund which was to be the means of taking some ailing children to the seaside. In all these matters Mina tried to show the same interest as usual; but if the truth be told, she was thinking much of Miss Meek's stories, and recalling to mind her oft-expressed opinions. Firstly, "Long engagements are a mistake, Mina dear, especially where young people have had to part, with little chance of meeting for many a year to come." Secondly, "Time and long absence, amidst differing surroundings, produce changes in appearance and character, which lessen the prospect of happiness, should the pair be united late in life."

Mina, who had her own love secret, was now always looking around and about for cases which would either contradict or establish her friend's theories. As a result, she was forced to confess that Miss Meek was more frequently right than otherwise, the few exceptions only tending to prove the rule.

CHAPTER III.

IT had been a common saying at Eccleshill, and in the country round, that pretty Miss Mina would be the first to leave the shelter of the Rectory for a good home of her own. A good home, of course, meant one wherein all the good things of this world would be found in abundance. Such loveliness ought to be fittingly adorned. Such a fair picture as she made, however simply dressed, should be suitably framed. Her feminine beauty ought to be matched by equally marked personal advantages.

If, then, pretty Mina got her due, she would have a luxurious home, rich dresses and ornaments, and a handsome husband who would be ready to share abundant wealth with so fair a partner.

Beyond and above all, she who was so tender, sweet, and full of sympathy for everybody, ought to have a mate worthy to compare with her in these higher qualities.

To the surprise and regret alike of village prophetesses and well-wishers, one nestling after another left the Rectory, but left Mina behind there.

Helena, the eldest, who had been said to hold her head higher than any of them, married well as to circumstances, but was considered in the matter of family to have lowered herself. If so, she did not appear conscious of it, but shone as a happy prosperous wife and mother though far away from Eccleshill.

Bessie, the romp, went in heart and soul for the most advanced mental culture, and blossomed into one of the most stately of head mistresses.

Florrie took up nursing as a profession, but was soon induced to relinquish it by a fine young fellow whom she had tended during a period of awful physical suffering.

Then another girl found her vocation as a teacher in the High School over which her elder sister presided. Only Mina and the youngest girl remained, and the latter declared that the rest might wander to and fro on the earth, but Eccleshill was the one place in the world that was dear to her, and wild horses should not tear her away from it.

It was an open secret that little Miss Constance's future had been mapped out whilst she was a school-girl, and that when Richard Lockhart, the squire's only son, returned finally from Oxford, there would be another wedding.

So it proved. The Rector and his good wife rejoiced that one child's home was within sight of the Rectory windows, though nine out of their large flock were scattered far and wide.

"If we could but have kept them all within reach," sighed the gentle mother of these eleven young Barrys, as one after another went out into the world, and there was little hope that the same roof would ever again cover them.

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the Rector. "The youngsters are fulfilling Nature's law. The land would not bear so many Barrys within a ring fence. It may suit the Frenchman's notion to divide the father's few acres amongst the children, and for the next generation to divide again until the heritage of each becomes infinitesimal. Young England goes farther afield and wins more acres for himself. You and I must be content to know that each of our dear ones fills a position of usefulness. On the whole too, they are prosperous and happy. Would you, for instance, bring Dick back if you could?"

"No, a thousand times no," said the mother. Yet Dick was her eldest born, and had at first given his parents some heartaches. Then a change had been wrought in him—that change which only the grace of God can bring about in the heart and life. To His service Dick had reverently dedicated his renewed nature, and had gone forth as a missionary, father and mother cheering him on his way.

There was just Mina left. "My pretty child," as even the Rector had been wont to call her.

"Thank God we have our Mina still. What should we do without Mina?" said father and mother together.

At Acacia Cottage Miss Strong and Miss Meek rejoiced that Mina "had not gone to the ends of the earth like the other Barrys." Albeit Miss Meek was not quite satisfied on Mina's account. That she should have failed to fulfil the destiny which everybody had felt sure would be hers, was disappointing to say the least.

Time dealt kindly with the spinsters of Acacia Cottage. They had no troubles of their own, no anxieties about making ends meet, but much to rejoice over in the prosperity of the few who could claim kindred with them. All who needed such help and sympathy as they could render, received it in no stinted measure. The pair took holiday at suitable seasons and, under the guidance of Matilda, little Miss Meek was convoyed into some of the fairest regions in Europe, and came home again full of fresh experiences to pour into Mina's receptive ear.

More than once the two would gladly have taken Mina with them, and borne all charges on her account.

These offers were great temptations, but the girl put them aside with grateful acknowledgments. All the more firmly as the years passed on, and she felt more than ever the need of such relaxation.

"I must never leave my father and mother now," she said. "They cannot spare me. I must be content to hear all about your enjoyments when you come back. You, dear Miss Strong and Miss Meek, in your several styles, paint scenes and people so vividly, that I close my eyes when you are speaking and imagine that I see and hear all you have done."

"Our talk is a poor substitute for the reality, Mina," said Miss Strong.

"You think so, because you are the speaker and I the listener. As I have not seen for myself, I am less sensible of this. I know I often thank God that both you and Miss Meek are word-painters. I mean that you are real artists as much as are those who use brush, canvas and colours to reproduce the glories of nature for those whose lives are lived within a small area. You describe what you have seen, the one by a few powerful words, the other in daintiest detail. Is not this art? Yes, as truly such as is shown by the picture which one master-hand has produced with comparatively few bold strokes, or the other that has cost an infinity of labour to a second artist, equally skilful in his way. I have gone over the ground with you until I feel quite a travelled person, though most of my life has been spent in this old village."

Mina was right in saying that father and mother needed her. This was more evident than ever after the sad news came that Jack, their missionary son, had died of fever—cut off in all the vigour of brave manhood, and just when his labours were producing cheering results. Parson Barry alluded to his son in the pulpit, and kept his voice firm whilst he thanked God for the record he had left behind. But the mother in the Rectory pew bowed her head, so that none could see her face, and there were sounds of sobbing in the church, and eyes were misty through all the village that day. Aye, for many a day whenever Master Jack was mentioned.

The roughest men spoke softly on this subject. All were anxious to show more respect than ever to the parson and his wife, who had spent all their best years at Eccleshill, and who were beloved, as only those are, who have given their hearts to the Master and to their neighbours for His sake.

"Old Parson and Mrs. Barry have aged a deal since Master Jack went home," said an old dame, with a tremulous voice and sorrowful shake of the head.

"Aye," said her still older mate. "They don't grudge their lad's life to God. But they are made of same stuff as the rest of us when trouble comes. We know what it means to lose a son, in his prime, too. If parson and the missis hadn't got loving hearts for their own flesh and blood, how could they ha' understood what such as us feel?"

It was not long after this that the Rector's health broke down, and there began to be a talk of providing a curate to assist him. He did not live to need the help, but passed peacefully away, with most of his dear ones near him at the last.

"How will mother bear the trial of leaving the old home?" was the question asked amongst the young people.

Mrs. Barry did not hear the inquiry. She only divined it, and answered accordingly.

"Do not trouble about me, dears," she said. "The light of my life left the Rectory with your father. It could not be home to me any more. As to all the memories connected with it, I shall carry them with me wherever I may be."

It was settled that such portions of furniture as Mrs. Barry wished to retain, should be stored, until she decided on her future residence, for at the time there was no suitable dwelling vacant at Eccleshill. The rest was sold, and in the meanwhile the married sons and daughters almost contended as to which of their homes should first be an abiding-place for the dear mother and Mina. To visit each would occupy the first few months of widowhood, and then a decision could be come to about a permanent home.

Mrs. Barry smiled at the word permanent, and said she and Mina would only want a tiny cottage to suit their very modest income.

"As though the dear mother would have to count sixpences," said one daughter to another.

Richard Lockhart, Connie's husband, who now reigned as squire at Eccleshill in the room of his father, announced his intention of building the most charming little dwelling for Mrs. Barry, and put it in hand at once. A different tenant had to be found for it. Before the round of visits came to an end, the widow was laid beside her husband in the garden-like graveyard at Eccleshill. As the congregation left the church Sunday by Sunday, its members would step aside to look at the spot where the pair lay, who had spent their lives in loving ministry amongst them.

Then came questionings. "What will Miss Mina do? Will she live with Miss Constance, as was? There's room enough at Grangemount, and anybody might be glad to have her with them."

There were many expressions of wonderment with regard to Mina. She had disappointed everybody, and those who had prophesied an early marriage "and a grand one" for the parson's pretty daughter, felt aggrieved at the non-fulfilment of their prognostications.

"Miss Mina is thirty-four, if she's a day, and though there are three girls older, she is getting to look the oldest of the lot," said one.

"Yes. The one with a big family has a fine colour, and not a grey hair in her head. The schoolmistress the same, and as stately as a queen, though anybody with troops of girls to see after and a lot of teachers under her, might be excused for looking worrited. I never envy anybody that has to teach," replied a second.

"Nor I," responded the first gossip," adding, "Miss Mina will always be pretty, though her hair may go white as snow. She may not have the fine colour her sisters carry, but she is just the loveliest pink and white, not the wax-doll colours, but I need not tell you any more, for we have both seen her grow up. I cannot help feeling hurt that pretty Miss Mina, instead of making the best match of the lot, is growing into an old maid, and has made no match at all."

"Growing! At four-and-thirty and with hair going grey, I should think she was an out-and-out old maid."

"Well, I suppose she is. But she is a very pretty one, and no doubt she will be useful to her sisters who have families. I wonder which she will live with. I hope with Mrs. Lockhart, then we shall keep her amongst us. I shall never believe though, that Miss Mina has not had chances enough. She could not be altogether passed by."

"I dare say she was hard to please. It does happen sometimes that very pretty girls are lost by having too many lovers to choose from. Miss Mina had a right to be particular, for there were not many that were fit to stand beside her." It was true that Mina had refused more eligible offers than come to most girls, but she would have been the last to let the world know of her conquests. Those around might guess. None could ever say, "Mina told me."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN it was found that Miss Mina was not going to take up her abode with any married sister, all Eccleshill was mentally exercised on her account. "Where will she go?" "What will she do?" "How she will be missed by the poor people!" were remarks freely uttered.

None in the village felt more anxious than did the spinsters at Acacia Cottage.

"We have been so happy together for such a number of years, that it would seem almost sacrilegious to introduce a new element into our quiet home. If such a thing were possible, we could find room for Mina, could we not, Matilda?"

Thus, in a half deprecating fashion, did little Miss Meek make known the longings of her heart to Miss Strong.

"Mina would not come to us," was the reply.

"We cannot be sure unless she were asked."

"I asked her a week ago, Dorcas, and she declined with thanks."

"You never told me, Matilda."

There was a suspicion of reproach in Miss Meek's gentle tones, and Miss Strong hastened to make amends for having apparently ignored her friend.

"You always say, Dorcas, that I can read your thoughts, and that you have owed many of your truest pleasures to my having anticipated some wish of yours. Is not this correct?"

"Yes, dear Matilda, but in this case the matter in question was such a very important one. The introduction of a new and younger inmate to Acacia Cottage would have been a sort of domestic revolution."

"Then you are glad Mina is not likely to be that inmate?"

"Oh dear no. I should have been happy beyond expression to welcome her, only——"

"Only you ought to have been consulted. True, dear. Believe me, I would not act without you for the world. Knowing your love for Mina, I was planning to give you a gigantic addition to your happiness if possible. Should Mina refuse, I thought you would be spared the pain of disappointment. Once more I have read your thoughts aright, but I have not succeeded in bringing you the pleasure, or sparing you the disappointment."

"Matilda, you are always right. Pray forgive me if I appeared a little hurt. We always trust each other fully. Thank you so much for speaking to Mina."

Miss Meek seemed lost in thought for some little time after, then she remarked in a half whisper, and casting furtive glances around lest anyone should be within hearing: "Matilda, I sometimes think, in Mina's case, there must be somebody!"

The sentence might sound rather ambiguous, but Miss Strong understood its purport at once.

"There is somebody!" she replied.

"Did Mina tell you? She never said a word to me, and I quite thought she would trust me if she trusted anyone."

"Neither did she to me, Dorcas. I only put two and two together after our last talk. She is coming here this afternoon on purpose to tell you what are her plans for the future. She begged me not to repeat even the little I knew, as she wished you to hear from her own lips only."

Miss Meek's momentary sense of injury passed away and was promptly forgotten. Mina was true to the friendship of so many years. There could be no misunderstanding between them.

Mina came, looking if anything fairer than ever in her simple mourning dress, worn for both parents, and received an enthusiastic welcome.

"Matilda has told me what passed between you and herself," said Miss Meek. "Have you come to say that you have changed your mind and will be as a daughter to us? We are so unlike, that you might almost look on Matilda as in a father's place, and I, though unworthy, as a sort of mother."

"I wish it could be," said Mina. "Only you forget that I should be rather the younger sister. Look at these silvery hairs. I think I have more grey ones than you have."

"Those count for nothing. They are the penalty so many beautiful women pay for having such lovely complexions. Nature gives them to make the most perfect harmony in colour."

"I come of a family whose hair only changes quite late in life. As a consequence, ill-natured people have hinted that mine retains its colour through the use of artificial means. You know I scorn such shams, and would not stoop to them for the world. Besides," added Miss Meek, "in regard to the colour of people's hair, that which is natural is always the most becoming."

Mina readily assented.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" asked Miss Meek.

"I am going to try and brighten the life of a lonely woman who has written to ask me."

"You do not mean Mrs. Lamont. Surely, Mina, you have never entertained the idea of burying yourself in her gloomy old house, and with such a companion."

"Yes, dear Miss Meek. I am going to try and improve the house and cheer its mistress."

"Mina, you must not sacrifice yourself. The relationship between you is so distant that it can only just be traced. You owe her no duty. I could understand your undertaking such a charge if you were penniless, and with neither home nor friends, instead of having a little income of your own, and doors open to receive you in all directions. Think, Mina. Second thoughts will surely be best in this case."

"I have thought, not once or twice, but till I am tired of thinking, and always with the same result. If I were penniless, homeless and friendless, I would not go to Mrs. Lamont. I would rather earn my bread as a servant-of-all-work, or as an ill-paid seamstress. As it is, Mrs. Lamont knows that in me she will have no friendless dependent, and that I should gain by leaving her. If I stood in need of shelter I would never accept it from her," said Mina, firmly.

"She is a terrible woman, Mina," interposed Miss Strong. "I hate to say a word about one so desolate as she is, but she is only too well-known You cannot remember how she first tyrannised over one of the kindest husbands in the world—a man whose single fault was a too-yielding nature. She made him miserable by her self-will and overbearing ways. Unfortunately for him, he loved her in spite of them, and to cross her will would have troubled him more than herself. After his death it was discovered that she had taken advantage of this, and induced him to leave everything absolutely to her. It was in his last illness the new will was made, and poor Maurice came home from college to see his father die, and then to find that he was left absolutely dependent on his mother."

"He had a legacy of a thousand pounds," said Mina.

"What was that when he ought to have inherited Edenhurst and the family estate? Mrs. Lamont brought her husband no fortune, yet she was never satisfied until she had induced him to deprive their only son of his lawful patrimony that she might rule him in turn, as she had ruled his father. She is a hard, cruel woman, Mina. She will be a tyrant to you and will make you old before your time."

Miss Strong spoke with unwonted vehemence, and little Miss Meek, quite startled at her earnestness, put in a deprecatory word.

"Perhaps there were faults on both sides, Matilda. We can never judge people's characters without knowing everything. And even then, it is better not to judge at all."

"In Mrs. Lamont's case, Dorcas, everybody knows too much. Was not Maurice driven from his home by his mother? Did he not accept a poor little post in the Indian civil service, and expatriate himself, because flesh and blood could not stand the tyranny and nagging to which he was subjected? How many years is it, Mina, since Maurice left home? You remember his going."

The pink had left Mina's cheeks during this tirade against Mrs. Lamont, and only the white remained, but she answered in a tone that was almost a whisper: "Fourteen years. He sailed on my twentieth birthday. He was twenty-five, so now he will be thirty-nine. It is a long, long time for a mother to have been deprived of her only son."

"Deprived! My dear Mina, it is her own fault. She drove him away. She could not compel him to blind obedience, so she preferred to banish her only son, that she might reign paramount at Edenhurst. She is miserable, and she deserves to be——"

Miss Strong would have said more, but glancing at Mina's face she saw how wan and white it had become, and that she was wiping away the tears she could no longer restrain.

"My dear, forgive me. I have grieved you. I had no idea you cared so much for that—I mean, for Mrs. Lamont," said Miss Strong, angry now with herself for her impetuous utterances.

"You did not mean to trouble me. I do not pretend that I am fond of Mrs. Lamont, but I am so sorry for her now she is growing old. It is sad to be alone, and to feel that one who ought to be both near and dear is far away."

"It is indeed, Mina," returned Miss Strong in a gentler voice. "After all, one must pity as well as blame, for to have such memories as Mrs. Lamont has for companionship, must be bitter indeed. I wonder if mother and son correspond."

"No," replied Mina. "When Maurice went away, his mother was very angry and told him that from that moment she held him as dead to her, and that she would neither receive letters from him nor send him a line, however long they both might live. Maurice said, 'I will come back when you send for me, mother, and promise to give me a son's rightful place in your home and heart.'

"'If you wait for my summons you will never return,' said Mrs. Lamont. 'It will not be difficult to find an heir for Edenhurst.'

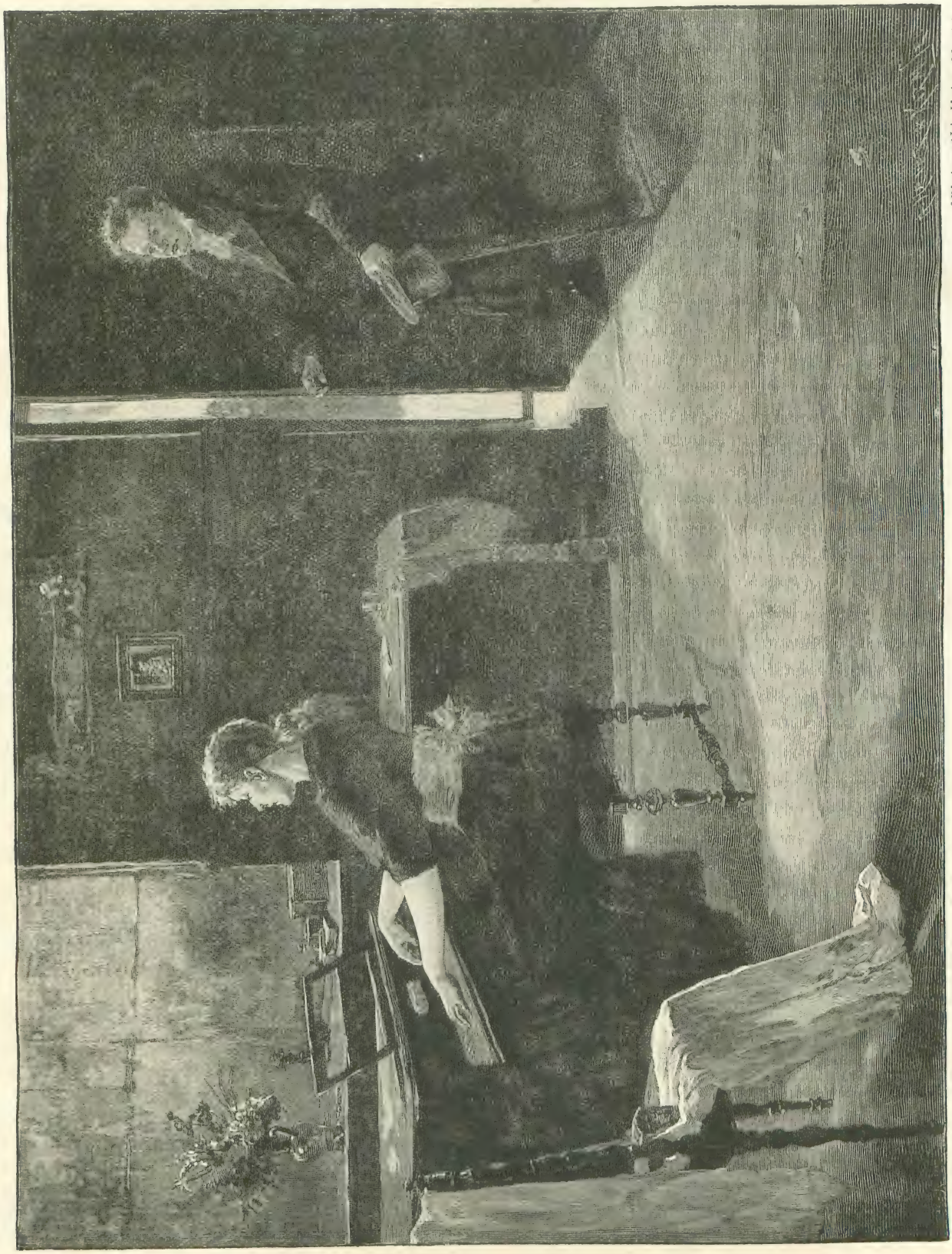
"So they parted, and no line has passed between them. Maurice hears of his mother regularly, through—through—a friend."

Mina's cheeks had more than their ordinary colour again now. Perhaps she judged that her two sympathetic listeners had guessed her secret, and knew, that when Maurice Lamont left the country, he took with him a love which would never change, having also given his own heart into her keeping.

Fourteen years had come and gone, and the lovely girl of twenty had become the mature woman of thirty-four, amidst whose abundant tresses there were little gleams of silver, shining, and giving the impression of more years still.

It did not matter to Mina whether her two friends guessed her love story or no. She knew they were her friends. That was enough to insure the truest sympathy, and she had no fear that others would know why she was still Miss Mina.

Little Miss Meek's gentle nature had been too much agitated on Mina's account to allow of her saying much, during the conversation in which Miss Strong had expressed herself with such decision. But her *kind face*, the lingering clasp of her hand and the tender tone in which her farewell was said, assured Mina of the sweet sympathy that could not be put into words. She thought too, that to share such a peaceful home with these two dear



[Photographic Union, Munich.

BEETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.—A SURPRISE VISIT.

From photo by the]

women, would have been heaven in comparison with the gloomy splendour which would surround her at Edenhurst.

"I have chosen," she thought, "and I do not repent. If only I can effect my purpose and restore Maurice to his rightful place, I shall be content—whatever happens."

The two last words came after a pause spent before a looking-glass. As Mina noted the changes which time had wrought, and thought of the face reflected in that same mirror fourteen years before, she said within herself, "He will be in the very prime of manhood for years to come. He is only thirty-nine now. He will find me a faded spinster with grey hair. What will happen? If Miss Meek was right, I can expect but one result, though my love has only grown with absence. I have spent my years amidst such quiet surroundings that I have been little tempted to change. With Maurice things have been different. Though his means have never been large, he has had wide experiences, and his old name has given him prestige and opened all doors to him. If——" Another pause and then, "I trust my love will be strong enough and true enough to enable me to rejoice in his happiness, even though my own may pay the price of it."

At Acacia Cottage the spinsters held confidential converse about Mina after her departure.

"Did you guess that the 'somebody' was Maurice Lamont before this afternoon, Matilda?" asked Miss Meek.

"I thought him the most likely person. The moment Mina told me she had determined to go to Edenhurst, I felt quite sure. It is just like her to sacrifice herself to that old termagant, for the sake of promoting the man's interest," replied Miss Strong, with some asperity.

"Why do you say, 'the man,' in such a tone? I always liked Maurice Lamont, and it is a little painful to hear him alluded to in such a way."

"My dear Dorcas, I have no wish to hurt your feelings, but you must remember that the Maurice we knew as a bright young fellow, open of disposition and trustful to a fault, is no longer twenty-five, but a man bordering on forty, who has seen much of the world and may not have improved during all these years of absence. If he could come back to find Mina the beautiful girl he left fourteen years ago, just budding into womanhood, I should have fewer qualms on her account."

"I think she is lovelier than ever," said Miss Meek.

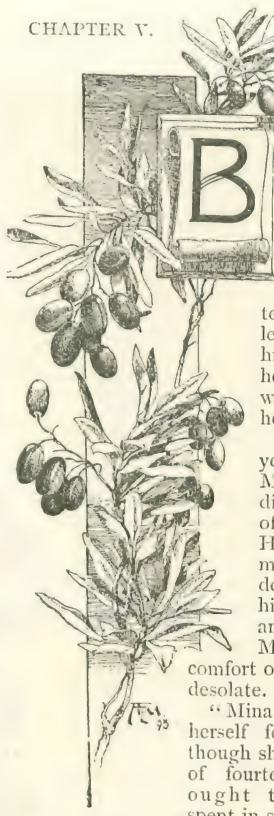
"So do I, but there are a thousand chances to one that he will not. He may throw Mina over, or he may return and marry her from a sense of honour, though she no longer holds the first place in his heart. That is, if she would take him."

"She would not, she would die sooner," said Miss Meek. "Matilda, I can so well remember a talk Mina and I had somewhere about a year after Maurice left England. It was when you were away at your brother's and she was bearing me company."

Then Miss Meek told how Mina had induced her to tell the stories of certain couples who had wedded late in life, sometimes after long separation, with all of which the reader is already acquainted.

"I understand now what Mina was thinking of. I wish I had not given such a decided opinion against the probability of a man marrying his first love after a long separation. But you know, Matilda, I was correct in stating, that in the majority of cases, men who marry after middle life do not choose partners of nearly their own age. They marry mere girls. No doubt my words troubled the dear child, and ever since she has noticed every instance of the kind that confirmed my statement."

CHAPTER V.



BEFORE Mina took up her abode at Edenhurst, she wrote to Maurice Lamont and told him of her intention. If the letter had reached him soon enough, he would have written and urged her to forego it.

Despite long years of absence, Maurice could divine the motives of his betrothed. He knew that foremost came the desire to reconcile him to his mother, and next to this, Mina desired to comfort one so lonely and desolate.

"Mina would sacrifice herself for my mother, though she has robbed us of fourteen years that ought to have been spent in sweetest union," thought Maurice. "I have struggled on, saving what I could, but even now I have not attained a position which justifies me in returning to England and making a home for Mina there. True, she might come to me now her parents no longer live to claim her presence, but she has chosen a different lot, without consulting me. She is going to minister in the place of which she ought to be the mistress. To serve the woman who has robbed us both of the springtime of our lives. We may be united, but youth can never come again; I have lost all those years out of my darling's life, and when we meet, I shall see a Mina who will be quite different from the one I left. To her eyes I shall be a stranger, not the Maurice Lamont whom it nearly broke her heart to part with."

There was just one gleam of comfort. Mina had gone to Edenhurst in response to Mrs. Lamont's invitation and as a guest, not as a paid companion.

"Your mother offered me quite a large salary if I would make a definite engagement with her, and bind myself to stay for twelve months," wrote Mina. "I declined this and replied that I would go as a guest only. That if my presence gave her comfort, the knowledge of this would be a sufficient reward. I must however be free to depart at any moment, the same as another visitor at Edenhurst would be, to whom no such proposition had been made.

"I cannot imagine why Mrs. Lamont is so eager to have me with her. She never appeared to care much for me. On the contrary, I have always thought that, knowing of our mutual affection, she rather disliked me on that account.

"I sometimes fancy that she is longing to speak of you. That now she is growing old, she is dissatisfied when she looks back on the past, and thinks what the present might have been. One thing be assured of, dear Maurice. Your mother shall be the first to mention your name. If she should speak of you, I trust I shall know how to reply, but neither by word nor act of mine shall she be led to misunderstand my motive in going to Edenhurst."

Six months after Maurice received this letter, Mina was still at Edenhurst. Its lonely mistress had been conquered by the spell of her unselfishness, and had learned not only to trust her fully, but to give her all the affection of which her own nature was capable. And now Mina was talking of leaving her, for a while at any rate.

Mrs. Lamont had been ill, but was almost her old self again, thanks to Mina's careful nursing.

"I should not be living to-day but for you," she said. "What will become of me during your absence? People have come here of late who had not darkened my doors for years. They did not come for my sake, Mina.

"Edenhurst had nothing of Eden in it but the name, until you, child, brought sunshine into the gloomy rooms."

Mina laughed at this.

"The sunshine was always here," she said. "It only needed to be let in. You often found it a trouble to see guests. My own dear mother was a little like you in this, and looked to her girls for help. I was used to playing the deputy hostess longer than any of them, being the old maid of the family."

"I never had a daughter. Once I had——"

Mrs. Lamont paused; then turning almost fiercely towards Mina, she asked, "Why do you never mention my son? I thought when you came you would be sure to speak to me of Maurice. He loved you, and you loved him once. Yet you have gone about this house—his birthplace—with a smiling face, and acted towards me as though I had not spoiled both your lives. If you still cared for Maurice, why did you never name him when the very shadow of death hung over me? Did you think I was so dead in heart already, that I could face the last enemy without hungering to look once more on the face of my son.

"Mina, you cannot even imagine how memory tortured me as I lay there in suffering and weakness. It is when we seem to be on the verge of death that memory blesses and cheers, or tortures and condemns us. Guess if you can what was my portion. Tell me, now, if Maurice knows that you are here; if in his letters he ever names his mother? Did he suggest your coming to me?"

"I will answer your last question first of all, and by another. Did you not ask me to come? I never thought of offering to stay with you, and as to Maurice, he only knew that I had accepted your invitation when I was actually under your roof. It was then too late for him to advise me—or——" Mina's face became scarlet, and she left the sentence unfinished.

"Or—I suppose he would have bidden you to leave me in my loneliness," said Mrs. Lamont in a hard voice.

"I am sure he would have used no such words, though he doubted whether I should be happy here, when he knew that I was at Edenhurst. He knows now that I have been happy."

"Yet you are going to leave me. Is it by his wish? I know you correspond regularly, though Maurice's name never passed your lips even when you thought my life hung on a thread. You have said nothing, but always since you came here your letters have gone to him weekly, and his have come to you. You made no secret of your correspondence."

"Why should I?" said Mina. "What cause had I to be ashamed that our love for each other has stood the test of years and absence? Sometimes, in spite of this, my heart sinks within me, when I look in the glass and see the changed face of a woman of thirty-five—old-looking, too, for that age. He left me a girl, whom everybody used to call 'Pretty Miss Mina.' Now——"

"You are sweeter and fairer than ever in my eyes. If Maurice undervalued you, I would—what am I talking about? What power have I to influence my son? If, as a young man, the fear of losing his patrimony would not induce him to yield to my will, and he chose to leave everything, you included, rather than bend, is it likely he would heed me now?"

"You wish me to speak to you of your son. I take it for granted that you know nothing of what has befallen him since he left England?"

Mrs. Lamont assented.

"Tell me," was all her answer.

"There is nothing sensational or exciting to tell. Maurice had no brilliant prospects to entice him away, as you well know. He accepted a humble position. He did his work faithfully and well, as in God's sight. He gained confidence, respect, and gradual promotion—not wealth enough even to make his return prudent, or he would have come to claim his wife long ago."

"He shall claim you. I will give him wealth, far more than he would have had if it had gone to him after his father's death. I have managed the property well, and increased it. It will be all for him, and for you to share with him. I will end my days in any quiet corner, the merest cottage, if he will come back and lift the miserable burden which is weighing me down. Perhaps he will be unforgiving. He may well be, but plead with him, Mina. Ask him to take everything, and only say, 'Mother, I forgive you for having ruined my young life.'"

Mina's face was beautiful to behold as she answered—

"Let me comfort you, dear Mrs. Lamont, in the meanwhile. Maurice does not lay all the blame upon you. If you were hard, he has owned to me, with deep regret, that he was obstinate and impatient. Through all these years your name has been in every letter to me. Your illness filled him with anxiety for your recovery, and longing to come to you. If you had named him, or bidden me telegraph the two words, 'Come home,' he would have obeyed the call. How often I longed to speak, but dared not. I waited for you, and now——"

"Will he refuse, because I delayed so long? Mina, let the message go at once."

"It would be useless now, for he is on his way home."

Mina was half afraid of the effect of her words. The colour left Mrs. Lamont's cheeks and she sank back in her chair, overpowered by the revulsion of feeling the news caused. It was a relief to see blessed tears beginning to fall, and to hear words of thanksgiving escaping from the trembling lips.

"I have a little more good news to tell," said Mina, when Mrs. Lamont was more fit to listen. "Maurice is in the possession of a sufficient income to make his return to England a prudent step. He was fortunate enough to render a great service to a man in high position many years ago. Maurice had almost forgotten it, and had at first felt sufficiently repaid by the grateful thanks of the recipient, and the consideration and hospitality shown to him at all times. He had gained a friend, that was enough. The friend had not forgotten, and when he died a short time ago, rich and childless, he left Maurice a substantial proof of this. So, you see, your son is comparatively rich, and can return with a glad heart."

The speaker's face shone with the great joy she felt at being the messenger of good tidings, but the light was not reflected from Mrs. Lamont's. On the contrary, a cry of anguish fell on Mina's ear, followed by the words—

"I can do nothing now. He was poor. I meant to undo the old wrong, and restore more than I had kept from him. He can do without me, for he was never extravagant in his tastes, and would have been contented with anything in reason, though he could not endure absolute dependence. I meant to keep him at my beck and call, by reserving to myself the right to give or to withhold. He would not have found me miserly, if he had trusted me. I can realise now how impossible it would have been for one, so manly and self-reliant as Maurice, to receive money only as I might choose to dole it out from my well-filled purse."

"There is another side that perhaps you have not thought of," said Mina. "When Maurice comes back, the fact of his present independent position will render it far easier for him to accept your invitation to Edenhurst. I take it for granted that as you would have said 'Come home' a few weeks since when you were so ill, you will do so now."

Mrs. Lamont hesitated. Like many another she now found that hard to do, which would have seemed easy when she was lying on a sick bed. She wished for her son's presence, yet the old imperious nature, though weakened, was not wholly subdued.

"Is it not a son's place to come to his mother?" she asked.

"Under all ordinary circumstances—yes. But how is Maurice to know that you wish for his presence? It seems to me, however, that now he is in an independent position, the greatest obstacle to a reunion between you and him has been removed. I speak only for myself. No word has passed between your son and me on this subject, but if I can see you and him together, as mother and son, the great desire of my heart will be fulfilled."

"I cannot see how Maurice's new fortune has removed any barrier, Mina. In my eyes it has rather created one by rendering him independent of his mother."

"He was so before. You know, that through all these years of hard work, he has sought nothing from you."

"I see your meaning," interrupted Mrs. Lamont. "If Maurice had made overtures then, his motives might have been misunderstood. People—nay, let me be honest—I might have said that he sought not me, but Edenhurst. That the only way to win back the estates was by conciliating his mother; and that being weary of toiling in a foreign land, he was come to eat humble pie for once, and thereby secure a life of wealth and luxury for the future. Mina, dear Mina, you shall mediate between my son and me. I will not ask him to come to Edenhurst. I will go to him. Not at first. Your plans are no doubt made. After you and Maurice have met, you will let me know when and where I may see him. Tell me as much or as little about your arrangements as you choose, or nothing. I only ask that you will let me know as soon as possible of my son's safe arrival."

"As though I could keep that news from you one moment longer than is necessary. It will be such a pleasure to send the message without a moment's delay. As to my plans, they are simple enough. You know those dear friends of mine at Eccleshill—Miss Strong and Miss Meek. No one could be more true as friends or more sympathetic than they have been to me. They always take holiday at this season, and I hope to go with them to St. Leonards immediately after I leave Edenhurst. We have timed the journey so as to be comfortably settled in rooms before the arrival of the steamer in which Maurice has taken his passage. He will come straight to St. Leonards from Southampton."

"A very sensible arrangement. Far better for Maurice and you to meet there than in one of your sister's homes, with the children about and all those, too, who remember how and why Maurice left the neighbourhood," replied Mrs. Lamont.

"You will join us soon," said Mina.

"Yes, soon; but not immediately. You have a right to the first days of Maurice's society—you who would have kept him near you if you could, who have been so patient, true, and loving."

Two days later, Mina and her friends set out for St. Leonards.

CHAPTER VI.

PRETTY Miss Mina stood on the platform at St. Leonards, awaiting the arrival of her lover. Maurice had telegraphed from Southampton, and now she stood a solitary figure, looking sweet, refined, graceful, and in a sense, as fair as ever, but alas, no longer young.

She could hardly tell whether hope or fear was strongest within her. Maurice would be close upon forty; she was nearly thirty-five.

A man of Maurice's age would be at his very best. Mina could hardly bear to recall to mind the picture reflected by her mirror.

"I shall seem so old," she thought. "Perhaps he will not even know me. It would be too terrible if he passed me by as a stranger, and went forward seeking the Mina he left, forgetful of the lapse of time. Shall I know him, I wonder?"

This question was promptly dismissed.

"I could not forget Maurice," she thought.

Immediately afterwards the train drew up, and Mina saw Maurice, who was one of the first to step on to the platform.

How young he looked! A very model of manhood at its best. He did not glance round, but assisted three ladies—evidently a mother and her two daughters—to alight. These were followed by a youth, and then by a tall elderly man, an old soldier, and one whose bearing showed that he was used to command.

It was at once plain to Mina that there was more than a mere fellow-travellers' acquaintance between this family and Maurice Lamont, for the two handsome girls were exchanging laughing remarks with him; and when the whole family, with their minor articles of luggage, were deposited in a couple of cabs, the leave-taking was of the most cordial character, and somewhat prolonged. Mina was sure that the young people were urging him to visit them very soon, and that the elders were equally cordial in seconding the invitation.

When they drove away, Maurice turned to see about his own baggage. It was only then that he caught sight of Mina's waiting

figure. He could not see her face, for truth to tell she had drawn her veil down, and tears were stealing down her cheeks. Something in the solitary figure appealed to Mr. Lamont's memory, for he strode quickly towards her and said as he lifted his hat, "Surely I am not mistaken. This must be Mina. To think you were so near and I did not know it."

Their hands met in cordial greeting, and Miss Mina, smiling through tell-tale tears, replied, "Yes, I am Mina, though but little like the girl you left behind you so long ago."

"Better I should say this at once," she thought, for that half inquiring glance on Maurice's face as he caught sight of her, had proved conclusively that he did not at first recognise her.

"I have scarcely seen your face, dear," was Maurice's reply. "Your veil partly hides it still, but nothing could alter the figure which I said to myself must be Mina's. Dear, you did not tell me you would be at the station, or General Lynde would have been left to look after his belongings without my help.

"The Lyndes are quite old friends, Mina. I have known them for several years. Like myself, they have bade farewell to India for good as the General is retiring from the service."

The name struck Mina as one she had heard before, but Maurice said no more about his friends. He arranged for his baggage to be taken to a hotel, and whilst he was seeing to this, Mina sent off a telegram which would cheer the lonely mother at Edenhurst. Then the two walked to the house where Miss Strong and Miss Meek waited to welcome them. Maurice had known them both from his boyish days, and few of Mina's letters had reached him without containing some allusion to these faithful friends. It was the most natural thing possible for the pair to meet in their company.

"It is so homelike" exclaimed Maurice. "To think of seeing two such familiar faces, along with Mina's, and so little changed. Surely the fountain of youth must be somewhere in or about Eccleshill, and you have found the way to it."

"If we retain any resemblance to the old friends you knew so long since, it must be because at Eccleshill we lead such quiet lives," said Miss Strong.

"Resemblance! I should have known you both anywhere. You have been wiser than to vegetate on one spot. Mina has told me what travelled ladies you are. She was better off than I. She had so many mutual friends to write about, as most of our associations were in common. My Indian letters were almost all about myself—her one acquaintance there."

"They were delightful letters, always," said Mina looking up with a smile and a blush.

Miss Meek was on the point of asking, "Did you recognise Mina at once?" but happily she checked herself.

Then Miss Strong found it necessary to go to her room for something she had forgotten, and Miss Meek to glance into the dining-room to ascertain if the preparations for dinner were satisfactory. Both took a longer time than might have been expected, and Maurice utilised the interval in lover-like fashion. Surely his manner might have satisfied a more exacting nature than Mina's. There was no shadow on his frank face—no formality in word, and as he held her in a loving clasp, he looked at her with infinite content.

It was a pity that the miserable doubt which had haunted Mina when she gazed in the looking-glass, should have intruded itself at such a moment. It came in spite of every effort to silence it. All the more strongly, too, because Maurice looked so young, and only improved by the lapse of years.

"You find me sadly changed," she whispered. "You would not have known me, had you not expected to see me at St. Leonards?"

She spoke in an inquiring tone.

Maurice wished that Mina had not asked the question. He was so true, he could not give an evasive answer.

"You are changed, dearest, but not sadly. You are a little paler than of old, but surely your long anxious watching over my mother will account for that. Sea breezes will soon restore your colour. As to recognising you at first sight, I am not sure that I should have done, but every moment since we clasped hands at the station, I have seen more of the Mina I left, in her who is restored to me. All that is new and different will only add value to what was so dear before."

He lifted the sweet face and kissed it tenderly again and again, and Mina's doubts fled for the time.

The two had time to tell and hear about Mrs. Lamont, and Maurice's heart was glad that his mother's heart was changed towards him, and was himself ready to meet her more than half-way in love, peace and goodwill.

What a happy quartet met round the dinner-table, and how many reminiscenses were exchanged during the evening.

Between Maurice and Mina it was settled that there should be no waiting for Mrs. Lamont to come to her son. On the next day but one, he should go to Edenhurst, and if she felt equal to the effort, bring her back with him.

Maurice went and found Mrs. Lamont with everything prepared for the journey, and only waiting as patiently as such a nature could wait, for a summons from Mina. The meeting between the two was seen by no mortal eyes, so it cannot be described; but from that time there was a forgetting of old grievances and the beginning of a new bond, in which motherly and filial love and devotion vied with each other.

Friends and kindred rejoiced, and surely there would be joy amongst the angels when peace and goodwill took the place of strife and estrangement between these two.

Mrs. Lamont was eager to set out on the journey, and after one night at Edenhurst, Maurice returned to St. Leonards accompanied by her.

In due time, General Lynde and his family met Maurice's *fiancée*, mother and friends, and many pleasant holiday excursions were made by them.

Miss Strong discovered that the grey-haired veteran was no other than her old admirer, and the general laughingly told his handsome wife, who was fifteen years his junior, that this was the lady whose cruelty had nearly broken his heart forty years before.

To Mrs. Lynde the tale was evidently no new one, and everybody was astonished when she introduced her eldest daughter as "Your namesake, Miss Strong. We called her Matilda after you."

Tender-hearted Miss Meek was affected to tears at this proof of Edward Lynde's early devotion, and of the sweet nature of his wife, and thought that after all, the last chapter of her friend's old love story was worthy of being added to the rest. As to General Lynde, he deserved such a wife as he had won, to make amends for the loss of Matilda.

Naturally Matilda junior or "Mattie," as she was usually called, was prime favourite with the spinsters, and often in their company. There was much innocent fun amongst all these happy-hearted people, and Maurice Lamont, who had seen the young Lyndes grow up, was appealed to on all occasions and treated much like an elder brother by them.

It was then that little Miss Meek grew anxious for her favourite Mina's sake, though she said nothing even to Miss Strong. Mrs. Lamont too began to wonder whether the old love might not be supplanted by a girl so altogether winsome as Mattie Lynde. True, Mina was five years younger than her son, and she was growing younger in many ways, but somehow, Mattie looked a more fitting mate for Maurice than did his old love. Not that she would have had it so, but her son was but human, and he and Mina had been so long parted.

"By whom?" was the next thought, and the remorse of the poor mother awoke again, and in the silent hours of night she mourned lest, after all, she had wrought an evil which could not be partially amended; wholly it never could be. Mrs. Lamont was not alone in having troubled thoughts during the night watches. Poor Mina's loving heart was sorely agitated on the same account. The old haunting doubts came back. She saw that face of hers in the mirror, and beside it the fresh young beauty of Mattie Lynde. She went over those old stories again, and added a mental last chapter to her own, a very different one from what she once pictured as the close of it.

Maurice felt that something was growing up between him and Mina, and was troubled. Like the true-hearted fellow he was, he drew her aside and would not rest until she had told him all.

"You are so young," she said. "Dear Maurice, I feel that I am too old for you now. Do not think I have changed in any other way, but——"

He did not wait to hear more. He understood all, and gathering her to his breast, he whispered, "My darling Mina. There is no one in all the world so fair, so good, so precious as yourself to me. How dare you hint even, that I could be so base, so fickle, so unable to estimate the value of your love, as to have room in my heart for any other?"

There could be no mistake as to Maurice's sincerity, and Mina gave up doubts and fears for ever. Her last chapter was sweetest and best of all.

[THE END.]

HOME PARTIES OF THE POOR.

It is much to be regretted that the poor in London and other large towns, crowded together as they often are in narrow streets and housed in miserable squalid dwellings, should be entirely cut off from the enjoyable influences of the country. We sometimes hear of town children who have never seen green fields or wild-flowers growing in hedgebanks. The horizon of these unfortunate beings is bounded by the stoned-paved streets and the walls of the narrow alley which contains the only home they have ever known. Such a life seems almost inconceivable to those who have always possessed a home in the midst of pure country air, and it is to those who are thus situated that I propose to suggest what opportunities are given them for scattering rays of purest sunshine into the lives of poor lowly town-dwellers.

I have in my mind an ancient mansion about twelve miles from London, surrounded by a wide common, and shut off from all noise and dust by an encircling belt of trees. On one side of the house the ground stretches away into far blue distances. The outline of an old abbey can be detected on the horizon, and the red roof of a house peeps up here and there, else there is nothing to suggest the neighbourhood of a great city. The scene is an absolutely peaceful one, and the only sounds to be heard are the songs of birds and the lowing of cattle browsing knee-deep in their rich pastures. The dwellers in this mansion long to make other people happy, and in the course of the summer many hundreds of the poor toilers in London are invited to leave the noise and turmoil of their home-life and spend a long day amongst green pastures and trees.

In a large field adjoining the garden there is a mission room which will seat several hundred people. Here preparation is duly made for the expected guests, not a little care and system being required to ensure their comfort. Long tables are covered with clean white cloths, and are prettily decked with small palms, ferns, and vases of flowers. Joints of cold meat, salads, vegetables, fruit puddings, tarts, cheese and bread are ready for the mid-day repast. When the brakes arrive the people find arrangements in a large barn, which enable them to leave their wraps, wash their hands after the dusty drive, and sit down to their meal feeling refreshed and cool. The house-servants and land-steward are ready, when grace has been said, to lend their aid in waiting on the guests, and appetite is not found wanting, for the viands look attractive, and with abundance of lemonade for the thirsty, the meal is generally enjoyed to the full. The ladies of the family see that all are well supplied, and then they are ready to escort the whole party of perhaps a hundred or more through the pleasure-grounds. There is much to be seen that is instructive as well as enjoyable. When a fine bed of hemp-plants, twelve feet high, is pointed out, the uses of the hemp in yielding fibre for rope-making, for coarse towelling, and other fabrics is explained, and attention called to the female plants, which alone yield the hempseed so attractive to many birds. Large plants of castor-oil are sure to be noticed for their handsome broad leaves, which, as is now supposed, are those which are mentioned as gourds in the Book of Jonah.

The word *Palmcrist* is in the margin of Jonah iv. 6, and *Palma Christi* is one of the names of the castor-oil plant, the remarkably rapid growth of which, even in England, renders it likely it may be the plant referred to by the prophet.

The bright blue flowers of the flax, growing in a mixed bed of perennials, are pointed out, and the women listen with interest while it is explained that the tough fibres of its stem yield the finest linen as well as the thread which they use in their daily stitching. An oak-tree from Palestine next claims attention, its prickly holly-like foliage being very different to the English oak.

An enjoyable hour is spent in gardens and woods, and then some of the party decide to go down to the lake and enjoy some boating, others have a game of bowls or tennis, and the remainder, who may be less capable of exertion, are taken to see the conservatory, where, besides bananas, palms, and tropical flowers of many kinds, two beautiful Madagascar lemurs (a silky-haired species of monkey) are to be seen. The friendly animals delight to be petted, and hold out their little furry hands to receive the dainties offered them. A pair of tortoises are looked at with some apprehension, one woman being afraid to pass them, and asking, as she holds back her dress, "Will they fly at me?"

Even when assured of their peaceable nature she evidently has still a lurking fear that the uncanny thing may prove dangerous, and gladly finds refuge in the drawing-room, where all the party have assembled to have a leisurely walk through the house and see the pictures and curios.

Before they pass on, however, it is the habit to give each one a spray of lavender-water on face and hands, a refreshing surprise on a hot day. In the outer and inner halls are seen all kinds of stuffed birds and animals, a polished tortoise-shell from Japan, measuring three feet across, the skull of a gavial from the Ganges, and some finely executed wood-carving, which lines the staircase halls. Attention is drawn to the motto, which is in truth the key-note of the house, and has therefore a prominent position facing the hall-door—

"Christ is the Master of this house,
The Unseen Guest at every meal,
The silent Hearer of every conversation."

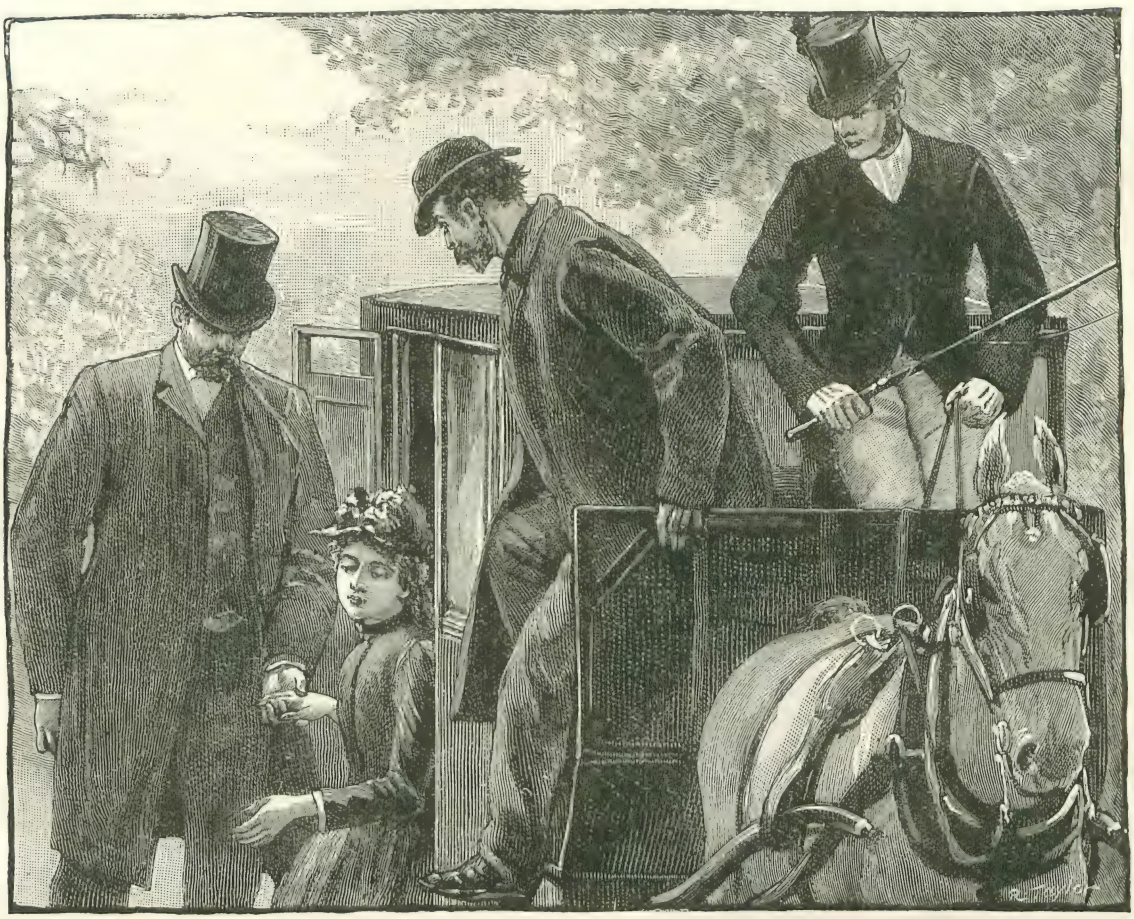
Passing through the library and dining-room the party enter the museum. A large table in the centre is covered with many interesting natural history specimens, too numerous to describe here in detail. The walls are hung with glass-fronted cases, one containing a hundred skulls of small animals and birds, and quite a long discourse might be given upon the shape and use of each kind of beak there shown; the hooked bill of the eagle and owl, formed for tearing flesh, the broad beak of the vegetable-feeding swan and goose, the sharp-pointed heron's bill, and that of the curlew and other bog-feeders very long and curved, and finished with a spongy process at the end to enable the bird to feel and secure its insect prey. All these are explained. Indian, Chinese, and American butterflies are seen in other cases, beautiful and curious shells, fossils, models of foreign fruits, and many other specimens all tending to raise the thoughts of the visitors to the Divine Creator's marvellous wisdom in fitting each animal, bird, or insect to its own special use in the economy of the world. An object-lesson case claims special attention. This is intended to aid teachers in National and other schools to keep the interest of children fixed upon the object of study by enabling them to hold in their hands whilst teaching a specimen of the object which is being explained.

The case contains a varied collection of metals, stones, woods, minerals, bones, in fact a specimen of almost anything that can be obtained and hung up in the available space; and round the sides are small brown-holland bags containing various kinds of seeds and grains.

In the adjoining case are small specimens of all obtainable drugs used to make medicines, such as the various barks that form quinine, Turkey rhubarb-root, castor-oil seeds, aloes, colocynth, etc. Some specimens of the beetles used to make blisters, the cochineal insects, sometimes needed for colouring purposes, various gums and seeds. All these are examined, and many and surprising are often the questions asked about the different specimens and their uses.

The chief object of the visit to this museum is, however, to afford an opportunity of speaking upon the collection of Palestine curios which occupies one end of the large table.

When all the party are conveniently placed for hearing and seeing, one of the ladies is in the habit of giving a little informal address upon the manners and customs of people in the East, in such a manner as to show their bearing upon many passages in the Bible, which without such knowledge are not easily understood. Holding up a bunch of carob-beans or "locusts," as they are often called,



A BLIND GIRL'S HOLIDAY.

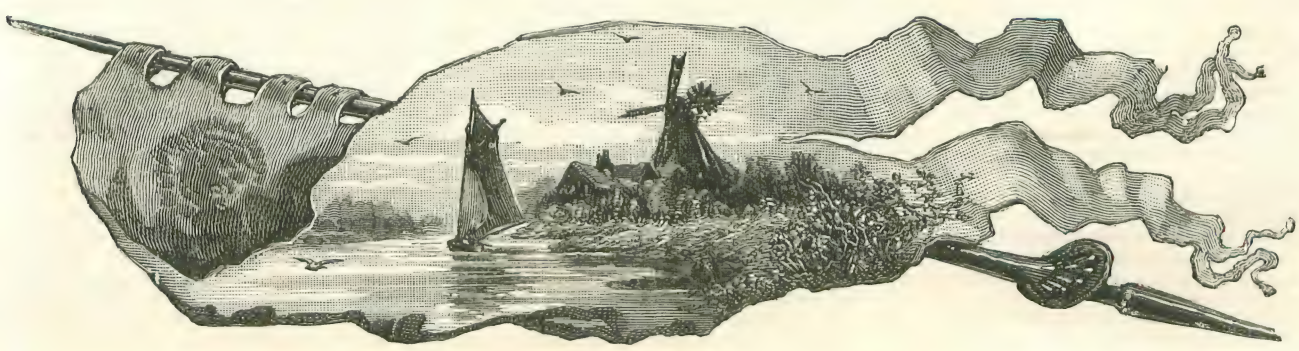
she will explain that they were probably the food of St. John the Baptist, also that they were the "husks that the swine did eat" in the parable of the Prodigal Son, being still much used for feeding cattle at home and abroad. The seeds within the pods are all about the same size, and were formerly used as weights by the jeweller, hence we get the term carat corrupted from carob.

A murex-shell gives an opportunity of speaking of Lydia, the seller of purple, who obtained the dye from the creature living in the shell, and having dyed a pound weight of wool would be able to obtain thirty pounds for it when offered to the Roman merchants who traded at Philippi.

This shell and a model of the roll of the Jewish Law both give good openings for introducing the gospel message, since, when our Saviour preached in the Synagogue at Capernaum, and spoke the glad tidings of salvation to the people of His "own city," He must have found the verse in Is. lxi. in a similar roll, so different from the modern Bible we are accustomed to use. A real "alabaster box," from Jerusalem always excites interest, its long vase-like form being so different from our idea of a box. An hour soon slips away in such pleasant occupation, and though many declare they could "stay all night to listen," yet, tea-time having arrived, the ladies only stop to read the text of the museum, "The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done His marvellous works that they ought to be had in remembrance." And then they lead the way to the mission-room, where tea and bread-and-butter, cake and tarts are ready for the hungry guests. Afterwards all meet on the lawn for hymn-singing and short helpful addresses, suited to the kind of party it may happen to be, whether a mother's meeting, or a Bible class of girls, factory workers, or aged poor of both sexes. After a simple earnest prayer that all may be blessed and helped by the day's refreshment, a bouquet of flowers and a little booklet are given to each person, and in the cool of the evening they return to town, to remember for many a day this pleasant break in their monotonous lives of toil in the great city.

I am often led to wonder that such parties as I have described are not more frequently given; the pleasure they afford to the givers is indescribable, the gratitude expressed is out of all proportion to the benefit rendered; each little act is thought so kind and made so much of that one is apt to feel ashamed that more has not been done in the past in thus trying to make others happy.

The scale upon which we can receive the poor to our homes matters little, but all can do something to brighten the lives of those who live around them, and if this paper leads some readers to think "What can I do to make the world happier for my living in it?" its end will have been attained. E. B.



"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER I.

It was the month of May, and although so late in the spring—in fact the beginning of summer—it was nearly the first warm, genial day that had appeared. But, as if to make up for the long spell of cold, grey weather, this month of May glowed all over as it smiled upon the earth, and tempted the flowers to look up and lift their heads heavenwards. The crimson and yellow tulips spread wide their petals with delight, and the scent of wall-flower, primroses and lilac pervaded the air.

"Come, George, I want a walk on the West Cliff," said a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl of about seventeen. "Look at my new sailor-hat," she continued, "I actually bought it here, and very cheap too." George tilted his own hat over his nose and screwed his face into anything but a becoming shape.

"Turn round," said he, "I can't see you for the sun, what a glare it is, but it's better than that horrid cold this time of year; yes, that'll do," as Kate turned round obediently, "it looks all right, I think."

The girl laughed. "Certainly they never paid twopence extra for your—I won't say manners, but politeness, George."

"Don't know, I'm sure," said he. "Anyhow, I think politeness is rot, bowing and scraping like a Frenchman."

"I didn't mean that exactly," said the girl, "but never mind, come now and have a walk."

They started off, and went past the pier, up a steep incline leading to the top of the cliff.

"What a pity they've cut the trees down so," began Kate; "even since I was a child there is a great difference, and the place isn't half so pretty."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," said George. "I suppose they won't be satisfied till the whole of England is one big town. Well, I shall be sailing about, and not see much of it, perhaps. Won't you envy me on the briny ocean?" and he waved his hand with a mock dramatic gesture over the sea, which lay blue and calm as a lake below them.

"If it was always like that," said Kate, standing still and shading her eyes with her hand, "but not if it was green and rough! I love the sea, but somehow it frightens me, there's such a mystery about it."

"Hum," said George, "I expect there are some funny things down there; bones and skulls and curious creatures, if that's what you mean?"

"When shall you go away again?" asked the girl, a certain anxiety in her tone.

"It all depends," answered he slowly. "Perhaps soon, and perhaps not for a good while yet. I must wait for the ship to come, you know, and my appointment with it."

"I wonder what the rest of our lives will be?" said Kate, still gazing at the sea.

"How do you mean, the rest of our lives?" queried George, with a puzzled air. "I don't quite understand."

"Well, I mean whether we, you and I, will go on seeing each other as we have always, or whether you will be so much away that we sha'n't meet."

"Goodness me, what an idea!" cried George. "Of course we shall meet. I'm not going to live altogether on board ship, and after every cruise I shall come back like a bad shilling, you may depend upon it. All the same," added he, after a pause, "I hope I shall be on board a good deal; generally even. I should hate to have to stop on shore for long; in fact, I think if anything happened to make me, I should go wild, I could never bear it."

Kate's face fell, but she said nothing, and they walked on in silence, until George, bursting into a laugh, began again.

"Only fancy me an admiral some day, Kate, doesn't it sound ridiculous? and yet it may come to pass. I suppose I shall have grey hair then, and you too."

The girl smiled. "Yes, I suppose so, and we shall come along this walk quite slowly, with a stick perhaps, and stop to get breath every five minutes. One comfort is that you will be as bad as me; I shouldn't like to be grey if you were brown, you know, or to toddle along if you could still tear about."

"Oh, we shall be in the same boat I expect, so far as that goes," said George, "and I dare say we shall be just as jolly in ourselves, though we may look a pair of sobersides."

Kate nodded her head. "I dare say we shall," said she, "though we sha'n't be able to walk to Durley Chine then." She took out her watch, and added, "If we want to get there now we ought to go faster, or we shall be late back to lunch."

"Yes, and then there'll be a reminder from the *pater*. My eye, what a martinet he must have been in his day!"

"I fancy he was," said Kate, "but the men loved him all the same, and as for me, I think there's nobody to equal him!"

"Ah, he spoils you, my dear, that's it. No, it's only my fun, he's been like a father to me—a real good sort he is, and no mistake. I feel in such spirits, to-day," continued George, "that I should like to dance a hornpipe out here. They say it is unlucky to be so up for nothing in particular, don't they?"

"Do they? Well, I can't see why they should, unless it is on the principle that after light comes the dark; but then it's just as true the other way, after the dark comes light."

"Yes," said George absently, "it does certainly. Look, Kate, I do believe there's a vessel out there. Anything in the shape of a craft bigger than a pleasure-boat is something to see here."

"You forget the excursion steamers," began Kate, with gravity, but George tossed his head.

"Of course she can't come any nearer, I wonder where she hails from?" He walked to the edge of the cliff, leant forward to see better, overbalanced himself, and went over.

Kate gave a cry, and rushed to the edge in time to see him roll down the steep incline of yellow sandstone, till he was stopped by one of the resting-places dotted about the cliff, and reached by circuitous paths in the general way.

"Are you hurt, George?" she called out, running along one of the paths so fast that she had to catch hold of a wooden bench to bring herself to a standstill. "Speak, dear; you are not much hurt, are you?"

But there was no answer. The boy—for he was only nineteen—lay with his face hidden, one arm thrown forward, and a sort of inert look about his figure which frightened her. She knelt beside him, and laid her hand on the short fair curls that covered his head. Then she shook his shoulder very gently; but he never moved, and she saw that something in the position of the body was stiff and awkward. The legs seemed wrongly placed, and altogether a great fear fell upon her, and, clasping her hands, she prayed one of those prayers, brief but very real, that are forced from the heart in dire extremity. Tears ran down her cheeks but still she felt a certain comfort, a relief at least, from the sense of almost desperation which had overcome her at first and nearly paralyzed her powers of thought and action. Now she could use her faculties, and, lifting his hand, she felt his pulse. It was very faint, but still beating. She rose from her knees and gazed around in search of help. To the right lay the sea, calm and blue, and there, in the offing, was the ship poor George had been so pleased to discover. Her tears burst forth again as she thought of it; but she wiped them resolutely away, and turned her eyes to the top of the cliff, hoping to attract the notice of whoever might be sitting in one of the little nooks similar to that wherein she now was. But, as it chanced, there was nobody in any of the resting-places near at hand, and persons walking along the

road would not see her unless they came to the very brink, on account of the steepness of the cliff at that point. She looked up to Heaven, to the blue sky, clear and cloudless but for one little white cloud—she remembered it always—shaped like an anchor. A small thing gives courage sometimes in the hour of need, and Kate, in her terrible pain and perplexity was conscious of a slight lifting of the pressure when she saw the fleecy anchor glide slowly over her head.

"Yes; but what can I do?" said she aloud. "I dare not leave him—he might come to and fall over—and yet I can't get help as it is. I must call."

And so saying, she put her hands funnel-wise to her mouth, and imitated, as best she could, the shout of a sailor.

It was not very loud at first; but she took courage, and gave a second shout with all the strength of her lungs, and immediately after a man looked over the cliff edge and saw the girl and the insensible body lying at her feet. In another minute he was beside them, and, stooping, he very carefully turned the head so that he could see poor George's face.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "that has done the mischief!" pointing to a lump on the forehead, caused evidently by some rock or stone against which George had struck when he fell.

"I am a doctor," continued the stranger. "You need not be afraid of my touching him," and he proceeded to pass his hand across the back and shoulders, and finally down the legs.

"Ah!" said he again, "there's a breakage here——" He stopped, seeing Kate's face of consternation, but went on again quickly, "It's of no consequence, though—that is, no danger. The only thing now is to get him home. Is he your brother? Where do you live?"

"My cousin," said Kate. "I am General Saville's daughter, and we live at Brent House over there towards Boscombe. George is staying with us."

"It's the thigh," said the doctor. "I can't do much here; but"—he moved the leg into what looked a more comfortable position, and added, "I must find a man to help me carry him up, and we'll get him home in a fly. I shan't be long." And he went off on his errand.

Kate, left alone, felt her mind all in a whirl as she thought over every word the doctor had uttered.

"No danger," she repeated, "from the breakage; but—that blow on his head, I wonder?" And then the awful idea that perhaps he would never recover! It came upon her with such vividness, that she threw herself on her knees again, and again laid her hand upon the thick curls, while the tears poured down unheeded. Suddenly she fancied there was a slight—the very slightest movement. She tried to turn the head as the doctor had done, and succeeded in getting a half-view of the face.

"George, dear," she whispered, and waited. There was no answer, and his eyes were still closed; but certainly—yes, certainly she heard a faint sigh! Oh, how she longed for the doctor to come! It seemed hours since he started, although in fact it was but a few minutes, and the girl tortured herself with thinking that unless something was given to revive the poor boy he might die just for want of the help which could have saved him. She stood up and watched for the doctor and the man he was to bring with him. The blinding glare almost prevented her seeing; but her ears were sharp as a North American Indian's at that moment, and she remained, head bent forward, listening. She heard the hum and buzz of insects all around in the warm air, and the gentle ripple of the sea as tiny waves ran up on the yellow sands. Once she heard a donkey-boy rating his beast for being so slow, and then the thin high tones of an old lady's voice speaking from the depths of a wheeled chair; but of the fly or the doctor she heard nothing. She sat down on the bench, poor George's head close to her foot, and held up her parasol so as to protect him from the sun.

"Only this morning—only two hours ago, indeed," said she to herself, "how bright everything was! Not merely the earth, sea, and sky; but in our two hearts!" And then her lips drew together with a sharp little breath, and she thought, "Was I so happy really? I believe he was; but I'm not so sure about—well, for one thing, he talked of going away——" She interrupted herself again to say, "Selfish! that is what I am by nature. I wanted him to go on staying with us, and I never thought of the disappointment it would be if he had to wait ever so long for a ship. No; and now—now he cannot go, and perhaps he will be a cripple! Oh, I never meant it like this! I wished, and didn't know what I was wishing; but, dear"—she bent down to look at him—"if you get well soon, as I pray you may, I will never say a word if you go away the next week!"

"Here we are," said a voice at her elbow; and the doctor began, with the utmost care, and helped by a sailor he had brought with him, to lift the young man's body and carry it up the cliff.

As they went slowly along, George gave another sigh, and his eyes opened for an instant.

"He'll do," said the doctor, with a cheerful nod at Kate. "The blow stunned him for a time; but he'll do!"

CHAPTER II.

FEW hours later George Saville was sleeping in a darkened room at Brent House, and Kate was sitting with her mother at the tea-table, her heart so full of thankfulness that she endured and replied to Mrs. Saville's incessant questions with a less consciousness of internal irritation than usual.

"And so he really fell right over; dear me!"

"Yes, mother," said Kate, who had told the story about ten times already.

"Poor fellow; and then you got the doctor—I'll have another cup, Kate—such a clever man, too; how did you get him?"

"I called out. Tried to copy the sailors when they shout 'Ahoy'!"

"Very clever of you. I wonder what made you think of it? Now I don't believe I ever should have—— well, dear, go on, I like to hear it all. How little one thought, and such a fine day too, and you saw his ship and all."

"No, mother, we didn't know if it was his ship, only he was just talking about it, and then we saw a large vessel, far out, and he went to look at it."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Saville again; "well, one never knows, perhaps it will be wrecked and every one drowned! George is better in bed than that, you know, isn't he? I am going up now to see how he is getting on, just on tip-toe, for he mustn't be woke for anything. The doctor said an inch higher or lower, I forget which, would have killed him—the stone where he hit his forehead, I mean—so it's a blessing it hit where it did, poor dear boy!"

Her eyes filled with tears, for she was very fond of George, and a most kind-hearted woman, in spite of the peculiarities in manner and conversation, which were by turn ludicrous and irritating.

"I shall talk to the nurse, and hear everything," said she, as she went to the door, "and Kate, dear, do tell them not to send up muffins any more, it's too hot," and she left the room.

For many weeks did the young sailor stay upstairs, suffering a good deal at times, but cheerful and ready to make the best of things, and very rarely complaining. They kept his aunt as much away from him as possible, because, with the best intentions in the world, she nevertheless drove him nearly wild with her perpetual questions, although now and then the funny way she had of saying things rather amused him. General Saville paid him a visit every day, trying always to walk quietly, an effort which resulted in a good deal more creaking than if he had not tried, and came in saying—

"Well, my boy, and how are you getting along? We shall be having you aboard ship before we've time to look round."

To which poor George generally replied smiling, "Some day, uncle, I hope, but not just yet."

Whereat his uncle would grip his hand with a hearty "Well, my boy, the longer you stop here the better we shall be pleased, that's one thing."

But the person who became more than ever George's companion and friend during his illness, and especially during the tedious time of convalescence, was Kate, who read or talked to him, brought her guitar and sang the songs he liked best, kept his room bright with fresh flowers, and, in fact, cheered him up when otherwise he would have felt terribly dull and dreary as he lay hour after hour on the sofa unable to move, and looking, with a sore longing in his heart, out of the large window near which he was placed, and which commanded a splendid view of the sea.

It is wonderful, however, what habit does for us, and after a while he grew in a way accustomed to being indoors instead of out and about as he used to be, and then he comforted himself by saying it was but for a time, and a week or so more or less would not make so very much difference after all, and he felt weak, too—too weak, and in too much pain sometimes to care about long walks or any bodily exercise, though he did wish to be on the deck of a ship, and thought often of the appointment which had been offered a few days after his accident, but had of course been refused.

"Never mind," said he to himself, "I'm sure to have the chance of another before long, anyhow, as soon as I could take it, for I'm as weak as a rat now. It's rather odd, I think, that I don't pick up quicker," and with that he went off one day into a train of thought, very much against his will, but it was too strong for him, and at last set him face to face with a possibility—only a possibility, no more—but such a frightful one that his pale cheeks got paler, and his thin hands clenched till the bones stood out clear under the skin, as it pressed upon his soul. He breathed hard for some minutes, staring out over the broad ocean, but not seeing it or anything except the vision that was like a ghost in his mind. Then suddenly he unclenched his hands and seized a book lying near.

"I won't think," said he, "why should I? It may be only a horrible idea, and when Dr. Symes comes I'll ask him. No, I don't think I've the pluck for that. He's bound to tell me of his own accord, sooner or later, or Uncle James perhaps. To-day's Monday, I'll wait till the end of this week and see how I am, and then, if I've any more of these notions,

I'll try and find out something from Kate, they're certain to tell her."

He opened the book and read resolutely for a time in spite of an under-current of thought which strove perpetually to usurp his attention, and indeed, try as he might, it was not possible for him to entirely ignore it, although to a great extent he really did contrive to give his mind to his occupation for the best part of an hour. But then an excuse for laying down the volume appeared in the person of Kate, who came in with three new novels from the library under one arm and an immense bunch of roses, pink, crimson, and yellow, in the other hand.

"Look," said she, holding out the flowers, "ain't they splendid? Old Lady Vernon sent a quantity to mother, so I seized upon these to smarten up your room."

"You are a brick!" said George; "they are beauties. Nothing like a lot of roses, to my mind, and these are quite out of the common." He took Kate's hand for a moment, and gave it a little shake. "Thank you for bringing them," he said, "I expect you've rather robbed them downstairs though, haven't you?"

"Oh, no," said the girl, "that's all right. Mother saw me take them, and, besides, she's always glad for you to have anything to 'cheer you up,' as she says. Of course it's very dull for you up here so long. Dear me, how little we thought that day when we went for our walk——"

"Eight weeks yesterday," interrupted George. "What a time it is, and, do you know, Kate, sometimes I wonder how much longer it's going to be; I feel as if——" and he stopped.

"No, dear, no! You mustn't think that; I mean you mustn't get down about yourself, though it's hard to keep up, I'm sure, with all this waiting. But I know doctors always say it's a great thing to be hopeful and look at the best side as much as possible."

"I do," said George, "or rather I did, but somehow I can't quite rise to it now. I may as well make a clean breast of it to you, Kate, though I did not mean to tell anybody yet. The fact is I've a notion there's something more wrong than Symes has owned to, and that he'll tell me there is before long."

Kate's face fell. "What makes you think that?" she asked.

"Because—well, partly because he never gives any idea of the time when I may expect to be well; only just says I must have a little patience yet, and then, partly because I feel as if I wasn't pulling round as quick as I ought. It's not exactly pain; I think the worst of that's over, but the leg seems queer. Between you and me, Kate, I don't believe I could stand straight and square on it, even if I were strong enough."

"Do you mean that you think you are lame, George?" asked she anxiously.

George nodded his head in silence, and neither of them spoke for a few minutes.

"You see," he began presently, with some huskiness in his voice, "if it is that, I sha'n't ever be able; it's no good, I mean, thinking of ships and appointments and——" He turned away his face, but went on bravely, "we don't know, of course, yet, and I have no business to bother about it till we do."

"Dear," said Kate, fighting hard to keep back the tears which filled her eyes, "we will not think such a thing till we are obliged, and that, I pray, we never may be. Perhaps it's only that you are weak still in yourself, and that the leg is weak too. No exercise, and being on the sofa so long, must make a difference."

"Yes," said George, "there is something in that certainly, but still—well, anyhow," added he, more cheerfully, "the doctor will be here to-morrow, and then I can find out."

Poor George! Like many other people, he had failed to keep one resolution, namely, that he would not mention his fears till the end of the week, and now, when he thought of the answer which Doctor Symes might possibly give to his questions about the leg, the dread of it was so great that he was very much inclined not to keep the other. And perhaps had it not been for his saying to Kate that "he could find out to-morrow," he would have preferred still to remain in ignorance, with the vague hope attached to it, rather than by seeking for knowledge, invite a blow which, if it fell, would so crush him that he dared not contemplate it. He need not, however, have worried himself as to what he should do in the matter, for the doctor was kept away by an urgent case for two days, and when he did arrive, he asked for General Saville, and had an interview with him before going up to see George.

"Ah," said the latter, when a quarter of an hour elapsed since he heard the doctor's ring, and nobody appeared in his room, "there's something up now. I expect he's closeted with uncle, and telling him, and then they'll both come and tell me." And with that he lay still, his heart beating a good deal faster than usual, and his lips shut tight together, as he tried to muster all his strength of mind to bear what was coming. A minute more and his door opened, and, as he had anticipated, the two men entered, and George's faint hope died away when he saw his uncle's face.

The General came up with his cheery "Well, my boy, and how are you, to-day?" but he was a bad dissembler, and a certain look in his eyes and a little diminution of colour in his cheek told the tale before a word was spoken.

Doctor Symes followed, calm and pleasant as ever, for being, as physicians must be, accustomed to every phase of human suffering, no sign was apparent in either his voice or manner of the fact that he was about to utter—a fact bitter almost as death to the young man on the couch before him. He walked up and felt George's pulse, and there was a little pause. Then the General began—

"My boy, Doctor Symes thinks it will be easier, perhaps, if I told you something that——" He stopped, and blew his nose violently, muttering, "Such a cold I've got!" and went on again, "Something that—bless me, doctor, I can't do it; it's your business, and you must!"

"Well," said Doctor Symes, very gently and kindly, "if it be so, I must—and very sorry I am to do it—but——"

"I know what you are going to say!" cried George. "I thought how it was, and now I know! My leg is—is no good to me, and won't be ever! Isn't that it?"

The words came out like a torrent. His face was white to the lips, and a momentary trembling passed over his whole frame, though he made a tremendous effort to seem quiet and unshaken. The doctor took a little phial from his pocket, poured a few drops of liquid from it into a glass of water, and gave it to George.

"Drink this," said he. "It's a wonderful cordial, and will do you good."

Then he sat down beside the sofa, and laid one hand on the young man's shoulder.

"It is not only on the battlefield," he said, "that we want our courage. Just as much is required sometimes to meet things which happen to us in more ordinary life, and the same pluck comes to the front in bearing as in fighting."

"Yes," said George, a little unsteadily, but with a smile. "Can't show the white feather at any price. I wonder what is wrong with the leg? I thought it was going to mend all right at first."

"So did I," said Doctor Symes, "for a while; but what has happened is this. When you fell, you fractured the shaft of the femur—in other words, broke your thigh bone—and now the muscles have somewhat contracted. The leg will be as strong as ever, and so will you; but it will always be shorter than the other, and you must wear a high heel on one boot——"

"Why didn't you——" began George; but the doctor continued—

"I did not tell you the full extent of the injury sooner, because it would have done no good, and indeed would very probably have retarded recovery—the state of the mind having so much to do with the condition of the body. But now you are on the high road to perfect health, and I could not keep the facts from you much longer."

George did not speak. It was almost too hard for him to bear this thing he had so dreaded, and which had really come, and he dared not trust his voice just then. But after a minute or so he shook hands with the physician, and said—

"Thank you, doctor. It was very kind to keep it from me till you were obliged to tell it. Lots of fellows have disappointments, I know, and I must try and put up with mine."

General Saville had all this time been standing with his back turned, looking out of the window apparently, and he now came forward, a suspicious redness about his eyelids.

"Well, my boy, all I can say is, your home is here, and your aunt and I are only too glad to have you; and so is Kate, I'm sure, and we'll do our best; but of course, I know——"

He took George's hand and wrung it, and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER III.

So that was it. The blow he had feared more than he could express had fallen, and it seemed almost as though he had been hit physically with a hammer and half-stunned, so still was he after the doctor left, lying on the sofa on his back, his hands behind his head, and his eyes staring into vacancy. How long he remained thus he never knew; but the tension consequent on the shock he had received might have lasted much longer possibly, only that presently, through the open window, came the melody of a sea song, trolled out in a powerful baritone by a passing sailor.

Well did George know that air, and the words too, and many a time had he joined in the chorus at the end of each verse when he was well and strong and on board ship, blue sky above and green waves below. The remembrance rushed over him like a flood, carried in so vividly on the notes of that song that he seemed to feel again the bounding of the vessel under his feet, and to hear the creaking of the rigging and the long-drawn "Ahoy!" of the crew as they hauled in the anchor. He started up and listened till the song died away in the distance, and then the intolerable pain overcame him, and he threw himself face downwards on the couch, buried his head in the cushions, and sobbed aloud.

It has always been a moot point whether or no the same amount of suffering is endured by different persons, the conditions of the suffering, mental or physical, being the same. That is to say, will A. feel as much pain if his leg is cut off—and there is no chloroform handy—or

if a sharp sorrow or disappointment happens to him as B. will under circumstances precisely similar? The question has never been, and probably never will be, answered, because that mysterious system called "nervous" eludes to a great extent exact diagnosis, and it is very difficult to say how much is due to stoicism and how much to insensibility in cases where the powers of endurance seem remarkable.

At all events George Saville was neither a Stoic nor insensible. On the contrary, he was very sensitive and "highly strung" by nature, and although not a drop of cowardly blood was in his veins—as had been shown before now in times of real danger—the complete blight upon his prospects and wreck of all his hopes utterly broke him down, and bid fair, for a while at least, to render him incapable of seeing a gleam of brightness anywhere.

There he lay, ashamed of the tears which he could not repress; his curly hair shining like yellow silk against the crimson cushions, and his slight young frame extended at full length upon the sofa. With all his might he strove to face like a man the thought of his future—as it must be now—and failed. It was no use, he had not the strength of mind. Perhaps he would not have had it in any case, but, no doubt, bodily weakness, consequent on a long illness and deprivation of air and exercise, was not without its effect upon his mental vigour, and made the struggle very much harder for him.

Fortunately it is in the nature of violent emotion, if caused by something irremediable, to exhaust itself or rather the physical strength of its subject, to such a degree that sleep comes as a temporary anodyne to the sufferer, especially if he or she be young. Suspense is the terrible thing which, like Ixion's wheel, ever revolves and allows no rest to its victim by night or day; the dreadful uncertainty keeping the mind fluttering between two possibilities and thereby preventing it bringing its whole force to bear upon one given point.

George was in no suspense, however; he knew the worst, and when the uncontrollable burst of grief had partly spent itself, nature asserted her rights, and, worn out as the boy was, he slept heavily.

Presently the door was opened very quietly, and Kate, unusually pale and with eyes full of tears, came in, and, seeing he was asleep, drew down the blind a little and seated herself in a chair, thinking what she could say to comfort him when he awoke.

Something in the colour of the day reminded her strongly of that other day when she and George set forth on their walk, happy with the happiness of youth; she glad to be with him, and he looking forward to the expected ship which would, sooner or later, carry him away, and be a step on the ladder which his natural ambition saw before him and longed to climb. Fond though he really was of his uncle and aunt, and still more of Kate, his profession stood first in his heart, and when, during the walk that day he said that "having to stop on shore for long would drive him wild," it was no more than the truth, so far as he knew. But none of us know what we can bear till we are tried, and then sometimes such "fine gold" comes out of the furnace that it is a revelation both to ourselves and to those about us.

Poor Kate, sitting there, thought very much these thoughts as she went over in her mind every detail of that day, and wondered—as so many of us have wondered, why things were as they were? Every now and then George gave a sort of sobbing sigh in his sleep which went to the girl's heart, and in the true unselfishness of her love, she would gladly have resigned all hope of seeing him if by that means she could have restored him to health and sent him off on the vessel he so longed for. But that was all passed now. Kate put her hands to her head and stared at nothing as this conviction seemed dinned into her ears like a bell. She got up in a sort of desperation and walked to the window, looking out at the pier, and the bath-chairs crawling along, and the row-boats being shoved out through the little ripples which ran over the sands in scallops of white froth. These familiar things she saw as in a dream, scarcely being conscious that she did see them, but yet she never, for many years after, watched a boat being pushed out to sea without remembering the day she stood at poor George's window feeling at her wit's end to know how to comfort him. At last he awoke, turned his head and saw her. She heard the movement, came over, and knelt beside him, putting her arm round his neck, but not speaking. Her heart was too full for speech.

"Kate," said he, "you know," and then he shut his eyes to hide their redness. The girl took his hand and held it tight. There was nothing she could say—"I'm a milk-sop," began George again. "That I am, but I've got no pluck for this. There, dear, go away. I'm ashamed you should see me."

"Go away!" echoed Kate, "you couldn't be so unkind as to want that, I know. I should be miserable down-stairs. No! It's close upon three o'clock, too, and you've had no lunch." She got up and rang the bell. "I told them to have it ready," said she, "so it won't be a moment, and you must eat to please me, dear. You're quite worn-out for want of food."

"I believe you're right," said George, thankful for an excuse for what he considered his weakness.

"Yes," said Kate cheerfully, "a cutlet will do you all the good in the world. Ah! here it comes," as a servant entered the room bearing a tray.

"And here am I, too," said Mrs. Saville, appearing in the doorway. "I made John go first, for I can't get up-stairs as quick as I could wish, and now, my dear boy, you must eat and get strong. There," said she, "eat that before you speak another word. I'm sure I'm as sorry for you as anybody can be. Such a disappointment; but still one never knows, and as I said, perhaps if you were on board ship you might be drowned, and that would be worse than anything, and what should we all do without you? It's selfish of me, of course, but if I could make the leg right I would, though I must say I like to have you here."

She stooped and kissed him on the forehead, and George, touched by the real kindness and affection which underlay her somewhat abrupt manner and mode of expression, looked up and smiled, as he said, "Dear aunt, I am always happy here—it's only that—but I daresay in time I shan't mind so much."

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR had elapsed since "poor George's disappointment," as it was always spoken of, had been announced to him, and as the months slipped away and summer came round again, the blessed process of healing which goes on insensibly but surely as time passes, in all but very exceptional cases, showed itself in the bright conditions both physical and mental of the young sailor. The leg had quite recovered so far as strength was concerned, and he was able to use it in walking, riding, golf-playing, and in fact he could do nearly everything other people did. Only there was always the lameness, of course. He was as handsome as ever too with his shining hair and clear complexion—less sunburnt than of yore—and if at times a far-away look came into his blue eyes and a sort of cloud seemed to overshadow them, it was not long before the bright smile and merry laugh came to contradict any impression of sadness which might have been conveyed to those about him. So cheerful indeed was he that his aunt, fully satisfied in her own mind, began to say confidentially, "Delightful, isn't it, to see him, poor dear boy. Doesn't give it a thought now. Anybody can see that."

And when General Saville shook his head at this and said, "A young fellow doesn't get over a thing of that sort in a hurry, but he's a well-bred 'un and hides it all he can," his wife smiled, but altered her opinion not a whit. Even Kate, although she never for a moment imagined that George had "got over it," in the sense of either forgetfulness or resignation, hoped and half-believed that the sharpness had gone from the pain, and that what remained was rather a dull consciousness of loss than any acute pang at the thought of what might have been. There was another thing in the girl's mind also which, scarcely acknowledged even to herself, had got wonderful power to paint life in rose-colour. Indeed, had she allowed that brush full play, the picture in her waking dreams would have been flooded with sunlight from a sky brilliant as the Aurora Borealis. But Kate was above all things practical, and when visions of this kind tried to obtrude themselves without sufficient warrant, she straightway set to work at some occupation which compelled her attention, and was not in itself disagreeable to her. There was no difficulty about finding such occupation, for her father was not sorry to save his eyes a little by dictating letters instead of writing them, and her mother was glad to have such an able assistant in housekeeping as Kate, who had a natural gift that way, and seemed to know by intuition the quantity of material required whether of chintz to make new curtains, or eggs and cream for some untried dish. As a rule, therefore, the girl had plenty to do, and turned her back mentally upon the Aurora Borealis while she wrote letters, arranged flowers, did house accounts, or gave counsel as to the fashion of a new cap or gown for her mother. Only sometimes, when she and George were together, she felt as if perhaps the brilliant sky did exist, not in dreams alone, but in truth and reality. Then she would remind herself that he had been always so like a brother to her that there was nothing in it. She was sure that at the time of the accident he had no thought of her beyond the cousinly affection which had grown up between them. She—oh yes! She had, that was certain too, though it was rather an uncomfortable admission to make seeing that the feeling was all on her side. But then again she meditated, was there not a change in his manner of late? Not quite so much of the careless, good-natured "You are a brick, Kate," or, "Here, come and help me with this, there's a good creature," but a kind of reserve, almost shyness, about him, and a different look in his eyes when he spoke to her? Still, he had never said anything at all definite, and she could not tell if he ever would. So the weeks passed by, and September arrived, fine, with the last rays of summer glories on its head, and suddenly one day George asked Kate to come for a walk, and they went.

"I don't know if I can get quite so far," said he; "but I want to go to West Cliff towards Durley Chine."

"Do you?" said Kate looking at him. "I should like it too, but——"

"Yes, I know, and it was quite true. I did dread going to see the place; but now—well, it isn't that I don't mind, I shall always do that, I'm afraid." He gave a little sigh; "but it's no use crying over spilt milk, and besides, there's something which, if it comes right—I won't say what that is yet, not till we get further on."

Kate's heart beat fast and her cheeks flushed. George thought she had never looked so pretty. They walked on rather slowly, but still making good progress, despite the lame leg. At length they reached the spot from whence he had spied the vessel, and both stood still involuntarily without speaking. George broke the silence and pointed out to sea.

"There it was," said he, "the ship." He stopped suddenly; the blood rushed over his face, his lips shut tight, and his eyes gazed over the blue water with an expression in them that Kate had not seen there for months, and had hoped never to see again. It did not last long, however. A few minutes and George recovered himself and turned to her with a smile.

"Never mind, dear," said he, "it's over now, past and gone; it was just the first sight of the place." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Kate, you have been with me through all this. Will you always be with me, my wife, never to part?"

He bent and looked into her face and saw that she was crying.

"Kate, darling, don't do that. Why do you?"

"I'm so happy," murmured the girl, smiling amidst her tears. "George, dear, I will always——"

He glanced round, there was nobody in sight, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Ah!" said he, "I am so happy now, Kate, that nothing seems to matter much."

At this point the conversation became more interesting to the two people concerned than it would be if transcribed to the readers of it, so we will pass it over and follow the young sailor and his promised bride home, when George immediately sought his uncle and asked his consent to the marriage.

"Well, my boy," said the General, "with all my heart, I'm sure. There's only one thing, you are both very young. Bless my heart, it seems only the other day you were babies in arms!"

"We are young certainly, sir," said George, "but we've known each other all our lives; and Kate is as steady as if she was fifty, and what with the illness and this lame leg I feel quite old in a way."

"Don't look it, my boy," said his uncle with a smile as he surveyed the handsome young man before him, "but we all mend of that sooner than we like. Well, all things considered, you've had plenty to bear; I give my consent and bless you both. Only you must wait till you're twenty-one, that will be in the spring."

So it was settled, for Mrs. Saville made no difficulty, and was indeed only inclined to be "all in a bustle," as she expressed it, about the trousseau and writing to her friends to tell the news though the marriage would not take place for some months yet.

On sped the weeks again, quickly and happily for both George and Kate, whose love, no sudden fancy born of admiration of physical beauty, but having its roots deep in real sympathy with a comprehension of each other's tastes and character—only grew the stronger as time passed. And then an event occurred which seemed as if the brightness was all to be darkened again, but which in fact proved to be the beginning of a new life.

George was driving Kate one day in a carriage with a pair of ponies, when a runaway waggon came upon them at full gallop. George pulled his ponies nearly into the ditch to avoid it, but the heavy vehicle, ownerless and reins flying, made a lurch and came into violent collision with the pony carriage, overturning the latter and sending its occupants into the road.

Kate was unhurt though shaken, but George, who had been flung against a heap of stones lay where he was, quite conscious but unable to move.

"It's my thigh again, Kate," said he, when he saw her get up and come over to him. "I know the feel of it. Well, it can't be helped! I wish somebody would come by and see to the ponies, they'll kick themselves to bits. Oh, here's a man! Keep clear, Kate, you'll be hurt."

"Well," said Mrs. Saville, when the catastrophe came to light, "I'm sure it passes everything. Dear, dear, the dispensations of Providence are beyond our knowing; and now Doctor Symes is away too, but there's that new man, Doctor Johnstone is his name, and they say he's wonderfully clever. I'll send for him at once."

"What has been the matter with the leg before this," asked the new doctor, as he set about reducing the fracture. "You say you were lame." George told him of his accident and its results, and the doctor nodded his head. "Ah!" said he, "contraction of the muscles following upon the fracture—very common occurrence. I think we may do away with that possibly, but it will take time."

"Do away with it," cried George, "do you mean that I may not be lame?"

"Exactly," said the doctor, "I do; but it cannot be cured in a moment. I have a system of carefully adjusted pulleys which I believe will answer with patience. The ends of the bone have overlapped, and must be brought properly together. This breakage gives me the chance of doing it, and I hope to succeed."

"Not lame!" repeated George. "Oh, Doctor Johnstone, it seems like a dream to me!"

The doctor was as good as his word, and when the leg was ready for it, he put on a wonderful applicance with weight-pulleys, and after some weeks of constant attention on his part, and unremitting care in following out his directions on the part of the patient, the limb was pronounced cured, and to the indescribable delight of the whole family, George stood up "straight and square" on his legs as though no ill had ever befallen either of them.

"Kate," said he, when the congratulations were over, and he found himself alone with her, "you remember our jokes about the Admiral. Well, perhaps, I may be one some day after all; but"—and now he spoke gravely—"one thing is certain, which is that whether afloat or ashore nothing will ever come up to you—not even a ship. Once I thought more of that than anything; but not now. I love you best of all. You know that, Kate."

"Yes, dear," said she simply, the gladness in her heart giving a fuller tone to her voice, "I know."

And so we may leave them happy—nay, all the happier for the time of sorrow which had come and gone—and with the not far-distant sound of wedding-bells vibrating in their souls.

TWELVE SUMMER BEVERAGES.

By AMY S. WOODS.

When the long summer days have again brought to us their array of summer pleasures —tennis and cycling, picnics and boating—our thoughts turn naturally to the question of summer drinks.

True, we may not desire to adopt the American fashion of indulging in unlimited quantities of iced water, cobblers, slings, juleps and all the other delicious compounds which our cousins across the Atlantic are so clever in preparing. Yet at the same time it is an undoubted fact that in hot weather it is necessary for us to drink more, and therefore it behoves us to see that we drink well, and that the beverages we indulge in are the best and most wholesome we can procure, and by "best" I do not by any means imply they must necessarily be expensive.

Much has been written and said of late against the too common custom of indulging in iced drinks when the body is over-heated through exercise or exertion. Too much can hardly be said, when we consider how injurious is the result of this indulgence, and in how many cases the shock given to delicate internal organs has produced inflammation and other serious disorders, many of which have ended fatally.

Tempting as a glass of iced lemonade or "cup" certainly is when we are hot and tired, let us wisely exercise temporary self-denial, and in common parlance "cool down" a little before we allow ourselves to take the refreshing draught.

We will now turn our attention to the manufacture of these tempting drinks, taking first those that are not strictly "temperance" beverages, such as claret and champagne cups, sherry cobbler, mint and pineapple juleps.

For the first on our list take a bottle of claret, and I may remark in passing that a cheap wine answers every purpose; to it allow two bottles of soda-water, about half-a-pound of crushed ice, and four tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, ten or twelve slices of cucumber and a finely-sliced lemon. A glass of maraschino is an improvement, but is not actually needed. Mix all the ingredients well together in a bowl or jug, cover with a folded cloth and leave for an hour or two, stirring occasionally that the sugar may be dissolved. When needed, pour the cup into glass or other ornamental jugs and add a few ripe strawberries, a slice or two of peach, or tiny slices of pineapple just before serving. An excellent cup may be made in the same way by omitting the lemon, substituting burgundy for the claret and lemonade for the soda-water. Instead of the cucumber add a sprig of green borage.

For champagne cup take a quart bottle of champagne, two bottles of soda-water, a wineglassful of brandy, or one of sherry or liqueur, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a pound of crushed ice, and a few slices of peach, apricot or pineapple.

Empty the champagne into a jug, add the sugar, fruit and ice, and leave for an hour or two. Just before serving add the soda-water and liqueur, float a spray of borage or verbena on the top and serve.

Sherry cobbler is made by placing in a soda-water tumbler one wineglassful of sherry, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, three slices of orange, and half the depth of the glass in pounded ice. Fill up with soda-water and serve with straws to drink through.

For mint julep two large tumblers are required. Into the first of them strip the young and tender leaves of two or three sprigs of mint, and add a wineglassful of sherry or two tablespoonfuls of brandy, whiskey or gin. Half fill the second tumbler with pounded ice at melting point and pour it on to the mint and wine or spirit; continue pouring the mixture from one glass to another until the whole is sufficiently flavoured with the mint, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, thoroughly mix and then set the glass containing the julep inside a larger vessel containing some powdered ice, which will cover the glass with a dainty frost-work. Remove the tumbler when this is accomplished and serve with straws as directed in the preceding recipe.

Pineapple julep is a rather expensive beverage but very delicious, and highly to be recommended to the fortunate individuals to whom economy is not a serious consideration.

Into a glass or china punch-bowl slice a fine ripe pineapple, add the juice of two oranges, quarter of a pint of raspberry syrup, and the same quantity of gin, a glass of maraschino, a bottle of sparkling moselle, and one pound of finely-chopped ice. Thoroughly mix the ingredients and serve at once with a silver ladle into flat champagne glasses.

A very simple and delicious cup for picnics or other occasions when an inexpensive beverage is desired, is made by placing in a deep jug six ounces of lump sugar on which has been rubbed the rind of two lemons, add the juice of one lemon and a half, and when the sugar is dissolved pour in a bottle of good cider and two or three wineglassfuls of sherry; add nearly half a small nutmeg, grated, and a handful of pounded ice, and serve with a few sprigs of borage floating in the cup.

First on the list of temperance drinks stands lemonade—the universal favourite—and happily one of the most wholesome of summer or winter beverages.

To make lemonade for immediate use, take two lemons and rub off the yellow rind on part of half-a-pound of loaf sugar and put all the sugar into a large jug. Add the juice of the two lemons, carefully removing all the pips, and two more cut into fine slices, pouring over the whole a quart of boiling water. When cold it is ready for use, but will be greatly improved by the addition of a lump of ice, and by the white of an egg being beaten up in it to clear it.

For those who do not care for the daily trouble of making fresh lemonade, I would recommend the following recipe, which has been used in our household for several years, and has been much appreciated.

Boil together two pounds of lump sugar and two pints of cold water, stirring occasionally lest the syrup should burn. Add the yellow rind of two lemons being thinly peeled; remove all the white pith, and slice them finely, removing the pips, and boil all together for fifteen minutes. Dissolve two ounces of citric acid in a little of the syrup, put into a jug and pour over it the remainder, stirring thoroughly until the acid is incorporated with the whole. When cold, bottle and tightly cork. It will keep good for several months. Use a tablespoonful or more to a tumbler of cold or iced water, placing the syrup in the glass first.

By the addition of a couple of tablespoonfuls of this syrup to a bottle of soda or seltzer water a delicious and wholesome effervescent lemonade is produced, while by adding the same quantity of syrup to a wineglassful of claret or burgundy and filling up the tumbler with soda-water, with a lump of ice, if procurable, a delicious and quickly made claret cup can be had.

For economical but delicious ginger-beer I can also personally recommend the following recipe, the proportions given in it making one gallon.

Put into a jar or earthen pan one pound of sugar, half an ounce of tartaric acid, and half an ounce of bruised ginger, and a lemon finely sliced. Pour on three pints of boiling water and stir until the sugar is dissolved, when five pints of cold water must be added. Place on a slice of toast two tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, or an ounce of German yeast made into a thick cream with a little lukewarm water. Float the toast on the top of the liquid, and cover the pan with a cloth. As soon as a head is formed with the yeast, remove the toast, strain the beer through a cloth, bottle and cork, tying down the corks securely. It will be ready for use in about twenty-four hours, effervescing more rapidly if the bottles are placed on their sides; but in hot or thundery weather care must be taken that the beer does not become too lively and burst the bottles.

Raspberry and strawberry vinegar make very pleasant summer drinks, especially for children. Care must be taken to procure the purest and best white vinegar for the purpose, and only freshly-gathered and perfectly ripened fruit should be used.

Fill glass jars or wide-necked bottles with fresh raspberries, from which the stalks have been removed, cover them with white vinegar and leave them to infuse for a week or ten days; then pour off the vinegar and turn the fruit on to a sieve placed over a basin, as the juice will drain from it for some hours; put fresh raspberries into the bottles and pour back

PORTRAIT OF A LADY. (*By Professor Hanns Fechner.*)

the vinegar, and when it has infused the same length of time as the first lot, drain all the vinegar away from the fruit, pass it through a jelly-bag and boil it gently for four or five minutes with its weight of roughly-powdered sugar, carefully removing all scum as it rises. Pour into jugs and cover with a thickly folded cloth, and the next day pour the vinegar into glass bottles, corking them tightly at first, and after four or five days pressing the corks in closely and storing in a cool dry place.

A spoonful or two of this vinegar in a glass of water makes a delightful summer drink, and is also often acceptable to invalids. It may also be used as a sauce to custard and other simple puddings.

Strawberry vinegar is made in the same way, only the brightest red preserving strawberries being used for the purpose. A little lemon-juice will be found to improve the flavour.

Raspberry acid is preferred by some people to raspberry vinegar.

To make it allow to every quart of raspberries one pint of cold water, and a quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid. Let them stand together for twenty-four hours, strain through a fine sieve and to every pint of liquor allow one pound of sugar. When the sugar is fully dissolved, bottle the acid and keep it in a cool dry place.

In conclusion I would suggest that really good iced coffee is always appreciated at a picnic or garden-party.

The coffee should be made clear and strong, allowing to each breakfastcupful a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk and two of rich cream. The sugar, milk and coffee should be mixed at just below the boiling-point, and left to cool and then the cream added, taking care, by the way, that the milk is strained so that no skin gets in. Place the mixture in a deep stone jug and set in a wooden or zinc pail, if you do not possess a proper freezing-machine; surround the jug with a mixture of salt and roughly-chopped ice, taking care that it is not more than three parts of the way up the jug; lay a saucer over the top of the jug, and leave for half-an-hour, stirring the coffee frequently lest it should freeze to the sides. For a picnic the coffee may be placed in bottles and set in a pail of ice till needed.

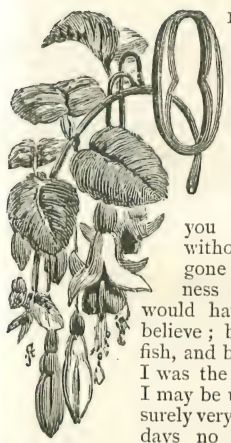
Serve in china jugs, or if you prefer to have it served in cups, which must be small "after-dinner" ones, omit the cream when freezing, and having whipped it to a stiff froth place a spoonful on the top of each cup just before serving. Ice wafers should be handed round with coffee made in this manner, as they are generally preferred to richer cakes.

SOME ONE ELSE.

By IDA LEMON.

Marion to Eva.

The Limes,
Stanham,
Sept. 1st.



H, Eva, how I miss you! I don't believe I realised how fond I was of you till I saw you vanish round the turn in the drive; and I had no idea how really the life of the home depended on you till we tried doing without you. If I had gone away to be a governess instead of you, it would have been wiser, I do believe; but I always was selfish, and besides we all thought I was the useful one for home. I may be useful, but I must be surely very dull. These last few days no one seems to have laughed, and I would be so glad to hear a door slam, or have something fall with a crash, as happened sometimes when you were here. And the flowers! You used to throw them into the vases, and they invariably looked nice; I arrange them very carefully, but there is something the matter with them that spoils them. You always said, in self-defence, that careless people had their merits, and I believe it is the truth. Certain defects and certain virtues seem inseparable. But away with moralising!

Father is no better. I suppose we can hardly expect he will be. But he is no worse, and that is something. The doctors say we must avoid all anxiety for him. But, I think to myself, "Every time he sees you, he knows you must be paid, and isn't that anxiety?" Still if we can keep off another stroke, we shall all be thankful.

Speaking of doctors reminds me of Dr. Cuthbert. The day after you left he came to see father, and stayed for a long time, afterwards talking to mother and me. I have never known him so nice. He had much more to say for himself than usual. And he asked us to call on his sister, and have tea with her. We shall go, of course. Anything to relieve the monotony of our present life.

It is a curious thing I have never looked upon him with much interest before. He was just the "doctor;" now he seems a man as well. I have awakened to the fact that he is nice-looking; rather too serious, but when he laughs he appears younger. He is more human than I had ever thought him. Do you rememember the night we met him at the Levers', shortly after he had come, and how you shocked him by talking nonsense nearly the whole time? But I don't believe he is prim, really, only rather heavy.

There he is.

* * * *

He thinks father slightly better. Dr. Manners is to come again to-morrow. Dr. Cuthbert is still with mother. I just ran in to close this, or else I shall lose the post. With love and kisses,

I am, dear,
Your loving sister,
MARION.

Marion to Eva.

Sept. 3rd.

WE have just got back. "We" doesn't mean, as you might think, mother and I, but it means me and—the doctor. He actually walked home with me himself. He need not have done so, as it is not dark yet, and I have been in quite half an hour. Mother could not go with me—as you may guess, I have been to tea with Miss Cuthbert—because she did not like to leave father with Hodges; he seemed fidgety. I went alone, therefore, and as no one else was there, Miss Cuthbert and I became quite friendly. She is a very nice—I was going to say "girl," but I suppose she is more than a girl. She has been about to different places, and is very interesting. She will be quite an acquisition to us. I think she would be your sort, rather. She has a touch of eccentricity, or, as you would say, individuality. She surprised me by saying, "I am very glad to see you, Miss Curtis; I have often heard my brother speak of you." As you may imagine I was not a little flattered to think that the great Dr. Cuthbert had mentioned me to her. Men don't usually speak of other young women to their sisters, do they? He must even have written, because she has only been here a week. I asked her if she was always going to live with him. She said, "I think so, unless he marries." Somehow the idea gave me quite a shock. That is the sort of man one always thinks of as a bachelor. But he will, probably, marry some elderly bluestocking.

Well, I stayed for quite an hour, and was on the point of going, when in came the doctor himself. His name is Giles. I heard her call him Giles. Another relief. I had quite made up my mind G stood for George. Giles reminds one a little of "Giles Hobbins" certainly, but it might be worse. His sister is evidently very fond of him. They were so nice to each other. And he seemed different in his own house; nice people are generally nicer at home I think, don't you?

When I spoke of going, they both said "no," so I stopped a little longer, and then Dr. Cuthbert said he would see me home. I said I was used to going about alone, but he either did not hear me, or paid no attention. So there, if you can conceive it, were we two walking along the streets together. And we talked too. At first I wondered whatever I should say to him, but it all came naturally enough before long. He asked about father, and so I gradually found myself telling him things—how he had overworked, and how he had lost money, and what a lot of worry mother had had, and about your being such a brick, and going to be a governess. Oh, he knows Lady Overton. She used to be a Miss—I forget the name—an heiress, and came from the part of the country where his father was rector. Yes, his father is a clergyman. Miss Cuthbert had told me that. When they were children she, Lady Overton I mean, used to play with them. He says she is very nice. He seemed glad to hear you were there.

The dinner-bell! Dear me! This letter is all about the Cuthberts. I suppose you will despise me. I know you are always scornful of people who only talk of other people, and especially about men. You will think I am becoming like the Becket girls. But you need not fear. To you I talk as I would not to anyone else.

That reminds me. I had a letter from Bertie yesterday. I am glad to say it was nothing more than cousinly, so I hope he is getting over his foolish attachment to me.

In haste, your
MARION.

Marion to Eva.

Sept. 10th.

MY DEAR GIRL.—Your last letter was a regular "lecture." What is the reason? Are you becoming the prim governess? You wrote as if something had annoyed you. Of course I shan't "attach importance to trifles," and as to the world seeming larger to you in London, that I can well understand. What a dear little girl Marjorie must be—so original. And you are going with Lord and Lady Overton to her father's. You will enjoy that. How funny! You will be in the very place where Dr. Cuthbert used to live. He brought us a brace of partridges yesterday. He is certainly very kind to us. Father likes him so much. It is a pity he only began to be

intimate after you had gone away. But you are meeting so many interesting people, that I daresay you would not care for him. Miss Cuthbert came to see mother yesterday. She asked me if I would like to go to Lowestoft with her for the day on Saturday. She noticed your painting of St. Paul, and was very much struck by it. She says you must be a real artist, and she wonders you do not devote yourself to art. I don't think she realises how poor we are. I explained that if you had the opportunity you probably would. Mother, of course, delighted to speak about you, gave you a character I think you would be too humble to recognise. She said how clever you were, and how unselfish, and brave. Miss Cuthbert, of course, hoped some day to meet you.

Why did you say all that about Bertie? You never used to praise him so highly. I know that "such devotion is not to be despised," but why you think I may some day be glad of it I can't imagine. You are "jumping upon conclusions," as our old German master used to say. I assure you, my dear, my thoughts run as little on love and marriage as your own. I am sternly practical, order the meals, do the shopping, practice economy, and help with father. Dr. Cuthbert spoke of me to him the other day as "your devoted daughter." I could not help blushing when I heard it. It sounded very sweet though. And his praise seems worth having.

But you will be sick of his name.

Let me think if there is any news. (Here follows some local gossip.)

And now, good-night. It is time I was in bed and asleep.

Your loving sister,
MARION.

Sept. 16th.

MY DARLING EVA.—We did enjoy your letter with the account of what you call the "informal dinner-party." The few "left in London" must have been glad to meet. Were you shy when the Bishop came and spoke to you? I really rather envy you, and could almost wish I had been the one to get the post. And next week you will be off to Aldenburgh. I shall be very anxious to hear all about that place. It is near the sea. The church is very old, Dr. Cuthbert says. And Durranford Hall is a delightful house. He said you would see some fine pictures there.

It was so nice at Lowestoft yesterday. Dr. Cuthbert went with us. I did not know he was going. When we got there, Eliza (that is Miss Cuthbert's name) wanted to call on a friend, so the Doctor and I waited for her. We went on the pier and watched the fishing fleet. What a little while it takes to get intimate with a person when one is alone. I found myself telling him all sorts of things about ourselves. He was so interested and sympathetic. He said he would like to be able to help us in some way; and then he muttered something about having a special regard for us all, and when I looked at him he was blushing like a boy. That made me feel rather uncomfortable for a minute or two. I didn't know what to say. But before long he changed the subject, much to my relief, and spoke in his ordinary voice. What do you think he meant, dear?

In the afternoon he took us for a sail. There was a good breeze, and we seemed to fly over the water. I never felt more exhilarated in my life.

It is curious to look back. When I think of the present Dr. Cuthbert, and compare him with what he seemed—what he probably still seems to you—I can hardly recognise him as the same person.

I hear father calling me.

Good-bye, darling,
MARION.

Marion to Eva.

October 1st.

WOULD you believe it, dear? Mother has just been in to tell me that Dr. Cuthbert will only attend father in future on condition that he does so for nothing. Isn't he a noble fellow? I suppose mother had been telling him we could not afford to have him any longer? Her eyes were rather red as if she had been crying. At first she said she would not take advantage of his kindness, but he seemed to wish it so much, even saying he would regard it as a favour to himself to be able to give his services, that at last she gave in.

I sometimes wonder—but no, I do not like to put it into words.

I am going out now.

Your loving sister,
MARION.

Marion to Eva.

October 5th.

MOTHER said this evening to me, "I think Dr. Cuthbert is in love."

I asked her why, and laughed.

She said, "There are many little indications by which we can tell these things. It may be only that I know him better, but he seems to me so much sweeter lately."

Eva, I nearly wrote it the other day, only I did not like to for fear of seeming unmaidenly, but I have had suspicions too that he cares for somebody, and——

Well, it is curious is it not, that he seems to desire intimacy with us, and never loses an opportunity of coming to the house, and is interested in everything concerning us? I was telling him all about what we used to do at school, you and I, and the fun we had, and many things that most men would think hardly worth listening to, and he really seemed quite to enjoy it. The other day he mentioned the Levers and said how long ago it seemed since we first met there, "and Miss Eva amused us all," he added, so perhaps he wasn't so critical as we imagined.

Yesterday he and Eliza were here, and they were looking through my album and came across the photograph of you and me in the garden that Bertie took. Afterwards Dr. Cuthbert asked if he might have it. I said "yes."

It is eleven. Good-night, dear.

October 6th.

I HAVE read over what I have written. I hardly know whether to send it.

Eva, I do not know whether I am in love with him. I am very fond of him. I think if he asked me I should say, "yes."

Marion to Eva.

October 10th

OH, Eva, how unkind you are. The tone of your letter made me feel ashamed of myself. I think you are a little unsympathetic. And you need not have been angry at my giving him your photograph. I never thought of your minding. As to my letters containing nothing but Dr. Cuthbert, well, what of that? It is all very well for you who are having so many new experiences to write interesting letters and amuse us all. Mother read part of your last one to—oh, I forgot, I will not mention him.

Now, what shall I write? Father is better. We had cold mutton for dinner, and there will be enough for to-morrow. Mother is altering my serge dress. My tooth aches a little, which is a nuisance, as Eliza gave me some chocolate and I can't eat it. We have given up our library subscription.

There! is that any more interesting?

It is all you deserve any way, so good-bye.

Marion to Eva.

October 16th.

MY DEAREST EVA,—Of course I wasn't really hurt with you, dear. To show it I will give you a little piece of news. Doctor Cuthbert is going to stay at Durranford Hall for the shooting; he will be there just when you are. Isn't that curious? I wonder if you will get on with him as well as I do. He seems very pleased to be coming. He likes Lady Overton so much. We shall miss him. Dr. Manners is not nearly so nice. You would be quite surprised to see how fond father has got of Dr. Cuthbert.

I am going to tea with Eliza to-morrow afternoon.

I should think you are enjoying the beautiful place you are staying at.

I cannot write this morning. I have indigestion or something. I am restless and out of sorts. I shall keep this open in case there is anything to add to-morrow.

October 17th.

OH, Eva, dear, please tear up any of my letters in which I have said anything silly. Please forget them. I have been mistaken. It is all my own fault; I am so angry and so unhappy. Oh, I hope he never saw it, and that wasn't why he "gave me, to understand!"

You can guess, I suppose, what I mean.

I went this afternoon and the doctor saw me home. We got confidential, at least I did. I don't know why it was. I felt I must tell him, and somehow it came out about Bertie, only of course I didn't mention names. And he was interested, and said that Bertie sounded a manly young fellow and that he hoped I should not make him unhappy. And then he spoke for him from a man's point of view. And he gave me to understand that he too cared for someone, was in love, but, oh, Eva, not with me. It is someone else!

Your loving sister
MARION.

Eva to Marion

Durranford Hall,
Suffolk,
October 18th.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER,—I have something to confess to you. I let you stay at home because I was afraid to. I saw I was getting to care for Giles Cuthbert. Yes, dear, I wonder you never guessed why I avoided him. I did not think he could ever care for me. I did not feel worthy of him; and so I went away. That was why I was never sympathetic about your attachment for him. I did not want you to be made unhappy. If he had really cared for you I should never have told you what I now tell you. But I would not be less generous than you.

I shall live as I am. One day I may devote myself to art.

I hope the woman he cares for will be kind to him.

As for you, Marion, when mother can spare you, I think you will marry someone else. Now we can keep our secrets.

Your loving sister
EVA.

Eva to Marion.

Durranford Hall,
Suffolk,
October 25th.

DARLING,—You shall be the first to hear of it.

I am going to marry Giles Cuthbert. I am the woman he loves. He has loved me from the first; but he thought I did not care for him.

You said in your last letter you would always feel a love for him, a sister's love. Let your words be true ones.

Write to me by return. How glad mother will be.

Yours always lovingly
EVA.

To think that I was the "someone else."

BARCAROLLE.

(FROM THE "MOUNTAIN SCENES.")

Allegretto. *Dedicated to* MADAME SCHUMANN *by* NATALIE JANOTHA. Op. 3.

PIANO.

p *p* *p* *p* *p* *p* *p* *p* *p*

cres. *sfz.* *dim.*

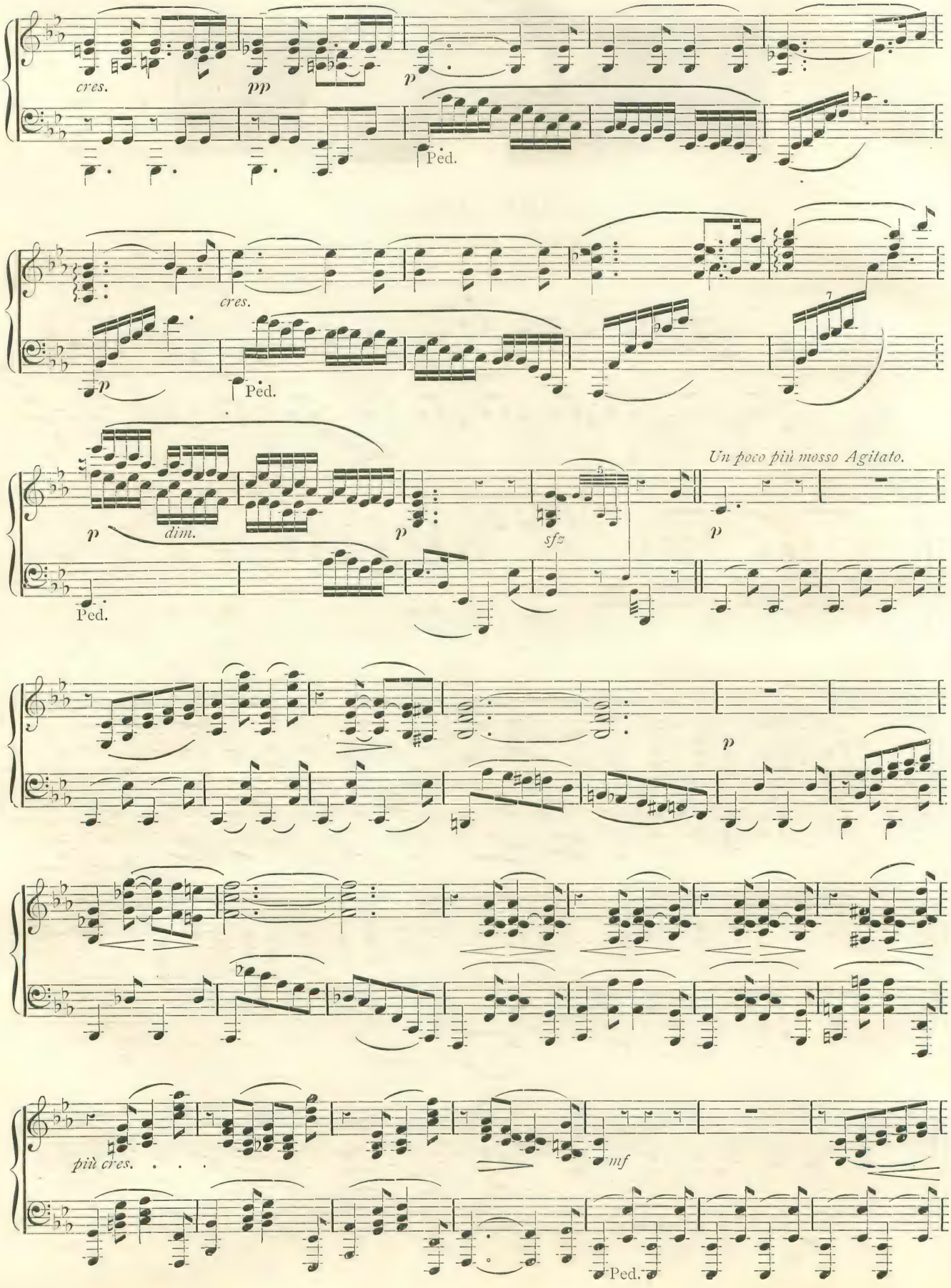
p *p* *p* *p* *p* *p*

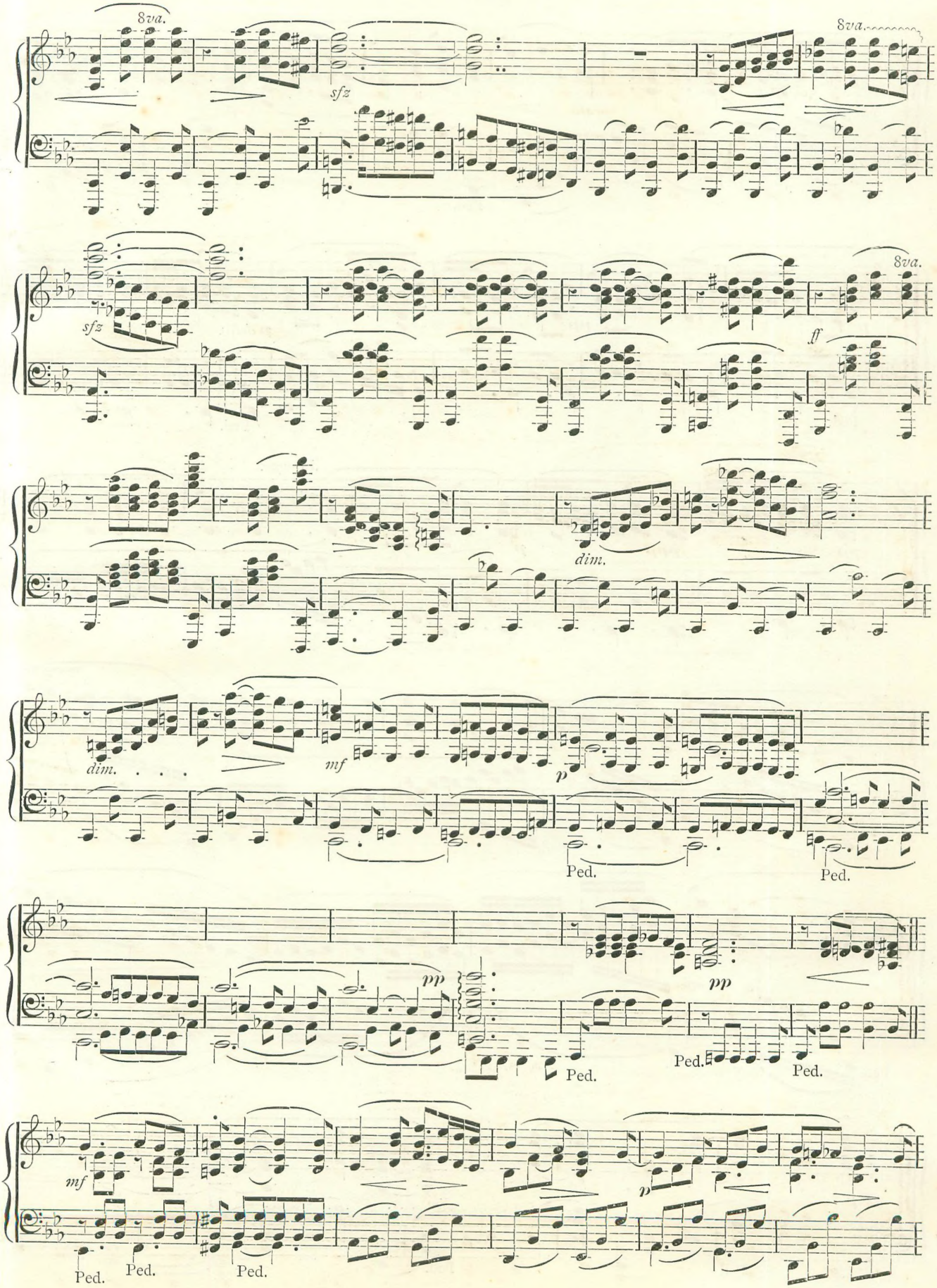
mf *p* *p*

cres. *f* *legato.* *p*

p *p*

p *pp* *legato e dolce.* *p*


cres.
pp
p
Ped.
cres.
p
Ped.
Un poco più mosso Agitato.
p
dim.
p
sfz
p
Ped.
p
più cres.
mf
Ped.


8va.
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8va.
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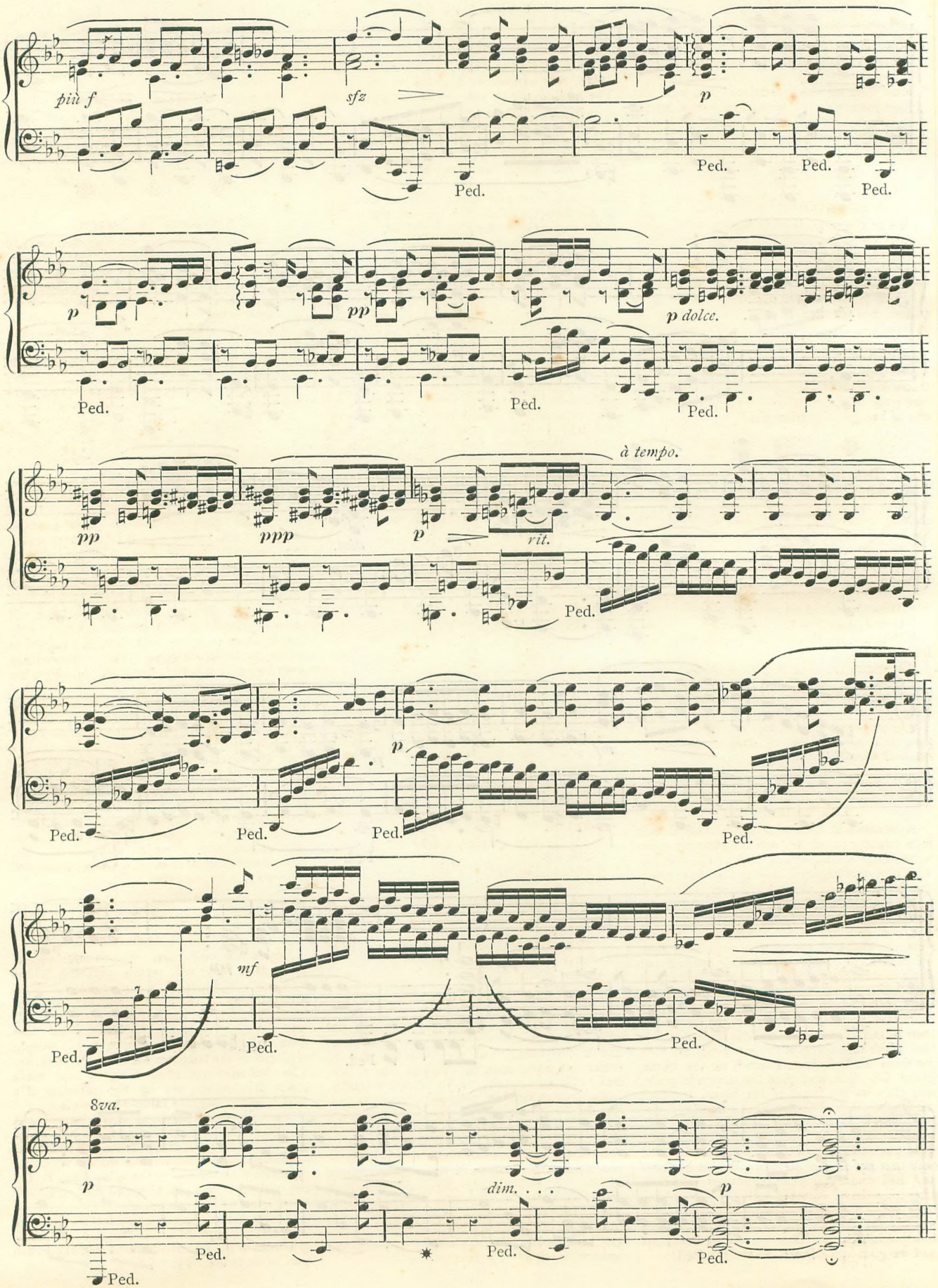
più f
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p dolce.
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rit.
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dim. . . .
Ped.
p
Ped.

VARIETIES.

Rest Found in Labour.

"Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin's promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill."
Osgood.

She Refused to Sing.

One of the most famous singers of the last century was Francesca Cuzzoni, who first appeared in England on January 12, 1722, in Handel's "Otho." Her singing of her first air, "Falsa Immagine," fixed her reputation. A story is told about this song which illustrates her character as well as that of Handel:—

"At rehearsal she took a dislike to the air and refused to sing it; whereupon Handel seized her by the waist and swore he would throw her out of the window if she persisted. She gave way, and in that very song achieved one of her greatest triumphs."

The Duke and the Bishop.

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a tartar in the Duke of Roquelaire. The latter passing in haste through Lyons was hailed by the bishop with "Hi! Hi!"

The duke stopped.

"Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate.

"Paris," said the duke.

"What is there fresh in Paris?"

"Green peas."

"What were the people saying when you left?"

"Vespers."

"Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! Gentlemen term me the Duke of Roquelaire. Drive on, postillion."

The Baker's Boy.

A benevolent lady who held a class of lads in a country parish on one occasion set them to write out a description, each of the work in which he was engaged, and the following was the production of the baker's boy. His clear and unsophisticated description is given *verbatim et literatim*.

"We gets the barm ready, and then we gets the potatoes out of the oven, and then we brakes the potatoes in the big buckett and empt it through the strainer, and then we gets two bucketts of loo warm water and some yeast, and then we make the sponge, and then that have about eight hours in the binn, and then in the morning we brakes the sponge up, that is the first thing in the morning, and then we draw the flour in and turn it up the binns, about five time, and then the dough is made, and then we get it out of the binns, and then we way it off, and then master comes and put the dough in the oven, and me and Bill moulds the plain [loaves] up, and then we gets the second batch out of the binns and way that off in half an hour, and then master and Bill draws the plain loaves out, and then after they have drawed, and the oven have been doing about half an hour, me and master moulds the cottage loaves and they stops in fourty minutes, and then we draws them out and we goes and delivers all the loaves."

Commonplace Lives.

"A commonplace life," we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day:
The moon and the stars are commonplace things;
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot
If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not;
And God who studies each separate soul
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

Exercising One's Tongue.

The tongue may be trained to precision of action, quite as much as any member of the human frame, and that is one of the functions of elocutionary study.

A great deal may be done, however, by private practice in distinctness of enunciation, and here are some good sentences to work upon. Begin very slowly, and gradually increase the speed, taking care never to sacrifice for speed perfect accuracy of pronunciation:—

Gaze on the gay grey brigade.
The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.
Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?
Strange strategic statistics.
Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.
Sarah in a shawl shovelled soft snow softly.
She sells sea-shells.
Smith's spirit-flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

Sure to Sell Something.

A packman who had made a study of human nature stopped at a gate in the neighbourhood of Durham the other day and asked of a small boy who was digging potatoes in the garden—

"Bob, is your mother in?"

"Yes, sir."

"House-cleaning all done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got her new spring bonnet?"

"She has."

"Children well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Father gone away good-natured this morning?"

"He did."

"Then I guess I'll ring the bell and try to sell her a picture."

When Ladies Talk.—A true lady not only is always at ease, no matter with whom she is conversing, but she contrives also to make her companion as much at ease as herself. Some people, quite unintentionally, cause uncomfortable pauses in conversation simply by the habit of hearing in perfect silence a remark which is not actually a question. It is not that they wish to ignore it, but it does not occur to them that a reply or comment is required, so the unfortunate utterer of the remark feels snubbed, and ceases to chat with the same animation as before. One simple rule to bear in mind will go a great way toward winning the reputation of being a pleasant companion. It is, always to show some interest in whatever is said to you.

Wise Counsel.

"And since 'tis certain then, that we must die—
No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress—
Be it our constant aim unswervingly
To tread God's narrow path of holiness."
Rabbi Don Santob.

Elegance of Speech.

A young lady at an evening school had before her a class of very rough lads. "Suppose," said she, "I should say, 'Look out, boys—here comes the police!' Would that be proper?"

There was silence.

Finally a little fellow said, "No'm—that wouldn't be right."

"Well," inquired the teacher, "how should it be said?"

"Cheese it, cullies; here comes a cop!" was the reply.

Superstition in China.

When about to enter on a new enterprise, or to take a journey, the Chinese are careful to consult their gods and patron saints. Every worshipper provides himself with incense-sticks, candles, and sacrificial papers, which are generally to be had of attendants at Chinese temples at small cost. Offerings of wine or meat are added on special occasions.

The candles and incense-sticks are lighted and placed in their proper receptacles. If wine is used it is put in minute cups, scarcely larger than thimbles, and these are ranged in a row before the shrine. The meat-offerings may be roast chicken, roast pig, or any other table luxury.

When everything is properly placed the genuflexions begin, and the request is presented. If the answer required is a simple affirmative or negative the worshipper drops a pair of lenticular pieces of wood on the floor a number of times and calculates the answer from the number of times each face turns up.

Another method of obtaining responses, particularly when fuller responses are desired, is by shaking a box filled with numbered slips of bamboo, one of which will fall out, and then consulting a book containing numbered answers in Chinese verse.

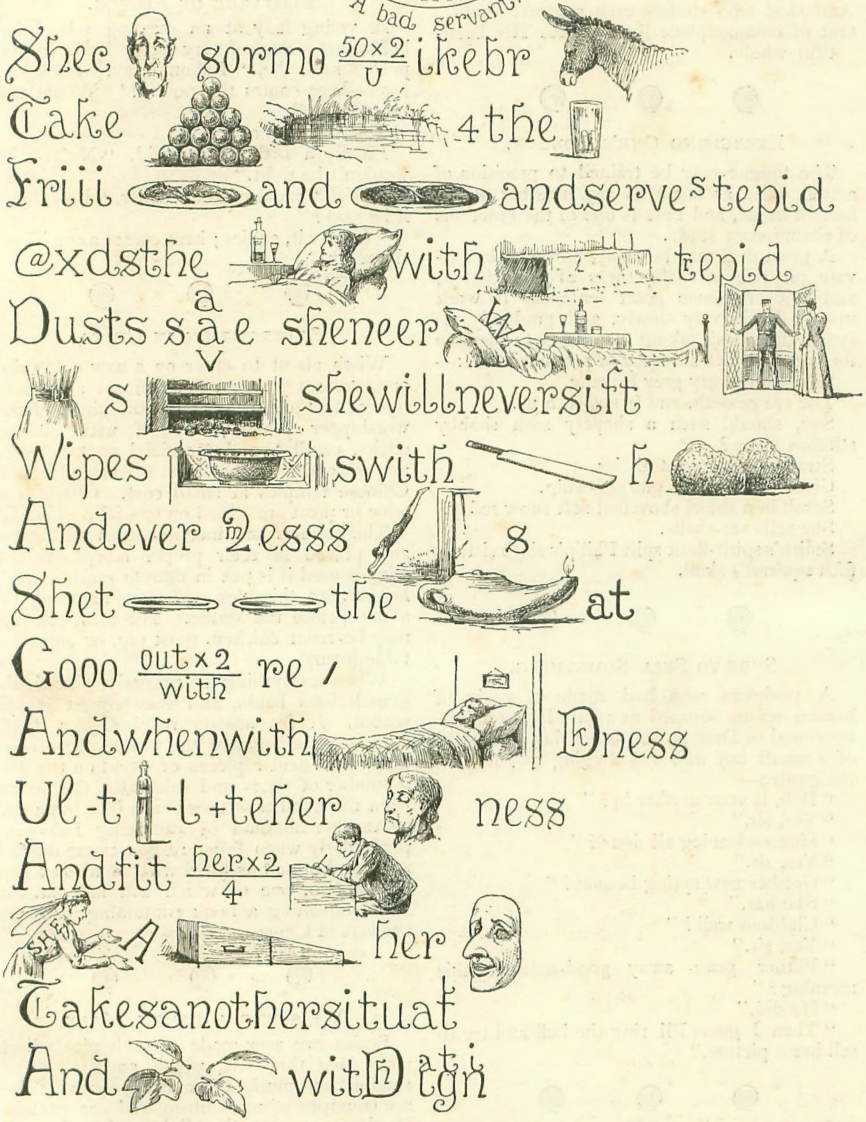
Weighing a Pencil Mark.

Scales are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism and are enclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door and as soon as the weight is placed in the balances the door slides down. The balances are cleared again and made ready for further use by the pressing of a button which slightly raises the beams.

Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed on the scales, and an autograph written in pencil on either piece will cause the other side to ascend and the needle which indicates the divisions of weight, even to the ten-millionth part of a pound and less, will move from its perpendicular.

A signature containing nine letters has been weighed and proved to be exactly two milligrammes or the fifteen-thousand five hundredth part of an ounce troy.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** EIGHT PRIZES (two *guineas* and six *half-guineas*) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be August 15, 1896; from Abroad, September 18, 1896.

N.B.—This competition is open to all, without any restriction as to sex or age.

A HANDWRITING COMPETITION.

STRANGE to say we have never before had a Competition of Handwriting. We therefore make a start, and offer prizes in books for the best specimens of caligraphy. The subject to be taken is

"THE MAGNIFICAT, or SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,"

to be copied from the New Testament. The old or the revised version may be used.

One side of one sheet of paper only may be written upon, and the paper may be of any size or shape.

The Prizes offered are one of the following volumes, to be selected by the successful competitor herself—

A "GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL" (*last vol.*),

A "CROWN OF FLOWERS" (*being poems and pictures selected from "The Girl's Own Paper"*),

"THE GIRL'S OWN INDOOR BOOK," *and*

"THE GIRL'S OWN OUTDOOR BOOK."

There will be twelve prizes of equal value—that is to say, that the best twelve handwriters will receive a prize of one of the above books.

The last day for receiving the work (from England and abroad) is Michaelmas Day, 1896. Of course the work may be sent in on any day before this, and we would keep it in safe custody until the day of examination.

No paper will be returned by post whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.

Write at the back of the paper: I declare this handwriting to be entirely my own.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

A PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

Prizes of Five Guineas, Three Guineas, and One Guinea are offered for the prettiest photographs of

A GIRL RIDING A BICYCLE.

The photographs must be taken by the girls who send them, and must be developed, printed, toned, and fixed by them without assistance from others.

The prize photographs will be reproduced in this magazine.

The last day for receiving photographs is Michaelmas Day, 1896. They should be sent flat by parcel-post.

No photographs will be returned whether stamps are enclosed or not, but will be given to hospitals to amuse and interest the sick.

Write at the back of the photograph: I declare this photograph to be my own work, as required by the rules.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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